

nose with his hoe, which stunned him; then by repeated blows with the hoe he finally killed him. In his dying struggles the bear broke great green roots with his feet. This waked my father to a sense of jeopardy in which he had placed himself in trying to rescue a neighbor's hog. As there were no local newspapers to chronicle all such incidents it was spread through the neighborhood by word of mouth. After we moved into Nissouri, a neighbor who knew all the above facts moved into the Township of London and settled on a farm formerly owned by Orange Clark. His name was Walter Nichols. Father and he had several visits together and related the bear story and other incidents of their early life in Lower Canada. When the children played on the bear skin, father would animatedly tell them how it came into his possession.

Shortly after coming to Canada my father and mother embraced religion under the labors of the ministers of the M. E. Church sent out by the New York Conference. They were Revs. Prindley and Coats. Mr. Prindley located in Upper Canada near Ancaster. He became so corpulent and heavy (weighing over three hundred pounds) that he was obliged to carry a small ladder with him to enable him to get in and out of his buggy. He preached once in Nissouri, and having heard my mother speak so familiarly of him, I spared no pains to see and hear him. I introduced myself to him as the son of Joseph Brown, saying that my parents embraced religion when he and his colleague travelled in Lower Canada. He conversed freely, but seemed