

occasionally, and we got along nicely. The new house was ready for us in September, 1823. It had plank floors, a stone chimney, a number of rooms and a cellar. Putting down the carpets brought from Scotland, and arranging the furniture and father's library, we soon felt quite at home. A double stove and more furniture, hauled from Perth the next winter, added materially to our comfort. A year or two later, when Presbytery met at our house, the members spent the nights without unpleasant crowding. Those from a distance were :—Rev. William Bell, of Perth, Rev. William Smart of Brockville, Rev. Mr. Boyd of Prescott, Rev. Dr. Gemmill, of Lanark, and an elder with each minister. All walked the greater part of the way, as father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, were in the habit of doing on sacramental occasions in their respective congregations. Two of my sisters shortly after our arrival in Beckwith, went to Perth and opened the first school in the county taught by ladies. If anxious to see them, two or three other sisters would rise early, take a lunch and a small bible along, rest on some grassy plot to eat and learn a chapter, and complete the walk to Perth by two or three o'clock. My first trip of this sort was in my eleventh year. Two more taught school in Montreal and one at Richmond, leaving sad gaps in the happy family.

This house was our home until father exchanged it for a mansion in the skies, the children settled elsewhere, and mother removed to the eastern section of the province. It passed into the hands of strangers long ago, nor has one of the original occupants beheld it for over forty years. Verily, "here we have no continuing city," for "the world passeth away and the fashion thereof."

"Alas for love if this were all,
And naught beyond the earth."