

holes, and his wig in sad condition. Some young ladies sent him funds. On the 29th of July he asked leave of the Council to go with his family to Nova Scotia. A Mr. Erskine, an Irish gentleman, at this time sent him \$217. This was not the first time that he had proved his friend. Mr. Erskine was highly connected and kept him and the family for three weeks before their departure, giving provisions for their voyage and a further contribution of £15, collected among his friends on his departure. A storm drove them back and Mr. Bailey went ashore. During his concealment his family suffered for want of food. From 1775 the Society had not sent his salary. Refusing to take the oath he was threatened with imprisonment if he preached. In November the Court of Boston gave him permission to leave for Halifax. There was no opportunity to remove until June, 1779. The distress was fearful. Others had no bread for months. Famine and nakedness came together. Those on the seashore had only clams. Tea, fruit and vegetables could not be had. During the winter months many were without stockings and shoes, and scanty clothing. Among those who had been wealthy he dare not take a meal, such was the need. All were in the extreme of hunger and the necessities of life. Mr. Bailey endeavored to perform his duties. About two weeks before his departure the Sheriff appeared at a funeral to arrest him, but a friend had given him timely warning to escape. On the morning of their departure they rose early to meet some friends who came to shed a parting tear. Their names are given. Others met them on the road with tears. One appeared at the last moment to have their infant baptized. The friends with whom they stayed the last night had risen early. Their parting gift was a pot of butter and a salmon. Other friends gave them from their scanty stores food for their voyage. Their bed and the remnants of their home were not worth \$40. Other sufferers with same privations were companions. At last on the schooner they passed down the river to the sea. Their beds were in the hold spread on stones used for ballast. Keeping near to the shore they stopped frequently. Contributions of food were given, and even a little salt was acceptable at the house of a Mr. Rhodes, a German gentleman, who by industry had acquired a home and ample means had been reduced to want. Tales of suffering met them on every hand. Fogs were frequent, making delays. Storms were dangerous. At one time every sailor was ill and the captain stood for some hours at the helm alone. At last, after a voyage of two weeks, the welcome light of Sambro Islands was seen and Halifax was reached. Crowds hastened to the wharf. Friends recognized them in their dilapidated state. Kind words welcomed them to a land of safety and shelter for the New England refugees. During these past years he had