



I was cordially welcomed. Richard and his son put up my horse and then went for my sleigh. I was invited to partake of a bountiful supper. At the table we talked of the Old Country and the Church. I remember a remark of Richard's: "Sir," he said, "I should have been a long time in the Old Country before the parson would have sat down to supper with me."

Peacock's son was afterwards induced to join the Northern Army for the sake of the bounty, with which he hoped to clear the mortgage on his father's farm. The poor fellow was killed in battle.

In a valley to the right of the road leading to Sweetsburgh lived a very estimable couple, Mr. and Mrs. John McCrum. Mr. McCrum came to Canada in 1840 and bought a clergy reserve lot, which he paid for and cleared. On this lot he and his wife, Martha Hadger, raised a large family respectably. I was proud to reckon John McCrum, his wife and sons and daughters among my best friends. Mr. John McCrum died February 16, 1882, and one of his sons, Moses McCrum, a few years afterwards, to the great loss of the community.

Time would fail me to tell of younger men and women, earnest workers in the Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hastings; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shufelt; Mr. and Mrs. McElroy and many more—whose names, I trust, are written in the Book of Life.

I have said that the Sunday School was the nursery of the church. Two boys who were born in Brome Woods, and who learned their catechism in the Sunday School there, when they grew to man's estate became clergymen of the church, viz.—Caleb Benham and William A. Fyles.

Caleb Benham as a boy spent much of his time at my house, and I helped him forward