

citizens. They have seen great changes in the county and city in their day. Beautiful houses now dot the landscape where the howling wolf roamed the forest. Towns and villages have replaced the rude hamlet; the locomotive has superceded the old stage coach, and the top buggy the ox cart. Gardiner's academy in Pearce's kitchen has been replaced by beautiful school houses, presided over by capable masters on every concession line. The old circuit rider has gone. The only room in the log house is no longer cleared of its rude furniture to make room for the neighbors who have come to hear him expound the Word of Life on his occasional visits. A grand man was the old Methodist circuit rider! He may not have had the education or polish of his successor—the black coated graduate of the college—but he had a burning zeal, a rugged eloquence that carried everything by storm, and he could, and did, endure hardships which seem almost incredible in these later days.

Mr. and Mrs. Coyne have raised a large family—four sons and three daughters. The sons are: James H. Coyne, registrar of the county; Daniel and John, merchants of this city, and Isaac,* merchant, Ingersoll.

*Now deceased.