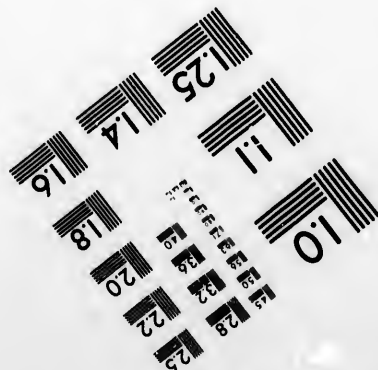
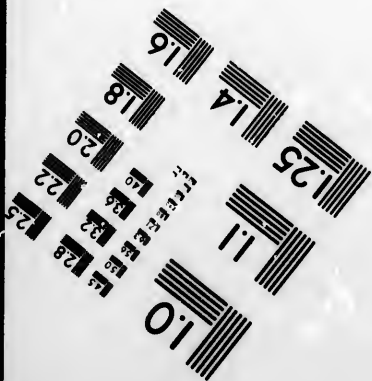
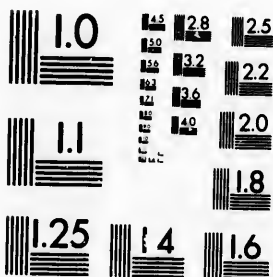


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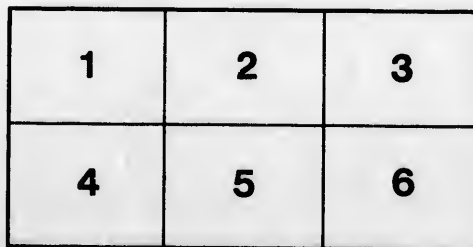
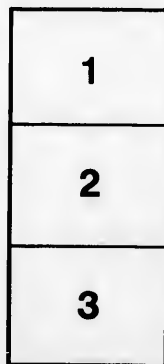
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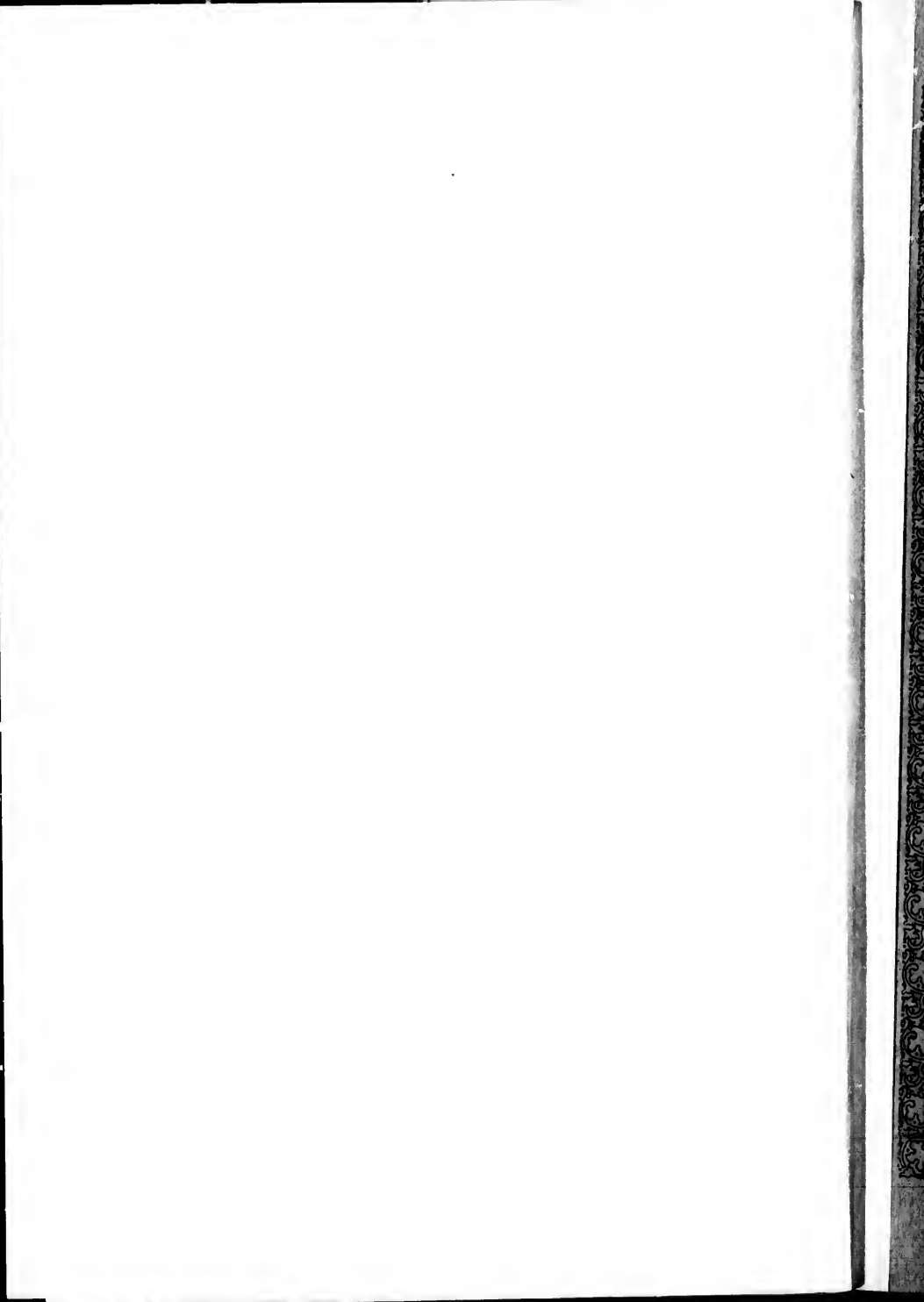
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**THE
PIONEER PASTOR**

**SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND LABORS
OF THE REV. GEO. BUCHANAN, M.D., FIRST
PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER OF BECK-
WITH, LANARK COUNTY,
UPPER CANADA.**

**BY JESSIE BUCHANAN CAMPBELL,
HIS ONLY SURVIVING DAUGHTER.**

**"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE HELD IN EVERLASTING
REMEMBRANCE."**

TORONTO

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1886

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Henry J. Morgan

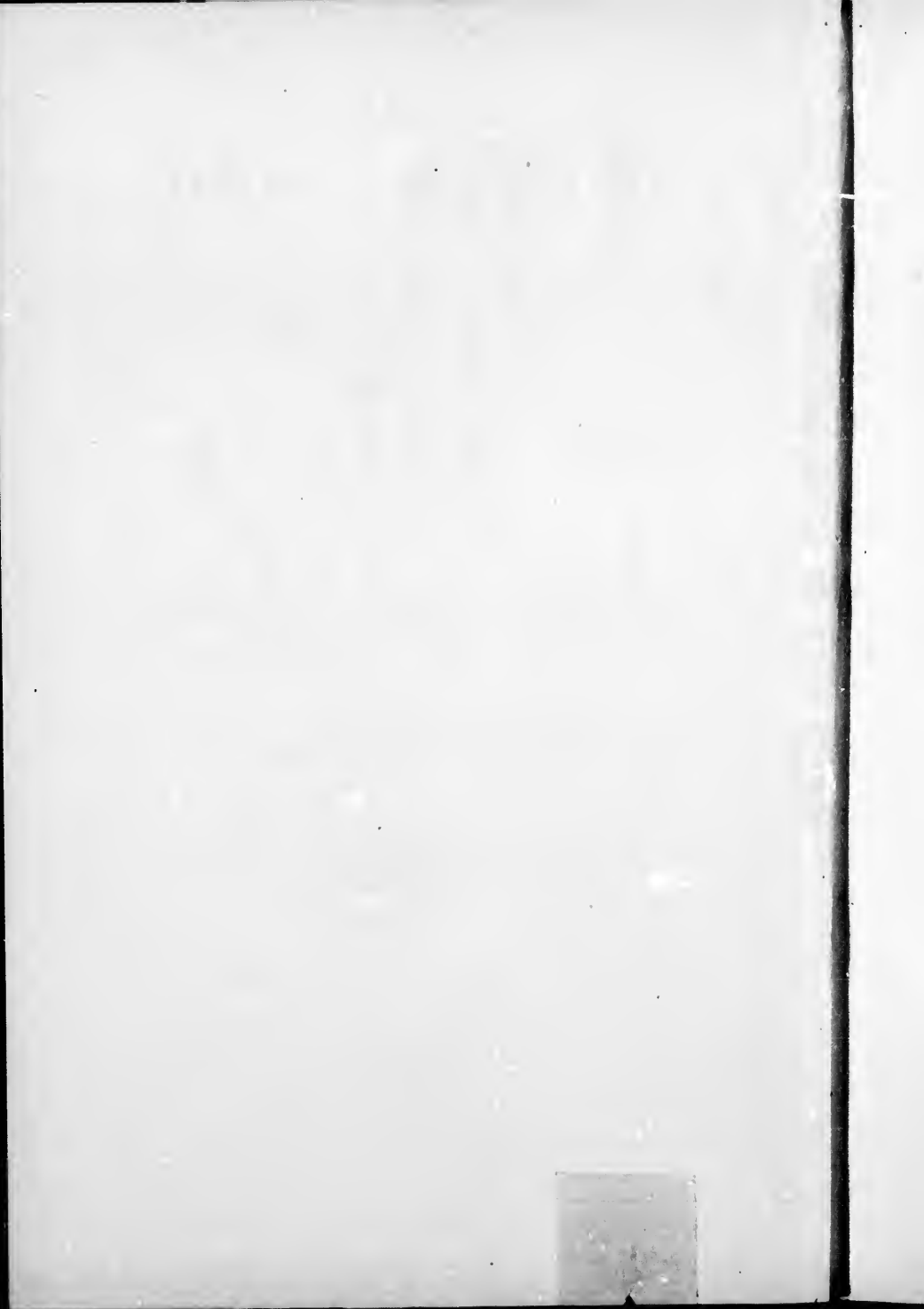
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TORONTO
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1900.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This sketch, designed as an humble tribute to the Beckwith pioneers and their first minister, is published in response to numerous requests. The men and women who braved the privations of life in the backwoods, enduring hardships of which the present generation has little conception, deserve a warm place in the hearts of their successors. To them the whole country owes a debt of gratitude. Heroes without epaulettes, they performed their duty nobly, bearing a heavy burden for the sake of those who should come after them. Although the snows of many winters have drifted over their graves, let not their memory be forgotten.







MRS. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

(JESSIE BUCHANAN)

I—THE CALL.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

In the fall of 1821 the people of Beckwith township, Lanark County, Upper Canada, petitioned the Presbytery of Edinburgh, Scotland, for a Presbyterian minister. True to their early training and honest convictions, these sturdy followers of John Knox desired to maintain the public worship of God in the new settlement they had crossed the sea to establish. Not the least of their privations was the lack of spiritual advantages, such as they had enjoyed in Scotland. Churches, ministers, schools, and modern conveniences, were unknown in the dense forests the hardy pioneers must conquer if they would survive. The hard struggle for existence failed to diminish their loyalty to Jesus Christ, and to the rugged Presbyterianism of their devout ancestors. With Doddridge they could pray fervently :

"God of our Fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

To be cut off from religious services meant a great deal to these godly men and women. They believed only in piety that governed the lives and conduct of its professors. The incense of the family altar, ascending to the throne from their rude cabins, and repeating daily the scenes of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," did not supply the privileges peculiar to the sanctuary. The house of God they regarded as the vestibule of heaven, the preaching of the Gospel as His appointed method to save a ruined world. To them the "assembling of the saints" was a duty not to be neglected for slight cause. Twenty miles of swamp and bush separated them from Perth, where McPherson felled the first tree in 1816, and a small log church—the first, and for five years the only one in the county—was built a twelvemonth later. The woodman's

axe is often the herald of civilization. Beneath its stalwart strokes the Beckwith woods made way for little clearings, which "enlarged their bounds," as seasons came and went. Fresh settlers arrived, fair crops were gathered, and the future of the township seemed assured. The time had come to take steps towards securing one who should go out and in among them and break the bread of life."

It was decided to ask the Presbytery of Edinburgh to select and send a suitable minister. A "call" was prepared, signed by nearly all the adults, and forwarded in due course. This important document stipulated that the man to be chosen must be "of godly carriage and conversation, well qualified to expound the Scriptures, gifted in prayer, skilled in the practice of medicine, and able to preach in Gaelic and English." If the petitioners thought their request would be complied with easily, they reckoned without their host. The Presbytery found it very difficult to find a competent minister willing to accept the position. Few of the ministers were physicians, and fewer cared to leave flourishing charges for the chance of missionary success in a distant land. Even to ambitious divinity students the prospect was not particularly alluring. Canada seemed a long way off. The age of steam and electricity had not been ushered in. Sailing vessels, slow, uncomfortable and unsafe, furnished the sole means of traversing the ocean. Popular imagination pictured the regions west of the Atlantic as interminable forests, through which wild beasts, and still wilder Indians roamed at will. Central Africa appeared less remote and more inviting than the land beyond the St. Lawrence. So Beckwith's Macedonian cry received no prompt response, weeks and months passing before it could be answered satisfactorily.

Eventually the Presbytery urged my father, the Rev. George Buchanan, M.D., then ministering to a church in the Scottish capital, to go to Beckwith. He possessed abundant qualifications for the responsible task. Although sixty years old, "his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." His ripe experience as a pastor and

physician, rare tact, profound knowledge, prudent zeal and persuasive eloquence, were simply invaluable. Born at Cooper Angus in 1761, the youngest child of Donald Buchanan, a prosperous Highland farmer, he came of goodly stock. His father, left a widower with ten children, for his second wife, married Catharine Menzies, who belonged to a family noted for its high character, intelligence and thrift. She bore him a daughter and a son, the latter George. The baby of the household, Donald Buchanan, traced his lineage through a worthy ancestry back to the days of Wallace and Bruce. The celebrated George Buchanan, one of the Scots Worthies and tutor of King James, sprang from the same stem. Claudius Buchanan, the distinguished writer and missionary to India, and the late Hon. Isaac Buchanan, the Canadian statesman and merchant prince, were our kinsmen.

His parents trained George carefully in Christian faith and Presbyterian doctrine. Most of his boyhood was spent at school, with a view to fit him for college and a profession. Graduating with honor from Edinburgh University, where the illustrious Dugald Stewart instructed him in metaphysics, he received his diploma as doctor and his license to preach. He ranked with the foremost scholars in classical attainments. Gaelic and English, his native tongues, he spoke with equal readiness, while scarcely less familiar with Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Earnest and impressive in the pulpit, he excelled in apt illustrations, and never hesitated for words to express his ideas clearly and pointedly. Of medium height and compact build, vigorous in mind and body, brisk in movement, and pleasing in address, he greatly resembled the venerable Dr. Robert Burns, a leader in the Disruption, and for many years pastor of Knox Church, Toronto. When preaching he used appropriate gestures and faultless language, his dark eyes sparkled, and his strong, intellectual face beamed with animation. Tenderness tempered his severest reproofs, for he preferred the gentle pleadings of Calvary to the fierce thunders of Sinai. He gloried in the cross, and loved to tell "the old, old story" of free grace and infinite

compassion. His acts exemplified the sentiment of Coleridge :

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.”

After some years of faithful service in various fields, he took charge of the church at Straithkiness, a busy town three miles from St. Andrews. There he met and wedded Ann Aitkins, the youngest of James Aitkin's thirteen children, all of whom grew up. The father and several of the older sons were linen manufacturers of excellent repute. The mother, Annie Cameron, lived to be ninety-six and was eminent for piety and benevolence. The Aitkins were allied closely to Margaret Aitkins, mother of the renowned Thomas Carlyle. A grand nephew, Rev. Walter Aitkins, whose splendid diction has seldom been surpassed, was long pastor of the Free Church at Smith's Falls. Robust health, mental vigor, wonderful powers of memorizing, reverence for things sacred and thorough acquaintance with the bible characterized the brave sons and fair daughters of the Aitkins family. Eight girls and two boys crowned the happy union of its youngest member with the zealous ambassador for Christ. All had good constitutions and reached the years of maturity. Some were born at Straithkiness and others in Edinburgh, whither father had meanwhile removed. He was living in that city when the call from Beckwith presented an unexpected problem, which divine guidance alone could solve aright.

Surely the Presbytery had made no mistake in wishing such a man to become the first shepherd of the little flock in the Canadian wilderness.

II.—THE ANSWER.

"Here am I, for thou didst call me."—1 Samuel, iii. 6.

The spring of 1822 witnessed an anxious time in our Edinburgh home. The invitation of Presbytery must be answered. What decision to reach was a vital matter. Father, mother and the older daughters talked over every phase of the subject. Earnest prayers for wisdom from above went up from the closet and the family-altar. Many things had to be considered. Very naturally the welfare of the ten children entered largely into the question. Would it be prudent to give up the comforts of the chief city of Scotland for the privations—temporary at least—of pioneer life in the backwoods of Upper Canada? Of the proposed field not much of an encouraging nature could be learned, save its probable opportunities in the future. Beckwith was a bush, and the scattered settlers endured manifold hardships. Was it not flying in the face of Providence to think of exchanging comparative luxury in a metropolis for positive necessity in an uncleared township? On the other hand, might not the opening be most opportune? The new country offered a broader field for the girls and boys who must carve their own way in the world. Were the people of Beckwith to be denied the Gospel because their minister could not enjoy the conveniences of life incident to an old community? If missionaries to the heathen braved danger and death to bear the glad tidings to "the dark places of the earth," why not suffer lesser evils in a British colony? Was not self-denial often an imperative duty? Should not His disciples "endure hardness" for Christ's sake? Thus both sides were canvassed thoughtfully, with the result that father signified his acceptance of the call and his intention to start for Canada whenever needful arrangements could be completed.

Everything was settled at last, and we sailed from Greenock in May, on the good ship *Earl of Buckinghamshire*. A number of ministers and friends stood on the wharf to bid us farewell, waving their handkerchiefs until the vessel was out of sight. There were sad partings, for all realized that few of us would ever again behold our native soil. Three or four hundred in the steerage, and twenty in the cabin, twelve of the score, our family, comprised the *Earl's* large list of passengers. Nothing especially eventful marked the tedious voyage. Each Sunday father preached on the deck to a crowd of attentive hearers. Thirty-eight days brought us to Quebec, where our real tribulations began. Part of the route was by water, and many a weary mile by land, over roads and through swamps almost impassable. Barges drawn by horses conveyed us and our goods through the canal. At Prescott the Rev. Mr. Boyd, who lived to a patriarchal age, invited us to his house, but we had to hasten forward. Rev. William Smart welcomed us at Brockville, showing great kindness. Next morning the fatiguing journey in waggons, heavily loaded with furniture and supplies, was begun. It lasted nearly a week, ending in August 10th at Franktown, three miles from our ultimate destination.

The first glimpse of Franktown dampened the ardor of the most sanguine of our party. M'Kim's log-tavern, and three shanties, in a patch of half-cleared ground, constituted the so-called village. Some of my sisters wept bitterly over the gloomy prospect, and begged piteously to be taken back to Scotland. Although not impressed favorably by the surroundings, father besought us to be patient, assured that "all things would work together for our good." Yet we formed a sorrowful group, and ardently wished ourselves once more in Edinburgh. Certainly our faith was sorely tried. We sympathized heartily with the Jewish captives in their sad lament :

" By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on ;
Our harps we hung upon the trees,
The willow trees upon."

Hearing of our arrival, many of the people came to Franktown to consult about a proper location for their minister. At that time the Government granted each actual settler two hundred acres of land. Father selected his allowance near the centre of the township, on the sensible principle of "putting the kirk in the middle of the parish." Not a tree was cut, and no abode awaited us. It required a good stock of saving grace to refrain from murmuring, after the fashion of the Israelites in the wilderness, whose distressing plight we could appreciate. James Wall, a big-souled Irishman, not a Presbyterian, offered us the use of a small log-house he had just put up. His kind offer was accepted gratefully, and we moved into the humble tenement, occupying it six weeks. What a contrast was this one-roomed cabin, with neither door nor window, to the pleasant home we had left three months before!

God had cast our lot amid strange scenes, and we resolved to make the best of the situation. The cheerfulness of father and mother surprised us. No word of complaint escaped their lips. Their confidence remained unshaken, under the most trying circumstances. The self-sacrificing Moravians in Greenland did not exhibit more admirable submission to the Divine Will. Somehow our stuff was brought from Franktown and soon set to rights in the little shanty. We were not burdened with household effects, having sold the bulk of the furniture in Scotland. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Quilts and blankets, hung over the openings and across the apartment, served as doors and windows and a partition. We cooked on the flat stone, at one end of the building, which did duty as a hearth in the chimneyless fire-place. More smoke stayed inside than found the way out. Millions of mosquitos and black flies added to our discomfort, obliging us frequently to exclude nearly every breath of air to shut out the pests. The plague of flies in Egypt could hardly have been more tormenting. No one dared venture far at night, for wolves prowled around the house in the darkness, uttering most dismal howls. Like

the wicked, these ugly creatures "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." But God watched over us, preserving our health and strength, and we hoped for the speedy coming of better days.

The close of the week saw us settled quietly, our work done, our lessons learned, and preparations made for the blessed Sabbath. The call had been answered.



III.—THE FIRST SERVICE.

"The groves were God's first temples."—RYANT.

Clear and bright and beautiful, meet "emblem of eternal rest," was our first Sabbath in Beckwith. Word had been sent to every family that service would be held in the forenoon. From far and near a large audience gathered to hear the first sermon ever preached in the township. Men, women and children trudged many miles to be present. Debarred for months and years from public worship, they would not neglect the precious opportunity. It needed no cathedral-chime or loud-tongued bell to summon them to the sacred spot. They may have been homely in garb and appearance, for hard toil and scanty fare are not aids to fine looks, but they were sincere worshippers. Their serious, reverent demeanor befitted the day and the event. All heard the message gladly, fixing their gaze upon the minister, and giving him close attention. None slept, or yawned, or seemed tired, although sitting on logs with neither backs for support nor cushions for ease. No watches were pulled out to "time the speaker" and note if he got through in twenty minutes. The era of lopped-off prayers, curtailed sermon and one hour service had not been introduced. Black flies and mosquitos swarmed in myriads seeking to devour the multitude. Notwithstanding these drawbacks it was a solemn memorable occasion, tenderly remembered and spoken of long after two-thirds of the congregation had "joined the general assembly and church of the first-born" in glory.

Of course, the service was in the open air. "The groves were God's first temples," and the persecuted covenanters traveled far to worship "under the blue canopy." A church, or place adapted to the purpose, had not been erected in Beckwith. A huge tree was cut down, the

stump of which, sawed off straight, accommodated the big Bible and sufficed for a pulpit. On the trunk, drawn by oxen to one side, sat mother and her ten children. Other trees, stripped of their branches and hauled in front of the stump, seated the congregation. At the appointed hour father arose, spoke a few words of greeting and gave out a familiar psalm. John Crain, a talented musician, led the singing which was devotional and inspiring. Two of my sisters were superior vocalists, whose sweet voices swelled the melodious strains, and the whole assemblage helped. Only the good old tunes, like Old Hundred, Martins, Bangor, St. David and Dundee, were used at father's services. Can we doubt that the praises of Beckwith's first congregation ascended high above the trees, even to the throne of the Omnipotent?

" Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Standing with bowed heads, the attitude of deepest reverence, the people heard a fervent prayer. Another psalm and an exposition of the chapter of scripture followed. The sermon, unfolding the plan of salvation so clearly "that he may run who readeth it," entreated those out of Christ to "make their calling and election sure." The entire service was in English, with which a few of the oldest folk were not on very intimate terms. After a short intermission, to eat their simple repast and drink at the nearest well, the worshippers gathered again for Gaelic services. Aged men and women shed tears of joy to hear the gospel once more in the language of their native glen—the language some Highlanders firmly believe "the devils don't understand and the angels praise God in." It proved a notable Sabbath in the history of Beckwith. Late in the afternoon all returned home, much refreshed in spirit, to spend the evening in godly conversation, studying the Bible and catechizing the young. Worldly topics and worldly cares were laid aside on Sundays, which was truly

regarded as the Lord's Day. Visiting was unheard of, nor was the fourth commandment pronounced out-of-date. In their estimation, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" imposed a moral obligation and meant precisely what it said. Would that this righteous opinion prevailed everywhere!

Nowadays many sneer at the strict observance of the Sabbath in former times. They deride Puritan narrowness, boast of their own broad views, and affect pity for "bigots tied down to the bible and catechism" under rigid notions that make Sunday a horror. What are the facts? We were taught to think Sunday the best day of the seven. Far from proving wearisome, it was always restful and edifying. Everything was prepared on Saturday, that the least work possible should be done on the Sabbath. Instead of lying in bed later than on week days we arose an hour earlier, to learn a chapter in the bible before breakfast. Sickness alone prevented us from attending both forenoon and afternoon services. Wolves, bad roads and long distances rendered evening service impracticable. A flake or two of snow, a drop of rain, a black cloud, a speck of dust, a little extra heat or a touch of cold would not keep us from church. Fair-weather Christianity, sure to shrink in the wash, had no place in the Beckwith brand of piety. We got our bibles in the evening to compare passages, repeat what we had committed and answer questions father would ask. Usually a half-hour's singing preceded family worship, which fitly closed the hallowed day. These delightful exercises full of sweetness and profit, it is a pleasure to recall. Hallowed Sabbaths laid the foundation of many a sterling character, equipped thoroughly for usefulness here and felicity hereafter. How much they miss who vainly seek in Sunday newspapers, Sunday amusements and trashy literature the solid satisfaction of a well-spent Sabbath!

In this connection a reference to the first Gælic sermon preached at Perth will be appropriate. Rev. William Bell, the first settled minister in Lanark county, came to Perth in 1817. A dozen log-houses in the woods, occupied

mainly by officers of the war of 1812, comprised the embryo town. The earliest settlers arrived in 1816, three years prior to the first settlement in Beckwith. Mr. Bell, then and for forty years pastor of the Presbyterian church, wrote to father to assist him at the communion, on the second Sabbath of June, 1824. Father and mother walked to Perth, crossing a swamp a mile long on logs set endwise and not always within easy reach. Had there been any horses in the township they could not have travelled on such roads in summer. At the preparatory service on Saturday, Mr. Bell announced that Mr. Buchanan would dispense the sacrament in Gælic. The communion, an ordinance observed with peculiar solemnity by Scotch Presbyterians, attracted a large congregation on Sunday. Groups of people on foot, with here and there a man or woman on horseback, thronged the roads leading to Perth. The church could not hold them, and scores stood around the door and the open windows. Father preached in the morning from the words: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." He then served the first table in Gælic, and Mr. Bell served the others. At that period communicants left their pews and sat at long tables—rough boards covered with white cotton—in the aisles to receive the sacrament. The ministers would address each set, which was called "fencing the tables," and hand the bread and wine to the elders to distribute to the members. After another short address, those at the tables would return to their seats to make room for the next lot, continuing in this way until all had communed who wished. Everything was "done decently and in order," with no unseemly haste, communion services generally lasting several hours. Usually five or six tables were served at Perth, and four or five in Beckwith, in a manner that impressed the most careless spectator with the devoutness of those who obeyed the command of the Master, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Gælic service in the afternoon drew a host of people eager to hear, for the first time at Perth, if not in Canada;

the Word in their beloved vernacular. Mr. Bell not knowing Gaelic, father conducted the entire service, which opened by singing the ever-dear One Hundredth Psalm—"Togadh gach tir ard-islach ghlavidh, do Dhia Jehobah mor." He preached with great effectiveness from the text: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth." The discourse extolled the Saviour of the world, who shed His blood to redeem our lost race. Tears flowed down the furrowed cheeks of hoary listeners, to whom the service and the language brought back vividly the scenes of their youth in Scotland. Heads, white with the snows no July sun could melt, bent low to weep silently. Every heart was stirred and every eye moist. The story of redeeming love and triumph had lost none of its wonderous power and beauty. When he had pronounced the benediction, hundreds pressed forward to clasp father's hand and beg him to come again. Although three quarters of a century have passed away since that glorious day, and although he who spoke and all the adults who heard have crumbled into dust, its influence still remains and a few fond hearts cherish lovingly their early recollections of "The Gaelic Sermon."

Rev. William Bell, for forty years a forceful personality in Lanark County, ministered to the first church until his death in 1857. Two sons, George and Andrew, filled Presbyterian pulpits many years. James, registrar of the county for a generation, still lives in Perth. Ebenezer taught school in North Elmsley and later cultivated a farm on Ottay Lake. The old frame church, a quaint structure, was burned by a base incendiary in 1867, after standing idle a decade. St. Andrew's congregation was organized in 1826 and reared a stone edifice in 1832. Rev. Thomas Wilson, a gifted, earnest minister, was its first pastor. He returned to Scotland eventually, dying there in 1877. The late Rev. Dr. Bain succeeded Mr. Wilson in 1846, remaining until his death in 1881. Two years ago the building was completely remodeled; Rev. Alexander H. Scott now in charge. At the disruption a large number left the old kirk, built Knox church and called

Rev. James B. Duncan to the pastorate. Mr. Duncan, unquestionably the oldest preacher ever located at Perth, stayed eighteen years, building up one of the most influential congregations in the province. This year he celebrated his jubilee.

Thus the work began and grew, the good seed was sown and the feeble twig became a giant tree. The full extent of the harvest will be revealed only when "the Books are opened and every man shall be judged according to the deeds he hath done, whether they be good or evil."



IV—THE NEW HOME.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Six weeks in Wall's Cabin acquainted us, in some measure with the conditions and inconveniences of backwoods life. Folk who complain to-day of hard times know not the meaning of the words. During these weeks the settlers were busy harvesting from daylight till dark. Cutting grain with the old-fashioned sickle and scythe, on ground, stumps dotted thickly, was slow, laborious work. Reaping machines, mowing machines, horse rakes and the splendid array of labor-saving implements now in vogue, to lighten the task, and multiply a hundred fold the efficiency of the husbandman, had not yet been evolved. A cumbersome plough, hard to pull and harder to guide, a V-shaped harrow, alike heavy and unwieldy, a clumsy sled, in keeping with the plough and harrow, home-made rakes, weighty as iron and sure to blister the hands of the users, forked-stick pitch forks, first cousins of the awkward rakes, and gnarled flails, certain to raise bumps on the heads of unskilled threshers, with two or three scythes and sickles, represented the average agricultural equipment. Not a grist-mill, saw-mill, factory, store, shop, post-office, school, horse, chimney, stove nor even a chair could be found in Beckwith. Two arm-chairs, constructed for father and mother by Donald Kennedy a wood-worker, were the first in the township. Split logs furnished the materials for benches, tables, floors and roofs. Sawed boards, shingles and plastered walls were unattainable luxuries. The first year men carried flour and provisions on their backs from Perth and Brockville. Families subsisted for months on very scanty flour. Their homes were shanties, chinked between the logs with wood and mud, often without a window, cold in winter, stifling in summer, uninviting always. A hole

in the roof let out such smoke as happened to travel in its direction. Still the people seldom murmured. The fear of God, strong faith and bright hope were their rich possession.

As has been the case in all lands and all ages, women bore their full share of the burden. Besides attending to the children and household affairs, all spring and summer they worked in the fields early and late, burning brush, logging, planting and reaping. Much of the cooking, washing and mending was done before dawn or after dark, while the men slept peacefully. At noon they prepared dinner, ate a bite hastily and hurried back to drudge until the sun went down. Then they got supper, put the youngsters to bed, patched, darned and did a multitude of chores. "Woman's work is never done." For these willing slaves, toiling to better the condition of their loved ones and never striking for higher wages, sixteen hours of constant labor would be a short day. They knew no respite, no vacation, no season at the seashore, nothing but hard work and child-bearing. The Sabbath was the one oasis in the desert, the one breathing spell in the week.

When obliged to help out-doors, young mothers took their babies with them—babies were by no means scarce in Beckwith—to the fields and laid them in sap-troughs, while they worked near by. The larger children would hoe, pile brush, pick stones, rake hay, drop potatoes and be utilized in various ways. A fond mother near Franktown, hearing a strange noise at the trough holding her baby, ran to find a big snake crawling down the infant's throat! She caught the reptile by the tail and hurled it into the field, saving her child's life. The boy grew to manhood. The world owes a debt beyond human computation to the patient, industrious, unselfish women who have stood side by side with fathers, husbands and brothers in the stern battle for existence. The pioneer women of Beckwith were noble helpmeets, kind, hospitable, self-forgetful and trustworthy. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," so the public has heard little of

their struggles, their trials and their achievements. The heroic spirit is not confined to the soldier. Look to the gentle, long-suffering, self-denying mother, cheerfully bearing the wearing grind year after year in her humble home, for its highest development ; yet some male bipeds in trousers talk glibly of "the weaker vessel," and think their own mothers and sisters not qualified to vote for a school-trustee or a ward constable.

Autumn and winter brought little relief, except to vary the style of work. The women carded wool with hand-cards and spun it on small wheels, for stocking yarn and the weaver's loom. Knitting was the endless task, by the light of the hearth fire or the feeble flicker of a tallow-dip, and everybody wore homespun. Now all this is changed. The modest spinning-wheel is thick with dust in the garret, machinery knits and sews and turns out underwear, the music of the shuttle in the condy-loom is hushed forever, hand-me-down and tailor-made suits have superseded the honest homespun, and the kerosene-lamp has consigned the tallow-dip to oblivion. Threshing wheat and oats with the flail employed the men until plenty of snow fell for good sleighing. Then the whole neighborhood would go in company to Bytown—now Ottawa—to market their produce. Starting at midnight, the line of ox-sleds would reach Richmond about daylight, stop an hour to rest and feed, travel all day and be at Bytown by dark. Next day they would sell their grain, sometimes on a year's credit, buy a few necessary articles, travel all night to Richmond and be home the third evening. A night's lodging at Bytown, unless they slept on their sleds, was the total outlay, as they carried food and hay with them to last the three days and nights of the trip. When the small grist mill was built at Carleton Place, the farmers would grind their wheat, often watching by their sleds two or three days and nights, in the open air, until their turn came. They sold the flour at Bytown, the nearest market. Four dollars a barrel for flour and eight for pork were the highest prices, while the dry goods and groceries were extravagantly dear. Leather

was an important item in the purchases, as shoemakers went about in winter, staying at each house to make a year's footwear for the whole family. In the absence of the men at mill or market, the women fed the cattle and hogs, provided wood and did much extra work. Yes, times were hard, not in stinted measure, but "pressed dov. 1, heaped up and running over."

Harvesting finished, the people turned out in force to cut down logs and build us a large shanty. They roofed it with troughs, laid a big flat stone against the wall for a chimney, left a space at the ridge for smoke to escape, smoothed one side of split logs for a floor, and put in a door and two windows. Having no lumber for partitions, we divided the apartment with curtains. One half served for a kitchen, dining-room, study and sitting-room; the other for bed-rooms. We lived a year in this abode. A well dug through the clay and blasted a few feet into the rock supplied abundance of water, clear and wholesome to-day as at the beginning. Foxes, owls and wolverines helped the wolves make night hideous. Hunger sometimes drove the wolves to extremes. People could not venture far from their homes without the risk of meeting a band of them. At noon one day fifteen walked past our yard, heading for the sheep. Rattling tin-pans and blowing a horn frightened them off. Another time, going four miles with my sister Ann to see a sick woman, a fierce wolf assailed us on the way back. He followed us some distance, grew bolder, ran up and took a bite out of my dress almost pulling me down. My loud exclamation—"Begone, you brute!"—and clapping our hands put the impudent fellow to flight. We skipped home in short metre, regardless of sticks, stones and mudholes.

In the winter father hired men to clear several acres of ground and take out timber for a new house. They worked hard until spring, hewing logs for a two-story building, and sawing lumber for floors and partitions with a cross-cut saw. The seed sown in the rich soil yielded a bountiful crop, and we had a large garden. Two cows were bought in April, the good woman sent a fowl

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 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."

V.—THE GOOD SEED.

"In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Open-air services had been held six Sundays, the crops were secured and winter was approaching, when the people set about providing a house of worship. Father disliked to hurry them, because they were poor and worked hard. At last they made a "bee," cut and drew logs, split troughs for the roof, and quickly reared a rough building. It was cold, smoky and exceedingly uncomfortable in winter, but the services were always well attended. At a meeting to fix the minister's salary it was agreed that each family should pay three dollars a year, or one dollar and two bushels of wheat. Alexander Dewar, John Carmichael, John Ferguson and Duncan McDonald were elected elders and solemnly ordained in due time. It was arranged that all the families in a section should meet father at one house to be examined and catechized. Owing to bad roads and great distances it was not possible to visit them separately. His first visit under this arrangement was at Donald McLaren's, where the whole neighborhood assembled. He examined old and young as to their knowledge of the Bible, the Catechism, and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Other meetings followed, until every section and family had been reached. A few Irish settlers, members of the Episcopal church, attended service regularly and in case of sickness or death would send for father as readily as though he were their rector. The heads of Presbyterian families, as nearly as they can be recalled, the register having been burned fifty years ago, were :

John Carmichael.
Peter Carmichael.
Donald Kennedy.
Alexander Kennedy.
Donald Anderson.

Alexander Dewar.
Archibald Dewar.
Malcolm Dewar.
Peter Dewar.
John Dewar.

John Ferguson.
James Ferguson.
Duncan Ferguson
Duncan Campbell
Duncan Robertson.

John Anderson.	Alexander Stewart.	Duncan McNab.
Peter Anderson.	Duncan Stewart,	Duncan McNee.
Alexander McTavish.	John Stewart.	Duncan McCuan.
John McTavish.	John Cram.	Duncan McDonald.
Duncan McDermid.	Duncan Cram.	Duncan McLaren.
James McDermid.	Duncan McEwen.	Donald McLaren.
Alexander McGregor.	Finley McEwen.	Colin McLaren.
Donald McGregor.	John McEwen.	Colin Sinclair.
John McGregor.	Duncan King.	Alexander Scott.
Peter McGregor.	Colin King.	John Scott.
James McArthur.	Donald McDougall.	James McKinnis.
John Goodfellow.	Peter McDougall.	James Stewart.
Robert Goodfellow.	Peter Comrie.	Donald McIntosh.

Many of the families these names represented have disappeared from Becknith. The Dewars, Andersons, McDougalls and Fergusons settled in Lambton county. Alexander Dewar, "one of Nature's noblemen," entered into rest at ninety-five, and his brother John, who survived all his contemporaries, at ninety-three. Alexander and Donald Kennedy ended their days in or near Ottawa. Duncan and John Cram, John and Robert Goodfellow, James Stuart, James McArthur, Donald McLaren, Finley McEwen, John Carmichael and others, lived and died near the old homesteads. Archibald McPhail, who died three years ago at ninety-four, was the last survivor of the adults who heard the first sermon in Beckwith, and the last resident to conduct family worship invariably in Gaelic. He removed to Carleton county in the fifties. Not a few slumber in neglected, unmarked, forgotten graves. Over the mounds of all the snows of many winters have drifted. What matters it to the unconscious sleepers awaiting the resurrection morn! Although not carved in marble, nor blazoned on history's page, "are their names not written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

These visitations revealed the fact that numbers of young people were growing up in comparative ignorance for lack of educational advantages. The township had no school of any kind, hence many boys and girls were unable to read and write. Father volunteered to teach if accommodations were provided. The parents erected a small, miserable structure. From the first, eager pupils crowded

it. They had no text books. He gave them the Mother's Catechism, the Shorter Catechism, and necessary supplies he had brought from Scotland. All progressed rapidly in reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, each striving zealously to be at the head. Very soon a large class read fluently in the Bible, the highest reader used. In winter when the grown pupils attended, having to work in summer, grammars and geographies were procured from Perth. Mud, wolves, deep snow and storms would not keep the scholars at home. Some walked five or six miles every morning and evening and were never absent nor tardy. Steady advances in knowledge rewarded their persistence. The school improved greatly after moving into the building that was our dwelling for a year, before we occupied this two-story house. From that unpretentious school, with its long benches and desks of split logs, its utter lack of maps and apparatus, its poverty and general wretchedness, young men went forth to prepare for the ministry, to acquire a profession, to engage in business and to fill positions of usefulness. Young women were equipped for teaching or other duties. In father's absence, visiting the sick or making pastoral calls, one of my sisters took charge of the school. A big leather strap hung on the wall, but it was never needed. Pupils underwent too much hardship, in order to attend at all, to be indolent or disobedient. The privilege cost too much real labor to be esteemed lightly. The benefit to the community of that school, which in summer was sometimes held in our barn, for greater room and better air, could not be estimated. It continued until the public school system was adopted and schools were established throughout the township. With father, it was purely a labor of love, as he never received a penny for his years of teaching in Beckwith.

One of these early pupils was the son of Donald McLaren. The parents urged father to take the boy into his house to do the chores for his boarding and attend school. The lad, who came next day, knew scarcely a word of English. He stayed with us for years, making fine pro-

gress as a student. He learned Greek, Latin and Hebrew, paid his way through Edinburgh University by working morning and evening, was licensed to preach and returned to Canada. He became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Martintown, where he labored zealously many years and ended his days. Such was the course of one graduate from father's modest school, Rev. John McLaren.

Father was extremely diligent, shirking no responsibility and evading no duty. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," he possessed the zeal of an apostle and the pertinacity of a genuine Scotch Highlander. As though the day-school, preaching, and performing the manifold offices of a pastor were not enough, he opened a Sunday School, in which my sisters taught the younger children, and conducted a large bible-class. Each member of the class learned three pages of the Catechism, one or two chapters of the New Testament and at least one Psalm weekly. In good sleighing father would visit McNabb, Horton and the back townships, to preach, baptize infants and marry young couples. Mother always accompanied him on such trips, which extended over two Sundays, furnishing the only religious services in these remote sections for years. He likewise preached occasionally at Richmond and Smith's Falls, then places of very small importance. His mission-field comprised nearly the entire country between Perth and Ottawa, in which extensive section he was long the only minister. The good seed sown with infinite toil and patience brought forth abundant fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold."

Caring for the sick added greatly to father's arduous labors. Frequently he would be roused at midnight to attend a poor woman in childbirth or relieve a case of sudden illness, walking miles on logs set lengthwise to reach the scene of distress. To slip off a log or make a miss-step meant a plunge into the swamp mud and water to the waist or neck. The men who summoned him carried large torches, which most families kept ready for

emergencies. The torches threw a feeble light in the path and scared the wolves. These fatiguing night-journeys were quite unlike the carriage drives of physicians now-a-days. Self-denying Dr. Willyum McClure, riding faithful Jess to visit his Drumtochty patients, had few experiences to compare with Dr. George Buchanan's perilous trips afoot in storm and darkness. Later he bought a stout pony, which bore him over a portion of the territory, but to the last he was obliged to walk to districts lying beyond the big swamps. No thought of remunerating him for his medical services entered the minds of patients belonging to the congregation. They took it for granted that his meagre salary as a minister entitled them to command his talents as a doctor and a teacher also. He was expected to officiate at births, baptisms, marriages and funerals, to heal the sick and educate the rising generation without charge. His work as a doctor alone would have been ample for the average practitioner, yet none suffered from his neglect to be at the bedside until recovery or dissolution rendered further attendance needless. He smoothed the pillow of the dying, consoled the sorrowing, bestowed his skill and medicines freely, set fractured limbs and performed all kinds of surgical operations. To him many a Beckwith mother and child owed the preservation of their lives, and many a man was indebted for his rescue from the jaws of death.

Going on his pony one day to visit a person dangerously ill, father met a large wedding-party from the Irish settlement, in a back township. All were on horseback, each steed bearing a young man and woman, and this meeting occurred in a swamp. The first couple greeted father, the youth enquiring: "Plaise, sur, I make bould to ask if yez be the clargyman?" Told that he was, the speaker said he and his fair companion were on their road to his home to be married, in presence of a number of friends. Father told them to go on and he would return as soon as possible. The young man demurred, saying it would inevitably bring bad luck to go in one direction while the minister went in another. Father then proposed

that the whole party accompany him to the nearest house. This was not accepted, the prospective bridegroom declaring that for either the minister or this party to turn back would be an evil omen. At length it was arranged that the pair should dismount and stand on a little knoll barely large enough to hold them. The mud was knee-deep except on this small plot, rising like an oasis in the desert. The couple clasped hands tightly to prevent slipping off, the guests drew their horses around the green spot, father reined his pony in front and performed the ceremony sitting in the saddle. The happy groom handed him ten shillings with the pleasant remark in his purest brogue: "Shure, an' it's th' iligant job yez done intoirely, an' it's meself an' th' colleen that's obliged to yez fer evermore." It was a novel marriage scene, rivalling that at which Dean Swift, wakened at two o'clock in the morning, tied the knot standing at an upper window, the couple looking up from the street below in a pelting shower.

Another time he called to see a Catholic woman whom he had brought through a serious illness. She was doing nicely and he directed that chicken-broth be given her. Three days afterwards, to his surprise, he found her dying. The husband, fearing her sickness might terminate fatally, had sent to Perth for Father John McDonnell, the first priest in the county. The good priest, supposing the end near, administered extreme unction. Thenceforth the sick woman, conceiving it would be a mortal sin to take food, refused the slightest nourishment and died in a few days. Her sincerity and devotions were surely remarkable. Father McDonnell lived to be upwards of ninety, closing his long and useful life in Glengarry county. He had hosts of friends among Protestants, who liked him for his candor, his independence and his eccentricities. Once he read from the pulpit a list of contributors to the fund for some important church enterprise. Each member who gave liberally he commended warmly by name. Those whose subscriptions he deemed not in proportion to their means received a broad hint to this effect; "It's nae sae muckle as it micht be." As his name and subscription

were announced, each Protestant on the list was praised in the peculiar fashion: "Verra gude, indeed, for a heretic!" Then singling out some member of his flock who had been rather close, he would exclaim: "Eh, mon, are ye nae ashamed o' yersel to rin behind a heretic?"

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The population increased gradually, new settlers filled up the township and ministers and doctors followed in their wake. Rev. Jonathan Short, D.D., a man of admirable spirit and culture, had the Episcopal charge at Franktown until transferred to Port Hope. Rev. Michael Harris was long rector of the Perth congregation. Rev. George Romaine, the first Presbyterian minister at Smith's Falls, was an excellent preacher and faithful servant of Christ. He married the youngest sister of Rev. John Smith, second minister in Beckwith, inherited a large fortune in Scotland and died there at a goodly age. Every winter father had been accustomed to visit what is now the flourishing town of Smith's Falls, to hold services, baptize children and dispense the Communion. On such occasions he usually stayed with the Simpsons or the Goulds, then the principal business people in the infant settlement. Miss Simpson married the father of the late Jason Gould, who was related to Jay Gould, the great New York financier. Rev. John Cruikshank, a superior man in every way and first Presbyterian minister of Bytown, now Ottawa, visited at our house repeatedly. Rev. John McLaghlan held Covenanter services in Perth occasionally for many years. He was sincere, earnest and eloquent, and was settled at Carleton Place. Rev. Dr. Gemmill, of Lanark; Rev. Wm. Boyd, of Prescott, and Rev. Wm. Smart, of Brockville, distinguished preachers, were members of the first Presbytery. Once Mr. Smart came to assist father at the Sacrament. The meeting-house had been burned and the service was in the open air, with a platform for the ministers and logs to seat the people, who came in crowds from points as far as Ramsay and Carleton Place. Mr. Smart had prepared an elaborate sermon. Strangely enough, he marked the text in the wrong chapter of the Bible and could not at the moment

recall the correct place. Every man and woman had a copy of the sacred volume, waiting to turn to the text. In this emergency Mr. Smart suddenly recalled a sermon he had delivered years before from the words of Zephaniah : "It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." He discoursed with great power and fervency. Rev. Thomas Wilson and Rev. Mr. Fairbairn were gifted preachers of the Established Church. Rev. Mr. McAllister succeeded Dr. Gemmill and later joined the Old Kirk. All were faithful expounders of the pure gospel, untainted by recent fads and the vagaries of the Higher Criticism.

Although these additions lessened the distances father needed travel, the wants of the Beckwith folk multiplied constantly. For twelve years he toiled incessantly, never sparing himself or his substance, never seeking his own comfort, never enjoying a period of relaxation, never tiring of ministering to the souls and bodies of those committed to his care. Others built on the foundations he laid, reaped part of the harvest he planted and watered, gathered some of the sheaves long after he had gone to his reward ; but father, the pioneer herald of salvation, first sowed in and around Beckwith the good seed that was to spring up and bear much fruit to the glory of the Great Head of the church.



VI—LIGHT AND SHADE.

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us"—LOWELL.

Swiftly the years came and went, each bringing its own peculiar experiences. If trials and privations were abundant, causes for gratitude were not wanting. Light and shade alternated frequently. One day the sky might be over cast, the next sunshine gladdened the heart of the faithful toiler in the Master's vineyard. The general conditions improved. Commodious frame-houses succeeded the log-shanties. Spacious barns and out-buildings became the common rule. Clearings grew and broad fields of grain attested the industry of the farmers. In short, the wilderness had begun to blossom as the rose.

Fire having consumed our large barn, in which services were sometimes held, in the heated term, logs were taken out to erect a better church. They lay unused. Finally it was agreed to put up a stone building. The advocater of a log or frame structure, which would cost less, yielded very reluctantly to the majority. Subscriptions were pledged and the work commenced. When the wails neared completion a meeting of the congregation was called. At the meeting father was requested to join the old kirk, if he expected to preach in the new edifice. Always a seceder, opposed to the union of church and state, he positively declined to give up his honest convictions, asked if they found any fault with his preaching, or conduct, all answered, "No, none whatever." Father then reminded them of his long and arduous services. He said, "I have preached in the open air, in wretched cabins and in cold school-rooms. I have taught day school for years without receiving one penny for my labor, I have spent many stormy nights and weary days visiting the sick and the dying, walking through swamps and paths no horse could travel, without any charge for my medical

services. I have spent and been spent for your sakes, seeking not your substance but your welfare. I have born hardships and distress uncomplainingly in the days that tried men's souls. Now you wish me, when you propose to have a comfortable house of worship, to sell my principles. That I shall never do. The God that has brought me thus far is able to keep me to the end, and my trust is in Him."

These words moved not a few to tears. Others determined to have their way, continued the discussion. One man shouted to father, "If you join the kirk you will get into the new building; if you don't, you will eat thin kale!" Father replied to this coarse assault in the language of the Psalmist. "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Several of the leaders said in substance: "We were born in the kirk and we will die in the kirk." A goodly number protested against the proceeding, most of the women objecting strenuously to any change. None had ever absented themselves from the services, father had no misunderstanding with any of them, and not a word of grumbling had been heard, so that the sudden zeal for the kirk was a great surprise. At last father ended the controversy by saying: "I foresee trouble will come before long. There is a God who judgeth in the earth, and you will see the time you will bitterly repent of this day's ingratitude."

Soon after the meeting some of the malcontents went to Perth and sent a petition to the Presbytery in Scotland for a kirk minister who could preach in English and Gælic. About the time the stone church was finished, Rev. John Smith and his two sisters arrived. Mr. Smith was a very quiet, unassuming man. He was dumb-founded to find a minister in Beckwith, declaring he would not have left Scotland had he known the situation of affairs. Two of the elders, John Carmichael and Alexander Dewar, and many of the members adhered to father. He preached regularly in the largest room in our house until his last illness, while Mr. Smith occupied the stone church.

For some time after father's death the kirk people moved along smoothly. The disruption caused a split, a strong faction insisting that the pastor should join the Free church. It was remarked that the men most vehement in this demand were the ones who wanted father to stultify himself by joining the old kirk. The fickle multitudes, whose "Hosanna" to-day becomes a "Crucify Him" to-morrow, did not all die nineteen centuries ago.

Mr. Smith's refusal to leave the kirk aroused much ill-feeling. At a meeting called to hear his final discision he was treated badly, just as father had been ten years previously. A violent disruptionist exclaimed: "If we could recall our good old minister from his grave, you would never enter that pulpit again!" Another said, "Dr. Buchanan never read his sermons, as you do!" The meeting broke up in confusior, affecting Mr. Smith keenly. He was extremely sensitive, and the reproaches of the people wounded him deeply. At the height of the excitement, he took sick and died in a few days. Even this sad dispensation failed to heal the breach. The congregation divided, one section building a church at Black's corners, two miles away, and the other building at Franktown. The stone church, the scene of so much dissension, was abandoned for ever. Hardly a member remained in the old kirk, and the building left to the owls and the bats, has gone to ruin. Surely father's solemn warning was amply verified by subsequent events.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

In July of 1834 father visited Montreal, pursuant to an invitation from Rev. Drs. Alexander Matheson and William Taylor, two of the Presbyterian ministers in that city. He supposed the trip would be somewhat of a vacation, his first in a dozen years. At Bytown the Rev. John Cruickshank advised him to turn home as the cholera was raging in Montreal. He replied: "I have two daughters there, it is my duty to go, and God will not

forsake me." He stayed in the afflicted city two months, preaching every Sunday and ministering continually to the plague-stricken people. God preserved him in health and strength, and he returned to Beckwith the end of September. Naturally the terrible scourge in Montreal, following closely the ungrateful treatment he had received from many of the people whom he served so faithfully, depressed him greatly. Seeing numbers of his flock pass to the new church, the threshold of which he never crossed, he could not help observing. "Truly a prophet hath honor, save in his own country." Thus it was in Christ's day, thus it is now, and thus it will be so long as human nature is made up largely of selfishness and envy.

The first election in Lanark county after we came to Canada was in 1824. There were no newspapers to keep folks posted, no Grits and Tories, no Reformers and Conservatives, but just two candidates for Parliament, Hon. William Morris and Dr. Thom. Mr. Morris wrote to father, asking him to do something in his behalf. Father answered that he would talk to the congregation at a meeting to be held the next week. He did so, advising all to support Mr. Morris, whom he commended as a Presbyterian and a capable man. The people heard this with evident satisfaction and promised to act accordingly. Every one in the county who wanted to vote had to go to Perth to cast his ballot. The election lasted a week. Late in the afternoon of the closing day Dr. Thom was considerably ahead. His supporters were jubilant and hurraed loudly. Just at that period the Beckwith delegation appeared in sight, having walked the whole way, Highland pipers playing the bagpipes at the head of the procession. Every man voted for Morris, electing him by a large majority. They placed him in a big chair, carried him around the town in triumph, and enjoyed their well-earned victory to the utmost. The election occurred during my first visit to Perth. It impressed me so strongly that the remembrance, seventy-five years later, is perfectly distinct. Mr. Morris did not disappoint the high opinions of the public. He served in Parliament many years, with distinguished credit and ability. One son,

Hon. Alexander Morris, also represented Lanark in Parliament, was Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, and died in Toronto. Another is yet a resident of Perth.

A little incident will illustrate the strictness of some of the godly pioneers. An elder was to drive a clergyman to an appointment on a bright Sunday afternoon. The minister exclaimed: "This is beautiful weather for the country." The elder turned upon him sharply and rejoined: "Dinna ye ken this is the Sawbath, when ye mauna crack about the weather an' sic worldly things?" The minister did nothing but quote scripture the rest of the journey.

Father's shepherd-dog Oscar, was wiser than many a two-legged creature that wears pantaloons and is supposed to have an immortal soul. Oscar knew when Sunday came and observed it scrupulously. A while before service he would stand in front of the building and watch the people gathering for worship. Any one who walked past he would sieze by the clothes and endeavor to turn towards the entrance. He would station himself near the pulpit during service, stand up during the prayers and, like numbers of human beings, sleep during the sermon. Nor would he hunt squirrels or game on the sacred day. Once father drove to Smith's Falls in a cutter, leaving Oscar shut up in the stable. The dog got out two days afterwards and followed the trail, although several inches of snow had fallen. Knowing Oscar as we did, it was not hard to understand why the poor Indian fondly imagines his faithful dog will keep him company in the happy hunting-grounds.

God favored father with good health and vigor to a remarkable degree. Until laid aside by his last illness, during his ministry of nearly forty-five years, he was unable to preach only one Sunday, because of sickness. He never failed to keep his appointments, no matter how severe the weather and never kept a congregation waiting past the hour for service to begin. Unfortunately fire destroyed most of his books and papers, so that many things it would be pleasant to record have been irrevocably lost.

VII—THE LAST OF EARTH.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

II Timothy, iv. 7.

Old age had come upon father. The strong frame could not always withstand the might of years, the effects of incessant toil and multiplied trials. The end drew nigh and he was soon to hear the glad message: "Child of earth, thy labors and sorrows are done." One night in October of 1834, three weeks after his return from Montreal, he awoke very ill with asthma. We feared he could not live until morning. A complication of diseases set in and he suffered intensely. For eleven months he sat in his chair, unable to lie down, or to be left alone one moment. He never murmured and the slightest attention pleased him. Often he would say: "I have a kind family and friends to nurse me, but Jesus had not where to lay his head." These months of agony exemplified his wonderful patience and sublime fortitude. His faith never wavered, for "he knew in whom he had believed." Rev. Mr. McLaghlan of Carleton Place, who visited him frequently, used to say: "I came to give Mr. Buchanan consolation in his great suffering but he has given me comfort and instruction. "His mind was serene, his confidence unshaken and his conversation most edifying.

Rev. William Bell and Rev. Thomas Wilson of Perth, came to see him whenever possible. Rev. John Fairbairn of Ramsay, spent an hour occasionally in the sick chamber; Rev. Jonathan Short, the Episcopal rector of Franktown, was tireless in his kind ministrations. To a woman who spoke of his good work in Beckwith, father said, "If that were what I had to depend upon I would be undone. I have no righteousness of my own to commend me to God, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

He delighted to speak of the atonement and the Saviour's wonderful love. His face would brighten as he talked of the Son of God, "bleeding and dying to save a lost world." Once he said to us: "My dear children, think of the infinite compassion of Jesus. We are healed meritoriously by His blood, having offered Himself a sacrifice for sin, and efficaciously by the Holy Spirit, sanctifying and purifying our souls and delivering us from the power and dominion of sin. Very soon I shall behold my Saviour face to face."

For three days before the end he took no nourishment except a spoonful of water. When urged to swallow a morsel of food he replied: "I am feeding on the bread of Heaven. I know that the angel of the covenant, true to his promise, will be with me at the last solemn hour to gild the dark valley and conduct me safely to the regions of glory, beyond the reach of sin and sorrow. I am ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." The last forenoon of his stay on earth he bade us come near, saying, "I am going home, are you all here?" Mother answering that we were all beside him, he looked at us intently and whispered: "Farewell, my beloved family, meet me in Heaven." His mind had never wandered one instant during his illness. He remained quiet a few moments, then opened his eyes, looked around and said distinctly, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." These were his last words. A moment later the happy spirit, released from the tenement of clay, had taken its flight and we were fatherless. Thus died George Buchanan, the first minister of Beckwith, at noon on September twelfth, 1835, in the seventy-fourth year of his age and forty-fifth of his ministry. Its peaceful, triumphant close befitted the useful, unselfish, exemplary life.

"He gave his body to the pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

By his own request he was buried in Perth, beside his eldest daughter, who died in 1830. Rev. Mr. Short conducted funeral services at the house. Instead of read-

ing from the prayer book, he delivered an impressive address and prayed fervently. His whole eulogy found an echo in every heart. Rain fell in torrents and the roads were almost impassable. Yet the elders and a goodly company of friends went with us all the way to Perth. On the border of the town the Perth ministers met the cortege. The coffin was lifted from the wagon—there was no hearse in the country then—and borne on men's shoulders to the grave. Of father, as of Stephen, it could be said: "And decent men carried him to his burial." Amid the tears and lamentations of many sincere mourners, the precious burden was lowered, a short prayer was offered, the earth was shovelled in and a fresh mound in the lonely grave-yard marked the resting place of God's honored servant. Only those who have consigned loved ones to the tomb can understand how we grieved over the loss of such a parent. Words cannot tell how empty the house appeared without his familiar presence, and how sadly he was missed for many a day and year.

Numerous tributes of respect were paid the worthy dead. The congregation erected a tablet at the grave, which crumbled away in the course of years, when his family and descendants provided a marble shaft. The *Bathurst Courier* started in 1834 by John Cameron, printed an appreciative obituary. The Presbytery and Synod passed appropriate resolutions, expressing a high sense of his character and services, and regretting the death of a venerable father of the Presbyterian church in Canada. The whole community was profoundly moved. Humanity and religion had lost a friend, whose place could not be filled. Under the title of "The Christian's Deathbed," my sister Ann wrote these memorial lines :

"How calm, how tranquil is the scene
 Where lies a christian on the bed of death !
 He has experienced many changes in his pilgrimage
 Through life, which now draws near a close.
 Sometimes adversity had been his lot,
 But he had learned with fortitude to bear its ills ;
 He viewed them all as coming from the hand of Him
 Who mingles mercy in His children's cup of woe.

He, too, had felt the sunshine of prosperity
 And raised his humble heart in grateful thanks
 Of adoration to that God
 Whose favors are so free, whose bounty is so large,
 Whose tender mercies o'er all His works extend."

"And now one scene, one solemn change
 Remains for him—the last, the most important
 Change of all. Yes, he must pass death's gloomy vale,
 But, oh ! his hopes are full of immortality.
 He leans upon the Saviour's gentle arm,
 He feels supported by His staff and rod,
 And therefore fears no ill.
 With triumph he can look on death and say :
 'Oh, Death ! Where is thy sting ?'
 With sweet composure view the grave
 And ask : 'Where is thy victory now ?'
 He longs to be set free from sin and pain,
 And dwell in the abode of perfect peace,
 Yet waits with cheerful resignation
 The sovereign will of Heaven."

Now the last scene is o'er ;
 While weeping friends surround the bed of death
 And their sad loss deplore,
 His spirit takes its flight, unconscious of a pain,
 And wings its way to mansions of eternal rest.
 And, oh ! if there was joy in Heaven
 When first he left the ways of sin and turned to God,
 If then the angelic host attuned their harps anew,
 And raised a higher note of praise
 To Him who washed and who redeemed
 A sinner with His precious blood,
 How great must be their joy
 When they behold him safe arrived in bliss,
 More than a conqueror o'er all the powers
 Of Satan, Death and Hell !"

The snows of thirty winters had drifted over his grave, most of his contemporaries had gone to their long home, all the family had left the place many years before and a new generation had appeared, when a grand-son visited the scene of father's labors and death. Here is what he wrote about it : "A strong desire to see the place where grand-father lived and died, impelled me to visit Beckwith. Although he had passed away years before my birth and the people were utter strangers, yet my dear mother had told me so much concerning him and them that they

seemed like personal friends. Probably a day would suffice to call upon the few who still remembered the family. Driving to Carleton Place in the evening, my first night was spent at Archibald McArthur's. We sat until past midnight, so pleased was my host to talk of persons and things that held a warm corner in his manly heart. Next forenoon he went with me to various houses. Robert Bell and others received me most cordially. Evening found me beneath Duncan Cram's hospitable roof. The good man, confined to his room by illness, wept with joy to behold a decendant of his old pastor. The second day was devoted to calls and the sight of the old homestead, ending at singing-school. To my surprise the young people spoke lovingly of grand-father and his children, saying their parents often referred to them in kindest terms. Word of my arrival went through the township and scores of aged folk came to meet a near relative of Dr. Buchanan. One dying patriarch, near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, sent a message imploring me to see him. He clasped my hand in his and said: "I wanted to look into the face of Ann Buchanan's bairn, the grandchild of my old minister." He gave me his blessing while his wife and family shed tears at the affecting scene. That delightful week, which memory will ever cherish, demonstrated forcibly how enduring was the affection of the Beckwith settlers for their first minister. Verily 'the righteous shall be kept in everlasting remembrance.' Few men are privileged so deeply to impress a wide community for good that one of their posterity, paying his first visit to the neighborhood three decades after they have crossed the Great Divide, should meet with a reception a prince might covet."

In the spring of 1836 mother went to Scotland with my elder brother, David, who desired to enter Edinburgh University and study for the ministry. She remained a year, spending the greater part of the time with an aged sister. During her absence my sister Catharine died in Montreal, the third break in the family circle. Other sisters had married, some taught school, and my younger

brother preferred commercial life to agriculture. Eventually it was decided to dispose of the farm, hallowed by many sacred associations, and mother took up her abode at Vankleek Hill, Prescott county, with her daughter Ann and son George. There she stayed until her death, on the fourteenth of January, 1849, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She bore six weeks of painful suffering with admirable courage. Her funeral, attended by over eight-hundred people, was the largest the little village had ever seen. Loving hands laid her to rest in the Presbyterian graveyard, close to the church. Thirty years later the body, still completely preserved, was buried in the cemetery two miles from town. Mother was a genuine christian, a noble woman and a worthy helpmeet. She brought up her family "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Her excellent domestic management tided us over many difficulties, and "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

"Yet thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?"



VIII—THE FAMILY.

"They grew in beauty side by side, they filled our house with glee"

MRS. HEMANS.

One of his ten children preceded father to the grave. Mother survived two others. The eight girls and two boys who came from Scotland ranged from young ladies to the four-year-old baby of the flock. All lived to grow up and be useful in their day and generation. Father and mother, both by precept and example, trained us carefully in principles of religion and morality. The blessed influences of a christian parentage and christian home were always our rich possession. From early childhood we were instructed in the bible and the catechism, taught to read good books and to be methodical in our habits. My brothers learned Hebrew, Greek and Latin under father's thorough supervision, and several of my sisters became good classical scholars. Frothy novels had no place in our reading. Life was too real, too earnest, too full of responsibility to waste it frivolously. Ours was indeed a kindly, happy household. Alas! the venerated parents and nine of their offspring have gone, leaving it strangely desolate.

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?"

Helen, the eldest of the family, finished her education in London. She sang beautifully, and it is not hard for me even now to recall the sweet voice and bright face of the dear sister to whom the younger members of the brood looked up with singular affection and respect. Soon after we settled in Beckwith she and another sister opened a

school at Perth, teaching a year or two with great success. Then Helen married John Ferguson, a wealthy merchant and lumberman, known far and wide as "Craig Darrach," the Scottish parish from which he had emigrated. Mr. Ferguson built and occupied the first stone house in Perth. It still stands on Gore street. He was a strong, forceful personality in the advancement of the community. Death summoned my sister on the nineteenth of February, 1830, in her twenty-sixth year. The husband survived until 1857, dying at Cromarty, Perth county. His remains were brought to Perth and interred by the side of his wife. The two children, a girl and a boy, left motherless at a tender age, spent much of their childhood at our home in Beckwith. The daughter, Helen, married John McLaren, an excellent man, who removed to Perth county and finally located in Toronto, where he died in 1891. They reared a large family of brave sons and fair daughters, all dutiful, clever, enterprising and well-to-do. Mrs. McLaren has her home in Toronto. Her brother, George Buchanan Ferguson, clerked in his uncle's store at Vankleek Hill, carried on a store in Montreal, and for thirty years was one of the most successful and popular commercial travellers in Canada. He died in 1894, leaving a widow, who has passed away since, three daughters and a son. My sister Ann wrote the following stanzas in memory of Helen, the first of the family to be taken to "the world that is fairer than this."

Her faith was fixed upon that rock,
Which can all storms defy,
And in the hope of further bliss,
She felt resigned to die.

Margaret, the second daughter, married John Dewar, a thrifty young farmer, not long after we came to Beckwith. His brother Alexander was an elder in father's church, and the whole family was distinguished for intelligence, industry and piety. About forty years ago the Dewars removed to Plympton township, Lambton county, attracted by the superior soil and fine climate to what was then an unbroken forest. Alexander and John

settled on adjoining farms and reared very large families. Eleven of my sister's children grew to be men and women. All married ultimately and for several years the aged parents lived alone, the birdlings having left the parental nest to dwell in houses of their own. Sons and daughters alike have been a credit to their lineage. Many years of suffering from inflammatory rheumatism did not subdue this loving mother's cheerfulness and affection. She passed away peacefully on the twenty-eighth of December, 1887, aged 84 years. Mr. Dewar was called to his reward on the fourth of February, 1890, at the patriarchal age of 95. The venerable couple journeyed hand-in-hand sixty-five years, descending at length to the tomb like shocks of wheat ripe for the harvest. Side by side they sleep in the quiet graveyard within sight of the pleasant homestead.

Elizabeth, the third daughter, when quite young, married Archibald Campbell, of Rideau Ferry, seven miles east of Perth. The Campbells were pioneers in Lanark county, influential, progressive and respected. The construction of the Rideau Canal, connecting Kingston and Bytown, created a heavy traffic between the Ferry and Perth. Mr. Campbell erected a wharf and warehouse, put teams on the road and transported vast quantities of freight. In the midst of his active career he fell a victim to the cholera on the tenth of August, 1832. His wife recovered from an attack of the dread disease and was spared to bring up her four daughters, the youngest an infant when the father died. She carried on the business vigorously for many years, until the building of a railroad from Brockville to Perth diverted a good portion of the traffic, and went to her eternal rest in July 14th of 1875, aged sixty-seven years. She was laid by the side of her husband, near father and my eldest sister. The four daughters survive, two living at Rideau Ferry, one at Almonte and one in North Dakota.

Catharine, the fourth daughter, taught school some years in Montreal and was one of the first three persons who joined the first Temperance Society in that city. She

wielded a ready pen and wrote trenchant articles in behalf of morality and sobriety. An efficient member of Rev. Dr. Taylor's church; she taught a large class in the Sunday School and was foremost in every good work. Rarely has her acquaintance with the Scriptures been equalled. She could repeat most of the Bible word for word. A short illness closed her busy, consistent life on the twentieth of November, 1836, on the eve of her prospective marriage. Railroads had not been built in Canada so that her body could not be brought to Perth for interment. For this reason Catharine Buchanan slumbers in a Montreal cemetery, far from friends and kindred. Mother's absence in Scotland and her own engagement to a leading publisher, to whom she was soon to be married, invested Catharine's death, away from home and among comparative strangers, with unusual pathos.

"Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Ann, the fifth daughter, was especially helpful to father during the last years of his life, reading to him, writing many of his letters and aiding him in manifold ways. Although her advantages in the backwoods were very limited, her fine literary taste found expression in the study of choice books in contributions of decided merit to the religious press. She wrote frequently for the Montreal Witness, John Dougall's excellent weekly. Whether prose or poetry, both of which she penned readily, her articles were read eagerly. A memory wonderfully retentive enabled her to assimilate easily the best works that came under her reach. For fifty years an earnest Sunday School worker, not a few precious souls were saved through her instrumentality. In 1841 she married Peter McLaurin, of West Hawkesbury, Prescott county, a school-teacher and farmer of the highest character. The happy union was dissolved by the death of the loving husband from the effects of a cold, on the eleventh of April, 1843. The stricken widow sold the

farm and removed to Vankleek Hill with her infant child, to whom her life was thenceforth largely devoted. Educating him in Montreal and Toronto ; she lived near Perth a number of years ; in 1868 removed to the Pennsylvania oil regions and died at Franklin, Venango county, on the thirtieth of September, 1876, sincerely mourned by all who knew her sterling worth. She was a noble, gifted Christian woman. The son, John James McLaurin, engaged in oil operation many years and acquired a high reputation in journalism. Two of his books, "The Story of Johnstown" and "Sketches in Crude Oil," have circulated widely in America and Europe. His wife, Elizabeth Cochrane, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Franklin, is a real treasure. Soon after the death of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, her son wrote these verses to her memory under the title of "My Mother's Portrait" :

"Mother ! I breathe thy dear name with a sigh,
For thou canst hear in the blest land on high ;
At thy sweet portrait now I fondly gaze,
And tenderly recall the trustful days
Of harmless mirth, when, playing at your knee,
No thought of sorrow marr'd my childish glee.

"Mother ! Thy gentle lips oft prest my cheek
With kisses sweeter far than words might speak ;
They taught my infant tongue to lisp a pray'r,
And told of Christ and Heaven and mansions fair ;
How would it thrill my soul with deepest joy,
To hear them say once more : "God bless my boy !"

"Mother ! Thy eyes so loving, pure and mild,
That never flash'd in anger on thy child,
Their last fond look in this sad vale of tears,
Which centred all the yearning love of years,
Bent full on me, while I could only weep
And long and pray with thee to fall asleep.

"Mother ! Thy kindly hands, whose touch could soothe
The aching head, the dying pillow smooth,
Quick to supply the humble sufferer's need,
Were never weary sowing the good seed ;
Could they but clasp me as in days of yore,
I'd sweetly rest, nor ask to waken more.

“Mother! Thy true heart, mirror'd in thy face,
 For selfishness or pride had not a place;
 It ever sought to comfort in distress.
 To raise the fallen and the orphan bless;
 Does it not throb with rapture still and wait
 To bid me welcome at the pearly gate?”

“Mother! Thy willing feet trod the straight road,
 Nor shunned the pathway to the poor abode;
 They love thee swiftly whither duty led,
 To cheer lone hearts and give the hungry bread;
 Thy footsteps may I follow till we meet
 And walk together on the golden street!”

Julia, the sixth daughter, skilled in music and in teaching, married John Nichol, a relative of the late Dr. James Stewart Nichol, the eminent Perth physician. The union of wedded bliss lasted only ten months, the young wife dying on the twentieth of March, 1844. She reposes beside father, at the feet of sister Helen. The voice that thrilled and enraptured here has joined the angelic choir to be silenced nevermore. Sister Julia was tall and stately, with raven hair, and lustrous black eyes, “twin-windows of the soul,” that could melt to pity or fascinate at pleasure. A grand, exalted spirit passed from earth when her bright light was quenched.

Isabella M., the seventh daughter, was endowed from early childhood with rare beauty and intelligence. In 1831 she married Anthony Philip, of Richmond, a man of ability and liberal culture. He carried on an extensive business at Martintown and subsequently at Vankleek Hill, where he died in 1862, leaving a widow, seven daughters and two sons. George B., the elder son, a lawyer by profession, died at Winnipeg years ago. David Leslie, the second son, is a prominent physician at Brantford. There Mrs. Philip died on the 12th of Jan. 1885, and three of her daughters reside. She lies in the beautiful cemetery by the side of her youngest daughter, near the burial plot of Alexander Carlyle, brother of the world-famed Thomas Carlyle, whose mother was related to our maternal grandmother. She was a devout member of the Presbyterian church, as was all our family.

David P., the elder son and ninth child, entered Edinburgh University in 1836 to study for the ministry. So thoroughly had father grounded him in the classics and in the doctrines of Christianity that he quickly completed the prescribed course and was licensed to preach. Consecrated wholly to the Master's service, he and the Rev. John Scott, another devoted student, responded to a call for missionaries to Jamaica. A tempestuous voyage of three months, with sea-sickness much of the time, brought them to the island. David was appointed to teach and preach in Kingston, the chief city. He established a school immediately, which had seventy colored pupils and two white boys. Unremitting toil impaired his health seriously, but he would not desert his post. Rev. Mr. Simpson invited him to assist at the opening of a new church, in which he preached three times on Sunday, beseeching the people to forsake their sins and accept the Saviour. That night he stayed at Mr. Simpson's, waking towards morning with scarlet fever. The best medical skill was of no avail, and he breathed his last on Wednesday evening, March 3rd, 1842, while praying for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. So died David Potts Buchanan, at the early age of twenty-six, after two years of faithful labor in Jamaica. His pupils followed the body to the grave, weeping bitterly as their teacher was laid in the ground. Six weeks later Mrs. Simpson died of the fever and was buried beside my brother. The death of David, whom she had struggled hard to educate, was a terrible blow to poor mother. Mr. Scott came to Upper Canada and had charge of a flourishing congregation in London for many years. Long ago he rejoined his classmate in the land of perpetual reunion, "beyond the smiling and the weeping."

George, a little toddler when we left Scotland, in his teens decided to adopt a mercantile career and clerked at Perth, in the store of Hon. Roderick Matheson. A fellow-clerk was Peter Gray, afterwards a popular minister and pastor of the Presbyterian church in Kingston until his death. George conducted a big store and flouring mill at

Vankleck Hill, the home of sister Ann. A disastrous fire determined him to locate in Montreal. In 1865 he moved to the oil-regions in Pennsylvania. Somewhat late in life he married Anna McCain, a worthy helpmeet, and ten years ago removed to South Dakota, whither Mrs. Buchanan's family had gone previously. His last years were spent at Keystone, Pennington county, in mining operations. He died on the twenty-eighth of March, 1897, after a painful illness of two months, and was buried near the homes of his wife's father and brothers. He was a man of sterling attributes, nobly considerate and unselfish, exceedingly active and enterprising. No truer, braver, manlier heart e'er beat in human breast. His widow and two young daughters, Anna M. Laurie and Lucy Bell, survive. A favorite nephew paid this loving tribute to his memory.

Dear Uncle ! On your grave to lay a wreath,
 The lonely grave far from thy native heath,
 Though heeded not by the cold dust beneath,
 For that is past our good or ill,
 Is the fond tribute of a heart sincere,
 Recalling thy unwearied goodness here,
 Which to life's end shall tenderly revere
 And cherish thy lov'd memory still.

Dear Uncle ! Close on the sweet ties that bind
 My soul to thee, for thou wert ever kind,
 No truer parent could an orphan find ;
 To me, left fatherless, thy heart,
 Whose rare unselfishness can ne'er be told,
 Went out in love of the divinest mould,
 Wrapping me softly in its inmost-fold,
 Nor tiring of the gruesome part.

Dear Uncle ! A rich heritage I claim
 In thy good deeds, unheralded by fame,
 Written on the Lamb's Book of Life, thy name
 In glowing characters appear ;
 And now that thou hast entered into rest,
 Reaping thy rich reward among the blest,
 Lamented most by those who knew thee best,
 Thy grave I water with my tears.

Thus nine of the ten children who "gathered round one parent knee" have gone the long journey that knows no earthly reunion, leaving me the sole survivor of the happy family. Providence favored me with a kind, true husband, in the person of Duncan Campbell. We were married on the thirtieth of March, 1841, and occupied the beautiful stone house near Rideau Ferry, built by the late W. R. F. Berford, of Perth. Nine children, six girls and three boys, blessed our union. Six of these still survive, are married and have families. David resides near the old homestead, which my husband put up after fire destroyed our first abode. Two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Gilday and Mrs. William Carnochan, live in Montreal; two others, Mrs. Richard Gilday and Mrs. Joseph Hoops, live in Toronto; Jessie, the youngest of the flock is the wife of Rev. David Miller, a Presbyterian minister at Stony Mountain, North-west. George, my second son died in the 35th year of his age, 1886, leaving a widow and three children. On the fifth day of May, 1898, as we were preparing to return home from Montreal, where we had spent the winter, my beloved partner was called to his heavenly home. He was laid to rest in the graveyard a mile from our home. For fifty-seven years we had journeyed together, to be separated at last by death. Of my irreparable loss it is impossible to speak adequately. It has shrouded my closing days in deep sorrow, "until the day dawns and the shadows flee away." Duncan Campbell was "one of Nature's noblemen," a friend to bank upon, generous, sincere and trustworthy. My children are tender and grateful to their mother, who, at the age of 85, lives in Toronto, waiting "till the shadows are a little longer grown." While it is sad to be left behind so many of my kindred and friends of former years, yet "the future is radiant with the hope of reunions in the land where partings are unknown. And so I abide patiently for the summons to "come up higher," not heeding each day "whether my waking find me here or there."

"I walk in sadness and alone
Beside Time's flowing river :
Their steps I trace upon the sand
Who wandered with me hand in hand,
But now are gone forever.

"And so I walk with silent tread
Beside Time's flowing river,
And wait the plashing of the oar
That bears me to the Summer Shore,
To be with friends forever."



IX.—PERTH'S PIONEER MERCHANTS.

The early merchants of Perth, Morris, Ferguson, Taylor, Wylie, Watson and Delisle, brought most of their goods from Montreal by one-horse trains on the ice to Bytown, thence by trains to their destination. Long strings of trains, driven by French-Canadians, would come together, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. Later the Rideau Canal and steamships on the Ottawa river superseded the primitive sleds. Prices were high and many families found it difficult to buy the necessaries of life. Merchants upheld the rates, never thinking of underselling each other, a clear proof that combines are not an invention of yesterday. Credit was the general rule, often resulting in mortgaged farms and wasted homes. Matters ran along in this style for years, until William and John Bell, twin sons of Rev. William Bell, opened a large store on Gore street. They sold at fair prices, received an enormous patronage, gave exorbitant profits a fatal blow and broke up the monopoly. Hon. Roderick Matheson, an officer in the British service, who gained distinction in politics, was long a prominent merchant. The late Arthur Meighen, a self-made man, over fifty years ago established the prosperous business still carried on by his brothers. Plate glass, big windows, show cases, elegant fixtures and modern equipments render the Perth stores of to-day much unlike those of seventy years ago.

Doctors Wilson, Thom, Reid and O'Hare, the latter three army-surgeons, were pioneer physicians. Dr. Wilson, thoroughly skilled in his profession and a real gentleman always, took the lead, lived to a goodly age and was universally esteemed. The lamented Dr. James Stewart Nichol, whose widow died last year, enjoyed an immense practice for thirty years, dying in 1864. Among the half-

pay officers McMillan, Robertson, Powell, McKay, Sache, Alston, Frazer and Nichol were prominent. Few of these retired veterans engaged in any business, preferring to live upon their pensions and take the world easily. Usually they contrived to have what is called "a jolly good time," until death ended the scene. Mr. Boulton, Thomas Radenhardt and Daniel McMartin were lawyers of repute. John Wilson and Robert Lyon, two law-students, quarreled about a young lady and fought the last duel in Upper Canada. This was in June, 1833, a year before John Cameron founded the good old "Bathurst Courier," of which Sheriff Thompson, Charles Rice and the late George L. Walker were afterwards editors. Wilson sent the challenge, because Lyon slapped his face in the court house. At the second fire Lyon, who is said to have directed his second to load his pistol with peas, fell dead before assistance could reach him, pierced through the heart. The dreadful tragedy occurred on the right bank of the Tay, causing great excitement. Wilson hid a few days, then surrendered to the authorities, was tried and acquitted. He moved westward, rose to eminence at the law, was appointed to the bench, and ultimately became Chief Justice of Ontario. During his protracted judicial career he would never sentence a man to death, leaving the task to his colleagues. He bitterly mourned his participation in the duel, on each anniversary of which he would shut himself in his room to fast and pray and give vent to his sorrow. Young Lyon, a brother of Captain Lyon of Richmond and relative of Robinson Lyon of Arnprior, was tall, handsome, genial and exceedingly popular. He spent two nights in father's house the week before his untimely fate.

The modest little village had several humble school-houses, which would cut a sorry figure beside the present temples of learning. Messrs. Stewart, Hays, Kay and Tait taught the district school successfully, maintaining strict discipline. An important part of their duties was to sharpen the quills—steel pens had not been thought of—and set the copies of their pupils.

Wylie and Ferguson secured the contract to build the Tay Canal, then deemed a grand enterprise. While performing the work Mr. Wylie lived at Poonemalee, subsequently locating in Ramsay, where he opened a store and helped start the village that has grown into the important town of Almonte. One of his sons is still in business there. A daughter married the late Judge Malloch.

The Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists conducted a Union Sunday School in the old court house. The ministers were on friendly terms, although the people were divided into cliques and factions, which had little social intercourse with each other. Once the aristocrats, who believed themselves head and shoulders above the ordinary run of humanity, had to do their statute labor on the streets, owing to the scarcity of workmen, much to the edification of the community. John Adams, who attained four-score and ten, taught singing school most efficiently. Congregational singing was the style in church and Perth ranked high in this feature of worship. Folks dressed neatly on Sundays. My mind recalls perfectly the looks of the principal men and women who lived in Perth seventy or more years ago. Pretty girls were by no means scarce. Three barefooted boys, Malcolm, John and Alexander Cameron, were particularly clever and ambitious. All became distinguished, notwithstanding John died in the bloom of what promised to be a remarkable career in medical practice. Malcolm Cameron's public service is a part of the history of the province. The rum-demon was not absent, not a few promising youths going down to the drunkard's grave and to the drunkard's eternal doom.

The flourishing town of Smith's Falls has grown wonderfully since Simpson and Gould erected flour and saw mills and started general stores. Richmond was a small, muddy patch, the abode of some half-pay officers and a mixed population. Captain Lyon built a grist-mill and carried on a large store. Hinton and Mulloch also had stores. Richmond was named from the unfortunate Duke of Richmond, Governor of Canada, who died there

in 1818 from hydrophobia induced by the bite of a pet fox. Chief McNab, who to the last retained the bearing and feudal state of a Highland laird, was conspicuous in the northern townships.

About sixty-six years ago Duncan Campbell, a young man well-known about Perth and Oliver's Ferry, went to Bytown. Walking along in the evening he noticed a tavern sign and entered the house to seek lodgings for the night. Some rough looking fellows began talking in Irish, saying he was nicely dressed, must have money and should be put out of the way during the night. His knowledge of Gælic enabled him to understand their conversation. He treated them a couple of times took advantage of a chance to pass out and ran clear into Bytown. An investigation showed that the premises had a room built over the Ottawa River, where strangers were lodged. Then the ruffians would enter stealthily, throw the sleeping victims into the stream and keep all the clothing and money obtained by murder. Various persons disappeared in this mysterious manner of whom no trace could ever be found. The horrible place was torn down as the result of Mr. Campbell's experience, which he never forgot. Some years after this adventure it was my privilege to become his wife.



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