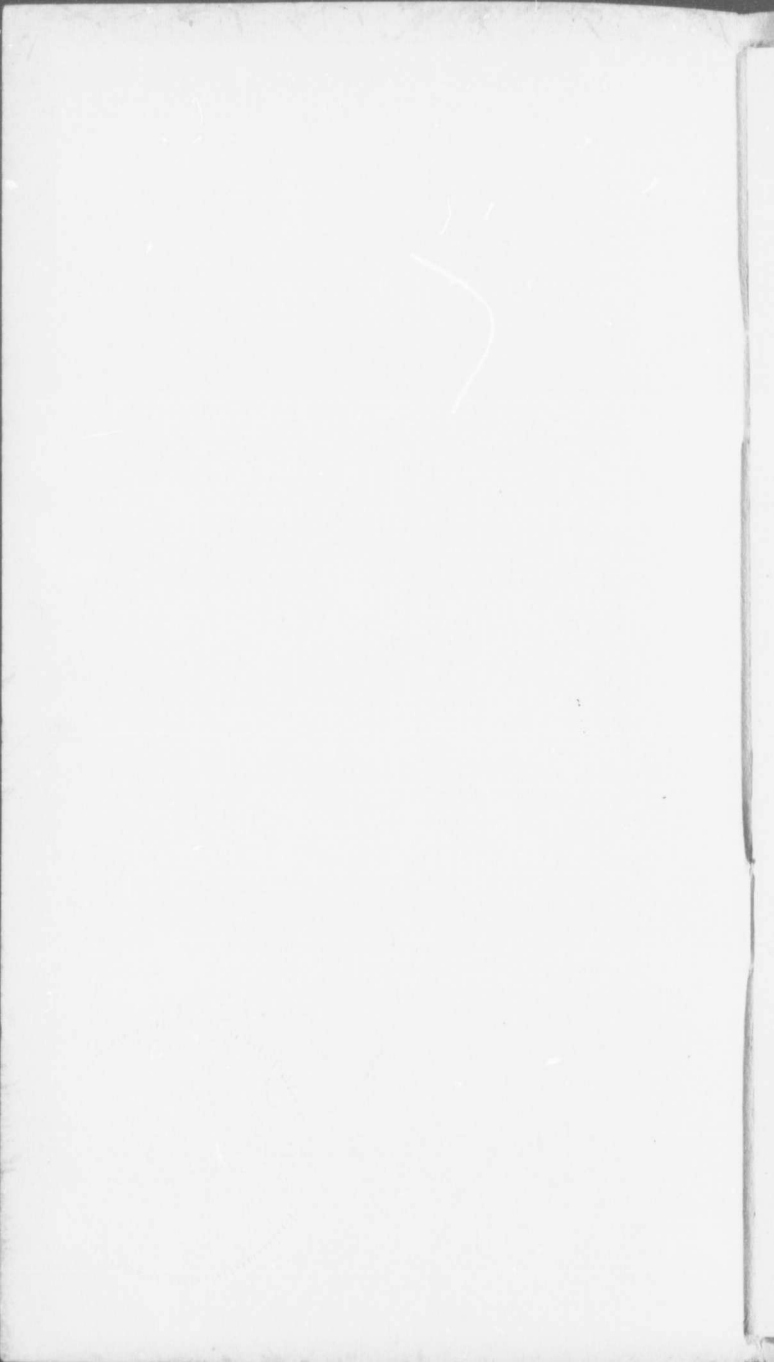


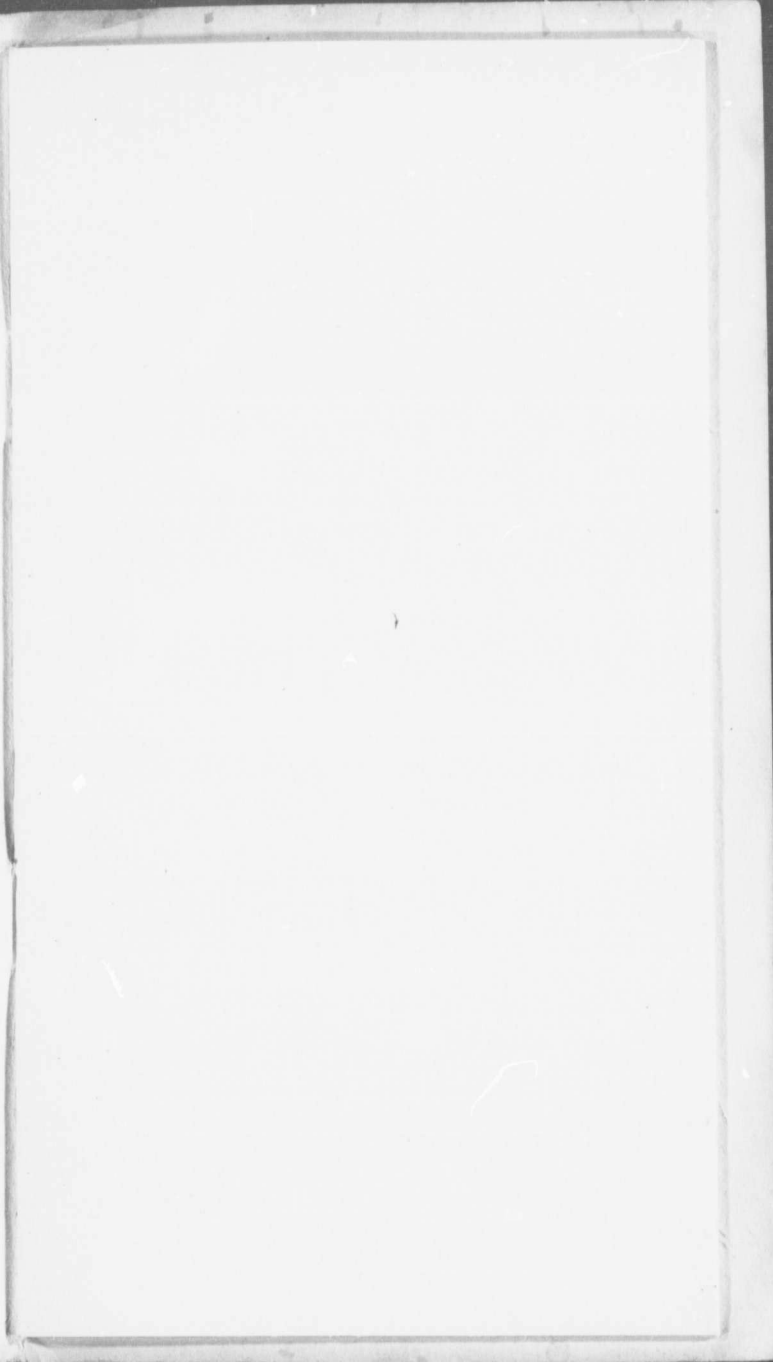
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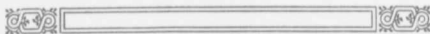
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AN ACCOUNT *of the* EARLY
DAYS *of the* MISSION OF IRON
HILL AND WEST BROME *in*
the DIOCESE OF MONTREAL

By the first Missionary to that Charge
REVEREND THOMAS W. FYLES







THINKING that it might afford pleasure to those still living at Iron Hill to read this little sketch of Rev. T. W. Fyles, of his labors in organizing the Parish of Holy Trinity Church, Iron Hill, and building the church there, I have obtained his consent to print the same.

In doing so I assure my friends that it is a little labor of love in acknowledgment of the great benefits I have received through his teachings and ministrations, and I pray that God may abundantly bless him and perpetuate and prosper his work of self-sacrifice and love.

REV. CALEB BENHAM,
Trinity Church. San Francisco, Cal.





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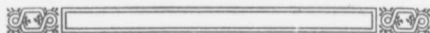
IT was on the 30th day of September, A. D. 1863, that I, the Reverend Thomas W. Fyles, who had been for some time Missionary at Laprairie and Longueuil, set out for my new Mission of Iron Hill and West Brome.

I took with me my wife and child, a servant-maid and my household belongings. Our point of debarkation was Ketzebach's Station on the Colonial Forest Road from St. Johns to Waterloo.

I had engaged a small block house in "the Cutting neighborhood," Iron Hill, from Mr. Joseph Benham, at a rental of sixty dollars per annum. From Ketzebach's Station to this dwelling was a distance of six miles.

A pleasant surprise awaited me at the station. Messrs. Jh. Benham, William Moffatt, Terence Courtney, James Getty, Benjamin Moffatt, John Shufelt and Horace Cutting were there with their teams to take me and mine to our new home. This friendly proceeding on their part established kindly intercourse between us and our neighbors, that remained unbroken all through our stay in that part of the country.

One mile from the station at a turn of the road I was truly pleased to see a church and a village (West Shefford) and to learn that there was a resident clergyman, the Reverend



A. T. Whitten. I found this excellent man and his kind wife true friends. After a few years they left for Crete, Nebraska.

The church at West Shefford stood on a bluff overlooking the road. It was built of wood and painted white, and was remarkable for having a low tower and a tall spire built on *the chancel end* of the nave.

On arriving at our destination, late at night, another agreeable surprise awaited us. The wives and daughters of the good men who had met us at the station had provided a feast of welcome, to which ample justice was done by all present.

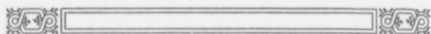
A short address, prayer, and the benediction closed a fatiguing but happy day.

The loan of a pony for the winter by Professor William Hicks, of McGill Normal School, was a great help to me in my work. I spent some weeks in exploring my mission, making the acquaintance of the inhabitants and arranging for services in several of the district school houses within its bounds. My Sunday services were confined to the school house number 8, in the Cutting neighborhood, and the "Academy" at West Brome. The trustees of the latter placed it under my management, and I succeeded in obtaining for it from the department of public instruction a Model School Grant. I engaged as teacher a very worthy young man of the place, Mr. James Pettes, and his conduct and services were in every way satisfactory.

The church services were held in the upper room of the building. After some years when the South Eastern Railway had been constructed this school house was turned into the West Brome railway station.

The first fruits of my work at West Brome was the receiving into the church of Mrs. Keyes and her family.

The school house in which I arranged to



to the order of the devotions and the responses against the time of the opening of the church. When that time came it was from the frequenters of these services that the congregation was made up. These week-day gatherings were very happy ones, and I believe very blessed ones too—I recall them to mind with pleasure.

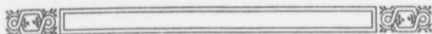
A Sunday School was a necessity, and this my wife undertook to form. She was then 21 years of age, bright and active, and she had a particularly winning way with young people. She was well qualified for the work, having been educated in Mrs. Lay's school in Montreal, and having taught a class in St. George's Sunday School and conducted (gratuitously) Mrs. Fulford's free school for boys on Inspector Street.

The Iron Hill Sunday School was a great success. It opened with three scholars only, while other juveniles of the neighborhood romped outside and threw stones at the door; but very soon it numbered sixty scholars. It was indeed the "nursery of the church" in the mission.

A "Sewing Circle" was also formed, and this served to kindle and keep up the interest in church work in the female part of the community.

I lost no time in preparing for the erection of a church. Plans for this had been given me by Messrs. Lawford and Nelson, eminent Montreal architects. Mr. Joseph Benham gave an acre and a half of land for the site. Mr. Hiram Foster of Knowlton, promised \$100 toward the cost, and Bishop Fulford obtained a grant of \$100 from the S. P. C. K. for the same purpose.

A meeting was held on the 15th day of November, 1863, at which the plans for the church were approved and accepted, and a committee formed to carry them out. This



committee consisted of the Rev. T. W. Fyles, Joseph Benham, J. D. Shufelt, Wm. Moffatt, Terence Courtney, Hollis Cutting, Murray Palmer, H. D. Chapman, E. C. Benham and Martin Jenkins. These men and others subscribed liberally for team work and labor.

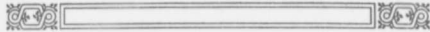
All through the winter preparations for the building went on. A forty-foot horse shed was built on the church ground, and in this lumber was stored and kiln-dried. Logs were cut, hauled out of the woods to the outlet of Brome Pond and sawn there into boards; and these were taken on to East Farnham to be planed and afterwards brought home. Mr. Charles Jones of Bromemere, gave twenty dollars' worth of pine lumber, and this was fetched a distance of eight miles. There was also much carrying of material from the railway station.

The frame of the church was raised on the Queen's Birthday, 1864. A full account of this interesting event will be found in "Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships, by C. Thomas," page 291.

In the spring of 1864, having returned the pony lent to me by Mr. Hicks, I purchased a mare, wagon and harness. Mr. Hiram Foster of Knowlton, chose the animal for me, and a useful beast it proved.

I could now pursue my business with greater comfort, and I visited the neighboring parishes asking for subscriptions in aid of my work.

In the record of the "Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Parish of Nelsonville, 1854-1904" there is a report of a speech in which I gave some reminiscences of my early days in Brome. The report is full of mistakes, which I had not an opportunity for correcting, for proof sheets of it did not reach me. One or two examples will show how faulty the report is. On page 50 of the Record I am made to say "I next met Mr. Dyer, the grandfather of Mr. James C. Pettes, now of West Brome.



This gentleman had experienced the beneficent results of Bishop Stewart's visit in that he and his grandson were, by the Bishop, both baptized on the same day." Mr. Dyer and Mr. Pettes were both baptized on the same day *by me*. The record of their baptisms will be found in the Church Register of Iron Hill.

Towards the close of my speech I am made to say—"Some of us will soon pass away, but whether it be at Nineveh or Babylon, whether the end be sad or sweet"—This was the reporter's rendering of a verse from the *Rubaiyat* that I quoted:

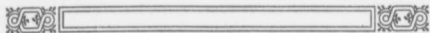
"Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of Life keep falling one by one."

The Church of England communities around Iron Hill were not then as flourishing as they are now. According to Cyrus Thomas there were then only 153 church members in Dunham; 101 in Brome; 140 in St. Armand; 120 in Sutton; 22 in Potton, and 24 in Bolton. I could not therefore expect much aid from the immediate neighborhood; but I was everywhere kindly received, and helped with contributions—in many cases, I believe, to the best ability of the donors.

Having then a fair home subscription list, I extended my operations, and drove to the villages on the other side of Lake Memphremagog. Then I visited the towns on the north shore of the St. Lawrence—Sorel, Three Rivers and Quebec—and finally I went from place to place along the Grand Trunk Railway, as far as Chatham, Ontario, soliciting aid.

I seldom received more than a dollar or fifty cents at a house. Sometimes a five dollar bill raised my courage; and on a very few occasions a ten dollar bill was handed to me.

I can call to mind one refusal—one only—on that tour. I went to the house of a doctor



of medicine to ask for a contribution. He met me at the door, and I commenced my story. He cut me short with—"The fact is you're begging." "Yes." "Then I've nothing to give you," and he slammed the door in my face.

I wondered if men of his calibre and disposition ever felt shame. Happily such degenerate specimens of humanity have seldom come in my way.

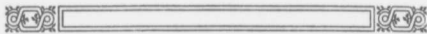
It will readily be believed that building a church under such circumstances was an arduous task. I paid the workmen as they went on, and incurred no debts. My own money went as fast as it came in.

To raise funds I sold my bookcase, and gave lectures round the country; and, by one means or another, I was able to meet all claims.

The painting of the church building was quite a task. Mr. William Hill of Montreal, colour merchant, gave me the materials for this; and as my neighbours had done more than their share of work, and as it was a busy time on the land for them, I resolved to paint the building myself. I went over it twice. The painting of the front gable was a difficult work. I could not raise a scaffold, so I tied a brush to a pole, mounted a long ladder and managed to reach every point and crevice of the gable. The term *sky-pilot* was not then invented; but certainly I felt, when mounted on the top of my ladder, that I was engaged in a very *high church* function.

The decoration of the interior of the church was a labour of love that I carried on at my leisure.

The church bell came from the Troy Bell Foundry. I drove to Frelighsburg, paid the custom house dues upon it, and brought it home in my wagon. It was rung for the first time on Christmas Eve, 1865.



A disaffected female of the neighbourhood, as the people were coming to church, stood in the middle of the road and rang a rival peal with a cow-bell. But an old countryman, advanced in years, said to me, while the tears came to his eyes, "Sir, I little expected ever to hear a church bell ring in Brome Woods."

A statement of accounts, of which the following is a copy, was presented at a vestry meeting held January 29th, 1866:

"The Reverend T. W. Fyles in account with the church in Brome Woods:

Dr.	
To aid from the Christian Knowledge Society, per the Lord Bishop.....	\$ 100.00
To Hiram Foster's contribution.....	100.00
To amount of smaller contributions...	1,368.27
(The expenses of collecting these—amounting to \$205, were borne by the Reverend T. W. Fyles.)	
To proceeds of lectures.....	18.55½
To offertory collections.....	14.59
To proceeds of Festival held July 13th, 1864	95.14
To half the proceeds of Festival held October 4th, 1865.....	39.79
To cost of shingles for shed earned by the "Brome Woods Sewing Society"	18.42
Total	<u>\$1,754.76½</u>
Cr.	
By Thompson's account.....	\$ 305.00
" William's do.	285.37½
" Knowlton's do.	83.82½
" Webster's do.	43.75
" Benham's do.	22.12½
" Masonry	48.50
" Day Labor	118.48
" Team Work	136.90
" Board of Workmen.....	148.20
" Lumber	249.42
" Nails and Iron Work.....	136.38
" Shingles	64.17
" Books, Stationery, etc.....	63.70½
" Sundries	36.69½
" Balance in Hand.....	12.24
Total	<u>\$1,754.76½</u>

—————

“The preceding statement of accounts was examined, verified and accepted.

“Signed on behalf of the meeting.

“(Signed) JAMES GETTY, Churchwarden.
“TERANCE COURTNEY.”

At Easter, 1866, an inventory of church property, Brome Woods, was made as follows :

1½ acres of land given by Joseph Benham.

Horse shed built by general contributions.

Holy Table presented by Miss Porter, Montreal.

Holy Vessels and case presented by Mr. Falkiner, Montreal.

Crimson Cover for Holy Table given by Miss O'Connor, Montreal.

Fair Linen for Holy Table, presented by Mrs. I. J. Gibb, Montreal.

Two Chairs for Chancel presented by Miss Rogers of Montreal.

One Lectern presented by Mr. Linley of Montreal.

One Reading-Desk presented by the Incumbent and Churchwardens of St. John the Evangelist's Church, Montreal.

Bible, Prayer Book, and Book of Offices presented by the S. P. C. K.

One large Stove presented by Miss Porter, Montreal.

One smaller do. purchased by members of the congregation.

Book Closet presented by Mr. Stavely of Montreal.

Lending Library of 100 volumes; flight of steps to front door of the Church; corona and chain; 6 Lamps, 2 Supports for stove-pipes. (All purchased with money collected by the Reverend T. W. Fyles.)

1 Hassock, presented by Mr. Baylis, Montreal.

Cushion for Bishop's seat presented by Mrs. Walton, Montreal.

Wood-box, broom, ladder.

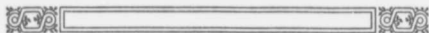
We certify the foregoing inventory to be correct.

(Signed) T. W. FYLES, Incumbent.

E. M. PALMER,
JAMES GETTY,

Churchwardens.

The church and church yard at Iron Hill were consecrated by the Most Reverend Fran-



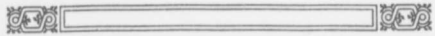
cis Fulford, D. D., Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan, on the 17th of August, 1868. The church was dedicated to the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

The first confirmation service in Holy Trinity Church was held on the 26th of June, 1865, when the undermentioned persons received the "Laying on of Hands" from Bishop Fulford:

	Received
	Holy Communion.
John Moffatt, aged 73.....	July 2, 1865
Margaret Moffatt, aged 65.....	July 2, 1865
Eber Murray Palmer, aged 42.....	July 2, 1865
William Moffatt, aged 44.....	July 16, 1865
Minerva Moffatt, aged 45.....	July 16, 1865
James Getty, aged 41.....	July 16, 1865
Martha Getty, aged 37.....	July 2, 1865
Susanna Courtney, aged 44.....	July 2, 1865
Jane McCrum, aged 22.....	Dec. 25, 1865
Moses McCrum, aged 19.....	Jan. 14, 1866
Margaret McCrum, aged 17.....	Jan. 14, 1866
Mary Ann McCrum, aged 15.....	Oct. 27, 1867
Henry Moffatt, aged 17.....	July 2, 1865
Mary Fyles, aged 21.....	July 2, 1865
Louisa R. French, aged 16.....	July 16, 1865
John D. Shufelt, aged 35..	Became a communicant after I left the Mission, T. W. F.
Harriet Shufelt, aged 25.....	May 27, 1866
Seymour England, aged 40.....	July 9, 1865
Jane Graves, aged 15.....	July 9, 1865

A second confirmation was held on the 17th of August, 1868, when twenty-two persons were confirmed by Bishop Fulford, and a third on the 18th of July, 1870, when Bishop Oxenden confirmed seventeen.

After a short time I began to understand that the position of a clergyman in a merely rented house in a place where every house was occupied was a precarious one. Moreover, I felt the need of some one to look after my horse and cow in my frequent absences. I could not from my church income pay a hired man. I therefore resolved to buy Mr. Joseph Benham's farm, which was then for sale. Mr. Lockwood, of London, England, advanced the



money for the purchase at 6 per cent interest, and I bought the farm. This proceeding was purely a private venture on my part—I alone incurred the risk. The purchase added greatly to my comfort. I engaged a young farmer, Mr. John Graves, to manage the farm, and a faithful and competent manager he proved.

Remembering that a future clergyman might be in a like uncertain position to that I had escaped from, I resolved to build a parsonage house. The church people entered cordially into the work, and on the 1st of October, 1867, the frame of the building was raised by means of a "bee." The Reverend W. B. Bond, incumbent of St. George's, Montreal, addressed the people on the occasion. Several festivals were held for raising funds. One of these, a "blackberry festival," was a great success. The following will show how the balance of the cost was obtained:

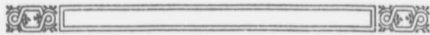
"The committee appointed by the vestry at Easter, 1870, on the motion of the Reverend T. W. Fyles, to examine the church accounts report as follows:

"There was remaining at the time of the last examination of the accounts, made April 16, 1868, a balance due to the Rev. T. W. Fyles of \$47.13½.

"Since then Mr. Fyles has collected \$190.50, making a total collected by him since the commencement of the year 1867 of \$765.70½.

"Of this money \$205 was expended in finishing the interior of the church. The remainder has been spent on the parsonage, according to receipts examined and approved by us.

"The committee find that Mr. Fyles has expended from his small income \$76.79½ in parsonage work, and they desire to express their sense of the obligation which the congregation of Holy Trinity Church and the inhab-



itants of Iron Hill generally are under to him for his self-denying labours in their behalf.

“(Signed) THOMAS WILKINSON.

“TERENCE COURTNEY.

“WM. MOFFATT.

“Received by Vestry, Easter, 1871.”

The affairs of the Mission appeared to be going on satisfactorily, when, without warning, my inadequate stipend was cut down \$200. (See Journal of the Twelfth Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, page 190.) Under this reduction I knew my position to be untenable—I could not pay my way—I was driven to the wall! In my perplexity I committed my way unto the Lord; and He did not fail me. There came to me—at the same time—“a call” from the church people of Sweetsburgh and Cowansville, who had been for six months without a minister, and a fair offer for the purchase of my farm. I looked upon these as indications of the will of Providence; and I accepted both.

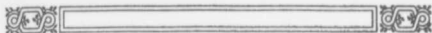
It was with deep sorrow that I left the people amongst whom I had laboured so long, and to whom I had become warmly attached.

I preached my farewell sermon on the 10th of December, 1871.

The following is from the *Cowansville Observer*:

“PRESENTATION.

“On Thursday, the 22nd of December, a meeting, numerously attended, was held in the large room of the Parsonage house, Iron Hill, for the purpose of making a presentation to the Reverend T. W. Fyles. Mr. Edward Roberts, churchwarden, was called to the chair. A form of address having been agreed upon, Mr. Fyles was called in, and Mr. T. Courtney was requested by the chairman to read the address, which was as follows:



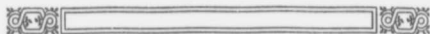
“To the Reverend T. W. Fyles:

“Reverend and Dear Sir—We can not permit you to leave the place wherein you have laboured so long and faithfully as a minister of Christ, without making known to you our grief at your removal, our respect for your character, and our hope that you will be blessed and prospered in the important sphere of duty to which you have been promoted. The courtesy of your bearing and the cheerfulness with which you have given your countenance to, assisted in, or directed many important movements for our temporal well-being have greatly endeared you to us; and in losing you we feel that we are losing a counsellor and a friend whose place will not easily be supplied. The beautiful church erected through your exertions is an ornament to our locality which we highly value; and we trust it will long remain a memorial of your piety, your perseverance, and your correct taste. The members of the church of which you are a priest and missionary have greatly increased in number during the eight years you have spent among us; and by them especially your loss will be felt. We beg your acceptance of the accompanying token of our love and esteem; and we hope that for many years it may bring to you many pleasing remembrances. May God be with you and make your way plain before your face, and prosper you in all your doings, and in the end bring you to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Signed on behalf of the inhabitants of Iron Hill.

“EDWARD ROBERTS,
“THOMAS WILKINSON,
“Churchwardens.’

“A very elegant and costly tea service was then presented to Mr. Fyles. On the urn was engraved:



“To the Reverend T. W. Fyles, from the inhabitants of Iron Hill, a mark of affection and respect. Christmas, 1871.’

“Mr. Caleb Benham then presented a beautiful cake basket and an address from the Sunday scholars to Mrs. Fyles. The address is as follows:

“‘Dear Mrs. Fyles—Please accept this cake basket which we have purchased for you, as a mark of our love for you, and our gratitude for the instruction which you have given us. You have made our Sunday School very pleasant to us, and we trust very profitable, too. We hope that we shall always remember the great truths you have so often set before us. When we think that you are about to leave us our hearts are very sad. We will remember you in our prayers. We will try by good behavior to keep up the credit of our Sunday School. And we hope that hereafter we shall meet you in Heaven.

“‘Signed on behalf of the Sunday scholars,

“‘JAMES JENKINS.

“‘JOSEPHINE BENHAM.

“‘CALEB BENHAM.

“‘JOHN COURTNEY.

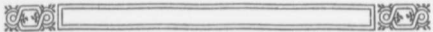
“‘CATHERINE COURTNEY.

“‘CELIA MOFFATT.’

“Mr. Fyles replied feelingly and at some length, speaking for himself and Mrs. Fyles. The meeting having closed with singing and prayer, the company sat down to luncheon, at which the new tea service was brought into use.”

Some particulars concerning the people in the Mission will be interesting.

When I went to Iron Hill two of the first settlers and their wives were still living there. Mr. and Mrs. John Shufelt had their home on the rise east of the school house No. 8. It has now disappeared. These worthy people were

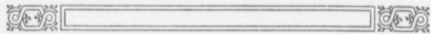


the parents of Mrs. John D. Shufelt and the grandparents of Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Reverend Rural Dean Robinson of Clarenceville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moffatt came to Iron Hill in 1833. Their home was on the first hill north of the parsonage, on the left hand side of the road to West Shefford. They were excellent people. Mrs. Moffatt was a skillful nurse and midwife; and, as the nearest doctor lived six miles away, her services were invaluable. I have a grateful remembrance of her kindness to my family. Their son William was the mail carrier to Iron Hill for many years. He was one of my best and truest friends—always ready to take his part in good works. Henry, a grandson of John Moffatt (his father's name was Joseph), was the first of the communicants in our congregation who died. He was born on the 27th of October, 1847; baptized April 30th, 1865; confirmed June 26th, 1865; died from injuries received whilst logging at Richford, Vermont, March 30, 1866, and was buried in Brome Woods the next day.

Beyond the John Moffatt place lived Mr. Terence Courtney and his wife and family. Never was there a better neighbour and truer friend than Terence Courtney. He was foremost in every good work. He and his excellent wife brought up their children well. Mr. Courtney died on the 10th of April, 1893, in the 85th year of his age.

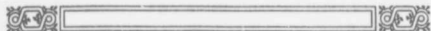
Harvey Palmer and Anna, his wife, are a worthy old couple who lived in a log house beyond the Courtney place, on the left hand side of the road. Mrs. Palmer died May 4th, 1868, and her husband did not long survive her. They were the parents of Eber Murray Palmer and Mabel Hastings, wife of Amos Hastings. Both Eber Murray and Mabel were active workers in the cause of the church. The



former died June 19th, 1891, aged 71 years, and the latter November 8th, 1896, aged 67 years.

To the right of the Shefford Road lived Mr. and Mrs. James Getty in a house painted red and "picked out" with white. I look back to my acquaintance with these excellent people with great pleasure. Getty was an industrious, upright man, who owed no man anything. He and his wife became faithful members of the church. Mr. Getty for a time was church-warden.

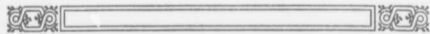
A slight episode will serve to show the kindness of these good people. One day in December, 1870, the new church at Waterloo was opened for service. I drove over in the early morning, taking my wife and infant son Francis, to attend the opening ceremonies. After we reached the church a heavy snow storm came on and continued all day. Our hospitable friends Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ellis took us to their home and would not allow us to attempt the return journey until the next day, when it was hoped the roads would be broken out. Not more than a team or two, it seemed, had passed along when I took the road. After I had gone about three miles the track turned into a field. There my sleigh struck a hidden stone, and the horse starting snapped a shaft. I fastened the broken shaft as best I could with parts of the harness, and then went on at a walk till we reached West Shefford. I left my wife and child and horse at the parsonage and my sleigh at the blacksmith's, and then, as I had a sick boy at home, concerning whom I had been very uneasy, I set out to walk to Iron Hill. I walked along pretty well about two miles; then I found the road completely filled in to the top of the high fence on either side. I mounted the fence, walked along the top of it for about 200 yards, when I found that it ended against a huge rock that I could not



climb. I floundered through the snow to the fence on the other side, and found the way was blocked there. Then a feeling of drowsiness and desire for rest came over me that, indulged in, I knew meant death. I braced myself up, struggled back across the road and along the fence top until I came to a house I had passed on the road. The people were in bed, but the man arose, lit a lantern and took me to the back of his buildings and along a ridge for some distance and then, pointing to a light beyond, he said: "That is at Getty's; make for it, and you will be all right." Before I reached the house the light was put out—the Gettys had gone to bed. It was then 11 o'clock. However, at the sound of my voice, they arose, dressed, and let me in. Mrs. Getty, notwithstanding my protests, hospitably prepared refreshments for me, whilst her husband went to the barn and harnessed his double team to take me the rest of my way. I reached home at midnight, greatly cheered and comforted by the kindness of these good people.

Back from the Gettys lived Richard Peacock and his wife. They came from Lincolnshire, England. The following story will tell of their good will:

One stormy morning in winter a man came for me to administer the Holy Communion to a dying man at Fulford. I harnessed up, and went with him. We crossed by Getty's and Peacock's to the French settlement, and so on to Fulford. I remained with the sick man and his friends till the afternoon, and it had snowed heavily all the time. By the time I reached the Peacock farm all traces of the road were lost, and suddenly my horse, myself and my sleigh rolled over into a hollow. I managed to extricate myself and my horse, but to right the sleigh in the deep snow was beyond my strength. So I left it and tramped a path for my horse as far as Peacock's. There



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

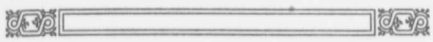
Peacock's son was afterwards induced to join the Northern Army for the sake of the bounty, with which he hoped to clear the mortgage on his father's farm. The poor fellow was killed in battle.

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

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

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

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



in his studies. On May 6th, 1870, he was licensed as lay reader by Bishop Oxenden. He then entered a Western university, graduated with the degree B. A., took his theological course, obtained his B. D., and Bishop Whipple of Minnesota ordained him. Mr. Benham is now working in an important parish in California.

William A. Fyles obtained the A. A. certificate in the Missisquoi High School under my tuition. He entered McGill University and the Diocesan College. On the completion of his course he won the gold medal for classics. He is now rector of Binscarth in Manitoba.

Both these men, since their ordination, have visited their birthplace and held service and preached in the church in which they worshipped as boys.

I look back to the eight years I spent in Brome with pleasure. I believe that the opening of church work among the people there afforded them new interests and higher aims which added to the happiness of their earthly lives, and prepared them, I trust, through God's mercy in Christ Jesus, for the eternal life above.

LEVIS, QUEBEC, April 10th, 1907.