

# The Pioneer Pastor

*"I will add a stone to his cairn."*

JESSIE BUCHANAN CAMPBELL.

JOHN J. McLAURIN.

BX 9225  
B75  
C3  
1905

THE PIONEER PASTOR



WIFE, SON AND FIVE DAUGHTERS OF REV. GEORGE BUCHANAN.

# THE PIONEER PASTOR

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF  
THE REV. GEO. BUCHANAN, M. D., FIRST PRES-  
BYTERIAN MINISTER OF BECKWITH,  
LANARK COUNTY, UPPER  
CANADA.

By JESSIE BUCHANAN CAMPBELL,  
HIS LAST SURVIVING DAUGHTER.

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"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING  
REMEMBRANCE."

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SECOND EDITION,  
ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED.

By JOHN J. McLAURIN,  
ONE OF HIS GRANDSONS.

AUTHOR OF "A BRIEF HISTORY OF PETROLEUM", "THE  
STORY OF JOHNSTOWN", "SKETCHES  
IN CRUDE OIL", ETC.

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FRANKLIN, PA.  
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"The memory of the just is blessed."— *Proverbs x:7.*

"Write this for a memorial in a book."— *Exodus xvi:14.*

"Remember the days of old."— *Deuteronomy xxxii:7.*

"The leafy, blossoming present time springs from the whole past."

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This sketch, designed as a humble tribute to the Beckwith pioneers and their first minister, is now 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.

JESSIE BUCHANAN CAMPBELL.

TORONTO, ONT., January 30, 1900.

## SECOND EDITION

Mrs. Campbell dying a few weeks after completing "The Pioneer Pastor", it has devolved upon me to prepare a new edition—revised, enlarged and illustrated—in the hope of adding to the value and interest of the sketch.

JOHN J. McLAURIN.

FRANKLIN, PA., December, 1905.

"Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been."

—Longfellow.

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## I.—THE CALL.

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

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"—Romans x.14.

"Ask in faith, nothing wavering."—James i.6.

"'Man Wanted!' is the cry of all the ages."—Charles Miller.

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 forest 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 Cupar-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

\*See page 13.

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



REV. ROBERT BURNS, D. D.

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 Aitkin, 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 Aitkin, mother of the renowned Thomas Carlyle. A grandnephew, Rev. Walter Aitkin, whose splendid diction has seldom been sur-



REV. WALTER AITKIN.  
First Pastor of the Free Church,  
Smith's Falls.



passed, was long pastor of the Free Church at Smith's Falls. He returned to Scotland and died there, unmarried, years ago. Robust health, mental vigor, wonderful powers of memorizing, reverence for things sacred and thorough acquaintance with the Bible characterized the stalwart sons and winsome daughters of the Aitkin 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.

#### CALLING THEIR FIRST MINISTER.

The pioneers of Beckwith, Scotch-Presbyterian stock, Firm in the faith and doctrine As the unflinching rock, Found this a sore privation— No shepherd for the flock.	So, after earnest prayers That God aright would guide, A "call" went to the home-land To have the want supplied; To sign the great petition Not one would be denied.
Though bearing heavy burdens, Complaints were never rife; They dwelt in peace and quiet, Free from internal strife, Yet needed much a preacher To break the bread of life.	The Presbytery labored To carry out the plan, Sought the Divine approval And chose the proper man, One of the Lord's anointed— Thus the good work began.
True to their godly training, The Christian's vital breath, "A meenster we're wantin'," Each to his fellow saith; "Tae bide w'out the Gospel Iss speeretual death."	And through the coming ages The story shall be told Of how the Beckwith settlers, Tried like the finest gold, Held fast to their profession And grew an hundred fold.

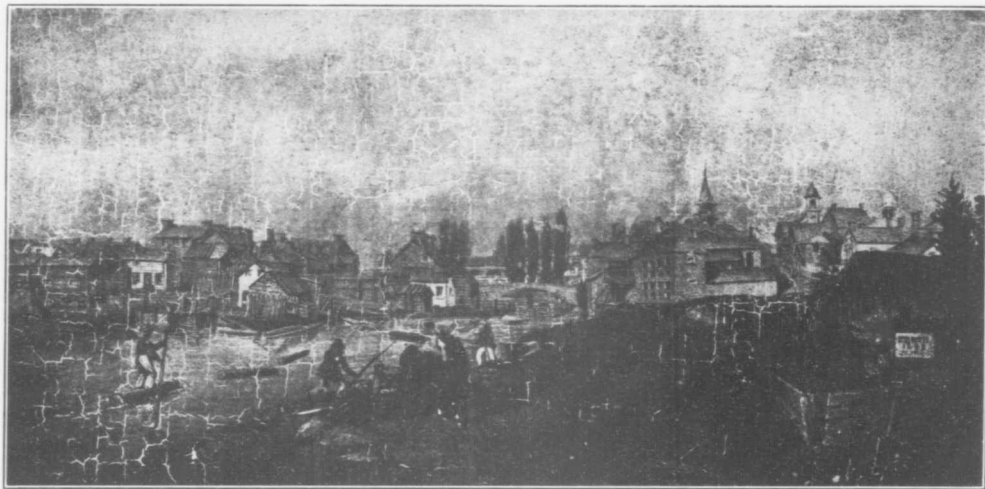
—John J. McLaurin.

A LEADER IN HIS DAY.



HON. ISAAC BUCHANAN.

The late Hon. Isaac Buchanan for many years ranked among Canada's foremost men of affairs. He spent most of his active, useful life in Hamilton, conducting a vast business, dispensing generous hospitality and leading in every worthy enterprise. The qualities of heart and brain that inspire respect and command success were his in large measure. He possessed tireless energy, stood inflexibly for what he believed right, and never lacked the courage of his convictions. None ever questioned his integrity, sincerity and earnest conscientiousness under all circumstances. No friend could be truer, no individuality stronger, no character more steadfast always and everywhere. Year after year he served in Parliament and filled high public positions with signal ability, gaining distinction for real statesmanship. His influence in politics, as in commercial interests and religious work, extended far beyond his own city and province. The great Disruption of 1843 found in him a wise, zealous champion, who gave freely of his time and substance to further the cause he held dear. The country he loved so much and served so well lost an illustrious son when, on the first of October, 1883, in his 74th year, Isaac Buchanan entered into rest.—John J. McLaurin.



PERTH, LANARK COUNTY, ONTARIO.—FROM AN OIL PAINTING IN 1852.

Perth, the county seat of Lanark, was settled in 1815-16, principally by British officers and soldiers who had served in the war of 1812 and been retired on half-pay, with grants of backwoods land. The town and the Tay river, on which it is located, were named from the home in Scotland of the first arrivals. It is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, connected by the Rideau canal with Ottawa and Kingston, and by rail with Montreal and Toronto. It has a thrifty population of 5,000 and all the modern conveniences.

## II.—THE ANSWER.

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

"Thou shalt call and I will answer."—Job xiv:15.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—Acts ix:9.

"God sends men claiith as they hae cauld."—Scotch Proverb.

THE spring of 1882 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 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 wagons heavily loaded with furniture and supplies, was begun. It lasted nearly a week, ending on 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. McKim'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, begging 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 Eabel's streams we sat and wept,  
When Zion we thought on;  
In midst thereof we hang'd our harps,  
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 we accepted gratefully, moved into the humble tenement and occupied 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 sur-

prised 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 mosquitoes 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 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.

## THE OFFERING.

Lord! Take my all—  
The gift is small—  
For Thee;  
What hast Thou done,  
O, Blessed One!  
For me?

Dare I refuse  
My life to use  
For Thee,  
Who shed Thy blood,  
A cleansing flood,  
For me?

Would I had more—  
Earth's richest store—  
For Thee!  
Thy love has met  
A boundless debt  
For me,

—John J. McLaurin.

## BE STEADFAST.

Grow not weary on the road,  
Christ can lighten ev'ry load;  
At the most'twill not be long,  
Suffer, therefore, and be strong;  
Looking always to the Cross,  
Counting earthly gain but loss,  
Heed the words the Master saith:  
"Be thou faithful unto death."

Jesus lives! Do not despair,  
He will all your sorrows share;  
Cast your burden at His feet,  
Make surrender, full, complete;  
As the potter moulds the clay  
So be moulded in His way,  
Praising with your latest breath—  
"Be thou faithful unto death."

—John J. McLaurin.

SITE OF THE FIRST BUCHANAN HOUSE AND SCHOOL, BECKWITH\*



JAMES B. McARTHUR.      JOHN J. McLAURIN.      W. DRUMMOND.      MRS. DRUMMOND.

[This view, taken on October 17th, 1905, shows the site of my grandfather's first house in Beckwith, occupied by the family for a year and then used for a school-room. No trace remains of the humble log building, which stood ten rods from the two-story homestead reared in 1823. Mr. McArthur, who lives on the adjoining farm, pointed out the exact spot, where the four figures stand. He and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, the worthy couple now and for about forty years residing on the Buchanan farm, kindly consented to appear with me in the picture, dressed just as they had been at work when my unexpected visit took them by surprise.—John J. McLaurin.]

\*See page 35.

### III.—THE FIRST SERVICE.

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

"The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."—Acts vii:48.

"Temples of stone will pass away, but that which will endure forever is worship in spirit and in truth."—Hamerton.

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 nor 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 mosquitoes 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 Cram, 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, Martin, 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 read 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 folks 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 catechising the young. Worldly topics and worldly cares were laid aside on Sunday, 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 dis-

tances 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, Sunday excursions and trashy literature the solid satisfaction of a well-spent Sabbath!

In this connection a reference to the first Gaelic 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 traveled on such roads in summer. At the service on Saturday Mr. Bell announced that Mr. Buchanan would dispense the sacrament in Gaelic. 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 Gaelic 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 man-

ner that impressed the most careless spectator with the devoutness of those who obeyed the command of the Master: "This do in remembrance of Me."

Gaelic 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 tìr ard-islach ghlavìdh, do Dia Jehobah mor."



BECKWITH COMMUNION CUPS.\*

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 snow 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 wondrous 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, lived in Perth

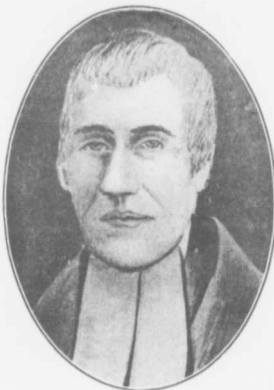
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REV. WILLIAM BELL'S CHURCH.

\*These communion cups, procured by my grandfather in Montreal and engraved "G. B. B., 1822." (George Buchanan, Beckwith, 1822.) were the first and only ones ever used by him in his Beckwith services. After his death and the removal of the family, the cups lay for years unknown and neglected in the attic of James McArthur, whose father was one of the early elders. His son, James B. McArthur, preserved them carefully and kindly gave me one during my recent visit to Beckwith.—John J. McLaurin.]

to a good old age. Ebenezer taught school in North Elmsley, later cultivated a farm on Ottay Lake, and finally settled in the West. He is the last of the family, while Mrs. Maria Campbell, a widowed granddaughter of the revered minister, is now perhaps the only descendant of Rev. William Bell in or about Perth. Mrs. Bell lived to be over ninety. 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 is now in charge. At the Disruption a large number left the Old



REV. WILLIAM BELL.  
From an old print.



MRS. (REV.) WILLIAM BELL.  
When 85 years old.

on a bright Sunday afternoon. The beautiful weather for the country."

The elder turned upon him Kirk, built Knox church and called Rev. James B. Duncan to the pastorate. Mr. Duncan, unquestionably the greatest preacher ever located at Perth, stayed eighteen years, building up one of the most influential congregations in the province. This year (1900) he celebrated his jubilee.

A little incident will illustrate the strictness of some of the godly pioneers. An elder was to drive Mr. Duncan to an appointment in North Elmsley minister exclaimed: "This is

sharply and rejoined: "Dinna ye ken this is the Sawbath, when ye mauna crack about the weather an' sic worldly things?" Mr. Duncan, a born wit, enjoyed the rebuke and did nothing but quote scripture the rest of the journey.



REV. JAMES B. DUNCAN.  
First pastor of Knox Church, Perth,  
now retired and living at Galt.

Rev. James B. Duncan once asked Rev. Solomon Mylne, the sedate minister of the Old Kirk in Smith's Falls: "When do you expect to see Deacon Blank again?" "Never," was the solemn answer, "the Deacon is in heaven!" The full humor of the remark, wholly unconscious on the part of the staid preacher, did not strike the questioner until he returned home and told the incident to his wife. Mr. Mylne long since joined the departed deacon in the Celestial City.

Rev. Father Lamothe celebrated the first mass in Perth in 1820, doing missionary work through Lanark county a year or two. Father John McDonnell, who came in 1823 and built a frame church, was the first resident priest. 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?"

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."

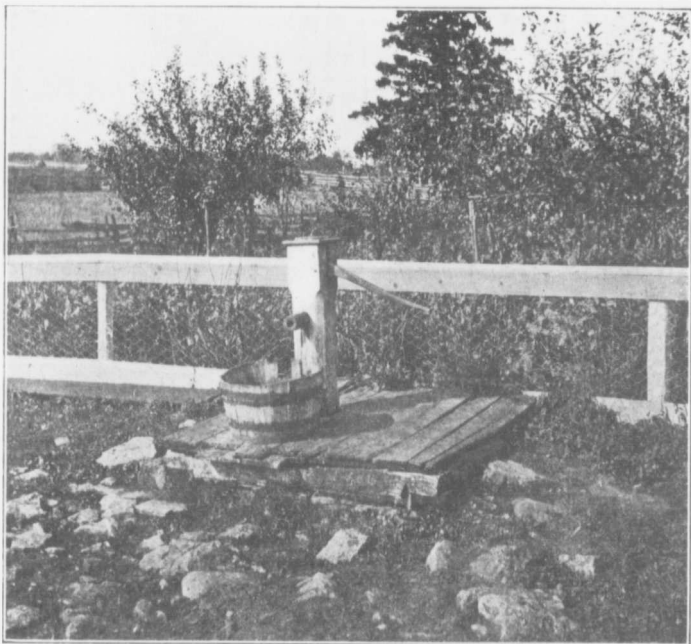
## IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

Bytown, now Ottawa, was named in honor of Colonel By, constructor of the Rideau Canal.

Abel Russell Ward cut the first tree and built the first house in Smith's Falls, and two years afterwards erected what was known for years as Ward's mill. Born in New York State in 1796, he came to Smith's Falls in 1824, and married Lavinia Merriek, daughter of the founder of Merriekville, in 1826.

The Presbyterians, Episcopallians and Methodists conducted a Union Sunday-School in the old court-house at Perth. The ministers were on friendly terms, although the people 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. Sometimes an imported dude, with a silk tile and a come-in-at-the-waist coat, would strike the town and try in vain to score a hit. Three barefooted boys, Malcolm, John and Alexander Cameron, were particularly clever and ambitious. All became eminent, 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 run-demon was not absent, not a few promising youths going down to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's eternal doom.

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 the 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 the presence of a number of friends. Father told them to go 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 the 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' hligant job yez done intoirely, an' it's meself an' the 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 peeling shower.



SITE OF THE BUCHANAN HOMESTEAD IN BECKWITH.

[Selecting for his abode Lot 14, 6th Concession, Beckwith, 200 acres of rocky and swampy land near the centre of the township, Rev. George Buchanan lived there from 1822 until his death in 1835. Sheltered for a year in a rude cabin, afterwards used for his school, he then built the two-story dwelling of hewed logs destined to be his last home on earth. Excepting myself, none of the family has been on the spot for sixty years. It was my privilege to revisit the hallowed scene on October 17th, 1905, taking with me a photographer from Carleton Place and securing this and other views. Of the buildings grandfather erected no trace is left. The well he had dug, now supplied with a pump, alone remains in front of the site of the once pleasant habitation. Fruit-trees and grass cover the ground, and an industrious farmer has resided for forty years in a stone house not ten yards off. Faithful memory was busy and thoughts of tender associations crowded thickly. To attempt to describe my feelings would be a hopeless task. "For the fashion of this world passeth away" and "we are such stuff as dreams are made on."—John J. McLaurin.]

## IV.—THE NEW HOME.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."—John Howard Payne.

"It's a sma' shiel' that gies nae shelter."—Scotch Proverb.

"Home is the nursery of the Infinite."—Channing.

"Home should be an oratorio of the memory."—Beecher.

SIX weeks in Wall's cabin acquainted us in some measure with the privations and inconveniences of backwoods life. Folks 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 pitchforks, first cousins of the awkward rakes, and gnarled flails, certain to raise humps 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, postoffice, 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 fare. 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 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-forgotten 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 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 an 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 hand-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 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 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 down, 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

\*See page 25.

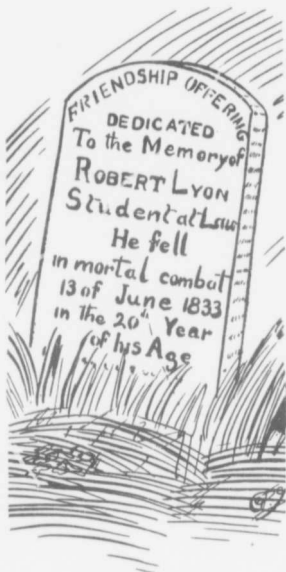
and partitions with a cross-cut saw. The seed sown in the rich soil yielded a bountiful crop, and we had a large garden. Two cows were bought in April, good women sent a fowl occasionally, and we got along nicely. The new house was ready for us in September, 1823. It had plank floors, a stone chimney, a number of good 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 and 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 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 fifty 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."

## LAST DUEL IN UPPER CANADA.

John Wilson and Robert Lyon, two law-students of Perth, quarreled about a young lady and fought the last duel in Upper Canada. This was in June, 1832, 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 bar, 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. A number of his youthful comrades and friends placed a tablet at his grave. The stone, which is still an object of interest to every visitor to the old burying-ground, leans badly and part of the inscription is almost illegible.



ROBERT LYON'S GRAVE.

ELDERS AND MEMBERS OF REV. GEORGE BUCHANAN'S CHURCH IN BECKWITH.



DUNCAN CRAM AND WIFE.



ALEXANDER DEWAR AND WIFE.



ROBERT KENNEDY AND WIFE.

[These portraits of three worthy Beckwith couples are from small photographs given me nearly forty years ago. Alexander Dewar, one of grandfather's first elders and strong supporters, removed to Lambton county and died at a patriarchal age. His wife, sister of the Kennedys and a true helpmeet, preceded him to the grave. The godly pair reared a large family. Duncan Cram, for some years an elder and a man of singular piety, died in 1873. His excellent wife survived the husband and father several years. Robert Kennedy, a skilled player on the bagpipes and sweet singer, was the last survivor of the members of grandfather's church. At the ripe age of ninety-two, he passed away in October, 1900, seventeen years after his devoted wife, Christina McDermid.

Revisiting Beckwith in 1905, many sad changes had occurred since my previous visit in 1867. Not one of the pioneers remains. The Kennedy and Dewar graveyards hold most of the early settlers. The descendants of many have located elsewhere, and even the names of families long well-known are memories only. "Our days are as a shadow."—John J. McLaurin.]

## V.—THE GOOD SEED.

"The good seed is the word of God."—Luke viii:11.

"In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Ecclesiastes xi:6.

"Loth the ploughman plough all day to sow?"—Isaiah xxviii:24.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Psalms cxxvi:5.

(5) PEN-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 McLaurin'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 services regularly and, in cases 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.  
John Anderson.  
Peter Anderson.  
Alexander McTavish.  
John McTavish.  
Duncan McDermid.  
James McDermid.  
Alexander McGregor.

Alexander Dewar.  
Archibald Dewar.  
Malcolm Dewar.  
Peter Dewar.  
John Dewar.  
Alexander Stewart.  
Duncan Stewart.  
John Stewart.  
Duncan Cram.  
John Cram.  
Duncan McEwen.  
Finley McEwen.

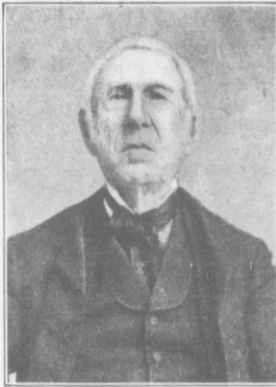
John Ferguson.  
James Ferguson.  
Duncan Ferguson.  
Duncan Campbell.  
Duncan Robertson.  
Duncan McNab.  
Duncan McNee.  
Duncan McCuan.  
Duncan McDonald.  
Duncan McLaurin.  
Donald McLaurin.  
Colin McLaren.

Donald McGregor.  
John McGregor.  
Peter McGregor.  
James McArthur.  
John Goodfellow.  
Robert Goodfellow.

John McEwen.  
Duncan King.  
Colln King.  
Donald McDougall.  
Peter McDougall.  
Peter Comrie.

Colin Sinclair.  
Alexander Scott.  
John Scott.  
James McKinnis.  
James Stewart.  
Donald McIntosh.

Many of the families these names represented have disappeared from Beckwith. 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 sur-



ARCHIBALD McPHAIL.  
Died 1887, aged 94.

vived all his contemporaries, died 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 McLaurin, 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 from 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 flu-

ently 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 the 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 McLaurin. 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 progress 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 McLaurin.\*

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

\*McLAURIN.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Bidwell Way, Hamilton, on Thursday, November 12, 1903, Annie Macdonell, widow of the late Rev. John McLaurin, M. A., Martintown, Glengarry, aged 82 years.—Hamilton Spectator.



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 mis-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 on 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.

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, baptise children and dispense the Communion. On such occasions he usually stayed with the Simpsons or the Goulds, then the principal business-people of the infant settlement. Miss Simpson married the father of the late Jason Gould, who was related to Jay Gould, the great New York financier. 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 Molloch 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.

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 Presbtery. 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



DUKE OF RICHMOND.

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.

Sow the good seed! Sow the good seed!

The world hath need  
Of each kind deed  
That love doth breed—  
Earth's richest meed—  
With no vile weed—  
Of selfish greed  
Or narrow creed,  
Let Duty lead  
Thy feet with speed  
When sufferers plead;  
The hungry feed,  
Heal hearts that bleed—

Sow the good seed! Sow the good seed!

PEBBLES FROM THE BROOK.

The Sunday-School is the hopper of the church.—Archibald McArthur.  
"Give us this day our daily bread" sums up earthly needs.—John Dewar.  
Who does his duty promptly and cheerfully does it best.—David L. Philip.  
He who bears no cross here will wear no crown hereafter.—Alexander Dewar.

Excess of zeal to-morrow will not excuse neglect of duty to-day.—Duncan Cram.

Pity the man or woman who finds the blessed Sabbath wearisome.—Ann Campbell Smith.

The Shorter Catechism is the marrow of Scriptural truth and sound theology.—Catharine Buchanan.

Piety that will not reach out to bring others into the Kingdom lacks the true ring.—Duncan Campbell.

The best student of the Bible has the best knowledge of subjects of infinite moment.—Rev. William Bell.

Religion worth having at death is worth possessing and enjoying all through life.—Rev. Walter Aitkin.

Intelligent design in the work of creation is as certain as a demonstration in geometry.—Collin McLaurin, A. D. 1730.

The man whose money owns him has paid more than twenty shillings on the pound for his wealth.—John MacLaren.

When a gude man gangs tae Heaven dinna ye think th' angels greet him wi' "Cumar asham dhu?"—Beckwith Woman.

Hout, mon, nane o' oer kin gaed wi' Noah in th' ark, syne the Buchanans had aye a boat o' their ain.—Old Chief of Clan.

I remembered my Creator in my youth and he remembers me in my old age.—John McLaurin, Glengarry, when 100 years old.

We are healed meritoriously by Christ's blood and efficaciously by the Holy Spirit's sanctifying power.—Rev. George Buchanan.

A profession of religion that fails to regulate the life and touch the pocket is not straight goods.—George Buchanan Ferguson.

Faith is not the ark of safety, but the arm by which the sinner may lay hold of Christ and inherit eternal life.—Rev. James B. Duncan.

The boy or girl well versed in the Bible and Catechism has laid a solid foundation for a useful and successful career.—Jessie Buchanan Campbell.

Nae doot th' Almightie kens English weel eneuch, yet I canna feel ower sure He hears me ava when I dinna speir in Gaelic.—Beckwith Pioneer.

It will be a glorious step towards the Millenium when all professing Christians stand shoulder to shoulder to wipe out the accursed liquor-traffic.—George Buchanan.

It is my heart's desire to be consecrated wholly to God's service and help carry out the Master's command: "Preach the gospel to every creature."—Rev. David P. Buchanan.

Intemperance is the scourge of fallen humanity. Christians should give it no quarter, but seek by fervent prayer and active effort to blot it out forever.—Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Good people who pray "Thy Kingdom Come" would do much to answer the petition by striving diligently to destroy intemperance, the fruitful source of misery and crime.—Peter McLaurin.

Some folk aye think they haud a title tae a front seat afore the Throne syne they gie some pair buldy a sowl o' cauld kail or an auld coat they canna use ony mair.—Archibald McPhail.

If we did not know the gloom of Night,

We would not see the wondrous light

That comes with Dawn.—Bessie Glen Buchanan.

Live right if you would die right; care for God in your youth and he will care for you in your old age; stay close to Christ in health and strength and He will be with you in sickness and death.—Ann Buchanan McLaurin.

There will be no service next Lord's Day, on account of my going to assist Dr. McGilvray at the Communion. Do not wander after strange gods, but stay at home for self-examination and prayer, to study the Scriptures, to hold godly conversation, to catechize the children and to enjoy the blessed influences of a well-spent Sabbath.—Rev. John McLaurin, M. A., Martintown.

To win the world for Christ we must have more of the missionary spirit that inspired the Master, that animated Paul, that imbued Augustine and Xavier, that took the self-denying Moravians to Greenland, that sent Cary and Judson and Claudius Buchanan to India, that gave Morrison and Burns to China, that carried David Buchanan and John Scott to Jamaica, and that has impelled a cloud of faithful witnesses to bear the glad tidings to the uttermost parts of the earth.—Rev. John McLaurin, Vankleek Hill.

FIRST REGISTER OF BAPTISMS IN BECKWITH.

*Register of Baptisms at Beckwith*

Aug 15	Peter Newark, lawful son of David Newark and Catherine Ferguson, born July 5, 1822 and Baptized August 15th 1822
Aug 20	James MacDiarmid, lawful son of Duncan MacDiarmid and Mary MacPherson, born 29th March, 1822, Baptized 20th August —————
Aug 22	Robert Campbell, lawful son of Charles Campbell and Christian Ferguson, born 4th July and Baptized Aug 22nd 1822
Aug 22	Christian Ferguson, lawful son of James Ferguson and Christian McLeod, born —————
Aug 22	Robert Scott, lawful son of John Scott and Anne Ferguson, born 26th June and Baptized Aug 22nd 1822
Aug 22	Mary Cornishall, lawful daughter of Peter Cornishall and Margaret Ferguson, born 18th July and Baptized Aug 22nd 1822
Aug 22	Annal Swan, lawful daughter of John Swan and Elizabeth Taylor, born Aug 27th and Baptized on 15th Aug 1822
Aug 20	Peter Newark, lawful son of David Newark and Catherine Ferguson, born 23 July and Baptized on the 20th August 1822
	James MacDiarmid, lawful son of Duncan MacDiarmid and Mary MacPherson, born on the 29th March and Baptized on the 20th Aug 1822
	Robert Campbell, lawful son of Charles Campbell and Christian Ferguson, born 4th July and Baptized 20th August

[On August 20th, 1822, his second week in Beckwith, Rev. George Buchanan baptized a number of infants, and another lot on September 15th. He kept a baptismal register, supposed for many years to have been lost until unearthed by James B. McArthur from a heap of rubbish. The entries illustrated here are the first page of the faded document, in my grandfather's writing. The portrait represents Christian Anderson, daughter of Peter and Christian Dewar Anderson, born on August 22nd and baptized on September 15th, 1822. The dear old soul did not seek to conceal her joy at meeting a grandson of Dr. Buchanan, whom she remembers well. She readily granted my request to sit for her picture, but insisted upon first "fixing up a wee bit." She lives with the McArthurs, and is the last of the children baptized on that September day eighty-three years ago. Mrs. McArthur helped put on her black dress and lace collar. The photographer posed her in a rocking-chair on the porch for her picture, which it is a pleasure to insert in this narrative of Beckwith's "Pioneer Pastor."—John J. McLaurin.]



CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.  
October 17, 1865.

## VI.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

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

"It's a gude wood that hath ne'er a withered branch."—Scotch Proverb.

"Joy is bread and sorrow is medicine."—Beecher.

"The necessity of circumstances proves friends and detects enemies."—  
Epictetus.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—  
Psalms xxx.5.

**S**WIFTLY 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 was overcast, 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 outbuildings 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 about forty rods from our house. The advocates 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 walls 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 borne 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 not 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 Gaelic. About the time the stone church was finished Rev. John Smith and his two sisters arrived. Mr. Smith, a very quiet, unassuming man, was dumbfounded 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 in 1843 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 decision 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 confusion, 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



RUINS OF THE STONE CHURCH

[\*This view of the ruins of the stone church is from a photograph taken on October 17th, 1905, during my visit to Beckwith and the scenes of grandfather's labors. Not a particle of the roof or the woodwork remains, while the side-walls have fallen down or crumbled away. Three farm-houses, one close to the site of the Buchanan homestead, stand within a short distance of the deserted pile.—John J. McLaurin.]



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 hurrahed 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 arm-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-six years later, is perfectly distinct. Mr. Morris did not disappoint the high opinion 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.

The early merchants of Perth, Morris, Ferguson, Taylor, Wylle, Watson and Delisle, brought most of their goods from Montreal by one-horse trains on the ice to Bytown, thence by teams to their destination. Long strings of teams, driven by French-Canadians, would come together, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. Later the Rideau Canal and steamboats 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, in 1847 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, Satche, 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. Darcy Boulton, Thomas Radenurst and Daniel McMartin were lawyers of repute.

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.

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 seize 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.

## A CRY FOR MERCY.

Oh, Lord! for Thy name's sake, I  
pray  
Grant me Thy presence, day by  
day;  
Each step I take be Thou my guide,  
At all times walking by my side;  
Bid doubt and fear and darkness  
flee—  
Oh, Lord! be merciful to me.

I do not ask for wealth or fame,  
Thy favor is the boon I claim;  
Blind, helpless, groping in the  
night,  
I come to Thee for strength and  
sight;  
From sin's dark burden set me free—  
Oh, Lord! be merciful to me!

Bestow on me Thy saving grace,  
Shine on me ever with Thy face;  
Revive the flame of love divine,  
Make me a follower of Thine;  
My life, my all, I yield to Thee—  
Oh, Lord! be merciful to me!

When earthly friends and pleasures  
fall,  
And tears and pray'rs no more pre-  
vail;  
When I resign this fleeting breath  
And close my weary eyes in death,  
Thy rod and staff my comfort be—  
Oh, Lord! be merciful to me!

And when my race at last is run,  
If I may hear the glad "Well  
Done;"  
Thy child, whom Thou art pleas'd  
to own,  
If I may dwell before Thy throne,  
Then shall I know and feel and see  
The Lord was merciful to me.

—John J. McLaurin.

## EARNEST DESIRES.

Savior! Ev'ry day I grieve Thee,  
Yet Thy promises I plead;  
To myself, oh, never leave me,  
Or I am done indeed.

Savior! Who alone canst aid me,  
Set my weary soul at rest;  
Though I have but ill repaid Thee,  
Take me to Thy loving breast.

Savior! In Thy bosom hide me,  
Lo! the sky is overcast;  
Through the valley safely guide me,  
Bring me to Thyself at last.

—John J. McLaurin.

## HELP NEEDED.

The darkness deepens, night draws  
near,

I feel afraid;  
I cannot see my pathway clear,  
Unless Thou bid be of good cheer  
And grant Thine aid.

In this dark valley, with no lamp,  
I blindly grope;  
My spirits droop, the dew is damp,  
Lord! Wilt Thou 'round about en-  
camp

And give me hope?  
On the wide ocean, far from land,  
By tempests tost,  
If Thou extend no helping hand,  
My feeble bark must surely strand  
And I be lost.

—John J. McLaurin.

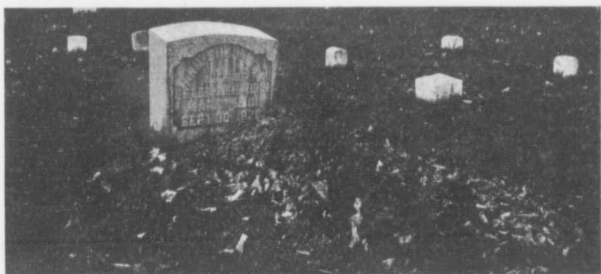
## IN THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

That the graves of members of large families are often widely separated is one of the pathetic incidents of human destiny. Such is the case with the parents and ten children of the Rev. George Buchanan's household. Not one rests in Beckwith, where most of the early settlers await the last trump. Eight of the twelve sleep far from the old home and from each other. By his own request the aged sire was laid in the Presbyterian burying-ground at Perth, next lot to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Helen Ferguson, who had died five years before. In 1844 the sixth daughter, Mrs. Julia Nichol, was placed by his side. Thirty-one years afterwards the third daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, was borne to an adjacent plot, making the fourth interment at Perth. Mrs. Buchanan, the faithful wife and mother, reposes in the cemetery at Vankleek Hill, Prescott county, many a mile from her Beckwith home and any of her kindred except a son-in-law, Anthony Philip, and his young daughter. Mrs. Margaret Dewar, grandfather's second daughter, slumbers in Plympton township, Lambton county. Catharine, the fourth daughter, lies among strangers in Montreal. My beloved mother, Ann Buchanan, the fifth daughter, is in the beautiful cemetery at Franklin, Pa. Mrs. Isabella M. Philip, the seventh daughter, is buried at Brantford, Ontario; Mrs. Jessie Campbell, the eighth daughter, near Rideau Ferry, Lanark county; Rev. David P., the elder son and ninth child, at Kingston, Jamaica; and George, the youngest of the flock, at Rapid City, South Dakota. The inscriptions over the graves illustrated on next page read thus:

### IN THE PRESBYTERIAN BURYING-GROUND, PERTH, ONT.

<p>Sacred to the memory of <b>THE REV. GEO. BUCHANAN, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh, who Died Sep. 12th, A. D. 1835, in the 74th year of his age and 45th of his ministry.</b></p> <p>"He being dead yet speaketh."</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>BUCHANAN</b></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>AT FRANKLIN, PA</b></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p><b>ANN BUCHANAN,</b> wife of</p> <p><b>PETER McLAURIN.</b></p> <p>March 5, 1819. Sept. 30, 1876.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Also His Daughter <b>JULIA</b> wife of John Nichol.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died Mar. 29, 1844. Aged 36 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>VANKLEEK HILL,</b></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Sacred to the Memory of <b>ANN</b> wife of the late Rev. Geo. Buchanan of Beckwith, U. C., who departed this life the 14th of Jany. A. D. 1849 in the 74th year of her age.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">In Memory of <b>JOHN FERGUSON,</b> of Craig-Daroch, who died Decr. 23d, 1857, aged 77 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Also <b>HELEN BUCHANAN</b> his wife, who died Feb. 15, 1859, aged 55 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Erected By those who loved them on earth. May they meet them in Heaven.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">In memory of <b>ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died Aug. 10, 1834, Aged 39 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Also his wife, <b>ELIZABETH BUCHANAN</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died July 16, 1875, aged 69 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Natives of Glengow Scotland.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>NEAR RIDEAU FERRY, ONT.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>JESSIE BUCHANAN</b> Wife of <b>DUNCAN CAMPBELL.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died Mar. 23d, 1900, Aged 85 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>"She being dead yet speaketh."</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CAMPBELL.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Meet me in Heaven.</p>
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Pictures of the other graves could not be obtained in time for this publication, hence they are regretfully omitted. Surely Mrs. Hemans wrote truthfully when she penned "The Graves of a Household."—John J. McLaurin.



THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

## VII.—THE LAST OF EARTH.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."—II Timothy 4:7.

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matthew xxv:23.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."—Numbers xxiii:10.

"I will add a stone to his cairn."—Scotch Proverb.

OLD age had come upon father. The strong frame could not always withstand the weight 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. McLaglan 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 12th, 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 reading 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 county then—and borne on men's shoulders to the grave. Of father, as of Stephen, it could be said: "And devout 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 graveyard 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 over 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 grandson visited the scene of father's labors and death. Here is what he wrote about it: "A strong desire to see the place where grandfather 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 descendant of his old pastor. The second day was devoted to calls and the sight of the old homestead, ending at Robert Kennedy's singing-school. To my surprise the young people spoke lovingly of grandfather 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 auld 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,  
Loveller in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?"

## YEARNINGS.

Fain would I rest—  
The years have bro't regrets,  
My spirit chafes and frets,  
For life has had its share  
Of sorrow, strife and care—  
But God knows best.

My yearning soul,  
Sad, lonely and forlorn,  
Glad if the coming morn,  
Failing to find me here,  
Beheld me on my bier,  
Would reach the goal.

My task complete,  
The weary, heavy heart  
Longs to resign its part,  
To burst its prison-bars,  
To rise above the stars  
And cease to beat.

My good right hand,  
Once ready, strong and bold,  
Is palsied, trembling, old;  
My tott'ring footsteps wait  
The opening of the Gate  
At God's command.

My eyes are dim,  
So oft hot tears they shed  
For lov'd ones with the dead;  
My feeble strength is spent,  
I shall be well content,  
To go to Him.

I would lay down,  
Whenever God shall will,  
This load of grief and ill;  
Pleas'd to put earth aside,  
To cross the Great Divide  
And wear the crown.

—John J. McLaurin.

MRS. JOHN MacLAREN AND HER FIVE DAUGHTERS AND FOUR SONS.



HELEN. JENNIE B. MRS MacLAREN. ISABELLA. BESSIE M. JEAN B.



ARCHIBALD. JAMES B. ALEXANDER F. JOHN F. MacLAREN.

## VIII.—THE FAMILY.

"Children are a heritage of the Lord."—Psalms cxxxviii.

"That he might seek a godly seed."—Malachi ii. 15.

"They grew in beauty side by side.

They filled our house with glee;

Their graves are sever'd far and wide.

By mountain, stream and sea."—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 Darach," the Scottish parish from which he had emigrated. Mr. Ferguson built and occupied the first stone house in Perth. It stands on Gore street and is part of the Revere Hotel. 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 MacLaren, an excellent man, who removed to Perth county and finally located in



JOHN FERGUSON.

Toronto, where he died in 1891. They brought up a large family\* of brave sons and fair daughters, all dutiful, clever, enterprising and very well-to-do. Mrs. MacLaren has her home in Toronto. Her only brother, George Buchanan Ferguson, clerked in his uncle's big store at Vankleek Hill, carried on a store in Montreal, and for thirty-two



GEORGE BUCHANAN FERGUSON.

years was one of the most successful and popular commercial travelers in Canada. He died in 1894, leaving a widow, who has passed away since, three daughters and a son. Helen was the first of the family to be taken to "the world that is fairer than this."

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

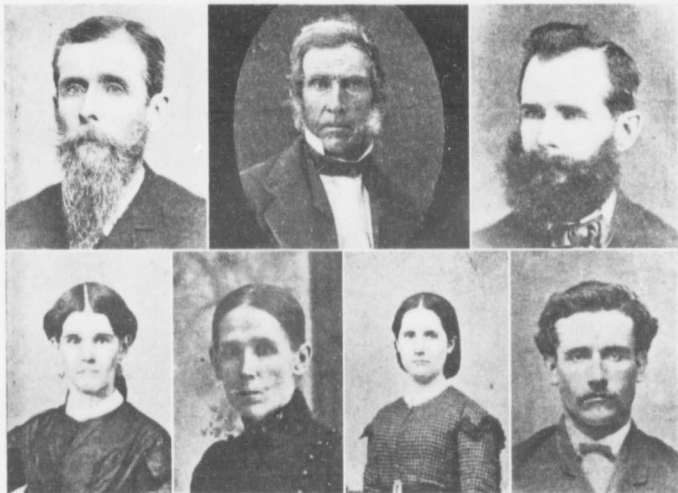
\*The eldest son, John F. McLaren, manager of the Ogilvie Mills Flour-Mills Company, and four sisters, Jean B. (Mrs. W. G. Webb), Bessie M. (Mrs. Samuel J. Rutherford), Jennie B. and Isabella, live in Toronto. Helen is Mrs. C. Hodgson, Raglan, Ontario. Hon. Alexander F. MacLaren, of Stratford, represents Perth county in the Dominion Parliament, now serving his second term. He originated the famous "MacLaren's Imperial Cheese," known and used the world over, which James B. superintends manufacturing at Ingersoll, Archibald conducting the Detroit branch of the business.

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

GEORGE DEWAR.

JOHN DEWAR.

ARCHIBALD DEWAR.



MARGARET DEWAR.

HELEN DEWAR.

CATHARINE DEWAR.

ALEXANDER DEWAR.

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 the loving mother's cheerfulness and affection. She passed away peacefully on the twenty-eighth of December, 1887, aged eighty-four years. Mr. Dewar was called to his reward on the fourth of February, 1890, at the patriarchal age of ninety-three. 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

\*George, the eldest son of John and Margaret Dewar, Margaret (Mrs. Richard Williamson), and Alexander, the youngest son, were born in Beckwith, spent most of their lives in Plympton township, and all three died in 1904. Helen married and died at Seaforth years ago. Archibald is an oil-operator at Petrolea, and Catharine is the wife of Archibald McFedran. Ann, widow of A. Y. Anderson, a prosperous farmer, lives at Wyoming, beside several of her children.

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



MARGARET. ALICE. FLORA. ELIZA. JOHN E. MRS. ANDERSON.\* ELLA. ARCHIBALD. JENNIE.

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 cholera on the tenth of August, 1834. 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 on the fourteenth of July, 1875.

\*John E. Anderson, merchant, Jennie (Mrs. W. J. Travis), and Ella, Wyoming, Ont.; Margaret (Mrs. James A. Tanner), Warwick; Flora (Mrs. A. F. Wade), Port Sarnia; Archibald D., farmer, Plympton; Eliza (Mrs. A. W. Bell), and Alice (Mrs. George M. Begg), Toronto. These eight are great-grandchildren of Rev. George Buchanan.

aged sixty-nine years. She was laid by the side of her husband, near father and my eldest sister. The four daughters survive, Ann, widow



ANN CAMPBELL SMITH



HELEN C. COUTTS



MARGARET C. THOMPSON.

of Henry Smith, and Helen, widow of John Coutts, living at Rideau

Ferry; Elizabeth, widow of James F. Greig, at Almonte; and Margaret, wife of Joseph Thompson, 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.



ELIZABETH C. GREIG.



ELIZ. GREIG McFARLAND.

An efficient member of Rev. Dr. Taylor's church, she taught a

\*She never spared herself in doing missionary work among the poor and endeavoring to improve the condition of orphan children.





MRS. LIVINGSTON.\*  
LULU LIVINGSTON WELSH.  
FLORENCE DALE WELSH.

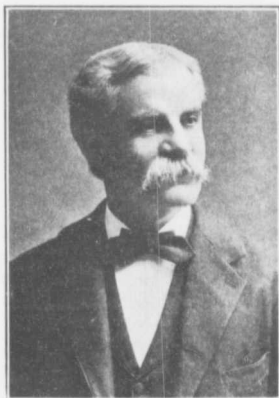
large class in the Sunday-School and was foremost in every good work. Rarely has her acquaintance with the Scriptures been equalled. She could repeat most of the Bible word for word. A short illness closed her busy, consistent life on the twentieth of November, 1836, on the eve of her prospective marriage. 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 and in contributions of decided merit to the religious press. She wrote frequently for the Montreal Witness, John Dougall's admirable 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 with 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

\*Mrs. Florida Thompson Livingston, Vancouver, B. C., is daughter of Joseph and Margaret Campbell Thompson; her daughter Lulu is Mrs. Welsh, San Francisco, mother of Florence Dale Welsh, born July 7th, 1905, the only great-great-great-grandchild and youngest descendant of Rev. George Buchanan.

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-operations many years and acquired a high reputation in journalism.



JOHN J. McLAURIN.



MRS. JOHN J. McLAURIN.

Two of his books, "The Story of Johnstown" and "Sketches in Crude Oil," have circulated widely in America and Europe. He married Elizabeth Cochran, daughter of a well-known citizen of Franklin.

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 best 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 hsp 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 centered 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 sooth  
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 bore 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 twelfth of January, 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 were 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

\*Dr. Philip died at Brantford on July 10th, 1905.



grounded him in the classics and in the doctrines of Christianity that he soon 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



DR. DAVID LESLIE PHILIP.  
ISABELLA PHILIP.  
(Mrs. Milligan, Brantford.)

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 of duty. The Rev. Mr. Simpson invited him to assist at the opening of a new church, in which he preached three times on Sunday, be-



CATHARINE PHILIP.  
GEORGE BUCHANAN PHILIP.

seeching 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 Pratt 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 Vankleek 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 help-



ANNA McLAURIN AND LUCY BELL BUCHANAN.

meet, 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 McLaurin and Lucy Bell Buchanan, survive. They are the youngest of

father's grandchildren and the only ones among his descendants bearing the honored name of Buchanan. A favorite nephew paid this loving tribute to George's memory:

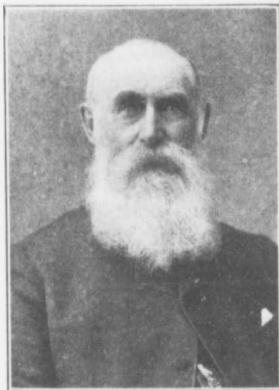
Dear Uncle! On your grave to lay a wreath,  
The lonely grave far from thy native heath,  
Though heeded not by the cold dust beneath,

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 are 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 generous part.

Dear Uncle! A rich heritage I claim  
In thy good deeds, unheralded by fame;  
Written in the Lamb's Book of Life, thy  
name  
In glowing characters appears;  
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.



DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

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. Knowledge of Gaelic 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.

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. Rich-



ANNIE CAMPBELL,  
(Mrs. Thomas Gilday.)  
MARGARET CAMPBELL,  
(Mrs. Joseph Hoopes.)

DAVID CAMPBELL,  
ANNIE McL. CAMPBELL,  
(Mrs. Crosby.)  
Daughter of David Campbell.

JULIA C. CARNOCHAN,  
ISABELLA C. GILDAY,  
JESSIE C. MILLER,  
JESSIE GILDAY.

ard Gilday and Mrs. Joseph Hoopes, 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 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 house. 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 dawn 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 reunion 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."

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[Mrs. Campbell's work ends here. She lived just long enough to see this sketch printed, and to distribute copies to many of her friends. Death claimed her on the twenty-second of March, 1900, at the home of a daughter in Toronto. Loving hands laid her to rest by the side of her husband, from whom she was not long separated. Jessie Buchanan Campbell was a sincere, earnest Christian, steadfast in her profession and consistent in every relation of life. Earth lost a true woman when the last daughter of "The Pioneer Pastor" of Beckwith completed the family circle on the shining shore.—John J. McLaurin.]



Matthew 6. 23

But God committeth his love to us,  
in that while we were yet sinners, Christ  
died for us.

The redemption of the world by Jesus  
Christ is the astonishment of angels and  
the wonder of the Redeemed themselves,  
Angels <sup>earnestly</sup> desire to look into it, but so weak  
shall never be able fully to comprehend,  
and the everlasting song of the Redeemed shall  
be celebrating the praises of Redeeming  
Grace. To him that loved us, and washed  
from our sins in his own blood, and  
made us kings and priests unto God  
his Father, To him be glory and dominion  
and honour forever and ever, Amen.  
Hardly, of all the subjects that can fall  
engage the thoughts and attract the attention  
of the Christian world, none are so worthy  
of their notice and regard as the death and  
sufferings of our Dear Redeemer, for  
those that's overlooking all beholds, for that  
we were other name given under <sup>not over</sup> our  
man whereby we can be saved, but the  
name of Jesus.

The sufferings of Christ have been in  
strong objection against him by his  
enemies, as well as in various degrees  
among the Jews a stumbling block, and  
Greek foolishness, but to them who are  
Christ the power of God and the wisdom  
of God, known without ornament  
to Christ and his righteousness,  
and substance, are bestowed  
and founded upon the name of Jesus.

## IX.—THE OLD SERMON.

- "Preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."—Jonah iii:2.  
"The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings."—Isaiah ix:1.  
"It is a great thing to stand facing manward and preach to men the everlasting gospel."—Joseph Anderson.  
"We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord."—II Corinthians iv:5.  
"Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon."—Fuller.  
"Sic a braw sermon wad soun' graun' in Gaelic."—Beckwith Elder.

THE REV. GEORGE BUCHANAN never used notes or manuscript in the pulpit. The widespread Scottish prejudice against "read sermons" he fully shared. His habit was to prepare each discourse carefully, generally writing it entire and occasionally summarizing the leading ideas, then to commit it to memory and deliver the message looking the congregation squarely in the face. He always sought to proclaim the everlasting gospel, "not with enticing words," but to glorify God, to edify believers, and to bring souls into the Kingdom. A sermon he preached a number of times in Scotland will show the style of exposition a century ago. It is from one of his papers that escaped destruction by fire many years since. Entries on a blank page at the end record various dates and places of its delivery, among others this,

"Homily delivered before the Presbytery at" (the paper has crumbled away) "June 13, 1797."

Romans v:19—"By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

That man, when he came forth from the hand of his Creator, was pure and holy is a doctrine agreeable to Reason and confirmed by Revelation. To this all have given their assent, whether Pagans, Jews, Turks, Mahomettans or Christians, except a few of the latter who assume to be wiser than God. That he was and is under a just and equitable law, to which he cheerfully assented, and endowed with power and capacity to observe it, is equally acknowledged. Created in the image of God, he was endowed with moral attributes, with knowledge sufficient to know his duty, with holiness to render his will conformable to the Divine Will, and righteousness to correspond to his essential justice. That he might the more resemble his Maker, God constituted him His vicegerent here, after He had established the earth with the fullness thereof and rendered it fit and commodious for human habitation. He gave him dominion over the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea and over everything that moved upon the earth. Man was made but a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory, honour and dignity. All nature smiled upon him, the whole presenting a scene of harmony and beauty. Trouble and fear he knew not. Moreover, God regarded him with so much goodness and condescension that He entered into a covenant with him, not

for himself only, but also in the name of all his posterity as their federal head and representative, and on so easy terms as one prohibition, one easy charge. Upon condition of his complete and perfect obedience to this command, he and his posterity, as a recompense and reward of his true allegiance, were to enjoy sweet fellowship and communion with God, wherein consists the real happiness of mankind. He was stationed in a garden of the Lord's own planting and put by the wisdom of Omnipotence as the centre of terrestrial felicity, there to enjoy intercourse with Heaven and favour with God until, in the order of Providence, he should be translated to the upper world without tasting of death or the knowledge of sin and sorrow. "And the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden and commanded him, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The law which God gave to man for his obedience was a law of absolute purity and perfection, in which, as in a spotless mirror, he might behold the glorious attributes of Jehovah. A holy God would never stain His moral government by giving His creature any other than a holy, just and good law, worthy of Himself and suited to His rational offspring, whose bounden duty it was to adhere to the precept with full, complete and perfect obedience. This was absolutely necessary for man's happiness here and in the world to come. The least violation was to be attended with dreadful consequences, for "in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Yet man, although originally created pure, was not infallibly so; but, as a moral agent, was left to the freedom of his own will. Through the temptation of Satan soon was the gold to become dim and the most fine gold changed. He violated the law, broke covenant with God, and became liable to the curse and penalty thereof, in consequence of which, as a guilty sinner, he was bound over to misery and death. This the Scriptures and experience in the strongest and most explicit terms represent to be the sad case of all the sons of Adam. "The soul that sinneth shall die." We know that whatsoever the Word saith it saith to them that are under the law, "that every mouth may be stopped and all the world be guilty before God. Therefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned, by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation." Before proceeding farther it may, perhaps, not be deemed improper to enquire into the reason why God demanded such strict obedience to the moral law, or Covenant of Works.

I.—The law itself was holy, just and good, such as all mankind from the beginning to the end of time, if we suppose them presented in a state of innocence at its first promulgation, could not but accept and agree to obey. From its very nature this obligation must be perpetual; wherefore the perfection of God and the unalterable nature of His law indispensably required perfect righteousness.

II.—The Holiness of God, which adds lustre and harmony to all His other perfections, removes Him an infinite distance from every kind and degree of moral evil; nor can He, by reason of the infinite rectitude and perfection of His nature, otherwise than conceive an everlasting displeasure at the least transgression of His holy law. He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity but with the greatest detestation and abhorrence. How, then, shall His hatred of sin show itself? Surely not by admitting the sinner into His favour and heaping upon him the blessings and effects thereof; but, on the

contrary, by his condemnation and utter destruction, unless satisfaction be made adequate to the offence. Can it, therefore, be supposed that a God of spotless holiness and purity can but maintain an everlasting opposition to sin as contrary to His righteous nature and holy will? Shall we imagine that He should pardon that which He hates and admit the sinner into His favour without such satisfaction as may testify His highest indignation against sin? The Holiness of God, therefore, makes His righteousness absolutely necessary for the pardon and salvation of guilty man, or he must perish forever.

III.—The Justice of God required complete and perfect obedience to His holy law. God's Justice is an essential attribute of His nature, which disposes and determines Him to "render to every man according to his works, whether they be good or evil." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The Supreme Lord of all cannot but do that which is right. Behold in what awful glory doth He represent the honour of this attribute, after giving the highest display of grace and goodness, as recorded in Exodus xxxiv:6-7: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin," as the necessary character of His inflexible justice. He adds that He "will by no means clear the guilty," upon no account whatever discharge the transgressor without suitable satisfaction made to His Justice, the ground and foundation of that Righteousness by which He may acquit the sinner and receive him to His favour, His Holiness and ardent zeal to vindicate the honour of His law and the unalterable right of His Justice absolutely required a perfect and unsinning obedience.

How, then, shall the sinner be accepted as righteous in the sight of God? He possesses no inherent righteousness of his own to plead as the ground of his justification. Whose righteousness, then, is sufficient for the arduous task of rescuing man, rebellious man, from eternal misery and death? Neither men nor the world can furnish us with it. Were we to travel the whole creation in search of it, we should return miserably disappointed. The angelic hosts that encircle the throne of God and issue forth as ministers to fulfil His will have no grace, no righteousness, to spare. Although they are holy, yet are they dependent and continue in their purity only by continued grace; nor have we any connection with them that should entitle us to any righteousness of theirs. Besides, immortal spirits such as they are could never atone for the transgression of mortal man, for sin must be expiated in the same nature that sinned. Therefore, the question still recurs: By whose obedience shall fallen man be reconciled to his offended Creator? Blessed be God, who hath not left us in darkness. The answer to this all-important question is expressed in the words of the text: "By the obedience of one (namely Jesus Christ) shall many be made righteous."

In the further presentation of this subject what I propose, in humble dependence upon divine grace, is:

I.—To consider the nature and extent of Christ's obedience to the Divine Law.

II.—To point out who they are that are here denominated "the many" that "shall be made righteous."

III.—To mention some of the blessings of which they are made partakers here, and to the everlasting enjoyment of which they are admitted hereafter.

IV.—Lastly to conclude with some practical improvement of the whole, as time may permit.

I.—Christ presented to the law a holy nature as well as a holy life. Though descended from Adam according to the flesh, it was by an extraordi-

ary generation and derived from him no sin, no pollution whatever. Before His conception in the womb the angel of the Lord announced to His virgin mother the holiness of His nature and said unto her: "The Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore, also, that Holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." But—

1. His life was perfectly holy and a perfect pattern of every grace that could adorn humanity. "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." "For such an high priest became Him who is holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners." However depressed His person was with a load of humble accidents and shadowed with the darkness of poverty and reproach, so that the Jews, not excepting even His apostles, could not at first discover the brightest essence of His divinity, yet such was the holiness of His life that it shone conspicuously in the greatest darkness and found confessors and admirers among his very enemies. Thus the wife of Pilate called Him "that just person." Pilate himself pronounced Him guiltless at the same time that, from a wicked heart and the desire of a lawless multitude, he was about to pass the sentence of His crucifixion. Judas the traitor declared Him innocent, and the very Devil, whose works he came to destroy, styled Him "the Holy One of God." His love toward mankind made Him leave the mansions of glory, where in the bosom of the Father He was exalted from all eternity at an infinite distance from all sin, and where the happiness or misery of men could neither augment nor diminish His essential glory and felicity. But such was His condescension that, in the fullness of time, He came into our world to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He veiled His divinity, tabernacled upon earth, and preferred fallen man to rebellious angels. Love was the principle of all His actions, the life and soul of His conversation. In all He did or spoke He made some new discovery of His love to the world. The history of His whole life abounds with the expressions of a most sweet and loving temper. He went about doing good and distributing the choicest blessings. His career was one continued act of charity and beneficence. Although from before the foundation of the world He was holy, wise and happy in and through Himself, and had no need of our imperfect service, yet in obedience to His Father's will He came to fulfill all righteousness, voluntarily offering Himself to pay the penalty of the law. As it is written: "Himself took our infirmities and bore our distresses. For we have not an High Priest which can not be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all things tempted as we are, yet without sin."

2. One would imagine that, when Jesus left the mansions of glory to procure the pardon and salvation of sinners, everything would conspire to render the prosecution of so benevolent a design successful. So far from this, however, almost everything conspired to render Him "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs." Kings of the earth sate themselves and rulers took counsel against the Lord and His anointed. He was persecuted from place to place, as though the vilest of criminals. If we take a survey of the whole course of His life, we will find it to be one constant scene of suffering from the manger of Bethlehem to the cross of Calvary. He at whose nativity the angels sang praises to God and proclaimed "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," received no accommodations but a stable, no cradle but a manger. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." The Jews expected a Savior, but mistook

his character. They imagined he would make his appearance as an earthly prince, with splendor and magnificence, to deliver them from the Roman yoke, which they bore with the greatest impatience. But Jesus appeared in a low and humble manner, not to attract the attention of the great, but to reclaim the vicious. For He says: "I am not sent save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." As mankind had sinned both in soul and body, it was necessary as our surety that He should suffer in both. Consider this, ye who live in sin and in the neglect of your known duty. Behold and see the evil nature and demerit of sin. Oh, may it be the object of your deepest aversion, and holliness the aim of all your pursuits. Meditate upon the sufferings of the Lord of the redeemed and be no more allured by the vanities of life. See the Son of God, with invincible patience and love, endure all the indignities and torments His enemies could inflict. Pilate, when he passed the sentence of crucifixion, to add to his other cruelties caused Him to be scourged. The soldiers stripped off His raiment and put a purple robe, the mock insignia of royalty, upon the King of saints. They platted a crown of thorns and put it upon His head who bestows a crown of glory upon His faithful followers. A reed, a mock sceptre, they put in His hand who sways the sceptre of the universe. They bowed the knee before him in mockery, saying "Hail! King of the Jews." Nay, more, He was betrayed by one of the little band over which he presided, derided by another and deserted by all.

If we follow Him to the Garden of Gethsemane, we behold Him under a load of sorrows and sufferings which none can comprehend. His sweat as great drops of blood falling down to the ground without any visible external cause. His agony made Him exclaim: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." If we trace Him a little further, we see Him ascending the steep hill of Calvary, weary and fatigued under the accursed tree to which His sacred body was to be nailed. Behold the cross upon which He was suspended between two thieves, as if He, too, were a malefactor. All the powers of hell engaged against Him, all the efforts of men were exercised to torment Him. What was still heavier to bear, the sins of all the elect world and the wrath of God due to sinners, which men and angels could not bear, were laid upon Him. Under the hidings of His Father's face He cried out: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Behold now and "see if there be any sorrow like to His sorrow, wherewith the Lord afflicted Him in the day of His fierce anger." Then was it He drank the cup of His Father's wrath to the dregs and shed the blood which was for the healing of the nations. His Godhead supported His manhood until He could say "It is finished." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends. But God commended His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

No wonder that the sun in the firmament at noonday should hide his face from beholding the sufferings of the Sun of Righteousness, the life and light of the world; that the vall of the temple should rend from the top to the bottom, the rocks split, the graves open, the dead rise and all nature put on the sable garb of mourning and weeping. Had they no further significance than to vindicate His divinity? Did not the rending of the vall prefigure the breaking down of the middle wall of the partition between Jews and Gentiles, and the opening up of a new and living way of access to the Father through the rent vall of the Redeemer's flesh? Did not the earthquake, which shook the earth and burst the rocks, presage the sounding of

the last trumpet? Did not the rising from the dead portray a general resurrection and a future state of rewards and punishments? Did not the darkness which covered the earth indicate our lost state by nature and the need we have of the Sun of Righteousness whose love was stronger than death? Oh, remember His boundless love and let your love and affections burn towards Him with an ardent flame which sin and Satan cannot quench. Even in the last scene of His sufferings He prays most fervently for those who were reeking their hands in His precious blood: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yea, one of the thieves that had reviled Him, struck with admiration at His invincible patience and love, recognized Him as the God of Love and, through the strength of his faith, prayed: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest to Thy kingdom." For his comfort and consolation Jesus replied: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." He would ascend to the regions of immortal bliss as a trophy of the Saviour's victory over hell, sin and death, a token of Christ's mighty power and proof that none can come to the Father except through the Son.

II.—I should now proceed to point out, as I proposed, who are "the many" who are made righteous by the obedience of Christ; but this, with the remaining heads that may follow, I must postpone until God may be pleased to give me some other opportunity. So I shall conclude at present with a few reflections from what has been said.

First permit me to ask you the important question which Jesus put to His disciples: "What think ye of Christ?" Are ye sinners by nature and by daily practice? Do you hate sin with a perfect hatred; is it such a grievous burden as makes you desire to be freed from it? If so, He is such a Saviour as suits your condition. Are ye sensible that the divine love hath many charges against you, and that ye stand in need of a better righteousness than your own to recommend you to the favour and friendship of God? Christ hath fulfilled the law and brought in an everlasting righteousness. Are ye liable to ignorance and error? He is the way, the truth and the life. Are ye conscious of your own inability to procure your salvation? He is able and willing to save to the very uttermost all them that come to God by Him, for He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Did Adam represent and his fall extend to all his posterity? The Righteousness of Christ extends to all the elect world which He represents. The sinner who by faith is interested in the Righteousness of Christ is henceforth esteemed righteous, not by his own, but by the imputed Righteousness of Christ, which faith receives and God accepts.

Appearing before the tribunal of the great God and pleading this Righteousness, thereupon he stands acquitted in law and is pronounced righteous. Thus the sinner is brought in as it were in a judicial trial, "holding up his hand," as a judicious writer observes, "and the Judge bespeaking to him: 'Sinner, thou standest here indicted for breaking the holy, just and good law of thy Maker, and hereof thou art proved guilty. Sinner, what sayest thou for thyself?' To this the sinner, on his bended knee, confesseth guilty, but withal humbly craves to plead for himself full satisfaction made by his Surety. 'Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died? And, where-as, it is further objected by the Judge: 'Ay, but, sinner, the law requires an exact and perfect righteousness in thy personal fulfilling of the law. Sinner, where is thy righteousness?' The believing sinner humbly replieth: 'My Righteousness is upon the bench. In the Lord have I righteousness, Christ is my Surety and He hath fulfilled the law in my behalf. To that I

appeal and by that I will be tried.' This done, the plea is accepted as good in law, the sinner is pronounced righteous and goeth away glorying and rejoicing, Righteous, Righteous." In the Son shall the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory. May the Lord bless His word and to His name be praise, world without end, amen.

This homily, extended after its first presentation before the Presbytery to include the full treatment of the subject proposed at the outset, formed the basis of a sermon delivered at the following times and places:

"Perth, July 1st, 1797. \* \* Cupar-Angus, July 8th -97. \* \* Dundee, ditto 15 -97. \* \* Collingburg, August -97. \* \* Edinburg, Sepr -97, in Mr. Thomson's church \* \* Campbelltown, at the Communion \* \* Aberdeen, Octr. last Sabbath, 1798. \* \* Banff, April 21st, 1799. \* \* Bellshill, June 16th, 1799. \* \* Haddington, June 26, 1799, Reid's fast day. \* \* Strathkiness, January 25th, 1801. \* \* Fast day, Links, Sepr 4th, 1817."

The close writing, on unruled linen-paper of note size, now yellow with age and frayed at the edges, is quite legible. No erasures mar the eleven pages of manuscript. His utterances indicate the preacher's sturdy Calvinism and belief in Election and Imputed Righteousness. He never "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God," as he understood it. There is nothing to show that he ever delivered this sermon in Canada. Last year the Rev. Mr. Woodside, Presbyterian minister at Carleton Place, to whom the manuscript had been loaned, read the discourse to a congregation that packed St. Andrew's church. It is entirely probable that the forefathers of some in the audience heard it in Scotland a hundred years previously. After a century it is again brought to light and printed for the first time, with a heartfelt wish that it may benefit the reader, as the last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of my venerated grandfather, Beckwith's "Pioneer Pastor."



## EVER ONWARD.

I must go on, though obstacles arise  
On ev'ry side, if I would gain the prize;  
Not to move forward is to fall behind,  
To linger with the halt, the lame, the blind,  
Nor with the foremost reach the shining goal  
Where rich rewards await the earnest soul—  
I must go on!

I must go on! The path may be unseen,  
Not always found in fields of living green,  
Where flowers bloom and brooks forever flow;  
Briars and thorns may make my progress slow,  
No grateful shade subdue the burning heat,  
Yet must I toil to have my task complete—  
I must go on!

I must go on! Danger lurks in delay,  
To pause is loss. I come no more this way  
To right a wrong, to set all things in place  
My footsteps in life's journey ne'er retrace;  
Each hour has its own duty to direct,  
To-morrow's zeal squares not to-day's neglect—  
I must go on!

—John J. McLaurin.