

**1923 - 1924**

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"DEEDS SPEAK"

**Annual Report**

and

**TRANSACTION NO. 24**

of

**THE  
WOMEN'S  
CANADIAN  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY**

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**OF TORONTO**

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Organized November 19th, 1895

Incorporated February 14th, 1896





“DEEDS SPEAK”

Women's Canadian Historical Society  
OF TORONTO

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TRANSACTION NO. 24

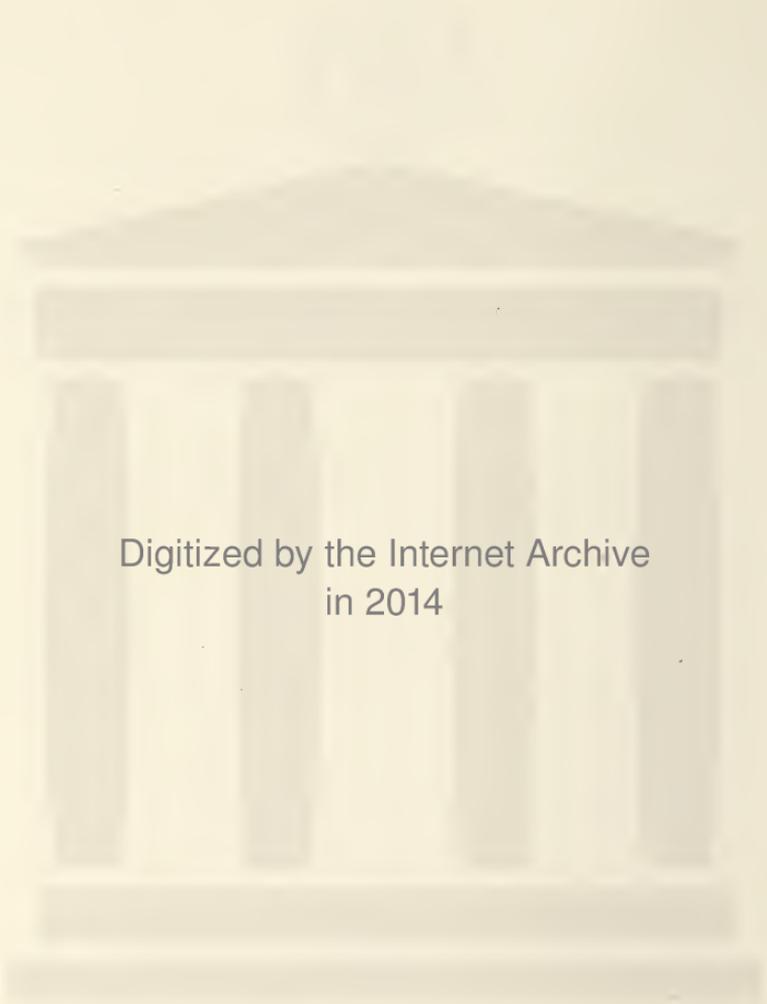
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1923-1924



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# ANNUAL REPORT

of the  
**Women's Canadian Historical Society**  
**OF TORONTO**  
**1923-1924**

Organized November 1895; Incorporated February 1896.

## OFFICERS

Honorary President.....	MRS. COCKSHUTT, Gov't House.
Past Presidents.....	*MRS. S. A. CURZON.
	*LADY EDGAR.
	*MRS. FORSYTH GRANT.
	*MISS FITZGIBBON.
President.....	MISS MICKLE, 48 Heath St. East.
Vice-Presidents.....	MRS. JAMES BAIN.
	LADY STUPART.
	MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.
Corresponding Secretary.....	MRS. BALMER NEILLY, 39 Woodlawn Ave. East.
Recording Secretary.....	MISS ROBERTS, 20 Earl Street.
Treasurer.....	MRS. W. A. PARKS, 69 Albany Ave.
Curator.....	MRS. SEYMOUR CORLEY, 46 Dunvegan Road.

## CONVENORS OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

MRS. HORACE EATON, 141 Lyndhurst Ave.	MRS. W. A. PARKS, 69 Albany Ave.
	MRS. WM. JARVIS, 75 Walmsley Boulevard.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. LEADBETTER.	MRS. JOHNSTON.	MRS. DUCKWORTH.
MRS. SINCLAIR.	MRS. SETTLE.	MRS. WILLIAM JARVIS.

## HONORARY MEMBERS

COL. G. T. DENISON.	HON. MR. JUSTICE RIDDELL, LL.D., F.R.S.C.
MISS CARNOCHAN.	RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, Bart.
CHARLES MAIR, F.R.C.S.	MISS MACHAR.
PROF. G. M. WRONG.	BLISS CARMEN.
MISS K. M. LIZARS.	JOHN D. KELLY.
DR. LOCKE.	PROF. PELHAM EDGAR.
REV. JOHN McLEAN, Ph.D.	MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON.
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.	PROF. H. T. F. DUCKWORTH.
PROF. A. H. YOUNG.	PROF. JOHN SQUAIR.
COLONEL WILLIAM WOOD.	W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L.
*Deceased.	

## President's Address

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We have had a very short year owing to the change of date in our Annual Meeting which heretofore has always been held in November; the 16th of that month being originally chosen "in commemoration of Colonel James Fitz Gibbon and the services he rendered to Canada, and especially this city, that date having been his birthday." It has long been felt that an Annual Meeting at this date, broke the continuity of the year's programme, whereas a business meeting which concluded the Winter's work would, in the event of changes in the personel of the executive, leave the incoming officers plenty of time during the Summer to formulate their plans and prepare their programme. Accordingly the change in the constitution was approved by the Executive and duly ratified by the Society; the unwritten proviso being that at the November meeting in each year, a short paper or talk should be given on Col. Fitz Gibbon. Our Annual Meetings will in future be held in connection with the regular April meeting, or as soon after it as possible as the Executive may decide. . . .

It is a matter of sincere sorrow that we have lost one of our oldest and most valued members. On our very first list Miss MacCallum's name appears, and all through the years she has shown a warm interest in the Society, giving to it freely of her time and strength, and never failing when called upon to help, while she could do so. Only a few weeks ago she rang me up for a long talk on possible improvements to the programme. It is strange to realize she is gone, and to the sister left alone our warmest sympathy goes out.

In common with almost every other Society we feel the loss of Sir Edmund Walker. He was not an Honorary Member but he knew something of our endeavor to secure a Memorial Hall, and had said "When you are ready, come to me" and for this and other reasons we feel that he is a great loss to us, as to the whole community.

The great question before the Society in the coming year must be—what can be done to carry out the trust to which we have fallen heir? What is to be done with this Memorial Hall project? In view of the lack of interest shown and in face of the all too evident fact, that to secure our own building, the Society would have to make not only a great effort, but a series of efforts, it seems that it would be wise to see if effectual co-operation could be secured and if in return for

our money a permanent place of meeting to be called The Queen Victoria Memorial Hall could be secured; but you will notice the very suggestion carries two big IFS.

It is understood that the government intends to withdraw all grants to Historical Societies. If true this is greatly to be regretted. Much valuable work has been done by them in the past. In our own case, all the grant has been expended on printing the Annual Report and Transactions which are of permanent and recognized value; all other printing and expenses are taken from fees, etc., and we have only been able to carry on by the liberality of members who do not charge for postage, etc.

S. MICKLE, *Pres.*

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## Recording Secretary's Report

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All the meetings of the Women's Canadian Historical Society have been well-attended and the papers of great interest.

November—"Laura Secord." Personal recollections by her granddaughter, Miss Laura Clarke.

December—"The Queen's Rangers," from the Simcoe Papers by Miss Ray, later published by the Ontario Historical Society.

January—"The French Canadian and Nationalism," by Rev. W. F. Seaman.

February—"Old Toronto" (illustrated), by Mr. T. A. Reed.

March—"The Opportunity for Historical Study in Ontario," by Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy.

April—"The French Royalist Settlement in York County," by Mrs. Balmer Neilly.

There have been six regular and six executive meetings. Notice of motion was given changing the date of annual meeting from November to April or May as being a more convenient date.

As many members were ignorant why the "Memorial Fund" was a "trust fund" a note of explanation was written and a pamphlet sent to each member reviewing the history of this fund. The Society withdrew its affiliation with the local Council of Women.

The usual shower for tubercular soldiers held in December was most generously supported by the members and the Christmas cheer was appreciated by the soldiers at Gravenhurst, Hamilton and other hospitals.

During the year we welcomed as new members:—Miss Eldon, Miss Banting, Mrs. Harry Kennedy, Mrs. A. W. MacNab, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Sedgewick and Mrs. Cowan.

Respectfully submitted,  
HESTER SETTLE,  
*Recording Secretary.*

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## Corresponding Secretary's Report, 1924

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During the year Transaction No. 23 was printed.

This contains the letters of Secretary Jarvis of Upper Canada and those of his wife Hannah Peters Jarvis, to the latter's father the Rev. Samuel Peters in England.

This transaction has been much appreciated, and many requests for copies made.

It also contains a sketch of the life of our former President—Mrs. Forsyth Grant.

Copies of the Transactions were sent to the members of the Provincial Legislature and to our list of exchanges.

We regret to report the death of a highly valued member, during the year—Miss Josephine MacCallum, who for many years was Treasurer of the Society.

Correspondence was exchanged with Mr. F. C. Bissell, Director and Head of the Historical Society of Hartford, Connecticut, and also with the President and Secretary of the Historical Society of Hebron, in regard to our publication of this year. Four applications for assistance in preparing Historical Papers, were received, and the needed information sent. Transaction N. 21, was forwarded to a member of Milton Chapter I.O.D.E., in reply to a request for information regarding the early history of Toronto.

A short history of the city seems to be needed, being frequently asked for.

An inquiry was received from the Canadian National Parks Commission, for information regarding the burying ground in St. John's Square. We were pleased to be able to furnish the information desired, and also sent some pictures of the monuments. The Commissioner also asked that we

furnish the Parks Commission with a complete set of our Transactions, which was done.

Following is a list of publications received:

1. Paper on the life of Rev. Robt. Addison, by Prof. A. H. Young in Ont. Hist. Society.
2. Report of Librarian of Congress at Washington for 1923.
3. The Canadian History Society and its Organization, London, 1924.
4. Annual Report of Ont. Hist. Society, and proceedings of Annual Meeting, 1923.
5. The Canadian Historical Association's Report, 1923.
6. A series of pamphlets issued by the National Park's Com.
7. The Simcoe papers—Vol. 1 was donated by a member.

ETHEL S. NEILLY,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

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## Treasurer's Report

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### GENERAL ACCOUNT 1923-1924

#### RECEIPTS

Balance in Bank, November, 1923.....	\$285.34
Members' Fees.....	86.00
Monthly Teas.....	29.55
Sale of Transactions.....	3.60
Donation from Miss Mickle.....	1.60

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\$406.09

#### EXPENDITURE

Printing Transactions.....	\$211.00
Printing, postcards, etc.....	50.48
Postage.....	9.60
Wreath.....	5.00
Sherbourne House Teas.....	8.00
Women's Art Tea.....	8.00
Women's Art, Rent.....	12.00
Fees, Canadian Historical Society.....	5.00
Transfer.....	1.60

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\$310.68

Balance in Bank, April, 1924.....

95.41

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\$406.09

# MEMORIAL FUND ACCOUNT 1923-1924

## RECEIPTS

Balance in Bank, November, 1923.....	\$271.84
Interest on Bonds and Loans.....	44.99
Donations.....	63.10
	<hr/>
	\$379.93

## EXPENDITURE

Rent for Safety Box.....	\$3.00
	<hr/>
Balance, Cash in Bank, April 24, 1924.....	\$376.93
	<hr/>
	\$379.93

## SECURITIES

War Loans and Victory Bonds at $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ .....	\$7,300.00
War Loans and Victory Bonds at $5\%$ .....	600.00
Canada Permanent at $5\%$ .....	1,100.00
	<hr/>
	\$9,000.00
Cash, Balance in Bank as above.....	376.93
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Total Cash and Securities.....	\$9,376.93

JEAN PARKS, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct.

L. D. STUPART, *Auditor.*

## Transaction No. 24

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### Notes on the Founding of Christ Church, Campbellford by Miss Hilda Bonnycastle

The Township of Seymour was settled largely by families of English, Irish and Scotch descent. Many of these early settlers were retired officers of the British Army and Navy, who had spent many years in the service and defence of their country, in the old land and in Canada; and to these pioneers of the forest we owe many privileges now enjoyed. Capt. Masson Col. Raynes, Capt. Le Vesconte, Capt. McIntosh, Capt. Shea, Capt. Macdonald (father of the late Judge Macdonald of Guelph and grandfather of Dr. A. A. Macdonald of Toronto) and Capt. Cassan an account of whose coming to Canada in 1834 appeared in Transaction No. 22 of this Society, were some of these remembered names.

Among them many belonged to the Anglican faith, but at first for many years they had no church and no resident clergyman of any denomination among them, only occasional visits from travelling missionaries; and many responsibilities devolved upon the shoulders of these early settlers in the bush; such as the religious instruction of their children, as well as their education for there were no schools either for many years.

In the diary of Capt. M. S. Cassan we read his account of having been called upon to bury the dead, and even of having been called in where the services of a doctor were necessary.<sup>1</sup>

In 1835 we have the earliest known account of religious services in Seymour, and the first mention of a proposed Anglican Church in that region. In that year travelling missionaries were sent out by the Bishop (Bishop Jacob Mountain) to visit the scattered flocks in the unorganized districts.

From the Rev. Mr. Harpur's reports published by Rev. J. Pickford of Brighton in the Canadian Churchman of October 23rd, 1924, we read—

"Of his visit to Seymour on the 7th of June, 1835, he says: "On the Sunday following I assisted the Rev. Mr. Cochran in the performance of divine service in the Church at Belleville, and on Monday after having been detained for some hours in endeavouring to procure a horse, my own having got injured on the back by the saddle, I set out about noon, in company with Mr. Birdsall, Government Surveyor, to whom I am much indebted for a great deal of useful information respecting this portion of my mission; and I reached Rawdon Mills early in the evening. The next day I proceeded to the township of Seymour, which township, though not within the limits of the Midland District, I have been directed by the Lord Bishop to visit occasionally. From Major Campbell I met with the most kind and encouraging reception, and learned that the inhabitants of

the township are particularly desirous of having a clergyman resident among them, and to whose maintenance they would willingly contribute. They have also held the building of a church, or rather, I should say, churches in contemplation; but owing to some little disagreement about the proposed site, they have never yet been able to carry their measures into effect." Mr. Harpur again visited Seymour in August, preaching on the 11th of that month, Tuesday, in a barn in the fifth concession of Murray (that would be in or near the Village of Wooler) reaching Seymour the following Sunday. He officiated in the morning in a barn near Major Campbell's, and in the afternoon on the other side of the river "in the upper chamber of a grist mill belonging to Mr. Ramsay."<sup>2</sup> On this occasion he informs us that a Mr. John Tice kindly acted as clerk both morning and afternoon. On the 23rd Mr. Harpur, who at that time was in deacon's orders, exchanged with Mr. Givens of the Mohawk Reserve for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He records that there were twenty-four communicants. Seymour was again visited in September, when he found that they had decided to build two churches, one on either side of the river and that the sum of £30 per annum for three years had been subscribed towards the support of a resident clergyman. These expectations were apparently not fulfilled as Seymour continues on the list of Dr. Bethune's "distant stations" as late as the year 1849."

The optimistic reference to the "churches in contemplation," mentioned by the missionary were not fulfilled for many years. The difficulty of choice between the two sites offered contributing to the delay; and the place did not grow as rapidly as those whose hopes were founded upon an early construction of the canal had anticipated, so later it was found that one church was sufficient for the town.

In the meantime we have some slight knowledge of the conditions of religious life in the settlement which the missionaries continued to visit. Several places are mentioned where, more or less regularly, divine services were held. Many families of the Anglican faith had settled in what was called "The English Line." They brought some old English customs with them, for on Christmas Eve, some of them, the Hurd family and the Grills especially, used to drive to the homes of their neighbors singing Christmas Carols. A settler might be in bed and wakened by the singers, but the kindly custom was to rise and invite them in to have something to eat. By the "Line" the home of Capt. Le Vesconte was used for the purpose of divine service. Children were baptized there and confirmation services held. In the absence of a clergyman Mrs. Le Vesconte read the services herself and a Sunday School was held for the children. When the services were over Mrs. Le Vesconte would attend to the ailments of her congregation from her medicine chest. This medicine chest remained in the family until the breaking up of the home in 1918.<sup>3</sup>

Day children also went to this home for instruction during the week, before the building of the School House on the English Line in 1849.<sup>4</sup>

An old-timer recalls being taught as a boy by Miss Rose Le Vesconte, who became Mrs. McCauley, wife of the famous divine at Picton. Another Miss Le Vesconte became Mrs. Wills of Belleville, mother of Judge Wills. The old-timer before mentioned also recalls being confirmed by Bishop Strachan, when he went to his confirmation in his bare feet.

On the erection of the Schoolhouse divine services were held there.

A Building known as Tom Hall's School House on the east side of the river was also used for services. This house was on, or near, the farm now owned by the Walkinshaw family.

Services were also held in a log building owned by Mr. Boland, who kept the Post Office at "The Patch", known later as the old cricket grounds, now known as the Bowling Green, near the present site of the Pulp Mills at Ranney's Falls.

A room over John Gibbs' store was sometimes used and also the sitting-room of Mr. Willman's Hotel was on Sundays, chiefly Sunday afternoon, set aside for the purpose of worship. Mrs. Willman was very hospitable, and the children were given a piece of cake<sup>s</sup> before returning on their homeward journey—often a distance of several miles. Services were also held at Meyersburg and the surrounding country, where the settlers were almost all English Church families, in earlier days. Before long a Methodist Church was built and many families joined that body.

This gives some idea of the struggles toward higher things of this infant community, out of which slowly emerged the town of Campbellford, so named after Major Campbell, Government land agent, a brother of Col. Campbell; the "ford" or ferry opposite his house was in early days the only means of crossing the river, later a bridge was built across the Trent river connecting Seymour West with Seymour East. This took the place of the ferry, which had long served the purpose. At this time Campbellford is described as being "a few log cabins surrounded by forest and called Seymour Bridge, or "The Bridge" only.

A little later, in 1850, Prof. John Macoun writes "At this time most of the land in Seymour West was bush and the roads little better than paths. One thing was creditable to the settlers, they were all willing to help each other, and "Bees" were the regular way of helping a farmer in distress. These early settlers made Canada! I do not remember an idle man, all worked, and although the pay was poor and the returns very often scarcely anything, I do not remember a dissatisfied man."

During the forties the Rev. Mr. Bowers then living at Cobourg, was visiting Clergyman to the Township of Seymour and held services in the several localities above mentioned. But these religious services, irregularly held, could not take the place of a resident clergyman or a church home. An extract from the Diary of Capt. M. S. Cassan shows this. "On the Atlantic Ocean on board *The Lady Franklin* June 13th, 1852— 'One of the passengers, a Scotch young man in this state-room is reading the Bible alone. To the credit of the Scotch people be it spoken

I have always found them a religious people and well conducted, and their clergy pay great attention to their flocks' instruction in their religious duties. I wish I could say the same of our Protestant clergy, the Missionary ministers now in the wilderness of Canada. Too many of them forget their duty and neglect their calling; too many ill become the holy office they have undertaken, and the neglect of such members seriously injures our protestant established church and many sheep have strayed from the fold, owing to the carelessness of the shepherd . . . to watch over them. This I know to be a fact in my own Township of Seymour, the Methodist Missionaries are gaining ground fast in the Canadian forests and I am not surprised.' "

The writer of the diary was the son of Rev. Joseph Cassan of Ireland, and had been brought up by a religious father, and the above only speaks the anxiety that harboured in the breast of many an Anglican early settler who saw the church losing ground, and its members joining other denominations.

Old-timers tell us to-day, that upon the English Line where nearly all the families were originally of Anglican faith, there was no one to hold the people; the Methodists built a church in that locality and most of the families attended and became Methodists. There are eight Methodist churches to-day in the Township of Seymour, and one English Church, namely Christ Church, Campbellford.

The Rev. Mr. Bowers later left Cobourg and moved to Seymour, becoming the first resident Anglican clergyman in the Township. He resided in a log house provided by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bonnycastle, south of and across the road from their own residence<sup>6</sup> in Seymour West. It was a very commodious house for those days, being 36×42 feet, containing a hall and four rooms with closets on the ground-floor, and an upstairs. It had a verandah or stoop in front and a large French window at the back. It was surrounded by a grove of acacia trees and was called "The Acacias." It was built as a wedding present for Eleanor Rowed upon her marriage to Capt. Henry Bonnycastle, after the close of the Rebellion of 1837 in which he served under his father, Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle.<sup>7</sup>

It was sometimes called "Bridal Lodge" on account of its being the first house of so many brides in early days. Besides Mrs. Bonnycastle, Mrs. Bowers came as a bride, and in later years it was the first home of Mr. and Mrs. Cyprian Caddy. Cyprian Caddy was the provincial land-surveyor who surveyed or laid out Campbellford; Frank St. being named from their son who was born in the log house mentioned above to which another Capt. R. H. Bonnycastle brought his bride in 1869, and which was occupied until 1876.

Mr. Bowers went from here to his several places of worship chiefly on horseback, or was sometimes driven to them by the neighbors.



Rowed Homestead built by Henry Rowed, opposite the church and rectory. Henry Rowed and his wife deeded 12 acres to the church. House now used as a hospital.



The Acacias or "Bridal Lodge" from the rear.  
Note old well in foreground.



The desire for a church of their own had never ceased, and at last the faithful workers were in a position to attain their object. One of the retired military men who settled in Seymour was a Capt. John Tice, who with his family did a great deal towards starting the church. He took up a grant of several hundred acres from the Government; building the first house on the hill, the present site of the rectory. It was a good frame house which his family occupied for some years.

In 1834 the Rowed family came to Canada, including Mrs. Rowed, widow of a naval officer, two sons and several daughters, and took up land in Seymour west. They seem to have proved the deciding factor in building the church—for we find that while Mr. Bowers was occupying the log house placed at the disposal of the first resident clergyman, other members of the Rowed family were preparing a permanent residence for the clergyman.

Some of the Tice property became the property of members of the Rowed family—one of whom, Mrs. Carlow, built the large stone house on the river road which she occupied for many years—and later sold to Mr. Charles Buller. It was known for long years as the Buller Homestead and was a landmark in the township.

Bishop Strachan wisely desired that the new establishment should be put on a permanent footing, not only was a church to be built but “the congregation have been called upon by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese to provide the Missionary with a residence and to contribute fifty pounds annually to his maintenance”; and as the lesser proposition, the rectory was first provided.

As early as 1835 there was some difficulty as to the choice of a site for the church; Major Campbell had offered land for the purpose on the east side of the river, the site upon which the Roman Catholic Church was afterwards built; but the offer of twelve acres and a house from the Rowed family meant so much more, that it was accepted in preference; thus was settled the long-contemplated problem—the site of Campbellford Church.

In 1851 the land, which was bush, was with much difficulty surveyed for a rectory and glebe.

The lines were run and a brush fence made around three sides, the road allowance making the fourth. Five years later it was properly surveyed and added to the church. It comprised twelve acres, deeded to the Bishop of the Diocese “and to his successors forever” for the use of the church by Henry Rowed and “Kate his wife” who “in further consideration of the sum of five shillings of lawful money of Canada to her by the said Lord Bishop of Toronto in hand paid hath released, remitted and forever relinquished her dower in the premises with him the said John Lord Bishop of Toronto” etc. The house which stood upon the land was a gift to the Church by Henry Rowed’s sister Mrs. Carlow.

By the deed one acre and a half out of the twelve, is excepted and reserved "to be held in trust forever as a site for the use of the said Church now erected thereon and for a burial ground in connection therewith according to the rites and customs of said church and for no other use or purpose whatsoever."

The land conveyed was part of Lot No. 10 in the seventh concession of the Township of Seymour. The deed was duly registered in March 1855, and is now in the Registry Office for the east riding of Northumberland Co.

The Rev. John Samuel Clarke, missionary of Seymour and Percy from 1853-1856, was the first clergyman to occupy the "Parsonage". It was during his incumbency the church was built. Before its erection services were held in the school house on the English Line.

That the parson of that day was not "passing rich" on fifty pounds a year we have evidence in the following incident—When Capt. Cassan (an extract from whose diary is given above) was in Ireland in 1852, his uncle, Capt. Elsmere, died, and his aunt gave him a large number of books for children, as well as his uncle's well-supplied wardrobe, which did not prove suitable for the backwoods. Included in the latter was a handsome frock-coat, which Mrs. Cassan decided to give to the Clergyman. She walked a distance of about five miles to the rectory, with her daughter Charlotte (Mrs. R. H. Bonnycastle) who as a little girl carried the bundle, containing the coat. "I have taken the liberty of bringing you this coat, Mr. Clarke, if you are not too proud to wear it," Mrs. Cassan said. "Proud! What have I to be proud of?" he said, raising two arms and showing very worn sleeves. He gratefully accepted the coat and wore it.

This was in 1854 and Mrs. Bonnycastle recalls picking their steps over the rough stones used in building the church, the roof of which was then on.

Church building in pioneer times and among a willing people has much the same history. The new church was to be of stone and it was reckoned would "cost between four and five hundred pounds," about three hundred of which had already been subscribed. Mr. George Ranney, the mill-owner, gave all the lumber used in building the church and Mrs. Carlow gave the timber and contributed fifty pounds towards the erection of the church, thus proving herself a great benefactress. She also gave a private gift of land to Mr. Clarke, the first rector. The settlers sent their teams and hired men, or went themselves and hauled the material needed for building, the stone, sand and lime for plaster, etc. The church was opened for worship in November, 1853.

The united efforts of these and other early settlers resulted in the building of the beautiful little church which has ever since been considered one of the prettiest churches in the Diocese outside the city of Toronto.

Help was also solicited from the Mother Church of Ireland. Miss Emily Cooke, a grand-daughter of Captain John Tice, still preserves a memorandum of monies received through her aunt, Mrs. George Tice, from her friends in Waterford, Ireland, for helping to build Christ Church. This list of subscribers may be incomplete but from it we find that about thirteen pounds sterling was raised the Bishop of Cashel and Waterford who sponsored it, giving three pounds. The collection was made on the certificate of Mr. Clarke, "missionary of Seymour West, Canada West," who writes thus of his congregation:—"Situated in the backwoods of the interior of Canada West, and depending on their agricultural labours (in a comparatively new settlement) for their livelihood, they are far from being competent to fulfil unaided their long cherished object; and therefore having first contributed to the utmost of their ability towards the promotion of their design they now appeal to benevolent friends of our church in Ireland," etc., etc.

The following heads of families were among the first attending Christ Church in 1854:

John Atkinson	Wm. Free
John Acheson	Thomas Free
James Archer	Hugh Gibb*
Gilbert Bedford	Wm. Ivey
Henry Bonnycastle	Thomas Little
Robt. P. Boucher	James Le Vesconte
Mr. Bennett	Frederick Macoun
Major Campbell	John Odell
Robt. Cockburn	Wm. Ogilvie*
Daniel Curling	George W. Ranney
Mrs. Carlow	Henry Rowed
Capt. M. S. Cassan	Thomas Rendle
Dr. Denmark	Edward Tildesly
Alex. Denmark	Mrs. Taylor
Wm. Dunk	Capt. John Tice
Alonzo Dunk	Capt. George Tice
Abraham Free	Wm. Varcoe <sup>8</sup>

\*Mr. Gibb and Mr. Ogilvie belonged to the Scotch Church but their nearest being at Burnbrae, they attended the English Church.

Two items from the day book of Alfred Rendle may be of interest. "Nov. 9th, 1854, Received from Mr. H. Rowed, church-warden, for strapping walls of church and altering door, £20.

"Aug. 16th, 1855, Plastering the church, John Forbes (£13.10s.)."

In 1856 Mr. Clarke left and until Feb. 1858 the parish was without a resident clergyman, during which time occasional visits were paid by visiting clergymen, one of whom was the Rev. Charles Ruttan.

The next incumbent, Rev. F. G. S. Groves, remained for ten years till 1868. In 1861 the church being freed from debt was consecrated by

Bishop Strachan. The gallery was added, and to help to defray the expense of some interior furnishings Mrs. Groves solicited help from her friends in England. Mr. Groves held services at Warkworth in Percy Township and fortnightly in the School-house on the English Line, leaving his horse at the Varcoes and walking to the school.

1868-1875. Rev. Jonas Stamer Baker followed Mr. Groves. The old frame-house was burned down and the present Rectory built in 1871, the rector defraying a good deal of the expense of building. He married Grace, daughter of Henry Rowed, and they were the first to occupy the house.

1875-1883. The Rev. Ralph Hinds succeeded Mr. Baker. During his day the chancel was added to the church. The burial ground of the church, which had been in use for over twenty years, was condemned for that purpose owing to the dampness of the soil, and the new cemetery<sup>9</sup> on the hill was added to the church in consequence and consecrated.

Rev. Thaddeous Walker was rector from 1885-91. During his pastorate more land was added to the new cemetery, and the school-house on Rear St. was bought by the church with a legacy bequeathed to it by Mr. Robert Cockburn. This was intended to serve as a site for a Parish Hall and had originally been a Bible-Christian place of worship. The rectory was also enlarged and improved. Sunday afternoon services were held by Mr. Walker at Warkworth, and at times these services were taken by Mr. Jupp, who lived at the rectory.

1891-1901. The Rev. W. E. Cooper was rector during this period and many improvements were added to the church, as stained glass memorial windows and furnishings. The services at Warkworth were discontinued. Mr. Cooper endeavoured to re-establish the holding of services on the English Line, and for some time they were held on Sunday afternoons in the School House. But they had been so long discontinued and the Methodist Church was so well established that the trustees objected to the School House being used for the purpose.

Mr. Cooper devoted much time to the instruction of the young people, and for many years after his departure it was a recognized fact that those trained by him were among the best workers in the church.

1901-1911. The Rev. A. J. Reid followed Mr. Cooper and was rector of Christ Church for ten years. He edited the Parish Monthly Magazine, which was full of interesting accounts of improvements to the church, rectory and grounds and of other activities. During his pastorate, the Jubilee of the 50th anniversary of the church was held in 1904, in which year the pipe organ and the organ loft were added to the church's equipment.

The more recent history of the little church is known to all Campbellford and needs not to be recounted.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>Extract from Capt. Cassan's Diary—during one of his visits to Ireland—"It did not take me long to settle my affairs, and I think I remained six weeks at my mother's in my native village. I must not forget the happy weeks at Ballykelcavan with Sir Edward Walsh (a relative) and his brother with whom the Revds. McGrath and Mears used frequently to dine. My stories of Canadian bush life, made them roar with laughter, especially when I told them how I acted as accoucheur, made coffins, buried the dead, and read funeral services over my neighbour's children. I had a pleasant time with Sir Edward, and when I went to bid him farewell he handed me a letter of introduction from the Earl of Derby to Lord Metcalfe the then Governor-General of Canada; (Gov.-Gen. from Mch 1843-Nov. 1845) and in shaking hands with him he placed a £20 bank note in my hand. . . . Before my return to Canada the Rev. Mr. Johnson sent me a box of school books, bibles and prayer-books to take out to Mrs. C. for our children. These were duly appreciated and most useful to my wife in her endeavor to educate the "babes in the wood".

<sup>2</sup>Mr. Ranney owned the mill here mentioned opposite the site of the town power house; in which services were often held in early days. In later years he owned the mills at Ranney's Falls which as well as Ranney St., Campbellford, were named after him. The name Ramsay's Mills is not known in Campbellford.

Note from Capt. Cassan's diary, Feb. 8, 1850, "Sold to Mr. George Ranney grist mill and turning lathe—for a horse, bridle and saddie. £3 17s. 9d. Cash for John Gilcrist and as much sawn lumber as will build a frame barn 30×50, and to be delivered on or before the 15th day of November 1850 at Robert Beatty's farm on the bank."

The grist mill and turning lathe were some of the numerous stock brought to Canada by Capt. Cassan in anticipation of the life in the backwoods.

<sup>3</sup>Mrs. Le Vesconte not only took the services and gave out medicines from her famous mahogany chest, but kept many of the congregation to dinner.

<sup>4</sup>Transactions No. 22, page 29, gives an account of the securing of this school to the district by Mrs. Cassan.

<sup>5</sup>Miss Bonnycastle writes, "I spent some time recently with the bare-footed candidate now over 80; and an aged lady over 90, who received the cake from Mrs. Millman and attended services in all the places mentioned."

<sup>6</sup>The old house had many occupants after my grand-parents left it sometime in the forties. Relatives and friends lived there, rent was never thought of and my grandfather often did legal business for the neighbours free of charge. Maids could be secured for three or four dollars a month and there was no shortage of help in early days.

<sup>7</sup>Sir Richard Bonnycastle, R.E., served in the war of 1812 and was knighted for services in connection with the defence of Kingston in 1837,

and later held the position of Commanding Royal Engineer in Newfoundland. He lived for some time in Toronto, two of the books he wrote were—"Canada As it was, is, and may be," and "Canada and the Canadians in 1846."

<sup>8</sup>Miss Bonnycastle writes, "An old clipping, 20 years old gave me the names of heads of families attending the church in 1854; but I recalled my father and Mr. Rowed discussing the incorrectness of the list then published in our local newspaper and I am able to send you a revised and more correct list."

Of her work in preparing this paper Miss Bonnycastle writes, "I have gathered it bit by bit, thread by thread from many sources. The pioneer families have many of them moved away, but I have corresponded with their descendants and relatives, and many recent letters confirm the data I sent you directly from those who knew. I have kept notes for years on local things, diaries helped me out. My mother remembered much and an old scrap-book she had made was invaluable".

<sup>9</sup>This new cemetery was also the gift of Henry Rowed.

These munificent gifts entrusted to the church through the sacrifices of former members should lead to its becoming one of the strongest parishes in the diocese.

# Canada in 1834

## Recollections of Mrs. Rothwell taken down by her daughter Mrs. Edward Leigh

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We came out in the *Russell Baldwin*, a fine sailing vessel (there were no steamers in those days), to New York. Our party consisted of your father, your uncle Rothwell Garnett, myself and son, sixteen months old, and the servants, Robin Hanly, Nicky and Johnnie Dunn; the latter was only a boy and used to take care of the child. Bess Armstrong and her family were also on board. New York surprised me. One little incident I can never forget, that of the woman of the hotel taking me into a room to see her *works*, which were patchwork quilts, one for every day in the year—I expected to see books, of course.

We went by boat, first on the river and then canals within fourteen miles of Niagara, when we hired a conveyance which took us to the ferry. There was nothing then in which to cross the Niagara river but a small open boat. "Let us not all be lost together" was my advice, so we first sent over your uncle with the child and money, several hundred pounds, and then we went across. A black man with a light wagon met us, into which he put the few trunks we had with us. (Robin and Nicky were in charge of the heavy luggage.) I got in and sat on top of them, until we came within sight of the Hotel, when my Old Country pride got the better of me and your father helped me out, and we walked the rest of the way—I should not be so foolish now—"not at seventy-seven, Mother"). I remained at the Clifton House while your father went in an "Extra" to Jack Radcliffs, about eight miles away. He told them to send my dinner upstairs. Of course, I could not go to the public table. I waited and waited, but no dinner appeared, so I rang, and after repeated efforts the man came. I asked him to bring me something, but when it came it was in such an uncomfortable way that I sent for the proprietor of the house and told him as we paid for the best I required it; in a short time a sumptuous dinner came up, and with it a waiter, who was so *polite* that he evidently thought it a rudeness to allow me to eat it in silence, for he took a seat on the sofa and talked to me. The Hotel was owned by Gen. Murray<sup>1</sup> and rented to the other person;<sup>2</sup> it seemed more like home than I expected, when Gen. Murray drove up in his curricle, with his wife and a servant behind, to call upon me. Then your father returned with Jack Radcliff and we formed a good-sized party in the sitting-room. We had wine, too, (your father bought all his stores of wine and other things from Mr. Alma of Niagara to take up the country). Some strangers came in and sat

down, and Gen. Murray got up and said in the most dignified way, "This is a private apartment," whereupon they left.

I went to the Radcliff's and remained for five weeks with them, while your father went up the country with the heavy luggage and the two men, leaving Johnnie Dunn with me to mind the child, which was very ill part of the time. He selected a farm in the County of Oxford close to the village named Ingersoll, after a Col. Ingersoll who had died of cholera two years before. There was a small log house upon it, inhabited by a family named Warrington. Leaving the men and things at the little hotel, with instructions that they were to begin chopping a fallow at once as it was nearly the end of August, he returned back to Toronto, or Little York, to get the deeds and pay for the land: the deeds from Mr. McCutcheon (the Hon. Peter). The quantity was eight hundred acres, for which he paid a pound an acre in ready money.

He joined me at Jack Radcliff's and prepared a comfortable wagon with two spring seats, the front for himself and your uncle, Rothwell Garnett, the other for the child and myself, and Johnnie Dunn sat behind on the trunks. They made an awning over the whole with coarse linen sheets stretched over saplings, and we were very comfortable: getting on to Hamilton that night, and to Ingersoll the next day, finding the road fenced in on either side, and surprisingly good farm houses here and there. The men were in the wood chopping, and as it was not late we left the horses at the hotel, and went to meet them—your uncle carrying the child. We had to cross the river at a very shallow ford, and your father carried me across. I was very small and slight then, with wonderfully high spirits and determined, altho' I had opposed coming to Canada, now that I was in it, to make the best of everything, and not sit down and *growl*.

We stayed a fortnight at the hotel, until the Warrington's moved out, and then we took possession of our log house; having commenced already getting out timber for the new house, in which you were born; a man named Henderson built it. There were two small houses joined together by a little passage, and not having a stable, the horses and goat had to occupy the smallest, so that when we sat at table we could see them swishing about their tails sometimes, which highly amused me; although it horrified my Mother when she had my account of it in a letter. We had a large fireplace with a crane to hang the pots and kettles on. I had slept on a hair mattress on the floor the first night, and then they put up the mahogany bedstead for me, and one iron one for your uncle, and I got Henderson to make clothes horses upon which I pinned sheets to serve as screens. Your uncle, when we had been there some time and after the stable had been built and the place thoroughly cleaned, planed boards and floored it and put them round the room. I called it my *deal box*, we dined in it first on Christmas day. I then unpacked such things as were necessary to make it comfortable. We had the oval mahogany

table that belonged to your grandfather, Hugh Rothwell, at Trinity College, Dublin, when he was a young man; half a dozen mahogany chairs, which fitted into a case; your father's desk, also of mahogany with drawers below it; I had shelves put up in each recess beside the chimney to form little side tables (those were delightful times when you could bore a hole with an auger and put in a couple of pegs and make a shelf wherever you wanted one), so together with the dark brown curtains of linen and woollen which you remember afterwards at "The Glebe" my *deal box* looked cosy enough. When Bess Armstrong came to see us on her way back to Ireland, she exclaimed at the appearance of comfort, and said she had never taken even the trouble of unpacking her things, she was so disappointed with the country. I was not so, however, it was better on the whole than I expected, and it did no good and gave me a homelike feeling to try and make the room look pretty.

I was for \_\_\_\_\_ without a female servant and Johnnie was invaluable, the men went out to chop the first thing in the morning, and as the cholera was hardly out of the country, I thought it bad for them to go without eating; so every night I prepared either broth, or rice milk very thick, and left it in the "digester," where it cooked and was ready for them; in the morning I got up and handed it out to them before they started. Then we got up and breakfasted, after which they came in, and we went out, either to ramble about or sit on logs until they had done; when they went out we would find everything washed up and put away and the floor swept as neatly as possible. I could not get a woman to wash, so tried to do some of the child's clothes while your father was away in the woods for fear he should see me. Johnnie was my confidant, and used to put the things out at night to dry and take them in before anyone was up in the morning; then I ironed them by snatches, and the good boy brought down a tray-full of the plain things, which he had ironed all by himself up in the loft on one of the men's chests.

One day before we moved out to the farm, I wanted to go there and your uncle took me up behind him on the horse to ford the river, there was no bridge then. After that they felled a tree across one place. Just as we reached the opposite bank the horse put its hind foot into a hole, and I quickly slipped off over its tail into all the mud; half afraid it might kick and yet so amused that I laughed most heartily. Your father was there, too, so I retreated to the bush, high cranberry bushes, I recollect well, and after taking off my wet clothes, put on his coat, until Rothwell galloped to the Hotel for dry things. I was greatly afraid of being seen, but your father said there was no one there to see me. They always had a laugh against me for my ducking. I who used to be such a rider in the Old Country; however it would not have happened if I had been on a saddle.

I used often to ride over to the village after we moved: one day they brought out a chair. I asked what it was for, and was surprised to

hear it was to *help* me to mount. They had never seen anyone able to spring into the saddle. It made me laugh—indeed I was always laughing at the curious ideas and ways of the country—but it was better than crying.

Lt.-Gen. John Murray was at this date a large property owner at Niagara Falls. He came of a distinguished Scotch family and was at one time Civil and Military Governor of Demerara, British Guiana. Interested in the sugar plantations when all slaves within the British Empire were freed, 1833, he received £100,000 indemnity from the Government. He was at St. Helena when Napoleon died in 1821, and from there brought a slip of the weeping willow trees which surrounded his tomb and planted it on his (now the Summer's) property at Niagara Falls. From this the willows so prominent in that region were propagated.

Murray owned much land near the Falls. He did not own the Clifton House, but was part owner of the Pavilion Hotel, an equally large house, later destroyed by fire, and the property Barnett's Museum stood on belonged to him; his name appearing over 30 times in an old map of "The City of the Falls" in the early eighteen-thirties.

It is not known when he came to Canada. He left in 1837 to educate his family in Europe and died in Paris in 1841, aged 62 years. Later his widow returned to Drummondville where a grand-daughter still lives.

Harmanns Crysler in 1826 built and conducted the original Clifton House; also the Prospect House on Main Street, and at one time ran the Pavilion Hotel. He owned much of the site of the town of Clifton, and his fine stone residence, "Hunter's Lodge," is still in possession of his family. He died in 1884.

I am indebted to Mr. R. W. Geary, President of Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and to Gen. Murray's grand-daughter, Mrs. Wynn, for the above information, very little being known of Gen. Murray.

Some Incidents in Mrs. Rothwell's Life, by her grand-  
daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron

## Prefatory Note

The Rev. John Rothwell married Elizabeth Garnett. He at first studied medicine, but after obtaining his degree, changed to the church, studying at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was ordained. He had a living in Ireland, but gave it up to come out here as a missionary. He took up land near Ingersoll and Woodstock. Here he labored without a stipend and suffered many hardships, provisions being brought in twice a year over 60 miles of corduroy roads.

He died in Kingston in or about 1865 and is buried at Ingersoll. Mrs. Rothwell died December 1891, aged 93 years, and is also buried in Ingersoll.

Mrs. Rothwell had as an heirloom a ring, "the Alicia Elizabeth ring" which descended from mother to daughter, and often lent this to Mr. Rothwell to marry people with. Many brides temporarily received it, until one acquisitive maiden thought it went with the ceremony and was with difficulty persuaded to give it up. After which Mrs. Rothwell decided to lend it no longer. This ring is now in the possession of Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron the sixth owner. It was re-set about 50 years ago which seemed to break the charm, as Mrs. Cameron has no daughter.

While Mrs. Rothwell was still at her first home, near what is now Ingersoll, she allowed a young maid to go and visit her home which was some distance away across part of the forest. The girl wished to take the baby with her as she was very fond of him, so Mrs. Rothwell consented, merely advising her to hurry back, as the leaves had fallen thickly in the woods, obscuring in some places the paths.

However, when the time came for her return, she soon lost her way, and shouting and screaming for aid till her voice was gone, she wandered on until, exhausted and terrified at the thought of the wolves and bears which infested the woods, sank at the foot of a large tree, and taking off her shoe, rapped the heel against the tree to attract the attention of the searchers she knew would be sent out after her.

When darkness fell, and the maid and the precious baby did not return, Mrs. Rothwell became seriously alarmed, so after waiting a short while, Mr. Rothwell, his brother, and every available man set forth on the search. At last after many hours, one man thought he heard a faint tapping, so they went towards the sound, to find the poor worn-out faithful girl, voiceless, and shivering at the foot of the great tree. She had gradually taken off nearly all her own warm clothing in which to wrap the child, to keep him from getting cold, and he was sleeping peacefully, warm and uninjured.

My mother was one of the younger children, and she has often told me of how they used to hear the wolves howling round the place at night, and how her father and his helpers used to get up and go out with guns to shoot them and the bears who were prowling round to get at the stock. They did get them too, sometimes.

My grandmother's stock of furniture was, of necessity, none too plentiful, and upon the approach of some anniversary, she was carefully excluded from my grandfather's room until the eventful day arrived, when she was proudly ushered in and presented with several chairs and a table he and his brother had made in their leisure hours for her. I asked her if she never got sufficiently curious to peep through the keyhole, which idea she indignantly repudiated!

One day, as was not unusual, a tramp applied for assistance. He was given a good meal, and as it was getting late, a blanket and a comfortable place in the hayloft were given him for the night. Next morning one of the men came to tell Mr. Rothwell that the man was still there and appeared to be very ill. Mr. Rothwell who had studied medicine for years before entering the church, went at once to see him and ascertained that the man was suffering from black typhus. He moved him to one of the single men's rooms above a stable while the man went elsewhere, and there he attended him for a long time, giving him the same kind care he would have bestowed on one of his own family. His food, etc., was placed in the yard at certain times, where Mr. Rothwell would go to fetch it, as he would not allow anyone but himself to come in contact with the patient. He changed his clothes and took every precaution before mixing with others, so none of his family took it. Still it was a risk when one considers he had a wife and five small children. The tramp recovered, and went his way, a very grateful man.

My mother as a very little girl was often sent by her mother to carry little delicacies to any sick Indian woman. The Indians were good neighbours, and welcomed the little girl. She was very much taken with the way they strapped the papooses in their birch bark holders and hung them up on the branch of a tree when the mother was tired or busy. About 1846 Mr. Rothwell moved to Amherst Island.

## Letters to Mrs. Rothwell from Rev. Philip Harding giving some account of his Mission at Apsley

We have a glimpse of Mrs. Rothwell in her later years, which shows that even in old age her ardent spirit had not failed; with enfeebled strength she was still eager to do things. Her correspondent, the Rev. Philip Harding, writes from Apsley, Ont. He had evidently lately returned from Toronto, where he had pleaded the cause of his mission which Mrs. Rothwell had promised to help, if possible.

His letter, which is dated "Apsley, June 23rd, 1880," is continued thus:

July 2nd—This is the third attempt I have made to complete my letter, very frequently thinking of you and feeling that you will think me unkind and wanting in courtesy in not having sent it sooner. Since I began a couple came to me to be married, walking six miles through the bush, and then taking a wagon for 12 or 14 miles. They are from a place in the diocese of Ontario, are Presbyterians, and seemed to have so poor an idea of the solemnity of Holy Matrimony that they wished me to marry them in a tavern! I could not do that and the church close by.

Another thing has occupied my mind very much and my time considerably; one of those things unfortunately too frequent in the bush—a family burnt out. They are quite respectable people, they lost a child—a nice bright little girl last March, one I baptized about 2 years ago—and the mother has been very sad and dejected ever since. The father was going to work about a week ago and thought the mother had better go with him, as the children would all be at school and stay at a neighbour's till he came back. Their nearest neighbour is more than a mile away. When they returned everything was burnt, all their clothing except what they had on. Their provisions, including about 100 lbs. of maple sugar, their own making, two feather beds, a good assortment of carpenter's tools, stove, clock, furniture, and they had taken care (as they thought) to put the fire quite out before leaving. Poor things, I went to see them. A relation had given them a home. What faith it requires to believe that *all* things work together for good to them that love God, yet it is so. O that we might know the love of Christ which *passeth knowledge* and so realize the almost awful context "be filled with all the fulness of God."

I was glad to find so many in Toronto like-minded with yourself, in a wish to be useful to the church, and thankful all must be who know you that God graciously preserves your intellect clear and gives you many mercies (now in your 85th year).

I have but 4 stated congregations, three of them are small, but almost wholly of church people; the other is larger but with *one* exception (so far as I know) all dissenters. There are three other places I must visit, as soon as possible, but they are too far away for Sunday services and I must try week-days.

The original, must I call it the Parish Church, was built by funds supplied through the late Capt. Hall, R.N. of Clifton sent to his son here, who was in difficulties and misappropriated a large part, so that the church got no further than a mere shell. About the time I was stationed here by the late Bishop (Bethune)\*as lay reader, it was floored and seated and a pulpit put in; but the walls are not plastered neither is the ceiling, but both are covered with a thick brown paper, which shakes and breaks loose with the wind, and frequently needs repairing.

The wood-work is all uncoloured, the chancel is a place railed off with a huge pulpit on one side, and a sort of sentry box on the other, which serves as a vestry. There is no chancel window, and the chancel so-called, is at the west end. There is no reading desk or font and is the most barn-like building that I ever saw called a church. It would take 60 stg to make it suitable as a house where "His Honor dwelleth," and that is altogether out of the reach of the congregation, so I only think of it as a sort of shadowy hope. A new church I have built  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the 1st, with plastered walls, arched roof, a neat chancel, with suitable window and communion table, pulpit, prayer-desk and font, churchy and well arranged; but we want the walls and woodwork stained and covers for the communion table (Mrs. Leigh your daughter gave me what makes two good fair white linen cloths), and we cannot do more at present. It has cost \$733.94 towards which I have collected some \$260.00 in cash, and the congregation and friends have given \$131.00 in work and materials, leaving some \$343.00 due; of which I have advanced about \$260.00 and am willing to give or forego \$200.00 of it. This is the best church congregation I have, nearly all old country people, attentive, devout, well-conducted and very poor. I went to one a few weeks ago taking a little supply, as I heard they had nothing. The wife told me the day before, Sunday, they had no dinner, and thought to go to bed without supper, but a neighbor sent them a loaf. She at once sent her husband (they have four children) to another house 2 miles away, with half the loaf, who, when he came back, said they had had no bread for a week and had lived on their seed potatoes and nettles! I did what I could to relieve them. These are all communicants, and the women are the only two in the congregation who have appreciated the Church's order, of "Thanksgiving of Women" or churching.

It is not uncommon for one family to borrow from another some article of clothing to go to church, so wearing it in turns; families frequently do so among themselves. In this church when the plate was handed round at the usual offertory very recently not a thing was put on it. I saw the distressed look of the churchwardens, I felt the sorrow of the people, I turned to the Holy Table, and held up the plate and besought Our Lord to look upon its emptiness, to pity our poverty and to supply all our need, according to the riches of his mercy. When I turned to the people I saw a look of enquiry and told them what I had done, lest they should think I had implied a reproach against them. They were visibly affected. Thank God, I have no cause to be ashamed of my regular people and am thankful to believe a good work is being done in His Name.

I have a congregation consisting largely of Church people 8 miles away from any church; meeting in a private house which many don't like. They will build a church if they can get \$100.00 to buy boards, nails, windows, etc. Indeed my wants are very large. I told the Bishop I wanted \$5000 for church purposes. One thing the poverty of my

Mission enables me abundantly to do—to give the friends of the Church an opportunity of proving that “it is more blessed to give than to receive”; and many do prove it. I almost begrudge them that blessing.”

Letter ends with fears that to copy his letter and send it to friends (as she had apparently promised to do) may prove too great a tax on her time and strength. With good wishes to his good friends Major and Mrs. Leigh, and is signed

PHILIP HARDING.

## Second Letter, 9 Months Later

Apsley, Mch. 30th, 1881.

My dear Mrs. Rothwell,

It gives me great pleasure to report to you the good effects which have followed the very kind interest you took in my Mission nearly a year ago.

It would seem as if a Merciful God, in requiring you to retire from all active work, even writing and suggesting, should give you proof of the blessing which has followed the efforts you so readily made when able. You will remember giving Mrs. Moody a copy of my letter which I wrote to you in answer to enquiries concerning this place. Mr. Moody on arrival in England, even while “so busy, unsettled, and tied down by large family cares,” at once took a very effective way to carry out your ideas. The letter or part of it was sent to Miss Barber, Crick Road, Oxford, editor of “The Net,” who wrote the kindest letter to me asking further information, which I furnished. I heard nothing more for some time. On 28th Feby I received four letters from England; this was so unusual that instead of going to my study to open them I called together my “Privy Council” to witness. One had a post-office charge of 6 cents for insufficient postage; on opening it I found 5/ in postage stamps for the use of my Mission. The second was from the same M. B. M. Clifton, who had discovered the error in postage and enclosed 1/ for the deficiency. The next was from Miss Claxton, West Pennard Vicarage, Glastonbury, with £10! The fourth from Miss Anderson of, or at Torquay with £15!! We looked at one another. I could not tell what to say; it was like a gasp of thankfulness.

Since then I have received 10/ from Miss Dickenson Ventnor, and \$10.00 from Miss Henderson, through that very good churchman, James Henderson of Toronto, also offers of clothing for my people and altar covers and other furniture for my churches. Then comes a very kind and considerate letter from Mr. Moody enclosing a cheque for \$10.00 and stating that Miss Barber has received “a nice little sum” for me but is not going to remit just yet as she hopes that more may come in. And now Major Leigh tells me he has sent the pamphlet containing my letter (yours really) to friends in England hoping they may help. What must I do? May I ask you to join in thanksgiving to our Gracious God and Saviour for His great blessing on all who are striving to further his work in whatever way in whatever part of the world \* \* \* Thus God has blessed your efforts” and the letter closes.





