

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.

SWIFTLY the years came and went, each bringing its own peculiar experiences. If trials and privations were abundant, causes for gratitude were not wanting. Light and shade alternated frequently. One day the sky 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

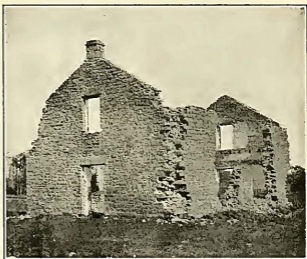
and the reproaches of the people wounded him deeply. At the height of the excitement he took sick and died in a few days. Even this sad dispensation failed to heal the breach. The congregation divided, one section building a church at Black's Corners, two miles away, and the other building at Franktown. 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 hurraed loudly. Just at that period the Beckwith delegation appeared in sight, having walked the whole way, Highland pipers playing the bagpipes at the head of the procession. Every man voted for Morris, electing him by a large majority. They placed him in a big 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, Wylie, 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, Sache, Alston, Frazer and Nichol were prominent. Few of these retired veterans engaged in any business, preferring to live upon their pensions and take the world easily. Usually they contrived to have what is called "a jolly good time" until death ended the scene. Darcy Boulton, Thomas Radenhurst 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
fail,
And tears and pray'rs no more pre-
vailing;
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.

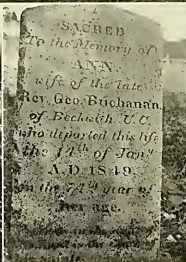
IN THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

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 style="text-align: center;">Sacred to the memory of 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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">"He being dead yet speaketh."</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">BUCHANAN</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">FRANKLIN, PA</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">ANN BUCHANAN, wife of ETER McLAURIN.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">March 9, 1810. Sept. 30, 1876.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Also His Daughter JULIA wife of John Nichol.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died Mar. 29, 1844. Aged 36 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">VANKLEEK HILL,</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Sacred to the Memory of ANN 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: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">In Memory of JOHN FERGUSON, of Craig-Daroch, who died Decr. 23d, 1857, aged 77 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Also HELEN BUCHANAN his wife, who died Feb. 19, 1830, aged 25 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Erected By those who loved them on earth. May they meet them in Heaven.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">NEAR RIDEAU FERRY, ONT. JESSIE BUCHANAN Wife of DUNCAN CAMPBELL. Died Mar. 23d, 1909, Aged 85 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">"She being dead yet speaketh."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAMPBELL.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">In memory of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died Aug. 10, 1834, Aged 36 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Also his wife, ELIZABETH BUCHANAN</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died July 16, 1875, aged 69 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">Natives of Glengow Scotland.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">In Loving Remembrance of DUNCAN CAMPBELL.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Died May 5, 1898, Aged 84 years.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <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.