

VIII.—THE FAMILY.

"Children are a heritage of the Lord."—Psalms cxxvii:3.

"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.

(5) 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 Oglvie 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. Grieg, at Almonte; and Margaret, wife of Joseph Thompson, in North Dakota.



ELIZABETH C. GREG.

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.



ELIZ. GREG 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.

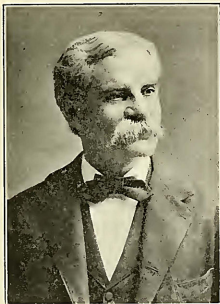
large class in the Sunday-School and was foremost in every good work. Rarely has her acquaintance with the Scriptures been equalled. She could repeat most of the Bible word for word. A short illness closed her busy, consistent life on the twentieth of November, 1836, on the eve of her prospective marriage. 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 within 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. Florinda 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 blest land on high;
At thy sweet portrait now I fondly gaze,
And tenderly recall the trustful days
Of harmless mirth, when, playing at your knee,
No thought of sorrow marr'd my childish glee.

"Mother! Thy gentle lips oft prest my cheek
With kisses sweeter far than words might speak;
They taught my infant tongue to hush 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.

seeing 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.

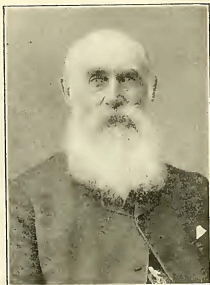
meet, and ten years ago removed to South Dakota, whither Mrs. Buchanan's family had gone previously. His last years were spent at Keystone, Pennington county, in mining operations. He died on the twenty-eighth of March, 1897, after a painful illness of two months, and was buried near the homes of his 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.

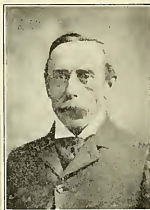


DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

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."

[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.]

November 6, 18th

But God commeth his love to us, and
is that, while we were yet sinners, he
did for us

The Redemption of the world by Jesus
Christ is the astonishment of angels.
The wonder of the Redeemed themselves.
Angels, ^{yearningly} desire to look into it, but which
shall never be able fully to comprehend,
and the everlasting song of the Redeemed
will be celebrating the praises of Redem-
ption. 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
Surely, of all the objects that can engage
the thoughts and attract the attention
of the Christian world, none are so
of their notice and regard as the death and
sufferings of our Dear Redeemer. For
therein is our everlasting all dependance. For
his sake we have given our souls, and
our bodies, and we can be saved, but
we are of Jesus

The sufferings of Christ have been much
strong objection against him by his enemies
ancient as well as in modern times. His
was to the Jews a stumbling block, and
speaks foolishness. But to them who are
Christ, the power of God and the wisdom
of God. Sermons without a remedy
to Christ and his righteousness, and
and substance, are sermons
pale and faded upon the world.