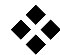
A BOY'S LIFE IN INGERSOLL IN THE 1850s



From Francis Huston Wallace's "Memories: A Family Record"

Courtesy of David H. Wallace,
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[The Rev. Francis Huston Wallace (1851-1930) wrote down his "Memories" in 1921, after retiring from his position as Dean of Theology in Victoria College, Toronto.

Frank Wallace's father, Robert Wallace (1820-1897) was born in Ireland, but came to Canada with his family at the age of nine and grew up on a farm at Chinguacousy, now part of Brampton, Ontario. After attending Queen's College in Kingston and Knox College in Toronto, he was ordained a minster of the Free Presbyterian Church in 1846 and for two years served as pastor of the Keene and Otonabee Charge, north of Lake Ontario.]

In May 1848 he took charge of the Free Church at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Near the end of 1848 he was invited to preach at Ingersoll. He preached there twice, was invited to be pastor, and was settled as first minister of Knox Church in January 1849. The little brick church, which I remember so well as the first church which I attended, was situated picturesquely near the bank of the beautiful river Thames. In September 1846 the Rev. Wm. C. Burns, from Scotland, afterwards a famous missionary in China, preached on the spot under the noble elm trees which adorned it, and started the movement which issued in the building of the church and the call of a minister. The people were very few and poor. The nominal salary was $400, but only part of that was ever paid. I notice in his diary and account books that all through his life he spent a relatively large portion of his meager income on books. The references to ordering books are very frequent. There surely is a good hereditary excuse for the same habit in his descendants to this day.

On the 3rd of September 1850 Father was married to my dear Mother, Mary Ann (or as she preferred to spell it, Marianne) Barker, daughter of Joseph Barker, of Ingersoll.

This brings me to my dear Mother's family.

JOSEPH BARKER was the son of William Barker, a sturdy old Puritan Englishman, of plain, honest, Anglo-Saxon pedigree. He had four brothers, one of whom, Edward, had a daughter Mary who married Squire Shakespeare, somewhere in the vicinity of Coventry. Joseph Barker told my mother that he remembered John Shakespeare's farm and a spring of water on it. Wm. Barker had served under Nelson at Copenhagen in 1802, had been pensioned in consequence of an injury received in that action, and had gone into business in Colchester in Essex. There Joseph Barker was born in May 1812. Soon after, the family removed to Stroud, in Kent near Rochester. Joseph's earliest recollections were of that fertile country of hops and hop-pickers, of the winding river Medway, of the ancient and picturesque castle of Rochester. He remembered seeing King George III passing through Rochester on his way from London to Canterbury. He often told me of the school which he attended in Stroud and of the astonishing pedagogic practices of his rather illiterate teacher, who was as much devoted to the principle of schrecklichkeit [frightfulness] in education as any Prussian militarist in war. To enforce obedience and diligence he told his pupils blood-curdling stories of a devouring monster "Black Jack," who inhabited the attic over the schoolroom, and he had rigged up a pulley arrangement by means of which he was wont to haul up culprits toward a hole in the ceiling through which they expected a destroying hand to grasp them and drag them up. So in shrieking abject terror the poor children promised obedience.

When Grandfather was eleven years of age, the family removed to the quaint old city of Coventry, in Warwickshire, "City of the Three Tall Spires," of Lady Godiva and of Peeping Tom – scenes and characters which early fired my childish imagination. Here he learned the trade of silk weaving. Their house was at Stoke, in the outskirts of the little city. He has often told me how he ran in to his work every morning, in the exuberation of his youthful strength, readily leaping a six-barred gate which stood in his way. He was small but athletic and absolutely without fear, even reckless, and that to the end of his life.

In 1830 the family obeyed that migratory instinct which has spread our race and Empire around the globe, and came out to Canada by way of New York. From that port they proceeded to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, and then pushed on into the wilds of Upper Canada. They crossed the Niagara River on the ice at Lewiston in January 1831. It was so cold that they had to frequently get out of the sleigh and run behind it to keep up their warmth and save themselves from freezing. They had brought with them only English clothing and suffered much until they learned to use the warm

Canadian homespun. In Dereham, just south of Ingersoll, William Barker bought a tract of 1600 acres of land for himself and his sons, and they all settled down to cultivate the rich virgin soil and build themselves homes in the wilderness. How wealthy the family might have become if they had only steadily held on to what they had! But they seem to have been rolling stones that gathered no moss. It was a large family, William, Stephen, Thomas, Mark, Edward and the two who are of interest to us, viz: Joseph and Letitia.

Old WILLIAM BARKER, as I remember him, was a grim old Puritan, a Baptist of some sort, not connected with any denomination, but conducting services in a chapel which he had built close to his own house in Ingersoll. I believe he had family prayers three times a day. Whenever I met him, he regaled me with lurid descriptions of the hell and damnation which probably awaited me. His dear, old, sweet-faced wife, whose maiden name was Meakin, with her winning smile, was a very beautiful foil to him. She used to ask me if I "Wouldn't like a piece of bread and butter with sugar on it?" He repelled, she attracted. My Aunt Eliza says her recollections of the old man are pleasanter than mine; he was kind to her and petted her. One day when she went in he was sitting beside his wife and reading the New Testament to her. They bade her welcome and placed her between them and went on with their reading. A pretty picture that of age and childhood!

In 1837 William Barker was made an officer of the militia in order to combat the "rebels" of Oxford. His son Joseph (my Grandfather), then a young man of twenty-five, walked all the long way, sixty miles, down to Hamilton, through the woods, to buy a sword for his father; the sword which now hangs on my wall at 95 Bedford Road, Toronto. I well remember the night the old man died. I was visiting Grandfather Barker, and he took me with him to keep watch in the house of the dead. In the morning he took home his father's sword, promising me that when he died it should be mine. In that same year, 1837, the time of the Rebellion, Grandfather Joseph Barker was acting as a corporal in charge of a few men searching for a prominent rebel, Elisha Hall. Long after, this same man, then a neighbor and friend, said one day to him: "Barker, you don't know how near you were to your death that day, for I was hid behind the board in front of the fireplace, armed, and I would have killed you if you had found me." Grandfather said to me, "Frank, the rebels were right after all."

On November 5th 1832 Joseph Barker was married to SARAH BROWETT..

About the same time that the Barkers settled in Dereham, another and very different family, of a much higher social status in England, settled near them, viz., the Browetts. The family consisted of the father, Joseph Browett, two sons, Joseph and Abraham, and one daughter, Sarah. When I visited the Misses Browett in Forest Hill, London, they asked me of their kinfolk in Canada. I repeated the above names; they burst into laughter at their Old Testament sound and one of them said she always thought there must be a Jewish strain somewhere in the family for such names were common in the whole connection. However that may be, the family is Norman in origin, as the name implies. Its brave blood was tested and approved on the battlefields of the Crusades and it has the right to a coat of arms. William Browett, of Coventry, has traced up the lineage of the family in parish registers and established these facts by documentary evidence. For many generations its later members have held most honourable positions in Coventry and Birmingham, and one of its present members, Leonard, has recently earned various English, French and Italian distinctions for his services in the Greater Crusade of 1914-1918. There is a Quaker strain in the family, for it has intermarried with the Bright family. On my wall hangs a portrait given to my father in Coventry in 1861, depicting the grave, placid, sweet face, the head covered with a Quaker bonnet, the shoulders draped with drab silk shawl; it is the face of Sarah Bright Browett, the wife of William Browett and cousin both of my Grandmother and of the

Tribune of the People, the great orator and statesman, John Bright. I well remember the visit to Canada, many years ago, of Mrs. Samuel Bright, who claimed connection with us through the Browetts.

SARAH BROWETT, my dear Grandmother, was born at Stoke, in the suburbs of Coventry, on the 14th of January 1811. Her mother died when she was but a child and she early became a mother to her two brothers. In 1830 Joseph Browett, having married again, and finding life unhappy with his second wife, left her well provided for and stole away with his children to New York. She followed him that far and then lost trace of him and returned to the comfortable home he had left her. Mr. Browett and his family came on to Upper Canada, lived for some time in Hamilton, and finally settled in Dereham, near the Barkers. Although both families were from Coventry they had never met until in the wild woods of their new home. Soon after, the father, Joseph Browett, died.

Joseph Barker, the young neighbor, soon was enamoured of this beautiful and most amiable young English girl and made love to her. At first she disdainfully repulsed him. But perseverance won. She told me herself that she finally got tired of saying "no" to him and said "yes" to get rid of him! They were married November 5th 1832 in her log house on lot 18, 1st concession of the township of Dereham, Brock District, Upper Canada, by an itinerant Baptist elder named French, who concluded the ceremony by saying "I pronounce you to be man and wife together, and that's prime!" Then he exhorted the young husband "to be good to his wife, to kindle the fires for her and to bring in daily a good supply of wood and chips." That simple wedding in the woods turned out vastly happier than many a more splendid wedding in stately home or cathedral, for they lived together without one breach of loving relations or the slightest failure of affection for sixty-two long years, enjoying days of sunshine and patiently enduring days of suffering, "wearing" all through "the white flower of a blameless life."

She was a wee dainty woman and I have often seen my grandfather come into the house, say "well, Sally," kiss her, catch her up around the waist and toss her up into the air! She only smiled and remonstrated "Oh, Joseph." Near the end of her life, she was visiting with my mother in Toronto. Her mind was growing weak. She felt distressed to be away from her husband. She pitifully cried, "I want to go back to Joseph" and my mother had to take her home immediately. When she died in her 85th year, in 1895, her last broken utterance was her husband's name, "Joseph," the latter part of it too faint to be heard. It was indeed an ideal marriage. Grandmother was a typical Englishwoman of gentle birth and long descent, a lady to her finger tips. On her cheeks there lingered to the last an English bloom; her hair was brown and glossy as a girl's even after death; her manners were quiet, gentle, kind; her heart was the home of simple Christian faith; her unselfish, loving and patient life was the exemplification of the Christian graces. Those who knew her best reverenced and loved her most.

JOSEPH BARKER was a restless spirit. None but a singularly loving and patient wife could ever have been happy with him. He foolishly left the farm, where he might have been very prosperous, and came into the little village of Ingersoll, which had been founded in the early years of the century by Colonel Ingersoll, a member of that United Empire Loyalist family to which the famous Laura Ingersoll Secord belonged. There he became a shoemaker. His brother William had gone to New York and unwisely persuaded Joseph to follow him in 1836. It was a time of great depression in business and industry. Joseph could find but little work, and that winter Grandmother has told me how they nearly starved. One terrible night, in the midst of a wild thunderstorm, one of the children died – little Willie. The memory of that New York experience was always very terrible to the gentle spirit of the wife and mother. But withal she never uttered a complaint in telling the story. Grandfather was made of rougher, sterner stuff. His recollections embraced a wider range of experience. He told me some of them. I remember two things. New York was then so small that he often had a glorious swim in the

Hudson River just above Canal Street without the aid of bathing house or bathing suit! On their way back to Canada, via the Erie Canal, Grandfather was walking one day along the tow path of the Canal when a fierce brute of a dog rushed out at him from a hut nearby. Grandfather had a sturdy stick in his hand and with one strong blow killed the beast. The owner, seeing what had happened, ran into his hut, brought out a gun and fired. Luckily he was not a trained sniper and Grandfather did not wait to give him a second shot! On their return to Canada they lived for some time in Hamilton. But finally Joseph Barker settled down in Ingersoll in partnership with his brother-in-law, Joseph Browett, in a general store and thenceforth prospered, for they were both men of ability and popular. For many years Grandfather took a keen interest in community affairs in the town, sat in the town council and acted as town treasurer.

Of the large family of Joseph Barker and Sarah Browett, several died in infancy. William, born in Dereham in 1834, died in New York. Amos, Sarah and John lie in the old Church of England burying ground on a hill in Ingersoll. So when they settled down in Ingersoll, there were only two left: Mary Ann, born on the farm in Dereham in 1834, and Eliza, born in Hamilton in 1839. Hannah was born in Ingersoll, twin sister of John. Joseph Browett married Joseph Barker's sister Letitia, a very kind and motherly woman whom all loved. She had two children, Emma and Joseph William (Willy Browett, as I always called him), now Dr. Browett, oculist in Toronto. Abraham Browett continued for some time on the farm. Finally came a craze for the West and he sold out and moved to Minnesota, somewhere about 1859, a time of great depression in Canada, for I remember seeing many of the shutters up on the shop fronts of Ingersoll. We got rather alarming reports from him of conditions in Minnesota. The Sioux Indians were dangerous and many a settler perished at their hands. I remember one story of a burly Indian presuming to enter the house uninvited when Aunt Martha was alone with her children and of her bravely pushing him out of the door. Such adventures excited a child's imagination.

While the Barkers had been Baptists, the Browetts had been Church of England, and those of the family still in England are so to this day. The late Thomas Browett of Coventry was Church Warden in the great St. Michael's Church of that old city. Only after I became a Methodist myself did my grandmother tell me that before he left England her father had joined the Wesleyans, and she gave me their Methodist class tickets, one of June 1824, one of September 1827 and one of June 1829. I will transcribe the first: "Wesleyan Methodist Society. Established 1739. Quarterly ticket for June 1824. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them. Psalm CX2 V.19. Joseph Browett." But in Hamilton the Methodists (Methodist Episcopal Church it would be) were too much of the ranter type to please his more refined taste and he joined the Presbyterians. In Ingersoll my grandparents became members of the Church of England and my mother was confirmed in that communion. Ecclesiastically I am a mongrel surely. Thank God I can sympathize with all.

When my father came to Ingersoll and established the Presbyterian Church, my grandparents and Uncle [Joseph] Browett joined it, and not long after Grandfather became an elder, leader of the choir, superintendent of the Sunday School. He read eagerly the news of the day and was keenly interested in the affairs of the world. He was well read in the Bible and in some of the old Puritan divines, such as Owen and Baxter. His prayers at family worship were richly evangelical, fervent, practical. But while a very religious man, he was never of his father's sour, forbidding type, but jolly, genial and generous. I was wholeheartedly fond of him because he used the old fashioned tuning fork to pitch the tune, as there was, of course, no such wicked thing as an organ – "a kist o' whustles" – in the Presbyterian Church in those good old days, and he was always sounding the note "Do,Do." I irreverently dubbed him even to his face "Do Barker."

Early in life his ambition was to be a soldier, and to his latest days anything military stirred him to the depths. Up to 1870 we had British red coats in Canada. On the occasion of regiments marching through Ingersoll from London to Hamilton, I well remember his taking me by the hand and saying "Come, let's go and see the soldiers" and we went to the market place where they were bivouacked for breakfast and then we followed them through the town and out into the country to the stirring notes of the fife and drum.

Grandfather's house was a new brick cottage on the hills of Ingersoll, just north of King Street. On his ground he unearthed what was supposed to be an Indian fort and found human bones, beads, arrow heads, pipes. He buried the bones in his garden and planted sumachs over them. The other remains were long objects of great interest to us but seem to have gradually disappeared. Even in my time it was not uncommon to see Indians in Ingersoll selling their baskets. Squaws would come to the house carrying papooses strapped to a board on their backs, leading other children by the hand.

Grandfather Joseph Barker's house

One memorable event, before my time, was a tornado which swept through Oxford just beside Ingersoll. In its path houses were overturned and trees uprooted. Ingersoll just escaped. Mother was at school on the outskirts of the town. Suddenly the teacher, Mr. Piper, called the children to the window and told them they might never see such a sight again. Fragments of trees and houses were flying wildly through the air not far from them.

When the young minister, Robert Wallace, came to Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Barker with their usual hospitality took him in to board, and the not unusual result followed, for the young man fell in love with the eldest of the three daughters, my dear Mother, Marianne. To judge from the old daguerreotype portrait of her, which I still cherish, she was a very beautiful young girl at that time, 1849, only fifteen years of age. They became engaged, but with the proviso that they should wait a year. And that year was a memorable one for her. Hitherto she had had only the education provided by the village school. During the school year, 1849-50, she attended what was then the first and only Ladies College in Upper Canada, the Burlington Academy, Hamilton. The Principal was Dr. D.C. Van Norman, at one time professor in Victoria College, Cobourg. On the staff were a number of excellent teachers. I remember hearing her speak of Wesley P. Wright, and especially of Mlle. Rothpleitz, an accomplished and amiable Swiss lady who taught French. It was with very keen pleasure that Mother

referred in later years to that delightful winter in Hamilton, to her instructors, to her fellow students, and to the homes in town where she was welcomed. Some of them had been acquaintances of Father's when he was a student in the Grammar School. The social life which she so delighted in led to a rather funny girlish episode of which I heard from Aunt Eliza quite recently. When she left home her father and mother fitted her out as they thought very handsomely with a number of silk gowns and other suitable garments. But, without asking permission, she ordered more in Hamilton and astonished her father by bringing the bill home for him to pay. Her father, of course, paid the account, but he declared that never another daughter of his should go away from home to school. Nor did they. That receipted bill I found among her few cherished treasures after her death. Another was a dear old-fashioned album, leather bound and beautifully illustrated with wood engravings of streams and trees and houses and scriptural scenes, in which her college friends had written quaint pieces of poetry and prose with their autographs. It is entitled "The Token Album." The first entry is over the signature of D.C. Van Norman. I may quote part of it to illustrate the style of writing then thought appropriate for the female mind, reminding one of the so-called poetry of Martin Farquhar Tupper, a copy of whose poems was another of Mother's treasures. Dr. Van Norman writes: "Emblem of truth and purity, by request of thy gentle owner, I commission thee to go forth circumspectly, and gather beauty, joy and sunshine, to relieve life's deformity, sadness and gloom; - to call the heart's choicest flowerets, whose perennial verdure and bloom, fragrant with the memories of the past, may form a delightful retreat from this world's Sahara --- and she, to whose interest thou art devoted, be often, by thy records, cheered in hours of sadness, and led to meditate upon those blissful scenes, in which the writer hopes to be associated with her, and many others, whom he has 7abored to instruct and guide on earth." Dated 2nd May, 1850. Then follow many similar pieces, all very sentimental and religious. But as I turn those dear old pages my eyes fill with tears as I think that every hand that wrote them is now still in death. How many of the loving prayers and fond wishes were accomplished.

On the 28th of June, 1850, the day after Mother returned home from the Academy, she and Father signed the following mutual covenant, which is still extant in Father's writing:

We, Robert Wallace and Marianne Barker, having been drawn together in affection and love, so that we are betrothed to each other and resolved, God willing, to unite in the sacred bonds of marriage, do hereby solemnly covenant and engage before God, affectionately and sincerely to love each other, while God shall spare us together, carefully avoiding every occasion or cause of discord, ever cherishing and exercising the fullest fidelity, and always seeking each other's mutual happiness in the fear of God, according to the will of God, and to the honour of His name, and above all things keeping ever before us the glory of God as the great end of our being. We do solemnly resolve to employ all proper means within our power to fit and qualify ourselves for His service, in our own household, and in the Church of God, willing to deny ourselves that we may serve Christ our Lord and Master, to put away sloth, that we may labour faithfully in his vineyard. Thus do we resolve in Christ's name and strength to seek our happiness in God and in each other's faithful and unchanging love.

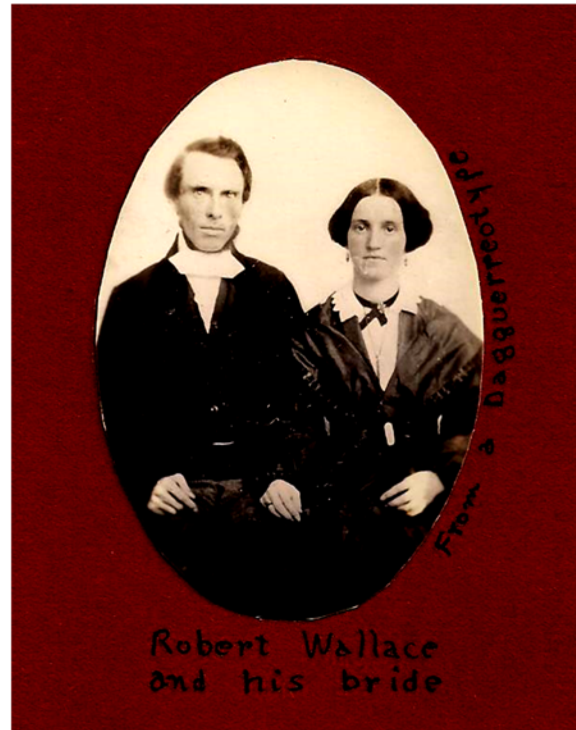
In token whereof we subscribe our names.

(signed) Robert Wallace

Marianne Barker

Ingersoll, 28th June, 1850

On September 3rd, 1850, they were married in Grandfather's cottage on the hill by the Rev. W.S. Ball, of Woodstock, brother-in-law, afterwards, of the Hon. George Brown.



Wedding presents were not numerous, nor costly. I have three books given by the bridegroom to the bride. One is a quaint little volume of prose and verse extracts, "The Bridal Keepsake," with appropriate passages from Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Robert South, Tieck, Jean Paul Richter, Martin Farquhar Tupper and others. The second is a very tiny volume "Hebrew Lyrics" containing poems on Old Testament themes by such writers as Milton, Byron and Montgomery. The third is a small volume entitled "The Happy Home" containing a series of thoroughly interesting articles by the eloquent Dr. James Hamilton, a book of which I was in my later childhood very fond, largely because of its illustrations. The one valuable present was from Grandfather Barker, a little estate of eight acres in the northern suburb of the town, whereon a house was built.

For a year or two the newly married couple lived with Mother's family until their own house was ready. In that cottage on the hill I was born, September 5th, 1851, the year memorable for the first international exhibition in London. I still have one of the medals struck to commemorate that exhibition whose opening was thought to be so full of happy promise of Free Trade, Peace and Brotherhood the whole world round. Alas! the babe born in 1851 lived to see the world-wide horrors of war nearly 70 years later. But he also lived to see the first "Parliament of Man," the first "Federation of the World." "After all there is a glory slowly gaining on the shade."

Aunt Eliza [Barker], who was only twelve years old when I was born, tells me that she often carried me in her arms and hushed me to sleep. One day some friends were in for dinner. Mother gave me to Eliza while she enjoyed the company of friends at table. The little aunt faithfully walked me

up and down and tried to put me to sleep. But the baby had a will of his own and persisted in keeping awake and in crying. The young mother (only a girl of seventeen herself) came out quite excited and slapped the little aunt, exclaiming "You pinched him and made him cry!" The outraged and tearful reply was "No, I didn't, I love him!" Indeed Aunt Eliza was a very loving aunt all through my childhood, so much so that I distinctly remember feeling very uncertain whether I loved her or my mother more, and also feeling very guilty toward my mother because of the doubt!

I may as well set down here a few other recollections of Aunt Eliza which she rehearsed to me quite recently (in 1920). Uncle John and Uncle Thomas Wallace with their families used to drive in to church at Ingersoll all the way from their farms in the township of Norwich, and they commonly took dinner at Grandfather's and, although the Sunday dinner was, on principle, cold, nevertheless it was a sumptuous repast, for Grandmother [Barker] was a consummate cook and she had all the resources of a large and fruitful garden to draw upon. Grandfather was extremely fond of gardening. He would get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and work until 8 o'clock breakfast all through spring and summer months. In later years I once or twice attempted to keep him company in this, but soon abandoned the enterprise.

Aunt Eliza remembers how a colporteur of the Tract Society used to visit my father in the cottage and display a box of books and pamphlets. There were no book shops in the small towns then, and this periodic display of literature was of intense interest to the family, even to her as a little child. She remembers looking longingly at the treasures of the book box and wishing for a book of her own, and one day her interest was noticed and a book was bought for her, and to this day she recalls the vast joy she felt in her new possession and how she lovingly cherished it. With our superabundance of books it is hard for us to realize the feeling involved.

It was in this cottage, my first home, that I first walked, tottering across the floor from Mother to Grandmother with gleeful triumph, at the mature age of fifteen months. I used to think that I could actually remember the great event in its details! Perhaps that was only because I had often heard it described.

Frank Wallace, aged 2

It is a hazardous thing for a minister to marry within his own congregation, for he is likely to disappoint some of the women of his flock. There was a certain spinster in the church at Ingersoll who had counted Father as her prey. Her disappointment was extreme, and she induced her brother, an elder of the kirk, to avenge her. So he brought a charge of maladministration against the pastor before the Presbytery of London, but Father was entirely vindicated and the charge dismissed as frivolous.

In about two years after the coming of the first born the Wallace home was ready and we moved in. It was a good-looking, comfortable brick cottage, set nearly in the middle of the eight acre lot and therefore far back from Thames Street, in the extreme north end of Ingersoll, on high land overlooking most of the town to the south, across the river. On a salary of $500 a year Father never could have built the cottage but for the help of his father-in-law and his prosperous farmer brothers. But in that little home, even with so little money, we were very comfortable and happy in those days of the simple life and of low prices.

We kept a horse and cow. We had a large orchard between the house and the street, a large garden at the side of the house, and on the other side and behind considerable meadow and woodland. So we raised our own vegetables, fruit, hay, milk and eggs, and for several years cut down our own forest trees for fuel. We always kept a maid. Yet the money margin was very narrow and the furniture and clothing were not luxurious. I cannot forget a little domestic scene which is apropos. Mother had brought home a water carafe. In unpacking it she let it fall over and it broke and she sat down and cried. There was no money to buy another, and she was very young. When I grew up it used to please her very much that she and I were sometimes taken for brother and sister. She was pretty and she was proud of her looks to the very last.

How well I remember the colored man, Warren by name, who used to do our garden and cut down our trees. One of the keenest pleasures of my childhood was to watch the cutting down of those

big maple, ash and beech trees; to see them sway and fall, and to hear them crash to the ground. Another great pleasure was to listen to Warren tell of his escape from Southern slavery, for those were the days "before the War." As soon as I was old enough, Father gave me "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to read, and I recall very vividly the picture in his copy of Eliza escaping, babe in arms, on floating blocks of ice across the Ohio River on her way to Canada, "Canada, the land of liberty though not a republic," as the legend read beneath the picture. Then and there began my first sense of patriotism, pride in my native land.

Another pleasure which came to me from Warren were bows and arrows which he made for me and in the use of which I spent many happy hours in our bit of woodland sloping down to the creek which ran near the western boundary of our place. There were plenty of squirrels and chipmunks to shoot at, though I only once killed one, and there were fish in the beautiful stream, spring-fed and never running dry. Across the street from us was a quite dense wood of big trees. I remember specially one most magnificent elm. It seems incredible but I still occasionally dream myself back into the old place and find myself wandering among the trees trying to find my way to the north-west corner.

Another dream that has often recurred to me is one of the flooding of the Thames River, the filling of the whole valley with a rushing torrent of water, the breaking of the bridge, and of my terror in trying to find my way home from the town on the south side. Such a flood did take place during my childhood. Yes, another dream that disturbed my sleep in early years was that of being attacked by a big rooster flying up into my face. Such an encounter did once take place when I was but a wee boy and it left a lasting impress on memory and imagination.

In the meadow there was a depression of the ground which in fall and spring was filled with water, and on this pond I fashioned a small light craft on which I poled myself about by the hour. How well I remember the gift of a small model of a completely rigged ship made for me by a young man named Barnett, whose father and mother were the most charming of cockneys, kind and hospitable and good. How well that ship sailed on my pond. How proud I was of it and how careful, until, alas!, on one fateful day, she was becalmed in the middle of the pond and I tried to bring her ashore by throwing stones just beyond her, that the waves the stones stirred might propel her. But a stone struck her and so damaged her that her glory was departed. My feelings may be imagined better than described.

The place was ideal for a child, so spacious, so varied, so safe. I lived an outdoor life and so developed muscles, nerves and energy. It was well for me that I had the run of such a place, for I was kept very carefully away from association with "common" children. Other boys were supposed to be mostly "bad boys," with whom I must not mingle. Indeed I was badly "molly-coddled." It was positively forbidden that I should go into the water to swim or on the water to row. Consequently I grew up with a dread of the water which has left its mark on me to this hour.

The Wallace cottage, Ingersoll

I have never entered the cottage since we left it in 1862, but I can still recall the little central front hall; the drawing room to the right, and off it the tiny guest chamber; the study to the left, with its cheery fireplace, back of that Mother's bedroom, where I too slept for years; at the end of the central hall the sitting room, which was also the dining room. Off that, to the right and back of the guest chamber, a room which was later my bedroom; a door leading out of the dining room into the kitchen; a maid's room off the kitchen; a woodshed back of the kitchen; a side door (tradesman's entrance) to the kitchen; and a door leading from the kitchen to the small cellar which was never completed or floored. I don't remember much about the furnishings of the house. The beds had no springs – only strong cords stretched across on which lay the mattresses. The most luxurious of them filled with feathers, the rest with straw. Of course we had no bathroom, only a big tin bath tub.

Our light was that of tallow candles, home made. It was a delight to me to watch the making of them. We had a tin mould in which a half a dozen, perhaps a dozen candles could be made at one time. The wicks were hung down into the several moulds from a wooden bar which lay across the top. Then the melted tallow was poured in. The mould was hung up for a while, and finally the candles were drawn out and put away in a tin box, ready for use in the brass candlesticks, with their brass snuffers. Father bought and used the first coal-oil lamp seen in Ingersoll, considered a great wonder and luxury.

Back of the house was the barn and stable combined. I recall the day when the original log barn was superseded by a more ambitious frame structure. There was a "raising bee" to put up the frame, and Grandfather Barker was the moving spirit of the occasion. After some years, to save our trees, we began to buy cord wood. The young man who used to drive in with it seemed to me very wonderful, so strong, with such command of his horses, and my child's heart was wrung with anguish when we heard one day that he had been crushed to death under a load of wood which had in some way fallen over on him. How soon the mystery of life and death begins to affect even a child.

One of the incidents of early childhood was this. I got hold of my father's razor and had a lively time playing with it, but finally cut a deep gash in the forefinger of my left hand, almost severing the finger at the first joint, where a big scar still records the event. I am told that my wild and terrified crying could not be assuaged until Uncle Browett, whose house was near ours, brought me a beautiful little puppy to play with. That dog became very dear to me. But some years later he came to a tragic end, for he had been out at night, so it was charged, with other dogs worrying sheep, and an irate farmer appeared one day and in my sight shot my pet almost at our back door to my great grief. Another cherished present from this same kind Uncle Browett was a beautiful little model of an Indian canoe and a sort of scotch cap decorated by Indians near Montreal with bead work. Uncle Browett and

Grandfather used to visit Hamilton and Montreal to buy goods. Toronto does not seem to have attracted them in those early days.

In 1854 my dear sister, Mary Browett, was born. We two were the only children of the family to grow up together.

My earliest recollections of war are of the Crimean War. I remember hearing people talk of the falling of Sebastopol, and my imagination was of the collapse of a big barn, much bigger than our own. Of such a fall of Sebastopol I sometimes dreamed. The Crimean War had its effect on the farmer members of the Wallace family, for it was the "dollar wheat" of that time which enabled them to build their large comfortable brick houses in place of the original log cabins. I remember a few years later seeing Father standing in front of his high desk in his study reading a newspaper and exclaiming "well done! old England!" It was during the Indian Mutiny. I also remember stirring pictures of Havelock's soldiers bayoneting their dark skinned foes. Later still there were in Father's study pamphlets with rather sensational headlines and startling portraits of Napoleon III as the anti-Christ of Holy scripture, which filled me with delicious terror.

It was forbidden me to play with axe or hatchet. Accordingly, one winter afternoon, Father and Mother being out, I seized the opportunity to get the hatchet and felt a fearful, wicked joy in hacking away at the ice in an old bath tub which stood under a rain spout. That was the way in which we got our water for washing. We had a good well for drinking water. After a long while I began to wonder that no one had appeared to interrupt my nefarious proceedings. It was getting late and beginning to be dark. So at last I put the hatchet away and slipped quietly into the house, expecting punishment. But to my astonishment nobody paid any attention to me. At last I found out the reason, my baby sister had scarlet fever. There was a devastating epidemic of it at the time in Ingersoll. Many children died and many of those who recovered were deaf. A little neighbor of ours, Ellen Kennedy, died. I soon was down with the disease, but both of us made a complete recovery. Mother herself treated us according to the principles and methods of hydropathy. Father had suffered so much in Keene from fever and ague and also from the old fashioned big doses of powerful medicine that he had turned from the regular medical school and embraced "water cure." Certainly this treatment worked well with us children. I can never forget our convalescence, peeling off with my own fingers the skin of my hands and feet. Epidemics of diphtheria, as well as of scarlet fever, were common then in Ingersoll, probably due to the several rather stagnant mill ponds and general lack of sanitation and of medical skill. We had later a light attack of diphtheria but made an excellent recovery. One young man, Chadwick, son of a banker in the place, tore off the useless bandages with which they used to tie up the throats of diphtheria patients, cursed God, and died. At least that was the horrible story which terrified me.

Little sister Sarah was born in June 1857. In September of that year Father, Mother and I went on a visit to Keene, leaving Mary and little Sarah under the loving care of Grandmother and Aunt Eliza. In Keene we stayed at the big house of the village, that of the Hon. Thomas Shortt, one of Father's former elders and the great mogul of that region, lumberman, merchant and member of Parliament. One day I was left alone there with strangers for the first time in my life. The sensation of loneliness and desertion made me weep and has never faded from my memory. While we were in Keene, word came that our baby, little Sarah, was very ill. We at once started for home. At that time there was a railway from Keene to Cobourg, crossing Rice Lake on a bridge of piles, a rickety construction which was washed away by the breaking up of the ice in spring a few years later. The sensation of fearful adventure in that crossing remained very real to my memory for many long years. When we arrived home, our little Sarah was dead. I can still recall that beautiful little face, asleep in her tiny coffin, lying

in the drawing room, where Father had us kneel while he prayed for us. How solemn the hush that thus fell over our life. But thank God for the resiliency of human nature, especially in children. The sun still shone, the air was still fresh and exhilarating, trees and grass and flowers still called us to our play. And so life went on as before.

A couple of years later, the Shortts, of Keene, visited us. With Mr. and Mrs. Shortt was a very vivacious young daughter with whom I fell in love so earnestly that all the world seemed desolate to me when she left us. Poor little girl. Not long after she was drowned in Rice Lake.

How foolish it is to seek to terrify young children and yet how often it is done, thoughtlessly and in sport. One day on King Street – yes, I can remember the very spot, so deeply was I distressed – two women accosted me. I did not know them and was frightened and passed on. So one of them ran after me and cried "Now I've got you" to my abject terror.

One of the most interesting visits of my childhood was, with Father and Mother, to Rev.William King, of Buxton in the Elgin Settlement near Chatham. Mr. King, the "Clayton" of Mrs. Stowe's story "Dred," had married a Southern wife who inherited a large number of slaves. They set the slaves free, paid their passage to Canada and accompanied them 1500 miles to that land of freedom. With the help of many friends, Mr. King formed the Elgin Association in 1850, purchased 9000 acres of land, gave each colored settler a farm of 50 acres, and devoted his life to superintending the settlement. Over two hundred families of former slaves prospered under his care. Schools were built, a church was erected. After the war many young colored men and women went back from Buxton, as the centre of the settlement was called, and became teachers among the emancipated slaves of the South. My recollection is specially of the service in the church, and of Mr. King's Bible Class in his house. The lesson was on the Old Testament story of Elisha and Gehagi, with its denouement: "and he went out from his presence a leper white as snow." This narrative seemed to greatly interest the negroes, and one of them, apparently in all good faith, enquired, "was that the origin of white men?"

Mother took home with her one of the young colored girls as maid, but she did not keep her long. I remember that one of the counts in Mother's indictment against her was that she was quite too fond of the sugar bowl.

My first literary recollections are] of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," read to Mary and me by Mother. The story so fired my imagination that I proceeded to build an Indian wigwam with materials and help furnished by Mother, and also to build two snow forts, one of which I called "Fort Wallace" and the other "Fort Mary." That was a happy winter. How I loved to tramp about in the snow in moccasins or top boots up almost to my knees. Speaking of boots reminds me of the pride with which I put on my first tailor-made suit of clothes. Dear Mother had until then fashioned my garments herself. But one day Grandfather Barker said to her lovingly, "Mary, you don't know how to dress that boy!", took me off to his tailor, had me measured and fitted, and so made a man of me! I venture to think that no man has been prouder of his first Windsor suit than I was of my first tailor-made clothes.

In those early days in Canada, no one had much chance of aesthetic training. Pictures on the walls were usually rather hideous portraits of the departed surrounded with weird frames. I remember seeing foreign looking men carrying round big wooden trays on which were exhibited for sale dreadful plaster images of men, women and animals. They seemed very wonderful to me. Doubtless they were "fearfully and wonderfully made."

My first intimate personal introduction to art was when some one gave me, unframed, a print of the tired soldier, depicting a pretty, curly-headed little boy, a toy sword girt about him, his plumed hat laid aside, lying sound asleep, with a most benevolent big dog carefully watching over him. How I prized that treasure! It was put away in a big box of Father's for safe keeping and I was allowed to get

it out only now and then as a great and rare treat. My second art treasure was given me on my eighth birthday. We were visiting the Afflecks, friends who lived in a small town in Michigan. On my birthday Mrs. Affleck, Mother and I went over to the town of Kalamazoo, and there the picture, frame and all, was bought and given to me by Mrs. Affleck – the picture of a round-faced little boy with his arms full of rabbits.

It was at this same time that we visited friends in Detroit. Our host was a Lake captain, and he took us on a trip from Detroit up through Lake Huron to Saginaw. Hearing people talk about being sea-sick, and thinking that that was a malady due to fear of the water, I loudly protested that I would not be sick! They were very brave words. The spirit was resolute but the flesh was weak, and Saginaw Bay saw a very wilted boy.

One summer Father and Mother were away for several weeks in New York, visiting Mrs. Wm. Wallace, a distant cousin of Father's by marriage, a widow, living with her sister , Mrs. Henry Harrison. They went out to New Rochelle and bathed in the sea, an exploit which seemed very bold to my inland imagination. Mother, very young woman though she still was, came back without any of her natural teeth! Dentistry was very drastic in those days and they gave no general anaesthetic. So her gums were frozen, all her teeth extracted – a fearful ordeal – and a complete set of artificial teeth substituted. With what wonder I used to see her take out her teeth and clean them and put them in again. With what delight Mary and I welcomed Father and Mother home, and how happy they made us with the presents they brought us. From that day to this New York has meant much to me – a sort of "promised land."

By this time Grandfather had sold his pretty little cottage on the hill and had built a large place on King Street, with a store in the front part of the ground floor, where for a while he kept shop by himself. Later he entered once more into partnership with Uncle Browett. Back of his new house his garden ran down to a big mill pond. It was a very favorite pastime of mine to sit on the fence fishing in the pond, catching suckers and an occasional catfish. Of the latter I was very much afraid as the boys told me they would run their "horns" into my hand. It was therefore a perplexing and delicate operation to get one of them off the hook. That same pond was a perennial source of interest. In winter it was the town skating rink, part of it being cleared of snow and lighted. In later years I sometimes skated there myself. In Grandfather's backyard I had a regular George Washington experience, for I cut down a post with a hatchet and couldn't tell a lie! It would not have been much use to try, for I was caught <u>in flagrante delictu</u>.

On the opposite side of the street lived the Ollerenshaws, a German family, very musical. Ollerenshaw's band, indeed, was one of the prides of Ingersoll, but a confounded nuisance when we

wanted to go to sleep. One of the daughters of the family, Annie, married a Frenchman, Professor Jules De Launay, who lectured learnedly on the Catacombs of Rome and who afterwards went back to Paris and settled down as a Protestant evangelist in that city. Mother used to hear from Mrs. De Launay occasionally in later years.

I very clearly recall an incident of those days of childhood, when I saw an elderly man coming up the path to our house bringing in two pretty sheep. It was a Mr. Cameron, one of Father's elders, from the "Governor's Road" north of Ingersoll, and the two sheep were a present for the minister's little son. So I became the proud possessor of a flock of sheep. Uncle Thomas took charge of them on his farm. They duly multiplied and for many years I received the money for their wool. Father took care of it for me, but I kept account of it, always knew how much I was "worth," and was therefore free to ask Father for some of my own money for my own use. For this experience I have always been thankful, for it taught me the use of money and carefulness and thrift. Children should always have a regular weekly or monthly allowance of their own and be taught to keep track of it and, if possible, save a little. On this principle I acted with my own children.

Sunday, or as we called it, "Sabbath" was kept in the good strict Presbyterian style – no work was to be done that could be avoided. Boots were blacked on Saturday night and food was prepared for the morrow. We had no Sunday games and a Sunday walk, except to Church, was sinful. I always went to Church on Sunday morning and usually went home with my grandparents to a sumptuous repast of cold meat and delicious cold rice pudding with plenty of raisins in it. Then I went to the Sunday School with Grandfather, for he was Superintendent. The classes were held in the body of the Church for there was no other place for them. Basements and Sunday School Halls were not yet. My first class was that of William Hayward, senior, father of William Hayward whom Aunt Hannah married afterwards. He was a quaint little old man, a typical cockney, a sign painter by trade, and his teaching was decidedly rudimentary, recalling that of the earliest English Sunday Schools, intended for the children of the poorest. We read in a funny little reading book, filled with such proverbs as this, the only one that I recall: "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." After a while I was promoted to Aunt Eliza's class, which was of a higher grade. But there were no uniform lessons, and the school left very slight impression on my mind. One scene I do remember. We stood in prayer. There was a clock facing the pulpit and one day, as Mr. McCorquodale, one of the elders, stood praying in the school, wandering in his prayer "from the river to the ends of the earth, "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," through a wide range of theology, but with no particular reference to our life and the work of the Sunday School, I watched the tears run down his cheeks as he kept up the Highland drone of his supplications for fully twenty minutes! I watched as well as prayed – indeed I watched and did not pray.

Though Sunday was so strictly observed, yet I never learned to dislike it, for there was an atmosphere of love and kindness about us children both at home and at Grandfather's. Dear Mother used to read Bible stories to me, and later to Mary and me. I still have a little volume entitled "Mamma's Bible Stories" presented to me by Father in 1854, with somewhat lurid pictures of Bible scenes and incidents. From this and from the "Peep of Day, Line upon Line" series, Mother read to us on Sundays, and indeed often in the evening on other days. The story of the death of Aaron, and then of Moses before entering the land for which they longed always reduced me to profound melancholy. It seemed too hard a punishment. Another book which Mother read to us was "Ministering Children," telling of the very excellent doings of some very charming young angels of children in an English village. In one respect I was induced to follow the example of these models, and I made the attempt to memorize the whole of the Epistle of James, as some of them had done. When I thought I had it all by

heart, I asked Grandfather to hear me repeat it. Alas! it was only with many promptings that I managed to get through. However, Grandfather professed himself pleased and rewarded me with a small coin. I wish I had done vastly more in the way of memorizing the best passages of the Bible and of other great literature. Lack of a thoroughly well-trained and retentive memory has been a handicap in all my work as preacher and as professor.

Our early training came principally from Mother. Father was very fond of us, had most excellent ideas of education, indeed was at one time school inspector for the district around Ingersoll, provided us with books, and sent us to the best available schools when we were old enough, but he was always a very busy man and he left the actual care of us in our early years almost entirely to Mother. She taught us reading and geography – and obedience. She was very loving but she could be strict and stern. There hung on the wall an instrument of terror, a kind of leather strap known as the "tawse." When this was taken down and duly applied to the person of a certain little boy he was very quick to cry "I'll be good, Mamma! Don't whip me, I'll be good!" In later years I have been thankful for the discipline, but not at the time. It was then a sore affliction. Father whipped me only once and then he was in a great rage at me for being naughty to my little sister. I think I was a little beast, perpetually teasing and annoying her. And a little later, when Cousin Jackson Wallace lived with us in order to go to school in Ingersoll, and afterwards Cousin Robert Chambers, and slept with me, I cultivated the deliberate and rather unpleasant habit of pulling the bed clothes off my companions and wrapping them around myself. Poor fellows, they felt afraid of either punishing me or complaining.

Mary and I used to take great liberties with Father, who dearly loved, when he came home, to romp with us. We would hide under the hall table and rush yelling out at him as he entered, and he would pretend to be very frightened, while we ran after him all through the house, roaring with delighted laughter. It was a rare treat to be allowed to go out driving with him into the country. One incident recurs to me. He was apt to become absent-minded, brooding over his next sermon perhaps, and oblivious to the obvious things around him. One day Mother and I were driving with him some considerable distance in the country. We came to a steep hill and Mother, always nervous about driving down a hill, insisted that she and I should walk down and get into the buggy again at the foot of the hill. So down we trudged while Father drove on. But Father, absorbed in his meditations, forgot all about us and drove on for probably a quarter of a mile before he remembered! Another pleasure was helping him in the garden or the stable or the meadow. I recall a day in the meadow where, while we were raking up the mown hay, he rehearsed to the hired man the great and tragic story of Napoleon I, his glory and his fall.

And so the process of education in high ideals,, in obedience, in the sense of duty went quietly on. Father's prayers for us at family worship were very earnest and very outspoken. The influence of dear Grandmother was very deep. She talked very little about religion, but she gloriously lived it in all simplicity, humility, patience and kindness. Now and then she would repeat to us some quaint but pregnant English adage, as for instance, "Pretty is as pretty does!" She never punished me, but she used to curb my willfulness by saying, "If you are not a good boy, I'll look over your head at the wall!" That threat was so mysterious and so awe-inspiring that it never failed of its effect.

Among the notable events of those days for "little Franky," as they called me, were visits to the country uncles, aunts and cousins south of Ingersoll, in the rich and prosperous township of Norwich and East Oxford. I well remember both the original log cabin of Uncle Thomas and the large and handsome brick house which superseded it, standing back some distance from the road, behind a flourishing orchard and flanked by a series of extensive barns and stables. Away behind lay fields of ripening grain, and in the background of all a bit of "the forest primeval." Sometimes they would be

burning off the stumps and tree tops from another piece of land, turning it from forest to grain field. In the old log cabin I remember Grandmother Wallace, very old, very feeble, but still stately and imperious, tapping fiercely on the floor with her staff to enforce her wishes. I believe Aunt Margaret must have possessed angelic patience to keep the peace through many long years with her exacting and peremptory mother-in-law.

Next farm to Uncle Thomas's was Uncle John Nesbitt's, whose bluff but hearty welcome, as well as the quiet kindness of Aunt Mary, made a visit there always enjoyable. Farther away lived Uncle John, whom I remember principally as rheumatic, the Master of an Orange Lodge and very gentle. His wife was a rather coarse, busy, bustling, but good-hearted woman. She once made me supremely happy by presenting me with a toy gun which discharged arrows. Struck almost dumb with surprised delight, I could only say, in a tone of amazement which made her laugh, "Oh, thank you, Aunt!" Uncle William Chambers had the best farm, stock, buildings, in the township of East Oxford. He was a tall, dignified man, the typical country gentleman. Poor Aunt Susan was a martyr to asthma, and this constant distress had made her petulant and sour. Robert and Edward and Samuel and Amelia and Lizzie were a group of very congenial and kind cousins, whom it was always a pleasure to meet.

Another home which I occasionally visited with my parents was that of the Smits at Campbellton, near Tillsonburg. Old Mr. Smith was dead, buried beside my father's church in Ingersoll, which the family had attended before a Presbyterian church was established in Tillsonburg. Mr. John Smith or Mr. Malcom Smith would drive in for us. The twelve mile drive out was an interesting experience to me, through beautiful country, and the latter part of it over plank roads made of heavy pine planks laid transversely, over which I loved to hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the horses' feet – the best of roads while new, the worst when old and broken. We stayed with dear, plump, smiling-faced, lovable old "Grandma" Smith and with her daughter "Aunt Bella" and her son Malcolm. Oh! The feasting then! Across the street lived John Smith and his wife and son and daughter. Mrs. Smith was a Perley, of the same family as the present Sir George Perley. The Smiths had an enormous piece of land on which they cultivated a farm, cut down pine trees and cut them up into lumber. With what keen delight I used to watch the process of pushing up the pine log into the teeth of the great revolving saw.

John Smith had a general store. His clerk was a certain Jimmy Brown, whom I considered the cleverest of men, for had he not made a miniature toy saw mill which would actually work. One never-to-be-forgotten morning "Jimmy" Brown took me out with him before breakfast to fish for brook trout in the little stream and we actually caught some and ate them! One incident of one of those visits was rather tragic to the little "Franky." I was a very shy, sensitive child. Mr. John Smith, at one end of the room, took out a beautiful new penknife, held it up and said, "Come, Franky, this is for you!" I was very excited with the thought of possessing such a treasure, but shyly and awkwardly hung back, fully expecting to be at last coaxed into accepting it. But after a second vain attempt to get me to come and take it, Mr. Smith, to my never-ending regret, put the knife back into his pocket and changed the subject. The lesson was sharp but salutary. I had learned to seize opportunities when they presented themselves and to do it promptly.

Occasionally we visited the Mercers. Mrs. Mercer was a daughter of "Grandma" Smith. One of the Mercer boys became that capable and beloved and lamented Toronto officer, Brigadier General Malcolm Mercer. His brother Frank told me, after his death in the great war, how he had been one of the Canadian officers sent, I think in 1912, to see the German manoeuvers, and how he was so profoundly impressed with the German preparations for war that, on his return to Canada, he neglected his law business in order to study military science and be ready to play his part as Colonel of the Queen's Own in the Great War which he foresaw.

Miss Smith, Aunt Bella, in her later years lived with Grandmother Wallace until they two had some little misunderstanding, when she took a room elsewhere. We were all as fond of her as if she had really been our aunt. My dear wife and she were very intimate and, on her death, October 1899, she left Joy a small bequest in token of her regard.

Another home which we delighted to visit was that of Charles Mason, of Beachville. At one time Father preached at Beachville as an out-station of the Ingersoll Church, and Mr. Mason was one of his principal supporters in the Beachville Church. He was an English gentleman of good old stock. His wife was an English lady. His children were handsome and accomplished. In later years I remember the oldest, Aggie, visiting us in Drummondville. At our house she met her fate in the person of a Mr. Rose, of Thorold, whom she soon after married. Emily and Jenny Mason were very pretty. Emily became Mrs. Chadwick and died at Kenora; Jenny, Mrs. Holcroft and lived and died at Ingersoll. Visits at the Mason's were in themselves an education in high thinking and in good manners.

Among Father's clerical friends I specially remember the Rev. Donald McKenzie, the patriarchal old Scotch minister of North East Hope, to whose manse we occasionally drove. I remember visits there not only on account of the impressive personality of this old Highland minister, but because of his son, older than I certainly but still only a boy, who was the proud possessor of a real shot gun which he exhibited to me in the yard. I threw my hat up in the air and he shot a hole through the crown of it, to my great delight but to my mother's dismay. How I admired such skill and longed for such a chance. By importunity I wrung from Father and Mother the promise that when I was fifteen years old I too should have a gun – a promise, sad to say, which was never kept! After my marriage my dear Wife objected to firearms, even at our remote summer home. Once I went out shooting with Grandfather, that is he did the shooting and I accompanied him. It was in the woods just out of Ingersoll and we brought home enough game to have a good squirrel pie. Once, while minister in Peterboro, I told Grandmother that I had been invited to go hunting with a friend, back of Peterboro, but she begged me not to do so, as she thought hunting quite inconsistent with the character of a minister of the Gospel. So I never had the chance to play Nimrod.

Another much beloved friend of Father's was Mr. Rennie, who became pastor at Beachville after Father gave up his charge of the church there – a quiet, gentle spirit, scholarly and good.

A very great day each year was the 24th of May, the Queen's Birthday, a day of almost delirious excitement to me. I would sleep the night before at Grandfather's in order to miss nothing of the early morning performances. From the hill away beyond the pond would come the flash and boom of a small town cannon, whose roar made my young heart leap high with delight. That was long before breakfast. Later in the morning the "Calithumpians" would parade down the street, a body of young men on horseback, dressed up in all sorts of fantastic costumes. Then in the little town park old-fashioned games filled up the afternoon, such as climbing a greasy pole to capture a prize fastened on the top; catching a pig with a well-greased tail; and racing in sacks. In the evening fireworks. It is no wonder that I grew up associating the good Queen with all that was charming. Sometimes a company of militia would come to town from the country and march through the streets in all its brave costume, firing volleys of blank cartridges, and so rousing the feelings of all little boys. Some of my cousins would be with them as officers. I remember especially my admiration of Cousin Sam Wallace, Uncle Thomas's son.

Very occasionally we went on picnics. I recall one when a large family party drove out on the road to Thamesville and spent the day picking huckleberries and eating lunch. Grandfather was with us and made much fun for us with his merry quips. He was fond of huckleberry pie. Who is not?

A very prominent figure in my early life was Uncle Joseph Browett. He was a very prosperous and wealthy man for those early days in a small Canadian town. His house was near ours, much larger, and furnished, as it seemed to me, very luxuriously.

Uncle Joseph Browett's house

He and Aunt Browett were generous and kind and did very much to make us happy, young and old. But Uncle Browett was more generous than prudent. His daughter Emma, whose pretty face and long curls falling down upon her neck and shoulders I well recall, married one of Uncle's clerks, George Perkins, a bright, unprincipled, ungrateful creature. The young people took control of everything, cut a great figure in the life of the town for a few years, squandered Uncle's money, and finally came down with a big crash, leaving poor Uncle, with very little but his good reputation, to begin over again. They went away to Detroit where Perkins drank heavily while poor Emma took in boarders to keep him and her children. Willie, now Dr. Browett of Toronto, was a sort of Benjamin, almost a child of Uncle's and Aunt's old age, a very beautiful and lovable child, born on my eighth birthday.

We used to spend Christmas at Grandfather's and New Year's Day at Uncle Browett's, and at both places we had a glorious time. Of course we hung up our stockings at home and good old Santa Claus never forgot us. Grandfather was the very soul of all the fun on those days. In blindman's buff, no one was so clever as he in catching or in eluding capture; no one was so full of joke and repartee. Dear old Grandfather, a very cheeryble to us all.

One of the most prominent and respected men of the town was Thomas Brown, tanner. He and his clever, refined wife were Americans from Auburn in New York State. They and their daughter, Mrs. Dr. Hoyt, were leaders in the society of the town, members of the Church of England, but very intimate with our family. Aunt Eliza tells me that when "Tom" Brown came first to Ingersoll, he was a working shoemaker and that, if ever a customer came in when he was out, Mrs. Brown would take the measure of the pair of shoes required. Those were the days when ready-made shoes were not heard of. Once Mrs. Brown wanted a new pair for herself however, she knew that he was very busy and she might have to wait, and so she measured herself, gave him the measurements as usual, and informed him that the lady wanted them as soon as possible! To his surprise, when they were ready she claimed them for her own. Mrs. Hoyt and Mother were at school together at Hamilton and remained life-long friends. A visit at Mrs. Brown's was always a great treat to me. She was tactful, genial, clever.

One of the treasures of my childhood was a copy of that once famous book for children, "Sanford and Merton," supposed to introduce them to all manner of science and the habits of good society and the principles of a virtuous life. A younger child of the Browns, George, and I were at school together in Ingersoll. George had a fire engine, a good big hand-worked engine capable of

throwing a good stream of water. It was the day of volunteer "fire companies" everywhere and George had a company of his own, and now and then a party at which the boys enjoyed playing with the engine and then eating a gorgeous repast. I was a member of that company until once I annoyed George by declining to swear and so be a man! It was a great renunciation. But what could a boy do? I was not going to swear, and so I turned my back on the boys of the fire-company and went home. Poor George was a clever, amiable boy, but he grew up a drunkard and died before his time. In those early days drink made Ingersoll, at times, almost a hell. There was a distillery in the middle of the town, and every Saturday night there was a whiskey saturnalia especially among the Scotch. In their later days the Browns lost their money and must have suffered.

Another prominent American business man of the town was named Rumsey. His house was a mansion for those days. Indeed it is still to be counted a big house, although the later Ingersoll has run to large, costly houses, too large indeed and costly for the means of the owners, for Ingersoll has never been very solid financially. Rumsey, however, had more money than most. He was a money-lender, a discounter of notes. His business was then called colloquially "note-shaving." On the front street corner of his large and handsome grounds he had a small office and this the people irreverently dubbed "Rumsey's Shaving Shop!"

But time would fail me to tell of the Christophers and their planing mill and handsome houses; of Adam Oliver, builder and contractor, and, later on, member of the first Legislature of Ontario, and of other families then prominent. Those people seemed to me as a child very wonderful with their money and houses and carriages and fine clothes. I do not know whether one of those families is extant today or, if extant, still prosperous. The whole life of Ingersoll, and probably of many such Canadian towns, has lacked prudence and stability, has been superficial, showy, reckless, and has too often come to grief in the second generation.

My school life began at six years of age. I was never sent, nor my sister, to the "common school," public school as we now call it. The distinction of classes kept us from that. My first private school was that of Mrs. Atkins, far from our own house, not far from Grandfather's. So I had a good long walk each day, down the hill, across the river, and east in the southern part of the town. The school was small and the pupils were mostly girls older than myself. What I learned from Mrs. Atkins or her daughter I have not the remotest recollection. But this I well remember, that I suffered tortures of the mind from the teasing of the girls who called me "little preacher." It wasn't fair. Could I help it that my father was a minister? One day some of the big girls caught me and kissed me. I was quite too young to appreciate their intention and I vehemently protested, struggled against them and bit them in the face and bit them on their bare arms like a frenzied animal. This was at recess. When they threatened to tell teacher, I screamed "I don't care" and rushed home to weep out my sorrowful tale in the arms of my comforting mother.

My next school was held in a disused photograph car, a sort of caravan, which had once itinerated through the country but was now standing on the side of Thames Street, south of King Street. The teacher was Miss Susan Young, a niece of Mrs. Thomas Brown, many years after Mrs. Vernoy of Toronto. Next year Miss Young had a room in a house on the north side of the river, much nearer home for me. She was a bright kind girl and I liked her, whether I learned much or not. One day I said I wanted to "sit by George," that is, George, the son of Adam Oliver. With a smile she responded "Oh, you oughtn't to say By George! That's swearing." "What a clever woman she is," I thought.

My next school was Mrs. Alway's, on the south side of the river, under the hill where the old English Church then stood. Here the same Miss Young was a teacher. Here we had a large room with

long tables and proper benches beside them. This seemed to me very considerable, but then I had my pretty Cousin Emma to walk with to and from school. My one outstanding recollection of this school has to do with a day in winter, when the snow was soft and we had some fun snow-balling each other at recess. A good hard snowball from my hand hit Dora McCarthy full in the face. She cried and said she would tell her father. Now Dr. McCarthy seemed to me a very great and formidable person, for he was a doctor and lived in a big house. So for a considerable time I was in daily dread of suffering some severe punishment at his hands. But this was one of many fears which in every life are happily disappointed. It is very commonly the unexpected that happens after all, whether it be joyous or grievous.

One curious aspect of my early experience, and one that continued long beyond the days of which I am here writing, was this; I sometimes felt a strange, inexplicable, sudden sense of having seen before what I was the seeing, heard before what I was at the moment hearing, that the sensations, thoughts, environments were but a duplication of something past in some other state of existence. A weird "seizure," as Tennyson puts it in "The Princess:"

I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself a shadow of a dream.

And such experiences are the basis of the idea of human pre-existence, as in Wordworth's

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Are they memories or are they purely pathological delusions? Who knows?

All through these years of my childhood my father's faithful pastoral work and earnest preaching continued to win him favour with the people and the true success of the Church in the development of the Christian life of his people and in a wholesome influence on the whole community. Just as at college, he was an extraordinarily hard worker; there was no eight hour day for him; from early morning he was busy, reading up for his sermons, writing them out in full, visiting his congregation in town and country. He bought many books and filled his sermons with their ideas and suggestions. He was a close student of the Bible and used the best commentaries of his time. In general literature, especially in fiction, he was less interested. In politics he was an ardent Liberal, a devoted follower of George Brown and his policies. He was a pioneer of the Total Abstinence and Prohibition. He became personally a total abstainer in 1839, while a student at Hamilton, through the influence of an address by John Dougall, of Montreal, the founder of the "Montreal Witness." That was not a time when the public conscience readily responded to such a propaganda, and Father's persistent and earnest preaching and lecturing and publishing of pamphlets on the subject gave much offense to his Scotch congregation. But nothing daunted him. How he would have thanked God for the Prohibition Acts of these days.

After eleven years of such strenuous labors he found his health much impaired and was advised to secure change of air and of occupation. Accordingly he resigned his charge in January 1860. A public address of appreciation was presented to him at a meeting on January 16th, referring to his indefatigable labors, his urbanity and gentlemanly deportment, his co-operation with all churches in

promoting Christian enterprises and moral reforms. In his reply Father made a characteristic reference to the work of the Christian ministry, as reported in the "Ingersoll Chronicle" of January 20th, 1860: "With all the toils and anxieties attending the Christian ministry, it is the noblest work on earth in which mortal can engage. It is to be co-workers with God in establishing and extending the Kingdom of Jesus, and in seeking the salvation of their fellow men. The Christian Minister feels that he would not exchange his position with the wealthy or the noble, and that it is a higher honor and a greater privilege to preach the everlasting Gospel than to stand before kings." That is the spirit in which he lived and worked to the end.

He now became agent of the French Canadian Missionary Society, at that time interdenominational, afterwards taken over by the Presbyterian Church. This was a natural development as its work was Protestant propaganda among the French Canadians, and French Protestants have always been Presbyterians in creed and polity, thanks to the great John Calvin. Father's work was to travel up and down through Canada presenting the plans and claims of the Society and soliciting subscriptions for it. He was much in Montreal and Quebec, a city then much more prosperous and much more Protestant than in later times since Montreal has grown at its expense.

From June 1860 to May 1861, he was doing similar work in Great Britain. He had introductions to wealthy merchants and even members of the peerage, and used to hold "drawing-room meeting" in great houses. Notable among those who thus helped him were the Right Honorable Sir John Lawrence, Baronet; Sir Henry Havelock, Bart, son of the famous British soldier of that name; and Lady Caldwell of Bath. He addressed meetings in drawing rooms, halls or churches in London, Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Inverness, Aberdeen and Belfast. Among the names of contributors recorded in his account book, in addition to those first given, were the Duke of Marlborough, Viscount Middleton, Alex. Halden, Esq. (father, I believe, of the present Lord Haldane), and many clergymen of the Church of England as well as of the Non-conformist Churches. By such people he was treated with the utmost consideration and liberal contributions were made to the cause which he represented. He said in after years he found the British nobility easier of approach than the haughty merchants of Quebec. So happy was he in his relations with the Havelocks that that name became a household word with us, and one of the favorite books of my childhood was Brock's"Life of Sir Henry Havelock", the hero of the Indian Mutiny.

Once more, however, his health failed under the strain of his work. Some kind friends sent him to the Sanitarium (Hydro) at Malvern where, under Dr. Gully and the baths and the delightful scenery of the hills and the pleasant rest of two months, he became once more fit for his laborious task. Some months later his friend Mr. Bryce, of Glasgow, sent him for another needed holiday to Braemar, where he was very happy in his surroundings, in visits to Balmoral and the Queen's Scotch home, and in the friends of certain Scottish ministers. When he came home he brought us a stereoscope and many views of Malvern and of Braemar.

Altogether his year in Great Britain enriched his life experience, and the rehearsal of what he had seen and heard first kindled the wanderlust in my heart. He had, indeed, seen and heard many of the Christian leaders of the time, such as Joseph Parker, Thomas Binney, the great Guthrie, Rev. William Arthur, who was specially kind to him, Dr. Cumming of Crown Court, London, Dr. Candlish, Dr. James Hamilton, Rev. Baptist Noel, Rev. Reginald Radcliffe, Dr. Cooke of Belfast, Mrs. Ranyard, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Professor Balfour of Edinburgh, Dr. Edersheim. Many of these he had met personally and many of them had greatly helped him in his mission. I was specially impressed by his intense

admiration for Queen Victoria her Consort, Prince Albert, and his keen sorrow for that noble Prince soon after his return home.

He visited Coventry and met the Browetts there, with one of whom, Mary Browett, afterwards Mrs. Philip Taylor, he had an occasional correspondence for many years, indeed until my visit in 1876. In Scotland he took an interest in the then projected Wallace monument at Stirling and subscribed to it as pertaining to the family. In Ireland he visited Castle Blaney, staying at the house of Robert Wallace, a cousin of his father's. He returned to Canada by way of New York, where he visited Mrs. William Wallace and the Harrisons. I remember well the day he reached Ingersoll, May 23rd 1861. I was out playing in the woods opposite our place when word was brought me that Father had come. It was a joyful reunion after eleven months separation.

During part of that winter we stayed at Grandfather's on King Street, and I had my first opportunity of running wild with other boys. I enjoyed a glorious liberty for a while. Especially glorious were our snow fights. We built a formidable snow fort on top of a steep slope; then part of the boys defended it and part attacked. Some pretty smart blows were given with hard snowballs. I began to take apples out of Grandfather's cellar and sell them to the boys, but Grandfather soon put a quietus on this, my first business venture.

For some months Father went on with his work collecting money in Canada for the French Canadian mission, but finally he became tired of wandering from place to place and long for a settled pastorate again. So he gladly accepted the call to be minister of Thorold, on the Welland Canal. I recall the exhortations of some of my country cousins – "Now Franky, be sure and don't fall into the raging cnawl," as they facetiously pronounced it. So we moved in June 1861. It was a sad farewell to a home we had loved dearly – cottage, orchard, garden, meadow, woods and creek.

[*The Rev. Robert Wallace served the Thorold church until 1867, although living most of the time in Drummondville. He then served as pastor of the West Presbyterian Church in Toronto until his retirement in 1890. Frank meanwhile attended Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto, followed by additional study in theology at Drew Seminary in New Jersey and at the University of Leipzig, Germany. To his father's disappointment he became a Methodist, was ordained in 1878 and for ten years served churches in Toronto, Peterboro and Cobourg. In 1888 he joined the faculty of Victoria College in Cobourg as Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis, followed the college to Toronto in 1892 and continued with the college as professor and, from 1900, as Dean of Theology until his retirement in 1920.*