



FAMILY HISTORY
of
Richard Greene

By JOSIAS, HIS SON

Historical Facts And Incidents

Relating to ...
The Family of

Richard Greene

with particulars
regarding his
ancestry and...
near relatives

Compiled and
Prepared by

Josias, his Son

Very Sincerely Yours
Josias

HISTORICAL FACTS

AND INCIDENTS

..... of

FAMILY HISTORY

A short time before my father's departure he wrote a short historical sketch of his father's family and ancestry, which was left with me, and is much prized by us—of which the following is a copy.

THE GREENE FAMILY HISTORY

I WAS born on the 7th April, 1804, at a place called Peonick Hill, within half a mile of the ancient town of Swords, and five miles out of the City of Dublin, on the high Northern road. My father, John Greene, was born about 1750 in the County of Antrim in the north of Ireland. In his early years he followed the linen trade, that is, buying up linen cloth (being a famous place for this manufacture) and taking it to England, selling it in fairs and markets.

About 1783 or 1784 he and his brother William came up to the vicinity of Swords, at the invitation of a Colonel Talbot, who had erected a large cotton mill, and wanted operators and men that understood that business, to take charge of the factory. Here in 1784, my father was married to Sarah, youngest daughter of James

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Stewart, of the town of Swords. It was a runaway match, as they call it, that is, without the consent of her father, she being only between seventeen and eighteen years of age, but after that he got reconciled and proved a good friend during his life.

My grandfather came from the County of Wicklow. He and his brother were brought up by a maternal uncle by the name of McCracken, who owned a nice estate in the county, called "Wund Wood." The two brothers expected he would make them his heirs, (he being an old bachelor) and no doubt he would, but for his sudden death. The brothers then thought to hold the estate, although a nearer heir in the person of Councillor Hatch laid claim to it; they commenced law but finally compromised, he, Mr. Hatch, giving them £2000 each. He sent my grandfather then to Swords and put him on a farm to take care of it, and paid him the interest on the two thousand pounds half yearly at six per cent., retaining the principal for his family after his death; my mother received the interest as her share during her life. (I could tell a curious tale about this affair, but it would not be interesting now.)

There was a family of eight children, six girls and two boys. My oldest sister, Elizabeth, was born in 1785; Jane, the next, in 1787; James, 1789; Martha, 1792; Sarah, 1795; Anne, 1797; John, 1801 (died in infancy); and Richard 1804.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THOSE DAYS

My father was a strict Church of England man and brought up his family the same. I never heard of any sect or denomination all around that country but the two, Roman and Protestant, that is, Catholic and Church of England; in the city, of course, it was different.

There was in Dublin a fine little man, a builder, by the name of John Delamour, who went about doing good and visiting destitute places, opening up prayer meetings, etc., etc., and it was impressed upon his mind for some time to visit Swords. He afterwards told that the cry in his ear was to "Go to Swords." One Saturday evening in the year 1810, he and two more young men, whom he took

with him, one Isaac McCarty and a Mr. Connell (McCarty was a good preacher) came to Swords, took lodgings for the night, began to make inquiries about the place, state of religion, etc., and if there was anyone there who read their bible. Those they inquired of could only think of John Greene's family on the Hill, my father having made it a custom to read the bible with the family at least on Sunday evenings. The next morning, Sunday, bright and early, the three came up to our house. My sister, Mattie, had just gotten off her knees after saying her prayers, when they knocked at the door, asked if her father was up, and said that they wanted to come in and pray with the family. Poor Mattie ran into my father's bedroom and told him three gentlemen wanted to come in and pray with them. They must, she said, be Freemasons, my father being of that order. The family was soon up, father, mother, five sisters and myself. They prayed, talked a while, and went back to the town. In the afternoon they collected about a dozen or more and came up again to hold a regular meeting. My mother got frightened and said her house would be pulled down by the Romans if she harboured Methodists, but the girls got around her and prevailed. My father was passive in these things. Well, the parlour got filled. They commenced by singing, "Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," then prayed, then sang again, and Mr. McCarty preached from that memorable text, which I remember from that day and ever will, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

PREACHING SERVICES IN THE HOME

I thought that the text was made on purpose for the family. My mother sat trembling all the time, expecting to have the windows broken. She had seen something of this once in the town when a girl. The rest were delighted, especially with the singing, and when the preacher asked leave to come again, my mother opposed, said they would go to hear them but they should get some other place. However, the girls prevailed, and a door was opened for the gospel as preached and inculcated by the Methodists, the first and the only one of the kind in that part of the country during my

stay (1832). Mr. McCarty did not, I believe, belong to any organized body, but was what we now call an evangelist, but they went by the name of Methodist, preached the Methodist doctrine. He almost took up his abode with our family, preaching two or three times a week, and visiting the neighborhood. Mr. Delamour, who was his chief support, did not forget us and other young people, the result being that my five sisters who were at home were converted, and my dear mother gave her heart to God and lived and died a Christian heroine, firmly attached to those she was so much afraid of at first. My father was always a moral man and a firm believer in Christ. After a few years Mr. McCarty joined the Baptist Church, and was sent to one of the inland counties to labor. The regular Methodists then took up the appointment and sent local preachers and exhorters on Sunday evenings to hold meetings. At one time there was a party of soldiers (English Militia) stationed in the town. They were nearly all Methodists, and well I remember the prayer meeting, singing and shaking of hands almost every evening in the week. But this was not always to last. Time went on, the family began to disperse; the young began to drop off coming, and at last, when I became a young man, with the exception of a missionary now and then, the regular meetings broke off. Somehow Methodism, or in fact religion, never made much progress there. It was often said that religion had done its work in Swords in the salvation of our family. I should have mentioned that my mother's fears were soon realized in a bitter persecution. Few holidays passed but drunken fellows going home at night would throw stones and break the windows, and boys and girls going by from work would shout and call names, such as "Swaddler," with many other foolish epithets. I remember very well one night, while Mr. McCarty was preaching, that a stone came flying through the window, struck a picture on the opposite wall and threw it down. The preacher cried: "Never mind the picture;" but my mother was soon out. She met a little boy crying, who said his father had broken the "Swaddlers' " windows, and was going back to break the rest. He soon came up, a drunken fellow we knew very well, by the

name of Walsh. He came into the house just as the meeting was over and after a good deal of talk and advice he went away. My mother ministered to his wants a few years afterwards on his deathbed.

PERSECUTION AND OUTRAGES

But I must tell the worst of all their acts. In 1816 two of my sisters had been in the city (Dublin); they had just come home one Saturday evening; there had been a report in the city of a plot being discovered for the Catholics to rise that night and murder all the Protestants, (such reports being very common in these days). They were just telling of the report to the rest of the family, when two drunken men coming home from the city, and having heard the report, made up their mind to frighten the family. I had been in the village with a neighbor and in coming home about dark heard a noise opposite our house. I ran up and there saw two men, John Tinns and Tom Roe, jostling on the bank. Says Tinns to Roe, "Stand you there and I will do the business." He then went up to the parlour windows and with the handle of his leaden butt whip smashed in one window, sash and all, and then went and broke every pane in the other, at the same time crying, "This is the night we are to kill all the heretics." They then ran like cowards, after doing their work. My poor sisters, what of them? They were on their knees, had bared their necks for the assassins' knife. But my mother, where was she? She flew out of the back door and followed the fellows down the road until they hunted her back, but not before she ascertained who they were. I knew them very well, too, but they hunted me off. The next morning being Sunday, a great number of Catholics had to pass up and down to their chapel, and seeing the windows with just the curtains in them, they really got ashamed and set their faces against it. The priest preached about it and requested them to let them alone. On Monday morning the culprits sent up a carpenter and glazier and repaired the damage. This finished persecution of this kind, and in after years when religion got dull, poor mother used to say, "Since persecution has ceased, our religion has gone down."

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

I will now turn to a little more of family matters. In 1806 my sister Jenny went as governess in a gentleman's family, of the name of Bolton, of Brazil. While there she got acquainted with a young man of the name of Tighe, he was a valet to a Sir James Crofton, Colonel of the Sligo Co. Militia, and visited the family. The result was she ran away with him and got married when about 19 years of age. It was not a happy marriage. She grew to be a very fine, handsome woman, far his superior both in appearance and education. They did not live permanently together; he stayed with his old master, and my sister went to live with a lady who resided in Dublin and other parts. They had a daughter, born in 1807, Mary Ann, who was raised chiefly with us, and who got married in 1828 to a man of the name of Lutterell, who came to New York years ago, and she and the remainder of her family live in Decator, Illinois State. For many years before I left home, she, Mrs. Tighe, lived as companion or lady's maid with an invalid lady who had an ailment of the spine. She was of independent fortune, my sister had sole management of it; they lived in splendor, and happily. Her name was Miss George. When she died, I think about 1840 or 1841, she left my sister a nice competence, which kept her the remainder of her days. At Miss George's death she came home to live permanently with Tighe. He had a little cottage and a few acres of ground in our neighborhood.

She improved the cottage and after my father's death took my mother to live with her, but she did not long enjoy her retirement. About 1840 she took dropsy and sank under it, but not before she had seen my dear mother laid in her tomb. I must add a little more. My sister used often to visit us about the time the Methodists came to our house. I think she had been away for some time. However, she came to spend a Sunday with us (it used to be week days, when there was no meetings). She heard and joked them all about their religion. I believe she never heard preaching outside of the church. Well, there was a little man came to the appointment that Sunday evening that the girls did not think much of; they felt

disappointed when they came in to preaching. A seat was offered my sister. "Oh, no," she said, "let me go over and sit among the boys and girls." She carefully folded up her silk dress and the preacher in his simple way went on pointing the sinner to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and the danger of procrastination. Conviction seized her, she threw herself on her knees in the middle of the floor and cried for mercy. O, what a scene! I remember it well. Suffice to say she gave her heart to God, lived and died in the faith, joined a Congregational Church on York St., Dublin, and was a member until death.

The next I will refer to is my brother James. He was rather a wild young fellow. About sixteen years of age he enlisted in a horse regiment going abroad; with great exertion my father got him off, but he shortly after joined a regiment of the County Dublin Militia, who were then doing regular military duty in place of the regular army who were at the wars. He remained with them until 1812, when he got married to a little, shrewd, deep minded woman. He then brought her home and settled for some time in the neighborhood. His first child, Martha, was born in 1813. My brother's life was a very checkered scene; never very steady in one place; sometimes up on the housetop, sometimes down in the cellar. They had four sons and three daughters. He, shortly after coming home, went to Dublin, into Mr. Delamour's employ, and learned the slating and plastering business. He soon went into business for himself, and had many ups and downs. He had a very pleasing address, got into favor with those he had to do with, and, if steady, might have done well. At times he and his wife were very religious. He was a prominent class leader for a time, but an unfortunate besetment followed him—too fond of the cup. His wife could talk to a Bishop, and during their lives carried on a form or profession of religion.

In 1832 they emigrated to Canada, settled for a couple of years in Hamilton, then went to the States, where he died in 1863 and his wife a few years after.

The next to settle was Mattie. She got married in 1818 to a young man, by name James Townsend. He lived about nine miles

north of us in a village called Balbriggan. A fine young man; had to struggle with the world to get along; my poor sister was a faithful Christian. She contracted a cold when a young woman, which followed her, ending in consumption. She died at my mother's in 1828. I closed her eyes. The ministers who came to see her (Church of England) said they came not to give instruction, but to get it. Let me live the life of the righteous and let my last end be like hers. She left three daughters and two sons. One of them, John, lives in New York.

About 1820 a fine, clever dashing young man by the name of Richard Meredith began to visit our house. He came down from the city on Sunday evenings as a local preacher to hold meetings. He came on horseback with top boots, Cassimere small clothes, blue coat with gilt buttons—the fashion in those days. He had come to Dublin from the Queen's County, and at this time was clerk to a flour merchant, had a couple of horses and drays hauling flour. A great Methodist, a class leader in the church in which all the young girls that could, joined; he could preach a good sermon, and altogether he was very engaging. He began to be a pretty constant visitor and stole the heart of my youngest sister Ann, but I believe to his honor, never "spake of love." After many months of constant visiting there was a rumor that he was going to get married to another young woman. This came to poor Ann's ears and nearly sunk her. He, Meredith, frequently visited my brother in town. My sister-in-law and he were very intimate, so she took the matter in hand, and the first evening he called there she opened the subject. She told him that he had done all a young man could to gain the affections of one of the purest, loveliest and gentlest young women she knew of, and then deserted her in that way. He seemed surprised, was not aware, he said, that he made any impression; so after mutual explanations he told her he would go down the next evening and make all right. My sister-in-law managed to give word beforehand; indeed, she came down herself by daylight to prepare Ann for the interview. He came in the evening, as he said, made up matters, and in a few weeks they were married in my brother's house in

Dublin. He, Meredith, carried on a bakery business at the time, but did not succeed, not being properly acquainted with the business. His oldest son, Samuel, was born there. In about two years he wound up his business in Dublin and went home to Queen's County, where he was well patronized by the gentleman and magistrates of the county. He was appointed deputy governor of the county prison, where he raised a large family of five sons and six daughters. My sister Ann was one of the faithful of the earth although her husband fell into great errors. Their son Samuel was taken out when young by the Irish Conference and sent to the North of Ireland to labor. He soon after came to New York and carried on a correspondence with me, joined the Conference there, and is at this day one of their old established ministers. The family soon after followed in 1847 or 1848. There are two of the sons besides Samuel Methodist ministers; the rest of the family are scattered up and down. Richard, the father, only lived a year or two after coming to America, and Ann, my sister, died in 1855.

A little while after Ann's marriage, my sister Betty, the oldest of the family, who had been a companion to a lady for a year or two in the North, came home. There was a young man of the name of Wm. Walsh, our next neighbor, a very sober, industrious fellow, who held a small farm and who had been soliciting Betty to marry him for some time, but he, not professing religion, and being rather below her, at all events in appearances, she rejected. His perseverance and her advancing in age at last prevailed. They got married a few months after Ann, and she was a great comfort and company to us and poor father and mother during their lives. They had a family of one son and three daughters.

The son went to Australia when he became a young man. After the father's death the mother and two daughters (the other having died) followed, so I never heard more of them. Betty had been a fine, sensible woman; few of the young men that used to visit our house could compete with her on religious subjects. I think she was somewhat disappointed in Mr. McCarty. It was thought they would be married, and from him she embraced Calvin-

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istic views, which he took to after becoming a Baptist, but I trust, I believe, she got home safe.

In 1821, Mary, my fifth sister, got married to a young man, Robert Kelly. He was an officer in the Revenue in Dublin. They got married at my sister Ann's. He was a sober but rather delicate man, rather of a desponding nature. They had two daughters and four sons. Poor Mary died about 1840 or 1841. The family, a few years after, came to New York, where the most of them still reside. Robert, the father, died in 1851.

The last sister to settle was Sarah. When a child I heard she was the handsomest of them all, but she got the smallpox and ever after was badly pitted. On a visit to her sister Ann in Queens County in 1825 she got engaged to a man of the name of Neville. They had three or four children; I saw a daughter of hers in New York when I was over there. Her mother was coming to New York with her son after the father's death, but the vessel they left Liverpool in was wrecked off the coast of Wales, and nearly all the passengers were lost, they among the rest. I have known but little of her or her family but the above.

Now I come to myself. My history you all know pretty well, except the early part, a good deal of which I could wish were buried in oblivion. Eliza was born in March, 1832; in May following we came to Canada and settled the first fifteen or sixteen months in Peterborough; then we moved up to Hamilton, the latter part of 1833, where Josias, Sarah and Mary Anne were born. In August, 1839, we moved out to the bush, where we made the old homestead and where the rest of you were born. I worked and labored hard at farm and trade, kept pretty good health and spirits, was saved from most of the trials, disappointments, difficulties and ills which so many are subject to. Spent fifteen years of youthful and happy days together in peace and love, till our Heavenly Father saw fit to visit us with one sore trial and bereavement, which changed the whole course of our lives, and was the principal cause of leaving the farm.

Well, the old homestead is still in the family, and I am spared to a good old age, surrounded with many mercies, a good part of my family with me still, the rest within short hearing distance; my wants supplied; lifted a good deal above the cares of this life and with a blessed hope and prospect of the life to come; my family all doing pretty well; so that, in drawing a contrast between myself and all the rest of the family, I am satisfied that I have been by far the most fortunate and most favored of the whole.

I ascribe all to the mercy and goodness of God.

In after years, perhaps, some of you may write a sketch similar to this for your children, when the rest of us are all forgotten.

No more now.

R. G.

OUR OWN FAMILY

Our father was a man whose influence for good was felt by all with whom he came in contact; a man of strict integrity, a wise counsellor and a cheerful, loyal and active Christian.

As a husband and father, he studied to make the home life most enjoyable. For several years after we settled on the farm he worked during the summer at his trade (mason and plasterer) in and around Caledonia, four miles distant; and his weekly programme was as follows:—Leave home on Monday morning and walk down in time for breakfast and to commence the day's work. Keep at it all week, and on Saturday night—after a full day—walk back and take supper with us invariably.

And such a home coming as it was! We children were wild with excitement. Although weary, he seemed to throw it all off, and give himself right up to us—spending the evening giving a history of the week and interesting the children with thrilling stories—in this he excelled. We loved him dearly while he remained with us, and most sincerely revere his memory now.

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Among my earliest memories are his earnest petitions in family worship, as he so earnestly prayed for us. The frequent utterance of these words, "O Lord, bless our children," made a deep and lasting impression upon our minds—they seem still to ring in my ears.

The Sunday was truly a day of holy rest. For some time after we settled in the bush our log cabin was the place of worship, in which the class meeting was held—my father being the leader. In those early days our home was the stopping place of a devoted Anglican minister, Rev. B. C. Hill, who rode on horseback from York—nine miles—every two weeks, preaching and catechizing us children, my father acting as clerk—a position he occupied for ten years in the town where he lived in Ireland.

The removal of our dear mother was a heavy blow to him, and cast a dark shadow over us all. She was truly a helpmeet to father, and a wise and affectionate mother. She was much respected in the neighborhood on account of her great sympathy in times of trouble, and was a cheerful, consistent godly woman.

The following lines were penned several years ago, as I visited her grave in the old Glanford cemetery :

Sadly I gaze upon the spot
Where her dear form now lies,
Who taught my youthful heart to pray
To God, for grace from day to day
To guide me in the narrow way
That leadeth to the skies.

And though she's gone from earth away,
And has been gone for years ;
Yet when I think of bygone days,
When I was wrapped in her embrace
And gazed upon her smiling face,
It fills my eyes with tears.

But hark ! Methinks I hear her say :
"Why do you weep for me ?
My cares and sufferings all are o'er ;
I've reached fair Canaan's peaceful shore
Where I shall dwell forevermore,
From earthly sorrows free."

O may I worthy prove to meet
Her in that happy place,
To share with her at God's right hand
The glories of the better land,
Joined with the whole celestial band
In songs of endless praise.

Subsequently father married again, and brought into the home a wise and godly woman in the person of Ann Wellwood; who proved a real mother to the younger children, and still lives in the affections of all members of the family.

EXTRACTS FROM OBITUARY

Extracts from father's obituary, which was prepared by the late Rev. George Brown, who was then his pastor in the Simcoe Street Church. After referring to his nativity and emigration to this country, it says: "Their first place of abode was Peterborough where they opened their house for the worship of God, and in that humble dwelling the first Methodist Class in that locality was organized. During their stay in Peterborough the first Sabbath School was formed, and Mr. Greene was appointed Secretary. In 1833 they removed to Hamilton, and became connected with the old King Street Methodist Church.

Although from a sense of duty he had felt a deep interest in the cause of God, yet up to this time he was a stranger to experimental religion. His conversion took place at a watch night service in the above church, just as the old year 1833 passed away and the new year 1834 commenced. Not long after his conversion he was appointed class leader, and took charge of the class previously led by David Springer, who had removed from the village. This office he filled, with scarcely any interruption, from that time until his death; and during the forty-four years of faithful service he earned for himself a good degree. * * * During the last twenty-five years he has held an official position successively in the old McNab St., Centenary and Simcoe Street Churches. * * * For some weeks before his death he was unable to take rest in any other than

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a sitting or reclining position, and in this posture, while conversing with the Lord, he peacefully fell asleep on the evening of May 7th, 1880, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

I may here add that the little King Street church referred to was at that time the only church of any description in the place, and the class referred to was the first Methodist class formed in Hamilton. Moreover, there was no Methodist minister residing there at that time. Ancaster was the head of the circuit.

MOTHER'S ANCESTRY

Our mother's ancestors came originally from Wales, as I have been told, in the time of Cromwell; and settled in the county of Meath, Ireland, near to what is now the village of Rathmolyon.

The old homestead, known as "Fox Hill," remains still in the family.

Her father, Joseph Hughes, was converted under a sermon preached by John Wesley during his last Irish tour—a five a.m. service in a private house. Fox Hill became a home for the Methodist preacher and has continued to be such. The late Rev. John Hughes, who was for many years an active member of the English Conference, was a cousin of my mother's.

The family consisted of nine children, Charles, John, Mary (our mother), Joseph, Sarah, Thomas, Samuel, Ellen and Jane.

The only one who came to this country, besides mother, was Uncle Thomas. He married an estimable woman who survived him several years. Their five children are doing well, and all serving the Lord. It was my privilege thirteen years ago to visit the old Irish home and had a royal welcome from my uncle Sam and his family, who were then the occupants. Aunt Sarah was then living in her old home, in Rathmolyon. Since that time they both have crossed the flood. Uncle Sam was a most upright man and consistent Christian, as testified to by the minister who wrote his biography—forty years a Sunday School teacher. His widow still survives. Their son, Samuel, who was recently married, succeeds in possession of the homestead.

Their children are all in the good way and comfortably settled. Two are in this country, one, J. J., being intimately connected with "All People's Mission" in Winnipeg.

Four of Aunt Sarah's children are doing well in Canada.

In Belfast I had a very enjoyable visit with some of Uncle Charles' children, who likewise are doing well.

FATHER'S CHILDREN

Now, a little concerning ourselves.

Eliza, who was born in Ireland on the 2nd of March, 1832, was married on the 11th of February to John Cowie, a Christian man. They purchased our old "Greenwood Farm," where they raised an interesting family of nine.

Three of the children have passed safely to the "better country" and the rest are comfortably settled. The old farm was sold some three years ago and the parents are quietly resting in a neat little cottage in the village, having with them Nellie, the only one of the unmarried children.

When they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, I sent to them the following acrostic :

Our Golden Wedding Day.

Old age is surely creeping on apace with
Us, as we look backward, and
Review full fifty years of wedded life to-day.

Great blessings truly have been
Ours, through all those passing years :—
Love, peace, sweet harmony, and joy
Divine, have filled our
Earthly home, as one by one,
Nine children came, to cheer us on our onward

Way.

Each year, 'tis true, brought trials new, yet not
Despair, for with them grace and strength
Divine were given ; and hopes
Inspired, with deepened love to Him who
Never failed to listen to our humble prayer.
God bless our children, one and all, as scattered now they are ;

Direct their steps, while o'er life's devious way they roam ;
And when with us they've crossed to
Yonder shore, may all be gathered safely to our Heavenly Home.

Written for John and Eliza Cowie, who were married
on the 11th of February, 1852.

February 11th, 1902

BY JOSIAS.

I, Josias, come next in order—born in Hamilton, December 11th, 1833. I am called after a first cousin of my mother's—Josias Hughes, then a store keeper in Peterborough.

His father, the late George Hughes, was one of the early settlers in, I think, Emily Township, and some of the connections are living around that part still, among whom are the Hales Bros., of the Orillia Packet.

I remember distinctly the buildings of Dundurn, (McNabb) Castle and the rebellion excitement of 1837. My early years, after I was six years old and until I was twenty-two, were spent on the farm before referred to. Where we located was a dense forest, with here and there, widely scattered, a primitive dwelling known as a shanty. I grew up with the farm and country until we had one hundred and fifty acres, eighty of which was in a fair state of cultivation. I commenced to plow before I was ten, and on account of father's absence—working at his trade during the summer—I soon became to a great extent the home-manager. On this account my schooling was very limited.

My first team, which I trained and drove for some eight or nine years, was a yoke of oxen—"Buck and Bright"—and behind them for years might have been often seen a sled, a No. 4 plow, or a V-shaped drag, and a boy with a blue beech calling out, "haw, gee, whoa, etc., etc." Many a hot day I swung the cradle in the grain field (for we had in those days no other way of cutting the grain), and when visiting the old homestead for the last time three years ago, I found the old cradle snathe and brought home a piece of it as a souvenir.

My religious life as a professor commenced in 1848. On the 9th of November, on a Tuesday evening in our own home, after a sermon preached by the late Rev. Thomas Cosford, I was taken into the church and received my first ticket. Soon after removing to Hamilton I was appointed superintendent of the Bethel Sunday School, class leader and local preacher. The old Bethel, where I learned to work for God, has developed into what is now the Simcoe Street Church.

Suffice to say, I entered the ministry—was received on trial in June, 1860, and continued without a break for forty-one years. Since that time I have resided in Clinton as a superannuate. At the same time have been engaged most of the time in active work in the way of supply.

In 1865 I was married to Harriet Elizabeth Frost of Owen Sound, who proved to me a ministering angel. We lived and worked in sweetest harmony for nearly forty years. when in the triumphs of an unwavering faith she left us on the 7th of July, 1905 —“Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

Having no children of our own, we adopted two daughters; the first, Mary, when she was a babe two weeks old, who is now the wife of Dr. Thompson, and living across the street from us. They have two lively boys, Fred and Charlie, who often visit us and are advancing favorably in their school studies.

They like to come over to grandpa's,
And to him their grievances tell,
To ask him mend sleighs and wagons,
And “Give us a ride on old Nell.”

Beatrice, who came out from the lovely Cheltenham, England, we took as our own some sixteen years ago, and now she is my trusty and devoted home-keeper and companion—an earnest and busy church worker.

Sarah, the next, born in Hamilton on the 1st of December, 1835, was of rather quiet and unassuming disposition. In 1856 she was married to Ira J. Fisher, a moulder by trade. He had been converted a short time previous, under the labors of the late Rev. James Caughey—a real conversion. He became an active worker for God, and continued faithful to the end. I never knew a more devoted, consistent, earnest Christian. They removed to Kincardine where he engaged in the foundry business. Sarah was a most affectionate wife and mother, and was much loved and respected by all who knew her.

Her stay upon earth was comparatively short. After a good deal of suffering, she bade good-bye on the 15th of October, in the

thirty-first year of her age, leaving behind a greatly bereaved husband and two fine boys—Edwin and Richard. These boys I visited a year ago in Minneapolis, where they have for years been engaged in business and very successfully. They both have very estimable wives and to Edwin were given two interesting daughters. Richard recently married.

They are great lovers of home and have very cosy quarters, where old uncle Josias was made a princely guest. All, I believe, are in the good way.

Ira married again, some years after Sarah's departure. Bella Sellery made him a faithful companion and to them were born six children, who are proving themselves worthy of a godly parentage.

Ira was a centre of moral influence in the town and a prominent worker in the church. Of him it may truly be said, "His works follow." We laid him to rest some four years ago "in sure and certain hope."

Of Mary Ann I could say a great deal. She was born in Hamilton, May 16th, 1838. She developed into a most sympathetic and useful worker in the Church—particularly in Sunday School and benevolent work. On March the 20th, 1860, she was married to a Kincardine merchant named John McLeod, a typical Scotch Presbyterian. She became a most influential and practical member of that branch of the church, highly respected by all. Her end came unexpectedly and suddenly in May, six years ago. While engaged in special W. M. S. work—driven by her husband—the horse shied, and from the injury sustained she passed away in the act of praying for the family and the work of God. Angus Josias, her eldest son, became a much loved and successful minister, and passed early to his reward. Another son, Duncan, died while quite youthful. Two of their children remain—Sadie, who is the wife of the Rev. Mr. Rowan, Presbyterian minister at Fort William, and Richard, who is married and residing in Minneapolis. John did not long survive Mary Ann.

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James, who was born on the farm April 13th, 1840, left home while quite young. Spent several years in the state of Michigan, where he married Miss Nettie Seely. Some twenty years ago they moved away to a place called North Yakima, in what was until somewhat recently called Washington Territory. There he started a general store, well nigh the first in the place, and continued in the business until a little over a year ago.

They have but one child, Curtis, who devotes his time principally in railroad matters.

Both he and his wife have been intimately connected with the Methodist Church, which has grown from a mere handful until now they have a \$30,000 church, and membership of several hundred. James has been all along a hard worker and is now feeling the effects.

A year ago this last autumn I visited them and was treated by them in a most brotherly and hospitable manner. It was to me a great privilege—after a period of over thirty years since we saw each other.

Sister Jane (Jennie as she is called) was born on the 10th of August, 1842, and was married to Alfred Frost, barrister, of Owen Sound, October 30th, 1865. They were blessed with ten children, all of whom are living and all married and comfortably settled, excepting the two youngest. One is the wife of one of our ministers in the North West, where several others are located; two in Toronto; two in Owen Sound; Jennie, the youngest, with her mother, and Alfred J., the eldest, who is a chemist and expert in cement manufacture. All are connected with the church, and some very active in Christian work.

Mattie, the next, was born July 16th, 1844, and was married several years ago to the Rev. W. H. Hincks, now one of the leading ministers in Toronto, where he has been for over ten years in several of the leading churches. Mattie is a born leader, and has been of great help on the several charges where they have been stationed. Their only child and son Clare has recently graduated in medicine with honors, and is now serving a term as resident physician in the hospital.

The last of the girls, of the first flock, was Nellie. Born July 16th, 1846, and married (cannot give the date) to Dr. T. Wesley Mills, of McGill University in Montreal. She was a person of sweet disposition and a particular associate of Mattie's. They taught in the public schools in Hamilton for several years at the same time, and her seemingly untimely death some seven years ago well nigh prostrated Mattie, and was a great shock to us all. She, with their daughter, Edna, were in Germany, having accompanied the doctor, who was there taking some post-graduate studies; and after a few hours' illness passed away. Edna, who is very clever and an expert musician—familiar with French and German—is now in Toronto engaged in teaching along the above lines. Her father has married again.

I now come to the two boys, who were quite children when mother left us. Richard, born March 31st, 1850, was married several years ago to Emma Freeborn. They have four children—two married and comfortably settled. Richard resembles our father in many ways more than others of us. Always full of cheer and likes to romp with and interest the children. Has the distinction of having been born in the bush log-cabin—a distinction he prizes very much. He has been for many years connected with the shoe and rubber trade, and is now the much trusted manager of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Co., Toronto—a clear-headed and practical business man.

Joseph, who was born 2nd of March, 1852, is in many respects one among all the rest—even tempered, most unselfish and generous. His wife is the daughter of the late Rev. J. Hugill, who was a much respected minister in our church, and she is a devoted and benevolently active Christian. They have a lovely home—no children. Joe has grown up with the Sanford Manufacturing business of which he is now the successful manager. For years he has been a leading man in the Centenary Church, and superintendent of the Sunday School. He is a very active and a liberal supporter of all benevolent interests. He keeps a watchful eye over mother and Edith, who reside together quietly in Toronto on Tranby Ave.

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I close this sketch with the children of the second group, of whom there were three.

Edith Ann was born October 30th, 1860. She is a steady-going, painstaking home girl, lovingly caring for mother and interested in their St. Paul's (Methodist) Church work.

William Wellwood, the next, was born July 10th, 1863, and married a few years ago to Miss Jean Fleming. He is a steady, good boy. Has kept within a short distance of the mother's home until within some three or four years ago, when he took a situation in the Equitable Life Assurance Co. in Seattle. While in the West a year ago I had a very enjoyable visit with them --they made my stay most pleasant.

Herbert, the youngest, was born October 3rd, 1866, and died December 18th, 1871. He was an affectionate and dutiful boy, and passed early to the home beyond.

And now in closing I want to express my sincere thanks to our Heavenly Father for His great mercy extended to us as a family—for all the way in which he has led us up to the present, and for the blessed hope entertained by us all of a joyful re-union in the "Sweet bye and bye."

I wish likewise to give expression of thanks for the confidence reposed in me and the sympathy accorded by all in my sore bereavement.

"And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ."

For such I most sincerely pray
On this, my seventy-fourth birthday.

JOSIAS.

CLINTON, DECEMBER 11TH, 1907.

