

**AND
JOHN BEGAT**

MYRON O. BRINTON



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***AND HE WENT OUT,
NOT KNOWING WHITHER HE WENT***

HEBREW 11:8

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FOREWORD

I began work on this book in the fall of 1977. Ere long, I became bogged down in an extensive correspondence and, while waiting for information, I turned aside to write the story of my life. That was completed in March, 1978, and published in May, 1978. I ordered 500 copies of that book which are now about exhausted. It went far and wide to many places. Among others, places of particular interest were the library of Acadia University and the 'Baptist Archives' stored there.

The response it received among my friends has encouraged me to edit that book and to have it reprinted in a slightly improved form, charging just enough to cover costs of publication and distribution.

Last summer and fall, I was busy with many activities lasting up to the Christmas celebrations. This included 3 1/2 months over at Cavendish.

Now I am trying to resume the task of writing my second book, hoping to complete it before the Spring of 1979. I am hoping that the dear Lord will give me strength to 'hold together' until this task is done.

I must give much deserved credit to my brother, Harold, who has done so much of the research required. He has lived the greater part of his life down in Annapolis County, near the area where our progenitors settled about 200 years ago. Thus he has been in a better position than I to gain access to the sources of information, such as cemeteries, and personal conversations with many people still living. He has travelled many miles and made wide use of the telephone. By such means, he has gathered a great mass of information which he has placed freely at my disposal, so this is really a joint effort between him and me.

I have tried to fill in a few gaps in some of the branches where vacancies appeared, and the record may still not be complete. So we want to present our apologies for any omissions that appear. It has been an arduous effort to gain complete and authentic information, but our purpose has been to begin with our great-great-grandparents, John and Jemima Brinton, and to follow the line down through to our great grand children, and to do the same for the other branches of the Brinton family of which John and Jemima were the progenitors.

I should mention many others who have supplied information so generously. I cannot make a complete list, and for fear of omitting some which I should include, I think it best not to attempt to make a list of such.

Years ago one day in Cavendish, my wife, Elaine, was discussing with a relative the matter of their fore bears. One of our grandchildren, then quite young, was an interested listener to the conversation. Afterward, she came to her grandmother obviously quite mystified: "Grammie", she said, "Who are our four bears? I have heard about the three bears, but what are four bears?"

Well, this matter of forebears seems to be one of growing interest. I think this is good. People in this u fast moving society lack adequate roots. Joseph Howe, one of our great Nova Scotians of long ago once declared: 'A wise nation preserves its records'. I think the same truth applies to family records. The past and the present are inescapably linked together. What we are today, we owe largely to those who have gone before us. What our children will become depends much on the heritage we impart to them today. Each of us must pass on to those who come after us whatever heritage we have received, and try to pass it on enriched by whatever contribution we may be able to add to it.

The story is told of a descendant of a fine old family line who had been sowing wild oats, running fast and loose. One day, his grandfather took him into the library of his fine old mansion and showed him the pictures of his ancestors, going back for many generations. They were men of honor and high position. Among them were doctors, lawyers, clergymen, leaders in political life, and statesmen who had been honored in their country's history. The young man looked at these portraits. He noted something of the look of nobility in their faces. He read there the evidence of high thoughts, noble bearing, honor, integrity, dignity, and idealism. He came to realize that he had a worthy heritage to maintain, and he resolved that day that he would change his ways and endeavour so to conduct himself that he would try by God's help to do nothing that would bring dishonor upon his family, nor sully the name he bore.

We would not thereby encourage the pride of ancestry or any other kind of pride. Someone reminds us that "To be able to trace one's lineage back to some noble or famous person has been a great source of conceit and supercilious pride." John the Baptist (Matt. 3:9) rebuked that in the Jews when they boasted that they had "Abraham to their father." Sometimes, it is just as well not to look too closely at these fine old family trees. A few of the branches may need a little spraying here and there.

Nevertheless, we should bear with honor the name we have received, and try so to conduct ourselves as not to bring dishonor upon it.

I. INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER 1 - INTRODUCING THE BRINTON FAMILY

I have a story to tell you about a branch of the human family called the Brinton family. I scarcely know how to describe them since anything one might say about them could possibly be true.

Starting out in England many centuries ago, they migrated from place to place till they came to be found in many parts of that land. Then when the Establishment over in England began to oppress them, they 'shook off the dust from off their feet' against their homeland and travelled across the seas to America. They played their part in helping to establish some of the colonies in the New World. They went over to Northern Ireland, they came across the Atlantic again to Nova Scotia. They crossed Canada to the Canadian West to establish homes for themselves on the prairies, and in British Columbia.

On the whole, they have been religiously minded, and they have belonged to all kinds of churches, provided that they could have freedom, but they have been too independent to "kow-tow" to the Establishment. When the Established Church in England began to oppress them, some of them became Quakers. One of these families came over to America and found refuge in the "William Penn Colony" down in Pennsylvania and Delaware.

One of the strong characters in James A. Michener's novel "Chesapeake" was Ruth Brinton who played a prominent part among the Quakers along the Choptank River and helped to bring freedom to the slaves. The present head of the Mormon Church, Spencer Wooley Kimball, is a descendant of William and Ann Brinton who were heavily fined for attending Quaker meetings, and lost considerable property in England. Thus, in the spring of 1684, "William embarked with his wife Ann and their son William for William Penn's colony, leaving three daughters in England."

The interesting story of some of their adventures is told in literature which I received from the 'Brinton Family Association', in West Chester, Pa. It is also reported that two of the many wives of Brigham Young were Brinton girls. Another branch of the Brinton family came to seek freedom in Massachusetts and helped to establish a colony there.

I have a Brinton niece in Tulsa, Okla., who belongs to a Presbyterian church down there. She is on the 'Pastoral Settlement Committee' of her church. A few months ago, she wrote telling me that their committee had been working for nine months trying to get a minister settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. She was the secretary of the Committee, and had to do most of the writing involved. Finally, they had succeeded in getting a minister and his wife duly settled and installed, but by that time she was completely exhausted. When she wrote me about the problem they had been having in her church, I wrote back that I had found much comfort in knowing that the Presbyterians were having their problems too, since I have been so embarrassed by these 'fighting Baptists' up in Canada that it was encouraging to know that we are not the only ones who fight over religion. Now that the Jews and the Arabs are getting together, the Lord may eventually work some similar miracle among Canadian Baptists.

Another Brinton down in the States, writing about the Quakers, remarked that they claim to be pacifists, but they fight about everything else, even among themselves.

Well, I guess the Brintons are just normal human beings after all, Baptists and Quakers etc. included. But the branch of the Brinton family I am writing about came from the North of Ireland about two hundred years ago. How they got from England over to Ireland I am not sure, but the North of Ireland seems to have been a place of refuge where oppressed people in England have taken refuge for a long time.

I think there must be something about the atmosphere in Northern Ireland that attracts lovers of freedom, or as some people might call them rebels, who will not bow down to the caste system of the Old Land.

In any case, W. A. Calnek in his 'History of the County of Annapolis', tells of John Brinton, a native of the North of Ireland, a weaver by trade, who married Jemima Clark, daughter of John Clark, of Yorkshire and migrated to Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.

How they got together, I do not know. I can imagine that John with his Irish brogue and Jemima with her peculiar Yorkshire dialect, may have had problems of communication at first, but love finds a way to overcome barriers of language as well as other difficulties which divide.

As I picture the story in my imagination, I think John was visiting some of his Brinton relatives in Yorkshire, and one evening in a beautiful Yorkshire deli, he came upon this lovely creature with jet black hair, rosy cheeks and shining eyes. It was love at first sight, but John was careful to take a second look. The Brintons have always been attracted to pretty girls. You may say it's in their blood, but I fancy there's something of that in other men as well, so perhaps it's in the human blood as such.

Well, that was just the beginning. It was a beautiful evening in June. The moon was riding high and Jemima's eyes were reflecting the moonlight. The next evening, John was back there in that Yorkshire dell, and again Jemima was there to meet him. This went on night after night until John was a helpless captive of her charms.

On her part, Jemima loved that Irish brogue, that r Irish wit, and that amorous spirit which John had come to acquire in the land of his adoption, and she was quite ready to respond.

Then, one evening, John began to talk to her about a dream he had long cherished. He told her of a land called Nova Scotia, and of a beautiful Valley, called the Annapolis Valley. He told her of how many people from many lands were travelling there to find new homes in a new land, a land of freedom and opportunity where they could get away from the regimented society of the old Country and its many forms of oppression, and build new homes for themselves in the wilderness. True, it would involve hardships and perhaps perils at times, but what was that compared to freedom and the chance to start life all over again in a new land.

Well, Jemima too was an adventurous soul, and by this time she was ready to undertake anything just to be with John. So she said: "Let's go talk it over with dad and mother." So together they went. John's Irish tongue played its most captivating role that night, and e'er long he was able to persuade the parents to entrust their daughter Jemima to his care.

I shall not take time to tell of the lovely wedding that followed in that beautiful Yorkshire dell. Nor shall I tell of the trip which John and his bride took back to Ireland to settle up affairs there, and to procure passage across the ocean to the new land. But eventually arrangements were made and they found themselves aboard ship along with many other kindred spirits, bound for Nova Scotia.

It was a long journey requiring weeks. Stormy weather ensued; the waters were rough and tumultuous. Some- times they even despaired of seeing land again; sometimes they were so sick they almost hoped they would not. But the yearning for life and freedom, and the dreams they cherished bolstered up their spirits, and finally in the far distance, the welcome shores of Nova Scotia loomed up on the horizon.

Imagine the excitement on board, the chatter of many voices, including children and young people. Here before them was the land of their dreams, the land of hope and freedom.

They landed, we think, at Granville Ferry. Imagine the excitement of landing, claiming their few possessions, visiting the land offices and searching for a plot of ground which might still be available.

Whether or not they found land in Granville, we do not know. Their names do not appear in the tax records which Calnek reproduces. Perhaps no land was available in that area. People were flocking there from many places – from the British Colonies down in the South, from England and the British Isles, from Germany, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, France and many other countries. Land was very hard to obtain.

But John had his trade. He was an expert weaver, and tradesmen were in much demand among the settlers. So he and Jemima made a fair living. Children were born to them; according to Calnek's records – Ellen, John, and Charles (the true name of Ellen seems to have been Eleanor, according to the name inscribed on her tombstone in Port Lorne). We do not know where John and Jemima died or where they were buried; perhaps it was in some private burial plot in unmarked graves, which was fairly common among the early settlers. But we pay tribute to those hardy pioneers of the long ago who had the courage to follow their dreams and to seek a better life for themselves and their descendents, despite the hardships and perils involved. They builded better than they knew; they laboured and we have entered into the heritage which they made possible in this great new land.

CHAPTER 2 - THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TITLE OF THE BOOK

I could have called this book simply a "Genealogy of the Brinton Family of Annapolis County of Nova Scotia", but that did not appeal to my imagination, and I felt that such a title would not appeal to others. It needed some topic of wider scope and more general interest. So I came up with the title: "And John Begat". That speaks of life, the sacredness of human personality, how life is reproduced, marriage, the home, and family.

It also makes allowance for narrative material concerning the "old timers" back to the beginning when John and Jemima, the progenitors, got together over in Yorkshire, how they decided to cross the ocean and settle in Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. It also makes provision for telling a little about their descendants, especially the old timers like "deacon" John, Capt. "Josh", Capt. "Joe"; "Deacon" Charles, Capt. Traviss, Capt. Eber, and some of those of more recent origin, including Dr. Brinton Hall, and members of my own family, brothers and sisters, etc.

And while genealogical charts can be somewhat boring by themselves, they are really important, especially to those concerned, and for the purpose of writing a history of the family tree. I hope that by giving the charts a 'flesh and blood' setting, they may be read with more lively interest, even by those who find their own names there.

CHA 3 - THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN PERSONALITY

Now that we have John and Jemima safely landed in Annapolis County, this seems to be a suitable place to conclude the introduction of the Brinton family, and to continue with other matters suggested by our title: "And John Begat".

So, we continue with chapters on the Sacredness of Life and of Human Personality, the Sanctity of Marriage, and the vast importance of home and family life to society.

Why is human life sacred? The Bible gives the answer in these words: "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." Gen. 1:27.

Man bears the image of God in his own nature.

1. He is the only being who has the power of choice, of self-direction. The tree blossoms and bears fruit of necessity; the star moves in the orbit to which it is bound; the lower animal is a creature of Instinct. Man stands alone in the universe in that he has been invested with the prerogative of freedom. The whole universe is subject to the authority of law; but for man there is reserved an inviolable liberty. At the centre of his being, he is free to choose between the good and the evil.

2. Man has a moral nature. The animal can kill its prey, lick the blood off its paws, and lie down to untroubled sleep. But man cannot do that; he is haunted by the spectre of his crime. Like Macbeth, he holds up his hands with the despairing cry: "Oh, the blood, the blood! Though I lave here in this basin, I cannot get it off."

"Trust me: no torture that the poets feign
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels who day and night, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast."

3. Man is the only being who worships and prays. No matter where he dwells, however far removed from the gospel light, there is something within him which worships what he conceives of as God. Even H. G. Wells recognized this when he said: "There is a God-shaped vacuum in the human heart."

Why is it that we stand in awe before the mysteries of birth, of life and of death? Why is it that we are so stirred by beauty, goodness, truth, and love? Why do we have such capacities for sacrifice and heroism? Because God has set the stamp of His image upon us.

Sad to say, there is another side to man's nature with which we are all too familiar. Man is capable of the worst as well as the best. He is "a strange mixture of heights and depths, of majesty and meanness, of angel and devil, of deity and dust." Pascal, the eminent French philosopher once exclaimed: 'What a chimera is man!' What a subject of contradiction! What a confused chaos! A feeble worm of the earth! A mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and scandal of the universe."

But the Psalmist, speaking of man as God planned him, says: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet."

Man as God made him stands apart from all the rest of creation with an immeasurable gulf between him and his nearest animal competitor. He can communicate with his Creator. He can worship and pray, and in many cases he does. On every hand there are voices which say: "The hand that made us is divine."

All this has to do with the sanctity of human life. Man is not a thing to be manipulated or used for someone else's gain. He is not a digit with a number on it. He is not a slave or a beast of burden. He is a human being, a soul made in the image of God. He has dignity and worth. Everybody is somebody!

Because human life is sacred, it is not to be debauched or degraded. It is not to be dragged down to the animal level, or regarded as just another form of animal life, like the beast of the field, or the barn yard. Man is the crown of God's creation. He was made "to have dominion over the beast of the field, and the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Man stands in a class all by himself as the steward over God's creation, to be a partner with God in the management of God's vast estate.

Thus human life is to be regarded as a sacred trust, both in its treatment as such, and in its transmission from generation to generation. A student in a biology class was studying the subject of the reproduction of human life. The study was illustrated by slides bearing human life cells, with the aid of a microscope in a laboratory. Suddenly he stopped short, saying to a companion: "I see it all now. I am a link in the chain of the generations. I am resolved that I will not be a rotten link in that chain."

CHARTER 4 - MARRIAGE

This leads naturally to the subject of marriage. A young woman was a student at a modern university. It was a co-educational institution and the rules gave liberty to the students to govern their own conduct much as they chose. They were even permitted to 'shack up' with their boyfriends in the residences; and some of them were taking full advantage of their freedom. They were away from home on their own. Who would know or care? Why not follow their own desires?

But this young woman had come from a Christian home. She had been taught high ideals of life in general, and of marriage and the family in particular, and on her own she had learned to discriminate, to develop a keen sense of life's true values, and to determine for herself the sort of standards she wanted to maintain. So she said 'no' to the enticements and arguments of others. She was determined to keep herself pure against the day when she could enter into marriage with the partner of her choice with a clear conscience, without bitter regrets and remorse, with out skeletons that might come suddenly out of the closet and take grim reprisal.

According to Biblical teachings, God has made men and women his partners in the reproduction, the continuity, and the maintenance of human life. Gen. 1:27, 28:

"Male and female made He them. Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it." This has to do with the sanctity of marriage, and the vast importance of home and family life.

Again, we read, in Matt. 19: 4-6, the words of Jesus:

"Have ye not read, that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

1. As we understand it, therefore, marriage is the divine plan for the reproduction and the continuity of human life. Let me quote here from the Marriage Ceremony which in one form or another is used by most churches today; "Marriage was ordained of God for the mutual help and comfort of husband and wife, and for the welfare of the state.

Marriage, therefore, is not to be entered into by any lightly or unadvisedly, but reverently, discretely, and in the fear of God, with due consideration of the reasons for which it was ordained and the duties which it imposes."

2. It would be difficult to over-emphasize the importance of marriage from any point of view. For the contracting couple, it will have a vast deal to do with their future; their peace of mind, satisfaction, fulfillment, and a great deal else. From the point of view of society, marriage is the foundation of home and family life. The stability of the home and family depend greatly upon the strength of the marriage bond.

3. The marriage ceremony also emphasizes that marriage is a divine institution. It is not only a legal contract, though it is that, and rightly so. The wellbeing of society is so much involved in this whole matter that it is only right and proper that marriage should be safe-guarded by legal requirements.

But marriage is much more than a legal contract. "It is a holy partnership to be entered into according to the will of God, and for reasons which God approves." Only love can make two hearts one in the sight of God. Only love can meet the deep and high demands of married life. Marriage brings two persons together in the most intimate associations day after day. Without love that is deep, strong, abiding, and unselfish, the very enforced nature of this love may become a source of irritation and annoyance; but with love that is unselfish and that seeks the best good of each other, these intimacies and daily associations can form the basis for the most marvellous comradeship of life.

Leigh Hunt speaks in beautiful poetic expression of the two homes which are possible for man: the happy Christian home in this world, and the home 'beyond the stars':

"For there are two heavens sweet
Both made of love - one inconceivable
Even by the other, so divine it is;
The other far on this side of the stars,
By men called Home."

4. Marriage is the supreme human institution. "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they twain shall be one flesh."

The relation of a man to his parents is sacred indeed, so sacred that it is safeguarded by the fifth Commandment. Yet marriage takes precedence even over that. And the success of the marriage may well depend on whether the married couple do put each other first.

This does not mean, of course, that they must break their ties with their parents. No, indeed, those ties may now become richer and deeper. For the young couple are now able to realize more fully how much they owe to their parents for their teaching, their sacrifice, and their influence.

5. Again, marriage involves the oneness of the wedded pair. "They twain shall be one flesh."

Marriage is a supreme example of co-operation and adaptation. Here are two individuals coming to live together in the closest and most intimate relations. Perhaps their background has been somewhat different. They may have different ideas and opinions. Each has his own will, his own judgement, temperament, outlook, and point of view. There may be a conflict of wills, misunderstandings may arise, tempers may flare, harsh words be spoken; feelings are hurt, pride is aroused, neither is willing to yield and say: "I'm sorry, please forgive me." Thus, the breach may widen.

But here is where love comes in – the 'love that suffers long and still keeps kind', the kind of love that 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' 1 Cor. 13. Love enables each to adjust to the other, to understand, and to put up with each other's faults and foibles, and to be longsuffering, patient, kind, and forgiving. A person who cannot forgive should not get married. But true love helps the couple to grow together into a happy, fruitful, life-giving union in which they will become one in self-giving, thinking of each other's happiness and highest good, sharing not only their worldly goods, but sharing themselves, their interests, their plans, their hopes, and their aspirations; sharing also in mutual respect for each other.

Here I think it well to refer the reader to Ephesians 5:22-25. Some people take one verse from that passage without reference to its context, forgetting that Ephesians 5:25 reads: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it." Would a wife object to yielding herself to her husband who loves her so much that he would be willing to die for her? Indeed, if both husband and wife love each other like that, there will be no problem about them trusting each other so fully that they will gladly yield themselves to each other.

It is when husband and wife are united not only in their love for each other, but in their mutual love for Christ, that the foundation is laid for the highest success and happiness in love and family life. As the spokes of a wheel draw closer to the hub, they also come closer together. So also, as the hearts of husband and wife come closer to God, who Himself is love, and the source of all true love, they are drawn closer to each other.

If, on the other hand, the union of husband and wife is only on the physical and material level, if it is based on the things of time and earth alone, if they have no fellowship in the things of the spirit, if as they approach the highest and holiest realities of life they find themselves growing apart, then we fear they are dooming themselves to wander amid the foothills of the beautiful land called "Love", instead of ascending into the mountain tops of life's highest experiences of love and home life. So let this blessed partnership of marriage be a 'triangle' of the holiest sort. Let Christ be a chief guest on your Wedding Day. Let Him be a constant guest in your home. Seek the guidance and blessing of God in this great adventure of building a happy, successful home, and you will find that "life's greatest happiness is reserved for those who have learned the fine art of living together according to the will of God."

Let me conclude with a quotation which I learned many years ago. I have forgotten the author, but it goes like this:

 "Christ at the marriage altar;
 Christ when the new home is set up;
 Christ when the new baby comes;
 Christ when arms are empty;
 Christ when pinching times come:
 Christ in times of plenty;
 Christ when the wedded pair
 Walk together toward the sunset gates;
 Christ for time, Christ for eternity - This is the
 secret of Home, Sweet Home."

CHAPTER 5 - HOME AND FAMILY LIFE

Having laid the foundation for the home in Christian marriage, let us go on to consider the vast and abiding importance of home and family life.

I believe that the home is the basic institution of society. It is the fountain source from which flows the many streams of influence which make up the life of the church, the community, and the nation.

Family Life - Virginia Katherine Oliver

It's not life outside that really counts,
Or the success a person wins,
But in a happy family life,
That truly greatest joy begins.
It's not the money one may make
Nor any brilliant rise to fame,
That really ever makes a winner
In playing life's uncertain game.
It's happiness in family life,
If there is anything that can,
Brings out the best in every woman
And really makes a man a man.
For the home is life's true foundation,
And nothing ever can erase
The marks of homes that are great and good,
That makes the world a better place."

A young married woman was being visited by a real estate agent who was trying to interest her and her husband in buying a house. Already she was in the swing of things and had become somewhat cynical. "A house", she said, "Why do I need a house? I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church. I eat my food in restaurants, I spend my mornings at golf, my afternoons at bridge, and my evenings night-clubbing or dancing.

And when I die, I'll be buried from an undertaker's parlor. I have no use for a home. All I need is a garage."

Perhaps the picture is overdrawn but some folk may well ask, "What inducement is there to establish a home with an altar at the heart of it, when all the family are on the move and it is hard to get them all together anymore!"

Many factors are at work to undermine the home life of today. I need not take time here to elaborate on this, but our whole society is suffering the consequences. Much of the instability, the restlessness, the loneliness, the inability to adjust to life goes back to the early years spent in the home. A plant broken from the parent root withers away. So with the child uprooted from home and family life.

Mothers at work, fathers weighed down with economic pressures, tensions galore; husbands and wives tending to chuck the whole business when the going gets tough and to escape their parental responsibilities by getting a divorce. And while all concerned suffer, the children are the ones who suffer most of all.

Surely only God has the answer. The problems are far too great for us humans to cope with. Yet the family is God's institution, established by Him not only for the continuance of the race, but also for the purpose of answering the old prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Surely these are days for deep, honest realistic thinking.

As soon as a new home is established, therefore, it should be dedicated to the Lord, and every possible attempt be made to establish habits and practices through which a sense of God's presence may flow into the life of the home.

Many of these could be mentioned: Family prayers, grace at the table, individual prayers taught to the child ("A mother's knee is the holiest altar in the world"), regular habits of worship in the church by all members of the family, Sunday School, et cetera.

We well realize that all this is not easy in today's world. The price in self-discipline is high, but the product is worth it. And what is the alternative? The whole trend toward secularism which has crept into our modern homes, which seeks to solve every problem without God, or the Bible, or which stresses if happiness instead of love; which fosters self-interest instead of concern for others; and whose goal is self-indulgence instead of discipline and unselfish service - that way of life holds no hope. It has produced unfaithfulness and neglect. It has caused parents to teach their offspring to worship at the altar of lust and self-indulgence. It has created homes which are the breeding ground of unhappiness, strife, conflict, delinquency, and crime.

Whether for good or ill, no one can estimate the far-reaching influence of the home and family life in which the child is reared. The child spends most of its time in the home in its earliest and most impressionable years. In those earliest years, the parent has a relationship to the child that no one else normally has. It is during those years that first impressions are made, and the original bent to character is given,

We never get away fully from the influence of the home. The deepest and strongest memories of life are associated with the homes of our childhood and youth.

Some of us would not exchange those memories for anything. Will our children be able to look back and thank God for the homes which we gave them?

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." There was a woman who had wandered far from the teachings of her Christian home. One evening, she was seated at a banqueting table, arrayed in the most fashionable style and costly dress, and surrounded by gay and thoroughly worldly companions. In the midst of the dinner, the butler came to her with a salver with a note on it. The woman took the note, read it, and immediately excused herself. A few minutes later, she came back arrayed as a waitress, with black dress, white collar and cuffs. Her guests thought this was some novel form of entertainment, but soon their jokes and laughter turned to silence; for abruptly the woman said, "I am going home. My mother is dying. She thinks I am a waitress." Then, sweeping the company with looks of scorn and remorse she added, "And I would to God I were"

"It cannot be", said the Bishop to Monica, mother of the wayward and sinning Augustine, "It cannot be that the child of so many prayers should be lost." For many years, Augustine broke his mother's heart by his sinful excesses, yet she still continued to pray for him until at last he was marvellously converted. A few days after his baptism, Monica died, and Augustine turned sadly away from her grave to begin that life work which for a thousand years made him one of the leading voices in the thought and life of the Church.

I believe it was Alexander Pope who said: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Perhaps we can adapt that, and enlarge it, to say that a happy, successful, Christian home is the noblest work of heaven and earth combined. No one can doubt that one of the greatest needs of our world today is for men and women to return to the essentials of building solid, enduring Christian homes.

Grace Noll Crowell has written;

"So long as there are homes to which men turn
At close of day;
So long as there are homes where children are,
Where women stay.
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across these sills,
A stricken nation can recover
From its gravest ills.
So long as there are h where fires burn
And there is bread;
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit,
And prayers are said.
Although a people falter in the dark
And nations grope,
With God Himself behind these little homes
We have sure hope."

Man has an intellect that is precious, but basically he is a heart with a body wrapped around it, and the home must minister most of all to the things that deal with the heart.

II. NARRATIVE SECTION

II. NARRATIVE SECTION

There may be no good logical reason for making a break at this point, but I don't want to be accused of 'making the tail wag the dog', so I think I should turn now from the 'Introductory Section' of this book to the 'Narrative Section'.

I shall begin this section with an article on the 'Derivation of the Brinton Name' over in England.

CHAPTER 6 - DERIVATION OF THE NAME BRINTON

When Elaine and I went off a trip to the "Old Country" in the summer of 1970, one of the tours we took started from London on Tuesday morning, August 4th. We travelled by bus about 130 miles that day and stayed overnight at Warwick in the Leicester Hotel.

That day we travelled through Windsor (Windsor Castle), Oxford (Oxford University), Stratford (Shakespeare), and Blenheim (Churchill).

During the evening in Warwick, one of the places I visited was the Public Library, hoping to gain some information concerning the origin of my family name. One of the books I examined was "The Oxford Dictionary of Place Names in England." From this, I learned that the name "Brinton" was a "Place Name in Norfolk". The "Pipe Records" of England give record of it back as far as 1197 A.D. It lay near Brington, and was probably a "Daughter colony" of that town.

The name "Brinton" means "Home of the family of Brin"— "Brin" being the family name, and "ton" meaning "Home" in ancient English. The word "ing" meant "family"; so "Brinton" may be a contraction of "Brington".

Several years ago, I met a lady who was visiting Cavendish, whose native home was in Yorkshire. She told me that the name "Brinton" was fairly well known in Yorkshire.

So there seems to be good evidence that the name "Brinton" originated in England a long time ago. As already stated, W. A. Calnek in his "History of the County of Annapolis", records that John Brinton, the progenitor of the Brintons in Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, was a native of northern Ireland, and that he migrated to Annapolis County in the latter part of the 18th century. So it seems that some of the Brintons must have migrated to northern Ireland at some time before John Brinton left there. We think he was born about 1770 A.D.

How long had the forebears of John Brinton lived in Ireland before John left there to come across the ocean with his wife, Jemima, and thus to become the progenitors of the Annapolis County Brintons? I do not know, but I think that he and his forebears had lived long enough in the Emerald Isle to have something of the character of that land and its people implanted in his nature. How else could we have received that impulsive, impetuous disposition, that tempery spirit, which flares up for a moment, then is just as quickly gone. How else could we have received that love of life and people? I have a natural affinity toward Irish people, and a fondness for the wit and humour that is so characteristic of them.

Whence did that come? It could not have come from the English alone - they are too phlegmatic; it could not have come from the Scotch, they are too "dour". It belongs only to the Irish, and the Irish will always be "the Irish" wherever they may come to dwell, and as long as God continues to create Irishmen according to the same old pattern. So, I think, our English forebears must have lived long enough in Ireland to be seasoned by their sojourn there.

It should be remembered, of course, as we have already indicated, that John's ancestors had come from England, but even in England the Brintons could scarcely claim to be of pure English blood since there was a mixture of racial strains after the Norman conquest. Then apparently there was the addition of the Irish blood during whatever period John's ancestors remained in Ireland. Then, of course, John married Jemima, so again there was the addition of the Yorkshire blood from Jemima's ancestry. Still again, after John and Jemima landed in Nova Scotia, their sons, John and Charles, married the Quereau sisters, and according to Calnek, Joshua Quereau, their father, was a French Huguenot. So we can scarcely say that the Brintons of Annapolis County were of pure English ancestry.

But who cares anyway? In modern times, only a Hitler could be crazy enough to concoct a theory of 'pure Aryan blood', and of course he did it to establish his diabolical propoganda of anti-Semitism to deceive the German people, and to condition their minds into thinking that they must eliminate the Jews in order to preserve a pure racial strain. That, of course, was pure fable.

In modern times in our Western world, there are no pure racial strains. It is true as never before that "God has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Nevertheless, I have always been pleased that John managed to sprinkle a little Irish blood into the mixture.

CHAPTER 7 - DEACON JOHN, SUSANNA QUEREAU AND
THEIR DESCENDENTS

Probably John and Jemima never travelled farther than Granville; but their children heard of land available across the north Mountain in a place called Port Lorne, beside the Bay of Fundy. So they set forth to spy out the land. Here again, they met with disappointment. Land was scarce and hard to obtain. The village was already settled with pioneers. The best of the land had been claimed. But, out in the eastern outskirts, in East Port Lorne, along a road which came to be known as the "Brinton Road", John was able to find land that was fairly well adapted to farming. There he bought a plot of ground where he built and established a home. Gradually, he was able to expand his borders and buy adjacent plots of ground until he became one of the best known farmers and land owners in that area. He also became prominent in church and community affairs as will be later revealed, and before long he came to be known as "Deacon John".

According to the records of Calnek in his "History of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia", John married Susanna Quereau, daughter of Joshua Quereau. I was brought up to believe that the Quereaus were of Dutch descent, but according to Calnek's records, Joshua Quereau was a French Protestant (Huguenot), and a Justice of the Peace. His name appears on a Muster Roll in 1786.

He is referred to as a Loyalist immigrant who had migrated with a group of United Empire Loyalists from Massachusetts. He and his family settled near Goats Island, just west of the "Habitation" at the mouth of the Annapolis River. The Island is completely surrounded by water. It lies about twenty miles west of Bridgetown, and is near Annapolis Royal.

When John obtained land and a home, he felt very much the need of a wife to look after him and his home, so he courted Sussanna Quereau out there in Granville, and persuaded her to become his wife and to cross the North Mountain with him to make her home in East Port Lorne.

Susan was born in 1790 which would make her 23 years old when she and John were married. He was then 19. They were married November 17, 1813. John and Susan had seven children, and Susan died January 3, 1830. Soon thereafter, John married his second wife, Nancy Messenger, and three children were born of this second marriage.

Dr. Brinton Hall, a great-grandson of Deacon John, did some research on him and wrote quite appreciatively of him. Brinton Hall was a son of Annie Brinton and Edmund Hall, who in turn was a son of James B. Hall who used to live in St. Croix Cove in my childhood.

Brinton was a college mate of mine at Acadia, he having belonged to the class of 1921. He was a humorist and a tease, and being a Sophomore when I was a Freshman, in traditional Sophomore manner, he never allowed me to forget that I was only a Freshman. He was one of a group in the class of '21 who came to be known as 'The Terrible Ten'. They really weren't so terrible, but they went a little too far in hazing the Freshmen, such as riding a pole, mowing paths through their hair style, blacking their faces, et cetera. My only suffering at their hands was to waken up one Sunday morning with a black face. I must have been sleeping soundly for they did a thorough job, using shoe polish which was hard to remove. My only serious disadvantage was that I was not able to attend church the following morning in the Wolfville Baptist Church, to fulfil my duties as 'class monitor'. In those days, church attendance at the Baptist Church, and daily attendance at chapel services in old College Hall were compulsory, save for legitimate excuses, and each class had an officially appointed monitor to mark the attendance for his class. That Sunday morning, I had to give everybody in our class a perfect score, since I had no way of knowing who was at church, I myself being absent with a thoroughly scrubbed face, but somewhat black and slightly sore.

Those were days, also, when the College was run by rules, imposed more largely by the Faculty than by the Student Council. Self government was just beginning to come in. Dr. Cutten was the President and he could be stern if the situation demanded. His oldest daughter, Margarita, belonged to the class of '22. I wouldn't suggest for a moment that Dr. Cutten would show any favoritism because of his daughter, but I don't think that her membership in our class was to our disadvantage. Actually, Dr. Cutten was a man of great integrity, wisdom, and ability. He was, also, very kind to me and I still honor his memory. I have many humorous memories of his regime at Acadia. In any case, the "Terrible Ten" were disciplined by being expelled from classes for a short period, Brinton Hall along with the others.

I should also add that Brinton, after graduating at Acadia, studied medicine at Dalhousie, and practiced his profession in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. He had a large practice which included people over the mountain in my old home area. My parents were among his patients, and they came to be very fond of him. His early death was a cause of deep sorrow in Bridgetown and the surrounding areas.

As a sample of Dr. Hall's poetic ability, I quote the following:

"Capt. Eber's a good old soul
Even if he did vote for 'Government Control'.
I suppose he thought then he'd be free
From any mountie coming up on his lee.
How well do I remember the night
That poor old Captain got an awful fright,
When the Mountie came up and demanded admission
During the days of prohibition.

(continued)

But when the Captain saw it was me
He hopped from bed and turned the key
And gave me a bed which I immediately took,
For I'd just finished a case in 'Sibbins Brook'.
And when the sun was well up in the east, 'Aunt
Bessie' prepared a breakfast feast. For her memory
and cooking she should be renowned, A woman like her
is seldom found.
But there's one thing about her I do not admire
If you don't believe me just ask and try her;
And you'll find she's fond of a man by the name
Of Cromwell - one of preaching fame.
But despite these faults, they're grand old folks,
As staunch and sturdy as two old oaks;
And one would travel for many a day
To find a superior in any way."

From the above, it will be seen that Brinton would scarcely qualify to become the poet-laureate of Canada. He was, in fact, a better doctor than poet.

But I should explain that my father was fairly good at versification, and Dr. Hall was quite impressed by some of his 'poetry'. So, on one occasion, he thought he would answer father in kind.

Hence, his above poetic effusion, which also reveals his natural tendency to tease. Father was very much opposed to 'Government Control' of liquor, and mother was much troubled by the activity-of a colored minister who visited their area frequently in his attempts to establish a new church. Mother was most faithful to the Baptist Church, and served its interests in every way possible. The little churches down on that pastorate were already finding it difficult to support their minister and the general work of the church.

So nother was quite distressed that Mr. Cromwell, the visiting preacher, was dividing and trying to proselytize the flock. Dr. Hall, knowing this, used to tease her to no end about being such a 'devoted follower of Cromwell'. Dr. Hall writes very appreciatively of his great grandfather, Deacon John, and coming from him it is more meaningful to me, because being full of mischief, Brinton was inclined to poke fun at "overly" religious people. He writes;

"The elder son, John, was born in 1794. When a young man, he bought land in Port. Lorne and cleared up a large farm. In 1814, he married Susan Quereau, a daughter of a lawyer who moved to Annapolis from the States after the Revolutionary War (United Empire Loyalist). Three of his boys growing up all became sea captains. This John, was later known as Deacon John. He was very strict with his family, but a good father and highly respected by his children. He was stern and blunt and very religiously inclined. The church in his community was at a very low ebb in his young days but, with much zeal and ardor, he became responsible for a great revival in the community. (Personal note:

If I could talk to Brinton, I would try to convince him that I think the Lord had something to do with it).

He was a pillar in the church, an example in the community in which he lived, and respected and revered by the young folk. He was tall in stature, rugged and robust. But the hard work of clearing away the land and the lack of comforts in those days, made a bent and broken man of him when he was sixty. His home still stands, little altered, and is occupied by Harold Brinton, a descendent of Deacon John's brother, Charles."

Harold and his wife Alvina lived in that house for over thirty years before moving to a new home in Wilmot where they still reside.

Deacon John and both of his wives were buried in the Port Lorne cemetery, and a tombstone to their memory stands there.

The following information is taken from photostatic copies of the family record which appeared in the family Bible of Capt. Joseph Brinton and his family. Allowing for possible errors in transcription, I believe this should be reasonably accurate. (The photo copies were graciously supplied to me by Joe E. Brinton, a grandson of Capt. Joe and his wife, Emma Jane (Graves).

"John Brinton to Susanna Quereau (daughter Joshua Quereau Esq. 17 November, 1813) and to Mary Messenger, 2 nd wife (daughter of Ezekiel Messenger) 15 April, 1830.

BIRTHS

Sarah Ann Brinton, Nov. 29, 1814
Eliza Jane Brinton, May 5, 1816
Joshua Printon, March 6, 1819
John Brinton, June 23, 1823
Elias Brinton, January 24, 1825
Athelinda Brinton, March 7, 1827
Charles Brinton, November 27, 1829"

Note: Susan died January 3, 1830, and John married Mary Messenger. I continue with the photo copy:

"Sarah Ann Brinton, January 15, 1831, daughter of John and Mary
Ansley Brinton, February 22, 1834
Mary Melissa Brinton, November 16, 1837

DEATHS

"Sarah Ann Brinton, 1826, daughter of John and
Susanna Brinton
Susanna Brinton, wife of John Brinton,
January 3, 1830
John Brinton, April 3, 1857, son of John and
Susanna
Athelinda Brinton, April 7, 1860, daughter of
John and Susanna
Ansley Brinton, March 23, 1865, son of John
and Mary Brinton"

Now I want to proceed further with the descendents of
'Deacon John'. It will be remembered that the eldest child
of John and Susanna died at the early age of twelve years.
His second child, Eliza Jane, married Francis Lent, and
they had a child named John. John erected a memorial stone
to his mother which stands in the Port Lorne cemetery.
After the death of her first husband, Eliza Jane married
Obadiah Sproule, but we have no record of any children of
that second marriage.

CAPT. JOSHUA & NANCY MESSENGER AND THEIR CHILDREN

Joshua was the third child of Deacon John and his wife,
Susanna. He was born March 6, 1819, and died
July 15, 1900. He married Nancy Messenger, daughter of
Ezekiel Messenger on Feb. 6, 1845. Nancy died February 26,
1903. Again, I turn to a photo copy from the family Bible
of Capt. Joe Brinton for information concerning the
children of Capt. "Josh" and Nancy.

"Loring W. Brinton, b. July 16, 1845, m. Mary
Clarke, daughter of Alfred Clarke
Elias Brinton, b. June 24, 1845, m. Ruthena
Brinton, daughter of Charles Brinton
Joseph Brinton, b. June 12, 1850, m. Emma Jane
Graves, daughter of Walter Graves
John Brinton, b. Feb. 18, 1852, m. Lavinia Hines,
daughter of Milliner Hines

Charles Freeman Brinton, b. Oct. 10, 1854,
in. Elmira Graves, daughter of Walter Graves
Daniel Brinton, b, Oct. 15, 1856, d. July
15, 1857
Susanna Brinton, b. Dec. 8, 1858, in. John
Elliott, son of Murray Elliott"

Again, I think it fitting to quote from the writings of Dr.
Brinton Hall concerning Capt. Joshua Brinton. He writes:

"He was a quiet, reserved man, distant to strangers,
but loyal to his family and a few chosen friends. He
was rather blunt and ready to express his opinion
when he considered it to be necessary. He was honest
and upright, lived up to the highest ideals, was
prudent but not miserly. He took great interest in
the public good, and was generous to the church and
to the poor.

He and his two brothers built and owned seven
schooners which they sailed at various times in
trade along the Atlantic States and West Indies.
Some of the ships were sold, others lost.

He and his brothers were well-off financially for
those times. Coming home from foreign ports, they
brought with them fine clothes of the latest styles
for their wives and children, as well as many new
inventions, such as clocks, stoves, wagons,
harnesses for their horses, et cetera. As these
three brothers had so much in common, they and their
wives associated only among themselves. And since
they had things of this world's goods which were in
advance of the local times, and since they kept
their properties and all their belongings in good
condition - as would become one who was accustomed
to keep a ship in shape - they were looked up to and
greatly respected by the neighborhood.

"Of the three, Capt. Joshua was the most reserved, most sagacious, and his ideas and opinions were always accepted by the other two.

It is said that they made much of a showing in going to church - each family with its shining carriage, fine horses and harnesses, dressed in fine clothes from New York and Boston. Each family had its pews in the front of the church.

But, though they had refinement of taste, they had also high moral standards of living. Captain Joshua was a great reader, student and thinker, which made his judgment and vision good. He had five sons (who all followed the sea), and one daughter."

I believe that, in the interest of continuity, it would be best for me now to quote from another photo copy of Capt. Joseph's family Bible.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRINTON

Children of Capt. Joe Brinton and Emma Graves, in order of birth, were:

1. Frank C. b. Sept. 27, 1871, m. Elsie G. lfoy, 1906.

Their children were:

Josie R. Brinton, b. Jan., 1907

Frank M. Brinton, b. May, 1908

Roy Brinton, b. June, 1911

2. Avard L. Brinton, b. March 6, 1874, in. Jemima Templeman, daughter of John B. Templeman, Oct. 1, 1902.

3. Annie L., b. April 5, 1876, in. Edmund C. Hall, son of Jas. B. Hall, Oct. 1, 1895.

Their children were:

E. Brinton Hall, b. Nov. 8, 1900, m. Hazel Thompson

Joshua Medley Hall, b. Aug. 8, 1902, d. Oct. 19, 1960, m. Fay Troop

4. Elmer E Brinton, m. Elizabeth Brown, 1908,
daughter of David Brown
Their children were;
Joseph E., b. Oct. 11, 1909, m. Agnes Brenton of
S tewiacke
Elmer C. Brinton, b. March 26, 1911
Annie L. Brinton, b. Dec. 12, 1912
Archibald B. Brinton, b. May 3, 1914
Arthur T. Brinton, b. Dec. 12, 1915

Having completed the record from Capt. Joe Brinton's Family Bible, before leaving the subject of Capt. Joe, I shall quote again from Dr. Brinton Hall's recollections of his grandfather:

"Captain Joseph Brinton (1850-1905), son of Capt. Joshua and Nancy Messenger, Passed Master Mariner's examinations at the age of eighteen years and followed the sea the rest of his life, trading in Europe, South America, West Indies and the Atlantic States (along the Atlantic Coast).

He was a large man, weighing at times over 250 pounds. He was jolly and humorous, although reserved among strangers. He was kind-hearted and hospitable, diplomatic, and of a forgiving nature. He liked to spend money buying things for his family and on the comforts of his home, and to entertain his friends.

My father remembered him as a boy, several years his senior. He and his brothers were always clad in apparel from the city and used to be envied by other boys who wore homespuns. Father mentioned how good Capt. Joseph was at mathematics, and that he would work so fast and be so concentrated at his figures, that his black curls would often be wet with perspiration.

I can faintly remember grandfather, although he died just before I was five. I remember him as an active man.

I remember him with a bunch of men working in his field; of riding on his back; of him getting me out of bed very early in the morning, wrapping me up in a blanket and taking me downstairs while he was making fires, etc.; and of lying in his arms in a hammock on the verandah one Sunday night while the rest were at church and of him remarking as the congregation sang the hymns, how good it sounded; and of him tickling Uncle Merrill down on the kitchen floor just to make me laugh.

He died suddenly of heart failure at the age of 55. His heart was no doubt worn out and his arteries hardened from his obesity.

There are a number of men around here who used to go to sea with him. He was a considerate captain and loved by his crews. He was great for carrying sail to the limit, and made quick trips and made much money for his employers. He was a great weather prophet, excellent navigator, good business man. He was honest and reliable, kind and faithful.

He was once wrecked on the Atlantic and spent several days on an improvised raft before being picked up.

The Brintons were all Protestant in religion and conservative in politics."

CHAPTER 8 - DEACON CHARLES, CHARITY QUEREAU AND THEIR DESCENDENTS

My great-grandfather, Charles Brinton, was a brother of John (often referred to as 'Deacon John'). Charles was born Oct. 29, 1796, and married Charity Quereau in 1817. Charity was born July 21, 1793. It will also be noted that the two brothers married sisters.

Charles also sought land in Port Lorne, but by the time he was ready to settle down, land was still more difficult to obtain. Farther down the Brinton Road, nearer the Bay of Fundy, in an area which later came to be known as Sabean's Brook, he finally found a plot of ground sufficiently large for a building lot and there he built a house. Later he obtained more land to the west, stretching back to the Granville Line. As further land to the south became available, Charles added that to his possessions until he, too, by hard work, thrift and diligence, was able to make a good livelihood. In my childhood, the house which Charles built had been torn down, but the old cellar was still there and lay across the road from what we once knew as the 'Amos Lewis' house. Many years before, a family by the name of Sabean had settled in that community. That family was prolific, and their descendents had so multiplied that they had come largely to take possession of the whole community. The inhabitants lived largely by fishing. The land was rocky and the families were so many, that they could not survive on the products of the soil alone, so they had come to make their livelihood by fishing in the Bay of Fundy.

It was to his home in the upper end of that community that Charles took his bride in 1817. We may well ask why he built there among all those rocks and that ledgy ground. But it was the best he could find and he wanted to be near enough to his brother John, so they could have fellowship and work together, and Charity Ann could be near her sister, Susan.

In those days, the King James version of the Bible was the only version, and Charity meant 'love', as it still does. 'Love' she was to Charles, the embodiment of it. Both of them wanted a home and a family.

We can picture that daughter of the Huguenot 'Justice of the Peace' beginning to make a home among all those rocks. How did they survive, we may ask! Well, they were thrifty and hard working, and they were young and ambitious. They not only survived, they prospered. Charles lived to be 90 and Charity 86. And remember, they did it without electric lights or power or any other comforts and conveniences of our modern day.

Who says that hard work and hardships are too much for the human frame to bear! Remember Charles and Charity Ann!

But I don't wonder that their son, Traviss, my grandfather, moved farther west and procured land in St. Croix Cove, before he married and settled down. Just think, that as a child I thought it was tough having to pick rocks down in St. Croix Cove! In any case, the family was on the move. They had grown weary of picking rocks, and eventually they all found homes in other areas.

Two things I recall about my great grandfather which my mother told me are that he had a temper, and that he was a Baptist deacon. As far as I know there was no connection between the two. According to the Bible, deacons are supposed to be 'men worthy of respect' and the standards for a Baptist deacon in those days are reputed to have been high.

I suspect that 'deacon' Charles had plenty of irritation to test his temper, down among those rocks in 'Sibbins Brook'. Perhaps his temper was an asset when he tried to cope with those rocks, especially the granite boulders.

Come to think of it, a temper isn't a bad thing if it is properly controlled. High spirited horses, when properly trained, make the best domesticated animals, either as race horses or as beasts of burden. It is true that, if not properly trained, one needs to beware of them, as I learned to my discomfort many years ago when I was working **Out fl** the Valley for Mr. Stanley Marshall, a farmer and orchardist in West Clarence. I have told that story in 'A Life of Surprises', and will not repeat it here. As far as I know, however, that horse was not related to the Brintons, nor was she trained by a Brinton. But I do know that many of the Brintons, including myself, have had problems with this matter of temper.

In the case of my great grandfather, in his older years after Charity died, he went to live with my grandparents, Traviss and Mary Ann Brinton. The latter is reputed to have been rather 'peppery' also, and perhaps she succeeded in helping the Lord to discipline 'deacon' Charles before he passed on to higher climes.

The story is told of a certain pastor who was very tempery. One time at a meeting of his Board of Deacons he became angered and gave a display of temper. The Chairman of the Board, a very mild-mannered man, remonstrated with him saying that he should control his temper, whereupon the pastor replied: 'Brother, I control more temper in five minutes than you have to control in five years.' I suppose that one's success in controlling one's temper depends somewhat on one's original endowment.

My great-grandparents, Charles and Charity Ann, had four children, Sarah, Nancy Ann, Traviss, and Charles Handley.

Traviss Brinton, my grandfather, was born on July 21, 1823. In his early years he went to sea and became a Sea Captain, but he also tilled the soil and eventually acquired a fairly large acreage of land in St Croix Cove. When a young man, he married Mary Ann Chute, daughter of Handley Chute of Hampton. Then he built a home directly across the road from the house in which I was born and reared. My grandparents lived in that home for many years and had four children: Avard, Charles, Adar, and Eber.

Avard, their eldest, built a home in Hampton and married Laliah Farnsworth. They had two sons, Walton and Alton, both of whom seem to have died young. Avard also died within a few years after his marriage, and his widow, Laliah, married Elias Messenger. Both Laliah and Elias lived to be old, but as far as we know, they had no children.

It is interesting to note here that when my father and mother left their old home in St. Croix Cove, they bought the house where Avard and Laliah had lived so many years before. I can still remember that old house after my parents bought it. It had one of the old-time brick ovens for baking bread in the kitchen and several fireplaces, counting upstairs and down. The wallpaper in the old parlor was in good repair, though then more than sixty years old.

Charles Brinton, the second child of Traviss and Mary Ann, was born on January 26, 1855, married Lucy Snow, daughter of Ingraham Snow. For several years, they lived in the house in St. Croix Cove where I was born and reared. I think they were the first to occupy it, though I am not sure. Charles died on July 18, 1892 according to the record which appears on his tombstone in the St. Croix Cove cemetery. Then, my father and mother, after their marriage Jan. 5, 1888, went to make their home in that house.

All of their nine children were born and reared there, except Lorne Stanley, who died in infancy. Our parents moved to Hampton in 1934. Hartley occupied it for several years after his marriage. It was later sold, and is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Persing, a young couple who moved there a few years ago from Vermont, U.S.A. The house must now be over 125 years old. It was renovated a few years ago, but the foundation and walls are basically the same.

In later years, grandfather Traviss fell upon ill fortune. Being a sea-faring man, he was interested like others of his relatives in building and owning schooners, some of which he himself navigated. One time, he joined with others in building a large schooner. To obtain funds for investment in the company of builders, he mortgaged his home and land. Unfortunately, the ship was wrecked and he lost everything. The man who held the mortgage foreclosed, and my grandparents had to move out of their home.

Then it was that the old-time Brinton family loyalty came to the fore. My father came to their rescue, and bought another home for them which lay on a plot of ground adjacent to my old home, and which was then owned by father. My grandparents lived in that house for several years until grandfather Traviss died, September 23, 1901. Grandmother continued to live on there for a few years until she came to live in our home for her remaining years. She died in 1910.

It was that sense of family loyalty that was a part of the heritage which I was taught to respect in my youth. When I sinned against it, I was disciplined in ways which left an abiding impression. One form of discipline was picking rocks with which our farm was so plentifully supplied. The farm was bounded on both east and west sides by stone heaps running north by south from the St. Croix Cove road to the back of the cultivated area of the farm. For good measure, there was an unbroken line of stones running north by south through the centre of the farm from above the barn to the back fence.

Apparently, picking stones must have been a form of family discipline for many years. In my childhood days, I think there must have been many millions of stones in those stone heaps and unbroken lines of stones. I was the seventh child, and all of my brothers before me, and Harold after me, had a part in adding to those stone heaps. Perhaps picking stones was one of the reasons why they left home early. In my case, I was determined to get a college education, so I went to the old local one room school until I finished my qualification for entrance to Acadia University in September 1918, and thus escaped picking rocks. I had long since determined that there must be an easier way of making a living than that.

Nevertheless, picking rocks is a healthful form of discipline, if one can survive. It not only helps to produce physical muscles and healthy bodies; it aids the development of the thews of character and helps to spur one's ambition to rise to some more profitable form of output of energy. Unfortunately, also, in those early days, it drove the young people from the farm to the city, and led to many abandoned farms.

Before leaving the story of Capt. Traviss, I shall venture to tell you a story about him and the Baptist Church in St. Croix Cove.

One time, I was back in the old Church to speak on some special occasion. In my introduction, I mentioned the fact that in all the generations of the Brinton family in that area, there seemed to have been one or more Baptist deacons. I went on to speak of 'Deacon John' whose name was legendary among the old-timers, and of Deacon Charles, my great-grandfather. Then I proceeded to remind them that my father, Capt. Eber Brinton, was a deacon in his day, and I concluded by saying that Harold, my younger brother, was then a deacon of the Baptist Church in Port Lorne. "But", I said, "for some reason my grandfather, Capt. Traviss, had missed out; he didn't seem to have made it as a deacon."

Sometime afterward, one of the old residents of the community said to Harold: "I was sorry about what Myron said about his grandfather. If there was ever a Christian man in this community, it was old Capt. Traviss." For a good while, I puzzled over that remark of the neighbour. Why should he think I had in any way said anything to cast aspersion against the good name of my grandfather. I had always held him in highest respect, and the mere fact that he hadn't been made a deacon was nothing against him in my thinking. All Baptists didn't become deacons. Surely there was nothing against Capt. Traviss that could be inferred from my innocent remark.

Then, one day, from Out of the long distant past, there came back to my mind the memory of something my mother had told me perhaps fifty to sixty years ago. It was so long ago, I had forgotten all about it.

The story is this: In the old days the Baptist Churches in the 19th century used to have what was called "Conference Meetings". Such a meeting was usually held each month as a preparatory service for the Communion Service to be held on the following Sunday morning. In these Conference meetings, they would have a brief devotional service and each member would give his or her word of personal witness, usually ending with the statement: "I wish to renew my covenant with God and with His people." At such meetings, they would deal with matters of church business, if any needed to be transacted. In the business sessions, matters of church discipline were dealt with. If some member had missed the Conference Meeting or the Communion Service for more than two or three months, such member was supposed to report the reason for his absence. If some member had erred from the faith, he was supposed to make due confession of his sins, and seek proper restoration.

It might be that some young woman had got into trouble with some man. Perhaps it was more the man's fault than hers. In any case, it was the woman who had to pay the consequences. So, if she was a member of the church, she was disciplined. She had to come before the Conference Meeting and confess her sins, and if her repentance was with 'weeping and tears' she might be forgiven and restored after a certain period of suspension.

In those days, popular songs weren't for Baptists in good standing with the church. But Capt. Traviss was a sailor. He was often out at sea. He had a good voice and he liked to sing. Sometimes he would lead his crew in a sing-song for entertainment. So he carried with him in his pocket some of the old-time songs such as "Flow Gently Sweet Af ton" or "Bonnie Annie Laurie", "Darling I am Growing Old", "Tenting Tonight" and "Rule Britannia"! In those days, too, the songs of Stephen Foster were becoming popular, some of those 'rowdy' old songs like "Old Black Joe", or "Old Folks At Home", or "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny", "Darling Clementine", "Swannie River", and "Seeing Nellie Home", et cetera.

Well, those worldly songs might be all right for people of the world, but as far as Baptists were concerned, they were out. So some of the good old-timers in the Baptist Church heard that Grandpa was singing these songs, and even carrying a book of popular songs in his pocket. So notification was sent to him through the church clerk that the next time he was home from sea, he should appear before the Conference Meeting and give account of himself, and be prepared to give up his "Song Book". Well, Grandpa was one of those old-time "Independent Baptists" and he wasn't going to allow those "straight-laced Baptists" to push him around, so he decided to ignore the whole thing, and the Conference Meeting came and went for two or three months and he did not appear.

Neither did he send any excuse or communication by mail. So, in due time, the Church decided to remove his name from the roll of members.

Well, Grandpa was good-natured about it. If the church wanted it that way, that was all right by him. When he was home and could be present at church, he still went as he always had done. He knew what he believed, and he was satisfied that he was all right with God, and that was what really mattered in his eyes. So things continued as they were. Whether he was ever restored to the membership of the church or not, I don't know, I think he was. In any case, he still went to church and paid his way, and in the eyes of the community he was respected and admired, as reflected in the remark of the neighbor who said he felt sorry that I had made that remark about my grandfather. Actually, I made it in all innocence having forgotten all about that story I had heard long, long ago.

So, I figured that as far as the community was concerned, Grandpa seemed to have won out, but he lost his chance to be a Baptist deacon. However, he lived to a good old age (78 years), and when he died the Baptist minister officiated at his funeral, and he was buried in the family plot along with the other Brintons of St. Croix Cove. Poor old Grandpa, I think he would have fitted in all right with those "Independent Baptists" of today. As a matter of fact, when weren't Baptists independent? They threw off the yoke of popery centuries ago and they still won't have anything to do with trammels of popery. They cherish the doctrine of the 'autonomy of the local church', but sometimes they still have the problem of who is to be the 'pope' of the local church. Is it to be the pastor? Many a pastor would like to be, and perhaps tries to be until the church decides to throw him out. Is it to be the Board of Deacons, or some other Board or Committee, or individual member who has tried to lord it over the church?

All sorts of efforts have been made, and Baptist churches have been thrown into upheaval again and again, When I heard that the Jews and the Arabs had signed a "Peace Treaty", my first remark was, "Well, there's still hope for the Baptists of Canada."

Sometimes, in trying to exercise church discipline, they have "thrown out the baby with the bath water" and just about wrecked the church entirely. So, after long experience, Baptists have learned to be cautious. At least some of them have. Sometimes some "ferriner" from "way off" who doesn't understand Maritime Baptists very well, comes in and decides he will set us all straight, and try to clean up the mess. But if he goes about it like a "bull in a china shop", he is likely to strike a spark that will lead to a conflagration. So Baptists, beware, and try to practice those good old-time principles of the New Testament which you proclaim and profess to believe.

CAPTAIN EBER AND BESSIE A. BRINTON

Now, I turn from my grandparents to my parents, Capt. Eber and Bessie A. Brinton.

My father, Eber Brinton, was born June 16, 1863, in the house in St. Croix Cove where his parents, Traviss and Mary Ann. had lived for several years. In early life, like so many of his relatives, father followed the sea. I think he was twenty-one years of age when he took the final tests required to qualify one to become a Master Mariner. I still recall the exciting tale he used to tell of the test run he made along the Atlantic Coast from Saint John to New York. Weather conditions were favorable; he carried as much sail as winds would permit, and he made the trip in record time, thus passing the final test with "flying colors".

For many years thereafter, he sailed ships for Mr. N. C. Scott who owned a large mercantile business in the north end of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Mr. Scott did an extensive trade with companies along the Atlantic coast, particularly in Boston and New York. In this business, he operated a fleet of merchant vessels, called schooners. Father captained some of his ships for many years.

In the meanwhile, the family was increasing and growing up, I being the seventh child. In those days, the sea-faring life was hazardous and many lives were lost at sea, especially in stormy seasons. Mother remained at home caring for the family, and worrying over father out at sea. The front window of our kitchen gave a clear view of the Bay. of Fundy at all times, save for darkness and foggy weather, so mother was constantly reminded of the sea. That old Bay of Fundy could really put on a show in stormy weather. I still can see visions of the Bay 'steaming' on severe winter days, as the vapor rose from the cold water into the still colder air, and was thus condensed.

As the family increased, mother had fears of being left a widow with a large family to support in those days long before pensions were even thought of, and when means of subsistence for a widow with a large family were few and hard to find. Again and again she urged father to retire from the sea, and try to make a living on the land. Our family farm then consisted of only about twenty-five acres of cleared, cultivated land, though there was a much larger acreage of pasture land associated with it. Father did not relish the idea of trying to farm among all those rocks, but finally in 1902 he yielded and began farming.

Here, I should tell a little of my mother. She was a daughter of Capt. John Charlton of the Canadian Militia. Her mother was Julia Clark, daughter of Allan Clark and Rebecca Marshall. Grandfather Chariton was a carpenter and furniture maker. I can still recall his carpenter shop, and the excitement I felt when I visited my Chariton grandparents up in Arlington, and used to watch grandpa at work in his old shop.

He was an expert furniture maker. After my parents were married, he made mother a set of kitchen chairs and another set of dining room chairs, all with flag bottoms, the dining room chairs have slightly longer backs. He also made her another set of parlor chairs with cane seats and artistically shaped backs, nicely finished and varnished. Grandpa Chariton was also a widely known carpenter and contractor in that area, and built or renovated many homes. I believe that he had renovated my old home before my parents moved there in 1888. He also was a deacon of the Baptist Church in Port Lorne.

I have written of my mother in 'A Life of Surprises'. After finishing school in her home village, she taught school herself for several terms. It is significant that she was engaged to teach in her own home school in 1885. The school term at that time was fairly brief and later in the same calendar year, November 1885, she was teaching in Nictaux. Another school in which she taught was located in Williamston. I gained this information from mother's old autograph album given to her on her 16 th. birthday in 1884 by her brother, Melbourne Charlton.

Written on the first page of that album in mother's own handwriting are these words:

"There are cups of grief that can be shared by God alone;
there are mistakes and hurts which He alone can understand;
and towards all the world outside there is no wiser, more healing course than silence.
Just a little deed of kindness,
Just a word of hope and cheer;
Just a smile! They cost so little,
But they make it heaven here."

How well that portrays the spirit of my mother's life. She suffered so much, that I often have wondered how she could have borne it all.

But she had learned to suffer in silence, and in her later years she was my ideal of patience, long suffering, faith and hope. Indeed, she embodied the Christian faith and life for me, and I do not think that that embodiment could ever fade from the memory of those who were so fortunate as to be her children.

In the story of my life, I have told of how deep and abiding was her influence upon my life. She was the inspiration of my childhood and youth, and she remains such even to this day. I can never tell how much I owe to her, and still owe.

"I know not where in all this world I'd find
Another half so precious or so dear;
Or one whose love would hold so firm and true
Throughout the changing fortunes of each year.
In all my life I cannot hope to pay
That priceless debt of faithful loyalty;
I ask no sweeter bondage than to stay
A debtor to her precious love for me."

Truly, she 'walked by faith' and in the strength of a marvelous Christian faith she lived, bore the hardships and sufferings of life, till at last she died in the light of that faith, April 30, 1952.

In a later chapter, I shall write further of my mother's family background, but now I shall go on to write a brief survey of the family of my parents, that is, of my own brothers and sisters.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Our eldest brother, Hartley, worked for several years in Massachusetts and while there, he married a widow who had come to America from London, England. Soon after their marriage, they came to St. Croix Cove and made their home in the old house where all of the family were born. Clara, Hartley's wife, died in 1963. In his later years, Hartley went to live in boarding houses in Bridgetown, and died at a ripe old age August 14, 1974. He was buried in the Port Lorne cemetery.

The youngest of the family, Lorne Stanley, was born Dec. 7, 1910. Frail from birth, he died Feb. 4, 1911. Mother nearly lost her life at the time of his birth but, in the providence of God, she was spared to us. She was one of the best and most faithful mothers there ever was. One of my most satisfying experiences has been that, after father's death in 1943, she came to live with us in Woodstock. Through the kindness and faithfulness of my wife, Elaine, we were able to care for her during her remaining years, until she died in our home in Moncton, April 30, 1952.

My brother, Harold Alexis, is about four years younger than I, having been born July 4, 1905. As I have stated in the forward, it was he, most of all, who got me interested in writing this genealogy, and by his research and faithful encouragement, he has supplied me with much of the material that has gone into this writing.

For several years, Harold worked in the larger Boston area and in New England, and while there, he met Alvina Baehr, who was born in Connecticut. Alvina was a stenographer at that time. Following their marriage, they came to live for a few months with our parents in the old home at St. Croix Cove.

Then in November, 1929 Harold bought the old house and farm on the Brinton Road, where Deacon John Brinton had settled so many years before. Harold and Alvina lived there for several years. Harold went into the poultry business. He built modern poultry houses, installed the latest equipment and invested a good deal of money in that business. But for years, prices of the products hit rock bottom, while the cost of feed and general operation became steadily higher, so finally he and Alvina decided to sell the farm and move out to the Valley. In April, 1963 they bought a house in Wilmot, Annapolis County, then in process of construction, and Harold finished it into a fine modern home. For several years, he pursued the carpenter trade until his retirement.

He has been, for many years, a deacon of the Middleton Baptist Church, and before that a deacon of the Port Lorne Baptist Church. Both he and Alvina have sung in the choir in both of these churches. Recently, they celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. They had four children, all still living, whose names will appear later among the family genealogical charts.

My second oldest brother, Melbourne Alton, was born Sept. 18, 1890. He went to the Canadian West probably in 1909, on one of the old-time Harvester's Excursions. I shall write only briefly of him in this connection, since I am devoting a later chapter -to the story of his life, because of the many strange incidents which followed his death in France, Dec. 12, 1917.

My third oldest brother was Ira Boyd, born Aug. 17, 1892. While working in Saint John, New Brunswick, he enlisted with the 26 th. Battalion and went overseas with that Battalion in December, 1914. He served in France during the trench warfare. Cold, wet weather and other factors, made living conditions in the trenches extremely uncomfortable and hazardous to health and, as a result, Ira contracted rheumatic fever, causing valvular lesions of the heart. This necessitated about seven months of hospitalization in England, after which he was invalided home in 1916.

At intervals, he suffered heart attacks accompanied by severe pain, and was bedridden. But, in between such times, he was able to live a fairly normal life, and in 1919 he married a beautiful girl, Lucy Ray, from Port Lorne. I attended their wedding, and Lucy was one of the most beautiful brides I have ever seen. She and Ira had eight children before his death in 1930, and Lucy was left with the care of a large family. They had lived in Hampton, but to give the children greater advantages, Lucy decided to sell the home in Hampton and move to Middleton.

She was a wonderful mother to her children, and encouraged all of them to get a good high school education, which they did. In most cases they led their grades in school, and graduated from the Middleton High School. Myrna took further training at Acadia University, and Gordon graduated from the United Baptist Bible Training School when I was Principal there. All of our family had great admiration for Lucy and, naturally, her children came to love her very much. She is still living in Berwick, Nova Scotia.

One of my great childhood sorrows was the suffering and death of my oldest sister, Cora May, who was born Sept. 21, 1894. While away from home learning the dress-making trade, she contracted typhoid fever. That was a much feared disease in those days and was often fatal. Our home was quarantined, and every precaution was taken to protect other members of the family but, in Cora's case, it developed into peritonitis of the bowel causing great pain, and requiring surgery.

We had a good family doctor, Dr. L. R. Morse, of Lawrencetown. Hospitals were few and far between in those days, and skillful surgeons were hard to obtain. Dr. Morse recommended a Dr. McNally who, at that time, was associated with the hospital in Berwick, Nova Scotia. His services were obtained and the two doctors, with the aid of a trained nurse, operated on Cora on the old kitchen table in our home.

The operation seemed to be successful, and for a time it appeared that she would recover. But tuberculosis of the bowel soon followed and, after great pain, she died September 14, 1914. In those days such pain could be relieved only by the use of cocaine, carefully administered. Never shall I forget the cries of agony which, at times, issued from her bedroom.

Neither can I forget my father's great compassion and faithfulness during the many months of her illness. Mother, of course, played her part as always, but at that time her health was still frail, and father spent as much time as his work would allow ministering to Cora.

In the story of my life, I told of his strict discipline of the boys. It is true that he was sometimes stern, but he also had a wealth of compassion toward his children which came to the fore in times of special need. The discipline was much needed also, but no father was more quick to come to the rescue and defense of his children than he.

The next child in order of birth was John Eber, born Nov. 22, 1896. His correspondence with Mel led him to go West on another Harvester's Excursion in 1914. He staked a claim of land not far from Mel's, and lived alone on the prairie for several years. Year after year he experienced drought, frost, pestilence, and other reverses. Crop after crop was largely lost, yielding scarcely enough to provide seed for ensuing years. Yet, with the typical optimism and endurance of Western farmers in those early days, he kept struggling on, always hopeful that the 'next year' would be better.

Finally, however, he decided to move to another area where prospects seemed to be brighter. He chose land in Hussar, Alberta, about sixty miles south-east of Calgary. This proved to be a wise choice. The land itself was more fruitful, and weather conditions were more favorable to cropping. Better times came. Prices for wheat and other grains improved, and he harvested some good crops.

Best of all, however, before moving to Hussar he had met and fallen in love with Ruby Sparks. I can still recall how in his letters home, he used to relate her charms. For John there was never any one like Ruby.

They were married Nov. 11, 1924. John now had a home and a faithful wife to share life with him. Better times still followed. More land was acquired, some of it purchased outright, some rented, and when we visited them in Hussar in 1953, John was cropping about 1,150 acres.

Then he and Ruby decided to leave the farm to their eldest son, Howard (Howdy), and to move into Calgary to make their home. There John invested in some real estate and did well financially. We back home rejoiced with him that after all those hard struggles in the early years, he had 'found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow'.

John and Ruby had five children, whose names will appear in the genealogical charts. All of them live in the larger area of Calgary, except the youngest, Dorothy, whose husband, Keith McIntosh, came to hold a managerial position with "Reading and Bates", an oil drilling Company which participated in the North Sea oil drilling venture. I believe the company is now known as the 'International Association of Drilling Contractors'. Keith is Vice-President and Treasurer. One of their rigs, "Rig 40", is now working in the Gulf of Mexico. Recently, one of their oil drilling rigs, "The D. K. McIntosh", was named in his honor. He and Dorothy and their teenage girls, Janet Elaine and Elizabeth Brinton, are now living in Tulsa, Okla., but Keith's position has required them to live in many parts of the world, including Australia, Africa, England, etc., and Dorothy has loved it all. It seems that these Brintons have loved the 'gypsy' type of life, though they can settle down to become wonderful home makers also. (I could cite my own married daughters as evidence of that fact).

John died in 1968. Ruby is still living in Calgary, and we keep in regular touch with her. She, too, has been an excellent wife, homemaker, and mother. The Brinton boys know how to pick the right kind of girls to be their wives and the mothers of their children.

My other sister, Clara was three years older than I, having been born Oct. 19, 1898. She also died young. In the winter of 1921-22, she developed meningitis. In these days, of course, she would have been hospitalized, but in those days hospital care and treatment was not available for the common people, so Clara had to be cared for at home, with the aid of the family doctor. For many months her condition required continual care and watchfulness from our parents, but gradually it worsened and finally she died July 8, 1922. The doctor pronounced her death to be due to meningitis of the brain, possibly with tubercular complications. How thankful we should be that after long experimentation, medical science finally discovered a cure for the horrible ravages of tuberculosis.

The only time I can recall that my father's faith wavered, was during one stage of Clara's illness, a particularly trying time, when the long continued struggle became so hard that in a moment of darkness he wrote to me, when I was in Cavendish: 'Sometimes it seems that God has forgotten to be gracious.' Is it any wonder! Cora's long painful illness and early death at only 20 years of age and she was the darling of father's heart; Mel's death in France at 27 after he had lived such a fine Christian life of devotion to duty and had not been able even to get home on leave before he was sent overseas; Ira's long illness as the result of war service; Mother's broken health for years after their youngest child was born; and now Clara's continued illness and pain requiring constant watchfulness from our parents, with little opportunity for rest and sleep.

I have often wondered how they could bear up under it all. But they knew that God was still 'within the shadows keeping watch above His own'. Thus, the shadow over father's vision was only temporary, and ere long he snapped back with greater faith than ever.

Mother's health later improved, and the faith which they exemplified in life stood by them to the end. Father died, after surgery, in the Annapolis hospital, resulting in pneumonia, and his death occurred January 8, 1943.

Memories of my parents' faith lead me to insert here one of my favorite poems by Whittier:

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

Yet in the maddenng maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruished reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

- John Greenleaf Whittier

MEL

Mel was one of my childhood heroes. He was much loved by all the family, partly because of his thoughtfulness to all of us of the family. Not only did he write to our parents regularly, but he wrote to his brothers and sisters as well, sending us picture cards from various places where he worked or visited.

I recently found a picture card of the Rockies which I received from him in November 1913. It was written from Peerless, Alta. On that card he wrote this note: "Pleased to get your letter. You just keep an eye on John, eh! for sometimes boys of his age need watch ing. What do you think about it? Write again. Mel". I was then only twelve years old and John was 17.

Another letter which I cherish was written by Mel from Jenner, Alberta, dated Sept. 10, 1916, in which he wrote: "Received your card a few days ago. Glad to know you were successful in getting your Grade X certificate. Get all the education you can is my advice. It will be a great help to you some day. Big money is being paid out here for teachers; so this is the place to come when you are old enough and qualified to fill the position .. Am sending you a few pictures of some of the country out here. Write again and tell me all the news. From your loving brother, Mel."

I include these only as samples of the dozens of cards and letters which not only I, but my brothers and sisters, received from him and, of course, he wrote nearly every week to our parents. This is one of the reasons we all loved him so much, and looked ahead so eagerly to the day when he would return.

For a few years after leaving home, Mel worked out in Clarence for Mr. Thomas Smith. In 1908 he was baptized by Rev. H. H. Saunders, who at that time was pastor of the Clarence Baptist Church.

I believe it was in either 1908 or 1909 that he went to the Canadian west on one of the old-time Harvesters' excursions. I was then only seven or eight years old and since I never saw him thereafter, my childhood memories of him are somewhat indistinct.

He took up 1/4 section of land in Jenner, Alberta that fall. Soon thereafter he took a correspondence course in some branch of mechanics, what was then called 'engineering' to qualify himself to operate and service those huge steam tractor outfits which were then used on the prairies. I think they were called a 'Ramsey'. He obtained employment with the Land Development Co. of Alberta which led him to travel to many places in Alberta and Saskatchewan under the auspices of that company.

When the War broke out in 1914, he felt the urge to enlist but men in his capacity were much needed to help provide food for the forces both at home and overseas, so he was exempted from army service. As time went on and casualties of war became vastly greater, the urgency to enlist grew stronger and finally he joined up with the 10th Canadian Btn., an Alberta Regiment. In November, 1916, he was training in Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, where he wrote a letter to our brother, John, in which he spoke of the extremely cold weather. He, then, was having problems with a frozen toe, because of the inadequate foot wear. He also expressed the expectation and the hope that he would be sent overseas soon.

In a letter dated Jan. 8, 1917, he wrote: "A draft is expecting to leave here (Winnipeg) about the 20th Inst. I don't know whether I will be one of those chosen or not. I hope so. There are over 300 of us in training here now, and they usually send about 250 in a draft. They are likely to take those who have had the most training first, so I may not get off for another month".

I believe he was sent overseas between Jan. 8 and early Feb., 1917.

He had hoped to get home before sailing, but security regulations concerning the movement of troops required such secrecy that he was not able even to contact our parents when he passed through the port of embarkation at Halifax. Needless to say, all of us were bitterly disappointed when he was sent overseas without any of us having opportunity to see him again.

After arriving in France he wrote home and continued to do so as often as he was near enough to a base depot to mail letters. He continued to write to our parents regularly and to other members of the family as he had opportunity. He also wrote to John who was then living alone on the prairies, and looking after Mel's land as well as his own, giving whatever directions which seemed necessary. John had a letter from him dated Nov. 17, 1917, probably one of the last letters he wrote, but I cannot be sure, since none of the letters he wrote to our parents are now available.

All through that year we had lived in constant fear. The casualty lists were growing longer day after day and we never knew what hour to expect that fateful telegram telling us that the end had come for Mel. My parents especially lived daily in 'the valley of the shadow of death'. Mother seemed to sense that Mel would never come home again.

Finally, a few days before Christmas the dreaded telegram arrived, saying that Mel had been 'killed in action Dec. 12, 1917'. I shall never forget the hush that descended over our home that evening. A neighbor, Mr. Brad. Poole, had been contacted by telephone from Bridgetown, asking him to bear the message to our parents and they went to the neighbor's, while we, the younger members of the family remained at home, knowing that some dread news had been received but not knowing what it was.

"Perhaps", we hoped, "Mel had only been wounded". But when our parents returned, one look at their faces was sufficient. Mel would never be coming home again.

Yet, there was no loud weeping or lamentation. They had been prepared for it long before, and now they were brave and strong, even though their hearts and hopes were crushed. They had given their son in defence of their country's freedom and in that confidence they bore their deep sorrow.

Daily we waited for further confirmation from the War Department, hoping against hope that some mistake had been made. Perhaps Mel was only 'missing in action'. Perhaps he was still alive, even though 'a prisoner of war'. But finally the confirmation came, and the few personal effects which were found on his body were sent home.

About two months later a letter was received from Pte. James E. Aitken who was near Mel when he was killed. The letter was written from 'somewhere in France' and it was dated Feb. 14, 1918. I quote parts of his letter:

"In the first place I ask you to excuse any delay in writing, as I had mislaid your address. I only had the receipt for your dear brother's personal belongings, which I trust you will receive through the War Office ... I was only a few yards from your brother when he met his death It may be a little comfort to you to know that his death was instantaneous and that he got a decent burial behind the firing lines.

The sad affair happened in the last hour of a 19 day trip in the trenches, and your brother had come out from an outpost to act as a guide for the incoming relief and was struck by a piece of shell known to us as a 'Pineapple'. Your brother never suffered one minute, as he never knew what struck him. He died almost the same minute.

We then carried his body well behind the lines to a place called "Lieyen", near Lens and handed the body over to the 'burying party', after taking what little personal property he had. I am not certain of the location of the grave. I can only advise you to write the Graves Commission for full particulars.

Now, Miss Brinton, being rather a poor hand at expressing my sympathy in letter writing, I trust you will excuse this poor attempt. I am sorry to say I never was acquainted with your brother, but I am glad to be able to say that those who knew him best in his platoon had nothing but praise for him as a companion and a soldier, and I can realize very well how awful the sad news would be to you and his loved ones and friends at homeetc."

I may add that the "Miss Brinton" mentioned above was Cora, my sister who died September 16, 1914. Apparently Mel must have carried about on his person a letter he had received from her before her death more than three years before and it was found in his pocket when he was killed. That is how Pte. Aitken got my sister's address and thus wrote to her years after she had died.

My mother was postmistress of the little country Post Office in St. Croix Cove at the time so, of course, she received the letter addressed to Cora.

Needless to say, our parents and all the family received great comfort from that letter, just to know that Mel had not suffered seriously at the end and that he had received a decent burial.

Another strange happening was that Pte. Aitken, in his letter to Cora, had suggested that the family might be able to get information from the "Graves Commission" concerning where Mel was buried. That letter of Aitken's was published in the 'Bridgetown Monitor'. In November, 1978, I received some mementos concerning Mel from our brother John's widow, Ruby, living in Calgary.

Among these was that old newspaper clipping from the 'Monitor'. Using the information contained in that letter, I wrote to the 'Commonwealth War Graves Commission' in Ottawa to inquire if they could provide me with information concerning the place of Mel's burial, etc.

Within a few days I received their reply, dated November 29, 1978, written by P. V. Grieve, Secretary General. His letter read as follows:

"Dear Rev. Brinton:

Thank you for your most interesting letter which we received today, enquiring as to the place of burial of your brother, the late Private Melbourne A. Brinton.

Private Melbourne Alton Brinton, 2114852, of the 10th Battalion Canadian Infantry (Alberta Regiment) is buried in France in Sucrerie Cemetery Ablain-St. Nazaire, Section II, Row C, Grave 15.

Ablain-St. Nazaire is a village in the Department of the Pas-de-Calais some eight miles north of the Prefecture town of Arras, where incidently the Commission's France Area Office is located.

Enclosed are photocopies of relevant pages of our Cemetery Register which we trust will be of use in your research.

Please do not hesitate to ask if we can be of further assistance'.

The enclosed maps, gave the location of the cemetery, plot of ground, and the exact grave and number where Mel was buried.

Strange to relate when Elaine and I visited that area of France in 1970 we were within a mile of Sucrerie Cemetery, without having any idea of where Mel's grave was to be found.

'Somewhere' far away in France, the location of which we now know much better than we did for so many years, lies the remains of our dear brother, "Mel", loved by all the family and especially by our parents. His grave in the 'Sucrerie cemetery' In France bears the inscription; "Brinton, Pte. Melbourne Alton, 2114852, 10 th. Bn. Canadian Inf. (Alberta Regt.) 12 th. Dec, 1917, Age 27. Son of Eber and Bessie A. Brinton, of St. Croix Cove, Annapolis Co., N.S, II C 15."

On the family tombstone down home in the little old country cemetery in St. CroixCove, the inscription on one of the four faces, reads as follows: "In Loving Memory, Melbourne A., who gave his life in defence of his country, Dec. 12th, 1917, somewhere in France, aged 27 years. He loved honor more than he feared death."

Our parents had that inscription engraved on the family tombstone many years ago. Now their remains also lie in the family burial plot along with those of Cora, Clara and Lorne Stanley. Nearby are the remains of Ira, marked by the usual tombstone supplied by the Canadian Government in memory of the casualties of the First World War.

Our family had good reason to heed the stern warning sounded out in Kipling's oft quoted poem: "Lord God of Hosts be with us yet; Lest we forget. Lest we forget!"

The memories of war are fast fading from the minds of the youth of today. May this long continue to be so; but those of us who grew up under the shadow of the First World War, and then through the horrible holocaust of the Second World War can never forget. Those memories are too deeply engraved on the tablets of memory ever to be forgotten, and I suppose the awful scars will ever remain.

But of the war dead we can still say;

"These men had neyer chosen war
But duty summoned them to fight
A ruthless foe. It was of peace
They dreamed, sustained in lasting right.
For this they made the sacrifice,
For this they rest among the slain;
For this the living must resolve — These dead shall
not have served in vain.
We pledge our lives to share with them
The fearful task, and help rebuild
A war torn world where all shall live
At peace — the world that God has willed."

C.G. Girelius

I close this chapter on "Mel" by quoting from a Remembrance Day address which I gave many years ago in Woodstock, N.B., and in other places:

"We must never forget the tremendous price by which our liberties have been maintained ... We must never forget those thousands of our brothers, fathers, Sons, husbands and other loved ones who lie beneath the poppies of Flanders fields. Most of them laid down their lives in the flower of youth. "The cup was dashed from their lips with the wine of life scarce tasted." But the glory of their sacrifice must never fade. They died that others might live and enjoy the rich heritage of Canadian life and institutions and ideals. For us they laid down their lives

...

Those whose memory we honour fought and died for liberty; but theirs was an unfinished task. Whether or not their sacrifice was worthwhile depends upon what we do with the freedom which they preserved; whether we continue to restore freedom to the oppressed and outraged peoples of the earth and pass it on to those who come after us.

Their sacrifice is part of the great price which down through the centuries has had to be paid to defend freedom, justice, righteousness and truth. Our valiant dead are a part of that vast host of champions of liberty who age after age have laid down their lives that others might be free.

Therefore our remembrance of them must be more than fleeting thoughts of gratitude, more than words of praise, more than lofty sentiments. We should honour our heroic dead by our living loyalty to the heritage which they died to impart. We should make their sacrifice worthwhile by consecrating our lives to the same ideals for which they gave theirs. Shall we by inglorious living mar the sacrifice of our glorious dead! Shall we allow our land to be a land of greed and selfishness; vice and infidelity? A land where virtue and idealism pale and languish and men sacrifice to the gods of pleasure and paganism? If so, they died in vain.

But if we take up their quarrel with the foes of humanity wherever found; if we preserve the glorious heritage of freedom, if we endeavour to have righteousness exalt our nation, and if at last we confer upon the world the blessing of a just and enduring peace, then their lives, cut off in the flower of youth, will find fruition through us.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

God grant that out of this welter of blood and pain and tears, a new world may yet be fashioned in which there will be freedom, justice and opportunity for all.

"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and bear your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens — their heritage to take;
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break!"

The map shown on the last page of the pictorial section of this book is one of those supplied by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (see ref. on page 64).

The Sucrerie Cemetery where Mel was buried is to be found on the far left of the map. It contains the graves of 220 soldiers of the United Kingdom, 163 of them from Canada. It covers an area of 2,294 sq. yds. It is enclosed by a low brick wall and planted with maples.

Some 15 cemeteries are mentioned on this particular map. Our guide, Pierre, told us that in the larger area around Arras where such heavy fighting took place during World War II, there were 114 cemeteries. British and Commonwealth countries alone lost about 580,000 soldiers in the battles around that area.

The "Cabaret Rouge Brit. Cem." where we stopped is located about one mile from the Sucrerie Cem. It contains many thousands of stone grave markers, covering several acres of ground. Along the road to Arras we passed many, many cemeteries containing thousands of wooden crosses. Some of these cemeteries stretched far off into the distance giving the mental image of forests of wooden crosses — a grim reminder of the horrible slaughter of that ruthless War. As one looked with teared-dimmed eyes across the country side, the words came to mind again and again: 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn'.

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY BACKGROUND

This chapter concerning my mother's family back ground is presented in the form of geneological charts of the Chariton family, formerly of Arlington, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.

These charts show the names of mother's parents, Capt. and Mrs. John Charlton the names of her brothers and sisters, and their descendents. They are to be found at the end of the book, following the charts of the Brinton family.

See charts # 11, et cetera.

SECTION III - GENEALOGICAL TABLES

THE TABLES INTRODUCED BY A CHAPTER ON ABRAHAM BEGAT: JOHN BEGAT

Some people find the 'begat' passages of the Bible rather uninspiring, even boring. A woman had been urged to undertake the task of reading the Bible straight through, possibly within a year.

Presently she came to those long lists of who begat whom. Finally she said to me: "Do you mean to tell me that all that stuff is divinely inspired. Personally, I don't find it very inspiring". Rather irreverent, eh! Yet that is a fairly common experience. So I had to explain to her the purpose back of these genealogical passages. When we understand that, we can read even these passages with new insight and appreciation.

The children of Israel had a keen sense of racial identity. They believed they were the 'chosen people' with a special mission to perform. It was important to them to keep alive their sense of identity and racial heritage. They were 'children of Abraham', heirs of the covenant which God had made with Abraham "and his seed after him".

God had called Abraham out of "Ur of the Chaldees" and had said to him: "Up, and get thee out of this land to a land which I will hereafter show thee; and I will bless thee and make thee a blessing; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed".

Abraham obeyed and went forth. "By faith he went forth not knowing whither he went." (Heb. 11:8) For years he wandered from place to place, "looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God". He kept looking for a permanent place of abode, yet found it not, even in Canaan.

The same was true of his family — of Isaac and Jacob. Then Joseph was sold by his brothers and taken down into Egypt. Joseph became one of the chief men in Egypt and the whole household of Jacob was led down into Egypt and settled in the land of Goshen. For many generations they lived there until there rose up a Pharaoh who 'knew not Joseph', and the Israelites were enslaved for many generations, until God heard their cry and raised up Moses to deliver them and to lead them through the wilderness to the borders of the "Promised Land". Joshua took over the leadership and led them into the possession of this land.

Then follows the long history of their sojourning in the land of Canaan, the chaotic period of the Judges and the early beginnings of the reign of the kings until, under the reign of David, the kingdom reached the zenith of its power. Then followed the division of the kingdom into the two parts consisting of the ten tribes in the north with their capital in Samaria, and the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, in the south with their capital at Jerusalem.

In 722 B.C. the Northern Kingdom was conquered by the Assyrians and many thousands of the Israelites were carried into captivity, to be scattered abroad into many lands of the earth. Later in 586 B.C., the Babylonians conquered the Southern Kingdom and carried off many more thousands into captivity to Babylon, et cetera. Years later Darius, of the Medes and Persians, granted permission to the Jews to return to their native land, and thousands did return to 'rebuild the walls of Jerusalem' and to build another temple to replace the far more magnificent temple of Solomon, and thus to re-establish the foundation of the Jewish people.

So the story goes on. The land of Palestine was often invaded. It became a pawn for the succeeding world powers who warred against one another. Finally, we come down to the Roman conquest, and in the time of our Lord the Jews were subject to the rule of Rome.

Thus through the long centuries the children of Israel were dispersed throughout the nations of the earth.

But through all this turmoil and strife, the Israelites sought to retain a sense of their racial identity and a vision of their destiny as the children of Abraham. They kept records for their descendants to remind them of who they were and what God had intended for them.

Though often enslaved, persecuted and driven from place to place, hope was kept alive within them. Some day the Messianic Age would come to pass and they would be restored to their native land. This, I think, was one of the main purposes back of those 'begat passages and the faithful keeping of records from generation to generation.

We in the Western world can understand this. Our forefathers were persecuted in the old country and were scattered far and wide. They came from many lands; England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They came from the northern lands of Scandanavia, from the Netherlands and France and Germany, etc., seeking freedom from political oppression and religious persecution. They came to this new land seeking liberty and opportunities for themselves and their children and their children's children. Among these wayfaring people were the Brintons. They settled in many places; branches of them found refuge in the British colonies, and later in United States.

One branch of the Brinton family settled in Annapolis Co., N.S. As we have seen, John and Jemima Brinton found a home in Granville, N.S., but their children crossed the North Mountain to settle along the rugged shores of the Bay of Fundy. Generations succeeded them and came to settle particularly in the area of Port Lorne, St. Croix Cove, and Hampton.

At one time, the name of "Brinton" was prominent in those areas. But, in the 20th century, there came the gradual dispersion of these families. Wider fields of opportunity beckoned in New England, especially around the Boston area. Then the Canadian West was opened up and the Harvesters Excursions lured many young people to seek adventure and opportunity on the prairies and in British Columbia. Hundreds of our Maritime youth went West and their descendents are found there today in increasing numbers.

Later still greater opportunities arose in Ontario; and other Maritime youth moved there to seek employment. Thus the population of the Maritimes has been decimated by the migration of many of our finest young people who have followed the lure of 'greener pastures' to seek fortunes in other lands.

Now the name of 'Brinton' is seldom found in Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, where the original settlers came to establish homes in the wilderness. They made their contribution, they left their mark on this new land and then they went on their pilgrimage again to other lands.

This story I have tried to tell, illustrates the spirit of the Brintons, the love of freedom and adventure which animated them. It is a part of the larger story of this family which has travelled afar from their early beginnings in England centuries ago.

I believe that wherever they have gone, they have become good citizens, law-abiding and respectable. In the records, I have found neither monkeys among the branches, nor 'nuts' on the ground. They have left their descendents a rich heritage of which they can well be proud, as they in turn seek to make their contribution to their day and generation, and endeavour to pass on that heritage to those who may come after them.

G E N E A L O G I C A L C H A R T S

1. Descendants of John Brinton of N. Ireland, married to Jemima Clarke of Yorkshire
2. Descendants of John (Deacon) Brinton (1794-1872) and 1. Susannah Quereau (d. Jan. 3, 1830) and 2. Mary Messenger (d. Jan. 27, 1887)
3. Descendants of Joseph G. Brinton and Emma Jane Graves
4. Descendants of John Brinton and Lavinia Hines
5. Descendants of Charles Freeman Brinton and Elnora Graves
6. Descendants of Handley Brinton and Amorett Foster
7. Descendants of Joseph E. Brinton (son of Joseph G. Brinton) and Agnes Brenton
8. Descendants of Charles Brinton (1796-1886) and Charity Quereau (1793-1879)
9. Descendants of Charles Brinton (son of Traviss) and Lucy Snow
10. Descendants of Eber Brinton (son of Traviss) and Bessie Alison Charlton
11. Descendants of Capt. John Chariton (1833-1918) and Eliza Jane Clark (1838-1915), maternal grandparents of the author

EPILOGUE

And now, dear friends, my task is done.
The story told, the tale is spun.
The Brinton Family, root and branch,
Has been traced out: for study long, or just a glance.

From Ireland's North, and Yorkshire's deli
Across the seas they came to dwell
On New Scotia's shores, mid Fundy's rocks,
To brave the toil and face the shocks.

From east to west, from south to north
For freedom's sake they ventured forth:
And still they spread new lands to claim,
New bounds to cross, new victories gain.

And freedom still the cause they serve,
And "LIBERTY!" they cry with verve.
"Let us be free," they cry to all,
Let freedom reign, Let tyrants fall!

In church and state throw off the yoke,
Let us be free, oppression choke,
False creeds cast off, false banners shun,
Prejudice toward race or clan, abandon all that shackles
man.

YET freedom check with responsibility.
Let recklessness abandoned be.
For unguided freedom may lead astray.
Lawlessness can despotic be, and crush the hand that sets
us free.

The libertine do not espouse, but wisely shun,
Until your work on earth be done.
Trust God and walk with Him, He'll lead the way,
And following Him you ne'er can stray.

If Him you follow to the end, through good and ill, Through
toil and pain; He'll lead you on till day
is done.

Then morning dawn at last shall come
When on some happier holier shore
All toil and pain shall be no more;
We stand at last to see his face
And tell the story, "Saved by grace."

ST. CROIX COVE

The following letter will be of interest to many readers of the MONITOR:

France, Feb., 14th, 1918

To Miss Cora Brinton:—

Dear Friend: You will no doubt be wondering who the writer of these few lines could be or where he may have found your address, but the enclosed receipt will no doubt make the situation plain to you. In the first place I ask you to excuse any delay in writing you, as I had mislaid your address. I only had the receipt for your dear brother's personal belongings, which I trust you will receive through the War Office. Now, Miss Brinton, as I was only a few yards from your brother when he met his death, it may be a little comfort to know that his death was instantaneous and that he got a decent burial behind the firing lines. The sad affair happened in the last hour of a 19 day trip in the trenches, and your brother had come out from an outpost to act as a guide for the incoming relief and was struck by a piece of shell known to us as 'Pine Apple.' Now, Miss Brinton, your brother never suffered one minute as he never knew what struck him. He died almost the same minute. We then carried his body well behind the lines to a place called "Lieven," near Lens and handed the body over to the Burying Party, after taking what little personal property he had. As I am not certain of the location of his grave I can only advise you to write the graves commission for full particulars. Now, Miss Brinton, being rather poor hand at expressing my sympathy in letter writing, I trust you will excuse this poor attempt, as I am sorry to say I never was acquainted with your brother, but I am glad to be able to say that those who knew him best in his platoon had nothing but praise for him as a companion and soldier, and I can realize very well how awful hard the sad news would be to you and his friends and loved ones at home.

With sincere sympathy to you and all your dear brothers, relatives and friends and trusting you will receive everything O. K. (I may add your brother had also a small locket, which is not mentioned on the receipt, I trust I may hear you received the same.)

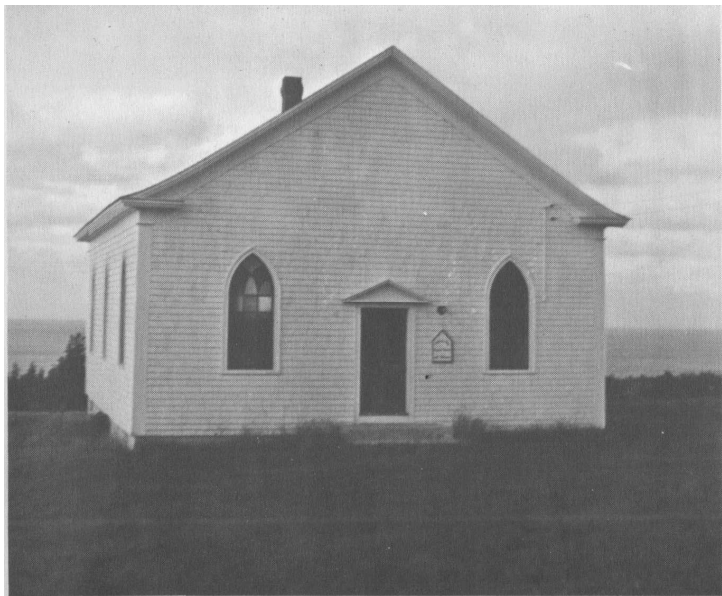
With sincere sympathy, I remain
your sincere friend,

467239 Pte. James E. Aitken,
A Coy., 3 Platoon,
10th Canadian.

[The singular incident of the above letter being addressed to the deceased sister is attributed to letters written by her being carried in her soldier brother's pocket.]

Old Jim, John sitting on old Jim, Hartley; Front row: the writer, mother, Harold on father's knee, Grandma Brinton, Clara; Back row: Cora, Ira and Mel.





St. Croix Cove Church

Mel



Ira





The writer at 9 years

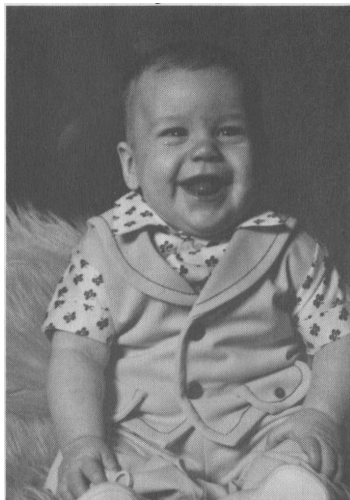


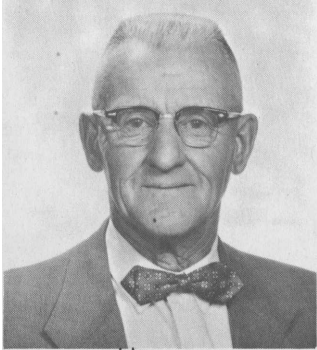
The writer and his mother, 1932

Father and Mother

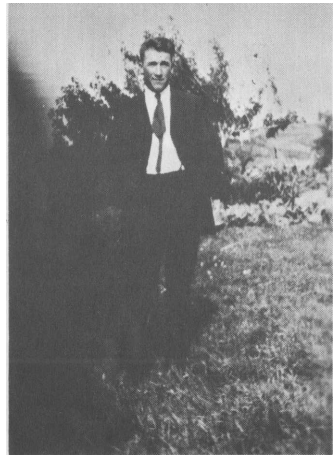


Great grand child





John



Harold

Family cottage around 1938



Old Home





This picture was taken at the 50th Anniversary of the writer and his wife Elaine on Sept. 8, 1974. It includes their four daughters, three sons-in-law and thirteen grandchildren. Names from left to right are: Front row: Kevin Smith, Susan Knowles, the writer, Krista Smith, Barbi Sue MacKenzie (behind Krista) Elaine, Nancy MacKenzie, Bobbie Knowles. Back row: Joe Knowles and Marrion, Bill Knowles, Cheryl Smith, Karen Smith, Isobel Brinton, Kathy MacKenzie, Eric Smith, and Jean, Margery Knowles, Debbie Knowles, Heather MacKenzie, Beth and Bob MacKenzie.

