

Memoirs Of James Hynes



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In Loving Memory Of my Dear Father James Hines

Who was born in Dublin Ireland

September 19th, 1809

And died April 23rd, 1898

At his last residence

Township of Clarendon

Province of Ontario

"He being Dead, yet speaketh"

Heb. 11-4

Written in 1922 by Carrie Hynes.

Daughter of James Hynes

Footnotes 1994

by Dale Hynes.

A great, great, grandson of James Hynes

My father and I were always great friends. Even from childhood his word was always final with me. His smile repaid me for any hardship. We understood each other in a way not always usual between parent and child. Now I will not enlarge on this affection, as the reason I have in writing this little sketch is so that my nephews and nieces may know some definite facts that are really the result of these intimate conversations.

My father was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 19th September, 1809. He was the second child, the eldest being a girl, Harriet, while the youngest was named Johnston Winne. His mother was married at the age of sixteen, becoming a widow at twenty-one, with the care of three children. There was not means enough to prevent the mother taking a situation, so in the course of a few months, or a year or two, she took a position as housekeeper with Lord and Lady Carrick at M. Juliet. In this position she remained until they died. During this time the two children, Harriet and Johnston were living with their mother at M. Juliet, where they received a good education, fitting them to earn their living in a worthy manner.

We will leave them now and look at the second child named Jamie, as he was called by his grandmother, who on the death of his father, took him to her home and heart, to raise and educate. That he was in good hands is not to be doubted, for in after years he testifies to the fact of his great love of his grandmother, saying that he hoped to meet her in heaven.

Mrs Winne, who gave Jamie a home, love, and a fair education, was Scotch born, with a keen desire that he should become a scholar. She had also a keen sense of Scotch humour about her. Often he wanted to go swimming, and she would say Ye mun gang a-swimming, Jamie, but dinna gae near the water. He used to tell us of this when in later years he spoke of his grandmother. When Jamie was about fifteen years of age the calamity of his life happened. His dear grandmother died, leaving the boy so lonely. He often told me that at that time he thought everything was at an end for him.

His fathers people, the Hines family, were now to take him into their care. Previous to this, however, he seemed to have very little to do with his fathers side of the house. They were well to do people. They had been for three generations in the same line of business in Dublin, and they had planned that he should be the fourth. He was to go to them and enter upon his training. I am not certain just what this line was and I was too young to ask my father, but have reason to believe it was gents tailoring, from what my brother Thomas said when I asked him not long ago.

There was the spirit of adventure in the boy, and so he wanted, before going to his fathers people, to see a little of life -- and sea life at that. Another boy and himself decided to go, and as they had no money, they went down to the quay, boarded a vessel bound for America to Quebec, a seaport city. This act changes the whole trend of his life. Years later he was convinced that he was led to this by Providence or fate, and was not regretful. After the ship was well on its way, the two boys were found and brought to the notice of the captain. I do not know what punishment was meted out to them, but Jimmy, as he was now called, became the captains boy. He must have been an attractive fellow at that time of life. He had a fine, clear complexion - the kind that always goes with auburn curls, of which he always had an abundance, and so as usual, he was in high favour with the captain, and Jimmy served from a sense of love, and such is nearly always appreciated. On reaching Quebec, it seemed a strange and tragic thing to happen, but his beloved captain died soon after reaching port, and for the return trip there was a new captain taken on. This man was cruel and did not appeal to Jimmy, who, the night the ship sailed away back to Ireland, secreted himself among some boxes on the wharf. Here he slept until the police came on his rounds, and gruffly demanded what he was doing there, concluding by marching our Jimmy off to the lockup for the night.

Next morning, as there was no charge laid against him, he was allowed to go and seek his fortune in the big French city, where he felt a stranger in a strange land. However, he made the best of the situation, and was soon rooming with a Mrs. Nolan, a kind - hearted Irish woman, who looked after his wants. I have no means of

knowing how long, but afterwards he met in with a Mr. Dickson of Pakenham Mills, Ontario, and thus found another good friend. Here he became interested in the lumber business, going down with the lumber rafts, and ere long he learned to be a pilot, and had charge of men in the lumber camp.

Ten years after his arrival in Canada, he married Elizabeth (Bessy) Sadler. He was twenty five years old when he married, while Bessy was twenty. They started keeping house very frugally. Bessy was a wonderful girl in regard to making a home out of a limited income. Her husband continued to go down with the lumber rafts. Of course, they started in to buy a farm as soon as they were married.

The Sadlers being farmers for generations, Bessy was well versed in the arts of dairying, growing vegetables of all sorts, and soon the farm became productive, owing to hard work and honest toil. In time their son William (1) was born, and two years later James, both were fine healthy, lively boys, needing lots of care and attention. About this time, I believe my father stayed at home and devoted himself to the farm. Soon it was paid for and one day my father started to walk to Perth, the county town, to register his deed. I do not know just how long that would take, as the roads were not good, bush most of the way, I presume. The task was not an easy one, and before he had gone very far, he turned about and came home, till a more convenient day. With the result that they lost this most valuable farm in Fitzroy, one of the best farming communities in Ontario.

One wonders that the farm could be sold over again. This happened however. One day a stranger came into their home with the deed of the farm in his pocket, having bought it from a dishonest real estate man. Very reluctantly they left their home and friends in Ontario and became residents of Quebec. I cannot say just what year they left Ontario, as I never heard it mentioned, but there were several children now, six boys and a girl, I think, though I am not sure of this, as I have no record on hand.

One day a letter was handed my father dated 1845, and addressed to James Hines, Pakenham Mills, Bathurst district, Fitzroy, Per Steamship. My father answered this letter, but got no reply for six

years. I give this letter as written, and it states the reason for not writing sooner.

Garbally, Ballinsloe, Ireland, January 27, 1845.

My Dear James:

Again I take up my pen in the forlorn hope of this reaching you.

Again I mention that I was leaving M. Juliet, when your last letter reached me, just six years ago this May, and owing to the hurry and confusion I was in leaving. I lost your letter and consequently your address. In it you said that you were married and that if I did not answer your letter you would write no more.

Your brother and sister were both at that time in Canada. She married, and Johnston doing business for them. He kept a couple of stores in Toronto. I wrote to them telling them I had a letter from you, but had lost it and begging them to endeavour to find you out, but in vain.

Her husband took a distillery in Bradford, but had it but a short time and after the illness of only a few weeks he died, leaving her with two children and expecting a third. She was there for two years after his death before she could sell the place. She is now here and in business in Ballinsloe, but it is so bad that I am sorry to say she is talking of returning to America again.

I forgot to say that a year before poor Mullins death Johnston left them and went to New Orleans, where he has remained since, doing business for some merchant, but talks of coming home next season to see me, but to return again. It was from him I heard of the address I now write to you, and hope it may be more fortunate than the other. I wrote formerly to Mrs. Nolan in Quebec, but I hope and trust that this may be more fortunate than the other. Should you write to Johnston, address him at the Post Office, New Orleans. Should you get this I hope that you will lose no time writing to let me know how yourself and your family are, and how you are employed. What a fatality it was that you all should be living in the same kingdom for so long without either hearing of each other! Poor Harriet was there seven years, two of which were after poor Mullins death, for she could not dispose of her place. I can't tell you what a grief it was to me, her thinking of going back again and leaving me alone, but I

must say I am rather unfortunate in my children, when they ought to be a comfort to me, I am left alone.

Poor Mullen, had he lived he meant to put an advertisement in the paper to try to make you out. Dear James, should this reach you, lose no time in answering it, as I must conclude, as there's no use in my writing if I don't hear from you. Thank God, Harriet and Children are well, as I am also, thank God. I told you before of the death of poor Lord and Lady Carrick and the changes that took place in M. Juliet in nasty odious Connaught. Such misery and poverty I never saw before. Harriet says the people are quite different in America. I shall say no more at present in the fond hope of hearing from you of your welfare speedily.

I remain my dear James, your affectionate mother, Marion Hines.

We mentioned the fact that my father had lost his farm. He went to Lower Canada, as it was then called, and now the Province of Quebec. Here he purchased two hundred acres of land, one hundred from the government, the remainder from a man named David Burke.

His wife, Nellie had died on this farm and he had buried her right on the farm. He had two sisters, Bessie and Mary Ann who were living with him. Afterwards they left the place and this became our home. I well remember the log cabin we lived in for a time, but about the year 1860 my father built a nice ten room house. Barns and outbuildings soon followed, and we had a very comfortable home. The front hundred acres was a bush lot, and there was much hard work before the last stump was uprooted, drains and fences in place. But it was well done, so that the modern machinery has been used for many years.

I thought my brother Benny the most wonderful boy I ever saw. We played together and worked together. He would help me wash dishes and then I took part in ambitious schemes. Sometimes he was a lumberman, getting timber out for Sandy McLeod, about the only name we knew outside the family. The way his name became of interest to us was because he had committed suicide. Then he would harness up a pair of year old calves with some harness he had made,

hitch them to a sled covered up with skin robes, and I would be invited to go out to the back farm. On we would get, and one slosh of the whip would start them galloping like deer. Then we would go on to the barn at this farm without stopping, just like the wind. Once he had gotten hold of a pistol. Of course, he must shoot it off, so I requested to go a suitable distance so it would not be heard at the house and so spoil all the fun. I was not anxious for this sort of sport, but I would always go to see that he was safe. Then if anything should happen I would be there to bring back word. It never occurred to me to inform on him. I was almost sure a boy of his initiative must get out of any scrape he got into. Later on when we went out together in a rig, if we were in any doubtful position, on a hill or on cracking ice, I always got as near to Benny as possible and held my breath. Should he ask me if I were afraid, I would generally say, Are you afraid Benny? and he would say, No so emphatically that I would reply: As long as you are not afraid I am not. Wonderful faith, but I was so sure of his ability that I never doubted. To make it all the more amusing I was three years younger than he, but mother used to say to me when we were little and going out to play: Now take care of your brother.

Just here let me say that my mother's people were a good class of farmers in the county of Roscommon in Ireland. There were four brothers - John, William, Thomas and Edward. They belonged to the Irish Yeomanry, and my mother often spoke of their fine appearance as they rode out with their spurs and other military accoutrements. Their motto was Fidelity and Love. They were prosperous in their farming ventures and they wished to purchase the block of land that they had rented from the same landowner for so many years, but he would not sell, so they decided to come to America. They came to Fitzroy, Upper Canada, as it was then called, and now Ontario. Thomas and William bought out a large block between them in this township, where they lived and died.

My grandfather's name was William. He had three sons and four daughters. The sons lived in that locality for many years, where they died. The eldest daughter, Susie, married Thomas Black. The second,

Jane became Mrs. Martin Johnston. Ann married Robert Craig of North Gower. Bessie as we said before, married James Hines.

I may say that John Sadler went to the United States and settled in Farmington Ohio. He became wealthy and gave his children a good education. He had one daughter, Maggie (Mrs. Pelham), and four sons. Two became medical doctors and two became lawyers.

Edward went to the lake Dorie district (2). I do not know very much about them, except that all the generations lived to be octogenarians. In fact, the Sadler family is so numerous both on the American side and the Canadian that I cannot give their full history here.

But to go back to the account of my fathers story. About the time our new house was built I well remember him receiving letters from Ireland, and the neighbours used to say that Mr. Hines was getting a fortune from the Old Country. My father being a very reticent man, passed no remark to these insinuations, and so we always got the credit of getting the money. My aunt Harriet's letter received, and which I give in full, will explain itself. Also her daughters letters:

Liverpool, Sep.. 23, 1861.

If Mr. James Hines is still living at Pakenham Mills, if this letter reaches him and that he wishes to hear of his mother and sister Harriet, let him write at once to his niece, Miss Mullen, c/o Dr. Vernon, Tubbercurry, Ballymote, County Silgo, Ireland.

It is about sixteen or eighteen years since he was last heard of; if his whereabouts are known it would be a great kindness to forward this letter to him.

Tubbercurry, Ballymote, County Silgo, Dec.3, 1861
My Dearest Uncle:

I cannot tell you what a joyful surprise your letter was, which I received on the 30th of last month. I can scarcely believe I am so fortunate as to have an Uncle and dear Aunt and Cousins. I sent

your letter along to my dear Mama, as I am not living with her, having been living as Governess in Dr, Vernon's family in this town for the last six months.

I suppose I need not enter into particulars about the events of the last few years, since Mama has said all that is necessary. All I shall say is concerning myself. I am indebted to my dear mother for an excellent education, which enables me to earn my own living. All I regret is that the salary given in this locality is so very small that I am not able to assist her. However, the good Lord, who has been so gracious to us hitherto, will not forsake her now.

I trust that in his own good time he will raise up a home for her, but her faith has been greatly tried. I have much to be thankful for. I am very comfortably settled in this family. I have four children to teach, who are getting on very nicely with me, and their parents are all kindness to me. I am mother's youngest child and shall (D.V.) be twenty to-morrow. I am beginning to feel quite old, dear uncle. I hope you will get one of my girl cousins to write to me. I shall be most anxious to hear from them, their ages and everything about them. Please tell them their cousin Harriet is most anxious to hear from them, and will answer them at once if they write. Please give my love to dear aunt and tell my cousins particularly my cousin Thomas, as he is the only one I have heard from, I thank him for his letter. Do write very soon, dear uncle, and direct to me as before. With much love, believe me, dearest uncle.

Your truly affectionate niece, Harriet M. Mullen.

Twyford, Berkshire, December 3, 1861
My dearest Brother:

I this day received your affectionate and truly welcome letter, which you addressed to my youngest daughter Harriet, and which she forwarded to me. I could scarcely believe my eyes that it was a letter from you, for though I wrote you from Liverpool, I had very little hope of it ever reaching you, as I know that people in the country change their place of residence very often. I am now greatly rejoiced

that I did write and have found you and your dear family and all, thank God, well. I am sorry, dear brother, in this I may say, my first letter to you, to have to tell you what I know will give pain to your kind heart. It is that you have neither mother nor brother in this world, for Johnston died of cholera in New Orleans on the third of May 1848. Fortunately he had never married. I know very little about him, as he was very uncommunicative to us. Our poor mother died on Sunday the first of April last year. She left Garbally in 1852 in bad health and came to live with me, since which time she has been slowly losing the use of all her limbs, and for the last couple of years could not put a bit of food in her mouth, but had to be fed and carried like a child, so that it was a release when the Lord took her, and I so hope and trust that she is now with Him in happiness, poor thing. She was sorely afflicted in the flesh, but was well attended to spiritually and bodily. I kept to my cottage which I rented from Lord Clancarty, for a year after poor mother's death, but had to give it up and seek employment. I gave my two girls a good education and sent them out as governesses. My oldest, Marion, after poor mother, is married to a naval officer, and lives in England with her husband. They have a fine little baby, just four months old (the first) and I am on to visit with them, but shall, God willing, return to Ireland after Christmas. My other daughter is governess with a family in County Silgo. Please God, they are both kind, affectionate children. My only boy went to Australia at the age of fifteen to seek his fortune. He is now twenty-three, but only able to keep himself, poor fellow. He has to struggle. A penniless stranger has much to encounter, as I dare say you know pretty well. Poor mother used to speak of you and regretted that she had lost your address and therefore did not know where to direct to. By chance I found it after her death, but thought it quite useless to write after so many years had elapsed. Harriet urged me to write and try if you could be found out.

I regret very much that I did not know where you were when I was in Canada. I remained there two years after my husband's death, and what a happiness it would have been to have found a brother, but I had no idea where you were! What a large family you have had! It must have given you something to do to provide for so many. I shall hope soon to hear from you again. Address as before. Harriet is likely to be with the family for some time. She is a great favourite with

them. I don't know where I may be settled yet. Harriet requests me to leave room in my letter for her to write a line to her uncle. You seem like a new relation springing up amongst us. I hope your dear wife and children continue in good health. Marion unites with me in fond love to you and them. Does it not seem strange that if you and I met we would not know we were brother and sister, but, indeed, I have often thought of you and prayed for you; it was all I could do. Now I must say good-bye, praying God to bless you and yours. I remain, dear brother, your truly affectionate sister.

Harriet Mullen.

P.S.- My girls are well. My address is Mrs Mullen, Infirmary Monaghan, Ireland.

Benny and I were born in Clarendon township, Province of Quebec, and were the youngest living members of the family. Three children died after coming to Quebec. A boy and a girl older than we, and a girl younger than myself called Jane. She was one year and three months old when she died. The older children who died were Benjamin and Elizabeth Caroline. They died of cholera epidemic. Lizzie, as she was called was my fathers favourite child. She was a very religious child for her age, three years. If by mistake she had been put to bed without her prayers, she would say, Daddy, I have not said my prayers, and he would have to go and hear them. She was a beautiful child, with the loveliest of golden curls, and the most winning ways, so she became very dear to her father. He was so upset by her death that he could not be reconciled. However, through this death he was led to Christ, and found true consolation.

During the next ten years, many changes occurred in our family. My eldest brother married at nineteen years. The next one, James , apprenticed to Robert McFarlane, a harness maker, married his cousin, Lizzie. My brothers George and Thomas went to the trades (3), and Thomas married a Miss Lamont. George married Lizzie Hodgins later in life. Richard Winne remained at home helping my father and did not marry until he was over thirty. He married Sara Tait of Toledo Ohio, U.S.A. Benny married Adeline Wilson.

My recollections of home are very dear to me in that we had family prayers night and morning, and truly they were expressions of my fathers faith in the eternal God and life everlasting. My mother also took great pains to instruct us two children, and when we gathered around the table after the grown-ups had gone to church, she read and told us the story of Jesus and His love, reading the New Testament and other Bible stories to us long before we could read. The Pilgrims Progress was another piece of literature that we were intimate with, and its heros were living people to us.

My father told us some tales of his life that point only to Gods miraculous care over him. On one occasion when he was on the river, he lost his footing, slipped off the timber raft, and went to the bottom. He came up three times, yet sank again. He was conscious of his danger when he reached the bottom and well aware of the fact that he would not come up again, when he began to pray to God, and just then he shot right up for the fourth time and was saved.

Here is another story about wolves, which were very plentiful in Canada at that time owing to the country being so thickly wooded. He was making his way through the brush as best he could when he heard the cry of the pack coming in his direction. He quickly got as far away as possible, but still the cry came nearer. In desperation he climbed as far up into a tree as he could get and silently called on God in prayer to deliver him. The wolves came snapping around the tree, but after a while the leader started on his back track. So after they had gone he continued thankfully on his way.

In the year 1869, unfortunately, our house was destroyed. It was a Sabbath evening, and as was our custom, we were all sitting around the table singing hymns. We had sung several hymns when my father requested that we sing one of his favourites, Oh! if my House is Built upon a Rock I Know it Will Stand Forever After we had finished this hymn my brother Richard went out to attend the horses for the night, and on his way discovered the house was on fire. Flames were bursting through the roof. We were a mile from the neighbours and as the fire must have smouldered all day, it was evident that to save our house was impossible. The neighbours, attracted by the smoke and flames soon gathered. We carried out all

that we could, but nearly everything went up in smoke. The fire took place on Halloween Eve, and our seasons grain was thrashed and stored near the house. When the fire came to the kitchen and the woodshed caught on fire several times, and at last everyone was sure it was going. The well was in the shed, but no water could be got owing to the melting heat, but just as we had given up hope and our grain was in jeopardy, my mother carried out a firkin of cream and one threw this on the fire that had caught on the shed and so saved the two important buildings with our winters supply of food, wood and grain. There was no insurance on the house. We slept at neighbours house that night and the next morning proved the kindness of our friends. Neighbours gathered and made log, and helped to build the kitchen part. This being a large kitchen was soon made into a fine abode, with five bedrooms. Brother George, the carpenter, took charge of this, and in three weeks we had a cosy home once more. Temporarily we used brother Richards house on the front farm. The next Sabbath my father went down to feed the cattle and pigs, intending to have a good afternoons reading and meditation. After feeding the stock he missed his glasses, and on looking about for them in vain, suddenly thought they may have fallen into the pigs trough. Just as he went forward he saw a pig chew up his glasses, and his temptation came right from Satan and was more than he could resist. Let him go, better not try to serve a God such as he, so as he afterwards tells us, he deliberately gave up all. Family prayers were continued for a short while, but were soon set aside, for prayer will either drive one from sin, or sin will drive one from prayer. For eleven years and a half he wandered away from his father. He tried in turn the theories of higher criticism, new theology, the theory of evolution and rationalism.

We are glad to say that he came back to the only way of life through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever losses my father had to bear, cattle, horses, sheep or other stock, I can see him quietly go around without a frown as if it were all for the best, and he had many losses. Fifteen years after the house referred to, in which he lost faith for a time, our larger and better house was burned again. It was the kitchen part of this house that was made into a sort of bungalow, where my parents lived till their death. On

one occasion we were called home to perhaps see our fathers passing away. I was bending over him when he said I see it. I said, What do you see, father? He said, I see my grandfathers house, a large, grey stone, set well back among the trees, with large grounds. That was the only time to my recollection, that he ever said anything about his fathers people, with the exception of mentioning the fact that they had been given the freedom of the City of Dublin.

This being a sketch of my fathers life, and to preserve the letters that he wrote shortly before his passing away. I will not proceed any farther with the family history. I might say that our dear mother died in 1891 after a short illness. My sister and I were living in Toronto at this time, in business. When mother died, Marion (or Minnie) went to keep house for father. She remained with him till his death seven years later. My father died in 1898 at the good old age of 89. His end was peaceful. He suffered from inflammation of the lungs for about ten days. His letters will show how much he loved his family and how anxious he was that we all should meet him in the glory. As I said before, he was not a demonstrative man; he kept his affection hidden somewhat, but it rang true always. He had no use for shams, and all kinds of deception were abhorrent to his nature. We walked beside him, some of us, but did not realise the depth of his love for his own. My mother and he were not alike in their natures. She was more outspoken and apt to show her feelings on occasion, but we thank God that they were both Christians and believed fundamentally in the same truth. I have tried to set down those facts as near as I could in the way my father would like to see his letters and his peoples letters preserved. The knowledge they impart covers over one hundred years and so I feel as if I should give them to my nieces and nephews and their children.

Written by Aunt Carrie.
Toronto, Ontario, Feb 2nd, 1922

I have added to this record the following, in the form of an appendix, a copy of a document found among my fathers papers, and also one of his last letters.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JAMES HINES

"Well, did you hear who was dead?" "No ! Who?" "Old Mr. Hines".

"Dear me!" "When did he die?" "Oh, a long while ago."

"Did you hear how he left this life? Had he any hope in death?" "Oh, I don't know. A man generally leaves this life as he lives it. The next life is but a continuance of this life. As the tree falls, so it lies is an old adage."

"Well, but he made a profession of faith, some time two years ago."

"Yes, he had fallen away. Afterwards left the Church and gave it up."

"Well, then, we will say so it happened to him as the true proverb says, the dog - but stop! - I think I heard someone say he wrote a letter to Father Frank, telling him that he was restored and had no doubt of it."

"I never heard that before. Did Father Frank go and talk with him?"

"No! With all his zeal for his Master, he acted like the priest, he passed by on the other side." No word from him and he never came nigh to me, but if ever that scripture was literally, spiritually and significantly fulfilled it was in my case. And what makes it - will I say a miracle? Yes, and you would say so, too, if you were like me, not seeing for it, but was as regardless of it as if there was no God, no future state. Although before I fell - no, but before I left him, for I had said let him go, the blessed Lord. And he did not return for eleven and a half years. And then he came, not in judgment, as might have been expected, nor in terror to bring me into submission, but he drew me in with the cords of love. For three days I was soothed by him as a mother comforteth her child, and on the third day he revealed himself, and I joyed and rejoiced in him. And now I can say my God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear, He owns me for His child, I can no longer fear. Had Paul himself any better evidence than I had? No, he never had the same experience. He never fell from grace and was restored again. True, his conversion was miraculous, for it pleased the Lord to visit him in judgment, but me in mercy. Fear and love are two opposites, but love is the most powerful,

therefore the more convincing. To me, however, it needed no more proof that I was restored than that I was an alien before. And from that time night after night for eighteen months, the Lord made himself known to me every night, sometimes in a very remarkable manner. This I have no doubt to some will appear visionary, but to me it was as language and on such things as these I will enlarge; however, I will mention one more, also remembering that Gods ways are inscrutable, but at the same time comprehensible to all that attain to such eminence, as it is their privilege. Well, it had been touched on before, but I will give it full now. It had been four or five days that I could not look upon the Son of Righteousness. Day after day this burden continued. My prayers seemed to be shut out from God, the hearer of prayer. Well, this day my burden was intolerable and I was going upstairs to make my complaint to the Throne of Grace, but when half way up the stairs, suddenly a bright spot like a distant star, but far more vivid, shone before me. There was no time for consideration, I instantly began to praise God. I went to my bedroom, you may conjecture the rest. This is the Lords doing and it is marvellous, and not to all but only to a few are such manifestations made. The visitations of God since he brought me back are marvellous. Did I deserve this at His hands? No! But this scripture is well verified in me "I will have mercy on whom I will", yes truly, when he had mercy on me, who need despair?

On another occasion I was greatly troubled about a doctrine whether I should receive it or not, for I was desirous of doing His will and to be led by Him. So I made it a subject of prayer, and used great boldness of faith, it being his own words that he would answer me in some way if he saw fit. Then there was no answer to prayer for some little time, but one night I was reading the 6th chapter of Matthew when nigh the close I was arrested by the thought: What kingdom is that mentioned in the Lords prayer? so I read it again, and just as the bud opens to the sun so my mind was opened to the following: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; this I took to be the address for the humble soul. There, is a reverend approach and address to God. Not plunge into his presence with a give me - the bud that opened was the first petition Thy Kingdom come. Now we were always taught the church was that kingdom and the fullness of

the Gentiles its end. Now I am not going to unravel a prophecy, but merely make a difference between the kingdoms Daniel saw. The God of heaven will set up a kingdom which will never be destroyed, and to this agree the words of James. Peter had just declared before the assembly that God would take out of the Gentiles, a people for his name, and that it was after this that God would return and build up the tabernacle or kingdom of David, which had fallen down. And I will build again the ruins thereof and I will set it up that the residue of men might seek after the Lord. That is all that will be left after He takes His own people home. This is as I understood the petition Thy kingdom come, where His Will, will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Now when I reread the prayer, and it unfolded itself to me, I had no more doubt that it was in answer to prayer than I had of his giving me life. The same night suddenly the thought came home to me that I had worked and hoped for. But hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man sees, why does he yet hope for. This has no reference to our salvation, but that the word says plainly, and only had reference to the Lords coming in the air to take home his people, and since that is so, was not the answer doubled more now that word took on a double meaning. It vividly showed me, that as I saw that my salvation through Christ was a certainty, and if this was so, why should I use a word that gave only expectation or desire. I instantly saw the futility of resting on it. Besides does not John say, and does not our own consciousness testify to the same, that we dwell in Him and He in us? Because He has given us of His spirit. So I began taking notes on many thoughts, and things which helped to store my mind and keep me in the spirit, and thereby leaning on this power I could walk with the spirit. So I began to put some thoughts on paper of Gods wonderful ways with me, for I can trace his leadings since I was fourteen years old. At that time I made an attempt to go into the world, in which if I had succeeded would have frustrated the whole trend of my life. Had Joseph found his brethren at Shechem, would not his life have to run in another channel? Gods purposes are not always known.

ONE OF THE LAST LETTERS, 1898

Now what will I say, we must soon part. Death, the separator of all things is about to cross our path. Death, unrelenting death, will separate us, solemn thought. But will we ever meet again? While here we walked separate roads each thought their own best. One was wide, the other was narrow. Talk of this state of things being probationary, being here on trial -why I could not stand the test of my conscience, providing I had to be weighed in the balance of the law, therefore, thanks be to God, we are not subject to law, but to grace and love is the fulfilling of the law and Christ is the end of it. Happy are they who know the joyful sound, they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, and now if some of these thoughts are plainly expressed you must remember that it is the heat of the fire that raises the steam. Says David: When the fire kindled , then spake I with my tongue, and so it is also, when fear comes there is cause for it. Likewise when joy fills the soul. But neither comes at your bidding, there must be a cause. You cannot have an idea of that which you never saw or felt. How can you speak of a thing you have no knowledge of.

I dwelt in a town eight years and then I left it and went to another and remained until my death. Now I ought to have a good knowledge of these two towns. I was very well off in the first town, fit as I thought to be Lord Mayor, but when I went to the next there had to be a change made. After some time the house I lived in needed some reform, the blinds being taken down had exposed the furniture and some of it had to be discarded. Why almost a total change took place. Of course the foundation was good, it was built on Peters rock, yet it fell, like and in the same manner as Peter fell. In the same way I literally made answer, Lord, Thou knowest that I love You - we love Him because He first loved us - but the difference between the old house and the new was equal to the sun in its strength and the moon in its glory. So now I must come to a close, and in doing so I commend you to God to whose care I can look back and trace my own unworthy life, that he may bless you and bring you all to His everlasting kingdom. While I was with you I loved to see you coming together and your respect towards me was evident. I cannot but

think God has especially blessed you all , and may I not say in part a distinguished family. For some of you he hath brought into that close relationship of son and daughters, and if I should see no more of you brought into the fold before I go, that fountain in which the dying thief and myself were washed is still freely flowing. And the number that has and will yet be washed in it will not be known until the song of the redeemed is sung above , and what a happy gathering - God grant that we may all be there, good-by!

When for the first time of my life I saw that I was a Sinner I was in the company of twelve or more men just going to bed. When this impulse came I responded instantly and went out from among them. My altar was at the foot of a tree in winter, and you may guess the rest, but my position being over the men gave me a privilege that I always embraced. But now at the end of ten years struggle for life, and after braving many a storm abroad, I had returned home to be shipwrecked within my own borders, or more properly making use of a sea term, the under current would take me on the rocks if I kept on my way. For I had been assailed by a friend who intended no evil, but the hardest thing for a Christian to resist is slander, and seeing that I could not serve God and mammon, I cast anchor where I was in sufficient water to keep me afloat, but I must say that my friend was never moved so. In this way I continued for eight years, and at this time I was involved in a lawsuit Hines vs McFarlane. And in deep trouble one night in consequence of its results, Jacob - like, that no matter how the affair went I would give myself up to God. Well, I went to bed and woke up in the morning with the words, He that believeth on Me forcing themselves out. Well, was this a delusion? Then say that it was a dream. Oh no! for it was like daylight. I got up and this was attended with the blessing and the power of the Holy Spirit. Then the next little event insignificant of itself, but first let me say as it bears on the main point, that my friend was so sure of the case that he made his boast, that when he gained this suite that was impending, he would enter a suite against me. Now for the point in hand. I was going along a lumber road in summer time, when to my right a little distance a hound set up howls and started after a deer, coming round giving tongue. So as I walked along I came to a branch in the road where sat a pretty little baby, say, nine months

old, just facing me, with its hand on a slim, dark dogs head, holding him down to the ground. The child neither moved nor looked, though close to and facing me, but when I awoke I did not need a Daniel to solve the dream to me. I had scarcely left the scene when I awoke. The interpretation of the dream was realised in September 5th 1860. I hope you understand me. and so close with these appropriate lines of a brother:

I cannot think but God must know,
About the things I long for so;
I know he is so good so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the things I long for so.

Some people leave monuments of iron, stone and of wood behind them, with all manner of engraving. Their birth, birth - place and age at death, but anything of how they enjoyed life here, or their future prospects nothing is definite that a servant of Christ could build a hope on. Now somehow there has been a desire, a prompting in me to put a few thoughts together, that may take the place of a head-stone when I am gone, and although it is not iron nor stone, it is a trust of more enduring substance. It is spirit, and when the day comes that the earth will be burnt up, those things that cannot be burnt will remain.

Well I had a thought coming from Church on Sunday on Paul's hidden life, and indeed it is hidden, for the one in your bosom don't see it, you cant analyze it, it is spirit language. You cannot define without a knowledge of it. Learning cannot attain to it, for eye hath not seen it nor ear heard of it. Simon Magus would try to secure it for money, but it wont dwell with the wicked. Now how am I going to give a description of this? You go to a photographer and ask him to take a picture of you mother. He asks Where is she? and you say, She is at home. But can you not take a picture of Her? No I must see her. So it is, you cannot draw a picture of this without it being on the retina of the eye or mind. Now this representation is crude, needs careful handling, its deep and must go before a high tribunal, for

what man knoweth the mind of a man, save the spirit of man that is in him. Amen, God be with you all.

1. In the book "Carlow Township" Before The Memories Fade
Published by, The Senior Citizens Of Carlow Township. The Bancroft Times Ltd.
Bancroft Ontario, lots of interesting stories and some pictures about William
Hynes and his family can be found.

2. In the book Pioneer Reminiscences of the Upper Ottawa Valley
by Rev. Lake, 1962 Anglican Church Eganville. P107, An Edward Sadler (June 2
1780) is noted to have moved to the Lake Dorie area sometime before 1851, with
his wife Mary (March 2 1782) and three children, John (Jan 11 1834), Thomas
(Feb 14 1839), Robert (Feb 27 1841), and also a son by a former marriage,
Jonathan (Mar 26 1826).

3. In the Canadian Dominion Directory of 1885 Thomas is listed as a cabinet
maker in Renfrew Ontario. In the book Clarendon and Shawville, by J. Lloyd
Armstrong, Dickson Enterprises, Shawville Quebec, George is listed as a
contractor and builder in Shawville Quebec in 1886. There are also some
interesting stories about George. Also in this book information on the Stewart,
and Telfer families can be found. Both of these families are related to the Hynes
family.

Another book of worth is, Rocks, Stones or Old Bones.
isbn 0-88925-002-2 Published by The Johnston Heritage Trust, Calgary Alberta
Canada. This book is about the descendants of Martin Johnston and Jane Sadler
and contains pictures of James Hines sons, Benny, George, Richard, Thomas, &
James and information about the marriage James to Elizabeth Johnston and
their descendants.