

The newly arrived family, purchased Lot 11, in the 4th concession of Fredericksburgh and became permanent residents. There the subject of this sketch still lives, though now unable, because of age and physical infirmities to longer carry on business. His nephew, Thomas Bell, now conducts the farm. His father died in November, 1862 and had the satisfaction before that time of seeing all his family comfortable settled. The farm on which they located was at that time like nearly all the others around it, still in a wild and uncultivated state, with very little clearings. The road, back in the forties, with very very rough state, with here and there barely enough clearing for teams to pass, and in the spring and fall all but impassable at times. The young people of to-day have little idea of the mud, the corduroy, the stumps and the stones found even in some of the best roads of the township at that time. Maple-sugar making, which was a very important part of farming at that time, was a novelty indeed to the new settlers, but they soon became initiated into its mysteries. Wolves were still plentiful and were frequently seen, and it was difficult to keep sheep, in consequence of their depredations. Deer, foxes and other small animals were plentiful for years after.

Mr. Joyce has still pleasant remembrances of his trips to Napanee, to mill or market, with a yoke of oxen and the common ox-cart of those times. Many of the farmers made their trip to town that way at that time, their wives or daughters perhaps riding in the cart and they themselves walking the entire distance at the head of the oxen. Travelling at the rate of three or four miles an hour was considered making fairly good time. Napanee was only a small village then, and visits were seldom made to it.

Schools and churches at that time were very small and few. There was not then a church of any kind in the entire township with the single exception of the old Lutheran church miles away on the Big Creek. The Methodists had regular preaching places in the school houses here and there, but mostly on week evenings, and seldom oftener (sic) than once in a fortnight or even monthly. This was before the 'Park Chapel' was built which became old and was torn away three years ago, giving place to a modern new one. That was, we believe the first Methodist church erected in the township. Mr. Joyce has been a faithful member for more half a century, taking an active interest in the promotion of all its interest. He was one of the pointer Sunday school teachers of the township, and in the early efforts he was much encouragement and assisted by the venerable Nilo Park, who in now the only survivor of the co-workers of that time. They also secured much encouragement and assistance from the Rev. David Wilson, who first came among them as "the young preacher" about that time, and who has ever since been a faithful teacher and friend - But not another of the preachers of these days is now left remaining.

Mr. Joyce had a good early education, and for a term was a successful school teacher in his neighborhood, teaching in the old-long school house near the Bay Bay shore - now on'