

SIDE

10.

7



LAKESIDE.

LAKE SIDE:

A MEMORIAL

OF THE

PLANTING OF THE CHURCH

IN

NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY S. J. M. EATON, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERY OF ERIE.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF COLPORTAGE,
198 PENN AVENUE.

1880.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1879, by
S. J. M. EATON,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
THE CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
CLAREMONT, N. H.

TO THE MEMORY
OF MY
FATHER AND MOTHER;
WHOSE LABORS OF PAIN AND OF TOIL
ARE HERE RECORDED;
AND
WHOSE IS NOW THE JOY AND THE CROWN;
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,
IN AFFECTION AND LOVE.

THE LIBRARY
Union Theological Seminary

MI
75.1
L192
XE

General \$18.00 Hieronymus Books 12 May 1976 Library 5/26/76

NOTE.

This book is designed to be a picture of the times three quarters of a century ago. Its narrative is a true history of events as they transpired during the early settlement of the country bordering on Lake Erie, and of some of the persons most conspicuous in that settlement. All the romance connected with it is in some of the accessories, that, like the side lights of a picture, bring out more conspicuously the main features of the work.

S. J. M. E.

Franklin, Pa., October 1879.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| Lakeside as it was..... | 1 |
|-------------------------|---|

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|------------------|---|
| The Pioneer..... | 6 |
|------------------|---|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| The Minister leaves Lakeside..... | 10 |
|-----------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|---------------------|----|
| The Attraction..... | 15 |
|---------------------|----|

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| The feeling at Lakeside..... | 22 |
|------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| The Reinforcement..... | 29 |
|------------------------|----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| Again at Lakeside..... | 36 |
|------------------------|----|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| A Church Organized..... | 45 |
|-------------------------|----|

CHAPTER IX.

| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| A Familiar Visit..... | 53 |
|-----------------------|----|

CHAPTER X.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| Another Familiar Visit..... | 58 |
|-----------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XI.

| | |
|---------------------|----|
| The Ordination..... | 67 |
|---------------------|----|

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| The Minister at Home | 74 |
|----------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| The Meeting House..... | 87 |
|------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Certain Parishioners..... | 96 |
|---------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Frontier Remedies..... | 103 |
|------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Domestic Struggles..... | 108 |
|-------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVII.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Is Freezing a Means of Grace?..... | 118 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVIII.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| The Sankey of Lakeside..... | 125 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XIX.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Early Habits and Customs..... | 131 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XX.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| The Bodily Exercise..... | 138 |
|--------------------------|-----|

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER XXI.

The Visit to Laurel Hill..... 148

CHAPTER XXII.

Pastoral Work..... 155

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hopes and Lights..... 162

CHAPTER XXIV.

Logging and Quilting..... 169

CHAPTER XXV.

A Primitive Meeting House..... 176

CHAPTER XXVI.

Troubles from without..... 183

CHAPTER XXVII.

Home Struggles..... 194

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Issue of the Battle..... 201

CHAPTER XXIX.

Days of Peace..... 203

CHAPTER XXX.

Shadows and Sunset..... 206

CHAPTER XXXI.

Deer Hunting..... 209

CHAPTER XXXII.

Missionary Work..... 218

CONTENTS.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| CHAPTER XXXIII. | |
| Visit to Mr. Blair's..... | 225 |
| CHAPTER XXXIV. | |
| Fishing and Other Things..... | 232 |
| CHAPTER XXXV. | |
| The Two Brethren..... | 239 |
| CHAPTER XXXVI. | |
| Deacon Porter..... | 246 |
| CHAPTER XXXVII. | |
| About Temperance..... | 253 |
| CHAPTER XXXVIII. | |
| The Missionary Vessel..... | 264 |
| CHAPTER XXXIX. | |
| The Missionary Box..... | 273 |
| CHAPTER XL. | |
| Better Days..... | 287 |
| CHAPTER XLI. | |
| The Good Work Continues..... | 294 |
| CHAPTER XLII. | |
| A Pastor's Life..... | 300 |
| CHAPTER XLIII. | |
| Lakeside as it is..... | 304 |

LAKESIDE.

CHAPTER I.

LAKESIDE AS IT WAS.

THE scene was on the border of one of our magnificent American lakes. On the east and west and south was a forest upon which the axe and plow of the settler had made but a faint impression. Here and there the under-brush had been cleared away for the extent of a few acres, and the scanty fields enclosed by a rude fence. The huge oaks and chestnuts were still standing, but their glory had departed, for the sharp edge of the axe had drawn around them a girdle that had eaten out their very life, and left them to decay and ruin. In connection with these partial clearings were rude log cabins, the dwellings of the primitive settlers. They were humble to the lowest degree. This grew out of the necessities of the times. There were not the means of obtaining many of what, in older settlements, are called the comforts of life, owing to the difficulty and indeed the impossibility of transportation; nor were there the means for purchase, even had the facilities of transportation been greater.

The first settlers in every country are generally poor. The first years of their lives are ordinarily full of struggles and embarrassments. They are accustomed to toil and privation and heart-searching self-denials. Every enterprise must be baptized in its infancy with suffering and sorrow and tears, before it can attain to prosperity and strength.

The great body of the land around Lakeside was covered with as noble a growth of timber as the eye of man ever rested upon. In the lowlands were the hemlock, the elm and the poplar. In the flats were the walnut, the hickory, and the beautiful sugar-maple. These were interspersed with the beech, the birch, the oak, and the chestnut. Many of these shot up their almost faultless stems to the height of sixty feet without branch or imperfection. That old forest around Lakeside presented a grand appearance in its original majesty.

On the north side was the lake, rolling its heaving billows to the shore with the same majestic roar and measured cadence as had characterized it since the deluge. The view was boundless. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but crested billows, or the smooth blue outline of the glassy wave meeting the sky which seemed to bend over and bless the beautiful scene. Far away at the right, at the distance of eight or nine miles, a narrow point of land extended into the lake, forming at that place a noble and capacious harbor, but

presenting from Lakeside a dim, blue appearance, like the hazy outline of a distant mountain. At the left the view was different, but extremely beautiful and picturesque. There was a gradual and almost symmetrical curve, in which the shore appeared to extend into the lake for many miles and then receded until the view was lost in the distance.

It was a noble country even then, almost in a state of nature. The rank luxuriance of the forest gave evidence of a generous and prolific soil, but the very redundancy of the forest was in the way of all the ordinary facilities of travel. There were scarcely any paths from settlement to settlement, save the blind trail of the Indian. But where art had been dilatory in forming roads, nature had amply supplied the deficiency in one direction at least.

Along the margin of the lake, between the ordinary water line and the base of the beetling cliffs, was an ample road of smooth, hard sand. This was the thoroughfare of the scattered community up and down the lake. For the present it was amply sufficient; for in those days the wants of that simple people were few, and were supplied mostly within themselves. And it was a grand and beautiful road too—that lake shore path. On one side were the ever-restless waves of the lake, rolling up as though about to precipitate themselves upon the traveller, yet still dying upon the

shore ere they reached him, and retreating in gentle murmurs to the vast expanse from which they sprung. Above the deep bass of the billows, the wayfarer could not fail of hearing the voice of Omnipotence, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

On the other side, and but a few rods distant, was the bold cliff, almost perpendicular, to the height of one hundred feet. In some places the face of the cliff presented a smooth, slaty appearance, quite destitute of vegetation, whilst in others it was less precipitous and was covered with climbing vines and trees of a smaller growth. Here and there, as the traveller passed along, the scene was varied by a deep ravine, forcing itself through the cliff and adjacent country for miles above. Sometimes these ravines were occupied by small streams of water; at other times they were entirely dry. The contemplative man could not well pass that way without realizing the presence of God. There was the vast, the boundless field of waters, seeming to lead to unknown regions of space, and above were the beetling cliffs. All ordinary scenery was excluded. There was nothing but the grand and majestic. There was nothing but what was calculated to impress the mind with emotions of reverence and awe.

With all its grandeur and magnificence, that lake region was, humanly speaking, but imperfectly fulfilling its mission. God made this world

beautiful for the enjoyment of His creatures, and that they in that enjoyment might glorify His name. This great American continent, with its majestic lakes and rivers and forests, was not designed for the birds and beasts and fishes, nor for wild hunters, but for the dwelling-place of free, Christian men. It was with this design the Lord dispossessed the red men, and planted upon its shores a people to serve Him; and that design must be carried out. The land must be possessed. Hardy pioneers must go forth, and in the name of their God set up their banners. Lakeside, as an integral portion of this great country, must be settled and have the institutions of the Gospel.

CHAPTER II.

THE PIONEER.

IT was a beautiful October evening in 1806 when Mr. Eaton made his first visit to Lakeside. The early autumnal frosts had made their impression upon the woods and the effect was most beautiful. The rich yellow of the hickory contrasted with the orange of the maple and the bright red of the gum trees, and these again were relieved by the dark green of the hemlock. The forest, from a rising ground, seemed in the distance like some immense flower garden, in the splendid magnificence of the first blush of its opening flowers.

The young clergyman was fresh from the confinement of college and Dr. M'Millan's log cabin theological seminary, and was consequently in the fit mood for enjoying the scene. The very air had a smack of freedom and independence. More than this, he felt that there would be healing and strength in its breath, and that his poor, jaded constitution would be braced and invigorated through its influence. Few persons are at all aware at what expense of health and constitution the clergyman enters upon the duties of his office. After long years of toilsome application in his literary and theological education, he finds himself

ready for his work; but with constitution debilitated by confinement and want of exercise, and a nervous system strangely out of tune. There have been cares and anxieties during all these years that have incited to diligence. The work has seemed to be great and the privileges of study good, and it is the favorable time for diligent effort.

Mr. Eaton's constitution was originally fragile and susceptible. His figure was much slighter than that of the majority of men, and when he received his commission to preach the Gospel, it was, humanly speaking, with small prospect of length of days or multiplicity of labor. It was not strange, then, that when he appeared at Lakeside the good ladies shook their heads ominously, remarking that the young minister was too frail a plant for the lake wilderness and the lake storms. Still, as ministers were few, they gladly welcomed him to their homes and their firesides.

Mr. Eaton found himself a solitary laborer in a boundless field. The country was thinly settled and he was the only minister in the county. Nay, more; but few sermons had ever been preached in that entire region. It was a virgin soil he had come to explore, although it was a waste wilderness in many respects. It required strong faith and a manly heart to think of settling down in such a place; but that frail young man had given his life to the work, and no small consideration

could turn him back. Such a man, though frail as the spider's web, physically, is yet mighty to the pulling down of strong holds.

It was a strange scene that was witnessed, the first Sabbath divine service was held at Lakeside. There was no church edifice, for there had been no occasion to use one before. After consultation it was resolved that the bar-room of the only tavern in the whole region should be the place of meeting. It was a rude log house, but the most commodious that could be procured. Rude seats were constructed; a small table, surmounted by a snowy napkin, was set out, upon which was laid an old family Bible; and the congregation began to assemble. When all were reverently seated, the minister proceeded with the service. There were many softened hearts and many moist eyes in that little assembly, for the services of that day struck a tender chord in their bosoms. It reminded them of home and early days, of sacred scenes and solemn associations. Most of them had enjoyed the ministrations of the house of God in their native land, but for years the Gospel had been an unknown sound to their ears. That day reminded them of the church beyond the mountains, where their fathers had worshipped, and of the old graveyard where their fathers and mothers were sleeping.

That day of worship in the bar-room of the log tavern was long remembered both by minister and

people. It was the first religious service at Lakeside. And who shall say that it was not acceptable worship to Him who dwells not in temples made with hands? To many the Gospel was that day as a refreshing shower upon the thirsty earth. To some it was as manna to the hungry, and to some as balm to wounded hearts.

CHAPTER III.

THE MINISTER LEAVES LAKESIDE.

It was a sorrowful day at Lakeside when Mr. Eaton announced his intention of returning for a season to his former home. He encouraged the people, however, to hope that he might make Lakeside his home, after a temporary absence. His plans were not definitely matured, yet he felt a strong inclination to deny himself in regard to more eligible offers, in a worldly point of view, and come and spend his days among these humble and destitute people. The young minister had been at the Lake only a few months, but he had won the hearts of the people. He had visited them in their cabins, partaken of their humble meals, and bowed with them at a common mercy seat. They were consequently earnest in their requests that he would return and take up his abode with them.

It was a long and weary road that lay between the minister and the land of his education. It was to be traversed on horseback, and he set forth alone—the companion of his own thoughts. As he rode along the forest pathway, he thought of the hard field that lay before him if he should return to Lakeside. He thought of the struggle with poverty and privation and other difficulties

that would meet him in the forest settlement. He thought of a contact with manners and society to which he was all unaccustomed, and of friends and native home left far behind. But the voice of duty was to him the voice of God, whose commission was "to every creature." And he resolved with himself, as he rode along that solitary pathway, that if God would make the way plain before him he would not hesitate to make the sacrifice. He had received other offers and pressing invitations to labor in a field that was less a wilderness. A call from a prosperous city church would have influenced a less modest or a less conscientious man, but he had no desire to build on another man's foundation.

After refreshing himself for a little time among friends at Laurel Hill, Mr. Eaton resolved upon a missionary tour through a portion of a neighboring State, with the view of acquainting himself more fully with the spiritual destitution of the great West. This, also, was a solitary tour on horseback. But it was one of sweet enjoyment in very many respects, with all its hardships and difficulties. There were rivers to be forded; there were mighty prairies to be traversed; without habitation or cheerful face of man. Many times did the poor missionary find himself in the rude cabin of the settler, sick and faint, with nothing before him but such food as a strong and healthy stomach would literally loathe, and with such lodgings as

were altogether inadequate to protect him from the winds and rains of heaven. But with all there was the consciousness of duty discharged and of consecration to the work.

Sometimes on that wild frontier he would try to assemble the people together, and tell them of the great salvation. And as he spake from a full heart his spirit would sink within him as he noticed some of his hearers talking to each other on the most trifling matters. Such conduct did not flow from any disrespect to the speaker or for his message, but solely from thoughtlessness; for their habits had been of the freest and most roving kind. They were different from the people of Lakeside. They had no hallowed recollections of early sanctuary privileges to warm their hearts. There were no slumbering associations of family prayer and Sabbath blessings to carry them back to the past and interest their feelings. They looked upon a religious assemblage in much the same light as that in which they regarded a meeting for secular purposes. These were troubles more difficult to be borne than even the rough fare and rude hospitalities of the cabin and the wigwam. They injured his tender sensibilities yet more than the coarse jest and outbreking song of the hardy backwoodsman. It was apparently a harsh school in which the young missionary was receiving his first lessons in ministerial life; but perhaps he was "going forth weeping, bearing precious seed," in

order that in due time he might "come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." No doubt the effects of that fiery discipline were to be manifest in after days in a meek, forbearing and sympathizing spirit. True, his heart was ready at times to sink within him, after the weariness and exhaustion of his Sabbath labors, to think that perhaps his toil and care were all in vain. This very weariness and physical exhaustion were calculated to produce lassitude and depression of mind, and to cause him to look less hopefully upon his labors than he was warranted in doing.

It was oftentimes night in the poor young man's heart, when all was light and beauty without. But that very night brought with it a blessing. Were it not for the natural night, we would never see the beautiful stars that gem her diadem. Were it not for the dark cloud in the heavens, we could not see the beautiful rainbow that spans its bosom. So in the human heart: were it not for the dark cloud that sometimes gathers around, we would fail of realizing our entire dependence upon a Superior Power; we would almost lose sight of the healing balm and the living waters.

Having fulfilled the period proposed for his tour, Mr. Eaton turned his face toward the pleasant little retreat at the base of the Mountain—Laurel Hill. With all his hardships and difficulties, he found his strength gradually increasing. His exercise in the free open air braced his health and

improved his spirits, and he was encouraged with the hope of strength restored and efficient labor to be performed in the great vineyard.

The last day of his journey was already half completed; and, notwithstanding the rain, which was falling rapidly, he pressed vigorously forward, hoping to reach the little stone house under the hill before night-fall. Laurel Hill was not the place of the young man's birth, nor that of his education; yet strong attractions drew him thither. There he could always rest. In the little study at the cottage he felt at home and at peace, and his heart now beat like that of a weary pilgrim within sight of his shrine.

It is well that there are some resting places in this ever hurrying world of ours—well that there are some spots that are pleasant to poor, weary wayfarers this side the grave.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTRACTION.

There was a strong attraction that led the young Theologue to Laurel Hill. In that stone house at the base of the hill, was one whom he had met in earlier days at Canonsburgh, and who was the one particular star that shed light upon his pathway. The proprietor of the little town where the college was located, was Colonel Canon, a man of generous sensibilities, who had always taken an interest in the institution, and had largely endowed it with his means. At his house a niece from Laurel Hill was a frequent visitor. At this time, she was just in the sweet blush of young maidenhood, full of life, and endowed with much cheerfulness and vivacity. It was not strange that the young student was attracted by her presence. In his quiet disposition there was wanting this element of cheerfulness to make a pleasant and happy home.

They had met frequently at the house of Colonel Canon, and to the young student it soon seemed as though the world would be but a dull place, with all its stern duties, unless he could induce this cheerful, bright maiden to be his companion and his helper. But the time was occupied. He must

finish his course at the college, then there must be the work at Dr. M' Millan's Log Cabin, in the study of theology. All this would involve time and waiting, as well as the vigorous prosecution of his studies. These must not be abridged, nor must there be the slightest interference with anything that pertained to the great work to which he had consecrated himself. So the work went forward. One or two quiet visits were made to Laurel Hill, during vacations. Plans were discussed, schemes were devised, dreams were indulged in; but at the bottom of all was the quiet purpose, the firm resolve, and the determined purpose of work in the great field. There might be just now; the sweet dreams of youth, the gilded fancies of the morning, but there was for the future, the purpose of great things for the Lord of the harvest when His Providence should open up the way.

On one of these visits, as the parties sat by the great spring that gushed from the side of the hill, the early beginning of the theological Teacher, John M' Millan, was mentioned by his admiring pupil:

"This country is now beginning to assume the appearance of the older regions east of the mountains, but it was quite wild and new when Dr. M' Millan came out to begin his work. His experience was quite wonderful as I have heard him relate it, and we young men should not shrink from anything that comes in the way of labor."

“But Dr. M’Millan was a strong, healthy man, and able to endure more than the most of you young men; besides he had an element of the backwoods that does not seem to pertain to you; this will make a great difference in the practical part of the work.”

“Yes, he was and is, a man of wonderful physical strength; but he has in addition a zeal and consecration for the work in the West, that has borne him forward in the face of all obstacles. When he came to Chartiers, he had simply a log cabin, without furniture or fixtures of any kind. Instead of chairs, he and his wife sat on kegs that had contained stores for the home; instead of a table, a dry goods box; instead of a bed, some dry leaves gathered in the woods, on which a few bed clothes had been spread. Yet all this straitness and poverty were borne without murmuring, and with a cheerful soul.”

“Perhaps he had been used to this kind of thing before he came west?”

“I think not, for although he is a very plain man, as you have seen, yet he was reared in fulness and plenty, at least of the comforts of life. I think he can say, with Paul: ‘Every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry; both to abound and to suffer need.’”

“How does he live now, that he has several of you students in his house?”

“Well, I suppose he lives just as he would if

there were no strangers at his house at all. If there is meat, all is right; if not, all is right. So with even bread, if it is quite convenient to have it on the table, it is found there; if not, no apologies, are made. Once I remember, there were two ministers from east of the mountains called at his house. They had heard of him and of the great work he was doing in the new settlements, and were very anxious to see him. When dinner was served, we all sat down to the table together; and this was the bill of fare: potatoes boiled in their jackets, as he called it, pumpkins stewed and prepared in milk; lamb's-quarter greens gathered in the pasture in front of the door; with great bowls of fresh milk, cool and nice from the spring house at the foot of the hill. This was the entire meal; plenty of everything, and everything of the best: and when the strange guests sat down, everything on the table was passed to them, but not one word of apology was offered, nor felt to be necessary. There were the fruits of the land, he and his boys lived in this way, and his guests were no better than they."

"But was there no bread to be had, or no meat within reach?"

"The household were out of flour just then, and the good man always insisted that we were to be content with such things as we had. As for meat, Riggs and I might have gone to the woods and got a squirrel or a pheasant, as we did sometimes;

but there was no time to do that. The old Doctor was a famous hunter in his day, and frequently brought in deer, with occasionally a bear, but just then there was a dearth of everything but the products of the garden, and these were thought to be sufficient."

"Do you think you would make a good missionary, with these prospects before you? Should you go out to the new country, recently opened up in the Lake region you will find much of this kind of pioneer life; with plenty of adventure, and danger and hazard. But I think this kind of apprenticeship with Doctor M'Millan will be a fitting preparation for the life in the woods that you have chosen. But it does not matter much what the life is, if one feels that the way is opened up by Providence, and the work of the Lord to be carried forward."

"From the day I left my father's house at Rocky Spring, it has seemed to me that there was but one thing for me to do; one road for me to travel; one great work of my life; and that was to obtain preparation and go to preach the Gospel to the people that are far out on the frontier. I do not think there is any fanaticism in the matter; nor do I feel any self sufficiency in the pursuit; but this way the pillar of cloud has led; this way has the path been opened up thus far and my faith is strong that the way will be opened up until all my dream has been realized."

“ Well ; the pillar of cloud led Israel to Canaan, but there was many a danger that lay between ; there was hunger and thirst and warfare, but the Lord was over all. So I believe it will be with you, in the enterprize you have before you ; and far will it ever be from me to place a single obstacle in the way, or take one bright color from the picture you see in the distance. More than this, I cannot say ; farther than this I cannot go, just now : but go and the Lord thy God be with thee.”

“ Your words have given me strength and courage, for although I am to go out as a pioneer to find where the land is, yet I am glad of the prospect of not being always alone in my work. When I go back to the Log Cabin to the work again, it will be with new courage and new projects. I knew the dream would not fade ; I was sure that the blessings that had attended me thus far would not fail me just on the eve of the beginning of the work. Besides it is only until next April that I am to wait, previous to going into the field. The Presbytery will then meet, and I expect to ask for license ; and then the work will commence. Before I knew you, the work was important in my mind, but there was not this eager longing to be at it as since I have learned the wealth of heart that is in your keeping.”

The young man had gone back to his studies, with a strong heart and full of the assurance that his feelings had not misled him, and that

with this prospect before him, he would go even to the Lakes without fear and with the prospect of success.

But now the probation was over, the trials were all passed. He was a Licentiate, authorized to preach the Gospel, and the way seemed plain to go out to the Lakes and make for himself a home and a place of labor, with the full approbation of the one who was to be his life partner. The lines seemed to have fallen to him in pleasant places, and his heart was full of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

CHAPTER V.

THE FEELING AT LAKESIDE.

"It seems mighty lonesome without the minister" said Mrs. Chambers, one of the important characters at Lakeside, a month or two after the departure of Mr. Eaton from the Lake: "It does seem as though everything had stopped, for although he has not been very long amongst us, yet he seemed to take right hold of us, and made us feel that we needed him, and must have him amongst us."

"I am glad you miss him," replied Mrs. Bell, "for you did not seem to think when you saw him first that he would make a good minister for the back woods."

"Well he did look so soft and slazy like, that I thought there couldn't be very much snap in him. And then he was so quiet like that I reckoned there couldn't be much talk in him to come out, but I soon found that he could preach and pray, and that when there came a case in hand he could talk with the best of 'em. I believe he'll prove a regular singed cat if we can persuade him to stay."

"I think he will come back to us; the last letter Bell had was quite encouraging; he said he thought it was his duty to come, if we all wished it, and spend his days with us."

“Goodness sakes! Want him? didn’t we tell him so ’fore he went away? ’Tleast Chambers told him so, and that he believed the folks generally were of the same opinion.”

“I think there was another reason why he did not give us a decided answer when he was here. I think he has some domestic affairs to look after, with possibly some other person to consult in the matter.”

“Well if he is goin’ to be married I hope he will be careful who he gets. We don’t want any plaything for a wife in these woods. I’m willin’ to trust the man, but I want to see the woman before I take hold of her very strong.”

“Like you, I am very anxious for Mr. Eaton’s return. I’ve missed him quite as much as you have. Before he came at all, I kind of got used to being without preaching, but since he has been here it seems as though we would go back to heathenism with nobody to preach and pray with us. The fact is we must make a big effort and try and keep him amongst us. It’s the only thing we can do to keep the country alive.”

“Well I’m ready to do anything to keep the thing movin’, and so Chambers says. And what me and Chambers says ought to go for somethin’.”

At this point some of the Springfield people came along and called in to hear what the feeling of the people was in regard to the return of the minister. They had proposed to unite with Lake-

side in the support of the Gospel, and had learned that, if there was a general desire, he was willing to return and abide with them. But some effort was to be made to ascertain what could be done for his support.

Mr. Miller told what they had been trying to do at Springfield. They had circulated a "superscription," as he called it, with quite good success, and thought that if the Lakeside people could do as well, everything would go right. What they proposed to do was to raise, in each place, forty-five dollars per quarter, which would entitle each congregation to one half the time. Mr. Miller reported that they had succeeded in raising over one hundred dollars, and were not near round, and that they had no fears of not making up the entire sum.

"Let us see your paper" said Mr. Chambers, who had now joined the party, "I want to see what kind of figures you fellows make up there among the sugar trees. We want the genuine sort, or else there's no use tryin'. We must make a sure pop at the start, or else the whole thing will be a fizzle. Well, I see the Rea family start off with fifteen dollars, and they don't say what it's to be in, so we may call that the real pewterinktums; but it won't all be that sort of thing; who next? 'John Smith:' I think I've heard that name before; 'two dollars in corn;' all right, the minister 'll want some corn to feed his horse, to say nothing about mush. 'James Simpson three dollars in

buckwheat;' that's good, buckwheat cakes are a necessity.' 'Charles Thompson, four dollars in work;' where'll that come in; possibly the minister 'll want to settle down and clear some land, and then he'll want somebody to chop and log for him; all right, who next? 'Peter James, one dollar,' this must be cash too, for there's nothing said to the contrary."

And so the subscription paper was canvassed from beginning to end, with running comments like those quoted, but the general drift of the remarks was favorable. The supposition was that the principal portion of the "steepins," as they call the salary, would necessarily be trade or the proceeds of their farms or shops and so the subscriptions of the Springfield people seemed good and reliable.

"Now" said Mr. Chambers, "We must stir our stumps, so's not to be ahint them fellows up above; we can do just as well as they dare to do any day. And now no time's to be lost; I'll go down tomorrow and get Johnny Pherrin to draw up a superscription, and he'll sign big, that I know; then the rest of us must follow and put in our best licks; and you bet we'll show them Springfield fellows a thing or two. We'll take anything the're a mind to sign, anything that the minister can eat, drink, or wear. So we'll give every fellow a chance to have a hand in, and then we'll make the work walk right along."

“I like your zeal, Mr. Chambers, but you must remember that there are more things wanted in a family than produce and labor. Some of us must expect to pay in money if the minister gets along. He may want to buy a lot on which to build a house, and he may have some debts to pay for his education; he will need some money as well as Corn and Buckwheat. So do not go on the supposition that a subscription of these articles will be sufficient for his purposes.”

“Well, I dont know about the debts, but I’m thinkin’ it’s a poor place here to pay debts, when we can’t pay our own; but if it’s a lot and house, why Judah Colt’ll sell him land cheap, and we’ll turn in and throw him up a house quicker than no time, and Johnny Pherrin’ll make him all the benches and bedstids he wants, so we’ll fix him up jist as well’s we’re fixed up ourselves, and that is good enough, I reckon. But we want him back, that stands to reason; and back he shall come, if gittin’ folks to sign the subscription is all that’s wantin’.”

“It hasn’t seemed as though the rain come down right since he left,” said another neighbor who had dropped in; “things were runnin’ so nicely while he was here that we seemed just made up, but now everything is at loggerheads; no one to come in when you are sick; no one to pray in the house at funerals; no one to get the people together on Sundays to keep them out of mischief; it

has seemed as dull times as when the clock stopped and no one to set it a going, before Johnny Pherrin came into the neighborhood."

"Well, I guess he'll come back some of these days, this superscription we're getting' up'll fetch him; not that I think he's greedy for money, but because we're showing him what we can do in a pinch."

"According to your talk about the kind of subscription you are getting up, it would not be well for him to be greedy for money when so little is offered."

This feeling seemed to be general. All wished the minister to return and settle down amongst them. They were willing to do what they could, and their impression was, that he would be willing to come and be one of them and live as best he could on what they were able to do for him, trusting to the hope of better times when the farms should be cleared up and the productions of the country be within reach of market.

It was with feelings of great satisfaction then, that they learned that Mr. Eaton had made up his mind to come out amongst them as their minister; and that he might be expected out in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Chambers had been successful beyond his expectations in his subscription; there had been some sums subscribed without stipulation as to what it should be paid in, and this he took to mean cash; but the greater portion was in wheat,

or corn, or buckwheat at market price. Sometimes it was written simply so many bushels of grain without any sum being mentioned. He however reported several sums as doubtful, and that some allowance must be made for shrinkage, but he was glad even for such subscriptions, as it showed the good will of the people. There was a caution however not to lean too heavily on some of these subscriptions. On comparing figures, it was found that the two congregations had, in the aggregate, some fifty dollars more than the stipulated salary. So matters looked bright and promising to the young enterprise, and every one now looked forward to the return of the minister and the regular enjoyment of the means of grace.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REINFORCEMENT.

Lakeside was not forgotten amid the quiet attractions of the stone house at Laurel Hill. After a season of rest and quiet, the pioneer missionary turned his face once more towards the great northern lakes. The path of duty now appeared plain. Although there was not the audible voice that directed Moses through the Red Sea, nor the pillar of cloud that pointed out his path through the untrodden desert, yet there was the assured voice of peace in his soul; there were the unseen, yet not unfelt, indications of Providence, that, to his devoted heart, left no room to doubt in regard to God's will. And as he turned his back upon loved scenes and cherished friends, and everything that is dear to a refined and cultivated mind, to sojourn in the wilderness, without the fellowship of congenial spirits or sympathizing hearts, the sweet peace from above descended into his soul. "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren . . . for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

The journey was again on horseback, for it was through the forest, by an unfrequented path, and with very few of the accommodations of the older

settlements. It was no small matter to travel in this way. The trail was lonely and not exempt from personal danger. The forest was still traversed by wandering bands of Indians, and occasionally by lawless white men, to say nothing of wild beasts. Along a great part of the route there were no public houses, and the wayfarer was dependent for accommodation upon the little cabins of the settlers that were scattered at wide intervals along the path.

But this journey was not to be so solitary with the missionary as had been his former one. A gentle one was at his side, who was henceforth to be his companion in sorrow and in joy, to share in his prosperity and to comfort him in adversity. The stone cottage at Laurel Hill had parted with a beloved inmate. Its widowed mistress had murmured a sad farewell to a daughter upon whom she had leaned for years as the weary pilgrim leans upon his staff.

“You are leaving me, my daughter, and the old home will be lonely without you. I will often hear the cricket on the hearth when you are gone, and when the Winter comes and the cold winds blow around our low-roofed house, I will think of you, and of the stormy blasts that they tell me are so fierce at the new home whither you are going. But go, for I would not detain you. And may he to whom I have given you, be as tender to you as I have been. Young men are little aware of the

sacrifice they require, when they ask a solitary mother for the gift of a beloved daughter. But I know that your husband will be a kind one. I have studied his character and can see that behind that quiet and retiring disposition there is a kind and sympathizing heart. Go cheerfully, then, my daughter, and if a mother's prayers can avail aught, your pathway through life will not be without its blessings and its joys."

And the daughter did go forth cheerfully, and yet with a sad heart. Nature's longings could not be wholly quieted by the stern call of duty. Nor was it necessary that they should be. There was as strong determination in that sorrowful heart as though a stoical indifference had turned it to stone. In the midst of its grief there was an unfaltering resolution to follow the partner of her lot, where-soever duty might call. And as duty called him among strangers and into the midst of hardships, she hesitated not to go with him.

And there was a sad heart left behind. The old mother knew well the hardships incident to an infant settlement. In her youth she had herself followed her husband across the mountains to endure the toils and privations of a frontier life. And in after years she had been called to weep over the grave of the companion of her youth, and then to struggle on with her family as only a woman can who wears the weeds of widowhood. She could, therefore, feel for the fragile one she had sent among hardships.

And yet she was assured that, as hardships and privations had made her own heart strong and her resolutions undaunted, so they would have the same effect upon her daughter.

Towards evening of the second day of the journey the travelers approached a slight clearing in the woods, where they hoped to find lodging for the night. Their ride had been a weary one, for they had not dismounted since setting off in the morning and their only refreshment in the meantime had been a few cakes from the traveling bag hanging from the horn of the young bride's saddle. As they approached the rude hut that occupied the centre of the clearing, they were saluted by the shrill bark of a lean, wolfish looking dog, and the bold stare of some half naked, white haired children. The latter soon announced within the presence of strangers, and as the sun was just going down behind the trees, the weary wayfarers dismounted without ceremony and entered the hut. The interior of the humble abode was gloomy enough. The house was altogether guiltless of tables or chairs, and in fact of furniture of any kind, in the general acceptation of the term. To Mr. Eaton's inquiry whether they could lodge for the night, the good matron of the establishment replied:

"Well, I reckon you'll have to, as it's now comin' on dark, and not a livin' creetur nearer than eight miles on the road. How and ever you must put

up with backwoods fare. We've got nothin' on earth to eat but puddin' and milk, and I kind of suppose that's what you quality's not used to. My man is not to home; he thought he would go over to the Bend to-day and try to get some wheat flour, but wont be back to-night. Stand off, Isabelly and Barbary Jane, you act as though you'd never seed white folks afore. Go right straight along to the spring and fetch a kettle of water.

The good dame "on hospitable cares intent," left the strangers to disengage themselves of their traveling habiliments, while she set over the fire the kettle, which by the way was obliged to do duty for almost the entire catalogue of cooking utensils. She then busied herself in preparing the evening meal of pudding or corn mush. Mrs. Eaton took her seat on a bench, while her husband proceeded to look after the comfort of their horses. These were tied to two stout young saplings, and furnished with some sprouts, with the promise of corn in due time.

The meal was soon prepared and set out on an extempore table formed by placing a broad board upon the heads of two barrels. In the centre was a large wooden trencher of mush, while each individual was furnished with a tin cup filled with milk, and an iron spoon. The supper was speedily concluded, for both the wayfarers were weary and nervous from the abstinence of the day, and their stomachs loathed the unaccustomed fare. At

an early hour they requested to retire, and with aching heads committed themselves to the rude bed fitted up in the corner of the hut.

Their sleep was restless and disturbed, and when morning dawned they were still feverish and unrefreshed. The same repast as that of the preceding evening was in readiness when they arose, but seemed still less inviting. Family worship was proposed, to which the good woman assented, as on the previous evening, with the remark:

“I reckon you must be a minister, stranger. I’ve bin thinkin’ on it ever since last night. We’ve had a sight of folks stop with us goin’ and comin’, and you’re the first one that ever thought of askin’ to pray. In fact I haint hearn a prayer since we moved out West till last night, and it does sound right nateral. Dad used to pray every Sunday night when I was a gal to home.”

After family worship the missionary and his wife addressed themselves again to their pilgrimage through the forest. They were but ill prepared for the journey, for they felt sore and weary from their travel and want of suitable accommodations. Streams were to be forded, or crossed by swimming the horses, or in flats, as circumstances might determine. There were no bridges on the whole of their route, and the manner of crossing was oftentimes dangerous. One afternoon they came to a deep stream that could only be crossed by a flat. A house was on the opposite side, but

no person in sight. In reply to the hail of Mr. Eaton, two young girls made their appearance and proposed ferrying the travelers across. It was somewhat hazardous, but it was the last resort. They were carried safely across, the horses in the meantime swimming behind the boat.

Towards the close of the fourth day of the journey, our travelers approached the lake. Its strong, bracing breeze fanned their brows, and as they drew nearer, its blue heaving bosom expanded before them in all its grandeur and sublimity. It reminded Mrs. Eaton of her mountain home. Its dim, misty appearance in the distance she thought resembled the dark outline of the mountain ridge in the neighborhood of Laurel Hill. With these pleasant memories they reached Lakeside.

CHAPTER VII.

AGAIN AT LAKESIDE.

The return of the minister was not unexpected at Lakeside. They had been anticipating his coming for weeks, and had been forming plans for his permanent settlement among them. Old and young loved him for his plain, unassuming bearing, and were in hopes that he would settle down among them and become one of themselves. They were a plain people—of plain habits, and plain in their manner of life, and while their strong, good sense caused them to see the propriety of an educated ministry, with its sanctity and separation, they deprecated the idea of a ministry that would remain aloof from the people, incapable of entering into their feelings or sharing in their sympathies. In the short acquaintance they had had with the minister during his former visit, they thought they saw in him one in whom they might confide, and in whom they might find a friend in sorrow and a comforter in adversity.

They were expecting, too, that a companion would be with the young minister, and of her many had their fears. Many good people are afraid of the choice young clergymen make of wives. They are fearful of something too high-

ly refined, or too fashionable or it may be of something not sufficiently acquainted with or willing to enter into, the practical matters of ordinary life.

The very afternoon succeeding the evening on which the minister and his wife returned to Lakeside, a number of the good ladies of the neighborhood were assembled at a sewing party. The absorbing topic of conversation was of course the late arrivals. Few had had the opportunity of an interview and so could not form any judgment concerning the lady

“I do hope,” said Mrs. Chambers, “that she will be of the right sort to suit us here in the woods, but I doubt it.”

“Do not judge too soon,” replied Mrs. Bell; “You had the same fears about the minister himself before you saw him. You thought no young man just fresh from the learning could talk with plain people like us, and you know that you were obliged to acknowledge yourself that you were mistaken.”

“True, but I have my fears here. What a fortune it would be if the new wife would only prove like her husband—so meek, so quiet, and yet so earnest!”

“I have great confidence in the minister’s choice, Mrs. Chambers. He had made up his mind long ago, to spend his days in the new settlements, and a man of his prudence would not be very likely to select a fashionable butterfly to be

his companion in the woods. It stands to reason that he would look for something substantial and appropriate."

"Well, we'll see; but as I said before, I have my fears. She comes from the old settlements where everything is plenty and of the best kind and I really do not believe she will be reconciled to live upon corn-bread and milk, with occasionally a little bear meat and fish. Nor do I believe that one raised as she has been will be content to lay aside her crape and silk and calico, and wear linsey-woolsey, and home made flannel, much less card and spin the wool, and weave the cloth beforehand. No, I don't believe a bit of it."

"Don't be too fast, Mrs. Chambers. Time proves all things. I doubt not Mrs. Eaton has been unaccustomed to these things; but if she is a reasonable woman, she will soon become accustomed to them. She will gradually fall in with our way of doing things. At any rate we must do our part to make her comfortable."

"Well, I think we ought, myself, poor thing. It must have been hard to come off here among strangers. So if she behaves herself as she ought I'll try to get along with her. But if she doesn't, then, minister's wife or not, I'll let her see that I'm not to be run over."

The result of the conference held at this sewing frolic, as they termed it, was that the minister's wife should be invited to their sewing and spin-

ning and picking frolics, as any other newcomer would have been. Mrs. Chambers intimated that if she attended all these places, and made a full hand at work, she might be considered something worth while. But if she held herself aloof, or gave evidence of having been brought up in idleness by her ignorance of work, she would not give her any encouragement, but would treat her as she deserved. Most persons would have considered this rather a severe ordeal by which to try the delicate girl who had just left a luxurious home, and that a storm was brewing that would soon burst upon her inexperienced head. But the world is not all coldness and selfishness. There are some reasonable people, although there are a great many of the opposite character.

Mrs. Bell, the other party in the conversation, narrated, had resolved that she would like the stranger and that she would shield her, if possible from the approaching storm. She, too, had come from a pleasant and easy home in the East, and had gradually fallen in with the manners of the Lakeside settlers, until she was regarded as one of themselves. But she had not forgotten how keenly the privations and self-denial of the new settlement had affected her sensitive nature. Nor had she forgotten how her ignorance of the usages of the neighborhood had subjected her to suspicion and even malevolent feeling. Consequently she could

appreciate, in some degree, the position of the minister's wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were kindly received by their friends, and every possible provision was made for their comfort. Until a permanent arrangement could be effected for their settlement, they tarried with the family of one who had been from the first a warm friend of Mr. Eaton's.

An opportunity was soon afforded of testing the "quality," as Mrs. Chambers termed it, of the minister's wife. In a visit to one of the cabins in the neighborhood, the new comers were to pass the night. Evening closed and yet the cares of the household, the milking of cows and care of her milk, delayed the evening meal. They had been riding the whole day and were almost fainting with hunger. At last the griddle was suspended to the fragment of a log-chain that hung dangling from the "crook-stick" high up in the chimney, and the "batter" that had stood in the chimney-corner uncovered, preparatory to baking buckwheat cakes, was brought forward. While Mr. Bruce and the clergyman were quietly talking in the opposite corner, the strange lady was regarding the motions of the good housewife in her zealous labors preparing supper. The first brown buckwheat had been removed from its warm perch in the fire-place to a platter on the hearth, and another had taken its place on the griddle. In her free and confiding manner, the good lady's guest removed the half of

the first cake from the platter and ate it from her hand. This was a very small matter, but it settled the question of pride and fashion in good old Mr. Bruce's mind. He reported to his neighbors the next day that the new minister's wife was just what she ought to be—that he had been afraid that she was "quality," but now he was satisfied that she was not, for the very first cake his wife baked had been eaten by her without plate or knife! Even Mrs. Chambers was forced to acknowledge that this was a good beginning, and that with a little care on the part of the people in setting her a good example and giving her a word of advice she might become a useful woman.

First impressions generally go a great way. In fact many persons are guided exclusively by them. They make up their judgments hastily, and do not afterwards change them. It was fortunate for the new-comers that these first impressions were decidedly in their favor. Thanks to Mrs. Eaton's strong good sense, and practical views of things, she soon found herself in the good graces of the neighborhood.

The next Sabbath preaching was appointed at the same log house mentioned in a previous chapter. Of course there was a general turn out, for there were more inducements now than on the previous occasion. There were not only the staid, serious, earnest worshippers who were anxious to do honor to God's day and ordinances, but there

were those of lighter thoughts and less earnest souls, who wished to see the new minister's wife. Some of the children and youth had never seen such a sight in their lives, and were all expectation to know by personal inspection how she would look.

The little tavern house, therefore, was crowded to its utmost capacity at an early hour. There were many inquisitive glances cast towards the rude bar-room chair in which the strange lady was seated, even during the progress of the service. Every article of dress was particularly scanned, by some that they might criticise and take exceptions if possible, and by others that they might ascertain whether there was any new shade of fashion after which they might copy. Go where you will, you find human nature in its weakness and surrounded by its infirmities.

The young wife rather shrank from such close observation, and would willingly have escaped from it, but was aware that no offence was intended, and that by a premature retreat, or exhibiting signs of displeasure, an impression might be made that would be injurious both to herself and her husband. After the service was concluded a few of the gentlemen who were not so conscientious as their neighbors lingered around the door to have a word of conversation.

"I think," said Mr. Chambers, laying his coat, that had hitherto hung over his arm, upon a log,

and seating himself upon it, "that after all our fears, the minister has pitched upon the right sort of stuff for a wife. I suspicioned when I see her come into the house that she wouldn't be good for much; she looked so slender and flabby like. I thought that Mr. Eaton, like most young preachers, had made a bad fist of it by getting a stuck-up, proud, do-nothing lady for a wife. But I watched her close and I've changed my notion entirely."

"What did you see about her that changed your mind so quickly?" inquired a neighbor.

"Well, in the first place, she walked into the house without any airs, just as though there wasn't a soul present but herself. And then, when the Psalm was given out, she opened her book and sung like a meadow lark."

"You're always wide awake, Mr. Chambers."

"I generally have my eyes about me. But in this affair I was specially concerned. My woman and I had a long talk about her last evening and we concluded that unless she appeared to start right it was'nt worth while to think of hiring her husband at all."

"I supposed that we were looking for a minister to suit us, and not for a minister's wife."

"Well, I reckon the wife is of about as much account as the minister himself. Now, away off there on the Susquehanna, we had a real good minister; he preached most splendid, and was a clever man; but his wife was a worthless concern

and did more harm than ever he did good. So I thought I would look after the matter when it was time."

In the course of the week the clergyman and his wife had the opportunity of seeing most of the inhabitants of Lakeside. They were very cordially received and welcomed by the people, and the general desire was expressed that they would settle down and make their home among them.

Even Mrs. Chambers was disposed to smile upon the minister's wife, and admit that she was passably polite and not disposed to stand upon her dignity. Most probably she was influenced in her opinion by the unqualified praise of her more reasonable husband.

Still it was a severe ordeal through which Mrs. Eaton was compelled to pass for a time after going to Lakeside. Everything was new around her, and everything was strange and it was not singular that in some things she failed to come up to the expectations of the people, or that she did not fall in with their views in every particular. She found many reasonable and excellent people in the neighborhood, from whom she received many kindnesses, and whose words fell upon her heart like dew upon the thirsty earth. In the very first days of her sojourn there were lights and shadows at Lakeside. Sometimes one predominated and sometimes the other.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHURCH ORGANIZED.

The people at Lakeside were anxious for the whole of Mr. Eaton's labors among them; but they were weak, both in numbers and in pecuniary ability. The country was so new that its productions were few. Added to this, many of the people were indebted for the original purchase of their lands. They could not therefore support a minister all his time, and some arrangement must be entered into by which they could secure a portion of his labors. It was finally arranged that the same minister should labor at Lakeside and at Springfield, one-half his time in each place. It was the unanimous wish of the people of both places that Mr. Eaton should be the pastor. The way seemed clear to him to settle down and remain with them. In a worldly view the prospect was anything but alluring. But the poor are to have the gospel preached to them, and "how shall they hear without a preacher?" The labors of a faithful minister might do great things among the destitute along the Lake, and he resolved to make his home among them.

After laboring for some time, a regular church organization was effected at Lakeside, consisting of

twenty-five members. Of this number, thirteen had brought certificates of membership from the old settlements, and the remaining twelve were received on profession of their faith in Christ. At the same time three ruling elders were elected and ordained to take part in the government and oversight of the infant church; so that the organization was complete and the way open for the calling and settlement of a pastor.

There were many difficulties attending the organization of the little church. It was the first and only church of any denomination in the country, and there were many persons there whose views of church connection and the qualifications for membership were exceedingly vague and lax. Many persons were desirous of connection whose outward walk was anything but consistent with Christian obligations, and some who did not even profess to have experienced a change of heart. It was a new thing among them to have a church, and they supposed they must belong to it as a matter of course. If some were rejected, many were offended. If those who perfected the organization were disposed to be faithful, their motives were impugned, and zeal for truth and righteousness, and for the peace and purity of the church, was attributed to an exclusive and domineering spirit.

One man appeared before the constituted authorities and presented a certificate of membership in a church in Ireland, certifying his dismissal in

regular order with a recommendation to "any church in whose bounds Providence might cast his lot." The certificate dated back some ten years, but the applicant could not be persuaded that this was any bar to its reception. In addition to this, there were sad reports affecting his character for sobriety and temperance. When informed that he could not be received as a member, his wrath knew no bounds. The Session attempted to show him that his certificate was worthless, inasmuch as it only testified to his profession and standing ten years ago, whilst his character and conduct in the mean time had been inconsistent with a religious profession and dishonorable to the Church of Christ.

"Sure and wasn't I dacently christened by the minisher of Glendermot, whin I was a child? and didn't I answer the questions with the best of them at the examines? And didn't I take sacrament the very first chance afther I was sixteen?"

He was reminded that all this might be true, but that, for one whose later life was at variance with his credentials, his certificate was too old to be valid.

"But doesn't it say under Mr. Craig's own hand that all was right in the ould counthry? I can na' read mysel, but the minisher, and a blessed gintleman he was too, tould me that the wee bit o' paper wi' his name to't would mak' it all right wi' me wheriver I wint. And sure whin he sent

me out a Christian, it's little becomin' the likes of ye to be after turnin' me over to the divil."

He was reminded of his past delinquencies, particularly in the matter of intemperance.

"And is it the takin' a wee drap of the crathur that prevents a maun from being a Christian? Sure and it's not the liberty ye talk about that ye are willin' to allow a body. Didn't Mr. Craig call the very lecker ye'r condimin', a crathur of God? And didn't he take his bithers every mornin'? And niver was the likes heard of, complainin' when a dacent maun took a little too much on a *fair* day, or at the market."

Notwithstanding this protest, the session were obliged to dismiss his case without a favorable hearing, and in a towering passion, he wrapped up his "wee bit o' paper," as he called his superannuated certificate, and departed, hurling fearful anathemas against the apostate concern that would turn away a "dacent Christian for jist no cause at all."

The organization of a church at Lakeside caused many hearts to sing with joy. There were many of the people there who had longed and prayed for this blessing most earnestly. They had enjoyed the preaching of the gospel and the ordinances of God's house in other days, and in their destitution they had felt sorely the privation; but now prospects were brightening and everything looked cheerful and heartsome. With the help of

God's Spirit, they could now look for prosperity.

In the meantime Mr. Eaton gave general satisfaction as a preacher. His stock of books was small and his opportunities of study, on various accounts, were limited. In a new settlement there are a thousand matters to be attended to without, and many things within, too, that made demands upon his time. But withal he managed to be prepared for the duties of the Sabbath. It was sometimes a hurried preparation; but with a vigorous mind and an earnest heart, and the help that is promised from above, he found the work pleasant and profitable.

But there was much discouragement, too. The Sabbath labors were at the first severe, and followed by great physical exhaustion. As the mind sympathizes with the body at such times, he felt greatly discouraged. He feared his labors were not satisfactory, that his sermons were pointless, and his people dissatisfied. This feeling affected him at times to such a degree that he was almost afraid to meet his people after the service was concluded. Many dark shadows cast themselves over the pathway of the youthful clergyman, and as he passed beneath those shadows they fell heavily upon his heart. He had his own peculiar sorrows as well as joys.

One sultry Sabbath afternoon in August the young minister entered the place of worship with a heavy heart, for he had been prevented from his

wanted preparation. For the morning he had felt prepared and had written out his sermon in full, although it was delivered without manuscript or notes; but for the afternoon he had literally no preparation. He could not decide upon a text until Sabbath morning, and the way seemed blocked up and obscured. Still there was a feeling that this was the text, and burdened as he was with doubts and fears, he resolved to try to preach.

He did preach; but it was with little satisfaction to himself, and, he feared, with still less to his audience. After concluding the service he sat down with a sinking heart, resolving that although everything else were neglected, he must and would devote more time to study. Before leaving the house, one of the elders waited upon the minister to thank him for the seasonable and edifying discourse he had just delivered.

“Go on in this way,” said the elder, “and we will be well satisfied. It is just the preaching we require, and with God’s blessing it will do us good.”

Mr. Eaton supposed that the elder referred, of course, to the morning sermon, as he felt that the other was a failure.

“Yes, the subject was an interesting one and its treatment cost me much labor. The priesthood of Christ has always been a favorite study with me.”

“You mistake me altogether. That was not the sermon to which I referred.”

“To which did you refer?”

“To the afternoon sermon, to-day. We all thought it was most appropriate and seasonable. There are some in our little church that have strange views about religion, and those searching remarks in relation to the danger of indulging a false hope, I do hope and believe will do good.”

“I am glad to hear that the sermon pleased one individual, but I cannot suppose that it was generally acceptable.”

“You are mistaken again. It was not only generally acceptable, but generally admired.”

The young man felt his spirits revived, for there was no appearance of insincerity about the elder. In fact he was too well acquainted with him to suppose that there was anything like flattery in his remarks. It was a little humbling, too, to his feelings to discover that the discourse upon which he had labored and toiled the whole week had been considered inferior to one delivered on the spur of the moment. Still it offered no inducement to relax in his studies. He felt that if there was a difference, it was because the one sermon was more deeply baptized with the Holy Spirit than the other. The High and Holy One hath ordained by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

The next Tuesday when Mr. Eaton gathered his writing materials together preparatory to commencing study, it was with as earnest a heart and

as full a resolution to use his utmost diligence in preparation as though his written sermon and not his extemporaneous one had been most acceptable to his people on the preceding Sabbath. And with this feeling strong upon him, he wrote on diligently until the hour of noon, and was surprised to find that half a sermon had been composed when he had often spent the same time without accomplishing half as much.

A word of encouragement does wonders even for the toiling clergyman. It comes like an angel's word oftentimes, even when from the lips of those who are but babes in knowledge.

CHAPTER IX.

A FAMILIAR VISIT.

We find the Lakeside pastor again at the cabin of good old Mr. Bruce. It is towards evening, and preparations are making for the evening meal. Mrs. Bruce is bustling about making the coffee, while her liege lord is frying some brook trout in a skillet. The company are spectators of these preparations, of course, for there is but one room in the house.

“I was thinking,” said the old man, “that the mistress here would like a dainty bit, and so as I heard you were to spend the night with us, I just took my hook and line and catch’d these speckled-sided chaps to welcome her with.”

“You are very kind,” said Mrs. Eaton.

“It’s not kindness at all, for it does my old heart good to see such as you come into our cabin. It’s a new thing to us to have a minister and his lady amongst us, and it’s ungrateful we’d be if we didn’t try to make them comfortable.”

“But all this does not prevent us from appreciating your kindness.”

“Well, well, we’ll not say anything more about it, then. But I was just telling the old woman, when we heard you were coming, that we ought

to feel thankful for it, for when our poor boy died there was no one to preach at his funeral, nor even to say a prayer before we carried him to his grave.

And the poor old man shaded his face with his hand on pretence of keeping the light from his eyes, but really because he was ashamed of the two round drops that were rolling down his cheeks. It was a tender matter he had broached, even to his hard nature, and he quickly changed the subject.

“The trout are done to a turn, mother. How is it with your coffee and flapjacks? May be these strangers are hungry.”

The good dame intimated that perhaps his haste was on account of the trout cooling, as he was very particular about them, always insisting on frying them himself. When they were seated around the table, the minister was invited to ask a blessing in the somewhat equivocal language, “Make a beginning.” And then came the hearty request, “Reach and help yourselves.”

Mrs. Bruce was a little disposed to apologize for the plainness of the fare, supposing that probably they had been accustomed to better supplies in the old settlement.

“Them wee bits of fish a’n’t much, but may be you’ll like them. We’ve got plenty of bear meat up loft, but John thought it would be too strong, so I did not fry any. This is rye coffee, too. We

all drink rye out here at the lake. I 'spect you drink store coffee where you come from. But I reckon this is just as good when folks git used to it."

The young couple ate as heartily as tolerably sharp appetites and a desire to please their hosts would permit. When the hour of retiring to rest approached, a candle was lighted, for previous to this the firelight sufficed for conversation. "The book," as the old gentleman called it, was brought out, dusted and laid upon the table. A chapter was read, and the little company knelt around the family altar. The good old lady found time, however, to glide around to the little stand and extinguish the light, so that when they arose from their knees they were again by the firelight.

"That bed with the blue and white coverlid is yours," said Mrs. Bruce, "and whenever you feel like it you may lie down. We git up pretty early in the morning, and may be you'd better be trying to sleep. You'll know when to get up, by hearing me grinding the coffee in the morning."

The two beds occupied the whole of the back end of the cabin and stood with their feet in immediate proximity. There were neither partitions nor curtains, nor was there ceremony nor observation.

In the morning, as Mrs. Bruce had suggested, the noise of breakfast preparation awoke the guests. The coffee mill was in operation and

something hissing violently over the coals warned them that it was time to arise and prepare for breakfast. It required some little care in moving about, as the old poplar table was spread in all its glory, extending from a safe distance from the fire almost to the bed.

Breakfast was over, the horses of the guests were brought to the door and preparations made for leaving. Good old Mr. Bruce felt that he must exhibit his gallantry towards the strange lady by assisting her to mount.

"If the madam would be so good as to climb upon the fence, I'll fetch the beast to you. I'm not o'er polite, but I think I can do that much. My old woman generally gets on herself, but that bonny bay of yours looks rather free for that."

"Laws, John," said the good lady from the door, "it's a poor fist you're making of your politeness now, bringing up the lady's horse with the wrong side to."

"Sure and I see it now, the stirrup iron's on this side. But I'll just turn the beast around, and then all 'l be right. It's never too late to learn."

"If you'd been larnin' politeness all your days maybe it would have been better for some of us," said the old lady, for with all her respect for her good man, she could not avoid giving him a gentle hint when opportunity offered.

The guests were mounted and took their leave, and as the fine blooded bay that Mrs. Eaton had

brought with her from Laurel Hill went curveting and cantering along by the side of the more demure and staid horse of the husband, the old couple watched them from the door of the cabin.

“Maybe you think nobody else can ride on horseback but this strange lady. I’m sure when I was a girl I would not turn my hand to the best of them. And our Sallie that’s married, I’m sure, couldn’t she catch the black filly in the field and ride her at a gallop without either saddle or bridle? Talk about others riding, when there’s your own flesh and blood can beat them any day.” And with a toss of the head she swept into the cabin, feeling that she was deeply injured, both in person and in family.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER FAMILIAR VISIT.

The young couple next called at Mr. Chambers's, where they found matters in considerable confusion. It happened to be wash-day with Mrs. Chambers, and of all others the worst possible day on which they could have called. As they rode up they discovered a fire burning by the spring, over which was suspended a large iron kettle filled with clothes. The lady herself was bustling about in more than ordinary dishabille, bare-headed and bare-footed, with her dress tucked up in somewhat the style of an old fashioned bag-wig, and her sleeves above the elbows.

"Why! la! Mr. Eaton, is this you and Mrs. Eaton. And a pretty kettle of fish I'm in to receive you! I told Chambers this mornin' that I thought it was as like as not you'd call and catch me in the suds. Monday's my regular washin' day, but you see it rained and no mortal creature could dry clothes on such a day, so I put it off till to-day; but come in and I'll do the best I can for you."

Mrs. Eaton proposed continuing their ride and calling another day, as she saw at a glance that the occasion was unpropitious. She had not yet

learned to appreciate in all their magnitude the terrors of a wash-day in most houses; yet she saw, almost instinctively, that their visit would not be pleasant; besides, the native kindness of her heart shrunk from interfering even unintentionally with the affairs of a neighbor's household.

"Oh, no, I could'n't think of your doin' that," replied Mrs. Chambers, who was anxious for an opportunity of canvassing the merits of the minister's wife to her full satisfaction. "It won't take me mor'n half an hour to rench out my clothes and hang 'em on the grape-vine, and then I'll attend to you. I begun at break of day this mornin', so I might get through betimes. Chambers went to the mill this mornin', so you'll have to put out your horses yourself, and Miss Eaton can come and look at me a finishin' out my washin'. Maybe she can learn a thing or two. I'spect she's got it all to learn yet. In a backwoods country like this a preacher's wife has to do like the rest of us, and attend to her own work. There's no room for any fine ladies among us."

Saying this, the important little woman commenced pushing down her clothes with a stick, and proceeded to fill her wash-tub with cold water from the spring.

"Miss Eaton, do you jist go into the house and lay off your things on the bed, and then come and I'll keep you company as well's I can. I'd leave my clothes in the suds till to-morrow, but they'd

turn as yaller as an old straw hat. I always like to have my clothes nice and white."

Mrs. Eaton did as she was directed, and as the day was pleasant she was not sorry for the opportunity of witnessing the close of a backwoods wash-day. As the "renching out" operation proceeded, she even assisted by taking one end of the large pieces and twisting, in order to force out the water.

"Really I don't know but you've done some-thin' of this thing afore. You seem to know how it's done, at any rate. Now there's nothing like learnin' how to work, especially when one's young. Your husband's a poor man, I s'pect, most all preachers is, and we'll have to work hard to keep him among us, so the sooner you learn to work the better. And just between ourselves, the harder you work the better you'll please the people."

The poor minister's wife listened in silence, for this cold, patronizing language was finding its way to her heart like barbed arrows. And to hide some rebellious tears that would find their way from her clear blue eyes, she went to the spring to get a gourd of water to drink.

"Be careful, Miss Eaton, as you stoop down to dip up the water you don't wet your dress. I s'pect that calico cost as much as four shillin' a yard, and four shillin' isn't picked up every day. We generally wear *hum made* out here. I had one

calico gown when we moved here, and by takin' good care on't, it lasted me a great many years. The fact is, we're a poor people out here, and must economize—especially when we havn't a great many strings to our bow. My way is to take care of what I have, for fear I do not get anything more in a hurry."

Mrs. Eaton was a long time getting her gourd filled and brought to her lips; and this time the warm tears would come in spite of herself; but she was relieved by her husband coming from his attendance upon the horses. She felt that this language was cruel and uncalled for, for she could not fail of seeing that every word of it was designed for her own special benefit and edification.

"Well, Mr. Eaton, I find that your wife here can do somethin' for a livin' She's been lendin' me a hand here occasionally. I reckon when you git to keepin' house some of us neighbor wimmin' will jist drop in and show her now and then; and by and by she'll be able to do your work for you. But begin with her in time, Mr. Eaton, don't humor her at first by try'n' to get hired help. It'll only spoil her. We all do our own work here."

Fortunately, the poor wife was out of hearing of these last remarks, so that they did not affect her. The last article was now wrung out and hung upon the grape vine, that was doing duty as a clothes line, and Mrs. Chambers remarked:

"We'll go in now and get you a bite of dinner.

Would you rather have a cup of coffee or a cup of sassafras tea? We've plenty of coffee, 'cause we raise our own rye, but sassafras is reckoned terrible wholesome in the Spring of the year. It's so purifying to the blood."

"Whatever is most convenient Mrs. Chambers; we do not wish to make you trouble."

"No trouble 'tall, and besides if it was, I reckon I can afford to go to a little trouble when the minister calls."

Mr. Eaton here joined his wife, who was gathering some Sweet-williams that she had observed at a short distance from the house. Rightly supposing that a few minutes of solitude might be advantageous to Mrs. Chambers' personal appearance, they strolled about for a little time before entering the cabin. They found the lady in a different toilette from that in which she had appeared at their coming.

"You see I've been slickin' up a little. I always try to have my dress kind of in keepin' with my work. This linsey gown is one of my own makin' all out and out. I carded the wool, spun and wove it, and then made it up. So you see it's hum-made for certain."

"It is a very nice dress, Mrs. Chambers," said Miss Eaton, who was really pleased with this evidence of the woman's industry, and yet almost trembling lest something more would follow to hurt her feelings.

"I reckon you never did anything of that sort, Miss. Eaton?"

"I never did, but I think I might learn."

"Folks have to learn a great many things out here in the woods. It won't do to put on airs here."

"You are right," said Mr. Eaton, coming to the rescue, "necessity knows no law. Industry and prudence are cardinal virtues. But may we not sometimes err by too much diligence in the things of the world? A spirit that is entirely worldly is almost as injurious in the end as a spirit of negligence. Our treasure must not be laid up on earth."

"I always considered attendin' to one's business a part of religion. Indeed I can't for the life of me see how there can be a great sight of religion without it."

"That is true in one sense of the word, Mrs. Chambers, but it depends somewhat on what you understand by attending to one's business."

"By this I mean keepin' things clean around the house, keepin' your family in order, and doin' all you can to help get on in the world."

"Still, my dear friend, all these things can be looked after without becoming absorbed in the world. We should live as strangers and sojourners here."

"Well, you'll have your way and I'll have mine. I always have a poor opinion of any one's religion."

that isn't willin' to turn in and work for their livin' in the world."

"But are there not various ways of working?"

"Yes, I'm willin' to let you off, for I 'spect preachin' isn't the easiest business in the world; but others haven't the same excuse."

The poor wife felt that matters were coming to a crisis, and to avoid anything more personal inquired for the children.

"The two oldest are pickin' brush in the new meadows; and as I didn't want to be bothered with Mary Elizabeth, that's the baby, while I was washin' I had them bundle up and take her along."

Here the talkative woman remembered that it was the dinner hour, and that her guests might be in need of something more substantial than mere intellectual food.

Some jerked venison and corn cakes were soon smoking upon the white poplar table, and with the sassafras tea made a very comfortable meal.

"I reckon, Miss Eaton, you never made no sassafras tea where you come from. Folks sometimes set up their noses at it when they first come out here, but they soon come to it. 'Deed such tea as this with good maple sugar is fit for any one to drink."

Mrs. Eaton had sufficient courage to say that although she had not yet made any such tea, yet she could soon learn, and thought it very good.

The minister attempted to pour oil upon the

waters by professing their willingness to fall in with the habits of the community.

“We are yet strangers among you Mrs. Chambers, as well as new beginners in the world; but we are willing to learn and shall no doubt soon adapt ourselves to your ways of doing things. We have come to make our home among you, and shall of course feel it to be our duty to mingle with you and partake of your hospitality, as well as meet you at our hearth and home.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Chambers, putting on a patronizing air, I’ll always be ready to turn in and help Miss Eaton to git the hang of things in doin’ house work and cardin’ and spinnin’ wool; and if she takes hold right smart, I don’t scruple but that you’ll git along. Where there’s a will there’s a way is my doctrine.”

In a short time Mr. Chambers returned from the mill, with his bags strung across the horse’s back and himself perched upon the top of all. He was glad to shake his minister by the hand, for he was really a kind-hearted man, and wished to do what was right. His first inquiry was in regard to their guests.

“Saryann have you treated these people well?”

“Treated ’m? Yes, to the best in the house. I cooked some of that deer meat you killed there in the pine swamp, and you know it was ’mazin fat, and I shaved down some of that maple sugar we made out of the first run of sap in the Spring.”

The good man was satisfied with the "treatment" his guests had received, and sat down to converse with them on the weather and the crops and other indifferent topics; so that it required no small degree of tact on the part of the minister to turn the conversation into a more appropriate and important channel. Gradually it was brought around, however, until like Paul with Felix, he "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Mr. Chambers listened patiently, received the exhortation kindly, and was deeply affected. When the minister left, it was with the hope that the good seed sown had fallen on good ground and would sooner or later bring forth good fruit.

Slowly the young couple took their way homeward, for they were conversing on the events of the day. Mrs. Chambers's patronizing manner and hints were hard to bear, and the young wife felt keenly her position. Although she had not been accustomed to drudging in her childhood's home, yet she felt that in domestic affairs she was at least the equal of those who were so ready to instruct her. Her husband represented to her that perhaps they meant well, and that even if they were disposed to be dictatorial, it was best to bear with them, as it would conduce to the interests of the church to bear themselves meekly and patiently towards all. There are very few paths without their thorns as well as their flowers in the world.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ORDINATION.

The call had been accepted, and the young man was to become a pastor. The time was fixed for the ordination, and every thing was propitious. The Presbytery was to meet for the occasion, and many were anxious to witness the ceremony. Such a thing as an ordination had never been seen at Lakeside, and many of the grown up young people had never been witnesses of the solemn imposition of hands.

As yet there was no church edifice. They had worshipped in dwelling houses and barns. The Presbytery was to meet on this occasion and the ordination take place in the barn of one of the settlers. It was at a time of the year when the barn was empty. It was swept out and rude seats constructed of rough boards both on the floor and in the apartments where hay was ordinarily kept. At the farther end a rough platform was erected, upon which were a temporary desk and bench for the accommodation of the clergymen who officiated.

The day was pleasant and at an early hour the people began to assemble. Some were on foot and some on horseback; occasionally an entire family of four or five might be seen emerging from some

wood path and moving up towards the place of meeting. The good wife would be seated on the only horse belonging to the family, with one child in her arms and another mounted behind her, while at the side of the horse walked the husband and father with his coat slung over his arm. He kept this position partly for the sake of company and partly that he might be near in case accident might occur.

By the hour of service the barn was completely filled, every seat was occupied, and still they continued to come, for it was regarded as no ordinary occasion at Lakeside. The first hymn of the morning service was given out. A young man who was the chief singer of the settlement announced that good old tune, "Old Hundred," and the entire congregation at once joined in and the whole atmosphere was filled with that sacred melody. It may not have been according to strict rules of art, as scientific musicians speak of melody; but it was grateful to the ear and the heart, as it was caught up and borne aloft by that earnest congregation. Doubtless it was heard in heaven, for it was the best offering that those simple people could bring to Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

The hymn being concluded, the congregation arose in prayer. Within, every head was bowed. Many of the men stood with one foot on the bench on which they had been seated, an elbow on the

knee, and the head resting on the hand. Without, every head was uncovered, although they stood in the burning sun. All listened as though the occasion and the attitude were holy and reverential. And as that good old man stood with outstretched hands uttering the language of confession and supplication, one could not fail of calling to mind Aaron in the wilderness, with his hand upon the head of the "scape goat," confessing his own sins and those of the people, previous to sending him away by the hand of a fit man into the desert. But the old clergyman did not speak of the scape-goat, but of "the Lamb slain," of the mighty Mediator "who has borne our sins and carried our sorrows; and as he rendered thanks for the way of life, for a stingless death, a conquered grave and a glorious immortality, there were many silent glad hearts in that assembly. There be many who cannot order their prayers in language such as men would love to hear, whose hearts can yet go along with the language of others until their whole souls are filled with the spirit and enjoyment of heavenly worship.

After the sermon came the solemn service of ordination "by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." The pale, slender young man stood up before that vast congregation and took upon himself the solemn vows of separation to the service of that particular church, and promised before God and men to be faithful and earnest in seeking

the peace of the church and the good of immortal souls and the glory of the great Master in heaven. When the services were concluded, the congregation gathered around to welcome the new pastor. Old and young approached and gave him their right hand, and most cordially welcomed him as their spiritual guide and overseer.

It was the first time the Presbytery had met at Lakeside, but the good people had not forgotten the usages of the settlements from whence they had come. While the ministers and elders lodged with them in their houses, preparations had been made for entertaining them in a body at the place of ordination. After Presbytery had adjourned and the congregation somewhat dispersed, innumerable baskets and buckets covered with snowy napkins were produced and set out on the rude seats. Soon a most bountiful repast was prepared and handed around to the official dignitaries. There was little of form or ceremony, but there was what was far better — cheerful, generous hospitality. Some of the young people were astonished that dignified preachers could come down to the position of ordinary men, and relax their gravity so far as to converse cheerfully and even laugh heartily with those with whom they mingled. The bountiful repast in the well-swept barn did not terminate with the Presbytery. The whole congregation shared, for the supply had been ample. All enjoyed it, and the pleasant feeling that was

everywhere manifested augured favorably for the success of the new minister's labors.

"I think," said old Mr. Bruce, wiping his jack-knife on the lower corner of his hunting-shirt, "that our congregation will look up now. Everything looks like good luck. I was mighty feared that we would have rain to-day. My old bones have been growling for a week past, and that's always a sign of rain. I told the old woman that if it did rain to-day the fat would be in the fire. It would be a bad sign and nothing would prosper."

"You should not talk of luck, or signs in church matters," said one of the elders who joined the little company who were whittling sticks under a shade tree. These things are regulated by a superior power."

"True for you, Mr. Miller, but I think that the Good Being sometimes makes known his will in this way."

"But you know that rain is often, and indeed generally, a great blessing, and how could you regard it at this time as an evidence of the withholding of God's favor?"

"Because if it had rained to-day, it would have interfered with the exercises. And as I hold that the Good Being could send us a good day as well as a bad one, if he had sent a wet one, it would have been a sign that he was not pleased with our arrangements."

"Well we need not argue," said the elder. "Ac-

ording to your signs we will be prosperous. I hope sincerely that it will be so. But we need not expect it unless we do our duty."

"And what is that," inquired a person who had hitherto been silent.

"To encourage our pastor by attending faithfully on his ministry, by paying punctually his salary, by praying for him and for ourselves, and by using all diligence to make our calling and election sure, as well as by admonishing and encouraging each other."

"And where is the use of having a minister, and paying his steepins," said the inquirer after duty, "if we are to do the preaching and praying ourselves?"

"The fact that we have a preacher to instruct us and lead our public devotions, does not at all relieve us from the great duty of prayer, nor even of admonishing each other. 'Exhort one another daily,' is the command of the apostle Paul."

"Well, that is a new wrinkle to me. I thought when we hired a man and paid him the money for it, we were clear of such things, and I aint half satisfied but what we are still."

"Don't lay a heavier burden on the poor minister than he is able to bear. It is enough for him to have the responsibility of making known to us the way of salvation and expounding the word of God, without laying upon him our private duties

—duties, in fact, that no one but ourselves can perform.”

“But he has nothing under the sun but these things to attend to. Here we are paying him high wages, that will enable him to live without work, and it’s nothing more than reasonable that he should put in the time some way or other.”

“Our pastor, you may be assured, will lead no idle life. His duties are more numerous and weighty than you or I have any conception of.”

“But old parson Jones, where I came from, used to attend to these matters that you wish us to shoulder ourselves. Regularly once a year he came around to all the houses and talked about religion, read a chapter in the Old Book and prayed. We always expected it, and he considered it a part of his duty.”

“Certainly these are duties that belong to the minister, but they do not excuse us for neglecting prayer and religious conversation ourselves.”

“Well, you have strange notions, but when I pay for a thing I don’t want to do it myself.”

The little company dispersed, and soon the whole congregation were on the way to their homes, feeling no longer “as sheep without a shepherd.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE MINISTER AT HOME.

For some time after coming to the lake country, Mr. Eaton had resided on the bank of Walnut Creek. The house was in the fashionable style of round logs, but it afforded a shelter from the rain and storm. There were some hardships here, but they were not unexpected. The pastor and his wife had come prepared to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

On one occasion, during the absence of her husband, the young wife's nerves were sorely tried by the appearance of a bear coming up the steep creek hill, and evidently making for the cabin. The door could be shut and bolted, but there were no shutters to the windows, and simply glazed sash would be a poor defence against the attack of a beast of which she had an instinctive fear. With a palpitating heart she watched his approach, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing that his attack was not meditated upon her or her castle, but upon some little pigs that were feeding about the door. After reconnoitering a moment, Bruin seized one of the pigs, and in spite of its outcries bore it away down the hill and across the creek. Mrs. Eaton was glad to be relieved from her fears,

even by the loss of the little pig, but the circumstance afforded her an idea of the dangers to which she was exposed, especially during the absence of her husband on official duty.

These absences were very frequent. There were no ministers in the whole county save himself, and frequent calls were made upon him to go and preach in distant settlements. On such occasions the daughter of a kind neighbor generally staid with the pastor's wife for the sake of company, as well as to assist in the duties of the little household, that at such times extended to barn and pasture as well as to the little cabin.

On one of these occasions the night was inclement, and the house-dog continued to bark uneasily. There was a feeling of insecurity in the little cabin that night. Everything was made as secure as possible, and after committing themselves to the care of Israel's Shepherd, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, they retired to rest. But there was evidently an enemy near. The faithful dog continued on guard and barked the entire night. As there was but little sleep, so there was early rising in the cabin. Just as the sun arose above the hill, their attention was attracted, by the violent barking of the dog, to the approaching form of a stalwart Indian. He was clad in the rude style of his people—leggings of deerskin and moccasins of the same, with a blanket wrapped about his shoulders. He was armed with the usual gun and tomahawk.

In spite of his grim and forbidding features Mrs. Eaton went to meet him at the door.

The poor savage was entirely friendly, and partly by signs and partly in broken English intimated that he was hungry and had slept over on the side hill. After partaking of a very hearty meal he shouldered his gun, which he had left outside the door, and leisurely strode into the forest. These poor outcast people frequently passed through the neighborhood, and though generally peaceable and harmless were a source of frequent alarm to those unaccustomed to their habits.

"The lady of the manse" had soon become initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping, so that even Mrs. Chambers might have seen cause to praise her. On Monday afternoon the washing was well under way, so that the clothes were ready to hang upon the grape-vine, and Mrs. Eaton intimated to her husband that she would hurry through and lie down a while, as she was rather unwell and very much fatigued.

"It will be a fortunate matter," he replied, "if some of our Springfield people do not call on us today, on their way to market."

"True, I had not thought of that. It is Monday and they generally call on Monday evening. Although I am always glad to see our people, I feel very ill prepared to show them hospitality tonight."

"We will hope for the best. In the meantime I

will cut what firewood we may need, so that if they should come I may have leisure to assist you."

The washing was all safely hung out on the vine, the house set to rights, and an early cup of tea prepared, when the weary wife laid her aching head on her pillow in hope that an hour of quiet rest would calm her nerves and recruit her wasted strength. Mr. Eaton had in the meantime stepped out in quest of the cow, the tinkle of whose bell he had detected far down in the creek bottom.

Soon there was a smart rap at the door, evidently made by the handle of a whip, that roused the invalid from a slight doze and brought her to the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Eaton. How are you and how is the minister? Myself and these two neighbor were on the way to town the day, and as we could not well pass without calling, we concluded to come this far and spend the night with you."

"You are welcome, all of you," said the good woman meekly, "but you must dispose of your teams yourselves, as Mr. Eaton is abroad looking for the cow."

"Oh! we can easily do that, because it's something we're used to at home." And the three stout farmers went out to take care of their teams.

Lakeside was only some eleven miles from the market town and on the direct road between it and the other congregation in which the pastor

preached. And as it came in their way, many of that congregation were in the habit of returning his pastoral visits, by spending a night at his house both going to and returning from market.

The poor woman sat down with a sad heart. She was weary with the labor of the day, and grievously afflicted with a sick headache to which she was subject. Added to her other troubles, there was scarcely enough food in the house for the entertainment of these guests. She knew not what to do. And as she sat there the big tears would come until they chased each other down her flushed cheeks in a perfect torrent. But they relieved her, and she rose up with a resolute heart to provide for the comfort of her unexpected guests.

In the meantime her husband returned with the cow. His coming was very opportune, as his counsel was very much needed. The barrel of meal, not being like that of Elijah's hostess, had well nigh failed. True, a neighbor had promised to bring a supply on the morrow, but for the additional family it would be required for the morning meal.

"Providence generally provides," said the good man, "especially where the means are used. It was providential that neighbor Jones brought that bag of oats the other day, else the teams would have received slender fare."

"But the days of miracles are past, and all the

flour in the house will scarce suffice for supper."

"Never fear, we have never wanted yet for 'our daily bread'; although I admit the pattern has been very scant at times."

By this time the three men had returned from the log shanty, that was doing duty as a barn, and had seated themselves on the low bench before the door. As the pastor came out to salute them, one of them remarked that he had something in his wagon for the good wife.

"I just thought a bag of good flour wouldn't come amiss, and as I was a little behind with my steepins, I brought it along. You can just give me credit for the amount on your book."

"I am very glad you are so thoughtful, Mr. Thompson. Our barrel is well nigh out," said Mr. Eaton.

"You are entirely welcome. You will find it tolerably good. To be sure, I have better; but then you know at the town they'll take none but the best, and so I was obliged to bring you some such as we use at home. If Mrs. Eaton is a good cook she can make good bread of it."

"Very well, Mr. Thompson, what price shall I allow you?"

"Why, Reed, in town, gave me three dollars. You can allow the same. It is low enough to be sure, but I s'pose you are paid none of the best."

The flour was transferred to the well nigh empty barrel, when Mr. Thompson remarked that the bag

could remain until their return from town, as they would want to call at any rate. The poor wife used all the dispatch of which she was capable and soon had the meal prepared, and the three strangers sat down to the table. After tea Mr. Eaton accompanied his guests to the barn to assist them in feeding their teams. The bag of oats that a neighbor had brought as an instalment on his salary, or steepins, as they called it, did good service, and everything was soon in readiness for family devotions. On retiring, the guests requested that if it was not too much trouble they might have an early breakfast, that they might get to town in good season.

Long before the sun was up, the pastor's wife was stirring about to prepare some bread for the guests, in order that they might not be detained from their trip to town. In due season the biscuit were smoking on the table, but with little promise of being good. The new flour was evidently none of the best, and the housewife was more mortified than she should have been to find that the cakes were sticky and ready to run out of all usual shape. The truth was the flour was made from *grown* wheat, and was altogether unfit for the purpose of making bread. The company in due time left for town and returned in the evening to spend another night, when they departed for their homes, no doubt duly impressed with the hospitality of the minister.

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Eaton, one damp drizzly day, "that Mrs. Chambers had not been to see us for a long time. I hope she has not taken offence at anything."

"I really cannot tell. The last time I spoke to her at meeting she appeared friendly enough, although she looked hard at the red ribbon on my bonnet that mother sent from Laurel Hill."

"I suppose she thought it rather extravagant for a minister's wife. But if that is the case we may look for her over soon. She has a particular care over our temporal interests."

"Oh I do hope not. She does worry me so, that I hardly know what to do. If she was like other women, I would be glad to see her as often as she saw fit to call; but her ill-natured speeches and patronizing ways are so hard to bear."

"You must try to bear with her as well as you can. She really is hard to get along with, but there are many such in the world."

"I do try, but it is almost beyond my capacity. It requires more of the virtues than I ever gave myself credit for possessing, to endure all her cutting remarks and ungracious hints."

"But if I am not mistaken there will be an immediate demand for the exercise of all these virtues, for I think I see the lady in question coming up the lane."

"I will try and feel resigned, then, but really

you must not leave me alone with her. She is under some restraint when you are present."

It was, sure enough, Mrs. Chambers that was coming, mounted on a horse, with a bundle of wool hung to the horn of the saddle. Mr. Eaton went out and assisted her to alight, with the remark that it was a long time since she had honored them with a visit.

"It's been a busy time with us you know. We hadn't more'n got the corn planted before sheep shearin' time was on us. I always turn in and help Chambers, you know, in a pinch, and here I am now with my fingers all blistered shearin' sheep. By the way, I brought you along a little bunch of wool. Money is scarce, you see, and I don't know when Chambers has paid any of his steepins." By this time the visitor had found the way to the cabin door, where she met Mrs. Eaton.

"Good day; I've brought my work, you see. You'll find this noble wool, most of it washed. One sheep broke away while they was a washin', but you can easy wash that fleece in a tub of water, and then all will be in nice order for pickin' and cardin'. Never carded any wool, I calculate?"

"I never did, Mrs. Chambers. They did that by machinery where I was raised."

"But you're not at Laurel Hill now with plenty of money to keep you goin', but among a hard workin' people that expect every one to do their part."

"Oh I can learn; you know I am not backward at putting my hand to almost anything that comes in my way that is reasonable."

"Well, we'll see. I brought along ten pounds of wool. I know you didn't tell me to do it, but in this new country every body must work in order to get along. And it's high time you were learnin' to card and spin and weave too, for that matter."

"I am much obliged to you for the wool, but what is the price per pound?"

"Well, I spose you will have to have it for twenty-five cents a pound, in the way of steepins. I know I could get that much in goods at Reed's store in town, by takin' it there; but I don't want to be hard on a poor minister, and so you may have it for the same."

"I do wish I had a pair of cards, and I would get you to show me how to commence. I think I would like to know how to do all kinds of work."

"It stands you in hand to learn not only *how* to do, but to *do*. It's a new country, as I told you before, and the people all very poor, and you'll have to dress like the rest of us."

Poor Mrs. Eaton's heart began to beat quick, for she felt that the bonnet subject was coming up."

"The fact is, Miss Eaton," continued the visitor, "a woman whose husband is supported by the people should never try to dress above her situation in life. Now it's well enough for you to wear

your leghorn bonnet, because it was bought and paid for before you was a minister's wife and while you were better off than you are now. Still you ought to be careful of it, as you will never be able to buy another. But that new red ribbon you had on it last Sunday, I do think was extravagant. I telled Chambers so as soon as we got home."

Poor human nature could hardly endure this, and the persecuted lady was almost resolved not to make any explanations in regard to the ribbon; but she remembered her husband's situation and better thoughts took their place in her mind.

"My dear Mrs. Chambers, that poor ribbon to which you take exceptions came all the way from Laurel Hill as a present from my mother. For her sake I wear it. Besides it is plain and simple, and even had it been purchased would not have been expensive."

"That alters the case certainly. I saw Mrs. Colt in town buyin' some of the same color at Reed's store, and I thought your'n was off the same bolt. Maybe I oughtn't to have said anything about it, but you are young, you know, and need advice."

The conversation was broken off by the entrance of Mr. Eaton. The talkative woman immediately changed the subject.

"Oh, Mr. Eaton, you preached such a good sermon last Sunday. It was just the kind to please me and do good."

“I am glad that my poor labors are appreciated, but more pleased that you are fond of plain, practical truth.”

“Call it what you please, that morning sermon I call a tip-top concern and hard to beat.”

“Indeed I did not refer to the morning sermon at all, Mrs. Chambers, but to the one in the afternoon when I spoke of practical matters, relating to the importance of personal religion, spiritual mindedness, and the duty of living for the glory of God.”

“Yes, that was well enough in its place, but it was the other one that took my eye, on the perseverance of the saints.”

“That is a delightful doctrine, truly, and one that should not by any means be lost sight of; but this matter of personal religion I consider a vital one, and one to which we cannot give too much attention.”

“I thought there were some persons there that were catching it, and that’s the reason why I was so much pleased.”

“My dear friend, there is another matter of vastly more importance—it is the Apostle’s advice—‘Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.’”

The conversation was growing rather too practical for Mrs. Chambers, and on some pretext she changed it. On the whole it was not a very pleas-

ant visit to the pastor's family, however it might have been to the visitor.

Human nature exhibits itself under various phases, and at best it is a very weak and frail affair. But when its weakest points are exhibited, it is almost enough to make us dislike our nature and our wretchedness.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING-HOUSE.

In due course of time the people of Lakeside agitated the subject of a meeting-house. They had worshipped in private and public houses and in barns, and on special occasions had even met in the shady grove. And although they enjoyed such places of meeting, yet they thought it right that a house should be provided and set apart for the purpose. Like David of old, they felt that they were all accommodated with houses to dwell in, whilst the Lord was without a place of worship, and it was in their heart to rise up and build. After various consultations, it was finally resolved to build the meeting-house near the bank of the lake and not far from the mouth of Walnut Creek.

The situation was a most delightful one. The point selected was in full view of the lake and overlooking the little valley formed by the creek just previous to its entering the lake and losing itself in its waters. In the background was the unbroken forest. Oaks and chestnuts and hemlocks rose up to a gigantic height from the virgin soil, with a slight undergrowth of hazel and moosewood.

The house was soon completed, for where there are strong hands and willing hearts all difficulties

soon vanish. And of this primitive "forest sanctuary" the people of Lakeside might well be proud, for it was almost entirely the work of their own hands. They had little money to contribute, but they gave of materials and labor. It was much like the tabernacle in the wilderness—each gave according to the promptings of his own heart. It is true they did not bring jewels of silver and gold, or rams' skins dyed red, or badgers' skins; but they came on the ground and contributed of their labor.

For the ground, the land company, being anxious to encourage the settlement, gave five acres, as a gratuity. The tall trees of which there was such a bountiful store on the land, were felled for timber. One man had skill to cut and score, another to hew, and another to rive the smooth trunk of a red oak into shingles, while still another could do the carpenter work. In this patchwork kind of way the materials were soon on the ground and ready for erection. The walls were to be of hewn logs, and the crevices or interstices filled up with clay.

It was a glad day in the little settlement when they met together to notch the logs and erect the building. But it was a still more joyful day when they first met in the completed house to worship God. After the house was enclosed and the pulpit set up, it was left to each family to construct their own pew and place it in the house. These were all made after nearly the same pattern—

something like a modern settee, with tall backs and the ends cut out something like arms.

These rude pews were arranged in regular order. First on the left of the pulpit was the pew of the minister's family, in the head of which sat the Clerk, as he was called, who was to lead the singing. Next to this was the pew of one of the Elders, and so on in regular gradation. On the other side of the pulpit was first the pew of another elder, then of other important members of the congregation, in order, until all were accommodated.

The pulpit was of unique construction. It was the product of the solid genius of the aforementioned Clerk and answered the purpose admirably. It was square in form, and about eight feet above the floor of the meeting-house, so that when the occupant was seated he was altogether invisible. A flight of three or four steps led up to it, which steps, being almost in contact with the minister's pew, served as seats for his children. The pulpit was of course unpainted, and wholly guiltless of trimming or ornament of any kind. It was also without Bible or hymn-book, which defect was supplied by the pastor, who carried small editions of these books in his pocket.

The small enclosure was considered by the children and youth as a very sacred place. Many an urchin would have given all his prospects of future greatness for a single glimpse into its myste-

rious precincts. The testimony of a bold boy was received with a great amount of allowance, who declared that there was nothing in it but a bench for the minister. This boy certified that it was even so, as he had taken a good look as the minister left the pulpit door open while he applied the water in the holy ordinance of baptism. But although an elder's son, his evidence was generally considered to be apocryphal, it was so contrary to the preconceived opinions of the children generally. They always thought it must be a kind of holy place midway between earth and heaven.

It was a pleasant scene, on a Sabbath morning in summer, around the log^o meeting-house at Lakeside. Just in front, at the distance of ten or fifteen rods from the door, was one of those curious mounds, the relic of an unknown race, that are found so frequently in the western country. This mound had an elevation of about ten feet, was covered with turf and overshadowed by tall trees. Upon its sloping sides the male portion of the congregation might be seen seated in busy converse, awaiting the hour of worship. In the background were the placid waters of the lake, with an occasional sail in the distance, while in other directions was the unbroken forest.

From the two branches of the road the congregation are slowly assembling. Some are on foot, some on horseback, while at long intervals is seen the rough farm wagon, its rattling motion striving

in vain to keep in harmony with the jingling of the chains that constitute a part of the harness. Sometimes there is a family of four accommodated by a single horse. The mother is seated on its back with a child behind and another in her arms, whilst the husband and father marches along by the side with his coat thrown over his arm.

In another direction a bevy of damsels is approaching, but they linger for a moment by the trunk of a fallen tree to draw on their shoes before approaching the meeting-house, for they have walked bare-footed for the sake of economy, and have carried their shoes thus far in their hands.

As the pastor and his family tie their horses to the well known cucumber tree near the mound, there is a general rising from the shade, and all accompany them into the meeting-house. Many a heart feels solemn as the pastor, slowly rising, commences with the well-known words, "Let us with reverence unite in the worship of God, by singing the sixty-fifth hymn, second book, common metre."

The Clerk rises from his seat in the head of the pastor's pew, and after clearing his throat, says, "sing Mear," and commences. One after another of the congregation strikes in, preceded by the deep, rich and melodious voice of the pastor's wife, until almost every member is heard. The Clerk's voice is still predominant as he beats away with his forefinger until the close. There may not be much of

what is called the science of music, but who shall say that such praise as this is not equally as acceptable to Him who inhabits the praises of eternity, as though conducted according to strict rule and accompanied by the most elaborate instrumental movement?

The sermon was always delivered without the use of notes, although not without careful preparation. Many of the Lakeside people supposed, from the ease and ready flow of the discourse, that the good minister preached altogether without labor and without study. Their idea was something like this: Whilst "at the *larnin*" he had laid up such a stock of divinity that all that was now requisite was to arise in the pulpit, and the sermon would flow forth spontaneously until the expiration of the hour, when the thread would be cut off. But they were altogether ignorant of the ceaseless wear and tear of the poor pastor's body and mind. They knew nothing of his daily struggles and anxieties in the selection of subjects, and of the constant draught upon his daily increasing intellectual resources. Had they looked in at the low cabin window when most of his people were wrapped in slumber, they might have surmised the truth. Or had they closely regarded him as he sat by his table, on almost any afternoon, with closed eyes and earnest countenance, accompanied with an occasional gesture of the hand as he wrought out those discourses that were their men-

tal and spiritual aliment, Sabbath after Sabbath, they would have felt that the minister's office was no sinecure.

When the benediction was pronounced, the invariable formula followed—"recess of half an hour," and the congregation began quietly to disperse. Some of them betook themselves again to the mound and seated themselves upon the cool grass to discuss their cakes, and, it is to be feared, the news of the day, at their leisure. Others might have been seen in little knots under the shady trees, engaged in the same occupation. During some part of the half hour the whole congregation visited the spring for a draught of water. This spring was a beautiful and pleasant resort. The path that led to it was down a shady ravine, bordered with pigeon-berry and mountain tea. The spring itself was invisible, as it gushed from the bank in an inaccessible spot, and a portion of its bright water was conducted down to the foot of the bank in a long trough that was formed by hollowing out the straight stem of a small sapling.

Some of the ladies carried fancy drinking cups with them in their reticules, that served a very good purpose. Others drank from an extempore cup formed from the broad, smooth leaf of the cucumber or basswood, while the boys adopted the more primitive mode of kneeling down and drinking directly from the trough, as the sparkling water rushed along its smooth cavity.

In process of time the aforesaid Clerk, or leader of the singing, who was the good mechanical genius of the congregation, as well as a most excellent man, wrought out with his own hands a permanent drinking cup, for the use of the congregation. It was of wood, the product of the turning lathe, and if not as graceful as those of which Virgil's disputants speak in the Eclogues, it was well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. When not in use it was suspended by a nail in the trunk of a hemlock that overshadowed the spring.

There was neither bell nor other audible signal to give notice of the afternoon service, nor was there need of any; for precisely as the half hour expired the pastor was seen emerging from the edge of the forest, with slow and solemn step, bearing his little pocket Testament in his hand. This was all the signal that was necessary. Immediately there was a general movement throughout the whole congregation and a silent following of the pastor into the church. At the close of the service a few of the elder members of the congregation tarried a moment to speak with the minister. Then, in a few minutes, all were quietly mounted on their horses with their faces homeward.

It need not be said that there were strong attachments among the people of Lakeside for their log church. It was their first and only place of worship. Their own hands had reared its rude walls and fashioned its primitive furniture, and

many of them had there first tasted "the sweets of redeeming love." Added to these considerations there were others that sprung up in course of time, that bound many of them tenderly and solemnly to its sacred neighborhood.

There was a little plat near the log church that was set apart as the last resting place of the dead. As years rolled by, the mounds in this little enclosure became numerous, and varied in their dimensions. Sometimes the father was laid there, sometimes the mother, and sometimes the little child. Each of those hillocks became a sacred shrine, where memory and affection and love were cherished and where tears were shed. Of course these sacred shrines were visited each returning Sabbath. To some it was too much an object of going to meeting that they might look upon the resting-places of their dead. To all it strengthened attachment for the house of God.

Thus are lights and shadows blended together along the pathway of life; and oftentimes it is difficult to determine which has the predominance.

CHAPTER XIV.

CERTAIN PARISHIONERS.

In the meantime the pastor's family was not without its changes. Little olive branches were springing up around the domestic fireside, requiring care and attention. The operations of the lady of the manse were confined more exclusively to her home than formerly, and her influence was less sensibly felt than during the first part of her sojourn at Lakeside. This was the ground of some complaint among a portion of the congregation. Attentive to their own home duties, they forgot that there were likewise home duties at the parsonage. They had been accustomed to see the pastor's wife accompanying him in his visits until they really thought her a necessary fixture on all occasions.

"And why but the mistress come along?" said a good lady, when the pastor called at her door.

"Family cares, good Mrs. Brown. We all have *them* you know."

"Indade and I know it's cares enough I hiv mysel', but what signifies all the cares o' your house? It's a puir hen that canna' scratch for two wee chickens and have a little time for the parish that gies her her bread."

"Indeed, Mrs. Brown, you do Mrs. Eaton great injustice. She takes an interest in all our people and rejoices in their prosperity; but, however agreeable it might be to her, she cannot spend all her time in their society."

"And it's not *all* her time we're afther wantin' at all. We only want her as well as yoursel' to drop in occasionally and see how we're getting along."

"And I am quite sure, Mrs. Brown, that we both do that."

"Sure and is'nt it two month' at laste sin' you darken'd our dure? And is that what you'd be callin' frequently?"

"You forget, my good woman, that we have more than fifty families to visit, and that we cannot possibly get around oftener than that."

"La me! and I niver thought of that, at all, at all. I only thought of mysel', and I niver once thought of my neighbors. But indade it does my eyes good to look upon the pleasant face of the good woman. Heav'n bless her."

"That is too often the case with us all. We are all too selfish by far. Thinking only of ourselves, we forget our neighbors' rights and privileges."

"But indade, Mr. Eaton, when you were comin' 'round yoursel', why but you just bring the mis-thress wi' you?"

"That would be easier said than done, Mrs. Brown. I left Mrs. Eaton busily engaged wring-

ing out clothes with one child tied in its cradle and the other asleep across the foot of the bed."

"Do tell! The little darlins! But havn't I done the same mysel' often, and what is more, got the dinner to the fore, besides?"

"But let me ask you one question. Did you do all these things and go to visit a neighbor two miles distant at the same time?"

"Oh, sure, Mr. Eaton, and you're alw'ys afther gettin' the upper hand iv me. This larnin' does great things for a body. And it's little I, a poor ignorant cratur', can do with the likes iv you with your college larnin'."

In fact one great error of the people was in thinking that the minister and his wife had nothing to do but visit them unceasingly. They made no allowance for study, or domestic care, or domestic privacy. The principle seemed to be that the minister belonged to them, body and soul. And yet this was rather the result of thoughtlessness than of a want of feeling. They loved and respected both the minister and his wife, notwithstanding, by their conduct, they seemed to wish him to make bricks without straw.

Oftentimes he gave offence without the slightest design, by neglecting to visit some of his people when other cares pressed heavily upon him. The consequence was, they absented themselves from the sanctuary until the pastor could not fail of noticing the delinquency.

The Pattersons were a large connection in Lakeside, but as a general thing strongly delinquent in the matter of duty. Sometimes they would be absent for months together from the house of God, and only made their appearance when it was announced that a sacramental season was to be observed.

"I really wonder," said the pastor one evening, "what has become of the Pattersons. We have not seen them for some time. I fear something is wrong."

"Doubtless there is something wrong," replied Mrs. Eaton. "There *always* is something wrong when people forget God's house. But I think you are not as observing as I am, or you would know what is wrong in this case."

"Well, as in duty bound I always yield to you in power of observation, and would be obliged to you for information as to the ground of the delinquency in question. Is it because I have failed to visit them for more than two months?"

"No, they are not of that class. These are quite numerous, it is true, but the Pattersons belong to a different class altogether. They only go to church on *communion occasions*."

"And have we really a distinct class of this kind of people in the congregation?"

"I think so. I think there is such a class in every congregation. My good old minister at Laurel Hill was accustomed to speak specially to such

on every such occasion. After his other remarks were concluded he would say, 'Now I have a few words for those I have not seen since the last sacrament, and whose faces I do not expect to see in the house of the Lord until the next similar occasion.'"

"It is passing strange that I have never thought of this before, but I remember now that it is only on such occasions that I have noticed the Pattersons for a year or two. And what is incomprehensible to me, they were the most active in securing the organization of the church and in erecting the meeting-house."

"Such people are like the stony ground hearers in our Lord's parable. They endure for a little time, but not having 'much depth of earth they soon wither away. It was like a dream of home to these Pattersons—the idea of having a church. They had been accustomed to having a church in the old settlement, with some kind of a doubtful relation to it, and it seemed natural to have something of the same mongrel relation to a church here."

"There are a great many chapters in the history of human nature, some of them very singular as well as very mysterious, and not the least so are those relating to men's religious feelings and professions. The matter we are considering is an illustration in point. Why persons sustaining such a relation to the church as those of whom we have

been conversing, should prefer being present when sealing ordinances are set forth, is to me very strange indeed, especially when they absent themselves on all other occasions."

"Perhaps it can be accounted for on the theory I advanced a moment ago. Such occasions bring up pleasant associations by reminding them of similar scenes long gone by—striking chords that have long been silent in the heart, and casting a momentary light into chambers that have long been dark in the soul."

"That theory is correct as far as it goes, but the pleasant and the unpleasant are always found together. I would suppose that the unpleasant associations would be quite as numerous as those that are agreeable. The idea of duty neglected, of privileges slighted, and of ordinances undervalued, must be unpleasant to the reflecting mind. Such occasions as we have been considering must necessarily suggest a thought of these things."

"Some individuals, however," replied Mrs. Eaton, who wished to have the privilege of her sex in having the final rejoinder, "have a faculty of forgetting unpleasant thoughts, and of dwelling only on those that are agreeable, and perhaps this is the way with the friends of whom we have been speaking."

There were others like the Pattersons whose attendance was of an occasional kind. Sometimes the report that a strange minister was to occupy

the pulpit would bring them out. This was oftentimes the result of sheer curiosity, as they would take pleasure in remarking that "after all the stranger is not such a speaker as our minister."

The following incident, though not by any means an important one, has had its counterpart in the history of many a family :

"And how is Sonny, the day?" inquired Mrs. Brown. Mr. Eaton was somewhat taken by surprise at this unwonted and familiar manner of inquiring after his eldest child, but without taking notice of it, replied that he was well.

"Sure an it's a broth iv a boy he is making, not at all, at all like his father."

"The little boy is doing very well, and I am obliged to you for the compliment."

But when he returned, Mr. Eaton announced to his wife that the familiar name "Sonny" must at once and forever be laid aside, as it was getting to be a common name for the child throughout the congregation.

CHAPTER XV.

X FRONTIER REMEDIES.

The region about Lakeside was remarkably salubrious. Few epidemics ever visited its peaceful scenes. The inhabitants were a hardy, industrious and generally temperate people, and protracted sickness was a very unusual thing among them.

The general prescriptions in case of illness were altogether independent of the medical faculty, and indeed of the apothecary too, as they consisted of various herbs and roots commonly abundant in the garden or forest. In almost every cabin you might see small bundles of dried herbs tied with a string and suspended to a nail in one of the joists overhead or in the chimney corner. Was there a cold in the minister's family? Some good neighbor would make a generous offer of all that was considered necessary for its removal. One Sabbath the minister was observed to manifest symptoms of a cold. On Monday morning Mr. Chambers called in good time.

"I noticed, Mr. Eaton, that you had caught cold, and thinking you like as not had nothin' that would cure it, I telled my woman I would run over this mornin' with some sipsissaway and wild cow-

cumber that I know will cure it in less than no time."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Chambers. I have contracted a bad cold. I was obliged to ford the creek on Saturday, in order to visit the poor man that is sick, in the Patterson settlement."

"Well, that's a first rate way for a doncy man like you to git cold. It wouldn't faze me, though. But there's no use cryin' about what can't be help'd. So take the yarbs and they'll do you good."

"But is there no danger in using them? I never made use of such things before."

"Not the least mite in the world. I've used them all my life, and my father before me."

"But, how are they to be prepared?"

"They are to be made into tea. Just take a tin of water and steep them well, until you get all the vertue out, and then drink it hot and jump under the kivers. You'll sleep soundly and wake up as sound as a nut."

"I am obliged to you, and will give it a good trial; for although the remedy is a new one, it may be efficacious."

"Yes, I'll warrant it better than any of the vile 'poticary stuff you've been in the habit of takin'. There's plenty there to cure all the colds you'll have this winter. I always lay in a good store in the fall of the year, not only for my own use, but to help a neighbor in time of need. But there's not

much call among the neighbors, as the stuff is plenty in the woods, and every one lays in his own. But I reckon'd you hadn't altogether got up to woods-life, and so I brought you over some this mornin'."

The next day Mrs. Brown called to say that "a good hemlock sweat would do wonderful things for a cold."

"But I am already using some herbs brought by Mr. Chambers."

"And what might they be?"

Mr. Eaton produced the herb and the seed vessels of the wild cucumber left by the neighbor, and the use of which had really been of service to his cold.

"And it's little bizness Chambers had til bring such trash as that for a dacent body like you til put in his mouth. Not a bit more of it shall you take, for it's the death of ye it will be. Do as I say and you'll be well in a trice."

"But, my good woman, too many cures will work ill together."

"Chambers's stuff will niver cure you at all. So and it's jist home I'll go and send Jemmy till the woods for the hemlock limbs to stame you well."

Mr. Eaton did not expostulate, for he saw it would be useless, and the kind woman took her departure. In a short time her husband appeared with an enormous quantity of hemlock boughs which he persisted in dragging into the house, and

then proceeded to explain the *modus operandi*. But the hemlock treatment was not resorted to, and the cold began to grow better, both Mr. Chambers and Mrs. Brown no doubt giving themselves the credit of the cure.

But in a short time a more serious state of affairs sprung up in the family than a slight cold. They had partaken of the evening repast in company with a member of the Springfield congregation and had retired to rest as usual, but were awakened by the violent illness of Mrs. Eaton. She was attacked with the most terrible sickness and retching. Soon, as through sympathy, the eldest child was affected in the same way, and then followed Mr. Eaton and the visitor, until the whole family, with the exception of the youngest child, were in a most pitiable condition. What could be the cause? The most terrible apprehensions were excited. What could be done? Mr. Chambers's herbs would be inefficacious here, and there was no physician nearer than eleven miles.

A fortunate idea occurred to the visitor. He inquired where the flour used in the evening repast was obtained, and if they had made use of it before. It was from Springfield, and had been used that evening for the first time.

"Then I can explain the whole matter very easily. It was made from *sick* wheat. It always produces these effects. But although there is nothing

dangerous in its use, the man should have told you about it."

It was some time before the family had so far recovered from the influences of the sick wheat as to feel like retiring and seeking the aid of sleep. This sick wheat was not common in the Lakeside region, although as the result showed not altogether unknown. It appeared to be the result of a disease in the grain. On close examination a small protuberance was discovered on the extremity of each grain of wheat that was not natural, and that was supposed to induce this sickness when made into bread.

We may be certain that no more of this flour was used in culinary operations, although the pastor's family could very ill afford to spare it from the poorly stocked larder. The neighbor who furnished the article said he was aware it was sick wheat, but did not think worth while to state the fact as, had they but eaten plentifully of bear's fat in connection with it, no injury would have followed. It did not appear that he had inquired whether they had this latter article in profusion, or whether it was a favorite article of diet or not. The incident constitutes one of the dark shadows that occasionally cast themselves over the history of Lakeside life.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOMESTIC STRUGGLES.

Lakeside was not at this time a land flowing with milk and honey. Trials were to be endured; burdens were to be borne; self-denials were to be exercised. It was far removed from the older and more favored settlements, and as a general thing the resources of the inhabitants must be found mostly within themselves. The necessary things of life were all that were looked for—superfluities and luxuries were not expected. Often the inhabitants were put to the greatest straits to obtain even the positive comforts of life.

The good pastor was not without his trials and difficulties, nor was his wife without her straits. But they never desponded. They were often cast down, but never in despair. If they needed fuel, the forest around supplied their wants. Its maples were laid under contribution for sugar; its hickory saplings furnished brooms, and its moose-wood bark, hats for the little children.

But all these things required labor, ingenuity, and the expenditure of time. And neither the pastor nor his wife had been accustomed to this kind of occupation and invention. But they had come to toil in this new settlement. They had

cast in their lot with the Lakeside people and were resolved, in dependence on Providence, to remain among them, let the cost and sacrifice and self-denial be what they might. They had girded themselves for the struggle, leaning on the Almighty Helper, and were not easily discouraged.

From the following letter to her mother at Laurel Hill, written by Mrs. Eaton, we may learn something of the early struggles in the pastor's family.

LAKESIDE, March 11th, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—It is long since I wrote to you, for the opportunities for forwarding letters are few and far between. But it is my birth day, and I have been thinking pleasantly and yet longingly of my hillside home. I have seen the old stone house very distinctly in memory to-day. And I doubt not you have been thinking to-day of Lakeside and its pioneers, and would give much to be with us for a little while.

The time passes rapidly with us—too rapidly by far for all we have to do. Both my husband and I are constantly busy, striving to have things comfortable and homelike around us. You would smile to see the furniture that adorns our log cabin. And yet it answers every purpose. Last week we received the addition of a table and stand to our little store. And shall I tell you how these very necessary articles were procured?

We have no cabinet-makers, so my husband even undertook to be an extempore cabinet-maker himself. There was no lumber to be obtained, but there were good black walnut trees in the woods. So, with the assistance

of one of the neighbor's boys, he worked out materials for these articles from the trunk of a fallen tree, and, by dint of application and hard labor, I have a table and stand that will answer every purpose. This table I am now writing upon, and the stand is at my side, occupied by the Bible we brought from the old homestead. Indeed I am proud of these articles, and shall keep them as heir looms in the family as long as they last.

* * * *

The two little boys were sadly off for shoes, and having procured some leather from a tanner, my husband resolved to essay his hand at shoemaking. Indeed he succeeded admirably—taking into consideration that the last was to be made previous to forming the shoe upon it. I see them in the chimney corner as I write, with their little straps, looking like miniature specimens of real men's shoes.

But I know you will inquire if there is no invention about *me*, and whether I have not learned to make myself useful in domestic affairs as my husband has done. There are two little hats hanging on their low nails behind the door, that might "a tale unfold," if they could speak. They are the handiwork of your backwoods daughter. The material is the inner bark of the moosewood, nicely split and braided, and sewed after the manner of a straw hat. They really look well, and I know they will be durable.

By these items you will see that my time does not hang idly upon my hands. When there is not sewing for our own family, there is always plenty for the neighbors, and I really feel happier when busily engaged than I would if there was nothing to do but think over the

hardships we are all called to endure in this new country. Many times when I am alone I feel almost like repining : but there is many a sweet promise contained in the Bible that comes to me as on angel's wings, and I feel cheerful immediately.

Your affectionate daughter,

E. C. E.

Oftentimes "the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil" would well nigh fail in the parsonage cabin, and it would require strong faith to keep the spirits up. In unlooked for ways and by unexpected means relief was afforded, so that they never suffered. If there was not the wheaten flour, there was generally corn meal. If there was not beef, there was the flesh of the wild deer or bear. If there was not Hyson for tea, there was always plenty of hemlock boughs near the door that sufficed ; and if there was not Mocha or Java coffee, there was plenty of rye, that when properly prepared made an admirable substitute. In fact the latter was most generally the kind of coffee that was used throughout the settlement.

Frequently in the absence of the pastor, the good wife was left to struggle alone with labor and care. Fuel could be provided beforehand, but in the winter there were very many cares outside the house. Water was to be carried from the spring, and domestic animals were to be fed at the log cabin dignified with the name of barn. Occasionally a young female friend, the daughter

of a neighbor, would remain with Mrs. Eaton during these absences; but generally she was alone with her children and her own thoughts. On one of these occasions the young lady referred to made her appearance with a most lugubrious countenance, and with the greatest trepidation in her manner, stating that she had seen strange sights and heard strange sounds in the swamp as she came along the way.

“But what did you see, Jane? Or what did you hear?”

“I really do not know whether they were bears or Indians. It was something awful and I did not wait to see fairly. But it must have been something.”

“Undoubtedly it was something. But did you really see *anything* distinctly?”

“No, I did not. But there were Indians by our house to-day, and hearing a rustling in the swamp I thought of them and ran as fast as I could.”

“I imagine your own fears were all that gave you any trouble. At least it is probable that there was nothing to alarm us.”

With all her philosophy the good lady could not feel comfortable, though she thought there was probably no cause of alarm. She well knew that Indians were frequently passing to and fro, almost every week, and although they were generally friendly, yet there was something fearful even in the name, as they were associated in her mind with

the horrid barbarities practised at Col. Crawford's defeat, at which her father had been a sufferer.

It was late that night ere they retired to rest. Commending themselves to Israel's Keeper, they awoke in the morning to smile at their fears. But these things oftentimes wore upon the feelings of Mrs. Eaton and caused her very much to dread her husband's absences. These absences were numerous and frequently protracted, for there was a very large extent of country that was destitute of the ordinary means of grace and demanding frequent supplies.

One cold winter evening Mr. Eaton returned from one of these tours with his ears badly frost-bitten. Having seen to the comfort of his horse, he came into the house weary and cold, but not daring to approach the fire. Mrs. Eaton having procured some fresh spring water, bathed the frozen members profusely until the frost was all removed.

"Papa," said little John as he climbed upon his knee, "will I have to ride in the snow until my ears freeze, when I get to be a man?"

"I hope not, my son. I want you to be a good man when you grow up, but it is hard to tell what your troubles may be."

"Mamma reads the Book, night and morning, the same as you do when you are at home."

"Well, my son, couldn't you get along without papa, if mamma attends to all these things?"

"No, sir; we would rather have you at home, too. We can't draw wood with mamma's scissor chain and play at hide and seek as much when you are here as when you are away, for you don't like the noise. But we had rather not have you go away."

"Papa must go away sometimes, but how does my son get along with his questions while father is away?"

"I've learned all the little questions, and yesterday began 'the chief end of man.'"

"Very well, my son, but I see that mamma has her tea ready."

Whilst the evening meal was being discussed, Mr. Eaton related the history of his trip. It was a long and tedious one. Amity, the congregation he had been supplying, was distant some seventy miles. The road was rough and unbroken, and often ten or twelve miles intervened without a dwelling. It required two days' travel to reach it. During his journey towards Amity his heart was sorely cast down and discouraged. He felt that the distance was too great to travel, and was almost resolved to expostulate against going so far again. But when he found the people so ready and anxious to hear, and so rejoiced to see him, his heart relented and he felt that he was amply recompensed for his toil and self-denial. At Amity there were no stated means of grace, the people were altogether dependent on supplies, and the

generality of these were obliged to travel as far as Mr. Eaton.

During his absence the Lakeside people were in the habit of meeting for "Society," as they termed it. These were meetings for singing, prayer, and the reading of a sermon. They were generally conducted by one of the elders, with the best reader chosen to read the sermon, which was usually selected from Burder's "Village Sermons." These society meetings were not held in the log church, but in school houses in the "two ends" of the congregation. As a general thing they were as well attended as the ordinary preaching of the Word.

On the return of Mr. Eaton from the town one evening he was very much surprised to see a row of six large apples arranged on the window-sash that sometimes served the purpose of a mantle. They were a very great rarity indeed at Lakeside, and many of the younger people had never once seen such fruit. The nearest approximation to them was the crab-apple that grew spontaneously in the woods.

"What good fairy from Laurel Hill has been visiting you in my absence? And those apples look strangely like some I have in my portman-teau, that Mrs. Colt sent you from town."

"It was a fairy of real flesh and blood and heart, too," replied Mrs. Eaton. "Old Mr. Barker called on his way to town some time after you

left, and gave me the apples to remind me, as he said, of my old home."

"That is wondrous strange and a little amusing, too, for they are part and parcel of the same lot of those Mrs. Colt sent you. It appears that the old gentleman left her one dozen and a half, a half-dozen of which she sent to you, so that after all you have an equal dividend with Mrs. Colt, without the old gentleman designing it."

"Then it looks more like fairy's work than I at first supposed."

"But do they remind you of the old side-hill orchard, back of the house, at Laurel Hill?"

"Not very much. These apples, although a great rarity, do not resemble ours at home. They have not that rich red and yellow I was accustomed to."

"They may be good, however. Certainly it shows great kindness both on the part of Mr. Barker and of Mrs. Colt."

"I appreciate the compliment as much as though they were painted with all the colors of the rainbow."

"Perhaps, if we are prospered, we may yet raise as good fruit in this country as ever Laurel Hill produced."

"I do not know. I think these severe lake winds and the terribly cold weather in the winter will effectually prevent this. I do not see how fruit-trees could survive such hardships."

“You cannot have much confidence in Lakeside, then, as to its future prospects.”

“I hope, since we have pitched our tent here, to live to see the time when this region will, in a spiritual sense, ‘bud and blossom as the rose’; but I do not hope for it literally.”

“Why not?”

“It seems to me impossible. Look at those mighty forests; notice the oaks and chestnuts and hemlocks covering the soil, and of so luxuriant a growth that they cannot surely be all removed. The labor will be too great.”

“No labor is too great for stalwart arms and willing hearts. In process of time these forests will all be swept away, and in their stead will be waving fields of grain, with farm-houses and villages and manufactories. I think Lakeside is destined to be, some day, one of the most beautiful portions of our State.”

“I would rejoice to believe it, but my faith is not so strong as yours. I hope at least that moral and religious culture will keep pace with its physical prosperity. Entertaining this idea, I have never yet repented that we came to dwell in the wilderness, and to endure a life of hardships and trials.”

CHAPTER XVII.

IS FREEZING A MEANS OF GRACE?

The Lakeside congregation felt very comfortable in their new meeting-house. It was so much better than worshipping in private houses and barns, that it seemed as if all of their wants were supplied. In the summer time nothing was wanting to the suitable accommodation of the worshippers. There were no cushions on the seats nor carpets on the floors, but these things were unthought of and consequently not supposed desirable. There was the cool shade of the chestnuts and oaks, where they might sit and converse during intermission; and there was the refreshing breeze from the lake, to sweep in at the open windows, cooling the atmosphere and refreshing the senses.

Many a stranger was attracted by the beauty of the scenery around the log meeting-house. It was so picturesquely beautiful, with its lake view, and hills, and lofty forest trees, and aboriginal mound, that it could not fail to be admired by every lover of the beautiful.

In the winter the view was not so beautiful, but was perhaps more grand and majestic. Far out on the bosom of the now calm, still lake, as far as

the eye could reach, nothing was visible but ice. The lake seemed draped in a robe of snowy white. The view had somewhat the appearance of a range of mountains, covered with driven snow. The mighty trees looked bare and dead, as though the breath of the spoiler had passed over them.

At first there were no arrangements for warming the meeting-house. There was neither stove, nor fireplace, nor chimney. These things were not considered necessary. Many of the people came a distance of six miles and more, but never even expected to feel the influence of fire, from leaving home in the morning until they returned in the evening. There might have been in the congregation, perhaps, two or three footstoves, brought from New England. On these little tin arrangements, containing live embers, the feet were placed. But as a general thing nothing of the kind was thought of nor used.

In the course of time, however, some artificial means were talked of for warming the house. This was of course on the part of the younger members of the congregation. The elder members were disposed to frown upon this project as an innovation. In fact feelings almost of bitterness were engendered, so that one good old father, whose vision was rather circumscribed, actually visited his pastor to expostulate with him on the great impropriety of any invasion of the established usages.

“I have called, Mr. Eaton, to talk with you

about this wild notion some of the congregation have got into their heads about having fire in the meetin-house. Who ever heard of the like?"

"It is quite common in some parts of the country to have stoves or fireplaces, and that is more than our people talk about."

"But where is the use of a fire in such a place?"

"It would no doubt add much to the comfort and even health of many in the congregation. Many of our people are aged—some are in feeble health, and women particularly would be more comfortable if some way was devised for warming the house."

"Indeed, that is very strange. Where I came from they never dreamed of such a thing. And they were as healthy as any people could be. It's an innovation, Mr. Eaton, and we must be on the lookout for such things."

"Innovations are good and desirable when they add to the comfort and happiness of a people."

"It cannot be. We must begin in time to watch these things. I have even heard that in some places they have quit lining out the psalm, and the next thing our people will want after fire in the house will be this doing away with lining out."

"I am in favor of such innovations as these. They are real improvements instead of dangerous changes."

"Is it possible you can think so? If a man can-

not sit two hours without a blazing fire to render him lazy, I think he has not much desire for preaching. And as to singing the new way, I think that next to blasphemy."

"But where is the wrong or even impropriety of having the house at least partially warmed? It can hurt no one, and it certainly involves no sacrifice of principle."

"Our fathers before us did not use fire, and we are no better than they were."

"True, we are perhaps no better than our fathers; but that does not prevent us from improving on their way of conducting business, where there is room for improvement."

"And you are really in favor of this new-fangled movement?"

"I am. I was not accustomed to fire in the church myself where I was brought up, but where more comfortable arrangements can be made, I heartily approve of adopting them."

"Well, you will see that it will be but the beginning of trouble. I predict that it will shake the church to its centre."

The people, however, resolved to have some way provided for warming the house. They talked long about it; many plans were suggested, and many efforts made. At last it was thought advisable to procure a large iron kettle, such as they used for boiling the sap of the maple tree into su-

gar, fill it with charcoal, and place it in the centre of the house.

They philosophized in regard to the matter in this wise. They could not have a fire in the ordinary way because they had neither fireplace nor chimney. But as charcoal would ignite and burn without smoke, they concluded that this was the fuel wanted in the emergency. So on Saturday the kettle was conveyed to the meeting-house, by Mr. Bell, on his ox sled, while another neighbor, who was a blacksmith, furnished the charcoal. The kettle was duly installed in its proposed place near the centre of the house where the two aisles met, and filled nearly to the brim with as fine coals as the smith shop could produce.

The next day was an eventful one to the congregation. It was considered an era in its history. Old and young were there, for curiosity was not an unknown feature of society as it was developed at Lakeside. Mr. Bell had arrived early with some ignited coals in an old tin vessel, and had set on fire the coals in the kettle. There was a general feeling that however some might be benefitted by the arrangement, the great majority were as much exposed to the chilly atmosphere as ever. Sometimes two or three ladies, of more than ordinary daring, would leave their seats and go to the fiery kettle for the purpose of warming themselves. Unconsciously they would bend over it until they inhaled the carbonic acid gas arising from it, and

would fall fainting to the floor. They would then be borne out to the fresh air when they would recover.

Many supposed that this was the result of a hysterical affection, not at that time considered very dangerous. But with all these inconveniences and difficulties and discomforts, no one thought of remaining at home. They loved the gospel. The Sabbath was hailed, not only as a day of rest, but of privileges. And as they had always been in the habit of enduring discomforts of this kind, they thought little about it.

This innovation, however, was but the fore-runner of others more valuable and important. The way once being broken, it was easier to introduce new improvements. It was discovered that the kettle of charcoal was a failure and must be set aside. The question then arose—what should be substituted in its stead? To build an immense fireplace, such as they had generally in their cabins, was regarded as an Utopian idea, as it would occupy by far too much room.

After submitting to these inconveniences and perplexities for a length of time, a neighbor proposed disposing of a stove for the use of the meeting-house. It was a huge ten plate affair that had been brought at great expense and trouble across the Allegheny Mountains. It was resolved, if the necessary funds could be raised, to secure this stove for the use of the congregation. The sum

at which it was valued was seventy-five dollars. It was a large amount for the finances of Lakeside, but the object was a laudable and useful one, and appealed to the enterprise of the people and their sense of comfort.

The sum was eventually raised and the unwieldy stove, mounted on Mr. Bell's sled, was carried triumphantly to the meeting-house. A small chimney was constructed from the ceiling to the roof, by setting bricks edgewise and the stove set at once in the position formerly occupied by the kettle of charcoal. From the first Sabbath it was in use all were well pleased, and looked upon it no longer as a doubtful experiment. Several of the neighbors took upon themselves in rotation to kindle a fire at an early hour on Sabbath morning, and with a far different feeling of comfort they all engaged in the worship of God.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SANKEY OF LAKESIDE.

Another sore trouble that agitated the Lakeside church was the arrangement for singing. From the beginning, the clerk, as he was termed, had been in the habit of reading the hymn, two lines at a time, so that all the congregation could follow in singing without having books themselves. This custom sprung up at first from the necessity of the case. Hymn-books could not readily be obtained, and unless the practice of lining was observed, the greater portion of the congregation must remain silent.

In course of time, however, books became accessible, and it was suggested by some that lining was no longer necessary and might be discontinued. This suggestion met with the most violent opposition from the older members of the congregation. It was regarded as a veritable part of the worship itself. They had never been in the habit of worshipping in any other way, and the force of long habit had settled their minds in the firm conviction that in no other way could praise be offered in an acceptable manner.

Some of the more rigid thought they would be obliged to leave the church altogether, if any inno-

vation was attempted in this matter. There was much conversation throughout the congregation. On the one hand there was a strong repugnance to wounding the feelings of even the weakest of the brethren, or to cause unnecessary agitation in the church. On the other hand it was considered a very great hardship to continue a practice that was tedious and rendered altogether unnecessary, since all who wished might procure books. After much counsel, and after seeking direction from the great source of light and knowledge, it was resolved that the practice of lining the hymns should be dispensed with, and that the clerk henceforward simply announce the tune and proceed to sing.

Much trouble and bitterness were the result. Some even pious and godly persons absented themselves from service altogether. Others came and lingered around the house or in the graveyard until the morning hymns were sung, then entered during sermon, and quietly stole out while the pastor was reading the concluding hymn. It was a source of very great annoyance to the more reasonable portion of the congregation, but it was thought that time, with its mellowing influences, would eventually reconcile all to the change. Some of the most bitter and strenuous opposers of the change were those whose walk and conversation were not the most exact and circumspect, whilst others were those whose consciences were entitled to the highest respect.

It was a long time before matters flowed smoothly and prosperously at the log meeting-house. Fortunately, however, no grievous breach was made between the pastor and any of his flock.

Reference has already been made to the practice of the clerk, in leading the singing, to arise at the head of the minister's pew, call out the name of the tune and then strike in with the full force of his musical voice. This clerk was a good-hearted, excellent man, but unfortunately still in single blessedness, and, having a cabin of his own, kept house by himself, keeping, as it was called, "Bachelor's Hall."

Among the few tunes that were then sung, was the old, familiar one, called "Liberty Hall," and it so occurred that the hymn given out on a certain occasion had for its first stanza the words appropriated to that tune in the music book. It was therefore altogether natural to sing it. Rising therefore in the accustomed conspicuous place, after clearing his throat and raising the forefinger of his right hand in readiness for beating the time, the good clerk proclaimed in a loud voice, "*Sing Bachelor's Hall!*"

No sooner were the unfortunate words uttered than the good man was conscious of his mistake. But he wisely forbore to correct it. He proceeded to sing the tune that was in his mind, but it was a very painful effort. Had not the minister's wife come to his relief, with her deep, sonorous voice,

the consequences might have been more serious. The hymn was concluded, but, for once in his life, it was thought by the leader to be too long. The effect upon the congregation was various. There were young men and maidens there, and for them it was exceedingly difficult to preserve their equilibrium. Many voices were not heard that usually gave tone and volume to the singing. Some of the elderly ladies even imagined they heard a suppressed tittering among a bevy of damsels who occupied a corner seat.

Liberty Hall was frequently sung after this, but its name was never afterwards pronounced by the clerk. When it was used, the first signal was the striking of the key note.

This same clerk was a notable man in the congregation in many respects. He was a natural genius, and could turn his hand to almost anything in the way of handycraft. He made spinning wheels and reels for the women, and plows and fanning mills for the men. He could even make clocks that kept wonderfully good time, although the people relied chiefly on the sun as their time keeper. Any old clocks that had been brought from over the mountains were always entrusted to him to repair and keep in order. In these operations the work was wholly his own. He could work, like Tubal Cain, in brass and iron; and was equally at home in wood and other materials. He had been the architect at the build-

ing of the log meeting-house, and had laid out all his skill in the manufacture of the pulpit. He had been consulted in the arrangement of nearly every house in the neighborhood ; making the cupboards and closets with his own hands. In his capacity as musician, he not only led the music in the meeting house but had singing schools at the houses, to instruct the young people in the mysteries of music, with the sole idea of fitting them for singing in the public worship. One of those singing schools was a curiosity in its way. The chairs and benches were arranged around the walls of the room leaving a clear space for the teacher. Each singer had brought a tallow candle from home with a bit of paper wrapped around the lower end of it, by which it might be held in the hand when lighted for use.

When all were ready, the singing commenced. At the first the music was in manuscript, copied from an old Dauphin County book by the deft hand of the clerk himself. The teacher, without condescending to look at the music himself, led off as he walked the floor beating time with both arms swinging loosely from the shoulder. The tunes were of the most staid and orthodox kind, hoary with age and sanctified by the use of centuries.

But the clerk was a confirmed bachelor. He had his own home, his farm and his horses and cattle and sheep. He loved to see all things around him

that made home comfortable, yet as far as society was concerned he lived alone. His favorite mare never knew what harness was, nor had she ever borne a saddle. The clerk would walk from home to meeting, a distance of five miles, leaving her in the clover up to her eyes. While he was a most welcome guest in every household, he seldom passed a night away from home, save one occasionally at the house of the minister. Here he loved to be, to talk on scientific and religious subjects with the minister, and sing with the minister's wife. Engaged in this way the evenings passed away rapidly, and he forgot for the time his cheerless home. But his chief joy was in leading the singing down at the meeting-house on the Sabbath. If he had eccentricities, they were of a pardonable kind, and his real, solid worth endeared him to the entire community. The children who grew up under the sound of his voice learned to imitate its tones, and to treasure them up as a part of the rich memories of the past.

CHAPTER XIX.

X EARLY HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

They were a primitive people, these Lakesiders. They had come chiefly from the eastern portion of Pennsylvania; some however had emigrated from New England and Eastern New York. They had brought with them the manners and customs of the places from which they had come. Their modes of speech differed, too, in many respects, yet withal, there was a great amount of sociability amongst them. Previous to the coming of Mr. Eaton amongst them, they had had very little religious service, dispensed by the regular ministry. In 1802 Mr. Patterson had preached a sermon at Mrs. M'Creary's house, near to where the minister's was afterwards built. As a general thing their gatherings had been of a social kind, rather than religious. Sometimes they would get together and dance and play cards, and sometimes they would close up these entertainments by a too free use of whiskey.

Even after the coming of the new minister, and the organization of the church, some of the members would assemble with others and have a dance and play cards. On such occasions, Mr. Pherrin, the singer, would bring his violin and furnish the

music for the entertainment. This was done rather privately for a time, and, when known, was a great grief to the pastor. Even the elders were not exempt from the practice. When expostulated with, they admitted that it was not considered right in the churches east of the mountains, but they had been so long away from the privileges of the church that they had fallen into the habit gradually, without thinking much about it. The minister told them very plainly that it was a practice that must not be tolerated if he remained amongst them.

“Well, really” said the young Elder, “we never designed to do anything wrong; we needed amusement, and the mere matter of dancing to the sound of the fiddle seemed harmless, but if you think there is anything really wrong about it, we will try and get along without it.”

“The wrong consists not so much in certain movements in connection with music, as in engaging in what is known everywhere as a worldly amusement, that is carried on in connection with intemperance and other unseemly actions. It is what it leads to; it is the associations that are connected with it that constitute the wrong and the danger.”

“But does not the Bible say that ‘there is a time to dance?’”

“It does, but you must look at the circumstances. David danced as an act of religious worship;

so did Miriam ; Jephthah's daughter danced as an expression of joy and gladness at the victory her father had achieved over the coming enemy. In not a single instance is it said that the sexes united together in dancing as a social amusement."

"Well really, I had not taken this view of the subject."

"And in addition, you are setting the example to your own children and those of others that will greatly influence them in after life. Professing Christians are set as the lights of the world. They are to reflect the light of Christ. They must be separate from the world, and by their example recommend the religion of Christ. You have seen the tendency of these things ; how it leads to low and debasing associations ; how it brings together people who would not otherwise associate together ; and how the tendency is only evil. It may not lead you astray, but it may lead your children to the wrong, even to destruction. Then this card-playing is very bad in its influences. You may say as you do about dancing, that bits of card are harmless and that where no betting is done in connection with them they afford a pleasant amusement. But there is a fallacy here that is most dangerous. It may seem innocent to push out your boat above the falls of Niagara, but we can see that there is really great danger of being drawn over into death. So I think we ought to see that in the use of the gambler's tools there is great dan-

ger to the young, of being drawn into danger, and led on to ruin."

"I had not taken this view of the matter at all, I was just thinking of a little amusement when neighbors get together, in order to pass away the time. But I can now see that there is the influence of example to be taken into the account. Our boys are growing up and they are forming habits that may affect them all through their lives, and our example should be good, so that if the worst comes, we may not have to reproach ourselves for helping them on to ruin. There is no doubt but that these worldly amusements are to be condemned on this account, if on no other, that they ally those who engage in them to the low and the vile, and form bonds that cannot but bring wrong and contamination to those who else would be beyond the scenes of temptation."

"Well, I think the matter will be set right. I will talk with the neighbors about it. I am quite sure that if Mr. Pherrin sees it in the light you do, he would never play his fiddle at a dance again. He would break it in pieces first, much as he thinks of it."

"I would be very glad if you would bring your influence to bear in trying to stop the matter. It will be a great deal better than to make a more public matter of it."

"I think you will hear of no more dancing nor card-playing in the congregation. We have other

things to attend to now, besides no one thought of the thing being wrong, as you have represented it. There is a general disposition to try and improve in everything, and your opinion is regarded as the law in matters of right and wrong."

"I do not wish my opinion to prevail any farther than it is in accordance with truth and righteousness. But I do know that I am anxious for my people's welfare, and that I feel that the matters we have been talking about are of the greatest importance to the welfare of the church and the best interests of the souls of our people. If you and I and the other Elders do our duty we can look for the blessing of God to rest upon our labors; and if the whole church will try and do their duty, we may hope that we will prosper and that our church will not only increase in numbers and strength, but become a blessing and a joy to this community."

"I have been here longer than you have, and can already see the good effects of the church in more ways than one. We really wished to do well, but without the restraints of the church, there was very little attention paid to the Sabbath. We knew the respect to which the Sabbath was entitled, but there was no meeting to go to, and gradually we forgot its sacred character, and went hunting and fishing, once in a while, and visiting very often, until it seemed almost a matter of course to spend the day in our own pleasures. But you

can see that we have improved greatly in this matter. Except a few who never cared about good things, the people are getting to respect the Sabbath, and are becoming a meeting-going community. I believe our little church is going to be the means of saving this Lakeshore country from going to ruin. And I believe that the strong stand you have taken from the start, in favor of good living, has been the means of working the change. I am ever so thankful that you have spoken to me about this thing of dancing and card playing: I can see now that they are but a part of the old way of serving the enemy, and that the sooner we get away from the whole thing the better it will be for us. So here is my hand, to help you in carrying these reformatations to the utmost, and I believe the people will be with us, and that all will be well.”

“I am glad to hear you say so. I was satisfied that what you wanted was light, to enable you to do your duty, in this and all other respects.”

The result was as the young elder had predicted. A little quiet talk with the other elders, and with the more influential members of the congregation, and these practices were laid aside, and known only amongst those who had not in any way identified themselves with the congregation. There was an influence, too, exerted outside. Shooting matches, on the Sabbath, that had been very popular, were abolished; hunting and fishing were almost unknown; Sabbath evening dances were

given up outside of the people who attended the meeting, because a feeling began to prevail that they were not respectable; and the influence of the little log meeting-house was felt far beyond the circle of those who regularly attended upon its services. It was the quiet influence of a faithfully preached gospel, accompanied by the power of a quiet, conscientious life and faithful precepts of the minister who had devoted himself to the work in their midst.

There were discouragements, as was to be expected; there was much straitness in the minister's household; there was call for the exercise of patience and economy on the part of the minister's wife. There was bread, or, if not bread, potatoes and pumpkins; but often the wardrobe was very scant; yet there never was any complaint; if there was nothing new, there were immense resources in the way of coloring and turning and darning and patching, that compensated for the want of new material. And so the work went forward in faith and tears, in hope and belief of better days to come.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BODILY EXERCISE.

11 Rev. Robert Johnston of Meadville was assisting the pastor at his communion. He was a strong, vigorous man, full of zeal, and with earnestness almost apostolical. In manner he was brusque and decided, and with a will that knew little of yielding or temporizing. He bore in his veins the blood of the puritans. With no feeling of boasting or self importance he traced his lineage directly to Oliver Cromwell, through his daughter Bridget. And while not valuing himself on this account, he yet bore many of the characteristics of the stern old man whose life and character were so deeply impressed upon the age in which he lived. He was just the man to go into the wilds of Venango County and set up the standard of the gospel in that new region, afterwards to become so famous in its petroleum deposits. He had planted himself at Scrubgrass, almost at the dawn of the century, and had seen some of the wonderful works of the Lord that characterized that early day.

The Lakeside pastor had long been anxious to have a detailed account from Mr. Johnston of the remarkable work in some of the churches known

at that day as the "*bodily exercise*." It had been common in the churches in western Pennsylvania about the beginning of the century and had been felt with great power in Scrubgrass, where his first ministry had been exercised. It was chiefly connected, in its manifestations, with western Pennsylvania, although it was not unknown in portions of Kentucky and southern Ohio.

The two brethren had been down at the Lake. Mr. Johnston never wearied looking out upon its grandeur. It conveyed to his mind such an idea of the power and majesty of God that he could sit for hours listening to its solemn voice and gazing out upon its apparently infinite expanse.

"I almost envy you, my brother, your home by the side of this wonderful sheet of water," he said, after they had returned and were seated out in front of the house. "It seems to me that if I lived here I would be able to preach grander sermons and almost feel that I was nearer to God and heard his voice more audibly than I do away back in the country."

"I often sit," Mr. Eaton replied "out here in the evening time and listen to the voice of this Lake and am reminded of the great Maker of all things; still I know that the Lord is in the still, small voice that does not address itself to the outward ear. Yet this outward voice is often a reminder of the presence and power of the Holy One, when else we might forget. Sometimes the

storm and the whirlwind are manifestations of God and sometimes the quiet still scenes of life. And this reminds me that I have often wished to talk with you about the times through which you passed in your ministry at Scrubgrass. I saw something of 'the bodily exercise' when I was at Canonsburgh. I attended some of the meetings there, where it prevailed, but had not the opportunity of studying it that you had amongst your own people, both in its effects and results."

"It was in 1802 when I took charge of the church of Scrubgrass. The congregation was small and I was greatly discouraged at the first. The people were scattered, and most of them careless and indifferent about religious things. There were but three men in the whole congregation who could be induced to lead in prayer, and it was impossible to get them together for prayer meetings at all. They were clearing up their lands, worked hard, and thought they were too tired at night to come out for religious purposes. So we were obliged to be content with the Sabbath services. I tried to be faithful in my visitation and catechizing, but it seemed as though the heavens would neither give rain nor overshadow us with clouds giving token of the rain. But it came at last, and with terrible power and majesty. The windows of heaven were opened and the blessing was poured out until there was hardly room to receive it."

“But how did the movement commence, and what were the tokens of its coming?”

“I noticed it first in an apparent tenderness at our meetings. The ears of the people seemed to have been opened; they were eager to hear; they seemed to be taking in the word as never before; moistened eyes were seen everywhere; there was a quietness when they dispersed; they began to talk together about religious matters; with one accord they came to hear the word. I felt that the Lord was in our midst and my whole soul was stirred up for the work that I knew was just commencing. Yet I said nothing in regard to my hopes, but simply held up the cross with more earnestness than ever and waited for the salvation of God.”

“What was the first appearance of the ‘bodily exercise?’”

“It was in this wise: On a certain Sabbath evening after the benediction was pronounced, there was an evident reluctance to leave the house. Whilst a solemn awe was visible on every face, five or six appeared to be awakened to a sense of their lost and undone condition, amongst whom were two of the most unlikely persons in the house. One of them was the largest man in the assembly, and full of self importance; the other a file-leader in the devil’s camp, who attempted to escape by flight, got entangled in the bushes, and was forced to come back for a light to find his

path, and who, the moment he set his foot inside the door, fell prostrate on the floor, under a sense of condemnation. And so the work went forward, God leading the way and winning souls to Christ until more than half of the adult persons in the congregation were brought into the church."

"But what were the effects of these exercises upon the body?"

"Really no physical causes can be assigned for these manifestations. I have seen men and women sitting in solemn attitude, pondering the solemn truths that were presented, and, in a moment, fall from their seats, or off their feet, if they happened to be standing, as helpless as though they had been shot, and lie for ten, or fifteen, or twenty minutes, or even half an hour, as motionless as a person in a sound sleep. At other times the frame would be thrown into a state of agitation so violent as seemingly to endanger the safety of the subject; and yet, in a moment, this agitation would cease, and the persons arise in the possession of all their bodily powers, and take their seats composed and solemn, without the least sensation of pain or uneasiness."

"Could the subjects of these exercises hear or appear to be conscious during the time of this prostration?"

"I think that generally they could. Some who had lain on the floor without one discernible sign of life except the natural warmth and color of the

skin, have told me that they could hear and reflect whilst in this condition as well or better than when in possession of their natural faculties."

"How about the exercises of mind at such times?"

"They were varied. Some have been operated upon in this way, under pleasing exercises of mind, and others have lain motionless under the anguish of a wounded spirit. Some were under deep and pungent conviction for weeks, before they felt any effect on the body; whilst some passed through the whole course of the awakening and conviction, and became hopefully pious, who never felt any symptoms of bodily agitation."

"Were all who came under the influence of this extraordinary exercise brought into the church, or did they become hopefully pious?"

"No; as a general thing they were; yet some who were thus exercised failed to obtain hope, and in some cases in after years became pious, yet did not trace their conviction to this cause. I cannot account for the matter at all. I do not think it can be traced to physical causes. Physicians who were present, and anxious to understand the phenomena, and examined the subjects, were completely at a loss to account for the matter, or explain it to their own satisfaction."

"Was this 'bodily exercise' encouraged by the ministers who were in charge of these meetings?"

"It was not. It was something we could not

understand and we simply took matters as we found them. At the beginning of the revival of which we are speaking, I cautioned my people against outcries or outbursts of feeling. This seemed to have a good effect, for, although the work was very powerful, yet this bodily exercise was no interruption to the services. I have preached to a crowded assembly when more than one half of the people were lying helpless before me during the greater portion of divine service, without the least noise or disturbance of any kind to divert or interrupt the attention of any individual from the word spoken."

"Did it seem as though this affection was wholly irresistible, on the part of its subjects?"

"I think it was entirely so. Persons were as liable to be affected when in the act of resisting, as under any other circumstances; and many who came to mock and oppose and show their strength, remained to pray, and returned to inquire what they must do to be saved."

"Were persons of different ages and temperaments affected alike?"

"They were not affected always in the same way, yet, persons of all ages, men, women and children, were affected. The grave, the gay, the silent and talkative, the sober in judgment and the volatile, all came within the sphere of its influence; there was no distinction."

"The style of preaching was probably not very

different from what it was at other times, but likely warm and pungent, and influenced, no doubt, by the circumstances."

"In my own congregation it was not greatly different from what it had been. Of course we were all very much stirred up. The terrors of the Law had been pretty fully held up before the people previously, and there was no abatement of the same during the meeting. Still, when the sinner had been fully awakened to the feeling of his danger, Christ was held up as the great Saviour of sinners, and the way of salvation through Him fully explained. Christ was set forth as full of power to save, his love was dwelt upon in the sacrifice for sin; still, the Law with all its terrors was not forgotten. Sinai, with all its thunders, was often exhibited, and the terrors of the world to come dwelt upon that men might feel their need of Christ."

"Your account corresponds with those I have read in the 'Western Missionary Magazine,' as given of the work of God as seen in similar meetings in Washington County. There the meetings were continued all night, in some cases, simply because the people would not go to their homes. In some cases there were two or three ministers preaching at the same time, in the house and out in the grove. This was the case at Upper Buffalo where Elisha Mc Curdy preached his famous War Sermon. 'At the close of this sermon,' says Rev.

Thomas Hunt, who was in the wagon from which Mr. M'Curdy preached, 'the scene appeared like the close of a battle, in which every tenth man had fallen, fatally wounded.'"

"I have often talked with M'Curdy about that meeting. It will never be forgotten by that generation. The state of the times may have had something to do with the matter. The gospel was a new thing to many of the multitude then; yet, withal, it was the mighty power of God. This is the only explanation we can give of the matter."

"And this is explanation enough. God carries forward his own work in his own way; and what if when we are entering on this new century, and taking possession of this new country, He should come amongst us with unwonted power and energy, and with tokens of His own awful sovereignty setting in operation a work that is to greatly influence this region for all days to come. What we are to do is simply to recognize His presence and rejoice in His faithfulness."

"That is just the view to take of the matter. It is the Lord, and it may be that this baptism from on high is a preparation for some great mission this part of the land has to fulfil. We cannot tell, The Lord does all things well."

"My own feeling in the matter is, that when any great peril assails either the Church or the State, the Lord prepares His people for the trial and furnishes them for the strife."

This conversation was continued until the stars looked down upon the brethren and the dews warned them that it was time to enter the house for the night. There was a tenderness in the devotions that night that was born of that conversation under the apple trees, and in silence the household and the guest betook themselves to rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VISIT TO LAUREL HILL.

Home ties were still strong. The little stone house near the base of the mountain had still many attractions for the missionary's wife. She had begun to feel contented by the side of the lake and enjoyed her home there, but her mother was growing old, and the way seemed open to make her a visit. Her husband had been appointed a Commissioner to the General Assembly, that was to hold its sessions in Philadelphia. The old home would be on the way, and so the plan was arranged, to go together as far as Laurel Hill, then the minister was to go on to Philadelphia, and return by way of Laurel Hill.

The journey would be a long and tedious one, yet the prospect of a visit to her old home was so delightful that it was looked forward to with pleasure. All the arrangements were made, the stopping places on the road taken into consideration, and the time calculated as nearly as possible. They were to go on horseback, carrying two children; it would be five days steady travelling, with the hope of good weather each day. It was arranged to start early on Monday morning with the hope of reaching the end of the journey on

Friday evening. Some supplies were prepared for the comfort of the children, and all was ready. The neighbors assembled to see them off and bid them God speed on the way.

“I only wish I was going along,” said Mrs. Bell, who had not seen her old home since leaving it as a bride, twelve years before. “I have not seen my mother’s face since I left her to come out to this new country. And although I do not repent coming out here, yet I do get so homesick sometimes that I hardly know what to do with myself. I believe I take many a good cry all to myself, I get so hungry to look upon my mother’s face and hear her voice once more. But I do not suppose I will ever see her again, the distance is so great and the time seems never to come for leaving home.”

Another neighbor said, “take a good look at the mountains for me; I see them in my dreams sometimes and even that does me good. Our lake is the next best thing to the mountains, but it does not look so homelike. We have everything comfortable here, yet we can’t help thinking about home at times.”

“We mustn’t all be grumblin’ at this rate,” said Mrs. Chambers, “we’ll have the travellers a cryin’, purty soon. This won’t do. We want ’em to start off as chirk as robins on a May day. I’m sorry to see ’em start, but I wish ’em good luck on the way. The jaunt ’ll be a little expensive, but

it'll do 'em good. Maybe in the long run it'll be money well laid out, if it is hard to gather up."

The farewells were all said; the horses were at the door; the children were wrapped up, and the horses heads turned southward. The oldest child was seated before its father and the baby in its mother's arms. For half an hour not a word was said; at length Mrs. Eaton remarked, "the neighbors were very kind to come such a distance to see us off, and I feel better for their kind words; but Mrs. Chambers always winds up with words that have a sting to them. I wonder if she does not know that words cut, as well as knives."

"I think she means well, although her words do cut. She commenced this morning so pleasantly that I really thought she would leave a pleasant recollection of herself for our journey; but she must throw that Parthian arrow at the last. But it is her way and we must make allowance for her as this is her manner of exhibiting the traces of the old Adam that belong to us all in some form or other."

"I wish I had as much charity as you have; I try to overlook these things, but it is so hard. It really seems to do her good to say spiteful things, yet withal she has a vast amount of goodness of heart, and will do anything for us when we are in need. Just before we started she put into my hand this little sum of money, rolled up in a bit of linen rag, saying 'say nothing to any one, it'll be

of use in the journey'; and then followed it up with those words about the scarcity of money. She is a queer woman."

"It is her nature, and great allowance must be made for it. She no doubt wishes us as well as any of the less demonstrative neighbors. We should try and cultivate a habit of letting bitter words pass in at one ear and out at the other. It requires practice to do this, I know, but, situated as we are, we will hear many a word that will give pain, and the less we think about it the better."

There was weariness that day. The children soon fell asleep, and forgot their cares, but there was the ceaseless motion of the horses, and, in places, the roads were rough and muddy. Yet they made the distance calculated on, and slept soundly through the night. On the following day they did not quite make the required distance. A shoe was found to be defective on the minister's horse, and it was a long distance to a blacksmith's shop, bringing lameness and slow travelling. But the little party travelled on patiently and laboriously, day after day, until at last the long blue line of the mountains came in view. It was like the sight of land to the weary shipmen, and revived their courage at once. By sundown they were safe in the old homestead, with all their troubles over for the present.

The following week the minister set out, in company with Mr. Guthrie, the minister at Laurel

Hill, for Philadelphia, to attend the meeting of the General Assembly. It was a long trip, and required two weeks to go, and the same length of time to return. Yet it was the ordinary mode of travel, and, as they were joined by many of their brethren who were going to the same place, the time really seemed to pass rapidly, and, ere they were aware, they reached the end of their journey.

The visit was not over when the party returned from the General Assembly, and they lingered around the old place as though they thought that this was the last visit they would ever make to it.

"I was thinking of the remark of poor Mrs. Bell, this morning," said Mrs. Eaton, "about her homesickness to see her mother, and it seems to me that this will be the last time that we will see mother in this life, so I thought if you could lengthen out the visit another week it would be a gratification to her and to me. I think I am thoroughly content to live and die at Lakeside; and I have never for one moment regretted that we went there to spend our lives, yet I do think there are duties we owe to our friends that sometimes come in the way of that self-sacrifice we might else feel disposed to make for the general good. Still, I do not insist; you know what is best, better than I do, and I leave it altogether to you to decide."

"I am entirely satisfied to remain another week; there is no urgency in the matter, that should tear you away from your friends. Lake-

side will not suffer; Mr. Riggs and Mr. Condit are each to preach a day in my absence; and I am not insensible of the claims your mother has upon us both; so we will stay until next Monday, week."

But time will pass. The days seemed to glide rapidly by, and Monday morning came at last. The journey was resumed and silence prevailed until miles of the road had been passed over. There are some states of mind where silence seems sacred, and when it seems to bring balm to the mind. Soon there was cheerfulness and pleasant conversation, although there was not the slightest allusion to the homestead that was left behind. On the afternoon of Friday the pleasant breezes of the lake began to fan the weary brows of the wayfarers and they felt that they would soon be at home amongst the people of their love and care. As the time of their arrival was not known, the people were not expecting them particularly, so they stopped at the home of one of their nearest neighbors, to tarry for the night.

There was joy on both sides at their arrival. The minister and his wife were glad to be at home to resume their duties, and the people were glad to see them take up the labor and the care that had been, so far, so much to their advantage.

"I tell you I'm mighty glad to see you both safe and sound. It seemed as though everything stopped while you were away. We had a little

preachin', but the men were strangers and the preachin' didn't go more than skin deep; and I tell'd Chambers if any of us died, ther'd be no one to give us christian burial. But now we'll start off right again, I reckon, and be ourselves once more. You both look kind of tuckered out with your travel, but you'll be as sound as roaches by another week. I kinder reckon, Miss Eaton," she added privately, "your mam rigged you out with some new jimeracks, for Sundays; We'll see 'em at meetin', but then it's long to wait, and I'll slip over some day soon and take a peep at 'em when the minister's not by."

There was a large attendance at meeting the next Sabbath, and all came forward at the close of the service to shake hands with the minister and his wife and tell them how glad they were to see them back again at their home and at work. So it really seemed to the minister that his wife's prediction had come true, that the people would value him all the more on account of his absence for a few weeks. But the vacation was now over, and work must be resumed with new vigor. The sick were to be visited, some new comers must be looked after, and the general interests of the congregation must be promoted by a new and more vigorous system of visitation.

CHAPTER XXII.

PASTORAL WORK.

There were two forms of outside pastoral work in which the minister engaged. One was that of direct visitation, the other was public catechizing. The former was carried on from house to house, the latter by holding meetings in different quarters of the congregation. He usually announced what portion of the congregation he intended to visit on a given week, and expected to find the families at home during that week when he should call. The work was laborious, as the families were widely scattered and not many could be visited in a day. Still he persevered until he made the circuit of the congregation each winter. At each house there was conversation on personal religion, and prayer. There was also, what the children called saying the questions, or reciting the Shorter Catechism, with, sometimes, the Scripture proofs.

In the examinations there was a meeting of all the families in a certain district, on Saturday afternoon, at a school house, or private house if this was more convenient. At these meetings the Shorter Catechism was recited by the whole number of persons present, with remarks on the questions and a general enforcement of duty on all present.

Often during these excursions the family were left alone for several days and nights, and managed to get through the duties of house and barn as comfortably as possible. The children of the household looked upon the absence of their father almost as a matter of course. Sometimes they tried to help as best they could with the duties of the home. Even the second son would anticipate the time of feeding the cows by crying out, "time to foddey tow, mamma?" And on one of these occasions, on her return from foddering the cows, his mamma found little Dannie sprawled out on the snow, having attempted to follow his mother to the barn. That night after "reading the book" and asking the children their little questions, there arose this conversation in the home circle:

"Mamma, if God made me," said the eldest, "why did He not make me a man like papa, so I could go out and help you to fodder the cows and bring in wood and make paths in the snow?"

"My son, God is wiser than you, and as He has made you a very little boy, I think that must be the better way. But if you live, you will some day be a man, like papa, and then we will expect a great deal of help and comfort from you."

"Will I always live with you and be your son, and help you?"

"I cannot tell how this will be. When boys grow up and become men they sometimes go and

get homes for themselves; but I hope always to have you near me to be a comfort to me."

"But why does papa go away so much and leave us alone? I guess you are a little afraid sometimes, because you always fasten the doors and windows so much at nights."

"Well, I cannot tell you, so you would understand, just why your papa is obliged to be away so much, but he has work to do and must attend to it. He must go and see the people that are sick, and try and do all the good he can."

"Does every man have to be away from home trying to do good?"

"No, but your papa is a minister, and ministers must go around trying to do good to others."

The conversation was here interrupted by the sound of horse hoofs and soon it was obvious that the minister had returned, unexpectedly, to his home.

"I came" he said "from the presence of the dead. Old Mrs. Cameron has found rest at last. I was to see her yesterday; this morning she died; I called at the house this afternoon, and thought it best to come home to-night, so you could go down and assist to-morrow."

"How did you find her yesterday, calm and composed, and waiting, as usual?"

"Yes, it did me good to be there. She had passed by the time of pain and suffering and was waiting for the call to rest. She seemed to have

remarkably clear views of her personal interest in Christ, and to be so near the place of rest that she could, like Moses, see the good land in the distance. There was such a beauty reflected from her face that it seemed to me as I looked upon it that the light of the Eternal City was streaming down upon it. And as I talked to her, for she was too weak to talk herself, she seemed to take in all that was said and to appropriate it to her own comfort, with a quietness and peace that showed how near the Lord was to her in her last hours. As we knelt down to pray, she took my hand in hers and signified her feelings by a gentle pressure, as thanks were rendered to the Lord for all His faithfulness to her, and grace sought for her that she might have comfort and peace and triumph at the last. I would have liked to have remained with her, but there was a sick man farther south that I was anxious to see, so I was obliged to take leave of her, and, putting my ear near to her lips, I could just distinguish the words: 'Rest—home—heaven—I'll—see—you—there.' "

"She seems to have gone down rather rapidly at the last."

"She was a great sufferer; I had seen her so often during the last three months that it seemed as though I would always find her with her pleasant face, so much pleased to meet me. But she has passed away from her care and pain and has entered into life. I believe too if Stephen saw the

Lord in the time of his departure, she did, for that look of her soft eyes, and that sweet smile on her face were never born of earth. And when I called to-day and looked upon her in the stillness of death the same smile was there, but deepened and intensified by the look, I think God always gives to His children as they are just leaving the body, of the opened gates that are just ready to receive them. There was a look that almost startled me. It was sweet beyond expression. All the lines of suffering and care were smoothed out, there was not a trace of earth left. And there was a grandeur and a dignity in her whole appearance such as I have seldom seen, even in the dead. The family told me that just as she was dying there came such an expression of joy and gladness over her countenance that they were almost terrified, as at something they had never witnessed before. And I can well believe it, for there were the lingering lineaments of that look of joy and pleased surprise still upon her face as I looked upon it to-day, as though she had at the last, a glimpse of the splendors of heaven, and heard some faint echoes of its sweet music. But she sees it all plainly now, she hears the songs that are sweeter than those of the angels, and is at home in the City of God. I think that look and that first impression of the coming glory, would more than recompense this dying woman for all her suffering and watching and waiting during

this year that we thought must be so long to her. God never forgets. He gives us all glimpses at times of His faithfulness and care of His children, as He has just done in the case of Mrs. Cameron ; but He will show us yet better things, when we see Him with the perfect vision of heaven."

"What about the other sick man, farther on?"

"He still thinks he will get well; but there was a bright spot on his cheek and a light in his eye that are very unfavorable to such an opinion. It does not seem to me that he has long to live; yet he is making calculations about his clearing when he gets about again, and thinks that his illness is but temporary. It is one of the difficult things of my work to know just what to say at such times. I know that it is always proper to press the Gospel upon men who are without its hopes, and I try to do this, and do do it; but the time has not come to tell him that he cannot live, and until he feels this nearness to death, he will not give heed to the message of truth."

"How did you get along with your visitation, in the mean time? You would not have much time outside of these cases of sickness."

"Not very much: I made out to be at six houses, but some of the family were, in almost every case, absent, helping to take care of the sick. So the satisfaction was not as great as usual in my calls. But I found some interesting cases that encouraged me, so I went on with the work until

the death of Mrs. Cameron. Next week I will begin again and try and finish that end of the congregation, before I commence nearer home. There is more work to do than I can do well, and I almost get discouraged sometimes; still I will do what I can and leave the results with the Lord."

"While you were away I heard of Mrs. Chambers' sickness, and went over to see her. I got Jane M'Creary to stay with the children, while I was gone. She was taken sick rather suddenly, but is now better. I told her you were away from home and would not be back until Saturday. She seemed glad to see me, and is very much toned down by her illness. There is something good about the woman, yet she has much to contend with in the way of her natural disposition. She will be round in a few days I think; still you had better call in the morning if you have time. I wonder if ever you will find time to rest?"

"I am resting now, and my work rests me, if I could ever get it done. But it is time for us to prepare for sleep; we must all go down to Mr. Cameron's to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOPES AND LIGHTS.

There had been several deaths in the congregation during the year, that cast a shade of sadness over the little congregation at Lakeside. The death of old Mrs. Cameron was the last, and reflections on it and a desire to improve it and at the same time bring comfort to the friends of the departed, suggested the subject of the sermon for the following Sabbath. It was at the close of the month of September and the congregation was unusually large. The recent deaths had cast a feeling of solemnity over the community, and there was a quiet assembling of the neighbors, at the old Indian Mound, awaiting the appearance of the minister. As he appeared at length there was a feeling that something unusual was resting on his mind. There was the usual appearance of solemn reverence on his face, but in addition there was the light of a sweet joy that almost transfigured his countenance. And as they followed him into the meeting-house, there was a quiet stillness that showed how deep the feeling was that moved every heart.

The subject was the resurrection, and as the text: "I am the Resurrection and the life," was

announced, the minds of the people recurred to the scenes of the last week, when they had assembled to lay the remains of their neighbor and friend in the grave.

“ We are reminded of the great change. Our friend is not with us to-day. She has passed away from our vision. We laid her mortal remains to rest near this house of God, to await the voice of the Lord at the last day : but they only sleep, they will be raised again. That sleeping dust will awake and put on the beauty of the ransomed estate that has been purchased for it by the Lord.”

“ But, ‘how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?’ They will be changed, refined, and adapted to their new vocation and surroundings. Fishes are adapted to live in the water ; birds float in the atmosphere ; men move heavily on the surface of the earth. We eat, we drink, we sleep. Our circumstances require it here, because we are flesh and blood, and are living under a peculiar organization. When that organization is changed and our bodies raised at the last day, purified, and fitted for the spiritual life and home above, they will still be the same, though spiritual bodies.”

“ God’s power can do all this, for it is absolutely without limit. Look at what even man can do in purifying and almost glorifying matter. Follow the crude, dull ore as it goes through the furnace. It is beaten on the anvil ; it is tempered in the

heat until it comes out the bright, flashing sword blade, the symbol of power and military glory! Take the dark, unsightly charcoal, that would defile your garments by its contact, and follow it through the refining process of bold science until it becomes the pure carbon, a resplendent diamond, such as glows in the coronets of kings; and you see what man can do in refining and purifying and making matter beautiful and glorious!"

"Then see what God does in the processes of nature, before our eyes, almost every day! You plant your corn in the mellow soil. That soil has not an element of beauty about it. Portions of it in the form of manures are absolutely repulsive. That corn grows, as we term it. It gathers food from the generous soil. It takes on substance from the atmosphere, in the form of noxious, repulsive gases, until it matures in wondrous grace and beauty. Its broad leaves and graceful tassel, rustle their praises to the God of creation! Take another illustration; here are dull, marshy pools. The water is stagnant. It breathes out malaria. There is death in the breezes through its influence. Its very appearance is disgusting, and all living creatures of high organization avoid it as they would the plague. But that poisonous water evaporates. It is drawn up imperceptibly to the higher regions of the atmosphere. It looks toward the sun. It gathers into the little cloud that follows the sun to its setting. It is beautiful in the dying

light. Its color seems borrowed from the walls of the New Jerusalem! The same cloud may afterwards bear the resplendent arch of the rainbow, graceful in form, elegant in tint, and perfect in beauty, as though it were but the reflection in the mirror of the sky of that wondrous rainbow John saw from Patmos, encircling the emerald throne of God."

"This is something of what God can do in beautifying and glorifying matter here on the earth, in the presence of our sinful and imperfect natures. What can He not do then, what will He not do in preparing the resurrection body for heaven? What will He not do for a world without sin, for children ransomed by the blood of His own son; for the adornment and glory of the Eternal City, the grand Metropolis of the universe?"

"If matter, even on the earth, under the cunning manipulation of science, can be made so beautiful; of what beauty and comeliness may it not be susceptible under the grand knowledge, and infinite power of the heavenly estate? If God, even here, to our feeble senses, and in this imperfect estate, can take the water of the stagnant pool as a base on which to paint the skies, what can He not do amid the clear light of heaven's eternal noon? And if from the unclean soil and the poisonous nitrogen He brings forth the gorgeous cup of the royal Lily and the sweet fragrance of the violets that grow in the meadow; what can

He not do with these frail bodies of ours when He raises them up at the last day, moulds them in the image of Jesus and decks them in regal beauty to stand before the throne !”

“ Just what the nature of that body is to be we cannot tell, save that it is to be like the risen body of Christ, our Lord. Let us look at it for a moment. : it could be seen ; it could be felt ; there were the marks of the nails and the spear ; there was the same general appearance of form and feature ; yet withal there was a change. ‘ And we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is’. We cannot tell as to the precise atoms of matter that enter the resurrection body, in the glad, glorious future ; but we know there will be an identity ; there will be to you and to me the conviction that it is the same body we knew upon the earth, with all its surpassing beauty and glorious form. As we stand in the clear, blessed light of heaven, with all the beauty of the Apocalyptic vision, there will be the assurance that it is our very selves—the glorified soul and the glorified body that constituted our own personal identity when we were upon the earth.”

“ And here are golden thoughts—how precious is the work of Christ, our Saviour ! He comes to us in our ruin and sin and brings deliverance. He washes these poor sin-stained souls in His own blood, and fits them for the holy society of heaven. And even these dying bodies, distorted by disease,

worn by labor and toil, faded by time, wearing out through the cold, heavy influence of the curse, are raised up by Almighty power from the dust of the centuries, made more erect than the Palm tree and more beautiful than any earthly dream, and prepared for the highest sphere of service the Eternal God ever appoints for the creatures He has made!"

"We see our high privilege—'now are we the sons of God—and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ'—yea, we are the younger brethren of the King, through the adoption of our God, and the eternal covenant He has made for our glory. We are all invited to come and accept this high privilege and enter upon this high honor. The invitation is exceedingly broad, the call exceedingly earnest, the responsibility fearfully solemn. As we hear and as we act in this matter of faith in Jesus Christ—the reception or the rejection of Him who is our only hope in life and our only safety in death, so must our final condition be. And lastly; there is nothing terrible in death if we have clasped hands with Jesus and surrendered all to Him. It is but the beginning of life; it is but passing from the outer court to the inner sanctuary of the great Temple of life, where we shall be at home forever!"

Quietly and soberly did the congregation disperse to their homes when the services were concluded. Each one seemed to be in deep thought

over the discourse that all felt was so opportune and full of comfort. The little burial plot near the church seemed to them a more sacred place than they had before regarded it; the relatives who slumbered there seemed nearer to them in the thought that they should look upon them once more after the sleep of ages should be broken. And life seemed more real and more earnest after the warm, urgent appeals of the minister, growing out of the grand subject that had been the theme of the discourse. And as the minister rode slowly to his home, his own heart was full of the reflection that his diligence would be quickened by the stimulus given to it by the subject that was at the first designed for the comfort and edification of His people. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

X LOGGING AND QUILTING.

The people of Lakeside were from the first sociable and neighborly. They assisted each other in all their important undertakings. When houses were to be built, when the time of logging had come, and even in the season of husking corn, they assembled together and made common cause of the work. In this way sociability was promoted and work that would have been difficult for the few was readily accomplished by the many. In the logging, or getting the heavy timber, that covered the country, into heaps, ready to be burned, this combined effort was a common thing. It was usually done in the autumn time, after the harvest had been gathered. The trees were cut down and divided into proper lengths, and left to dry. Before the logging time the whole was set on fire, burning up the brush, and leaving only the logs, blackened and begrimed, but yet ready for the logging. The men who assembled for the work, expected no compensation, but simply a return in kind when they should call for help. Sometimes two of these forms of co-operative work were carried on at the same time. The women would have

a quilting in the house whilst their brethren were engaged in logging on the edge of the woods.

Such an occasion was arranged at the minister's home, on one of the last days of August. The timber had been cut down by the neighboring men during the winter as they could spare a day, now and then, from their own work, and Mr. Bell had volunteered to come and set the clearing on fire, choosing a good day, as far as the wind was concerned, and setting the fire in the right place, so as to sweep gradually over the whole clearing. All the preparations had been made, the proper number of men and the proper number of yokes of oxen to draw the logs together had been secured.

Early on Tuesday morning the men were on the ground; three yokes of oxen with their drivers, and four men to each team to roll the logs into piles. The work had hardly commenced, when a fourth yoke of oxen, driven by a man named H. accompanied by three other men was seen approaching. As they drew nigh, H. cried out with his great, cheerful voice:

"Here we come, the rough scuffs of Lakeside, ready to work without an invitation. We don't want you inside fellows to have all the fun, and we'll agree that as long as we are on the minister's ground we'll not swear a single word, nor make more noise than is required in driving stags at a loggin. Isn't that a fair offer, minister?"

"Oh yes, Mr. H. But if you can keep from

swearing one day I really think you might quit it altogether; and I think this would be a good plan. But I am very glad to see you and the other men, and thank you for coming.

“Swearin is a mean thing, I know, but it comes kind of natural to us rough fellows; but there is no thanks for the comin. We heard of the frolic, and concluded that we had jist as good a right to a little fun as these fellows; besides you have no time to log yourself, cos it takes all your time to look after these fellows you have round you; as you walk purty straight yourself, it’s no more than any white man ort to do, than to bear a hand and help once in a while, if they don’t go to your meetin.”

“I am obliged to you, and would really like to see you all at our meetings sometimes. We have plenty of room and the Gospel is free.”

“I know the Gospel is there ready for us, if we would go after it, and may be we will sometime; but this is not work, and we come to do something worth while. Hurraw, boys let us be at it.”

The whole party set to with a will, and the work went forward splendidly. A large tree that had fallen out of root and had not been cut up was selected as the bed of the first log-heap. The log chain was attached to the nearest log and with shouting to the team was brought up by its side and rolled into position by the men who were

equipped with handspikes. Then another log was rolled on the top of this one by means of skids; and so the work went forward with shouting and many a joke and smart saying, as the great heaps multiplied all along the edge of the clearing. The minister in the meantime busied himself in carrying water for the men to drink from the Far Spring. This spring he considered the best in all the country; indeed it is doubtful whether he did not prefer it to the much larger spring that gushed out of the rock, at his father's door, away across the great mountains.

X In the meantime the house was not neglected. A quilting had been inaugurated, and the wives and sisters of the loggers had come equipped for their particular work. Quilting frames had been borrowed for the occasion. The lining was linen, the best that Lakeside could produce from its well bleached flax, and was "basted," as they called it, to the frames, and these supported at the four corners by the backs of as many split bottomed chairs. Then some carefully carded cotton wool was spread over the lining and the upper side of the quilt spread upon this. This upper side had been pieced with wonderful care and patience out of fragments of calico, the remains of nearly every dress that had been made in the neighborhood, for years. The quilting was done with home-made thread, the product of the now skilful hands of the minister's wife. So the work went forward with

no less diligence than that out in the clearing. There was the busy hum of voices, the occasional merry peal of laughter, and the more sober talk about the work in hand.

"I reckon," said Mrs. Chambers, "you'll have it laid out in shell work around the ages. That makes a nice border. Then on these big white patches I think the sunflower pattern would look neat. Then along that white stripe, I should make wave work. Some like wild geese; but we'll make it jest as you say. You're the one that is to see it oftenest, and ort to be suited if any one."

The pattern was decided on, when three of the women were detailed to assist Mrs. Eaton in the culinary portion of the work. It was decided to set the table out under the Half Rustycoat apple-tree, as it cast a fine shade and there was not room in the house. As noon approached the bustle of preparation increased. The table that had been arranged by setting two small tables some twelve feet apart, and laying boards from one to the other, fairly groaned beneath the weight of the supplies heaped upon it. There was bear meat, that had been taken in the spring, dried venison, and chickens raised around the house. These were flanked by vegetables from the garden, and berries gathered from the fence corners along the wheat field.

The horn sounded a long, welcome blast, and the men left their work and turned their faces toward the house. They were begrimed from head to

foot, handling the black logs. But this was looked upon as a matter of course, and was the subject of many a jest as they came to the house and proceeded to wash at the spring, preparatory to eating. The occasion was a very cheerful and pleasant one, as the men tarried for half an hour to converse with the quilters before returning to the clearing.

"I didn't expect to see H. at the loggin," said Mrs. Chambers, "he do'nt come amongst us much, but he seemed glad to bear a hand and was particularly quiet and soft like."

Mrs. Bell replied that H. was always ready to help when there was anything to be done about the meeting-house, although he never went to meeting himself, and expressed the hope that some good would grow out of it. The minister's wife remarked that her husband always called at his house when going that way and was kindly received. "But now, that we've had our dinner," said Mrs. Chambers, "let us go to work. I want to git this quilt out by the time the sun's an hour high. I've all the chores to do this evenin', as Chambers'll not leave that loggin till the last blow's struck. He's a wonderful fellow to give good measure at a frolic, especially when it's at the minister's house. Let's get ready to roll on our side. I see some purty tolerably mean quiltin on that other side. I hate to see so many cat's eyes in this nice kind of work."

The rolling of the quilt took place and was repeated, until, at the appointed time, an hour before sundown, it was completed and cut from the frame. Mrs. Bell and a neighbor sat down to bind it, whilst others with more cares on hand retired to their homes to attend to their private duties. The loggers kept at their work until dusk, although the minister expostulated against such late hours.

“I don’t doubt but that you work on at gettin up your sarments until it’s later than this, minister, so we can’t do less than give you good measure in our work. But the fact is we’ve put up a good many big log-heaps to-day; we hav’nt lost much time and I only hope you’ll get a good burn on ’em so’s to have a good follow to sow wheat on bye and bye.”

The teams were brought up, the chains wrapped around the yokes and the men departed for their homes with the hearty thanks of the minister. It was a good day’s work both in the house and in the field, and everything had passed off much to the satisfaction of all parties.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PRIMITIVE MEETING-HOUSE.

“I hope we may see our friend, William Dickson, at the sacrament next week” said the pastor to his wife one evening, as they sat under the shadow of the Lombardy poplar; “some of the Moorheads will, no doubt, be up from North East, and it is probable that the Dicksons will come with them.”

“I wish very much that they would; I want to see Chrissie, and have a long talk with her. It does me a world of good to have a visit from her,” replied Mrs. Eaton.

“I wish to get from William the particulars of the building of the Upper Greenfield meeting-house. It was a more primitive affair than our own, and showed a wonderful amount of spirit in the first settlers of the county.”

“I see some company coming now” said the wife, “possibly it may be some of the friends that we usually have on such occasions.”

“It is too early for aunt Rea; she will be down on Friday, but this is only Tuesday. But we will see.”

The new comers proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, who, having many relatives in the neigh-

borhood, had come up early in the week, in order that they might have time to go around the entire circle. And as they had long promised a visit to the minister's, they had come to his house first, knowing that by the last of the week his house would be crowded. During the evening the matter of the building of the meeting-house was fully discussed and all the particulars brought out.

"Our house" said Mr. Dickson, "was the first place of worship erected in the county of Erie. It was on this wise: Mr. Satterfield had been sent into our neighborhood to preach a Sabbath. We fixed a kind of pulpit for him under a beech tree in the woods, and then notified every family in the congregation of his coming. We had a good congregation and enjoyed the meeting. At the close, old father Hunter who had been an Elder over the mountains, called a number of the young men together, and said: 'Boys, I want you all to meet me on next Thursday morning, early, at a certain land corner, and bring your axes and dinners with you'. We all knew what was wanted and at the appointed time were on the ground bright and early. The old man said in brief speech: 'We must have a house of worship. The Lord will be with us if we serve Him. Now let us go to work.' And work we did with a will. The trees were cut down and cut into lengths, notched and laid up. Whilst some were doing this, others cut down a red oak and split a part of it for clapboards for

the roof, and a part into puncheons for the floor, and so diligently did we work, that just as the sun was going down, the whole structure was complete. There was not a nail nor a bit of iron in the entire arrangement. The door was made of thin puncheons with wooden hinges and latch. Openings were cut for windows, but the windows not put in. Even the chunking and daubing was done, with seats and pulpit complete. Of course the pulpit was not as stylish an affair as Johnny Pherrin made for you, but it answered the purpose."

"I know all about the pulpit," said Mr. Eaton, "for I have preached in it. I believe it was made of puncheons, every part of it."

"Yes, we found one of the nicest red oaks you ever saw, to make the puncheons of. It split just like a ribbon, and when the strips of wood fell apart they required very little dressing to fit them for their purpose. The breastwork of the pulpit was simply a narrow strip of wood pinned to two upright strips, and all was complete. The truth is, we were real proud of our meeting-house."

"And well you might, for it was a very comfortable house and will stand for many a year to come." About what year was that?"

"It was in the summer of 1801: I have the date and the facts recorded in my journal, and they will go down to the generations to come, as an evidence

of what their fathers could do in the settlement of the beech woods."

"I believe Judah Colt first made a profession of religion at that place. Elisha Macurdy was supplying them one Sabbath."

"Yes, and many other good men and women came into the Church whilst your friend Robert Patterson was preaching there. It would have done you good to have seen the meeting of the boys, that evening, after the house was finished, around the red oak stump that had furnished the tree for the puncheons. Father Hunter made us another little speech, he said 'Now boys, we've got a meetin house, we must have preachin: these ministers can't come here and preach for nothing, swimming streams and sleeping in the woods at the roots of trees, as Mr. Wood did, not long ago. We must raise a little fund to pay them for their work. Now I propose that we appoint a treasurer and raise a fund, giving twenty-five cents each.' This was good advice and we at once begun to lay our money on the stump, mostly laying down fifty cents apiece. When it came father Hunter's turn he laid down a dollar. Seeing this, one of the number took up his half and laid down a dollar instead. This was the beginning of a fund that was never exhausted whilst I continued in that congregation. The blessing of the Lord seemed to rest upon it."

"These facts deserve to be remembered when

the church shall have attained to better things, outwardly, that, like the woman's alabaster box of ointment, they may be mentioned as a memorial of the love of these people for their Lord."

"I think too, that from that day to this, that log meeting-house has been a blessing to that entire region of country. It was a kind of center of attraction to people from the east, when seeking for a location. Indeed the land in the neighborhood has all been taken up by people who wished to be within hailing distance of the meeting-house. So that, even in a temporal sense, that day's work was well spent, though we young people did not think much about it at the time. I think it was one of the times when we builded better than we knew."

The next day after the departure of the Dickson's, the household was made glad by the coming of aunt Rea. The small children recognized her before she came near the house, by the gray mare on which she always rode. She was an older sister of the minister and always came from her home in Springfield on occasions of communion, and was a most welcome visitor. She had been one of the first settlers on the lake shore and had had her full share of the hardships incident to a new settlement. The next day the M'Clure girls came from Elk Creek, away above Mr. Blair's. They had walked all the distance from home to be present at the services of the sacrament. On Saturday some friends came from below Presque Isle,

so that the little house was pretty well filled. But there was always room on such occasions for all who came. If there were not beds sufficient, they were extemporized by laying quilts and coverlids on the floor, and by other similar devices. It is not likely that the good woman that presided at that house was ever at a loss to entertain all who chose to come on these religious occasions. And if the care became too great in the way of domestic labor, she had a wonderful faculty of pressing into her service those who were her guests.

Always, when the time came for going to meeting, the household were ready. There was no excuse on account of household care. The meeting must be attended first, then cares might come in and claim attention. There was the meeting on Thursday, then on Saturday, then on Sabbath and Monday. With the minister each day had its appropriate themes. On Thursday it was a general confession, with deploring of the natural condition of the heart; on Saturday it was a time of self examination and consideration of duty; on Sabbath morning the subject was Christ crucified, His love, His tenderness and His all-sufficiency; in the afternoon the Lord's supper was dispensed, when the services were considerably protracted; then on Monday the subject was usually some comforting theme drawn from the faithfulness of God and the riches of the grace of Christ.

These week day meetings were usually attended

by all the congregation. It was not often that work was permitted to come in the way of a punctual attendance upon all the days connected with these services. Usually some ministerial brother was invited to assist so that the labor should not be too arduous for the pastor. At such times, too, the people came from neighboring congregations, even from quite a distance, and were entertained by their friends.

When all had taken their departure, the minister's wife ventured the remark, that whilst these occasions were pleasant and enjoyable, there was yet mingled with them considerable labor and care.

"Yes," said her husband, "but you are to be both Martha and Mary at the same time, and I think you act the double character most admirably. But I really feel sorry that your strength has been taxed so heavily these few days back."

"I will soon be rested, but our supplies were very nearly exhausted this time, ere the company departed."

"We will try and be better provided by the next occasion."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TROUBLES FROM WITHOUT.

In the course of time serious difficulties arose in public affairs. The notes of war had been heard in various portions of the seaboard. Lakeside was not to be exempt from trouble. The beautiful blue lake, along whose peaceful margin the minister had so often traveled, was to be the scene of man's discordant passions. War had arisen in the land.

The means of communicating information were very poor, and great as the danger sometimes was it was generally very much exaggerated. There was fear in almost every heart along the border of the lake. The large city at its lower termination had been burned by the hand of the enemy. A cowardly and recreant General had surrendered an important fort to the same enemy at the head of the lake, and this without striking a blow in its defence. The savage Indians had allied themselves to this enemy, prepared for any deeds of wrong and outrage.

The rumor had gained credence that a fleet was to come down the lake and a large body of the enemy follow by land. This would of course take Lakeside in its progress, and the little parish ex-

pected nothing but outrage and devastation at their hands.

There were strong arms and brave hearts at Lakeside, but they shrunk from the consequences of such an incursion as this. They had just begun to enjoy the fruits of their labor. Little fields, from which sinewy arms had removed the timber, were just beginning to yield their increase. Homes had been erected, whilst the schoolhouse and the meetinghouse added to their comfort and peace.

Naturally it was supposed that where the enemy should pass all these comforts would be destroyed, and news was anxiously sought from the neighboring town. It was in this state of affairs that the minister's family were awaked in the middle of the night by the hasty approach of a neighbor on horseback. The ground fairly shook beneath the tread of the great wagon horse, as he galloped down the hard road.

"Halloo the house!" was his first salutation. "Are you lying secure in the midst of danger!"

"Is there any immediate danger?" inquired Mr. Eaton, coming hastily to the door.

"Danger! of course there is. Detroit has been taken and the British and Indians are coming down by land. They are expected every hour and will burn up everything in their way."

"But what are the people doing?"

"They are collecting at Mr. A.'s up on the road.

You had better gather up your all and go up immediately."

The neighbor turned about his horse and went thundering up the lane. In the course of the colloquy, Mrs. Eaton had returned to bed, judging that the matter was exaggerated. Her husband inquired, in some surprise, if she had lain down again.

"Yes, there may be some truth in the rumor, but I do not think there is any immediate danger. That young man seemed to have no definite information."

"That may be, but I think we had better take the children and go up to Mr. A.'s."

The three children were accordingly awaked, and the little family left their cabin to the care of Providence and went up to the neighboring house. There they found assembled almost the entire neighborhood. Men, women and children were crowded into the house, all in confusion, and yet without any definite idea as to their plans. Some of the more excitable women and children were crying as though their hearts would break, as they feared each moment they might hear the shouts of the enemy. They also found the young man who had alarmed them busily engaged in moulding rifle balls.

"And what are you going to do with your rifle?" inquired Mrs. Eaton.

“Why, we will make them stand off, or we’ll send the lead at them.”

A poor old gentleman who had worked hard to secure for himself and family a quiet and comfortable home said his only regret was that he had not cut down the apple trees and fired the barn before leaving his home. The impression was general among the less informed portion of the parish that the whole country would be devastated and held in possession of the conquerors.

But day dawned at length with no appearance of the enemy. Neither was there any confirmation of the news that had roused the neighborhood so incontinently from their slumbers. The opinion then prevailed that the alarm was, for that time, a false one, and the people departed to their respective homes.

About the same time there was an alarm in the adjoining parish, where Mr. Eaton labored in connection with Lakeside, occasioned by a rumor that an attack was to be made from the enemy’s fleet on the lake, and that they were actually landing at the mouth of Crooked Creek. Fear and consternation prevailed in many hearts. One old man, who had seen service in his younger days, at once set out for the point where the landing was alleged to be taking place, fully resolved to throw himself into the breach, and either drive the enemy from the shore or sacrifice his own life in the attempt. Being unarmed, he took off his well worn hat and

filled it with stones as he ran, determined to use these as weapons of offence as best he might. It was perhaps fortunate for his heroism and self-sacrificing spirit that, when he arrived at the lake shore, the invading fleet had dwindled down to a single row-boat, and that filled with their own neighbors.

These serio-comic incidents are related to convey an idea of the unsettled and almost disorganized state of society, in the early history of Lakeside. Some of the people proposed abandoning the country altogether and retiring to the older settlements whence they had come originally. Mr. Eaton's advice was strongly in favor of remaining. These troubles would soon pass away, peace would be declared, and with it prosperity would prevail.

In the meantime all fear of an invasion from the head of the lake subsided. The plan of operations seemed to have been changed by the enemy. The attack was now expected on the neighboring town, by the fleet on the lake, unless, indeed, this could be prevented by a naval engagement by the little fleet then building at this town. The principal portion of the male population of the Lakeside parish betook themselves to the town, where active operations were going forward. Some volunteered as soldiers, others were employed as teamsters, so that the congregation was almost broken up for the time.

Mr. Eaton himself resolved to go with his people, not indeed to bear carnal weapons, but to exercise the more important functions of the Gospel ministry. His commission of chaplain gained him free access to the soldiers, at all times, whilst he preached regularly to the citizens and soldiers on the Sabbath. A large body of men had collected from the entire western portion of the state. The greatest excitement prevailed. The fleet was not yet ready for service, and there was daily expectation that the enemy would land, destroy the unfinished vessels and burn the town.

It was fortunate for the settlements along the lake that their real weakness was not known to the enemy. Nothing but an incorrect knowledge of their strength and numbers prevented the foe from landing and sweeping the whole region as with the besom of destruction.

Whilst the little fleet at Presque Isle was building and equipping, the place was now only watched by a single ship of the enemy. But at this precise juncture a large number of the citizens of the surrounding counties had assembled, and were daily paraded on the diamond and neighboring highlands, who perhaps conveyed the impression that they were really but the outposts of the citizen army.

At length the last ship was completed. The fleet was now almost ready that David-like was to go forth to offer battle to the proud Goliath of the

seas. But a most fearful hazard was still to be run. The harbor was at that time a most wretched one. The vessels could not be taken through the channel with their equipments on board. There was very great danger that they would ground even with nothing on board, and would thus fall an easy prey to the single spy ship of the enemy. This ship had been in the daily habit of coming over to see the progress of the American fleet.

On the day, however, on which the little fleet was to be navigated through the channel, a kind Providence so ordered that this ship did not make its accustomed visit, and, after almost incredible difficulties were surmounted, the ships were all outside the peninsula, equipped and prepared for sailing. The fleet was soon manned and set sail to meet the enemy.

While all these active operations were going forward at Presque Isle and on the lake, the little family at Lakeside was exposed to much hardship and many difficulties. Mrs. Eaton, with the children, managed as best she might to conduct matters for their own safety and comfort. If a neighbor cut a few sticks of wood at times, it was well. If not, the neighboring woods afforded plenty of sticks and brush that answered every purpose. They had been accustomed to the repeated and protracted absences of the husband and father, as the stern demands of duty called him away, until

they were familiarized with labor and care of almost every kind.

One morning Mrs. Eaton was somewhat surprised to see the active little form of Mrs. Chambers moving down the lane. She had not visited the manse for some time, and she naturally supposed that there must be news to be communicated. But the good lady had on this morning a particularly pleasant countenance, and so Mrs. Eaton hoped for pleasant tidings, if tidings there were.

“Good morning, Miss Eaton,” was the salutation from hailing distance. “I thought I would just run over this morning and see how you come on. Chambers is not to home. So I just shut the children up in the house and come afoot. He has the team with him at town, you know, so I could not ride. It makes no difference though. In a new country, where every one must do their part, we must not be particular, you know. If we can’t ride we can walk, you know. But here I am runnin’ on like mad without stoppin’ to ask how you get along. How is the minister, the last you heard? Wouldn’t we all be in a pretty fix if the Britishers and redskins would come suddently on us? I reckon they’d massacree us all without benefit of clergy. How’s your potato crop this season? The drought has nearly spoilt ours. Paid a dollar a bushel for them Neshannocks too; ought to have some benefit from them, I reckon.

Do the boys begin to help you any; there's little Johnny, goin' on six years old—just the age of our Sary Matildy—they ought to be doin' suthing to earn their salt. But why is it, Miss Eaton, that ministers' families are generally so shiftless? I don't mean no harm—in fact I wasn't speakin' of you at all. Reckon the minister's salary aint well paid this year. Can't expect it—times is too hard—no money—must work as we do—nothin' like management. We live savin' to home—must do it till times get better."

There is no telling when this running fire of miscellaneous subjects would have terminated, had it not been for the entrance of another neighbor, Mrs. Bell.

"Good morning, Miss Bell. I am glad to see that you, too, are disposed to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, as well as myself"—and the little woman laughed heartily at what she supposed a very brilliant sally of her native wit.

"Good morning, Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Eaton, I heard last evening from town and supposed I might be doing a good turn to come over and tell you of the welfare of all our friends."

"But what's the news, Miss Bell?"

"That all our neighbors are well, and there are strong hopes that our cause on the lake will be triumphant."

"That would be good news, truly," replied Mrs. Eaton, "and my faith has always been strong that

this struggle will be productive of great good to our country."

"And why do you think so, Miss Eaton?" inquired Mrs. Chambers.

"Because I think ours the cause of truth and justice. I think the means resorted to by the enemy, in employing the savage Indians as allies and permitting them in many cases to conduct with all their native barbarity, a stain upon the Christian name and a course that a just Providence will not bless."

"I think that as like as not you are right. But at any rate I wish the war was over. Things are goin' to ruin. The men folks are all taken away from home—no work is goin' on, and things is mighty dear, I tell you. The fact is we shall all have to come down to linsey woolsey, even for meetin' gowns. Minister's wife and all will have to quit wearin' calico. You see we can't afford it, no how. Only think, they are askin' fifty cents a yard for chintz at Reed's store! And how can any man with a wife and three children afford to buy at that price?"

"Well, well, Mrs. Chambers," replied Mrs. Bell, who saw which way the conversation was drifting, "I hope we will all live through it. The times are hard, no doubt, but we all hope for better, and I think that even the minister's wife and three children can afford to wear something better than linsey woolsey when they go to meeting."

"Well, I like economy. It's almost as good as religion. Indeed I can't see how there can be much religion without economy and industry."

"They are cardinal virtues, no doubt, but it is rather dangerous to place them so nearly on an equality with religion."

"But to some folks they are nearly as important. You and I may live a little less sparingly, because we have farms of our own and men who work. But when there is only the people to depend on for a living, the case is rather ticklish, I should think."

The conversation was waxing rather personal, and was fortunately interrupted by the entrance of another neighbor, who was returning from town and called to tell Mrs. Eaton of her husband's continued good health, and of the anxiety that was felt to hear from the little fleet that had gone to give battle to the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME STRUGGLES.

The days seemed somewhat tedious whilst the minister was absent from home. There were no neighbors very near, and it was but seldom that any one passed the house. Generally the daughters of the nearest neighbor came down once a day to see that all was well. But there were cares and duties that filled up the time and prevented the days from seeming long. It was the season of the year that required much labor in the field. All the men that could possibly be spared were at Presque Isle, on military duty, and it was all that the few left at home could do to secure their own crops and get them under shelter. There were a few acres cleared around the minister's home, and a portion of this was in wheat, oats and corn. The wheat had already been harvested; but the oats were yet in the field. A kind neighbor had cut the oats and promised to come and gather it and put it in a stack. But it seemed ready to be gathered, yet no help came. So the minister's wife concluded to try and gather it in herself. Taking the children with her she repaired to the field with rake in hand ready for the work. But the work was more complicated than she had supposed.

Fixing the children comfortably under a shade tree, the raking of the swath was commenced. This she had done before, in company with her husband, who bound up the sheaves as she raked up the bundles.

But here the entire operation was to be performed; the binding up as well as the raking. The effort was made but with very indifferent success. She tried to remember how she had seen others prepare the band. She took up a handful of oats and made the flourish as she had seen others do it, but it was in vain. The band would not hold; and when at last she made the splice hold and brought the other two ends together around the sheaf, she could not make them hold. The whole thing seemed a failure, and she was disheartened. The binding process was then abandoned and the smooth swaths of oats nicely raked in bundles ready for the binding when more light should fall upon this portion of farm husbandry. Going to the shade where the children had been left, she found them sound asleep on the old quilt that had been brought out to protect them from the damp ground. Sitting down to rest herself for a few minutes, a neighbor came down to report news from town that had just come to his knowledge. This was simply that all was well: that the building of the ships was pushing rapidly forward, and that men were assembling from the neighboring counties to assist their brethren on the lakeshore.

To this neighbor the difficulty of binding sheaves was mentioned, with somewhat of diffidence, as the good woman had supposed that she had mastered almost everything pertaining to farm craft.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. M'Creary, that I am thoroughly conquered in my determination to get up this little patch of oats. I thought I knew how to do everything about a farm, but I find I cannot bind a sheaf of oats. Would you be kind enough to teach me how to make a band, and then how to bind it around the sheaf?"

"It is rather too hard work for you, but as you seem to have some pride in the matter I will show you how I bind sheaves."

"I have a pride in the matter, but it is not this alone, or chiefly, that is in the case, just now, it is absolute work, a determination to be useful, and secure this little patch of grain before it is lost. In these days of war when men are in the service of their country, even women must try and make themselves useful."

"Well, we will see what we can do in the matter, but with the resolution you seem to have, I do not see much danger of losing this little field of oats."

Mr. M'Creary in the first place showed Mrs. Eaton how to make a band, and then taught her how to close the other ends of the band around the sheaf, giving them a good twist together and then turning them underneath the band. But he did

more than this: he set to work and bound up all the sheaves that had been raked up, not stopping until the little patch was completed, and the oats neatly shocked up. A day or two afterwards, two boys came and carried the shocks to the little building that did service as a barn, and placed them safely under cover.

But there were other matters that required attention, that ordinarily lay out of the purview of the wife and mother. The potatoes and corn had received attention at the proper time. Sometimes Mr. Eaton could come home for a day and give attention to pressing duties. But as September arrived, the matter of fitting out the fleet and getting it under way and the anxieties of the battle that was so soon to be expected prevented all thought of his leaving his post to attend to more private duties. But the time had come when the corn should be topped to provide fodder for the cow during the coming winter. The neighbors had been called upon so frequently that their aid could not be sought now, neither could the work be postponed farther. So the children were bundled up and carried to the field, and the work of topping was commenced. This consisted in cutting off the stocks of corn just above the ear. These tops were then collected into sheaves, bound up with rye straw, thanks to Mr. M'Creary's teaching, and then shocked in the field. In this way the wants of the cow were provided for in the

winter. As the work went forward the attention was divided between it and the children. But they contrived to amuse themselves with the bright colored pumpkins that were scattered through the field, and wild flowers that grew along the fence corners.

When all was over there was weariness at home, but there was the thought of having put forth effort in the way of duty during the troublous times that had come upon the country. In this way the time passed rapidly, relieving the tedium that would else have oppressed her, watching and waiting for the news that was now expected almost any day. At the same time she was providing for the necessary wants of her household.

The next day there was a call from Mr. Blair, who lived up on Elk Creek, and who supplied the family with sugar made from his own sugar trees. He was on his way to town and called to see how the family were getting along in the absence of the minister. He had not forgotten to bring some small cakes of maple sugar for the children, with whom he was an especial favorite.

“Well, John, my son” he said, “how is your papa?”

“My papa is not at home; he is at town helping Mr. Perry to fight the red coats.”

“But does your papa fight?”

“No, but he prays, and mamma says that is better than fighting.” This was said with a digni-

ty and firmness becoming the first born, who evidently felt that his father was in the right place, wherever he might be.

Inquiries were then made about the state of the congregation by the good lady of the house, who felt that more care rested on her shoulders than usual.

“Well we do not get along well at all. The times are against us. Most of the men are at town, connected with the army in some way, and everything seems to stop. I was there myself until last week, when I obtained leave to go home for a little time to look after my corn-fodder, and am now on my way back to report for duty.”

“But how are the meetings attended on the Sabbath. I have no way of getting out myself, and cannot attend.”

“Well, it seems impossible to keep up the society meeting on various accounts. After Mr. Eaton first went to town, we tried hard to keep up the service, that should belong to the Lord's Day, whether the minister is at home or not. But the men are nearly all away and many of them have their horses with them, and even the women are not able to get out. Last Sabbath we had a small meeting, but there was no one but me to lead in prayer. I read a sermon out of the sermon book you loaned us, and the attention was very good, but there were so few present that it did seem very discouraging.”

“But, Mr. Blair, you must not be discouraged. It is a day of small things, yet we must try and keep up the religious services, if we profess to be a religious people. If there are two or three only, the blessing will surely follow.

“I think there is the feeling amongst us to attend to all these things, and I hope when these troublesome times are over that we will have as good society meetings as we used to have when our minister was away preaching in vacant congregations.”

Mr. Blair then went on his way, bearing kind words and best wishes to the absent husband and father, with the assurances that the little household were getting along well in his absence, but would be glad to see him when he could leave the post of duty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ISSUE OF THE BATTLE.

News came at last from the little fleet that sailed so boldly up the lake. There had been grave fears of defeat, but the news seemed all the more joyful, when it was announced that Commodore Perry had achieved a complete victory. The first reliable intelligence was brought to Lakeside by the pastor himself, who had obtained a short furlough to visit his family. As many of the neighbors had gathered in to learn the news he took pains to explain to them the facts in the case.

“ While the ships were building nearly all our young men practised shooting at the target on the lake, and became such proficient that they could, from a boat, in rough water, often hit the bull’s eye. When Perry was ready, volunteers were called for from the militia that had hastily assembled, but so many volunteered that a line had to be formed and so many counted off to go and so many to remain at home. They met the enemy; Perry’s flag ship was disabled; the commander was rowed to the next ship, and the victory followed. The opinion prevails that every ship and every man on our side would have gone down before they would have surrendered to the enemy!

But the cause was just on our side and Providence was with us. The good strong arms of our people were our defence, and with the blessing of heaven all turned out well in the result."

There was great joy at Lakeside as well as at Presque Isle, when the expected invasion was thus summarily defeated. For although the war was not over, yet this prompt and effectual defeat would go far toward strengthening the hands of the country, as well as weakening those of the enemy.

The ships were brought from the scene of action and anchored at Presque Isle, and were visited by eager spectators, anxious to hear the details of the great action, and look upon the dismantled condition in which they had come out of the fray. The fleet was not much, if compared with the appliances of modern warfare, and the results were small, if judged by the same standard. Yet for the time and the opportunities, the result was most important and satisfactory. This victory was followed by others, in different places, until at last peace dawned and prosperity once more returned to the country. And to no portion of the country was this peace more grateful than to Lakeside. Their region was still new and the habits of the people yet unsettled, and they longed to be at work, opening up farms and making homes for themselves and their families.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAYS OF PEACE.

Affairs are moving smoothly at Lakeside once more. The people are at home, working upon their farms; the little log meeting-house on the bank of the lake is attended on the Sabbath as usual; the people are contented and happy. The minister set about his regular pastoral duties once more, and felt at home at his work. There were to him many pleasant scenes, as he sought out the thoughtful and the serious to show them the way of life. Passing the field where James Bell was plowing his corn he stopped for a few moments to inquire for the family, and then addressed a few words to the young man himself:

“Do you find much time to think about religious matters as you cultivate the corn?”

“I do think a great deal, Mr. Eaton, but I am at a loss to know just where I stand.”

“What are your feelings? Tell me your difficulties, perhaps I can assist you.”

“Well, sometimes I think I am a Christian, and sometimes I fear I am not. I have longed to be a Christian; I have prayed for light and comfort and peace, until I sometimes feel very near to Christ. Sometimes I think I do feel the rest the Saviour

speaks about; but then I cannot feel that I have experienced that great change that some people talk about, and so I become discouraged, and feel in doubt about the matter. But I know I try to love the Saviour, and think I will never serve any other master. But I do wish I had some stronger ground of hope. I wish I were sure I was a Christian."

"And do you find comfort in prayer, and does it seem to you at times as though God answered your prayers?"

"O, yes! often I think that the Lord speaks to me when I pray, and bids me go in peace; and in every time of doubt, I go to Him and He fills my heart with peace. Yet I know nothing of any sudden change and this perplexes me, as I have heard people talk of their great distress, followed by sudden joy and peace; yet I do think I would not part with my feelings toward God and Jesus Christ for all the world. Still I would like to have stronger evidence that I am a Christian."

"But you feel that you love Jesus and that He is your only dependence and hope; you try to give Him your heart, and are resolved to serve Him whatever may happen?"

"O, yes! I have long felt in this way; indeed I cannot tell when I felt otherwise."

"Well, my advice to you is to put your trust in the Lord and acknowledge Him publicly as your Saviour. If He enables you to feel that you love

Him now, and gives you a heart inclined to His service, it is not so important to know just the time nor the circumstances when this change took place. The great fact is all important; the time is not so essential."

The minister went on his way greatly encouraged, and made other calls, with many of which he felt strengthened, feeling that the Lord was carrying on His work in His own way. It was evident to him that there was an unusual state of thoughtfulness in the families of his charge.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHADOWS AND SUNSET.

The little ones had increased in the household. Three sons and two daughters played under the apple trees, and decked themselves with the blossoms. They were a joy to their parents and their hope for days to come. But as in the case of the home at Shunem, "it fell on a day" when one of these, the youngest and the fairest, drooped and wilted in the noonday sun. She was borne in and laid upon her little couch. The pastor was absent. He had gone to supply a vacant church, and would not be home until the evening of the next day. The mother watched beside the couch of the stricken one, administering such simple remedies as her judgment dictated, until the evening, when a neighbor came to spend the night, and the two watched until the morning, listening to the moans of the sufferer, and ministering as best they could to her wants. At intervals she would murmur, as though in sleep, of the coming of angels and their beautiful home. It seemed as though they were whispering to her and preparing her for the departure. Just as the sun was rising, the little one closed her eyes and ceased to breathe. She had gone up to be with the angels whose voices she

had heard, and the mother and her friend were alone with the dead. Soon every trace of pain and suffering was smoothed out, and the little face was sweet, and calm, and pleasant as though it had never known suffering nor sorrow. It was radiant as though the vision of heaven had left its ineffaceable signet upon every feature, as a sign and seal of the glory of the departed spirit.

And so they watched and waited until the pastor's return. He knew as he met his wife at the gate that some great grief had fallen upon the household. There was a quiet calmness in her face that he knew well how to interpret, and as they entered the house together and looked upon the little sleeper in her waxen beauty, there was neither murmur nor complaint; with few words, yet with feelings that many might envy they prepared for the quiet burial.

The child's resting place was in a bank of flowers, just overlooking the lake and near the little log church where the minister preached. It was a fitting place they had selected for the child's grave, a low, sunny bank all overgrown with flowers. There they laid her down in her quiet slumbers, to rest until a better morning than earth has yet witnessed, shall dawn and usher in an endless day. To the eye of sense that little grave was dark; the genial sunlight was excluded, and the damp soil of earth rested upon the brow of the slumberer. But it was only the casket that was placed

there. The jewel it had contained had been reclaimed by Him who gave it. The flower had withered, but it had been transferred to a more genial soil. It had been carried up to bloom in Paradise.

“O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away.”

New duties and new cares came in to occupy the attention of the pastor's family. But a pair of little, half-worn shoes were laid aside where no eye but that of the mother was to look upon them, as a memorial of the little one who had gone up to sing among the redeemed from earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEER HUNTING.

No grander forests were ever seen than those that surrounded Lakeside. The great trees seemed to tower up to the heavens in their grandeur, forming a dense shade, in many places free from underbrush, and forming aisles like those of a vast cathedral, seeming to lead to an infinite extent of solitude and repose. Just to the south of the minister's residence there was a large extent of country, known far and near as the "Pine Swamp." As the name would indicate, this land was covered with a dense growth of pine trees. It was interspersed likewise with a wonderful undergrowth of shrubs and brambles, of almost every variety. There were the black and spotted alder, the black willow, the myrtle tree, or tallow berry, as it was more generally called, the leather wood, the whortle berry, the cranberry and even, at times, where the soil was a little drier than usual, the wild grape vine.

Then there were beds of moss and gigantic fern such as were seldom seen elsewhere. During the summer time the ground was too soft and treacherous to walk over, save in particular directions;

but in the winter all parts of it were accessible, provided one could force his way through the dense masses of vegetation that abounded.

This swamp was the very paradise of game, particularly the red deer of the country. Here they could find a refuge by day and by night. In its profound recesses they could find a quiet hiding place for their young, that would not likely be disturbed by the hunter. And here they often sought refuge in the summer time, when pursued by the dogs. In the winter time it was not so safe a retreat. The deep snows formed a bed over which the hunter with his dogs could easily pass; and when all was frozen up, every portion of its space could be explored. It was therefore a favorite place of resort by the hunters, some of whom knew intimately every tree and tussock and mossy island throughout its entire extent.

Two hunters are on the search for game. As they take their way up the hill from Mr. Arbuckle's, the crisp snow crunching beneath their heavy boots, they speculate as to the probabilities of success.

"We will have the wind of them red fellows to-day, and most probably can bag a couple before night. I have not heard of any hunting for a few days, though some of them fellows out south may have been after them."

"I think we will have good luck" said H., a rough, burly man, "leastways I hope so, cos I have

an idea in my head that I would not like to be balked about."

"And what is your idea; have you any bet on hand?"

"No, no bet, though I do bet like fury sometimes; but this time I guess it is something better. I want to get a good nice deer for the minister."

"Why H. you astonish me! you never go to meetin; you never pay nothing to the meetin, and show no signs of ever bein religiously inclined. What is up?"

"I don't wonder that you are almost knocked off your pins at this notion of mine, but you see I am not so God forsaken a fellow as you think. I know well enough I don't pay no steepins, I leave it to you meetin fellows to do this, and mighty poor steepins it is too you pay by the time the year's up; but I know the value of that little preacher in the neighborhood, just as well as you do, and I guess a little better. I stand off and look on and can see better than you fellows that go down to the mouth of the Creek on Sundays and set on the Indian mound, talkin about Tom, Dick and Harry's farms and disputes, as you wait until preachin commences. I am no heathen, if I don't go to meetin. But I've watched the course of this minister until I feel sure that he is no humbug. Here he is a workin for you fellows as though his life depended on it, preachin, prayin, goin after you to stop your quarrels, and leavin

his own little patch of corn to odd spells, just as it happens. And what do you pay him for his trouble? A grist of wheat now and then; some of you go and chop or log for a day now and then; some promise but never pay a continental at the end of the year."

"Well, the pay is poor enough, and I do not see what we could do without him; but when we get our farms all cleared up we can then pay him as well as they do the ministers over the mountains."

"But you don't do half as well as you might. You have plenty of everything that a fellow wants about his house, and why can't you divide with him and not have him put to such straits, as I have hearn tell on? And if you do carry him a ham of bacon, or a bushel of buckwheat once in a while, I'll bet you want credit for it on his books. The fact is the meanness of you meetin fellows keeps many a rough customer like me from goin to your meetin. If you were all like the minister, I tell you it would gather us outside fellows into the meetin-house, just as the tallow candle we light in the summer time gathers in the bugs and millers. I know all about this, I tell you, and what is more I've been mad a dozen times to see the minister go by in the rain to his meetin and you lazy, good for nothin fellows settin at home a toastin your shins at the fire, cos you did not want to get wet. Man alive! are you better than the minister, that you can't bear a little rain? Besides you know

well enough you go a fishin and squirrel huntin rain or shine when you take a notion to. I tell you, I believe in the minister's religion, but as for half you other fellows, pshaw! the least said about you the better."

"Well, H., this is rather plain talk for a huntin party; but I guess you are more than half right, and I make this bargain with you: if we get a deer apiece, we'll give them both to the minister. I don't believe we've been thoughtful enough in these things."

"There you are again: a feast or a famine. Now I suppose even if you send him a deer to-day, this would be the last of it. Now promise another thing; keep up your cleverness the year round, and then you will amount to something."

By this time the hunters were on the borders of the Pine Swamp and must be on the lookout for game. Silently they threaded the mazes of the forest. Their feet seemed to make no noise in the virgin snow. Not a word was said, and at the slightest sound they stood motionless as statues. They were dressed so as to attract the least possible attention from the inhabitants of the forest. On their heads they wore caps of white rabbit skin; and over their usual dress they had drawn a long white shirt that reached nearly to their knees. In this way they passed quietly and almost breathlessly, looking eagerly in every direction. Soon they were on a track that to their experienced eyes

gave token of game in the near neighborhood of where they were. The men both stooped over it and in soft whispers exchanged ideas :

“ That track’s fresh ; see how sharp it cuts the snow ! ”

“ Yes, and it’s a buck ! See how his horns have jarred the snow from that low bush as he passed under it. He’s not far off, for them tracks ain’t runnin tracks. He’s not scar’t nor frisky either ; we’ll get him, if we’re careful. See if we don’t ! ”

“ You take the first shot, H., ’cause you started the hunt ; besides, you have your smooth bore and that never misses. ”

The chase was resumed in silence, H. leading the way, and both peering through the trees and underbrush as though they would pierce the gloom that always gathered over the Pine Swamp. As they entered its profound shadows they were more cautious than ever, making not the least noise with their feet, and constantly on the lookout for decayed branches that might be crushed beneath their tread. Suddenly H. pauses as though he had been petrified on the instant, and, with nerves as of steel, brings his smooth bore to his cheek and fires. The sharp crack dies away and the little column of smoke rises, when, turning to his companion, he whispers :

“ The buck’s turned over, all right ; I saw the twitch of his tail as the lead struck him, and the doe will not run far ; you just take her track,

while I let the blood out of the veins of the buck.”

“Are you sure there is another? I saw nothing.”

“Yes! I just saw the white flag she set up as her mate fell. You can take her track when we come up to where the buck lies.”

Sure enough, as the men came up a noble buck was lying on the snow, his great antlers quivering, as his life was running out. In a short distance from the spot the other neighbor found the track of the smaller deer and followed it in the same cautious manner as had characterized the former chase. Using his hunting knife to open the veins of the fallen deer, H. had hardly succeeded in hanging it upon a sapling, when he heard the crack of his neighbor's rifle, and, by the time he had fully secured his game, saw him approaching, dragging the smaller deer over the light snow. This too was secured by the side of the first, when the friends congratulated themselves on the success of the morning. The second deer had but just joined its mate at the time of the first shot, and had not run far before it tarried to await its companion.

The success was so great that the men resolved to return home with their game. With this resolution the two deer were taken from the saplings and arranged for the journey. On the way out of the swamp the conversation turned on the talk about the minister and the present:

“I am very glad for the minister's sake that.

this noble buck turned up, for I wanted him to have the very best the woods could provide."

"But will you take it to him just as it is; hide, horns and all?"

"Certainly it shall go to him just as it is now, in all its good looks, and with these real handsome horns on its forehead. I want him to see how a deer looks once in his life. After he and the madam have seen it, then I will dress it for him, and set all things to rights, as I should do."

"But would he care for the hide? He never tanned a deer skin in his life and you may as well take it home and tan it for yourself."

"You are a fine fellow to make presents, to keep half for yourself. When I make a present I do it freely, with no drawbacks. If the minister does not want the hide he can do what he pleases with it. I am going to give him the deer, as I said I would.

It was concluded that one deer was enough at a time and that the neighbor should take his home and make his present at some other time. At last, sweating and blowing, they reached the house of the minister and the great buck was laid at the door and the family called to see the result of the morning's hunt. The deer was greatly admired, but the family were very much surprised to find that it was designed as a present for them.

"Minister," said H., "it is your deer: you can't go and hunt deers yourself, for you have all these

fellows to look after, so I thought I would hunt one for you, and the Providence you talk about sent this fine fellow just for the purpose. I am glad he is so fine, for I did not want to bring a mean one."

"I am certainly very much obliged to you, Mr. H., but a quarter of such a noble stag would be a very fine present."

"I never take two bites at a cherry; the deer is yours and I will be very glad to dress him for you, as it is more in my line than yours. It will not take me long, as I have my hunting knife with me, and my neighbor here will help. If it was summer time I would jerk a part of it for you. But I know, from what I have heard, that the madam here can cook it in good style. Deer is the best meat that runs in the woods, and is much better for a regular food than bear."

With many thanks the minister and his wife accepted the gift, when it was soon dressed in fine style and laid away for use. And as the hunters went on their way the one who went empty handed felt more happy than though he had carried the result of the chase to his own home. He had taken his way of showing respect for a man whose life reprovved him, yet whom in his heart he honored.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISSIONARY WORK.

There was much work to do at home, and there was work to do abroad. The churches around for a great extent of country were to be looked after according to their need. There was no other minister in the entire county, and requests came continually for help. Sometimes a call would come from the distance of more than an hundred miles to go and administer the ordinances of the church to those who were destitute. These calls were always met when it was possible. Traveling was then difficult. The roads were new and the exposure great in passing from place to place. Yet the gospel must be preached; the ordinances must be dispensed. Those anxious to hear the word must be visited. Mr. Eaton had just returned from Amity, a church eighty miles distant, where he had been dispensing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. He was weary with the labor and travel, yet withal in cheerful spirits, for his mission had been a very pleasant one. And as he related the account of his trip to the little household there was much that shed light upon the work of preaching the gospel at that day.

"I bring greeting" he said, "from your old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tait. I went out of my way, somewhat, on my return, to see them, particularly as Mr. Tait expects soon to go on a missionary tour amongst the Indians at Sandusky. I find he has all his arrangements ready, and will be off in a few weeks."

"How does he propose going? It will be a terrible journey through the wilderness."

"Yes, it is a great journey, but Mr. Tait is used to that kind of life. I thought my trip to Amity was a severe one; but he is a much stronger man than I ever was. He will ride the whole distance on horseback and probably be forced to camp out at nights a portion of the time. He will also be obliged to carry his supplies with him, except the game that he may find in the woods."

"There he will have the advantage over you, for you do not go into the woods to hunt, even for recreation. I fear your pioneer education has been somewhat neglected."

"It does seem so, yet you remember that when the bear came up the creek bank, when we lived at Walnut creek, I managed to fire off John Wilson's gun that he left with us for safe keeping."

"Yes, but it was but a shot gun, and could not have done very much execution."

"That is true, but it frightened the bear, and saved the little pigs; which was really the object of the assault upon the bear. But we are getting

away from the subject of Mr. Tait's missionary tour. He feels confident of doing the poor Indians some good, although he knows well the kind of hardships he will be called to undergo, having been there once before. He is well aware of the dreadful untidiness that prevails amongst them, and the consequent trials to a civilized person in living amongst them. But he has counted the cost and is ready for the sacrifice."

"Did you hear anything of Mr. Badger?" inquired Mrs. Eaton, always awake to the interests of missionary work.

"Yes, Mr. Tait related to me one of Badger's recent adventures. He was out on the Grand river one dark, rainy night. After fording the stream, he was thinking of encamping on the other bank for the night, but was surprised at the snapping and growling of some wild beast that was near. The night was so intensely dark that he could see nothing around him. He reined his horse right and left, that he might find a tree up which he could climb and be safe. Succeeding in this, he fastened the bridle rein to a branch and climbed the tree. Here he was safe, for the tree was too slender for the bear to climb. Fearing lest he might fall into a doze, he tied himself to the tree, and remained until nearly sunrise, the bear snapping and growling in the meantime. At the approach of day the animal retreated to the woods, when Mr. Badger descended from his uncomfortable

perch and resumed his journey, wet with the rain and stiffened by the exposure."

"Mr. Badger had probably had some rough training before this that fitted him for this rough life in the woods, else he would have perished in the cold and wet of that eventful night."

"Yes, he had begun life in New England in a very rough school; added to this he had been qualified, by natural constitution, for just such a rough life as this. He had moved his family and effects from Connecticut to the Western Reserve, by means of his own four horse team; sometimes on wheels and sometimes on runpers, for it was winter, reaching Austinburgh after a journey of two months. Such men do not readily give way to trifles. Mr. Tait may have just such hardships in the way out to Sandusky, but he is a man of indomitable courage, and will not be turned back. He will remain six months, at least; possibly a year."

"But how about Mrs. Tait in the mean time? How will she get along alone, in all these months of absence?"

"Just as you do in my frequent absences from home: trust to Providence and await the opening scenes of the future. But his brethren will have to supply his pulpit in the meantime. He will expect me to give him a Sabbath or two, as well as others of the brethren towards Pittsburgh. The days will probably seem long to both of them, but

work and faith will enable them to put in the time fully."

"Are there any other of the brethren who think of going out on this mission?"

"Mr. Hughes will probably go out in the spring. The board of trust are very anxious that he should go, as he has already had much experience in the work. He does not like the Indians very much, but he considers it a great field of usefulness and is rather desirous of going out once more. His familiarity with the habits of the Indians, and his experience of woods life, will be a great help to him; besides he can leave home very conveniently just at this time."

"But you have not told us anything about your own trip to Amity; how did you get along in the woods, this time of year? It was a little cold, and even winter-like on Sabbath, here, with a strong disposition to snow."

"The weather was not pleasant for out-door worship. On Friday and Saturday it was clear, but rather cold. We had a very good attendance for week days, and the people sat quietly until the end of the service, and on Saturday they waited to have the tokens distributed, and many met with the session, with reference to making a profession of religion. None seemed to be either weary or cold. On Sabbath the weather was stormy and unpleasant. It was spitting snow, early in the morning, and when we went out to the ground

where the meeting was held the prospect seemed gloomy. But the people were there in large numbers, and, although the snow was falling, one of the elders spoke to me just as I was going into the tent that answers for a pulpit, congratulating me that it was not raining, as in that case it would be difficult to go on with the services. The table was set and everything in order for the services, and the people sat calmly and with apparent content until the close of the entire service, as though there was nothing out of the ordinary course of things. It was proposed to omit the afternoon service, but the elders thought the people would not be satisfied, inasmuch as supplies were not often sent, and many had come from a considerable distance to attend upon the preaching of the word. Some, I learned, had come from the distance of eight or ten miles, young men walking the entire distance."

"Had you anything besides the ordinary service?"

"We had the usual number of infant baptisms on Saturday, and, on Sabbath morning, the publication of the bans of matrimony, of two couples, in the usual form, by the clerk—'there is a purpose of matrimony between John Smith and Hannah Brown, of which this is the first publication.'"

"But did not this cause unseemly mirth for such a solemn occasion?"

"Not by any means. In most congregations it

is looked upon as a matter of course, and as much a part of the service as lining out the Psalm or reading the Scriptures. We never adopted the practice here, for it never seemed to me to be judicious, nor in keeping with either the day or the occasion. Still, where it is the custom, I do not object to its observance."

"Were you none the worse for preaching in the snow?"

"I did feel as though I had taken a severe cold, and had sore throat on Monday; but a good lady made me some sipsissaway tea that she said would set me all right; and indeed it did relieve me very much, but I would not care to preach out in the snow every Sabbath. It was bad enough, in our own little church, when we had no fire but some charcoal in a sugar kettle. And I am thankful that now, with our stove, we can be so comfortable. We have had many substantial improvements since we came amongst the people."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE VISIT TO MR. BLAIR'S.

A visit to Mr. Blair's, who lived on the banks of Elk Creek, had long been contemplated. This family lived in the extreme borders of the congregation, but there was a very close intimacy kept up between it and the family at the lake shore. The calls of Mr. and Mrs. Blair were more frequent, for they were often at town and passed the house of Mr. Eaton, going and coming. But it really required considerable exertion to encounter the rough roads and rugged hills that led up to Elk Creek. But the trip was projected, and on a bright sunny morning in June all things were ready for the journey. The party was to consist of the whole household, the parents and the three children. The means of locomotion were the two horses that did duty for all purposes, both of labor and travel. The house was shut up and a neighbor employed to milk the cows, evening and morning, until the return. The mother was placed in position first, in her saddle, with the infant boy in her arms. The father then placed the eldest boy on the fence, mounted his horse with the second boy in his arms, then, riding up to the fence, received little John behind him on the horse.

The country was lovely as they rode along. Some of the blossoms were still clinging to the trees in the young orchards. The foliage of the forest was still in the fresh, clean appearance of the spring time. The dogwood had not yet parted with its white blooms, and there was a spicy fragrance that exhaled from the yellow poplar blossoms amidst which the bees were working with diligent murmuring. The most of the journey was through the woods, overshadowed by the grandest trees that were to be found in the world.

"It will be a long time," said Mrs. Eaton, "before all these great trees are cut down. It seems to me that it will never be done; and, indeed, I wish these woods might stand forever, they are so beautiful. How long do you suppose they have been growing?"

"Probably a thousand years, some of them. The other day our nearest neighbors were cutting down a very large poplar. As I was there when it fell we had the curiosity to count the grains, as they call them, or the concentric circles that surround the heart of the tree. These circles are formed in successive years, and indicate the age of the tree. We found between eight and nine hundred of these growths, showing that it had been growing for that number of years."

"It does seem a pity to cut down and destroy trees that have been the product of centuries:

does it seem right to you to destroy the woods like they are doing in this neighborhood?"

"The earth must be cultivated; men must people this fair land; and there is no other way to do this but by the removal of the timber. But I wish myself that they would not cut down every tree that comes in their way."

About noon the party approached the home of Mr. Blair. The first intimation of being in the neighborhood was in hearing the sound of something like a tin horn; yet it was deeper and flatter in key than this instrument. It was evidently a call to dinner to the persons engaged in the clearing. They learned afterwards that this sound was produced by the blowing of a sea-shell, one of whose points had been perforated for the purpose. This shell had been an heirloom in the family, and it had been many years since it had seen its native ocean. The little party were very gladly received, and were just in time to be present at the family dinner. This consisted of corn bread, or johnny cake, as it was called, together with potatoes and some of the finest bear meat that the guests had seen since coming to Lakeside. The dinner was enjoyed very much, and as it was discussed some new facts were elicited connected with domestic economy.

"This corn bread is particularly good," said Mrs. Eaton, "how did you succeed in getting it so nicely browned?"

“ Well, we had nice hickory wood that gave us a fine bed of elegant coals, that baked the cake slowly, yet gave it that nice color at the last.”

“ But tell me how the cake was made; I am anxious to learn all I can in everything that pertains to housekeeping.”

“ Well, the meal was mixed up with hot water putting some of the bear's grease in: then spread out thinly on the johnny cake board, the board leaned up before the fire and propped by the smoothing iron, and the work was soon done.”

“ I might tell my part, too,” said Mr. Blair, “ about the bear. I had a deal of trouble getting him. He had carried away a number of my pigs, and I feared that when the corn should be ready for him he would destroy it. But I set a trap for him by building a pen of strong logs with a sliding door fixed like a deadfall, and by this means got him in prison. And here is some of his meat.”

“ Your table seems to be supplied with meat from the woods, and there is none better to be found.”

“ Yes; there is no lack of wild meat; we generally get venison enough in the winter to last us through the year. The hams we dry and smoke; the other portions we jerk, and it is nice as long as it lasts.”

“ We have had jerked venison, but do not know what the process is.”

“ Well, it is very easy to jerk venison, when you

know how. We take the deer just as it comes in from the woods, dress it in the ordinary way, then cut the flesh across the grain in large flakes, looking almost like a fleece of wool. Then we stick some pegs of wood into the ground and spread these flakes on the top of them, kindling a smudge of fire underneath, made out of clean, sweet chips. After it has partially dried, then it is turned; then it is taken from the pegs, rolled up in the deer's skin, kneaded and tramped, then placed on the pegs again, and so worked until it is dry and ready to stow away."

"How was the sugar crop this year?" inquired Mr. Eaton.

"It was just about an average. We had tapped about four hundred trees; the run was pretty good, but we had some rain that spoiled a large batch of sugar, and prevented it from being salable."

"How do you tap your trees, Mr. Blair?"

"I bore them with a three quarter auger, and make my spiles out of sumach, leaving about two inches of the stem round, to go in the auger hole, and shaving off the upper half from that to the other end. My troughs I cut out with an axe in the winter time so that they may be ready when the sugar season arrives. Then we carry the sap in buckets, one hung to each end of a neckyoke. It is hard work, but all farm work is hard for that matter. The sugaring off work is nice, and I wish you would come up and see it next season. It

would be something new to you both if you have never seen it."

"We never have, save on a very small scale, and would be very glad to see your great kettles as you are finishing the work."

In the course of the afternoon the party went out to see a natural curiosity that was in the neighborhood, called "the devil's back bone." It was an immense ridge or cliff, running out into the valley of Elk Creek and connected to the bank by a very narrow neck. In places this ridge was very narrow, coming to an edge, with the sides almost perpendicular, and reaching down to the creek, that swept around it, a distance of more than an hundred feet. Mr. Blair told how coming home from hunting on one occasion, with a deer that he had taken, he had passed this narrow ridge, carrying his game, rather than go round in a more circuitous direction.

The remainder of the day was given up to the visit, looking at the crops, the clearing and the young fruit trees. There was evidence of both thrift and industry. The land, like other land in the lake shore region, was densely wooded, but quite an opening had been made, and there was every prospect of a fine farm, when the stumps should have disappeared.

"We do not get to meeting as often as we would like" said Mr. Blair, as they sat down near the spring, under the shade of a tree; "we have the

heart to go, and do, whenever we can. You know what the road is, and unless there is snow on the ground, or the roads are good in summer, we can not get there. The last time we went down to Walnut Creek we started soon after sunrise and did not get home until the sun was going down. Still it was a day well spent, and we were well repaid for our travel. Sometimes we can depend on our neighbors to take care of the children, while we are gone; but at other times we feel it our duty to stay and take care of them ourselves. In a new country we must do the best we can, and leave results with Providence.

The journey home was made the next day, the two older children rich in the possession of a goose egg shell filled with maple sugar, the gift of good Mrs. Blair. All things were found in good order at the home, and the house as they had left it the day before. The following day the thread of care and duty was taken up, and every thing went on as before; yet there had been lessons learned, and experience acquired that would be useful in coming days.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FISHING AND OTHER THINGS.

“Now that we’ve finished hoeing the corn we must have a breathing spell,” said our old hunting friend, H. “I think the pike will bite to-night; and if they don’t, I know what we can do; we can spear suckers in the mouth of the creek.”

“I will go with you, if you say so; I haven’t been a fishing for a coon’s age. I’ve some first-rate shell bark hickory bark laid up for torches and we can make some nice ones in a short time. Between our spears and hooks we will stand a pretty good chance for a nice lot of fish. We can take a couple of the boys along to carry the torch for us. We had better take a bite along to eat, as we’ll not get home before one or two o’clock in the morning.”

“All right, and mind, we must be there by sundown, as the pike always bite best just as the sun goes down into the water. When I fish, I want to do it right, or not at all. I’ll stop for you about an hour before sundown; have the torches ready, and we’ll have a good time.”

An hour before sundown found the two fishermen on the way to the mouth of Walnut Creek, each of them carrying a large torch made by bind-

ing the rough, shaggy bark of the hickory tree into a faggot with strips of leather wood bark for ties. With them were two boys carrying fishing poles and lines, together with the spears, to be used in taking the fish. They reached the lake when the sun was about half an hour high, filling all the sky in the neighborhood of the water with a rich, golden light. The water was smooth and a gentle little ripple was laving the smooth sand at the margin of the water. All else was quiet, save the piping of frogs up the creek.

"Now" said H., "the first thing is to get the minnies for bait. We'll try the hooks first. It'll not be time to spear this two hours. You boys, roll up your sleeves and hunt for minnies, be spry and we'll get the lines ready for work."

The minnows were taken by hand. The boys waded into shallow water in the edge of the creek and slid their hands under the opposite sides of small stones and, finding the little minnows there, closed their fingers against the stones and lifting them out of the water, captured the little fish. Soon a sufficient number were taken and the sober business of fishing commenced. Wading out waist deep into the lake, just where the creek entered, the hooks were thrown out, just in the gentle ripple that was made by the meeting of the waters of the creek with those of the lake. In the course of an hour several fine pike were taken and brought to land, with an occasional sheep head.

These latter came up very much to the disgust of the fishermen, as the fish were entirely worthless. There was a lull in the success, and it was concluded to build a fire, and prepare for spearing. This was soon done as the boys collected a quantity of dry drift-wood and with some tow they had brought prepared for the fire. Then the aid of the older men was called in, to complete the work. A steel and flint were produced and, under the shelter of H.'s old hat, with one or two strokes of the steel upon the flint, a tiny spark fell upon the piece of punk, and, by means of the tow, a fire was soon blazing on the beach, a short distance from the water.

"Now" said H., let us sit down and rest a bit until everything gets still and I think we'll have a chance at the suckers. They're not pike, as everybody knows, but they're better than no fish at all. So we'll give 'em a chance. It's pretty tiresome work, but we'll stand it, I guess."

"How quiet and still everything seemed about the meetin-house, as we came past it," said the other man. "And this puts me in mind of it, I notice you have got in the way of comin' to meetin on Sundays, lately. This is something new. I guess you begin to like it."

"Well I do kind of take to it more'n I used to. I always thought there was somethin good in these things but I don't claim to be any the better for goin to meetin. But the truth is, it kind of makes a

fellow feel a little better to wash up once a week, throw off his shabs and put on what Sunday clothes he's got and go where other folks go. I like to try and be somebody, if I don't make it out. Besides I kind of like the minister. He's not ashamed to come to my house and ask how we're gettin along. And one day, when the baby was sick with the putrid sore throat, and the neighbors afeared to come in for risk of takin it home to their own children, he came over and asked the privilege of prayin by its side. He prayed for the poor little fellow that lay there a pantin its life away, jest as though he was askin, a favor for himself. He was so quiet and earnest like that it seemed good to have him there. When he went away he said he hoped the Lord would bless us all; and that the good Father in Heaven would do what was right with the baby and with us. And if you'll believe it, the poor little fellow seemed to get better right away, and to-day he's as chirk as any child we have. I tell you that preacher is a wonderful little fellow. He's worth more than all the rest of you put together. And now, don't you think I'd be worse nor an Indian if I did not go to his meetin' once in a while?"

"Well, I'm glad to hear you talk that way. I heard the minister talk very purty about you the time you sent him that nice deer. He said that with all your rough ways, you had a good deal of substantial kindness in your heart."

“Did he say that? Well, I know that I’m a rough fellow, and that I drink too much whisky at times, and that I swear when I get mad, and that I fight when liquor gets the better of me; and I know the minister knows these things just as well as I do; and he talks well of me with all this; and I know he does not like these things, and can’t bear them, yet he treats me kindly and you say speaks well of me! Now this just knocks me off my level! Why, he’s a better man than I took him to be!”

“No, he does not like your bad ways, but he does like some things about you, and he would like you a great deal better than he does now, if you would quit the things you have been talkin about.”

“Well, we’ll see about it: but now let us try the suckers a spell, and see what they will do for us. They ought to be glad to have such an illumination as we are goin to get up for their benefit.”

The torch was lighted and borne by one of the boys, whilst the two men, each with a spear poised, walked on each side of him and commenced the work. Beginning at the mouth of the creek, they commenced slowly wading up the stream with eyes as alert as ever were those of hunter in the woods; and as they spied a fish coming down the stream, gave the spear the plunge that was almost sure to bring it up impaled on its barbs. This wading continued almost half a mile from the lake, or as

long as the fish were met in their downward course. The fishermen then returned on the bank of the stream to the fire and waited until it was deemed prudent to try their success again.

“I was thinkin,” said H., as the party resumed their places around the fire, “that the country had changed a good lock since I first knew it. Before that meetin-house was put up we used to have pretty rough times all along the lake. If we had a raisin or a loggin or a bee tree takin, even, we wound up with a general rowdy. The fellow that could drink the most rye was the best fellow in the lot. And then Sunday was no better than any other day. We hunted deer, we snared rabbits, we rasted and run foot races, and then dancin and playin cards were as common as eatin on that day. But now we’ve turned over a new leaf. Not but that some miserable cusses do these things yet, but folks that think anything of themselves have quit it. And I believe in my soul that old log meetin-house has done it all. And its one of my good feelins that I give a good solid day’s work towards buildin it.”

“I believe you are right in that. I have not been in the country as long as you have, but I know the value of the Sabbath and of the church. And I know too what the church has done for me. I am not what I ought to be, but readin my Bible and goin to church and hearin the word every Sunday, helps a man amazinly in tryin to keep in

the right road. Feelin that you are tryin to be a christian helps too, for then you feel how weak you are and it inclines you to ask the Lord to help you. I don't talk much about these things, but since you have spoke about the matter, I feel just like unburdenin my mind, as the Methodist people used to say over the mountains."

"I know you are a member of the church, and I never see nothin in the way of your bein a christian. I 'spect it isn't so easy for a fellow to keep right all the time even if he is a real christian. But sometimes I almost wish I was a christian. It would be kind of good to feel that you was on the side of the Lord."

"Can't you try to be a christian? You know what the minister preached about last Sunday; 'he that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Yes, you bet I didn't forget, for I didn't lose a single word. But I'm a poor creatur, the Lord have mercy on me; let us try one more bout and then go home."

The fishing was soon ended and the party sought their homes.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TWO BRETHREN.

Mr. Tait, the Mercer pastor, had come over to assist the Lakeside pastor at his fall communion. The two men were kindred spirits, and greatly enjoyed these exchanges. They talked of missionary work, of their home church work, of their old times of study at Dr. M'Millan's log cabin seminary in Washington county, of their days of boyhood east of the mountains, but generally came back to the prospects of the region of their labors. Sometimes they discussed theology, and grew warm in the defence of their own peculiar views. Of course, next to the Bible, the basis of their doctrinal belief was the rigid theology of old John M'Millan, as embodied in his celebrated lectures. They had, each of them written out these lectures, carefully and painfully, and had given them the place of honor in the special drawer of the place they called their study. But there were nice distinctions and shades of difference, arising perhaps more from their peculiar casts of mind, than from any particular differences of belief. Added to this there was a special love of argument that induced the Mercer pastor to engage in these contests merely for the sake of argument.

Mr. Tait had been preaching on Galatians, ii. 10: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." In the evening the conversation naturally turned to the theme of the day.

"It was a large subject, to-day and grandly treated," said Mr. Eaton. "Christ crucified is the grand central truth of the Bible. We owe all our hopes to the cross—we owe our life to Him who was crucified thereon. Grandly does the Apostle say 'Christ liveth in me.'"

"Yes" replied Mr. Tait, "that is one of the sweetest thoughts connected with our holy religion, that Christ lives in the hearts of all His people. It is not our life, but Christ's: it must therefore be a life that will be eternal!"

"But to me there is something mysterious in the saying, 'I am crucified with Christ!' I know he was crucified for me. I am sure that He bare my sins in His own body on the tree. But is there anything beyond this; is there an intimation that there is a cross for us as well as for the Lord that bought us?"

"Yes; the life here is something like that of the Lord who is our hope. As you and I have our Gethsemane, so we have our Calvary; not in the way of atonement; O no, God forbid the thought, but in the way of discipline, and as an aid to faith and self denial and consecration to God."

"That there are strifes and griefs and tears and

heart breakings, I admit, and feel sure of; but you certainly do not suppose that in every Christian's experience there is this baptism of pain and anguish and horror, that you call crucifixion."

"No, and yet yes; but there are diversities of experience. No one looks into the great deeps of the heart but the Omniscient One to whom all deeps are plain—the deeps of the ocean, the yet more mysterious deeps of the firmament, and the most secret chambers of the human heart. We hardly know our own hearts. We do not know our neighbor's heart. We do not see the cross upon which our best friend is often lifted up; we do not see the thorny crown that is so often placed upon his brow, nor the nails that pierce his hands and his feet. We have but God's testimony, who knows all things."

"Yes, I believe all that; there are pains and groans that sin brings; there are the awful conflicts of the soul with Satan; there are the doubts and fears that oppress the heart in its hours of darkness, but these form no part of the meritorious work of our salvation. All these things come and go, as the clouds do, throwing their shadows over the summer fields; yet after they have come and gone, and we look for our hope and our joy and our crown, there remains, as to the disciples after the shifting scenes of the Transfiguration, 'but Jesus only!'"

"Certainly, my dear brother, you are undoubt-

edly right there; it is Jesus only as far as our justification before God is concerned. Not a single sin can be removed save through the blood of Christ. Not a single jewel will be found in the crown of our rejoicing on the great day but such as were polished by the hand that was once pierced on the cross. There is nothing clearer than this in all God's wondrous revelation. But this is not the drift of my argument. Whilst Jesus was crucified for our sins, or to make an atonement for our sins, those sins fall like dark shadows over our souls at times, until it seems that the very shadow of the cross that Jesus bore for us has fallen upon us. And only as we hear the shout of the victory: 'It is finished,' does the shadow pass away, and we feel the light, the joy, the peace beaming from the reconciled face of our God."

"If your idea is that sin, in many of its consequences, remains to the child of God after he has joined in covenant with Christ, annoying him with dark memories, leaving its sad footprints and unsightly scars, you are not so far wrong. And if you refer to the sadness of heart that comes to the christian as he goes down into the deep waters of trial and temptation, during many a time of warfare here, you may be correct; but I am fearful of anything that will even seem to come in the way of the finished work of Jesus, or throw the shadow of the best works of men on the spotless robe of

the Redeemer's righteousness. Christ is our all and in all. We cannot sing too often :

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

“ You cannot surpass me in zeal for the integrity of the work of Christ in our salvation. I have no other—I wish no other. On this I will rest as on an immovable rock, when the waters of the last flood are rising around me. But are there no terrors in the storm, even though you know the strong timbers of your house cannot give way? Are there no shadows at the midnight hour, although you know that the bright sun will shine in splendor when the dark hours have rolled away? Is there no trembling as the winged lightning pierces the cloud and seems almost to disclose a firmament of living flame, although you know the hand of God guides the bolt and restrains its seeming wrath? So I think there are times, when in the eye of the angels there is no more danger to the child of God than there was to Noah as he was borne over the deep floods and beneath the great water spouts, yet when he feels the nails piercing his hands, and the spear riving his heart, as though justice did demand from him the penalty due to sin. Yes, we are crucified, all; yet to us the cross has many forms. The nails have a varied sharpness, yet, with all this, no cross but that of Christ can avail to save the soul; no right-

eousness but His can justify in the great day of recompense."

"Your ideas are, I think, correct enough, but you use language in a sense that I can hardly justify. There is a kind of sacred language, and there are sacred figures of speech that should not be applied to common things. The mystery of the cross and the Passion of our Lord should not be brought down even to the level of the religious experience of the dear children of God. The associations are too hallowed. And although the work of Christ and salvation through Him is called the Cross of Christ, yet to speak of the experience of christians, their sufferings and their agonies even, as the crown of thorns and the nails that pertained to the passion of our Lord, is hardly justifiable."

"What then do you understand by the expression 'crucified with Christ?' It must have some meaning more than a mere figure of speech."

"It seems to me that the meaning is much as you gave it to us in your sermon to-day; Christ died on the cross for us: we are united to Him, and in this way we become dead to sin, to the law, to the world. Christ on the cross assumed the place of His people and was crucified for them, and they being united to Him by the bond of a living faith are said to be crucified with Him. And this was once for all. 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,

who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.' And to talk of God's dear children who have been washed and justified, with the work of sanctification commenced in their souls, as still bearing the conflict and wearing the crown of thorns, and as pierced by the nails of the cross is, I speak it kindly, almost doing dishonor to the work of the Divine Redeemer."

"Well, well, we will not dispute farther, I think we do not differ in essential things, and as to non essentials, we can afford to differ; and I am quite sure that our experience will not be that of Paul and Barnabas, as we will neither part in wrath nor part at all until this meeting is over."

"Our differences always end in this way; they commence in playfulness on your part and end by your giving up the point at issue. But now let us take a walk for a few minutes, under the light of these brilliant stars, and we will sleep all the better, and perhaps dream of the land beyond the stars, where we hope to have our home when the missionary work shall all have been finished."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEACON PORTER.

Amongst the prominent men in the neighborhood, was deacon Porter. He was not a very near neighbor to the Lakeside pastor, yet they were very firm friends, and the deacon was a very important helper in the work of building up the church. He was a fine specimen of the men of the times: strong and athletic; full of vigor, and with more than the usual endowment both of physical and mental strength. He was over six feet in height, strait and erect as the poplar tree on his own plains; long, thin visage; thin hair, and with a countenance on which nature had written resolution and courage and earnest determination. One would judge from looking at his erect carriage and solemn countenance that he was a descendant of those who had come over in the Mayflower; or that he was of those who had worn blue bonnets and had suffered persecution in the days of the covenant. But he was one of nature's noblemen, and needed no patent of nobility to make him great; he was one whom the truth had made free, and felt in bondage to no man, nor set of men.

Deacon Porter had come into the country, to find a home for himself and his household, and

from the first devoted himself to the work of building up the institutions of the country. The church was the first in importance; and to the interests connected with it he devoted himself with great diligence. His home was on Elk creek, and to the clearing up and cultivation of his numerous acres, he gave such attention that he was soon one of the prominent men of the land. His sugar camp was one of the important things in the way of production, and was celebrated as producing some of the finest sugar in all the country. By special invitation the family at Lakeside had gone up in the sugar making season to see the process of sugaring off, as the final completion of the work of making sugar was called.

It was in the month of March; the days had been clear and sunshiny, with sharp frost during the nights, and as the party dismounted at the door, Mrs. Porter greeted them very cordially, saying that Robert was in the sugar camp, and that they had come just at the right time, for the run of water at the camp had been wonderfully good, and the sugaring off that evening would be very fine.

The minister soon found his way to the camp, where he found his friend very active in the work of securing the sugar water, and boiling it down in his great iron kettles. These were in a long row, suspended to a long beam by trammels and log chains. On each side of this row of kettles

were ranged logs gathered in the woods, with smaller wood placed between, to keep up the fires and boil down the rich product of the sugar trees, that stood in their majesty all around.

Here the work was going forward, under the superintendence of the deacon. His salutation was grave, yet cordial. There was not even a smile upon his countenance, as he extended his hand to his pastor, but there was a most cordial clasp of the hand and a soft light in his eye that told better than words could how glad he was to see his friend and minister, at the same time remarking:

“ I was thinking of you this very morning, Mr. Eaton, and hoping that you would come up during this splendid run of water. We do not often have so good a time; the frost during the nights, and the sun by day makes the run most abundant; but it has kept us all very busy. We have boiled all night during the last ten days, excepting the Sabbath, and have made a very good quality of sugar.”

“ But how do you manage to prevent loss during the run of the Sabbath? ”

“ Well, I think Providence favors us, for we have not lost a gallon of water since we commenced, and we have not worked a moment of sacred time. Some of the neighbors who do not generally work on Sabbath have boiled this spring and have had bad luck. Their water has soured in the store troughs, and their sugar has

burned in the stirring off, and they have been in a peck of troubles."

"But I am curious to know just how you manage, for I suppose that if any one could work the thing satisfactorily, you could."

"There is nothing but good sense and a little judgment to be brought to bear to make everything go right. In the first place, we have the store troughs in good condition when we commence; they are clean and sweet. Then we have them placed under these thick hemlocks, where the sun will not beat down upon them and make the water in them ferment. Then we boil and gather the water up to midnight on Saturday, and commence again by one or two on Monday morning."

"How many trees have you tapped?"

"We have between four and five hundred; the run has been so good that we have done better than usual this spring. We will have a grand sugaring off this evening and be able to show you sugar equal to the best muscovado you ever saw in Franklin county."

The minister sat in the kind of tent that was placed in front of the great fires, and watched the operation of boiling and supplying the kettles with fresh water as the process of evaporation went forward. He observed that the cold water was not thrown into the boiling kettles, for this would have checked the process for a time; but a special

kettle was kept for the purpose of bringing the water to a boiling point, and this hot water poured into the warm kettles, thus keeping the water always at the boiling point, so that no time should be lost. The boiling water was also poured from one kettle to another, so that the one nearer the upper end was almost at the point of crystallization. Meanwhile the men were coming in laden like bees with the water that was gathered from the sugar troughs in all parts of the widely extended camp.

Tea was over in the house; night had fallen; and the guests, with the household, were preparing to go to the sugar camp. As they took their way toward the woods, the great moon lifted his full orbed face above the horizon, filling the world with the brightness of his beams. It was almost like daylight, and the scene was beautiful. The frost was forming on the blades of grass, and on the twigs of spicewood and leatherwood that lined the path, and over the brook of water that wound in and out through the meadow and into the woods, and a thin veil of mist was gathering that pointed out the course of the channel without seeing the water. In the distance an owl was vigorously uttering his monotonous "too whoo; too whoo-o-o!"

The party was soon on the ground, and the work was commenced. The men who had not left the camp had all things in readiness. A kettle had been made clean and nice; the strong syrup had

been carefully strained through a flannel bag, and placed in this clean kettle, after having been cleared, as they called it, with milk and the whites of eggs. Then the fire was applied and the rich syrup foamed and rolled its golden waves almost to the top of the kettle. As the process continued, the good deacon grew anxious,—in any other person it would have been called excitement. The syrup was tested again and again, by pouring a small portion of it into cold water. At last the mass was pronounced done, and poured into various vessels; some to be made into solid cakes, and some to be grained and broken up into granulated sugar for the use of the table. Good Mrs. Porter did not fail to fill an egg shell for each of the children that had been left at home.

Although the party were very much wearied with the labors of the day, and of the evening, yet the conversation was continued long into the night, for the opportunity of exchanging views with the minister was not to be thrown away. They talked of their old homes, east of the mountains; of the prospects of the new country, where they had their homes, and of the church and its influence in moulding and influencing the people who had come, as they had, to begin life in the woods. The deacon expressed himself strongly as to the good that had already been accomplished by the churches at Lakeside, and at Springfield, and felt greatly encouraged at the thought that, before many years,

other churches would spring up, bringing their influence to bear in all the region along the lake shore.

The visit was a very pleasant one, and was concluded the next morning, with the promise from the worthy deacon and his wife to go down to Lakeside on the occasion of the next sacramental season, which would occur on the second Sabbath of the following April. The ride home, was pleasant and exhilarating, with the fresh, crisp air of the spring time, with the added crispness of the breeze from the lake whose resounding waves they could hear as they ascended the higher points of the road.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ABOUT TEMPERANCE.

The people of Lakeside raised more grain than was wanted for the legitimate purposes of making flour and meal. Soon there was a distillery set up convenient to them and the surplus rye and corn was sent to be transmuted into whisky. This the people thought they needed for their comfort and health. They had always been in the habit of using it, and it seemed as necessary to them as bread itself. There was no denying the fact that some of the people would get drunk at times, and that they acted very badly at such times; but this was called excessive use, or rather abuse of what was a very good thing in its place. Here and there was a person that had abandoned himself to the use of it in such a way that he was wholly unfitted for any business or care of life, and became a nuisance to his family and to society. But even this did not open the eyes of the community to the fact that whisky was an unmitigated evil.

It was kept in the houses; it was carried to the fields; it was used at weddings, at funerals, at all places of public concourse. In the winter it was thought necessary to use it to counteract the effects of cold; in the summer it must be used as an an-

tidote to the heat; when going to hunt, when fishing, when washing sheep, when logging, when raising houses, whenever the people came together for any purpose, whisky must be present as a matter of course.

In many places the ministers kept it to give a social glass to their brethren, when they called to see them or shared their labors with them. A bottle with tansy leaves in the bottom and filled with whisky was supposed to furnish a wonderfully good appetizer and was partaken of in the morning as a desirable adjunct to good health, and as a preparation for the labors of the day. It was never used in this common way by the pastor at Lakeside; yet it was kept for the use of the men who assisted in the fields at times, in logging and harvesting, labors he could not perform himself.

But many good men really thought that this whisky was, as they termed it, a creature of God, to be used with thankfulness, even as the bread that was made of the same grain. But there was this much to be said; the whisky was made of good, honest rye, without recourse to drugs, or fiery poisons. It did not stimulate the person who used it to madness and delirium; it did not at once eat out the vital organs and dry up the sources of health and life. But it did often make men worthless and quarrelsome and brutish in their families, and so should have excited alarm amongst those

who sought the good of the souls and bodies of men, even in those early days.

But the light came gradually that was to excite a crusade against this great popular evil. There had been a raising in the neighborhood. A larger log house than usual had been put up, and the men were brought from all parts of the settlement. Whisky flowed like water. Two of the best corner men, or those who worked on the corner and notched the logs as they went up, were soon unfitted for duty, so much so that it was considered unsafe for them to be on the building. They were removed from their places and made things uncomfortable for the entire party. At the close of the work, although the building was completed, several men had to be assisted in their efforts to reach home.

"I am tired of this miserable whisky," said Mr. Eaton that evening as he reached home and narrated the events of the day to his wife: "it was really disgraceful, the way some of the men indulged to-day. I do not know what we will do if things go on at this rate; the whole neighborhood will become drunken."

"Were any of the really sober and respectable people overcome in this way?" inquired Mrs. Eaton.

"Yes, plenty of them. Some even of the members of the church had more than they could carry conveniently. I am determined that something

shall be done to stay this evil. It seems to me to be growing in this community. There must be some moral power brought to bear or the whole country will be given up to drunkenness."

"But what can be done? The custom of drinking is wrought into the very life of the people: they think it as necessary, this whisky, as their daily bread."

"A step in the right direction was taken at the last meeting of presbytery: it was the following resolution: 'The presbytery, taking into view the pernicious effects of ardent spirits on the peace and good morals of society, and the necessity of testifying, by example as well as precept, against the common and excessive use of them at public meetings and social visits, resolved to make no use of them at their various ecclesiastical meetings.' And now, to begin at Jerusalem, I propose that we banish the article from our own house, at once, as a matter of treating persons who call and complain of cold or weariness. We never kept it as an article of common luxury, but now we will not keep it to offer to our friends even on a wet day. Our boys are growing up, and I do not wish the example to be before them, nor to run the risk of teaching them to like the dangerous beverage."

The minister talked to his elders about the matter, and reasoned with them in regard to the danger of the customs of the times, and the importance of taking some steps toward remedying the evil.

But the matter was new to them. They could see some of the dangers that were in the way, but could not so well see where the remedy was to be applied. As to the use of whisky, in the abstract, there could be no difficulty, they thought: it was in the abuse of the thing that they saw the danger and the wrong: properly used it was all right, and men must be taught that they must use the thing but not abuse it.

“I have been talking with the elders about these drinking customs, but, they do not seem to agree with me. They are all right as far as they can see, but they were brought up to think that this whisky is absolutely necessary in carrying on the operations of life, and cannot safely be laid aside. A few more raisings like the one we had lately will perhaps open their eyes. In the meantime I hope their eyes will be open to notice the practical working of the matter. These men are conscientious and wish to do right, but, as you say, they need light and conviction before their minds will be induced to change on this question of whisky drinking.”

But it required long and patient waiting before much change was wrought in the minds of the people. They were many of them desirous of doing right, but the truth was, they liked a little whisky once in a while. There were not many who indulged to excess, or who were, humanly speaking, in danger of being carried away with

the practice. But they liked to be in a situation where they could do as they pleased: in other words they looked upon it as their right to drink when they wished.

But the minister's talk made its impression. He was a very prudent man and his opinions had weight, with the thinking people, on all subjects. Two of the elders had met as they mounted their horses to return from town and naturally fell into conversation about the affairs of the congregation. This question of whisky drinking came up.

"What do you think of our minister's views about temperance," said one.

"Well, I begin to think that he is more than half right. The more I see of the working of this matter of every day drinking the more I am becoming disgusted with it. You and I see more than we are willing to admit as to its effect on the church, and on the prosperity of the community."

"That is all true: men do drink too much, but why should we all be debarred from taking a little now and then, when we need it, just because others cannot stop when they have enough?"

"But is there not force in what the minister says, about self denial for the good of others? We trust him in other things, and why not in this? We get him to draw up our contracts, to write our wills and to prepare all our legal papers. Then why not yield to his judgment in this thing, in which he is so earnest?"

"Your notion is reasonable, I admit, and I will think about it more than I have done; indeed I have seen so much of the evil effects of drinking since he began to agitate the matter, that I am sometimes sick with the whole matter of whisky."

The result was that before the year was out, it was announced on the Monday after the communion, when the people met for the usual service, that a temperance society would be organized at the close of the meeting. There were but few who remained, and of these few not many signed the pledge. But the pastor's heart was made glad by finding the names of all his elders.

One of the elders, as he passed the paper around, seemed to be in a brown study; he was evidently not very cordial to the movement, yet the influence of the pastor was powerful with him, and he was constrained to go into it from the conviction that it must be right because the minister was so anxious to have it go forward: but his quiet remark was, as he read the paper to one who had not fully taken it in, "it seems a curious plea too, after denouncing it as such dreadful stuff, to bring it in as medicine."

But they did not all sign the paper. There were various excuses given. One man said that his old minister, over the mountains, said whisky was a creature of God, and was to be enjoyed with thankfulness, and that as he had been in the habit of

drinking what he wished for so many years, he was not going to be deprived of it now.

Another said that if he joined this cold water society, he would never be able to get his sheep washed in the world, as everybody knew that it would be dangerous to go into the cold water to wash sheep without whisky.

Others thought that the times of harvest and logging and fishing absolutely required the use of whisky in order to accomplish anything worth speaking of in the way of business. It was objected by many that if the use of whisky was given up, the prospects of the farmers would be ruined, inasmuch as there would be no market for rye, to say nothing of the distilleries that would be ruined.

But the next day, the minister had a call from one of the most unpromising men in the neighborhood. He was an habitual drinker, and had given great trouble to his neighbors on all occasions of raisings and other public gatherings. He would not only become intoxicated, but would become quarrelsome and abusive, and not unfrequently render it necessary to carry him home in a condition of helpless drunkenness.

The prospect of a pleasant call was not promising, for the man commenced even before he had taken the proffered seat.

“I hear you have got up a cold water society, Mr. Eaton, now I want to know just what that means; for they told me you said at the meeting

the other day, that one design was to help drunken men to reform, and make it better for their families. Now this is just the fact with me: I'm a drunkard: God forgive me for becoming one: but it is just so; you know it as well as I do: And I'm on the way to the devil, fast; but I do want to stop, if it is possible: I do want to become a sober man once more: I do want to get away from this miserable habit of drinking whisky and making a beast of myself: I'm not only drinking myself to death, but I am ruining my family, and bringing them to poverty and disgrace; and I do want to stop: will this cold water society do anything to help me? Or do you know anything that will help me to shut down on this abominable love I have for whisky?"

"It may not cure you of all your trouble to sign the temperance pledge, but, if you are sincere and determined to do better, I think it would help you in the struggle."

"Well, I think I'm honest enough, and I know I'm sincere, for havn't I suffered nearly the torments of the hell you preach about, during the last six months? And now I'm going to make one last, big effort to get free, and if you'll let me sign that pledge I heard you had at the meeting-house the other Sunday, I'll do it in God's name, and maybe He'll help me to make a man of myself once more."

"I'm glad you talk about looking to the Lord

to help you, for without this help I fear the struggle would be but a doubtful one. But here is the temperance pledge; it is simply a solemn promise to abstain entirely from everything that would intoxicate. Now I know you are an honorable man and will try and keep your promise, but in addition, I hope you will try and look to the Lord to make you strong enough to resist all appetite in the way of whisky."

"Well I'll sign it and may God help me to keep the pledge. If you think it would make it stronger, I'll go before Square Taggart and swear to it, for I do want to make a sure thing of it, while I'm about it. And wouldn't the woman at home be glad if I could quit and be a decent man once more. You may bet she would!"

"Well, I do not think swearing to the pledge will make it any stronger, so here is the paper: and I have read it to you, and you can sign just under your neighbor's that you see there at the right."

"Just so; but what does he sign the paper for; he never was drunk in his life, and there isn't the least danger that he will begin now."

"Probably no danger, but he wishes to give his influence in favor of temperance and so help on the good cause. We need the help of all the men in the community, whether they drink or not, to assist in putting down the evil practices that have been so common amongst us; I feel

much gratified with your good resolution to-day.”

The pledge was signed, and after the last letter had been formed, a sigh of relief was drawn from the depth of the man's heart, and he went on his way, feeling that now there was solid ground under his feet and that there was hope for him in the future.

The new movement went slowly forward ; but it brought forth good fruit. It grew stronger as the years rolled along ; public opinion began to be in its favor, and the drinking customs of the country were greatly reformed, and the result was that the prosperity of the neighborhood was much increased.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MISSIONARY VESSEL.

The family home was a little over a mile from the grand old lake. It was hidden from view by the dense forest that intervened, but at times its voice of song was lifted up above all other sounds. Sometimes it was the gentle murmur, like the wind sighing through a forest of pines; at other times it was grand and magnificent, as though all the voices of nature were joining in concert in praise of the great Creator.

It was Saturday evening, and the sun had set in clouds, betokening a coming storm. The wind was sighing mournfully through the old Lombardy poplar near the house, and the great waves were dashing against the beach of the lake, the sound distinctly audible at the minister's house. It was an unusual storm, even for that time of the year. There was not very much shipping, at that time, on the lake, yet the probabilities were that some poor craft would be in imminent danger.

"The voice of the storm is grand to-night" said the minister, "and if it were not that perhaps some poor sailors may be in sore peril, it would be delightful to listen to it. But in such a night scarcely any vessel could live. The wind has been from

the north east all the afternoon, and it will be well if some vessel is not beached on our shore during the night."

"One of the neighbors who was down at the Sweney place, hunting, this afternoon, reported that the waves were dashing over the great rock, that lies out from the beach there, a thing that is quite unusual, and we may expect to hear of damage if not loss of life."

"We shall hope for the best: the sea is His, and He made it and His hands formed the dry land."

In the morning the wind had abated considerably and the rain had ceased and preparations were made for going to meeting. The congregation was not large that day, for the night of storm had kept many at home. As the people approached the log meeting house there was a grand view of the lake. The wind had ceased altogether and the sun was shining brightly, yet the great billows were rolling to the shore as though the storm was still at its height. As far as the eye could reach, the waves were outlining their shaggy forms against the leaden sky, whilst the beach resounded with the heavy blows that were ceaselessly falling upon it.

"The great swells beat mighty hard agin the beach last night" said Mr. Chambers. "I could almost feel the house shake, and I could hear the roar, as I sat in the house with the door shut. It'll be mighty queer if we don't hear of some of Reed's vessels laid up in places where he don't want 'em.

'Taint every captain can run a vessel safe in a sea like that which rolled last night."

"The sea has gone down considerable this morning," said a neighbor, "and I think the storm is over, still there may have been considerable harm done. But I hope there were no lives lost."

Just then a stranger was seen approaching from the direction of the mouth of the creek, who approached the old Indian Mound, where the men were sitting, and inquired whether the minister had arrived, stating that he had gotten into trouble and wished to get some help.

"He's just come," said Mr. Chambers, "that little man that is hitchin his horse to the cucumber tree, over there: and he's just the man to go to for help, if it's all on the square, for he can command all this crowd, in a good cause."

To Mr. Eaton the man made known his trouble, and met with sympathy and encouragement. It proved that he was the captain of the schooner that had been sent by Mr. Van Tassel for the supplies for the mission at Sandusky. They had been driven on shore, during the night, and were beached at a point nearly opposite to the place where they then were. The entire crew consisted of the captain and three Indians who were connected with the Mission. It was thought that there was no special damage done to the vessel, and that with the assistance of the neighborhood, it might be gotten off during the next day. A consultation was

held, and it was proposed to invite the congregation to assemble the next day at nine o'clock, to make the effort. At the close of the service the matter was laid before the people and they were invited to come to the relief of the stranded ship on the next morning.

Monday morning found nearly the whole neighborhood on the beach, with their dinners provided, as though they designed to give the entire day to the business in hand. A large amount of sympathy had been enlisted in the matter, as the minister had stated that the vessel was engaged in missionary work, and was manned, in part, by the Indians connected with the mission. Many women and children had come with their friends, and the affair was in the highest degree exciting.

The water had not yet retired from the southern shore of the lake, since the storm, so that the prospect was favorable for getting the schooner afloat. The lading was first removed, then, by the aid of long levers cut in the neighboring woods, the lightened boat was gradually worked off shore, and by the middle of the afternoon she was afloat, and the lading placed on board once more. Here a new difficulty arose: the Indians had been terribly frightened by the storm and declined to go on board, preferring to return by land. Every persuasion was used, but the chief speaker, Hiram Thibault, declared that during the height of the storm, he had made a vow that if he ever reached

land in safety, he would never trust himself on the water again.

He was told that the vow was a foolish one, and that a wrong vow was better violated than kept. Finally Mr. M'Creary, who owned the fulling mill, promised to each of the Indians cloth from his mill for a suit of clothes if they would go on board and do their duty in getting the schooner back to Sandusky.

They at last consented to go on board. Amongst the freight, on board, was a barrel of Muscovado sugar, that was a part of the captain's private venture, and attracted great attention. Very few of the younger portion of the party had ever seen any sugar beside that which was made from the sugar trees in their own woods. And although it was no nicer than much that was made at home, yet as a product of a foreign country it was an object of great curiosity.

Just before sunset the little craft weighed anchor and turned her bow toward Presque Isle, the long Peninsula that guarded its harbor and gave it its name being just in sight, and there was a general wish that the voyage would be completed satisfactorily, and that the red browed crew would be able to overcome their fears.

The next day one of the neighbors was in town and learned that the Indians had proved treacherous after all their promises. They could not forget the night of the storm when they had been in

such peril of their lives, and when, in spite of all their toil, they had been driven on shore, and feared a renewal of the trouble. They had succeeded in getting to the outer entrance to the harbor, when, taking the small boat, they reached the shore, leaving the captain to his unaided efforts.

By daylight they were far on their way towards Sandusky, with the congratulations to themselves that they were safe from the dangers of the deep. In the morning the captain raised a signal of distress, and, receiving assistance from the port, succeeded in getting his unfortunate craft into the harbor. At Presque Isle friends of the mission work assisted in getting the schooner re-manned and in due course of time it made its way to Sandusky, where the supplies it brought were greatly appreciated.

The Indian crew had preceded the vessel; and were greatly mortified at being obliged to confess to Mr. Van Tassel that they had deserted the ship, leaving the captain to his own resources. But they alleged, what was perhaps true, that they were not accustomed to the white people's large boats, and would not have been frightened at any storm on board their own Mackinaw canoes.

The impression at the first was against the mission work, for it was known that these men were connected in some way with the station, and unbelief was quick in some minds to connect what was

called cowardice and unfaithfulness to their employers, as a grievous charge against the men themselves.

“An Indian is an Indian, wherever you may find him,” said Mr. Chambers, “you can never get the wild blood out of his hide. I hardly think the gospel would be of much use to him: it is in his very nature to be treacherous and worthless.”

“We must make allowance for the habits and early training of men,” said Mr. Eaton; “if you and I had been brought up as these men were the probabilities are that we would have done much as they did. Besides they seemed honest and well disposed, when here, and really seemed to wish to do their duty; besides neighbor M’Creary offered to pay them for their time in addition to what the captain was to give them.”

“Yes; but Fuller Sam was to give them cloth for coats, and what did the red skins want with coats?”

“Well, we must try and do good to men, whether they always do good to us or not; this is the Lord’s direction.”

“Well, Mr. Eaton, you always have the best of the talk, and it’s real foolish in me to try to talk with you; so we’ll say nothing more about the matter; but I hope the captain got home all safe, with his traps for Mr. Van Tassel.”

This incident opened anew the subject of missions amongst the Indians. In the earlier stages

of the settlement, the people had experienced much trouble with these people. They had wandered about, not inflicting actual damage to the settlers, but calling upon them for charity and sometimes exciting fears lest some damage might be done. But now they had all disappeared and left the country. The synod had been very actively engaged in establishing missions in northern Ohio, and there was the promise of great success in the work. Whilst there was no regular society organized at Lakeside, it was resolved to do what they could to assist in the enterprize at Sandusky.

One morning, early, Mrs. Chambers called at the minister's to talk over the matter, and see what was best to be done. She was as voluble as usual, but seemed to have toned down wonderfully within a few years. "I called to see about this Indian business. I didn't think much of the red skins years ago, but conclude that the poor creatures must not be left to go to the dogs altogether: so I am ready to do my part. I can work, and I can give what we raise off the ground. I hear that Fuller Sam agrees to card wool for nothing for this object, as well as color butternut flannel; so I conclude I will send some wool to his mill to be carded, when I can spin some yarn and knit some stockings; this will be some help."

"They will be very acceptable. Mrs. Bell offers to contribute some tow linen, as well as some plaid flannel, that Mr. M'Creary is finishing at his

mill. Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Porter will send some fulled cloth from the same mill; and two of Mr. Caughey's boys have volunteered to go to the woods for butternut bark to be used in the coloring. So you see the good work is going forward finely."

"Chambers, he says you had better send them some bows and arrows and scalping knives, as these would be more in the line of their business. But I don't think so. I used to be kind of hard myself, but as I grow older I kind of soften down, and wish to do all the good I can. I used to talk pretty plain to you, I expect, but I was younger then than I am now, and felt different, so I hope there is no harm done."

By this time others had come in with offers of substantial aid for the enterprize, until it was no longer a problem as to the reality of the missionary box. There were none who had money to give but they were willing to give of the production of the farm, or the workshop, or of their own labor in any shape that would be available. Then after talking over what each one could give best, they separated with the understanding that they would come together three weeks from that day, at the minister's house, to bring together their offerings and make up the box ready to send to Sandusky. The matter was also to be spoken of from the pulpit, the next Sabbath, when each one had some suggestion to put into the minister's speech, on that occasion.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MISSIONARY BOX.

The incident connected with the missionary vessel proved to be useful in the congregation, by awakening a new interest in the work of missions. Both the pastor and his wife had long felt that something should be done towards sustaining the missions among the Indians. But there were prejudices to be overcome; there were the selfish feelings of the human heart in the way; and there was the absolute straitness of the early settlement, that would be raised as an objection to the work.

But the good lady who presided at the Manse thought that perhaps the vessel cast upon their shores had another mission to perform besides carrying supplies to Sandusky. So the matter had been quietly talked about in the home circles where it would probably meet with most favor, until it was judged safe to broach it in public. It had also been agreed to announce the work from the pulpit, and invite the co-operation of the entire congregation. Money was not to be solicited, but all were to be invited to contribute of their labor and the production of their farms.

On a pleasant summer morning, when every

heart seemed glad, after the usual service in the church, it was announced that an effort would be made to assist in the missionary work at Sandusky. The minister told the people that he had conversed with Mr. Tait in regard to the work there, and that he had assured him from his own personal observation, that the work was prospering and that it was doing a great amount of good; but that the missionaries themselves were in need of assistance; that the Indians were poor; and that many poor children were thrown upon their hands for whom they must provide; and that the whole matter appealed to the best feelings of their hearts.

This appeal was followed up by sketching the plan that was proposed to be inaugurated. Wool could be spun; stockings could be knit; flannel could be prepared; home-made cloth could be furnished: anything that was useful at home would be acceptable to the mission; even clothing for the children, that had done service at home but was now outgrown, would be gladly received. It was also announced that Mr. M'Creary would card all the wool and make it into rolls ready for spinning that were to be furnished for the missionary box. All these details were mentioned and an appointment made to meet at the minister's house in three weeks from the following Monday, to bring the articles together, and pack up the box. Then a general invitation was extended to all the mem-

bers of the congregation, together with others, to contribute of materials and work.

There was a busy time throughout the neighborhood for the next three weeks. The sheep had been washed and shorn, and many a bundle of wool had found its way to the fulling mill to be made into rolls. Indeed the worthy proprietor of that establishment had a very busy time between his own contribution of work and flannel, and the work he had agreed to do for others as a farther contribution. But the time passed around and it was at length announced from the pulpit, that, on the following morning, the contributions would be brought to the minister's house and prepared for shipment to Sandusky. It was also announced that the day would be spent in a social way, in addition to the business in hand.

Soon after breakfast on Monday morning, the ladies began to assemble, some on foot and some on horseback, each bearing their offering. Some had stockings, some a few yards of flannel, some simply yarn that they had spun at home, and some tow linen, the product of their own looms. Among the first that appeared was Mrs. Chambers, with a bundle hanging to the horn of her saddle, calling out gayly to the others that were under the apple tree:

“ Here I be, amongst the best of you ; Chambers reckoned it wouldn't amount to much ; but I told him I'd resk it, if the minister was in favor of it.

He advised me to bring along a good stock of moccasins and if I had any old butcher knives to send them, as the red skins could easily turn them into scalping knives. And do you think the feller even advised me to send the pewter plates and pans as he said the creeters could run them into bullets, to shoot white men with. But laws me, he aint worth mindin, he means well enough, he seemed glad to get the bay mare up for me to ride, and I know he wanted her to plow his corn with."

Another woman as she tossed down her bundle of yarn tied up in a few yards of flannel said :

"I thought as Fuller Sam had agreed to card missionary yarn for nothing, I'd bring along a good lock, so's't the missionaries might knit their own stockins, and maybe set them good for nothin squaws to work a earnin their livin."

Along in the afternoon, Mrs. Chambers cried out, as she looked up the lane : "sure's you're livin, there comes Fuller Sam himself, with his one horse wagon, the same he goes round huntin up butternut bark with for his colorin, and I wonder what he's bringin ; I should think he'd done his part in cardin wool for the folks, without chargin ; but we'll see."

But the little wagon was not empty. Out of its depths there were brought to light some remnants of flannel, a few yards of his best butternut full-ed cloth, as he called it ; and some hanks of yarn, likewise colored with butternut bark. His

only remark as he prepared to go on his way was :

“ I thought I would bring you my little offering. Nancy is not able to be out and so couldn't come and did not want to be left out in the work.”

Along towards evening Mr. H. came with a bundle under his arm, that was laid down quietly in the corner, with the single remark :

“ I didn't use to think that them red skins was feller creeters at all, they were so wild and cruel like ; but I begin to think now that they orto have some show 'long 'o the rest on us ; I s'pose they are a good deal as they were born and brought up, and might be made better. My folks don't take much to these things, but I wanted to have a little chance in with the rest, and you'll find my little mite in the bundle in the corner.”

He left as quietly as he had come. On opening the bundle, there were found some twists of flax, nicely hackled and ready for the spinning-wheel, a couple of pairs of moccasins, of his own make, and a linen hunting shirt, that had done some service in the woods, but was yet good for many a year in the same kind of service.”

Just as the ladies were ready to separate, a woman came in with hardly a word, save to ask whether the box was full or not. On being assured that there was still room, she unfolded a little package, laid it upon the table and retired, silently and apparently with a very full heart. On examining the articles in the package, they were very

neatly put up, and proved to be the outfit of a little infant. There was the entire suit, of plain material, but neatly made and washed and ironed. There were the little red shoes, with the toes somewhat worn, yet in good condition. And in the midst of all was a small doll baby, made at home, yet evidently associated with the little clothes in a way that was very interesting.

It was known that this woman had lost a little child about a year before this time, and the conclusion was that these were the clothes of the little one that had been called away. They had been evidently treasured up as most sacred relics, and been looked upon as the mementos of the loved one; yet better thoughts had come to the bereaved mother, and, like one of old, feeling that she would offer her most precious things to her Lord, had taken the last look at her treasures and consecrated them to what she believed the work of the Lord. They were placed carefully in the midst of the other offerings, that they might have the place of honor in the Missionary box, when it should be packed.

The minister had taken the precaution, the week before, to send to town by a neighbor to secure a box from Reed's store, such as they received dry goods in, to answer for packing the missionary goods. It had been dumped down at the door with the remark that it had not cost a cent.

"I got it from Seth Reed himself: he said if it

was for Mrs. Eaton it was all right; besides he had a rather kind feeling for the Indians, as he had traded with them in the early days. And in addition he would send a few trifles on his own account. That's what he said and there's the box, cover and all, I don't know what's in it."

The box was examined and found to contain numerous remnants of muslin and calico, with some old wool hats, shoes for boys, and woolen comforters. These were considered a great addition to the box.

"I declare to goodness, Miss Eaton, if you don't beat everything; you seem to think of everything to once. Here I was a frettin as I come along about how we would pack up our traps when we got 'em together. I finally concluded we'd have to make a great bundle, and send 'em that way. But this is jist the sort, and they'll go as snug as a boy in a haymow in a rainy day."

A council was held as to the best way of arranging the matters before putting them in the box. Here was yarn, and flannel, and tow linen, and thread spun from flax, and fulled cloth, Mr. M'-Creary's best, of an elegant butternut hue, with some rolls, not yet spun. Should the things all be sent in their crude state, or should there be some of them made up and ready for service? Mrs. Chambers was the first to speak her mind on the subject:

"I calculate it a'n't much use to send rolls for

them Indjens to spin, they ha'nt got no wheels, and if they had they couldn't use 'em. Better spin 'em and knit 'em into stockings; mebbe they can wear stockings under their moccasins; they'll be better than dry leaves sich as I used to see 'em wear when they hunted along the lake shore years ago."

The advice was acted on and the rolls laid to one side, for farther consideration. The same was done with the woolen yarn. The thread was put in with the manufactured articles as being useful, even to the Indian women on the frontier. All then set to work at the flannel and tow linen. The colored and striped flannel was made into small dresses for children, modeled after the style of their own children's dresses, the linen was fabricated into something like hunting shirts for men, such as they were in the habit of making for their own husbands and brothers for rough wear at home. The fulled cloth was put in in the piece to be used at the discretion of those to whom it might go, as they had observed that the Indians who had been on the missionary vessel wore clothes precisely like those of white people. There were some small pieces of linsey woolsey that were likewise put in without making up, designed for women's wear. This was a material composed of equal parts of flax and wool, woven in stripes and considered as very nice by the people for every day wear. One thoughtful woman had brought some dried apples,

tied up in a bag. Another had dried raspberries and a third had brought some dried elderblows and camomile that she thought would be very acceptable in cases of bad colds, that she supposed troubled Indians as well as white people.

When all that was ready for the box had been laid aside, it was resolved that whilst two of the ladies packed them in the box, the others should set to work and get the remainder in preparation for the same receptacle. One near neighbor had brought her little wheel, and two women at once set to work spinning the rolls; whilst others began knitting and sewing; and by the evening time all had been completed save the knitting of the yarn that had just been spun. This was put into the box with the rest, as an inducement to the Indians to learn the art of knitting, as was suggested by a practical woman of the party. All was then safely stowed away in the box, leaving the adjustment of its final details to the more practised skill of the minister.

Then all sat down to have a little quiet chat after the labor of the day. There was a novelty about the whole thing that had engaged their attention without flagging, and now they were in a talkative humor and prepared for enjoying themselves.

“I wonder” said Mrs. Bell, “whether these Indians ever will become like white people? They seemed so wild and shiftless, when we knew any-

thing about them in this neighborhood, that I thought then that nothing could ever tame them."

"I have not much faith in them," said a little woman from the other side of Walnut creek, "since they treated one of my neighbors so badly years ago."

"How did they treat your neighbor" said a nervous woman, who supposed that some tale of murdering and scalping would be related.

"Badly enough; she had heard that the Indians would always trade one of their brass kettles for the full of it of pickled pork. So one day an Indian came along with a nice, large brass kettle on his back. She could not talk Indian with him, but she wanted the kettle, and supposed a trade might be managed without much talk. So she took the kettle and filled it with pork, and wishing to be generous with him, heaped it up nearly to the bail. Then setting it down for the Indian to empty into the blanket, what was her surprise to see the fellow deliberately shoulder the kettle, meat and all, and march into the woods. And if that was not mean, I do not know what is mean!"

There was a general laugh at the expense both of the would be dealer and the narrator of the story. But it was concluded that this circumstance should not be laid up against the Indians as a people. Many of the neighbors had remembered the circumstance, but always supposed it a good joke on the lady in question.

“Will we ever hear from these articles?” was the inquiry of a prudent woman who was not always careful to give without letting her left hand know what her right hand was doing. “I heard a man say this morning that these things would go and nobody would ever know what become of them.”

“We will hear from them in due time” said the minister. “Mr. Van Tassel, one of the missionaries, will write to me on receipt of the articles. I will write to him as soon as the goods are shipped at Presque Isle, and when they are received we shall have a good account of them no doubt. And I have do doubt, likewise, but that these things will be a great help to the mission in more ways than one.”

“I only hope the fashions of the clothes will suit those Indians,” said a quizzical young lady, who liked to have a joke, on all subjects. It would be a bad thing if they would not be according to the latest style.” “Fashion or no fashion” said Mrs. Chambers,” they ought to be glad to get them, for they are better than many a white person gets, even in this civilized country. And I am doing more for them than I ever supposed I should do, years ago when we used to see them traipsin round with nothing but a blanket on, and nothing to do but strut about and hunt and fish a little once in a while. But I’m willin to take the minister’s word and help on with any good work that he is in favor of.”

It was finally resolved to try and keep up the good work as long as it seemed to be of use, or as long as there was encouragement by receiving tidings from the missionaries, and how the supplies were received and appropriated. On the whole the first movement was considered a success, and those whose hearts were really in the work were greatly encouraged.

The following day Mr. M'Creary came down to assist the minister in fixing up the box and getting it ready for shipment. The articles were all carefully put in the store box, and as it lacked a little of being full, some old newspapers were put in to make all secure, and the top put on with the clean side out. Then a brush was extemporized from some deer's hair, and paint mixed up from lamp black and turpentine, and the proper direction fairly lettered upon it.

When this had fairly been accomplished deacon Porter came along and the following conversation ensued :

“ Good morning Mr. Eaton ; I suppose from appearances you have just closed up your box for the Indians ; perhaps it's just as well, but I came down this morning to give my contribution ; I bring no articles of wearing apparel ; it was not convenient just now ; but I have a little money, that will do just as well. I was paying my taxes yesterday and had just these two silver dollars left,

and having heard of your enterprize, thought it should go to help the mission."

"It will come very seasonably, as we have no money to pay the charges from Erie to Sandusky. Mr. Chambers will take it to town, and your contribution will take it the rest of the way, and so it goes to the mission without expense to the missionaries. We are greatly obliged to you for your liberality and thoughtfulness."

"By no means, Mr. Eaton, I have been prospered this year beyond common and I make a point of giving to the Lord according as He has prospered me. Last year I bought a little more land from Mr. Huidekoper, and this year I succeeded in paying for it. So I feel that anything I give to the Lord's cause, is justly His due."

"That is a good principle Mr. Porter, and I wish all our people acted upon it; but the general feeling is to impute all success to personal smartness and business tact. So, many never see the way to do anything for the Lord's cause."

"But I understood as I came along, that the contributions were very liberal, and I judge from the size of the box itself that this must have been the case."

"The women were very liberal, and, as is usually the case, those you least expected were the most so."

"I understand that Fuller Sam came down bravely."

“He did so, but this was nothing new for him; nearly everything in the box is indebted to him, either for work or material. His fulling mill did us and the Indians very good service.”

“Well, well, we can excuse him for peeling so many of the butternut trees to get bark for his dyeing. And I’m glad I can bear so good a report to mother, when I go home, of the success of the undertaking, and hope the vessel will not be driven ashore as was the one with the stores a few months ago.”

CHAPTER XL.

BETTER DAYS.

The years rolled along. There were pleasant days and there were dark days. Some of the old fathers and mothers grew weary of their toil and fell asleep. Children were born and grew up. The neighborhood had largely increased. The old log church had become too small for the people, yet they did not think of building a more commodious house, but of enlarging the old one. A day was appointed, and the people came together for the work. The enlargement was made in this wise: three logs, extending from the door to the corner of the house, were cut out; then a shed, some twenty feet square, was put up adjoining this. It was made by setting posts in the ground, and covering it with hemlock boards. This was seated with rough seats made of slabs. This could only be used as a summer church; during the winter the services were held in school houses in different parts of the congregation. But many a pleasant sabbath was spent in that summer sanctuary. The people sat there and listened to the Word amid the murmurs of the lake breezes and the chipping of the birds, one of which had builded

its nest just over the pulpit, and flew out and in during the service.

But there came a time of revival. The seed that had been sown in prayer and faith sprung up. There was a quiet, subdued feeling amongst the people that was manifested in various ways. There was more attentive listening; there was the moistened eye; there was the lingering at the door to speak to the minister; there were calls at his home during the week; everything showed that the hearts of the people were deeply stirred, and that God's spirit was present with unwonted power. The time for the administration of the Lord's supper had arrived; and it was resolved to have several days of preliminary service. A fast-day was appointed as the first day of preparation. These days came on anticipated by much pastoral visitation, when it seemed as though the great deeps of the hearts of the people were breaking up and giving way. Strong men and tender women, young men and maidens, alike were the subjects of the work. There seemed to be but one feeling in the community—it was a desire for the great salvation. On the sabbath there was such an ingathering as made the church glad. There was hardly a family in the congregation that had not felt the influence of this work of grace. Of the minister's family three made a profession of religion, and others received impressions that were lasting.

This state of affairs continued for a long time. A quiet thoughtfulness that was most remarkable pervaded the congregation. Not much was said, but there was an evident feeling on the subject of religion that showed that the harvest had not all been gathered and that there were better days yet to come.

The pastor went around in his pastoral calls and talked and prayed with the people. Sometimes he held what he called examinations in the school houses. These examinations consisted of asking the Shorter Catechism, the questions of which were answered by the assembled families of the particular neighborhood where these meetings were held. After the Catechism was concluded there followed exhortation and singing and prayer. These meetings would be continued in other quarters of the congregation until all had been visited.

A middle aged man, Mr. H., called one day at the minister's house, apparently to ask some advice about indifferent matters, but soon turned the conversation to a more serious tone, quietly expressing himself as wanting to try and lead a better life. His language was unusual, as applied to such subjects, yet it was evident that he was wonderfully in earnest.

"I'll tell you jist how it is. I'm tired serving the Old Harry. It don't pay good. In fact it don't pay at all. I used to drink too much whisky, and then sometimes I would have a fight or

two at the loggins with my best neighbors. Then I'd be mighty 'shamed of it next day. Two months ago they had to carry me home from Smith's raisin, because I could not walk myself. The next mornin there was the mischief to pay. My head ached terribly and my wife cried as though she would never get over it. This was worse than the headache. If she had given me a regular blowin up, as I deserved, I would not have felt half so bad; but I never could stand a woman's cryin. So I got up and, in spite of the headache, that was fairly jumpin, went out to the cornfield and worked all day. I wouldn't come to the house at noon, although the dinner horn blow'd two or three times; and don't you think the good soul sent me out some dinner by one of the children, in spite of all my meanness! But I'll tell you what I did do that afternoon; yes, I'll confess it to you, minister, what I'd not do to any livin soul besides. I went out into the bushes where I knew no one could see me, and there I prayed as I never did before. I confessed my sins and asked God's help. I know'd jist this: that God must bear a hand to save me or I must go down. There was no other way to be saved. I knew it was the old rye that was doin it; but I knew too that I had other sins that were helpin me on to'rds hell and I ask'd God to save me from all that was in the way. I couldn't do a single thing. I know'd that well enough, and I jist turned the work over to the

Lord I'd heard you talk about so much. I know'd you trusted in Him, and I thought I'd try for myself. And so I jist give Him the casè as I did the matter of my land to lawyer Sill when I was about losing my farm last year. And now I want to say jist this, right here where you make your sermons. I'm done with whisky forever, so help me God! I'll never taste it again, as long as I live! And now, minister, I wish you would jist kneel down and pray for me, and ask the good Lord to help me in this awful battle. I was with Perry in that dreadful scrimmage on the lake, but I know that this is goin to be wuss, a long sight, than that ever was. Ask Him to take all the quarrel out of me, for I do want to be peaceable with my neighbors; and ask Him to pen up old Satan, at least for a little while, till I get a little used to the new way. I'm not strong; I'm as weak as a little baby in good things; and if the Lord doesn't stand by me a spell, I won't amount to a thing. I know the Lord will hear your prayers, cos it seems when you pray, kind of like as though you was used to it and expected Him to hear. 'T any rate, I know I do need help, wuss than ever I did when I had that tussel with the bear up in the pine swamp: and then it come pretty near bein all over with me."

"But Mr. H., how did you feel up in the woods as you tried to pray for yourself? Did the Lord seem to be near to you?"

“Well, I don’t know how I did feel, leastways I can’t tell so as you would understand. But it did seem as though it was as good a place as the meetin house itself. I never felt so before. I jist felt as though I was talkin to the Lord as I am to you this minute; and it seemed as though He was as willin to hear as you are now; and I felt as though there was help a comin. It seemed as though there was some one comin, jist as when Jim Palmer came to help me in that bear scrimmage I spoke of a minute ago. That is the way it seemed anyway; and so it seems yet. Now what do you think? Will the Lord help me if I try and help myself?”

“Do you feel as though you wanted to be a christian and serve the Lord the rest of your life, Mr. H.?”

“Well I don’t want to be anything else. The Old Nick and me have fell out for good. He’ll bother me, sartin, but I’m done with him as a master, and if the Lord will help me I’ll be mighty glad. I’ll jine hands with Him anyway, and don’t you think He’ll help me through? I know, first rate, that I’m good for nothing, myself; but it does seem as though I can trust in this free salvation you’ve told us so often about.”

With words of comfort and consolation, mingled with caution and exhortation, the minister endeavored to assist this strangely penitent and humble man. He had been moved by the power of

the Holy Spirit, and it did seem as though a work of grace had commenced in his soul. And as the two men were bowed there together before God, there were mingled feelings in the heart of each. The minister was full of adoring wonder at the power and goodness of God in reclaiming the erring; the other with an humble trust in God and the feeling of new strength, as God seemed to whisper peace to his soul. They arose from their knees; there was a warm, vigorous hand grasp, that continued for a moment, when they parted without a single word, but with hearts full of feeling and warmth.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GOOD WORK CONTINUES.

The next day three young girls, of from fourteen to sixteen years of age, came together to see the pastor. Their hearts almost failed them as they entered the house, for they had come to speak of very serious matters. They had been talking amongst themselves, comparing feelings, and had resolved to ask the minister's advice and assistance. They were not clear in their own minds, but they knew they wanted comfort and encouragement. They knew about religion, its importance and its desirableness, yet they had heard about getting it as though there was some special mode of going about it; and they had come to inquire about it, and if possible get some new light. Being ushered into the pastor's little room that he called his study, although it did duty for other purposes, the eldest of the group opened the conversation by saying :

“ We come to see you this morning, Mr. Eaton, to talk about ourselves. We want to ask you what it is to get religion. We want to get religion, very much, but we hardly know how ; and we thought we would come and ask you.”

“ Well, my children, I am very glad to see you

on this subject, more rejoiced than I can tell you. Have you been talking on this matter among your selves, and have you been praying over it? Tell me just what you have been doing, and how you feel in the matter."

"Yes," said Mary Grace, who was still the speaker, "we have been talking about it a good deal; we have prayed at home, by ourselves, and we do want to be christians. I can tell best about myself, but I have not much to tell. It seemed, one Sabbath as you were preaching, as though you were talking to me and nobody else. It made me feel very strangely—indeed I never felt so before. When I got home I went out to a quiet place amongst the hemlocks and prayed; and while I was praying, it seemed as though I was willing to do just as God would have me do. I had no wish but God's will. I felt that I belonged to God, and did not want any other friend; and as I walked back to the house, I felt so comfortable, and so much relieved, that I thought I would never know trouble again."

"Have your feelings been like these, Nelly Case?"

"Not exactly like these," said Nelly, who was of a gentle, retiring disposition, her blue eyes brimming over with tears that would not be kept back. "Not like these; but I have had so much trouble. I felt that I was a sinner, just as you had described others as being, but I think I was worse than oth-

ers. My heart was so hard, it seemed as though I could not feel. I know I wanted to feel so much, but my heart was like a stone, it was so hard. But I thought over what you said one Sabbath about giving up all to Jesus, and then all at once the last words of one of the hymns we sing came into my mind :

‘ Here Lord I give myself away,
’Tis all that I can do.’

And then the light seemed to come into my heart, and all seemed new and strange. It seems to me I have felt differently ever since.”

The remaining girl was Jane Jackson. She was a bright yet quiet child of fourteen summers, with a gentle voice, so soft and sweet that it seemed as though her temper had never been ruffled, and whose face seemed as though sweet thoughts always dwelt beneath it. She began in a subdued voice to tell her story, yet evidently feeling that she had not much to tell.

“ I think I love Jesus, but I cannot tell when this feeling commenced. I used to get out of my bed and kneel down and pray, a long time ago, after mother would be talking to me about Jesus and asking me to be His child. It seems to me that I had these feelings ever since I can remember. After saying the little prayer my mother taught me—‘ Our Father which art in Heaven’—I used to try and pray myself, asking God to make me a good child and fit me for heaven. And

when I did anything wrong, I would feel my mother's hand upon my head, and then I would always want to go by myself and ask God to forgive me. And I think He did forgive me, for I always felt so much better, and tried to keep from doing wrong afterwards. But I cannot tell; I know I want to be a christian; I feel quite sure that I love Jesus, but I wish very much that you would tell me just what I must do to be one."

The good pastor was very much astonished at this interview. He had been praying and waiting, almost discouraged at times; but here was the fruitage, almost without his knowledge, the rich, ripe clusters, fairer and richer than those of Eshcol, ready to be gathered as the trophies of the grace of God. With much earnest counsel and much sweet encouragement he sent them on their way, assuring them of God's fatherly care, of the Saviour's sympathizing love, and of the blessed promise of grace and strength for their every need.

"I cannot tell you," he had told these hopeful inquirers, "just how you are to get religion. The Lord works in his own way and in different ways with different individuals. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' This much I can tell you—Jesus says: 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' If you have given your hearts to Jesus and feel his peace in your

souls, then go on your way rejoicing, do His work, lean on His strength, and wait for His rest."

Then followed one of the glad, happy scenes in the pastor's life; the door was closed and on bended knees and with overflowing eyes, all the pent up feelings of a glad and thankful heart flowed forth in praise to the God of all mercies for His faithful care and covenant-keeping love! The heavens looked brighter, the verdure and the flowers fairer, as he walked forth to compose his spirits and gather his thoughts for work in his study. And when he returned and took up his work it was with a different feeling from that with which he commenced the work in the morning. Thoughts and images and burning words pressed upon his mind. All weariness was gone and a wonderful energy possessed his spirit. There was a purpose and an object now that filled his soul to the full, and his heart was glad.

There are times of comfort and joy and strength that come to the weary worker, that help him with his toil and that prevent faintness and death. The laborer could not endure to be always plowing and harrowing, and always sowing the seed, however pleasant these labors may be. There must be the times of growing, when the tender shoots appear, when the blade spreads out its green-pennon to the breeze, when the tender head appears in beautiful promise, and when the full corn in the ear appears in all its glory. There must be all these seasons,

or the heart of the farmer would grow discouraged, and his hand would fall palsied at his side. But as he sees his labors prosper, and nature and God coming to his relief, in the growth and enlargement of the corn, and as he gathers the rich, ripe clusters to his bosom, he is strong to do his work and is glad even in the midst of his toil. So it is with the laborer in God's husbandry. There is the plowing, and the sowing, and the harrowing, full of toil and pain, yet if there be the growing of the seed, the springing up of the tender plant, the sweet prophecy of the coming harvest, and the blessed ingathering to the house of the Lord, the heart of the laborer becomes strong, his faith is encouraged and his work becomes blessed and glorious.

CHAPTER XLII.

A PASTOR'S LIFE.

And so the work went forward at Lakeside, with many a sore discouragement and many a time of joy and singing. One of the discouraging things that came in the pastor's way was the removal of one of his best and most trusted elders to a neighboring congregation. They were near neighbors as well as kindred spirits, and the separation was painful on both sides; yet it was but one of the incidents of life, and they often met in after years to talk of the past and enjoy the old years of poverty and hardship in the retrospect.

Another elder who had been first to welcome the pastor to Lakeside was called to his rest and was soon followed by his aged companion. Others removed farther towards the frontier, as though uneasy without the excitements and dangers of a new country. New families came into the neighborhood, attracted by the reports of their friends who had settled there in previous years. The congregation was gradually gaining strength, and the comforts and conveniences of life were obtainable by all.

During these years the pastor's wife had made several visits to her old home at Laurel Hill, mak-

ing the journey each time on horseback and carrying a child in her arms. On two of these occasions her husband accompanied her as far as Laurel Hill, and then continued the journey to Philadelphia, to attend the meeting of the General Assembly, traveling both ways on horseback, and occupying some four weeks in accomplishing the journey to and from the meeting.

There was one thing for which the Lakeside pastor was particularly noted: it was his opposition to vice in all its forms. In his neighborhood, on the banks of Walnut Creek, there was a great, stalwart, drinking, fighting man. He was a great Sabbath-breaker, and had grieved the minister, repeatedly, by working on the Sabbath in his fields. Meeting this man one day on the road where it was impossible to escape him, the minister stopped and commenced reproving him mildly, yet faithfully, representing to him his sin and his danger. The great giant stood there, hat in hand, with bowed head and the perspiration rolling off his face, until the close, when, with a low bow and "I thank you," he went on his way. He was more afraid of that quiet little minister of Christ, than of all the laws and peace officers in the country.

A person who has often looked into the calm, soft, blue eye of the Lakeside minister thus describes him: "He was in person rather below the ordinary height, always light and slender, had mild, blue eyes, with a tinge of sadness in their

cast; thin, brown hair, that did not become gray even in old age. He was nervously averse to all exhibitions of himself, and kept his naturally active spirit under perfect control. He did not read his sermons, but preached with much fervor from carefully prepared skeletons."

One who knew the partner of his labors and toils still better, says this of her: "When she came to Lakeside she was slender in person and gracefully formed, with soft, blue eyes, a wealth of brown hair and a soft, musical voice. She was kind and gentle in her manner, and fitted by nature and grace to adorn any station in life. She brought up her children carefully, and followed them always with her prayers and earnest anxieties, until she saw them all gathered into the visible Church. Not only did the heart of her husband safely trust in her, but the entire congregation revered and respected her as their friend and counselor. In sickness and trouble they always expected to see her and receive her sympathies and counsel. And often to the neglect of her own personal affairs did she engage in these missions of comfort and sympathy. Her own children never forgot her counsels and entreaties in her endeavors to lead them to Christ and the great salvation."

Many a wayfarer from the East to the West, among the early ministers of the day, found the prophet's chamber on the wall a most welcome

place of retreat, as they found rest, hospitality and encouragement, in passing to and from the great western field. And many a blessing was invoked on the house and its occupants, as the weary traveler departed in peace. Long ere this she has heard the Lord's words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

CHAPTER XLIII.

LAKESIDE AS IT IS.

How Lakeside has changed! How the years as they have rolled by have made their impression upon the society, the face of the country, even upon the features of nature itself! Those who set up the gates of Zion at the first have gone up to the Mount Zion above, to sing the new song. The young have grown old, and many of them have fallen asleep to wake no more upon earth. The grandchildren of the first settlers are now the cultivators of the soil and the active men of business. The mighty forest, with its majestic oaks and chestnuts and poplars and hemlocks, has been felled, leaving scarcely a vestige of its former grandeur. Magnificent farms look out on the lake, and fine dwellings occupy the places of the first log cabins.

The old log meeting-house has vanished, and a fine brick church, with frescoed walls and stained glass windows, is the place of worship now. It is not down on the brow of the lake, where the fathers worshipped, but in a thriving village that is now the centre of the population of the ancient township, and, strangely enough, occupies a part of the farm on which the pastor was ordained and installed at his first coming.

The ancient road along the beach of the lake has long been abandoned and the old ridge and lake roads have taken its place. The improvements of modern times have found their way to Lakeside. The first was a canal, running along just in front of where the pastor had made his home. This was followed by the more modern device of a railroad, with its unvarying accompaniment, the telegraph line. The old house where the minister lived, and where all the children, save one or two, were born, has passed away, with other changes, and a fine farm house occupies its place. The old Lombardy poplar still stands in its old place, bidding defiance to the storms that have for nearly a century beaten against it. Some of the old apple trees planted by the minister's hand are still standing, but they are growing old and dilapidated. Everything seems changed but the lake itself. There is the same grand view over its blue waters; the same deep voice of storm when the tempest is abroad in its wrath; the same quiet ripples when the summer sun sets behind its western wave; and the same winter outlook, when the water is bound in its icy chains and covered with its velvet carpet of snows.

A grand work has been done for this entire region through the instrumentality of this Lakeside church. Other churches of different denominations have sprung up around it, yet this was the mother of them all. They are composed largely of the descendants of those who, when the country was

new, worshipped in the old log meeting house on the bank of the lake. And the feeling of all is that this early church was as a light to all the surrounding country, keeping morality and virtue and religion abreast with the growing population, and adding wonderfully to the prosperity of the entire region.

There is a quiet little cemetery, very near to the spot where the pastor was ordained, in William Sturgeon's barn, where many of the congregation of Lakeside now sleep their last sleep. Many names are found on the tombstones that would designate the persons referred to in this narrative, yet will they not be recognized save in a very few instances.

Conspicuous amongst these there is a plain white marble shaft, bearing the following inscriptions:

REV. JOHNSTON EATON,

FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH OF FAIRVIEW.

Born February 7, 1776.

Died June 17, 1847.

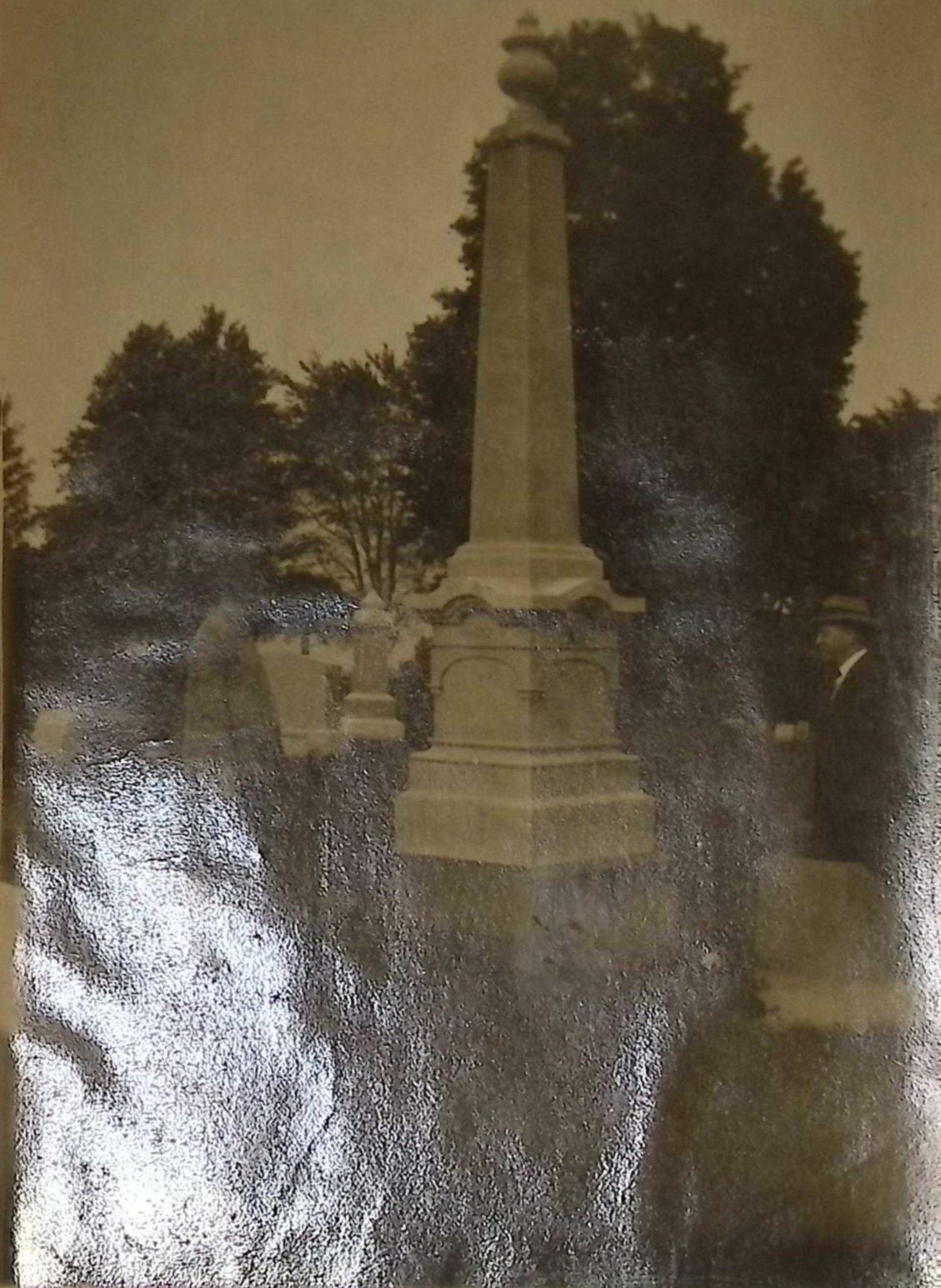
MRS. ELIZABETH CANON,

RELICT OF REV. JOHNSTON EATON.

Born March 11, 1780.

Died February 6, 1872.

At the Grave of Rev Johnston Eaton



October the 14th Nineteen hundred & twenty five

