

in one instance threw a stone at some which were brought to his home. The stone went through a window and smashed a valued piece of china. His mother called him to account, and he says "he always respected babies after that." While a small boy he and his brother stole two ox-goads from a neighbor. Such was the distress of my mother, he says, that "we never stole again."

His father had died when he was seven months old, and his mother brought up the family on a farm. When the ox-yoke was broken he showed his genius by making another, as well as by making whatever things were lacking for convenience on the farm.

A very minute description of these early years is given, with some interesting incidents of their dumb animals—cows, horses, dogs, etc. There is a simplicity about these stories which is fascinating. "Old Bose" watching for his master on the coldest nights, long after the master was dead, can hardly be read without moistened eyes. The death of "old Carlo," which had to be shot when old, is suitably emphasized by tender words in doggerel, by the author.

At length the question of "life work" arose. His mother desired for him an education, but means were wanting. It was finally decided that he should go to Portland with his brother-in-law and learn the trade of silversmith and jeweller. While learning his trade, his spare moments were spent in reading good books. He joined an apprentices' evening school of seventy regular attendants. Two prizes were offered for the best essay on profane swearing. His sister urged him to write. "But I have never written anything," he said. However, he took the first prize.

About this time Deacon Isaac Smith asked him, "If he had ever thought it might be his duty to prepare for the ministry." Some resolutions adopted by President Edwards led him to a decision; but the expense of a preparation

staggered him. However, he was equal to any emergency. His life while in the academy at Bridgton is sketched as with the pencil of an artist. When bills accumulated he could make spoons or spectacles as well as the next one.

During his course at Bowdoin College he made a steam-engine, with condenser, air-pump, etc. Hon. Neal Dow took great interest in it, and helped him bore the cylinder. The college gave him \$175 for it as a model, and it is now in the Cleveland Cabinet. All this was good preparation for his future work.

Already, in the winter of 1832, at the age of twenty-one, he had chosen mission work in the foreign field for his life work, and Africa as the special field.

While a sophomore an element in his character was illustrated in a peculiar way. Standing alone in an abandoned place, a mile and a half from houses, was an old, forsaken, half-demolished church, and beside it an old-time graveyard. It was said to be haunted. On a wild, dark, stormy night he determined to go there, climb into the old pulpit, and challenge all the ghosts and hobgoblins to do him harm, and he would send them howling to the abyss. Immediately a groan, followed by raps on the side of the church! "Hallo there! who are you? what do you want?" he asked. Another groan and more raps. He got out of the house as soon as practicable and went around to the side to see whence the sounds came. He soon stumbled over an old cow, and found a whole herd of cattle sheltered from the storm by the church. Licking themselves, they had rapped their horns against the church. The mystery of the ghosts was solved, and he returned to his room.

His graduation from college was with honor.

His next work was in the seminary at Bangor, where his life was characterized with usual fidelity and successful progress, while much time was given to outside charitable and religious