

followed my first look at Shawville. One house stood out quite clearly. It was Dr. Lyon's house. Beyond it I saw another, not quite so distinctly. It was Mr. James Shaw's house and store. Then I saw a few dwellings in the foreground. But I could not see that the street ran on beyond Mr. Shaw's for a full half mile and was fairly well lined with dwellings. What I did see was a background stretching away into the distance toward Adam Brownlee's Corners and filled apparently with a forest of great dead trees, mostly stark, straight and branchless. I learned later to call them "rampikes". I thought I had never seen anything quite so dreary, and it was that which filled me with dismay. The conviction was growing upon me that I and mine were going to have much to do with Shawville, and my mind recoiled whenever I thought of having to face that great forest of dead things. We drove on and entered the village. Mr. James Shaw was in his store, and the Rural Dean introduced me. We passed through and reached the churches. There was the English Church, a clapboarded building, in the midst of the graveyard, and just beyond it the Methodist Church. Opposite the English Church, across the street, stood what looked like a ruin, roofless, and windowless. I said, "Has there been a fire?" "No!" said the Rural Dean. "That is the new English Church. It has been standing in that condition for two years," and then I knew why I had been sent upon that journey. Something in me said "It is your work to get that Church completed."

We went on to the Parsonage. It was empty, and had been so for a month. Mr. Robinson found a chair and made me sit down. He sat on a box. "I have lived in this house," he said, "for nearly twelve years. We had much happiness and some deep sorrows. I cannot go up those stairs without remembering two dear children whom God took to himself." And then he went on to speak about the work of the parish. We had known each other for two days, and we seemed to