

resolved not to broach what he supposed would be to her a delicate subject."

During the recital of this story, the oldest inhabitant was frequently interrupted by his auditors with guffaws and ripples of delight, but he was scarcely prepared for the explosion of mirth that greeted its close. This somewhat relieved his auditors of the sense of impending disaster that had hung over them.

"Well," said one, after recovering himself somewhat from the effects of his mirth, "that is certainly worth another hooker all around. What will you have?" After the decanter had once more circulated, to the decided exhilaration of their spirits, the old man was asked by one if that was all that occurred.

Considerably flattered and elated by the success on his hearers of his previous recital, the old man responded: "No, I will tell you something more that happened. Jack Longwood was one of the Adventists. Until they got hold of him, he was a ne'er-do-well around town. To do them justice, however, when he adopted their religion, he became a changed man.

"With the zeal of all new converts, he eagerly took up every new notion, and new idea, however fanciful. So he was one of the first to grasp this new doctrine of immediate translation of the saints. He didn't know exactly how the miracle was to be effected, but he reflected with satisfaction that the conveyance that carried the saints would not require to be large, as the company would be small and select. After his conversion, like all men who are in earnest, he had moments of discouragement and remorse for his lost opportunities in the past. Thinking that an unusual exhibition of ardour in this matter would make up for past delinquencies, or with the desire to outstrip his fellow saints, he determined to get the start of them if possible. Old Squire Enfield had a farm,

on which a part of the town now stands. Very few had barns in those days, and he was no exception to the rule. He had had a big crop, and had just threshed a couple of weeks before, and had an immense straw-stack in his field, the highest I ever saw," said he.

"John thought it would give him the start if he got on this. So, ignoring the doctor's house, up he gets on it about six o'clock in the evening. Like those in the doctor's house, after praying and waiting many hours, he, from weariness, about ten o'clock fell off to sleep.

"The boys, in some way, known only to boys, got some inkling of what was going on at the doctor's house, and also of John's purpose in going up on the straw-stack; but they were over-awed by the terrible prospect of the final crash, until they saw the people leaving the doctor's for home. Then, learning that the great event had been postponed, one of them suggested that as a lark they should frighten John by setting fire to the stack. They all immediately fell in with the idea, and the stack was quickly fired. No sooner had they done this than they trembled for the consequences. They set up a great shout that awakened John. Getting up, and seeing the flames creeping over at one side of him, it immediately flashed across his mind that he had, whilst asleep, been translated, and yelling at the top of his voice, 'In hell, just as I expected,' he rushed through the fire and to the ground. Had he gone down the other side, he would not have been injured, as the match had only been applied to one side. As it was, he got badly scorched. I saw him only the other day near Mayville," said the old man, "and he wears the scars on his face and head to this day."

"I said nothing to him about it, however," he continued, "as I knew it was a sore subject with him."

Again the laugh became uproarious;