

to see beyond the stormes of this life to the blessed haven of rest where there is no night and the tears are wiped away from all eyes. It is not to be wondered at that I greatly desired to see churches erected where our people could hear the word of life, and be instructed in religious truth. I conversed with other interested people and we decided to make an effort to organize and build up a church. The white Methodist minister was called in. He organized us into a religious body, and gave us credentials. Five of us started out to raise funds in the north. Four of them soon become discouraged and returned. I went to Boston in the year 1866 where I was so substantially helped that I soon had a thousand dollars to forward for the building of a church and two teachers secured. They went to Westminster and there was a good school for four years that finally failed for lack of money. I was again sent out to collect funds and the school was revived, but for lack of all assistance from the state or town, and want of money it has been closed for a good while.

I have continued my work to build another church. In three years of wandering and working I have raised five hundred dollars, and the second church is now being slowly built. The hard times have been much against me, but for all that I have toiled on in the midst of disappointment, in a strange land and among strange faces. I cannot now expect to do much more for churches and schools. I must try to do something to sustain myself when age has unfitted me for all work. Even now I cannot command much wages; my lameness makes my movements slow, and during a day I cannot accomplish much at any work that I am