

dist pastor, the subject being "Our Home in Heaven," poor Sam burst out crying, and his conversion, which took place soon after, was the precursor of a mighty revival. But the brethren were so busy in rejoicing over the reclaiming of Sam's soul, that they forgot all about the needs of his body, until one of that peculiar class of benevolent people who must be Satan's especial darlings offered him his board in return for a steady job of wood-chopping. The new doctor took it upon himself to visit some of the faithful, and say that Sam's system could not meet the demands made upon it, and that he must return to his cups if something were not done for him; but the new doctor, besides being a sort of an interloper, was not a religious man, and could not be expected to understand the things of the spirit. So his prophecy was permitted to be fulfilled.

After this release Sam went to the dogs. To be sure, the New Rochester dogs never lacked food. Sam hung about sugar-camps, loggers' huts, soap-boilings, and other places where small services would earn a full meal and a bed of leaves. Sam appeared at every temperance meeting, and always signed the pledge; and no one who looked into his eyes when he did it could ever accuse him of insincerity. A curious citizen once gave Sam a quarter to publicly put himself under the finger of a lecturing phrenogist, and the lecturer said something about congenital lack of vitality and imperfect nourishment in early years. For a few moments all good people in the audience thought that something should be done for Sam; then they wondered what it should be, and they never reached the end of their wonderings.

And yet there was good blood in Sam. It was not until he was very far gone that he began to boast of such virtues as he had remaining, and then the inhabitants discovered to their astonishment that Sam said what was true when he claimed that he never lied, stole, or was unchaste. To be sure, he did not always pay his board-bills as promised, and to accept credit when he was not certain of paying was an offence which some honest people class with theft; but these faults were, at New Rochester as well as elsewhere, practised rather as business virtues than as misdeeds. Sam boasted, too, that he wasn't

a coward, and, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, people believed him; but they agreed among themselves that he might with propriety exchange his courage for some more useful virtue.

The only business to which Sam devoted himself with any earnestness was that of catching saw-logs. About twice a year White River would be suddenly filled by a freshet, and then with the drift-wood, fence-rails, and other wood which the waters found on the bank, would be an occasional fine log which had been cut for the saw-mill, but which the cutter had been unable to get to his raft. These were claimed by whoever could find them adrift, and they brought a dollar each at any mill on the river. The catching of these logs was work which exactly suited Sam; it consisted in sitting in a skiff behind a point where there was dead water, and looking up the surface of the stream. When a log appeared in sight he rowed into the stream, drove into the log a spike fastened by a rope to the stern of the boat and towed it to shore. The active exertion required per diem to catch several logs did not consume an hour; the time thus left for smoking, drinking and reflection, was considerable. Then the same freshets were the signal (and the only means) for the start of many flat boats for the South, and it was a poor boat which, on being boarded, could not supply comforts to a thirsty man.

As Sam was log-catching during a spring freshet he saw coming down the river a very queer-looking little craft, which seemed to be manned by only a single very small person. The rapid current soon brought the craft near enough for him to see that it was a small bridge made of two logs and several planks, and that the occupant was a little girl, who was crying piteously, and when she saw Sam she held out her hands appealingly. Sam had her in his arms in an instant, and exclaimed:

"Where did you come from, little dear?"

"Way off at Raysville," she sobbed, "and I want to go back to mamma."

"Well, don't cry," said Sam. "Raysville is only two miles up the river, and I'll take you home in the skiff right away, after I've towed the bridge ashore. How did you get afloat?"

"Why, papa caught the bridge," said