

decorations—a plain specimen of the plainest style of architecture—unadorned by any paint or paintings within or without—and yet its site can hardly be excelled on the island. On high ground, about one fourth of a mile eastward from the cove village, it overlooks many of the smaller islands and a large portion of the Bay of Fundy; and as a central stand-point, the eye sweeps around the entire island and the horizon. The belfry is in keeping with the building, and although no bell ever sent forth a sound from it to call the church-goers together for worship, yet this humble, unassuming cupola became the chosen location of a burglar, named Archibald Downey, in the latter part of the month of April 1875, where he deposited bread, milk, ham, pork, butter, dried apples, molasses, together with sundry utensils and articles for bachelor housekeeping in the belfry. Downey had chosen a lovely, airy and healthy little home for himself: the outlook, too, was delightful; but he happened to look out at one time, at the wrong time, as will hereafter appear. Having on Saturday night, the 24th of April, made a raid on Mr. James Smith, by entering his house, and cleaning out the pantry of all its eatable contents, this accomplished burglar retired to the belfry with his heavy burden of provisions smacking his lips, doubtless, in anticipation of the rich feast he would spread for himself on the coming Sabbath—perhaps flattering himself with the idea of dining on savory meats high up in his belfry home, while Elder Lakeman would feed his flock with spiritual food below. There is not much stretch, if any, of the imagination in this, for Downey the burglar was well read and fond of reading. Besides, on his examination trial at North Head, he stated that on Sunday morning and previously he had “got a book up in the belfry, which he read, and knew it was a Mormon book.” As a specimen of his ready wit, the following may be given. On the magistrate asking him how he could see in the darkness of night to collect such a variety of articles in Smith’s pantry, he replied—“By the aid of the elementary light, called moon.” The Sabbath morning following the robbery, and while several men were searching for the robber, Downey hearing voices below looked out of his sacred storehouse; and on some one looking up as he looked