

day morning was broken by the pealing of a sonorous bell overhead, people rushed to their doors and windows in blank astonishment. Her husband had given the site and largely contributed to the erection of the first Baptist church within forty miles of their home. He died in 1865, and Susan Moulton returned east a widow, and lived in New York and Newburgh. She had two children, a son who died in infancy, and a daughter, now Mrs. George Blackstock of Toronto. There were three daughters born to Mr. Fraser by his first wife, all of whom are now living. He was a man of noble character, of great physical endurance, indomitable energy and industry, of strong hopefulness and uniform cheerfulness. His large sympathy and open handed liberality made him the friend of the needy and desolate. The impress of his forceful life appears on many important enterprises in the Saginaw Valley. The growth of Bay City rendered necessary a new location of the church. A beautiful new building, towards which his widow largely contributed and for which she procured an organ of much purity and power, was erected,—the building, organ, and bell being memorial of James Fraser.

Susan Moulton was born in Connecticut, of highly respected and dearly beloved parents. They were married in the old Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I. Her father was for a time a merchant in New York, and retired to a beautiful and quiet village on Long Island Sound. Her mother was the daughter of an India sea-captain of Rhode Island: and it has been said of her that she was never known to injure character or reputation by an insidious or malicious remark. Her daughter Susan was converted when about eight years old. The hymns which they sung at the special services she attended at the time,—“Awaked by Sinai’s awful sound,” “Come trembling Sinner,” “Lo, on a narrow neck of land,” “Come, ye sinners poor and needy,” are fresh in her mind to-day, as is also a great deal of Scripture then learned. But the Congregational church in which she was reared did not happen to be a nursery for lambs, rather the contrary, and for many years she lost her joy and interest in the religious life. During a remarkable revival in Norwalk, Conn., she made a surrender of herself to her Saviour, and was baptized in a river in March, the water being covered with thin ice. “An ignorant prejudice amounting to