

CHAPTER XVII.

The author of this little narrative would feel condemned if he were to close without referring to the grand and noble act of our late and dearly beloved brother, Simon W. Ault,—(would to God there were more of them in the Church of Christ to-day!)—in leaving a legacy of one thousand dollars, the interest therefrom to be applied yearly on the salary of the minister. Some years in the past, the author of this little volume, in company with Bro. Ault, collected from the members and friends of the church the sum of one hundred and five dollars (Bro. Ault's donation being the largest, ten dollars) for the purpose of buying an amalgam bell. We bought one from a Canadian firm in Ontario. It was an inferior article and we returned it; got another, which was not any better. In the meantime the company became insolvent and we were compelled to keep it. We both, after doing the best we could in the matter, felt very sore over the affair. One day, in conversation about it, Bro. Ault, jumping up from where he was sitting, said to me: "Let it go, Bro. Forsyth; never mind it; some day I will put a bell in that tower that no one will whine about." He did so, without anybody's help, from an American firm. But this is not all. Almost everyone is most wonderfully pleased that the mantles of such worthy and honored parents have fallen on the shoulders of those noble and worthy sons, filling them with the spirit of philanthropy and generosity, in caring for and beautifying the resting place of our dear loved ones, who engaged Mr. E. O. Winters to superintend and look after the cleaning and beautifying of the Moulinette Methodist cemetery. No better man could be got for the work. He can point to almost every grave you would want to find, plant and sow flowers, beautify and adorn the place of those we once so much loved and are now showing they are not forgotten. May the spirit of those sons rest upon all those that have loved ones sleeping there, that they are yet remembered.

