

THE
CANADIAN JOURNAL
OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

VOL. II.]

MARCH, 1876.

[NO. 3.

WHAT WAS HE MADE FOR ?

SUCH was the question which every Sright-hearted inhabitant of New Rochester had asked himself about Sam Minney many times during the twenty-odd years which had elapsed since New Rochester was first settled. In Rochester proper, from which the colonists of the new town had labored through several hundred miles of wilderness, it had been the common impression that he was made to be either a preacher, a lawyer, or a member of Congress. Both his parent were intellectual, and their only child had inherited their talents so completely that when he was four years of age he occasionally stood upon a table in the minister's parlor and read aloud "Paradise Lost" with evident feeling and appreciation, although greatly to the disgust of many larger boys, who had been dragged away from their favorite sports to behold this model for Rochester youth. As he grew in years and intelligence, and his parents were too poor to complete his education, some wealthy persons supplied the money which enabled Sam to graduate, at nineteen, from an Eastern College.

After he graduated, however, Sam did not at once begin to give practical evidences of the abilities which he was supposed to possess. In fact he developed no special ability at all, except as a connoisseur in smoking tobacco. The ministers all liked him, for he enabled them to recall their own college days; but the

other citizens begin to remark to each other that Sam Minney wasn't doing much. At last, after receiving several hints on the subject of unused talents, Sam became a clerk in a store. All his customers liked him exceedingly; perhaps because he was too good-natured to stand out against an ordinarily vigorous beating down. His peculiar sort of ability gained Sam an early release from the thralldom of the counter, but no lawyer stood ready to seize him as a student and prospective partner; not even a Rochester editor seemed anxious to secure Sam as an assistant.

"He ought to go West," was the final decision of Rochester. He needed something to stir him up, and in the West he could get it. Sam himself had much the same idea; he had read a great many novels, so he was fully convinced that he was not appreciated, and that it needed only a great occasion to him enable to display exceptional powers. So Sam joined a party of colonists who were about to leave Rochester for the far West, *i. e.*, Indiana. As every other man was obliged to designate his occupation, Sam called himself a land-surveyor, and actually traded away a great many books for a second-hand theodolite. Experience proved that he had reasoned rightly, for his services were not required more than an hour in a week during the first year of the colony, while the school-master, who was employed by the