

ENOCH WILLOUGHBY

neighborhood and tried now more industriously than ever to convert them to spiritualism. They lost much of the harsh feeling against him as soon as he was out of the church, for there is nothing like standing squarely on an open platform of opinion.

And now what remains for such a character? Life remains, and a fairly full, rich life after all. The Reserve prospered, land became valuable; Enoch Willoughby had much of it. While not wealthy, he became well-to-do. The house was enlarged and improved and filled with books. Gradually the man worked his way up step by step, from theory to theory, until he became quite an authority on things spiritual wherever found. His test-giving was mostly discontinued, but hope for him kept right on. His belief was so strong that it sometimes ran the risk of being offensive. He would not allow anyone, unchallenged, to speak of the beyond as "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," or to say of it "that we cannot know."

"We *can* know," he would say, and "travellers *do* return from that bourne," and then, if you were not careful, you would get a repetition of the corn-crib vision.

He was a most singular old gentleman, was Enoch Willoughby, the oddest one, perhaps, of all the Willoughbys that came West.