

For over seven months they walked four miles every Sabbath to class meeting, to the nearest church, which was comparatively new, called Hail's, on the broad road of Manverse. They had no society in their own neighborhood or a Church of any denomination. A Presbyterian minister came occasionally to hold service in a lodge room. She invited the Methodist minister to their home; he also took up an appointment in the lodge room, and commenced a series of meetings. Her husband there received the converting grace of God. The same night they both got ready, and started to his father's and her's, their parents being neighbors, a distance of nearly eighteen miles. They got there about daybreak with the joyful news that his sins were pardoned, and he was adopted into the family of God. On their return home he at once erected the family altar, which was never broken or marred till he took his flight from Calvary to Zion's Height. In October, 1860, after a few short years of active work for the Master as class-leader and other official duties, he was killed by the falling of a tree. He had labored hard to get a house for the Lord. The desire of his heart was granted, for the Church was complete all but the fence. On the Monday previous to the opening with two or three men he went to the bush to get timber for the fence. The last tree when falling lodged in another, the top of which bounded back and struck Brother Richardson on the head, and in a moment he was not, for God took him. What a shock to her, when her husband, who went out in health a few hours ago, was brought in a corpse. His language in the class-room the day before was: "Friends, by the grace of God I am living by the moment," and how well for him now. God who is ever the strength of His people was her support in this dark hour of bereavement. He was her light even in the darkness, and a present help in this hour of need; and he enabled her to gird on her strength, leaning on the arm of Christ, who had been to her a perfect Saviour for four years, for she and her husband at the Millbrook camp-meeting in 1856 had laid their all upon the altar that sanctifies the gift; and they daily, and I believe hourly, walked with God. Now she was left with two fatherless boys, one three and the other five