

As I proceeded on my way I found no tidings of my lost horse. Having to pass through the woods I was preaching to the trees as I went along and there happened to be an old man by the name of Cummings, a blacksmith, who, hearing my voice, placed himself in ambush so that I did not see him. He afterwards told the neighbors that young Brown meant to be a preacher for he had heard him trying to preach to the trees. I reached home without hearing any tidings of my horse. After resting one night I started in pursuit of him and found him feeding on the roadside in the Township of Dorchester, near Putnam's saw-mill. Some lads who had attended the meeting had stolen it, together with another man's saddle and bridle. The saddle and bridle were found a few weeks afterwards by some berry-pickers in a fence-corner, near where the horse was. I continued to believe for a length of time that all whom I should tell would believe and seek the same blessing and was astonished that they did not. For to me the trees and all the works of God seemed to praise Him. Old things were done away and all things were become new.

#### **His First Labors as a Worker in the Church.**

The next Conference year we had Hamilton Biggar for our preacher. He was a fine young man, a good preacher, and did us excellent service. Our Presiding Elder was the late John Ryerson. About this time the late John Scatterd, Esq., built a meeting-house at his own expense, at what is now called