

There was then neither Baptist or Congregational church or minister in the city. I received my commission and instructions from the Christian laymen, officers of the society, giving me liberty enough in the choice of a field, and in the methods of working it, and a promise of such an amount as would make my "bread and water sure." Thus I was made to see that I had the sanction of God and men for making a beginning in the newly chosen field.

Choice of Shipton.

The whole land was before me, with liberty, after due exploration, to stick my stake where I might choose. After itinerating for a few weeks over the territory, which now constitutes the Counties of Stanstead, Compton, Sherbrooke and Richmond, I was providentially invited by one who had been a former resident and whiskey-dealer there, to go to the "Back of Shipton." It may be necessary to explain in reference to the locality, inasmuch as there is no such place known at present as the Back of Shipton.

At that time the Township of Shipton, 10 x 14 miles, embraced what now constitutes both the Townships of Shipton and Cleveland—Cleveland, embracing the Village of Richmond, and lying contiguous to the St. Francis River, was called "The Front of Shipton;" and Shipton, embracing the Village of Danville, and lying inland, received the honest appellation which it seemed necessary to explain. At present, and for all time to come, we have no use for the out-landish name. We live in the incorporated Village of Danville.

We have just been saying what led us into this locality, and now, perhaps, ought to say, *why* we chose to pitch our tent here and make it a home. It was *not* because we had old friends here—every man and woman was an utter stranger. It was not because the people were more cultivated and intelligent here than elsewhere—other localities would have promised more than this in this respect. Nor was it because there were more Christian men and women here, or more predilection for Congregationalism here than in other townships—the story which might be told in truth, would make it appear almost anything but an inviting field in which for a young minister and family to fix down for life.

But the people, if a little rough, were an industrious and not openly immoral class of New Englanders. They had settled on a tract of good farming land. They needed the gospel, and yet were living entirely without its ministrations. No minister of any class was here to warn us off, or complain of infringement of rights. Moreover, this was the north-east limit and corner of the American settlement, and in coming to this, we had more hope of inducing other ministers to come *part way* and take up the more desirable intervening stations, whereas, if we had chosen one of those, we saw little prospect of inducing any one to go to the extreme corner beyond.

For these reasons, we chose the locality as a home, where, with less of wandering, we have been fed with the manna of Heaven longer than the children of Israel were in the wilderness.

During these years, at different periods, varied forms of opposition have tried a hand against us, or rather against the gospel doctrines and teachings we have endeavoured to impart. At times the battles have been formidable and fierce for so small a force to withstand. It would benefit little could we tell all the conflicts had with varied forms of error and hostility—we will not try. Only with humility and with gratitude to God, we ought to say, "Out of them all hath the Lord delivered us;" and again, "He maketh our enemies to be at peace with us."

Forming Matrimonial Connection.

Just here, however, a check and a correction might be interposed. The plural pronoun *we* has been employed, while no clue or information had been given about a partnership, or how there had come to be a *we*. A bachelor man really has no claim, when writing about himself, to use anything more, or better, than