

My first inquiry after the residence of the Deacon was made in a small shop, or "store," as it was here called; and in reply, the proprietor said he "had seen the Deacon down in town half an hour ago," and directed me to a house in the same street, where "they always are sure to know where he's to be found."

A pleasant-faced little woman answered my knock at the door of the house supposed thus to be the head quarters for news of the worthy Deacon, and I learned that he lived a mile out of town, that he had been in town that morning, but had probably returned before this time, and that my lecture had been duly announced for that evening in the Baptist Church.

With this information, I returned to my husband, and leaving our *etceteras* in the care of another obliging inhabitant, we marched off towards our goal. Leaving the town behind us, we passed an iron foundry on the left, and soon quitted the public road for a long winding lane, green at the sides, and filled with rich brown mud in the middle. An ancient looking quadruped fed placidly along the green borders, raising his meek eyes with a questioning glance, as we daintily picked our way through the