

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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[Continued from last week.]

XI.

Jack, his Jack the companion of his youth, upon whom he had looked as his own special property had been sold, but he would willingly have borne his own part of the loss had it not been for Meg's grief. That had left a sad impression on his mind that which could not be erased. He sought to drown his bitterness in the pages of an interesting book but the first one he saw was a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, a birthday gift from Marie. He had read it before, so he cared not where he opened it, and strange to say his glance fell at once upon the page which told of the separation of Uncle Tom and his family. He read a few paragraphs, thinking more of Jack than the hero, then turned toward the closing pages which described the fiendish deeds of Simon Legree.

He finished the book then laying it down with a horror which he had never before experienced, he said, "I fear alas that there are much more such cases in the South than we know of and I shall never fight for a cause which defends such men." The next day he was almost moody and his father noticing the change in him asked the cause to which he replied that he had been thinking of his old companion, Jack, and asked where he was.

Mr. Levimore crimsoned, then explained how he had been obliged to part with some of his slaves among whom was the unfortunate Jack.

James said no more until his father renewed the subject which he had evaded the evening before. After listening for some time to his earnest solicitations for help in the work which he considered right, the young man told him of the sad scene he had witnessed and informed him that he could not help a cause which approved of thus tearing asunder sacred family ties.

"Foolish boy," said his father a little angrily, "your young heart is too full of sentiment to understand what you are doing."

"It is only a human feeling, father, which causes me to feel that we should respect the rights of those whom God has entrusted to our care. Like ourselves they are His creatures with immortal souls for which we may be called upon to render an account."

"True, my son, and as long as a slave remains in my possession he will be well cared for and his rights respected; but it is my privilege to dispose of my property as I wish."

"I know, father, that you are the kindest of masters, and if everyone treated their slaves as you have, there would be little to fear, but you know not into whose hands the poor unfortunate may fall, and for that reason even if there were no sacred ties to be severed as in Jack's case, I would dread to see them sold."

"What would you wish me to do, make beggars of myself and family by keeping a lot of men for whom I have no use?"

"No, not that father; but the more I think of this matter the more I feel that it would be a mercy were entirely abolished."

"Mr. Levimore looked at his son in amazement, started on his feet and said, "My boy, what do you mean?" "I mean that while the system seems to be good enough under the masters as yourself and Mr. Tone, who treat your people like human beings while they remain with you, it is a terrible curse as it is carried on under some masters. You need go no farther for a proof of it than the Carlton plantation, where the poor unfortunates are most cruelly treated, and I believe that such things should never be permitted in a civilized country."

"I admit that the Carlton's are far too severe on their slaves; but fortunately there are not many such in our neighborhood, and you do not understand, that left to themselves, those people would not know how to take care of themselves."

"Give them a chance, educate them and set them free and you will be surprised to find that many of them have as bright intellects as ourselves."

"My boy, you are crazy to suggest such a thing. Is this the result of your early training of which I have always been so careful? Who has talked these strange ideas into your head?"

"No one, father I have only been studying both sides of the question."

For two long hours James was obliged to listen to his father, who vainly sought to persuade him to abandon his nonsense as he called it and enlist in the company he was forming; but the youth, who would gladly have resented the interview, heard one objection after another in defense of the North. So he grew that he almost forgot to whom he was talking and that he might be exposing himself to the same fate as the man before him, he said to himself, before the

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federate army but the father whom he had always loved but never feared. "My son," Mr. Levimore said at last, "you are using dangerous language and I advise you never to repeat this in the presence of any of our neighbors."

"Why so father?" "Because you are in danger of being arrested which I would not wish to befall my son."

The young man said no more and was glad that for several days his father did not allude to the subject again. After what had been said Mr. Levimore knew that further talk for the present would be useless, and feared that if troubled too much his high spirited son might leave home and join the Federal army. "Better wait," he thought, "and perhaps when he sees so many of his old companions leaving home to fight for their country, he, too, may be inspired by a true spirit of patriotism and be ready to follow them. But if he does not, then I will do all in my power to keep him at home which would be far better than to have him give himself up the traitor's cause."

XII.

Many had been the bright anticipations of Bessie Tone for the autumn when she expected to introduce her daughter into society. She was very proud of her now for each year had added to her personal charms until now in young womanhood she was considered very beautiful. Melissa was not that striking beauty apt to attract immediate attention; but the air of gentle refinement which marked every motion and the sweet smile which lit up her delicately carved features went far toward making up her charms; the ruddy glow of perfect health lit up her cheeks, her bright blue eyes bore a merry expression and her hair, which had once been called red was now a beautiful auburn.

"There is no doubt but our Melissa is of noble birth," Mrs. Tone would often say as she gazed admiringly up on her, and had it not been for the fear of losing her she would have gone with her to Europe to look for her family whom she pictured as residents of some stately English castle. Once Mrs. Levimore had suggested that the girl might be of Celtic origin; but the angry fire that burned in Bessie's eyes forbade her even alluding to Melissa's being Irish. She kept her own council thereafter but could not help noticing that in the rich clear voice was an Irish accent.

The war which had darkened so many homesteads was upon them now; and while others were mourning the absence of father, brother, husband or son, whom they might never see again, Bessie Tone shut herself in her own room and lamented that the present state of affairs might frustrate her plans in regard to her daughter; for with so many of the men in the neighborhood gone, it would be impossible to have the grand reception she had anticipated. In her heartlessness she cared but little for the desolate homes or breaking hearts left behind, for society and worldly honors were the only idols to which she paid homage. After consulting her mother and sisters it was decided to give a reception and ball in honor of Mr. Levimore's men and introduce her daughter at the same time. Of course, the men were not all to be invited for there were many poor among them who did not belong to their set and invitations were to be sent only to the wealthiest.

Great preparations were made and when the eventful evening came the great rooms were ablaze with lights, were beautifully decorated with red and white roses and draped with the Confederate colors, while each gentleman as a souvenir received a gold pin to which was attached a tiny satin flag on which were the stars and bars of the South. The evening being so warm to use the ball room a large platform had been erected on the lawn which was also gaily decked with the national colors.

Never had Mrs. Tone received her guests as proudly as she did to-night; when arrayed in a dark dress of heavy embroidered satin, which had been imported from Paris for the occasion, and diamonds glittering in her hair, ears and at her throat, she stood beside her mother and two sisters, who, also decked in costly robes and jewels, had come to assist her. So elaborate was

her attire, to say nothing of her artificial means to which she had recourse in beautifying her person, that one would almost have considered her but little older than the fair Melissa, instead of a woman who would not admit the fact that she was past forty-five and had been obliged to color her hair to hide the many silver threads which had already appeared.

Forming a contrast to their dark Southern beauty was the young girl who stood beside them. She was dressed in silver and white gauze, elaborately made, for Bessie would not have it otherwise, and trimmed with pearls. Her wavy hair which hung in little ringlets over her high marble brow was caught up in a loose knot at the back of her head and pinned with a star of pearls, and around her neck she wore the chain from which hung the medal set with diamonds. But while her face beamed as brightly as ever with smiles, in her blue eyes was a sad dreamy expression which had been there since the beginning of the conflict. It was the sight of the new uniforms of gray worn for the first time on this evening that made her sad, and such reverly seemed entirely out of place at such a time. In through the open windows floated the sound of gay music and James Levimore had come to claim her as a partner for the first dance. A picture of noble, manly beauty he was, and there was no one present who had a more dignified, soldierly bearing than he as he led her proudly through the groups who gazed admiringly after them. "What a brave commander he would make," one lady remarked and another replied, "Yes, but why has he not his uniform on? Something peculiar about that when his own father is doing so much to inspire others to fight for our brave cause."

During the evening James had created no small amount of comment by appearing in a plain black dress suit; while it was well known that in his room at home hung an officer's uniform of grey which he had been expected to wear. His father fearing that it might be dangerous to leave him at home as he had at first contemplated if he would not willingly take up arms for the South had finally decided after leaving him in peace for a few days to compel him to join his company. He had put his name down on the list as an officer and ordered his entire outfit which had been sent home that morning. Without a word James had received the uniform and in obedience to his father had tried it on to see if it fitted, which it did to perfection. As soon as the proud man who had told him that he had never look better than he did in the grey had left the room, he cast aside determined never again to don it. It grieved him to offend his father but his sense of right forbade him to appear in public in a suit which he could never wear and be true to his own sentiments, and for that reason when his parents were ready to go to the Oaks in the evening he lingered behind so as to have no words in regard to what he was to wear.

"Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die." This seemed to be the spirit that permeated Mrs. Tone's guests, for a gay and more light hearted company could not be found than those who remained until the early hours of the morning, dancing to the sound of gay music so unlike the mournful funeral dirge which was to welcome some of them home, and feasting on the choice viands and rare wines with which the table was laden. Let to-morrow bring what it may, they would be merry to-night.

In that brilliant crowd there were many men in the bloom of health who in a few weeks, perhaps only a few days would be dead and they all knew it well, but such is human nature that each man thought some of us will surely fall, but not I—no, not I.—I will go unharmed through the fiercest battles and when we have the glorious victory I will return, so let me be happy to-night, for it is the last I shall spend with my old friends for many months. When at last the assemblage broke up and the good-byes were said each guest departed as cheerfully as if there was no bloody battle to which they were going in less than two days.

Mr. Levimore had overheard many of the remarks in regard to his son's refusing to appear in his uniform, which had left him in quite an unamiable state of mind. James appeared at breakfast with an unconcerned air as if he had done nothing wrong and tried to draw his father into pleasant conversation; but for the first time in his memory found it impossible, so he directed his talk toward other members of the family. When he spoke to his father again it was to make a most unfortunate remark which he regretted, "How did you enjoy the reception, father?" he asked.

"I would have enjoyed it very much but for one thing." "What was that, father? I saw nothing wrong." "I will not speak of it here, but after breakfast I will see you in the library." (To be continued.)

Correspondence

AVON

The mission given in St. Agnes' church last week by Father Burke and Father Grant, two Paulist missionaries of New York, brought to a close on Sunday evening by very impressive services, it is thought about nine hundred people were present. The mission was well attended at each service, six hundred and twenty having received the sacraments.

The death of Mrs. N. Boden occurred at her home on railroad avenue, last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. She leaves a husband, a little nine months old daughter, Isabella, her parents, two sisters and one brother, besides a large circle of friends to mourn her early death.

Mrs. Andrew O'Leary died at her home in this place Saturday evening, aged 64 years. She leaves three daughters, Mrs. James Quinnivan of Buffalo, Matilda of Rochester, Mrs. A. L. Poon and one son John, of this village.

Mr. Peter Heron an old resident of this village, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. O'Donald of Sover Springs, Monday aged 70 years. He was born here Tuesday evening and the funeral was held in a St. Agnes' church Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Father Curran has been suffering this week from an attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardiman attended the wedding of the latter's brother, Thomas McMahon of Corning to Miss Mame Maloney of Elmira, last Wednesday.

The many friends of Mrs. W. Curran will be pleased to hear she is recovering from her recent illness.

GENEVA

The comedy drama "Our Boys" which was presented at Smith's opera house, for the benefit of St. Mary's church on Friday evening of last week, by the young people of Rochester Cathedral parish, under the direction of Rev. A. A. Hughes of this village, was a grand success, both financially and socially. The net receipts will be \$150.00. After the entertainment a large number enjoyed themselves in dancing. A bountiful supper was served after 12 o'clock to about 200 persons.

Michael Conway is confined to his home with the grippe.

Miss Mary J. Higgins was sent for last week to come to Avon on account of the illness of her sister, Mrs. W. Curran.

The marriage of Louise Pipino and Josephine McEhee will take place at St. Mary's church, to-morrow (Sunday) Rev. A. A. Hughes, the pastor, officiating.

A large number of young people of Rochester, were in attendance at the entertainment at Smith's opera house, on the 25th inst. for the benefit of St. Mary's church.

GENEVA

Mrs. Catherine O'Callahan died at the residence of her son, John O'Callahan last Sunday morning, aged 70 years. The cause of death was paralysis. Deceased is survived by two sons John of this city, Charles of Hamilton, Ont. and four daughters, Mrs. John Fenwick of Hamilton, Ont., Mrs. Mary Francis Curran and Mary Theresa of the convent of St. Joseph, Rochester, Ont., and Sister Mary Theodosia of the convent of Mercy at Batavia. The funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales church Tuesday morning. Interment in St. Patrick's cemetery.

Catherine, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hubbelton, died at the home of her parents, 122 William street, Monday.

OVIO

Richard Finnegan, one of our Catholic young men here has secured a position as clerk in the Senate Chamber at Albany. He left Monday morning for that place.

Father Chidwick, the chaplain of the United States battleship Maine, will give a lecture on the late war with Spain, in Columbus hall, Feb. 4th, under the auspices of the Holy Cross fair.

Mr. John Keady, who has been seriously ill, is convalescing.

The examination in Christian Doctrine, written by Father Kinked takes place next Sunday.

A mass for Madame Charlotte Hendrick took place last Friday.

Every one is working for our fair, it seems as though it ought to be a success.

Thos. Carroll of St. Bernard's Seminary, and John Fitzsimons are home for a two weeks' vacation.

PENN YAN

On Sunday last Rev. L. E. Lapham said the early mass here and preached a very instructive sermon and was listened to with much attention.

Miss Alice Dowling has been ill for the past two weeks but is slowly improving.

The lecture by Mr. Thomas Carmody which was to have been given in the Lyceum on the night of Feb. 4th, has been postponed.

On Monday evening there was a card party at Mr. and Mrs. James White's.

Miss Margaret Weed and Lily Carles were visiting in Buffalo the past week.

Michael Guider, the obliging little clerk in T. S. Burns' grocery store, was confined to his home the past week with a severe attack of grippe.

WILLIARD.

The following persons have been appointed to take charge of the Willard booth at the fair to be held for the benefit of Holy Cross church at Ovid: President, Julia McGraw; secretary, Martha Tierney; treasurer, Lucy Congdon; Mary J. Meuman, Mrs. N. Slight, Jennie Duffy, Katherine Killen, Mrs. Noonan, Nora Reynolds, Kite Tierney, Margaret Suel, Mrs. M. Tobin, Julia Carroll, Anna Murphy, Kite Nicholson, Mrs. Nichols, Mary Kelly, Mary Ryan, Mary E. Courtney, Mary Luchten, Lizzie Reynolds, Jennie Conway, Bridget Downs, Jennie McWilliams, Kate Fitzsimmons, Anna McKittrick, Josie Brannagan, Maggie Collins, Anna Woods, Rose Killen, Mrs. M. Keenan, Mary Rourke and Rose Larkin.

Mr. Patrick Marks has gone to New York, where he has secured a position on the police force.

SHORTSVILLE.

The young people of the parish have arranged to hold a dancing party on the evening of Feb. 12th, at the Harlow opera house. The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses of the carpet in the sanctuary of our new church.

CALEDONIA.

Mrs. John Yaffe, a life long resident of Caledonia, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. James M. Phillips on Thursday of grip, aged 93 years.

Mr. James McPhillips, who lives four miles west of this village was found dead in his barn Monday evening. He was about 80 years of age and lived alone with a house keeper. About 3 o'clock he went to the barn to attend to his cattle, and his dead body was discovered an hour later. It is believed that a horse kicked him in a vital part causing death.

The marriage of Mr. James Pullyblank and Miss Margaret Torpey both of this village, will be celebrated this week.

Miss Catherine Reid who recently went to Brooklyn to receive electric treatment under Dr. Tobin of that city for paralysis, is much improved, her friends will be pleased to learn.

Mrs. Patrick Maloy has been quite seriously ill the past two weeks.

LIMA.

Father Burke, (Paulist) gave a lecture on Monday Jan. 28th, inst, before Band No. 12, on templeance. It was a masterly effort, Father Burke holding his audience by his earnestness and thorough knowledge of the subject. Total abstinence the only means to close the saloons and bring happiness and prosperity to the country and the family. Among the audience were Dr. McEahan of St. Bernard's Seminary, Father Hickey of the Cathedral, Father Garvey of Livonia, Father Ester of Caledonia, also Principals Hutchin and P. O. Davies of the seminary and many prominent men of the town who are interested in the subject. Much credit is due the leader of Branch 12, Mr. V. O'Connell and Mrs. Mary Egan, for their great efforts to get a speaker and prompt payment of sums required of them.

Mrs. T. J. Burns has sold his farm two miles east of the village, and will engage in other business.

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HER VOCATION.

"There's no use trying Sister, I can't get on at home."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mary dear," said Sister Rose, "but before you tell me all about it, let us go out for a walk through the grounds, for this Indian Summer day is too beautiful to be spent indoors."

While they were getting on their cloaks, the first part of Mary's story may be told.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent own a farm in Ohio. They worked early and late, saved and stinted themselves, to pay for it, and after fifteen years of toil they succeeded in clearing it from debt. That was six years ago. Then they determined to give their five children, of whom Mary was the eldest, the gentle education they themselves had never had, and the lack of which they had often lamented. Their plan was to send Mary to a convent academy until she should be graduated and then bring her home to teach Joe and Raymond, Nellie and Grace.

Accordingly when Mary was twelve years old she was sent to the Sisters, and with them she remained until last June, when, with diploma and medal, she returned to her father's house. It had required extra fidelity on the part of the other members of the family to meet the bills for her tuition, clothing and incidental expenses, but the burden had been cheerfully borne, with the expectation that Mary would repay all their sacrifices.

The month of July was spent by Mary at rest. She did not seem to care to help in the work of milking of cows, churning the butter, feeding the chickens, tending the lambs, or picking the berries for market; and, while she was useful in sweeping and dusting, she was not of much help to her mother in the kitchen.

And that poor mother is far from well. Hard work has made her old before her time. Yet she found no fault with Mary in the early summer, saying to the father that "the girl must have a chance to get used to home before she can be expected to do her share of the work," but when August and September brought no change, even gentle Mrs. Brent uttered some reproaches. The home school, from which so much had been expected, was begun on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. It was closed on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity.

"What is the trouble with you, Mary?" asked Sister Rose, as the two strolled through the Maple Lane, along the borders of which the purple and yellow and scarlet leaves lay in fragrant heaps.

"Everything goes wrong a home," answered Mary. "The boys tease me and the girls won't study. Joe made fun of me till father told him to quit; then he refused to learn his lessons; and I'm blamed for it all. Raymond is so slow I couldn't get him to understand anything; and Nelly and Grace never had their tasks, and were constantly in disgrace. Mother said she could not bear to see them punished so often, so we gave it up."

"And what have you been doing since?" inquired Sister Rose.

"Well, I just hate household drudgery, and I don't do much of it. Mother said she'd sooner do it herself than have me worry over it, and I let her have her way."

"How, then do you spend your time?"

"Oh, I read a little, I crochet some, I am going to write a novel—you know, Sister, you said I showed some aptitude as a story-teller—and I practice my music regularly. We have only a parlor organ, which, father said when he bought it, was good enough for the girls to learn on. He promised me in June that he would get me a piano, but now I don't know whether he will or not. I shall not need it though."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to leave home."

"Are you? And where are you going?"

"I'm coming to—that is, I'd like to become a Sister."

A smile flitted over her placid face of the religious as this announcement. "So you think, dear, that you'd escape trouble by becoming a Sister? You have failed so far to achieve a victory in the line of duty at home, and you imagine that you would succeed under other circumstances? Don't you remember what the poet says: 'They who go abroad may change their sky, but not their disposition?' You're mistaken, my dear, if you fancy that the habit acts like a magic armor to keep all trials away. It brings its own obligations to all who wear it, and those obligations are as hard to bear as any that you are called upon to encounter in the world. We have more grace, but we have need of more. Every one has his cross, and even the most peaceful cloistered nun has her burden to bear, fitted to her strength. No, Mary; your place is at home. There you have work to do. You must not avoid it or do it partly. It is a temptation to think you are called away from your plain duty in order to become holy here. Sanctify yourself in our father's house. Mortify your will. Be patient. Do your duty. Your father needs you. Your ailing mother needs you. Your brothers and sisters need you. Your course is clear. Go back with the resolution to fulfill the hopes that were formed for you. Make a new beginning. Start your school again. Do the work that is at your hand, at I do it with all your might, and some day six years or so from now, if you then still believe that you have a vocation to be a Sister, I may agree with you."

"Now dearie don't grieve at my chiding," continued the Sister, drawing Mary to her, for tears were falling from the eyes of the girl, and her form was convulsed with sobs. "Take my word, kindly, for they are well-meant. I love you Mary, and I want to help you, and the best service I can do you is to show you your duty, and encourage you to perform it. And now let us return to the house and get some lunch."

And so, with hospitable thoughts intent, Sister Rose led her guest to the refectory. That was two weeks ago. Yesterday Farmer Brent said to his wife: "Mother there's a great change for the better come over Mary since she paid that visit to Sister Rose. She and the children are getting on nicely together I notice. She's the best girl in Ohio!" "Yes," said Mrs. Brent, with the usual exaggeration of mother-love; "she's the best girl in the world."

A SECCULAR PRIEST

Resigns His Pastorate to Join the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

Rev. Martin Hogan pastor of St. Mary's church, Roslyn, L. I., has resigned his pastorate to join a religious order in France, speaking of this unusual incident, the Brooklyn Eagle says:

Father Hogan is about thirty-one years old, and was born in Brooklyn. He is a scholar and is possessed of remarkable literary ability, and since his ordination has been officiating in the diocese. For a number of years he was an assistant priest at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Court and Raper's streets, of which the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Connell is the pastor. When the Rev. Nicholas Doran was appointed by Bishop McLaughlin to fill the vacancy at St. Stephen's church, caused by the death of the Rev. John James H. Mitchell, Father Hogan was selected by the Bishop as pastor of the Roslyn church, formerly occupied by Father Doran.

Father Hogan's ability as a scholar was recognized by the bishop when he offered the priest the position of director of the Faneuil Reading Circle, the leading organization of young women devoted to study in the diocese, which was made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Michael Flannery of Far Rockaway.

Father Hogan who is a French scholar, compiled a book of short stories, some of which are original and others being translated from the French.

It is an unusual thing for a priest to withdraw from a diocese in which he has been favorably known. Father Hogan will, it is said, leave the diocese on Saturday next and will sail for Rome on Kaiser Wilhelm II. From Rome Father Hogan will go to Paris, where he will enter the novitiate of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, with a view of joining the order. At the end of his novitiate it is expected that he will be assigned to the Church of the Fathers of St. Jean Baptiste, in East 72d street, Manhattan. The order is no missionary, as is generally known, but the priests devote their entire lives to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Hogan received his theological training at the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal, where he was ordained by the late Archbishop of the latter diocese, Mgr. Edward C. Fabre.

Father Hilaire, O. P., late superior at Sherman Park, New York city, has arrived in Havana on his way to Cienfuegos, where there will be a community of four or five of the Dominican order. Two Spanish Dominicans have also lately arrived in Havana to take up the work of the order in conjunction with one or two other members that have been in the city for some time. Cuba is now a more inviting field for the regular clergy than for more than half a century past.

The oldest priest in Canada, Rev. Dominic du Ranquet, S. J., died on Manitoulin Island December 12. He was one of five brothers who became priests and Jesuits. Their father, too, joined the Society. He was ordained on March 6, 1841. He was nearly 89 years old. For nearly 80 years he gave himself up to work for the Indians in the cold northwest.