

The Rev. James W. Miller relates an incident having reference to the financial relations between Mr. Smith and his people, as follows:

"He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He in common with all the early ministers must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, promising to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market; it could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents in cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars a bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat had often to be given for one of salt. The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years' salary was now due from his people. For the want of this his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called together and the case laid before them; they were greatly moved; counsel from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned; the congregations were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the mean time it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore . . . would grind for them wheat on reasonable terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill; some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses to mill. In a month word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, 'Who will run the flour to New Orleans?' This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme; months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate; nearly all the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales had been told of the treacherous Indian. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and came back no more. Who, then, would endure the toil and brave the danger? None volunteered; the young shrunk back and the middle-aged had their excuse. The scheme at last seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary-headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, arose, and to the astonishment of the assembly, said, 'Here am I; send me.' The deepest feeling at once pervaded the assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good melted them all to tears. They gathered around

Father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that, rather than lose their pastor, he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble two young men were induced by hope of large reward to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for their starting. The young and old from far and near, from love to Father Smiley, and their deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and, with their pastor at their head, came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, a parting hymn was sung. 'There,' said the old Scotchman, 'untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us.' This was done and the boat floated slowly away. More than nine months passed and no word came back from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what was his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came; the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench before the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father Smiley. After the services the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been returned to God for his safe return, Father Smiley rose and told his story; that the Lord had prospered his mission, that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse, and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than any of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were each paid a hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charges. He meekly replied that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money it was found there was enough to pay what was due Mr. Smith, to advance his salary for the year to come, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then have a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder have long reposed in the same churchyard, but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the past."