

It was already late and the fully assembled congregation were waiting in impatient suspense. One of the villagers had observed in the early hour, his respected pastor pass along the street bearing upon his shoulder the aforesaid barrel, and jokingly remarked to his wife upon the pastor's thrift in using timely means to secure the prospective flow of sap, and guessed with unconscious accuracy, that he must have lost track of the days. During the interval of waiting the strange story was whispered through the congregation, and appreciating the oddity of the predicament, all were curious to learn how the service of worship would fare under such conditions. The belated, hurried preacher was too sorely distressed to notice the twinkling eyes and pursed lips of his people as with humble mien he entered their presence. He proceeded at once to make hearty confession of his mistake and consequent unwitting desecration of holy time, and before man and God avowed his desire and purpose to set a pious example at whatever sacrifice. The people scarcely able to conceal their amusement tacitly forgave him, but it is doubtful if their distracted thoughts grasped with very attentive interest or much spiritual advantage the instruction offered in the sermon which followed.

The affair was a subject of jocular comment for years after, and doubtless still lingers in the minds of some of the venerable survivors as an amusing reminiscence of pioneer life.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Miss Cochrane's cousin, Mrs. L. S. Routelle, of Penacook, N. H., for relinquishing her claim to these papers, which had been willed to her, and placing them, according to later verbally expressed intention, with others which had been given into the custody of the Burton Historical Collection. Miss Cochrane was a member of the staff of the Detroit Public Library from December, 1883, to July, 1906. During the last seven years of this period she served as second assistant librarian. The reminiscences printed here were probably written during the last few months before her death, which occurred on July 10, 1917.



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From Vermont to Vermontville.

(Selections from the papers of Sarah Ann Cochrane.)

Some friends interested in the early history of Michigan as a state, after having read my mother's letter from Vermontville, written to her sister in 1838, have suggested that it ought to be preserved (perhaps printed) as a fragment very pertinent to the history of the Colony founded by my father, Rev. Sylvester Cochrane, and have also hinted that some personal notes relating to my father and mother as early pioneers of the state, with some of my own reminiscences of the time and place, might also be of interest. The letter is a graphic story of incidents and individual experiences during the first few months residence in the "wild western home." It was kindly placed in my possession only a few years ago by my cousin, a surviving daughter of the person addressed.

At first thought, I shrank from exposing the precious paper to a "coldly critical public," as a sort of treachery to the retiring character of the writer who, though rich in ideas and modes of expression, was painfully conscious of her tendency to faulty spelling (it seemed *inherent* and unconquerable) and unwilling that any of her composition should go beyond the family circle without being subjected to a friendly correction. Further thought brought to mind the value of similar "remains" in filling out and verifying early history and so inclined me to abate my repugnance to an open publication of the letter, by placing it for safe-keeping in the care of the "Burton Collection" of papers, etc., which relate to the early history of the state and which is now accessible to any interested parties.