

organization was already established) and to the charge of this church my father though nominally a Congregationalist was invited. The young organization flourished for a time, a neat edifice was built and minister and people were satisfied, but as time passed, the burden of support became too heavy for the few able and responsible members, and the young church was forced to disband. Thereafter, for several years, my father's ministerial service was rendered to churches in nearly adjacent towns, and through more or less extended periods, but without change of residence. My mother was contented to live in N. from the day of her arrival to the last days of her life. I well remember her words soon after our establishment there, viz., "I hope to live and die and lay my bones here." Her wish was fulfilled. In the pretty village cemetery she lies with her husband, and her son, Lyman (re-interred from Detroit) and there is yet a place for me.

After two or three years living in Northville what seemed to be a favorable opportunity for opening a school induced my father to venture the purchase of a suitable property just then for sale and thus was founded what soon became broadly known as the "Northville Academy." The school flourished in numbers and popularity, and many young men there imbibed a stimulus which inclined them to a higher education in the state university at Ann Arbor. During some of the earlier years, my brother and myself assisted in teaching, according to our time and ability, my brother, while a member of the university, occasionally absenting himself therefrom for the purpose, on condition of keeping his place in his university class studies. My father had been in failing health for some time, when, in 1857, with sorrow and regret he gave up the school, but continued preaching, the scene of his clerical labors being the Presbyterian church in Plymouth, four miles from N—. Here there was pleasant accord and the close of his five years labors, 1859, was sad to pastor and people, for it was plainly the end of active service. Long suffered and wasting disease had reduced the brave, strong man to the condition of a child in strength and he reluctantly resigned and calmly awaited the final call to a higher ministry, which came a year later.

In the season following his retirement from teaching, having lately graduated from Monroe Female Seminary I re-opened the school, but on a different plan, making it exclusively for girls. This was continued satisfactorily to all attendants and with pecuniary advantage to me, until within a few weeks of father's death (Mar. 14, 1860) my own health had utterly collapsed, and I never again resumed teaching.

These teaching days in N. furnished much of both happy and sad reminiscence. It was not uncommon, while I was later for many years, employed in the Detroit Public Library, to receive calls from men and women who introduced themselves as "a scholar in your father's school," or as "one of your school girls," and it was always with respect and loving remembrance that they talked of those by-gone days, and sometimes the scene was more touching than I could calmly bear.

The Academy, being always well attended ought to have provided a bountiful income and to have raised the family far above the pinching straits which had been its lot for several years. But the patrons soon learned that father was a lenient collector. It was common for the school term to close with scarcely a cash dollar in sight, but no end of promises of truck, "good, bad and indifferent," at best, payments for tuition, especially in bona fide cash, were very slow, and in a multitude of cases were forever unpaid. The salary of a village preacher was never more than a "pittiable pittance," with little assurance of any ready money except the annual stipend from the Home Missionary Society. The increasing cost of educating us (the two children) away from home, created a harassing need for the many dollars which had been laboriously earned but never paid, and made necessary every possible economic expedient to "make ends meet." Under such circumstances it was very fortunate that my father was yet a strong and decidedly "handy man." He could do nearly every kind of work—masculine, feminine or neuter. He could, almost by himself, build a barn; he could set a fence or dig a well, cut hay or make garden, milk the cow or kill the pig. If the housewife was away or disabled, he could sweep rooms, make beds and cook good meals, but, I believe was never known to wash the dishes until the last one was dirty. On one occasion, when mother and I went East for a few weeks, he not only kept "bachelor's hall," but made butter, and sold it just as mother had done—and he kept up the A. 1 reputation of "Mrs. Cochrane's butter," too. My mother was, in her way fully equal to him in her talent for "doing things" for economy's sake, and as an economist she held the advantage of almost never indulging in unprofitable expenditure. Her decisions were based on real need and ability to pay, and not on simple, short-sighted desire. At the same time she had a remarkable faculty of making the best and the most out of whatever came to her hands. I still wonder at her ingenuity in providing comforts for her family and attractions for her home with so scanty resources.

When I reflect upon the lives of my parents in their relation to their family, I am grieved, that while they lived we were not more tenderly sensible that their affection and ambition for us so strongly overbore all their considerations of self. Good luck was accepted by them with joy if it helped them to help us, ill luck was deplored because it deprived us of some good, and sacrifice for our sake was always a pleasure.

The moral training of children was a conscientious study with both father and mother, especially so with mother, but the ideas of neither were of a cast-iron rigidity. Fearing, I think, to encourage any degree of laxity, my father preached a more rigid discipline than either he or mother practiced in their family. But generously and kindly indulgent as they were in their regulations for our daily life, we always felt bound to a strict observance of the principles of right and wrong so far as we knew them. Both were attached to the theory that to "spare the rod, is to spoil the child" but in our