and learned of the prospects in Houlton. The next day, I met him in the store of B. F. Bradbury, in Bangor, and grasping my hand with earnestness he said, "Barnes, when you get that Meeting House ready, I am coming up to preach the dedication sermon for you."

With the hour came the man, to renew his health in a measure, and do great and lasting work in his Master's vineyard.

In the last days of January 1867, in the midst of drifting snows, which caused the stage to upset twice in the ride of the first day, Bro. Porter and his wife came to Houlton. It is to be doubted if, in all the Baptist ministry of the State at that time, there was another man so well fitted for the work before him as Mr. Porter was. He was to take the work from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, with care that there should be no backward movement, to build up the Houlton interest, and to strengthen the Denomination in the County at large.

The last significant scene now transpired in the closet kitchen of the Spaulding home.

It was known on what day Bro. Porter expected to arrive in Houlton, and they agreed to be at home to meet him. After the arrival of the stage, and the travelers had got warmed, I said to him that Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding were anxious to see him. We soon reached the house, entered the door without stopping to knock, and passed through the long passageway to the kitchen into which Bro. Porter stepped first. With his quick nervous step, and with a genial smile upon his face, he passed over to where Mr. Spaulding stood, and shook his hand saying, "Bro. Spaulding, I am glad to see you here." "Bro. Porter, I am thankful to greet you here in my home," was the response. Then he turned and saluted Mrs. Spaulding, but her feelings were too deep for words. The tears filled her eyes as she looked upon the man before her, realized how much had been accomplished, and saw in Bro. Porter, the Denomination come to take up the work to which their lives had been devoted.