



Returning home, he worked for a time on neighboring farms. But his ambition had been roused. He could only think of greater possibilities and opportunities beyond Northfield. He would bide his time.³⁹

It came one day in the early spring of 1854. Dwight had just turned seventeen and was cutting and hauling logs on a mountainside with his brother Edwin. Suddenly he stopped and said with loud frustration: *"I'm tired of this! I'm not going to stay here, I'm going to the city."*

His family naturally objected and used every reason they knew of to get him to stay. He had no qualification for a career in the city, they said. The cities were full of young men looking for work. In Northfield, at least, he could find steady work on the farms.

But Dwight was adamant. He was certain the one thing for him to do was to go to Boston. So, saying goodbye to his mother and the rest of the family, he started from home—though he had no definite plans for how to get to Boston. He didn't care. He would go, even if he had to walk every step of the one hundred miles.

Then, halfway between his home and the train depot, he met his elder brother George, who hadn't been home for several days.

"Where are you going?" George asked.

"Boston," Dwight said, "to make my living in whatever business I can find."

Straightaway, George could see that it was useless to try and dissuade him. And with a brotherly kindness Dwight never forgot, George handed him five dollars, just enough for a one-way trip to Boston. What he would do when he got there, no one knew.⁴⁰