



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

A Story of Minnesota Methodism

By

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Of the Minnesota Conference



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INTRODUCTION

WHEN John Sherman, of Ohio, spoke of a tumultuous period in our national life, and quoted Æneas concerning the Siege of Troy, saying, "All of this I saw, and part of this I was," he insured himself a careful hearing from all thoughtful people. We hunger for direct, forthright testimony from one who was near to see, wise to know, and true to tell. This book has the same impact on the mind as that statesman's utterance, and gives the same quickening to the brain. It is the witnessing of one who *knows*. The picturesque affirmation of one who was there, the graphic portraiture of a man who saw the panorama of the days gone by, in the Northwest, had a full share in its unfolding, and now, sitting serene by the fireside of memory, he writes the chronicles of the brave days of old to stir our blood and provide authentic material for the historian who shall come after him. This heroic age

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is gone forever. In all its vivid incidents and outstanding pageantry it is a book that is sealed and set away in the archives of the past. It is in the keeping of the "Angel of the Backward Look" and will be opened in this world no more. We are done with its rude garb, coarse fare, slow movement, and simple environment. Life in these latitudes is now swift, sophisticated, complex, calling for deeper insight, subtler synthesis, more insistent, sustained, though less spectacular, spiritual assault. The approach is different, but the foe is the same, the flag is the same, the Leader is the same, the soul is the same, and the gospel is the same: when the author strips off the outward show, husks away the incidental, tears off the tentative, and lets us see the stalwart souls of warriors who won this empire for God and Methodism, we note the fundamental unity of their work and ours. This is the gain of this volume: to see the naked, pulsating, unconquerable spirit which animated their thin ranks, the skyey urge of their dauntless files, the other-worldly and flaming sacrifice which threw them irresistibly against the gates of hell. This is what we need now. Given this,

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we can gain the day, as they gained it. Without it we can do little now, and less hereafter. These backwoods Boanerges used methods we can not use, chanted anthems we can not sing, flashed weapons we can not wield, kindled fires we can not feed, forded streams we can not cross, and tracked forests we can not find. The heathen red man, the moccasined courier, the lusty wagoner, the viking immigrant, the Norseman settler, and the restless trail-blazers, path-finders, and pioneers are gone. No longer the lonely hollows echo the axman's blade. The hills that were dim with forests hold fruited orchards now. The singing streams where beaver builded unvexed and trout leaped in the sun are flumed and turbined now to light towns that stand where wigwam camp-fires burned, and run rattling cars where roaring herds of bison trod; where Conestoga caravans crept across the vales, the cornfields toss their tasseled leagues, and where the wolf-pack howled in the dark hemlocks' shade, the crimson poppies ride the waves of ripening wheat. The trapper of animals is gone, the hunter of beasts departed; but Satan lures human souls with bait of pleasure

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or power or pelf, and here the adversary transfixes unwary men and women with arrows dipped in venom of eternal death. Still a hundred lakes flow, a thousand brooks flash toward the glacial basins of the Great Lakes. Still sweet Itasca pours from her silver bowl the opulent libation of the Mississippi flood; but Sin abounds and Vice stalks everywhere. Thus we need now, even as of old, the shining face, the lifted head, the shouting voice, the full-saved heart, the saintly soul.

We grimly say to one another in the fierce death-grips of to-day, when pressed by hellionry all about, It is a wilder battle now, crueller, deadlier than before; but not so. It was in the wilderness the Master met the strategy and fury of Diabolus; and again, "clean forspent" and alone, under the trees in the green gloom of the olive boughs the bitterest cup came to our Lord. These plain, natural preachers, with their shirt-sleeved procedure and slashing saber-strokes of Saxon speech, worked as dutifully and exhaustingly to lay the sills of our Church, and we have toiled to rear its superstructure. Paul feared some of his people would depart

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from the "simplicity which is in Christ." I have the same fear for some of mine. Life now is variegated, varnished, embellished, complicated. Wrong is robed in precedents and dares crack the whip in precincts formerly barred to her. The world no longer scoffs at holiness, but patronizes and pollutes it when possible. The Flesh is so garlanded, betinseled, poetized as to lose its grossness in the glamour of Art; but its seductive attraction is as ruinous as before. Lucifer doffs his malicious scowl and deprecates with mocking laughter the purity of the children of God. One of Chauncey Hobart's sermons now would be like a mountain breeze blowing through a fever hospital, and a Cartwright exhortation like a trumpet-blast in the silence of a canyon. The heroes herein depicted were not artificial or clipped into stilted nonentity. They were straight-grained men, with the bark on; men to tie to, with normal cravings, modest wants, patient spirits, godly characters, rich experiences, heavenly prospects, and divine illuminations. No picture-poses for them, but blood-red pleadings to the unsaved; no chocolate-cream sermonettes, sweet, soft, sticky, and soon

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ended, but strong homilies on the fear and the love of God, torn from their heaving souls and flung forth hot into the multitude; believing their words and Jehovah's thoughts wedded in faith would not return void, Methodism was to them a military movement. They were under marching orders. They saw the banner beckon, they heard the bugle sing the order to advance. Such stanch soldiers of the Cross were they as followed Loyola and Wesley, Asbury and Booth, and waded Poverty's black waters and Misery's deep bog to lay their offering on the altar of service and hear Him say, "Well done."

Where are they now, these undaunted allies of Jesus who fathered cities, shaped states, sired empires, and seeded down the nation to the harvest of Christ? Where are Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garrettson, McKendree, Simpson, Akers, and the rest? Call the long roster now! Rise up, thou gracious genius of Methodism! Unroll the white record of their names to cheer and comfort us! Dip thy pen, and write, O maker of this book! Thou, who didst foregather with the fathers and broke bread with the illustrious dead. Bring the earthquake-makers up again with the

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magic of thy page. Make the glen ruddy once more with the camp-meeting's flaring lamps, lighting the lifted faces all hushed and awed under the spell of the Master of assemblies. Push wide the portals of the place where they dwell. Tell us how they fared and fought and fell, and rose again and followed on. Make rapture swell our hearts till we rise and swear to walk the shining way. Roll over us, fathoms deep, father in Israel, out of the revival-hallowed past, billows of joy, surges of love. Let us see the mourners at the penitent rail, hear the ecstatic birth-hymn, and clasp hands with prisoners set free. Tell how their sacred dust sleeps in remote plots, sweet with odor of wild flowers, and in crowded towns, where the westering sun throws on their graves the shadows of the sanctuary they builded. Tell how their spirits, robed in white, walk in glory, farther than we shall ever see; then drop thy stylus, and before you go to join them lead us in one all-embracing prayer. O Lord, out of the depths we cry unto Thee. Let their God be our God and their spirit be upon us.

ROBERT McINTYRE.

I

HOW I FOUND GOD AND MYSELF

No MAN liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. We are members one of another, and the humblest life has such relation to other lives that a true record of it may be of value to many. Having been for more than fifty years a Methodist preacher, and most of the time a member of the Minnesota Conference, I have been asked and urged to write a history of Methodism in Minnesota. But the time, strength, and materials for such history are lacking, and all I can now attempt will be to give some account of matters within the range of my own experience and observation which may be of use to some future historian. In doing this I must speak of myself and use the personal pronoun more than good taste would allow in a more complete and more dignified history.



I was born in Scotland in 1834; came with my folks to this country in 1841; lived in

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Maryland, near Baltimore, till 1849, when I moved to Illinois, near Galena, where the next five years were spent. Here I became acquainted with Methodism.

Before this my associations had been with the Presbyterian Church, of which my parents were members. The stern aspects of Calvinism preached then, as they are not now, had alienated me from that creed and shaken my faith in all religion.

But in Illinois my home for a time was with an uncle who was a Methodist, at whose house I read the "Sermons of John Wesley" and other Methodist books which helped me over the difficulties of Calvinism and made the Christian religion seem more credible and more attractive, and I began to pray and seek my own salvation.

In August, 1850, at Hanover, Ill., I heard a sermon which made a deep and decisive impression. The preacher was Richard Haney, presiding elder of Galena District, a man of might and renown in that region at that time. He had a commanding presence, musical voice, magnetic manner, vivid imagination, was an artist in word-painting, a born orator, with the prophetic fire on his

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lips and in his heart given to the man who is called to be a mouth for God.

For an hour and a half he discoursed on Hebrews 13:11-14 with a pathos and power which moved me at the close of the sermon to confess my need of Christ by joining the Church on probation. I had heard learned, logical, and profound preaching before, but no sermon made such an impression as this; and after sixty years much of it still stays in my memory. This good man took a personal interest in me after this, and his friendship and preaching were a great help to my spiritual life. One of my first pastors on Hanover Circuit was Henderson Ritchie, who is still living; a young man then, an earnest, able, and eloquent preacher and excellent singer, whose songs and sermons and lifelong friendship are among the bright spots in my religious life.

II

TEACHING AND LEARNING

SOON after this I began to teach school in a Presbyterian community near Hanover. The schoolmaster had not been abroad much in that country then, and I got a reputation for more learning than I had, and my school was crowded with scholars from all the region round of all sorts and sizes, from little children up to full-grown men and women, some of them older and larger than myself; but they wanted to learn, and we had good order, no trouble, and some of them came to honor and usefulness in later life. I was eighteen years old when I began to teach, a learner myself, and think the two years spent in teaching were among the best of my life.

Part of 1853 was spent at Mt. Morris, Ill., as a student in Rock River Conference Seminary, located there. The young men and women whom I met there were mostly of the earnest sort, who go from farms and country

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towns to school to get an education. Many of them were above the average in intellect, and not a few of them attained distinction in later life. Among them were future judges, governors, senators, college presidents, and eminent ministers, one of whom became a bishop. Contact with such minds in youth is not the least valuable part of an education, and I found it mentally healthful and invigorating.

The winter following I taught school in the same place as before, with a still larger school and more advanced studies. My Scotch-Irish Presbyterian patrons showed me much kindness, although at first they did not like my Methodism, but thought better of it as they became better acquainted. Their venerable pastor, Rev. Alexander Ferrier, and his family were among my best friends and many pleasant hours were spent in their hospitable home.

In the spring of 1854 I was in Beloit, Wis., a student in the college there, the only Methodist then in that Congregational school. My roommate was Moses Hallett, of Galena, whom I had known at Mt. Morris, sturdy in body and mind, with a passion for truth and

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reality, and scorn for shams and pretense, which have served him and the public well in his useful and honorable career. Practicing law in Chicago and Denver, he soon came to the front in that profession, and in forty years' service as United States judge in Colorado won for himself the high esteem of the best people there, who know how much they owe to his judicial ability and integrity. Failing health compelled me to leave Beloit before the year expired, and this ended my college days.

III

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

FROM Beloit I went to Baltimore, to my father's home, where I spent the summer and autumn of 1854.

Here I slowly regained my health and spent much of my time in reading and serious thinking. I was now in my twenty-first year and felt that I must soon decide what should be my work in life. Thoughts of the Christian ministry were in my mind, but I was unfit for this because I was not sure that I was myself a Christian.

At the end of my period of probation I had been received into full membership in the Church, although I confessed to the pastor and Church that received me that I was in doubt about my conversion. All I could say for myself was that I had a sincere desire to live a Christian life and was striving to do so, but had no clear evidence that I was born again. They, however, received me into

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their fellowship, being better satisfied with my evidences than I was myself.

Now, however, I felt the question must be settled and I must know for myself whether I was indeed a child of God. And so I read and prayed and fasted and sought the light which delayed to come. Hearing of a camp-meeting about twenty miles from the city, I went, hoping to get it there. On my way out my mind was in a state of gloom. I had been four years seeking salvation, apparently in vain. Others had found it at once, and went on their way rejoicing, while I was groping in twilight, beset by "sorrows and sins and doubts and fears." Perhaps Calvinism was true, and I was one of the reprobates doomed from eternity to live and die among the lost. The words "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" had been in my mind, and they seemed to be on the Calvinistic side of predestination.

Arriving on the ground just as services began, I saw on the platform an aged man with a benign countenance, who began by saying: "On my way from the city I had a sermon in mind which I intended to preach;

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but since I came here it is impressed on me to take another subject; and as it is likely I shall never preach here again, I ask you to pray that I may say something that will help those that hear me. My text is Ephesians 2:8, 'By grace ye are saved through faith,' " etc. This coincidence arrested my attention. The sermon that followed was not remarkable for depth or breadth or brilliancy. In cold print it would hardly be interesting; but there was power in it which made some who heard it remember it for many years. Here was a man I had never before seen or heard of. There was no one in the great congregation that knew me and no one that I knew. Yet this man seemed to know my heart and read my thoughts, and was talking straight to me as if I were the only one there.

"Ye have an unction from the Holy One and know all things," is the secret of success of the man who has a message from God.

The usual Arminian exposition of the text was enforced and clinched by personal testimony, the substance of which was this: When the grace of God fills and floods a man's soul he feels irresistibly that it is not

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for him alone, nor for a few favorites of heaven only, but for all that feel their need of it.

“ ’Tis mercy all immense and free,
For, O my God! it found out me.”

The voice of the old man now rang like a trumpet through the forest aisles as thrice he exclaimed, “God is Love.” That word came as an electric shock, which thrilled the assembly and was responded to by a mighty shout which seemed to reach the sky and drown the voice of the preacher. Waiting till silence was restored, he said, “I must now conclude,” to which another chorus of voices replied, “Go on; go on!” And he went on in a flaming exhortation to stand by the faith of the fathers and preach a full, a free and present salvation for all men from all sin, here and now and forever, witnessed by the Word of God and by the Spirit of God, and attested by the experience of millions of men regenerated, justified, and sanctified by the boundless love of Him “who by the grace of God tasted death for every man.”

The gloom and chill of my inherited Calvinism vanished before the light and heat

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of these burning words, and "the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost given unto me," and I went home rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

In the logic of the head Calvinism is strong; but in the logic of the heart, the logic of love by which men live, it is weak; and after this it troubled me no more.

At the close of the service I learned that the preacher was the venerable Bishop Waugh, then residing in Baltimore; and, as he intimated, it was his last sermon in that place. He died a year or two later.

In these days when we are discussing the question how to get people to come to our fine churches on Sunday, some light may be found in considering how Bishop Waugh got so great a crowd to hear him in the woods of Maryland on a week-day.

It was not by anything oratorical, sensational, or spectacular in him or his sermon. As bare of ornament as Peter's discourse at Pentecost, it had some of the same power. It was not hearsay, but the utterance of one who could say, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." God was in it and in him who preached it, and this is the

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only preaching that has permanent power to attract men. For the supreme need of man is God; and the preaching that brings God to men and men to God will draw men

“Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.”

* * *

IV.

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT

THE new life that now quickened my soul hastened my physical restoration, and I was soon quite well and enjoying life more than ever. "I am come," says Jesus, "that they might have life and have it more abundantly." Before this life entered me, though not yet twenty-one, I felt old and world-weary. The inward gloom covered the world without. What we are determines what the world is to us. To be without God is to be without hope.

When clouds of unbelief hide the sun of the soul, other lights lose their luster.

"The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay."

But now "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shining in me illumined the world around me

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and revealed new beauty everywhere, and I said:

“’Tis love, ’tis love, Thou diedst for me,
I hear Thee whisper in my heart,
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love Thou art.”

This experience makes the Bible a new book and the world a new world, and shows us how to find “sermons in stones and good in everything.” About this time, or a little later, I heard a sermon of remarkable beauty and power. Thomas H. Stockton was then the foremost preacher in Baltimore. Methodist Protestant in name, he was, in the large sense, a Christian and every man’s brother. He was a chronic invalid and lived on the border-land of eternity. At this time his health had been worse than usual, and for months he had not been able to preach. Frail and pale, with lustrous eyes and saintly mien and manner, he seemed to be all soul, with only enough flesh and blood to tether him here for a time. As he began to speak he leaned on the pulpit for support; but as he proceeded, all signs of weakness vanished, and with rare grace of action and utterance he was seen and heard by all in that crowded assembly.

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His voice, at times soft and low, then loud and resonant, but always musical, was fitted to his thought and had some indefinable quality which held the ear and the heart of the congregation through a long sermon which seemed short enough and made us wish for more.

His text was Psalm 138:2, "Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name."

THE BIBLE GOD'S GREATEST REVELATION.

Manifested as He is in nature, providence, human history, and the soul of man, the supreme revelation is in the Holy Book. Other revelations by angels, prophets, apostles, saints, and sages have been for special times and occasions, but the Bible is for all times and all occasions. "Forever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in heaven." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." The angels have vanished, the prophets are dead, the saints are in glory, miracles have ceased, all other oracles are dumb, but "the Word of God liveth and abideth forever." In youth, in manhood, in old age, in strength and weakness, in joy and sorrow, in life and death it stays with us,

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light in darkness, strength in weakness, joy in sorrow, life in death. All this was elaborated and illustrated from the Book itself.

Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors, seers and saints of all the ages passed before us in solemn and sublime procession. They no longer seemed dim historic figures fading away in the misty past, but living men, "brothers and companions in tribulation and in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." The spell of immortality and eternity was on us and lifted us out of the limitations of time and space.

The past was present, the distant near, the dead alive, and the communion of saints, the commonwealth of God, in which all holy souls in all ages and all worlds are one in Him who is the life of all, was felt and seen as a sublime and supreme reality.

The sermon as a whole was extraordinary in form, expression, and impression. As in some great oratorio to the music of a great chorus and orchestra, the divine drama of redemption was unfolded with a beauty and pathos, passion and power befitting the mighty theme. The preacher was poet as well as orator; the sermon was a prose poem,

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much of it like blank verse, not to be imitated—it could not be—nor reproduced by any one but its author. Some passages were overwhelming in their effect. Isaiah's vision, when called to the prophetic office, was re-enacted so we could almost see "the Lord of Hosts high and lifted up" and hear the seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy!" It was one of those rare occasions in which we realize that the tabernacle of God is with men, and sanctified genius baptized with the Holy Spirit is made a mouth for God.

Such preaching renews the experience of apostolic times, when the gospel was "preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" and those that heard it "tasted the good Word of God and the power of the world to come and were raised up and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Like all good men, Thomas H. Stockton was a lover of men as well as of God. At his funeral, which was attended by men of all creeds, classes, and colors, a Jew and a Negro locked arms and walked together in the procession to testify their reverence and affection for the memory of one whose love was

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large enough to embrace them all and who lived and died in the Spirit of Him who “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.”

V

WESTWARD, HO!

LATE in the fall I returned to Illinois and spent the winter in Hanover teaching school. Here I had a larger school and more advanced scholars; but the town boys and girls were in general well behaved, their parents friendly, the school board just and considerate, and the winter passed swiftly and pleasantly. During the years of teaching I was a student myself and probably learned as much as any of my scholars.

When navigation opened on the Mississippi I took the first boat up the river and landed in Minnesota, April 13, 1855. The ice was not yet out of Lake Pepin, so we left the boat at Read's Landing. There was another boat at Red Wing to take passengers to St. Paul, and there were wagons to carry the women to the head of the lake; but with seven hundred passengers, mostly men, there

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were not wagons enough to carry them, and they had to walk.

Rather than do this, another young man and I decided to start overland for Faribault, where he had some land and claimed to have knowledge of the country and the road there; we also hoped to be overtaken by some vehicle in which we could ride. But in this we were disappointed. We tramped all day across the prairie without anything to eat.

Neither of us had ever done a day's walking, or half a day's, and long before night we were used up, but stern necessity compelled us to trudge on. We saw no house or sign of human habitation all day. My companion was from New York City and started out with the brisk gait of a city man hastening to business in the morning. By the middle of the afternoon he gave out, and I had to carry his baggage as well as my own, while he limped along with a stick in each hand to help him. As evening drew on, the situation became serious.

The nights were cold, snow still on the north side of the prairie slopes. Faint with hunger and fatigue, without covering, with-

WESTWARD, HO

out even a match to make a fire, if we found fuel, it would have been almost certain death for both of us to stay outdoors all night. But as it grew dark we came down from the high prairie into a wooded valley, through which ran a creek, and across the creek a log-house just put up, without roof except some boards at one end, under which the owner and his family slept. But no house I ever saw gave me more pleasure than the sight of this unfinished cabin. No pilgrims in the desert ever hailed an oasis with more delight. After a supper of saleratus biscuit and bacon, which tasted better than any menu of Delmonico, we made our bed without undressing, with some straw beneath us and a quilt apiece above us, and tried to sleep; but my aching bones kept me awake and I spent my first night in Minnesota star-gazing and admiring the bright stars and blue sky unstained and undimmed by the smoke and exhalations that come with civilization. We traveled thirty miles the first day because we must; but the second day twelve miles was our limit, and we were glad to find a house and shelter before dark. The next day being Sunday, we rested here, and I spent

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much of the day in the woods reading Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

The town of Mazeppa stands where we spent our first night, and Oronoco where we spent the second. We found houses now every night. Pioneers are always hospitable, and they gave us the best they had. About noon of the fifth day we reached Faribault, which had one good house, the home of Colonel Faribault, and twenty or thirty shanties and cabins scattered about. My calf-skin boots were worn out with the long tramp over the prairies, and I was glad to find a place where I could buy a pair of stout cowhide brogans, which were better suited to the roads and country as they then were.

After some days spent in exploring I made a claim on the edge of the big woods, three miles south of Northfield and near the village of Dundas. But Northfield and Dundas did not come into existence till about two years later.

VI

CLAIM-MAKING

I HAD a house to build and other improvements to make before I could prove up, pay up, and get a title to my claim.

My brother George joined me in May and got a claim on the prairie two miles from mine, and we boarded together with a family by the name of Larkins, whose place was midway between my brother's claim and mine.

When my house was built we got an uncle and aunt who came up from Illinois to move in and keep house for us. It was the only house I ever owned, and was the healthiest and best-ventilated house I ever lived in. Lumber was dear and distant. We had to go to Hastings, thirty miles away, for it, which, with an ox-team, took four days to go and come. So we made one load of boards do for floor and roof. About half the house

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was covered with boards, under which uncle and aunt slept; the other half, open to the sky, was for my brother and me. There was no chinking between the logs, and in lieu of a door we hung up a strip of carpet. All the winds had free access, and we never suffered from bad air; but we had the soundest sleep and the best appetites, which made everything taste good, and life itself was a luxury.

Minnesota abounds in beautiful scenery, and no part of it has more of this than Cannon River Valley, and in its pristine state it had a charm which cultivation has not improved.

One day in June my brother and I went out in search of a claim. It was a perfect day, with cloudless sky and atmosphere full of the elixir of life.

We came to a place on Prairie Creek where nature seemed to have combined all the elements of beauty and comfort for an ideal home. Hill and valley, meadow, stream, and grove, were all there in picturesque proportions; the meadow carpeted with countless flowers, the grassy upland rolling away in billowy beauty, the grove of mag-

CLAIM-MAKING

nificent trees casting their shadows into the stream which, clear as crystal and bank full, glided peacefully by, and over all the sun and sky of Minnesota in its June glory made a picture never to be forgotten, and I said, "This is Milton's 'Paradise,' where

"Airs, vernal airs,
Perfumed with smell of field and grove attuned
The trembling leaves and universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.'"

But with all its beauty it seemed too far off, and I said if we were to settle here we would be old before we had any neighbors. In five years there was a family on every quarter section in sight, and now there are three railroads, two flourishing towns, and two prosperous colleges within ten miles.

VII

HOW I BEGAN TO PREACH

THE country was settling up rapidly, people pouring in from all quarters, and improvements of all kinds going on, except on the side of our higher nature. There was no church nor minister nor religious service on Sunday or any other day, nothing to remind us of God or immortality, and under such conditions most people deteriorate morally and spiritually. Sunday was spent in working or visiting, hunting or fishing. I spent mine mostly in the woods, reading the best books I could find.

Mr. Larkins and his wife, with whom we boarded, were Presbyterians, and one day I said to them, "We are becoming pagans and will soon be downright heathen or worse, unless we do something to stem the tide of worldliness and wickedness which is carrying us down." "What can we do?" "Start some sort of religious service on Sunday."

HOW I BEGAN TO PREACH

“Who will lead it?” “A physician from Wisconsin has settled over by the lake and is, I am told, a Methodist local preacher; let us ask him.” “If you get the preacher, we will furnish the house.” And so it was arranged.

I saw the doctor and got his consent, and on Sunday morning we had a houseful of people, to whom he preached on Mark 16:15, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

Dr. Schofield was a good man and good doctor, better doctor than preacher; but his text was appropriate and the sermon well received and made a good impression. As he was about to dismiss, I whispered, “We must keep it up and have service next Sunday,” and it was so announced.

Next Sunday I met the doctor at the door of Mr. Larkins’s house, rubbing his head and saying, “I have a bad headache and can’t preach; you have got me into it and must help me out.” As this could not be denied, the request could not be refused; and so I went in and preached my first sermon.

It was the last Sunday in July, 1855, on the edge of the Big Woods, three miles south

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of where Northfield now is, in a log-house with a low roof, so that when I gesticulated upward my knuckles were barked against the rafters. The house was full of people who gave as respectful attention as if I had been a veteran and not a raw recruit.

My text was suggested by conditions of time and place. The week before had been spent in going to Red Wing and returning; and in going and coming I met people inquiring for places in which to locate, where they could find good claims with water and timber, good mill sites or town sites, places for homes and comfort, and good prospects ahead. It was the time of the great emigration, and multitudes were wandering over the country asking these questions; and this led me to think of the words: "Many there be that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou upon us the light of Thy countenance."

I spoke of the restlessness which impels men to wander far and wide over land and sea in quest of some real or imaginary good, and their failure to find what they seek; or, finding it, to get from it the satisfaction they seek.

HOW I BEGAN TO PREACH

Man, made for immortality, can not be satisfied with the things of time. These have their place and use in life, but are not enough for the soul with thoughts that wander through eternity. Earthly good is only fuel to the flame of earthly desire. The immortal spirit can not find its rest in the things of sense. The infinite need cries for the infinite good. "Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and we can not rest till we rest in Thee." The true home of the soul is God. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." While others say, Who will show us any good?—let us pray, "Lord, lift Thou upon us the light of Thy countenance."

My mind was full of my theme and I spoke earnestly, if crudely; but the people were not critical, and kindly received what was said, giving me full credit for good intentions. Preaching was a new thing there; it cost them nothing, brought them together, and gave them social satisfaction, if nothing higher, and must have done some good; for after fifty years I met people who said they still remembered that sermon.

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“My word that goeth forth out of My mouth shall not return unto Me void; but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

After this patients and practice occupied Dr. Schofield's Sundays, and I got no more help from him.

We continued the services through the summer and fall till cold weather, when another field opened for me.

I was rather lonesome at first, having no one to pray or help in any way, and having so little experience myself. But one hot day, at the close of the service, a short, thickset man with a broad red face, from which he was wiping the sweat with a big bandana handkerchief, at the same time puffing like a small locomotive, came to the door just in time to join in the doxology, which he did heartily, and when it was done came up and shook hands, saying, “Bless the Lord, I've found the place and the preacher.” He lived in the big woods, had missed his way that morning, and walked ten miles and forded Cannon River up to his neck; his clothes had dried in the hot sun, and here he was at last, thanking God that his long walk and river bath

HOW I BEGAN TO PREACH

had not been in vain. Prosaic as he appeared, his life had been full of romance. He had been a sailor on many seas and a traveler in strange lands. God had found and saved him. He could sing and pray, exhort and shout; and this he did with a will, and from this time on was quite a help to me in my juvenile ministry. Our singing at first lagged and languished from lack of a proper leader. After two or three days of discord an ex-saloon-keeper, who afterward became sheriff, offered his services, which were accepted. He also was short and stout, with good lungs and voice, and his leadership improved this part of our worship.

Years afterward, in another place, he said to me, with tears in his eyes: "Them days when I led the singing for you in Larkins's old log-house were the best I ever saw. If I had kept on at that I might have been a better man."

I was beyond the reach of bishops, presiding elders, or officials of any sort, a "voice crying in the wilderness," and was glad to get help from any source. As a general rule, it is well to let every one help in a good cause who can or will.

VIII

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

As cold weather approached our house had to be roofed and plastered. Shingles for the roof were made out of trees on my place, and lime for plastering out of a limestone ledge near the house. I knew nothing about making shingles or lime, but a neighbor did, and I got him to superintend the business. One night I sat up all night to keep up the fire in the lime kiln. The fire warmed and gave me light to read by, and I became deeply interested in my book. It was "Elijah the Tishbite," by Dr. Krummacher, a German divine, and was instructive and suggestive. That which interested me most was the story of the prophet's flight from the wrath of Jezebel and his experience in the desert and at Horeb. The vision on the mountain, when the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire passed before him, and the "still small voice" that followed seemed like something

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

I saw and heard myself. The question, "What doest thou here?" came to my heart and conscience with an authority to which I must bow.

In the lonely forest, in darkness and solitude, under the silent stars, the voice said, "What are you doing, what do you propose to do with yourself and your life?" The light which never shines on sea or shore was shining in me and searching me, showing me my heart, myself, my motives, my duty, and my destiny; and I bowed before the Lord, saying, "What I know not, teach Thou me; make me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee." It was in this way at this time that God called me to be His minister. Not long after this I went to Hastings and was detained there over Sunday by the first snowstorm of the season. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Leduc, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with another man called and invited me to preach for him. I said I was not a minister, but a layman, and conducted services in the country where I lived because there was no one else there to do it; moreover, I came on business, in my working clothes, expecting to re-

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turn before Sunday, and was n't dressed to appear before a Sunday congregation.

The man who came with the minister said: "We can fix that easily. I have a new black coat, put on this morning for the first time, and as you and I are about the same size, I think it will fit you." And sure enough, it was a good fit; and that excuse being gone, and both of them being urgent, in a borrowed coat I preached for the first time in a pulpit and place dedicated to worship.

My text was, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and my sermon what came to me that night in the woods. I had liberty, the people seemed to be impressed, and at the close many shook hands with me, some of whom were Methodists; and as a result, a little later they invited me to come to Hastings as their pastor, which invitation, accompanied by the indorsement of Rev. John Kerns, presiding elder, brought me to Hastings in January to begin my first pastorate. I spent six months there pleasantly and profitably. God was with us, His work revived, and souls were saved.

One day a little man with a hunchback and a sad face came in and seemed to be inter-

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

ested, and was soon converted and joined the Church. He told me that the night before he came to church the first time he was so distressed in mind and body that he could n't sleep, and debated with himself whether he should get up and go down to the river and end his troubles there. He was a jeweler by trade, skillful, intelligent, and energetic, and after this got on in the world, prospered, and was helpful to the Church and the community. He died in Colorado some years ago, and before passing away in peace asked a friend who was with him to tell me, if he ever saw me, always in preaching to tell the people that there is no condition of sorrow or suffering in which Jesus can not save them, even as He had saved him from despair and self-destruction.

We never know how near to ruin our hearers may be, and we can not be too earnest in telling them that "He is able to save unto the uttermost."

At the close of my short pastorate in Hastings I was recommended by the Quarterly Conference for admission to the Annual Conference held in Red Wing in August, 1856.

IX

MY FIRST CONFERENCE

BEFORE this the Minnesota District, which included all of Minnesota and a large part of Wisconsin, was part of Wisconsin Conference, and by the General Conference of 1856 was constituted an Annual Conference.

At this first session there were present about thirty members in full connection and a dozen of young preachers received on trial, I being one of them. Chauncey Hobart was pastor at Red Wing, and with his people, noted for their hospitality, took good care of us all.

Hamline University was then located at Red Wing, and the Conference was held in the college chapel. Jabez Brooks, president of Hamline, was elected secretary and made a good one.

Bishop Simpson presided and infused his own spirit into the Conference, the proceedings of which were of extraordinary interest;

MY FIRST CONFERENCE

and having no responsibilities except to pass my examination, and that being over, having nothing more to do, I enjoyed everything immensely. Bishop Simpson was then in his prime, physically and mentally, and filled and thrilled us with his matchless eloquence. His missionary address aroused us to the highest pitch of missionary zeal, making us feel the immense obligation and privilege to evangelize the nations.

His sermon on Sunday on "Preach the Word" was a superb example of apostolic preaching, and came to us "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." In the afternoon, before the Lord's Supper, his words moved and melted our hearts even more than the great sermon of the morning.

His sermons and addresses were characterized by simplicity, sincerity, absence of effort, coming out of his heart as water from a spring or light from a star, with a mysterious magnetism which laid its spell on mind and heart and made men's souls respond to his utterances as an Æolian harp to the wind. He never seemed to arouse antagonism. The stoutest infidels would melt before him like snow in the sun. At his best, pathos, sublim-

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ity, beauty, dignity, power, human and super-human, combined to make his preaching almost irresistible. Having heard most of the pulpit celebrities in my time, Matthew Simpson, in my judgment, was easily the chief.

Our early Conferences were more enjoyable than later ones. We had less business and more time for social intercourse and religious exercises, and the poverty and privations of preachers and people made Conferences like oases in the desert, and it was not an uncommon thing to hear a chorus of amens and hallelujahs make the rafters ring. At our first Conference in St. Paul, in 1858, in the old Jackson Street Church, I saw Dr. Benjamin F. Crary, then president of Hamline University, and the dignified and masterful Matthew Sorin leave their seats and march around the church singing and shouting and shaking hands. Say what men will about order and decorum, it is in the order of nature and of God for men to be mightily moved by the mighty truths of the gospel when they come home to us luminous with the light and red with the heat of "the love of God when it is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given us."

X

MY FIRST CIRCUIT

My appointment was Northfield Circuit, which took me back to my own home and was welcome in every way. It had six preaching places, to which two more were soon added when the preacher appointed to Faribault left his charge and the presiding elder turned them over to me.

I got around the circuit and got acquainted with the work before winter, which came early and continued late that year. On the last day of the year I started about noon for Berdan's, on Cannon Falls Circuit, where I was to help Noah Lathrop in a watch-meeting. On account of the deep snow the only roads passable were those traveled so much that the snow was packed hard; and as I had no such road I was compelled to leave my horse and make my way afoot across the country as best I could. Much of the way the snow was knee-deep, and deeper in the drifts, and soon I had no road at all; and as the day

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was dark and no sun in sight to steer by, I got lost.

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

With no road or landmark or sign of human habitation in sight, I found myself out in a wild, wintry waste, a vast, billowy, boundless sea of snow. As the short day ended and the long night began, my thoughts became serious and solemn. It was the last night of the year, and might be the last of my life if I did not soon find some way out of that wilderness. But, though solemn, I was not sad. I was obeying what seemed to me the call of God in wandering through the gloom of the wintry night, "seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel." I was in the place assigned me by Him in whose hands all our times are, and trusted that He would lead me out and on, and so plodded on, "faint, yet pursuing." Awed by a sense of the mystery that environs us, the immensity of the universe, the littleness of man, the great work I was in and the small strength I had for it, I was

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light."

MY FIRST CIRCUIT

And this cry was heard, and I soon came to some cattle tracks, following which I found a house, where I was directed to a road, which was reached in due time, and by a circuitous route brought me about ten o'clock to my destination. Two sermons had been preached, and after resting awhile I gave them another.

People were not then surfeited with sermons and could stand more of them than they can now.

Our meeting closed at midnight in a blaze of glory, with penitents crying for pardon and saved souls rejoicing in mercy found; and I felt more than compensated for the toil and trial of my arduous trip.

XI

FIRST PREACHERS' MEETING

THE first Ministerial Association in Minnesota was held in February, 1857, in Red Wing. A. V. Hiscock, who traveled the Morristown Circuit on snowshoes, came to my place in the woods, where he exchanged his snowshoes for my sleigh, and we rode together. The morning was mild, but about the time we started the wind rose, and when we got out of the woods to the prairie it was a roaring blizzard, tearing up the crusted snow and blowing the hard crystals from below and the soft snow from above in our faces with blinding fury which neither man nor beast could long endure.

It suddenly grew intensely cold, and the howling blast from the Arctic wastes made the air around and above us one great white ocean of death in which nothing could live long, and we hastened to the nearest house, where we found hospitality and shelter for

FIRST PREACHERS' MEETING

the night. Next morning was clear and calm, and the bright sun, blue sky, and dazzling snow made the world as beautiful as it was terrible the day before. But it was intensely cold—35° below zero—and we had to run behind the sleigh much of the time to keep from freezing.

We spent the night at a wayside inn, where we had prayers in the barroom and, on leaving next morning, exhorted our landlord for the sake of his wife and children and his own soul to quit the saloon business, which he promised to do, and did, as we learned later. He was an Irish Catholic and took our words kindly and refused to receive pay for our entertainment. We reached Red Wing on the evening of the third day and found the Association holding its first session in the chapel of Hamline University. The papers and discussions in our meetings were animated and interesting, and the Association and Quarterly Meeting of the local Church held in the same week gave us preaching every night in the week and kept us in Red Wing over Sunday.

XII

A COMMANDING PERSONALITY.

AMONG those present were Chauncey Hobart, pastor; Thomas M. Kirkpatrick, presiding elder; Jabez Brooks, president of Hamline University, and Matthew Sorin, superannuate of Philadelphia Conference, then residing in Red Wing.

After all the others had preached, we invited Sorin to preach also. He was a man of commanding presence, with a deep sonorous voice, distinct enunciation, and natural dignity of manner which at once arrested attention.

His reading of hymns and Scripture was most impressive. He was master of Saxon speech and his words went straight to the mark as rifle balls to a target. The strength of his thought was in keeping with the dignity of his diction; and though he was not what we would now call a popular preacher, it was always a pleasure to hear a man who had

A COMMANDING PERSONALITY

something to say and knew how to say it. His text on this occasion was Matthew 25: 24-30. "The Sin and Folly of Trying to Evade Responsibility" was set forth with a clearness, force, and felicity of statement and illustration which made us see and feel the paltry and cowardly character of our excuses for neglecting duty, and the awful and inevitable retribution which awaits it. It was a soul-searching sermon, which aroused our consciences to the guilt and shame of our sins of omission, and one tall preacher sitting beside me crouched behind the seat in front of us and groaned out, "O Lord, what shall a man do?"

This sort of preaching is not much in vogue now and does not suit those who think that the only good preaching is that which makes them "feel good." But for the soul as well as for the body heroic treatment is often needed to restore it to health, and the bitter medicine that cures is better than the opiate that only soothes and stupefies. At any rate, the men who cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, got no aid and comfort from the preaching of Matthew Sorin.

Mr. Sorin lived about ten years in Minne-

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sota, most of the time in Red Wing, where Mt. Sorin, at the base of which he lived, is still his memorial. At the close of our Civil War, having recovered his health, he was appointed presiding elder in Missouri, with a large part of that state for his district, and during the reconstruction period did a great work there for both Church and country.

He had ability and character adequate for any office in the Church, had his health permitted.

Having passed fourscore years of a well-spent life, he died in 1880 in Colorado at the home of his son-in-law, Dr. Benjamin F. Crary, honored and lamented by many then, and almost forgotten now.

On one occasion Mr. Sorin was nominated for an important office in Goodhue County and suffered a good deal of slander and vilification from his opponent, who seems to have assumed that Sorin's ministerial character would keep him from replying. But this abuse was continued till it became intolerable, and Sorin's numerous friends urged him to answer, which he did in his own characteristic way.

The whole town came out to hear his de-

A COMMANDING PERSONALITY

fense, in which he reviewed the character and conduct of the small politicians, who, in the absence of principles and patriotism, served themselves instead of their country by abusing better men. No names were mentioned, but the characters portrayed were recognized, and as they were put in the pillory, one after another, the excitement in the audience became intense, and the chief offender, unable longer to keep still, sprang up and exclaimed, "Mr. Sorin, do you mean me, sir; do you mean me?" With a lofty look of ineffable scorn Sorin answered: "You, sir? No, sir. *I was on a down grade, sir, but had n't got down to you, sir.*" This brought down the house and brought down the man who provoked it.

It is one of the traditions in Red Wing to this day that this response actually drove the man out of town. The boys and men on the street took it up and repeated it in his presence till he could stand it no longer and moved away.

XIII

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

THE winter of 1856-7 was long and severe, and with snow three feet deep on the prairies, and ice as many feet thick on lakes and rivers, and mercury much of the time below zero, it was not always easy to get to appointments. The roads in many places were impassable for horses and vehicles, and I had to go afoot much of the time. One morning, after a pleasant night in a hospitable home, I had to go fifteen miles to my next appointment, most of the way without a road. It was bitter cold, with a sullen sky threatening storm, and as I stood at the door looking at the snowy waste I was to traverse I shrank from the Arctic air and the bleak prospect and wondered whether it would be wise to leave the warmth and comfort behind for the cold and discomfort before me. Duty said, "Go;" something else said, "Stay;" and I was in doubt as to which would be best. At that

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

moment a voice reached me of a woman at work, out of sight in the rear of the house, singing to herself in soft, low tones:

“Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,
Thy Great Provider still is near,
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm and sink into His will.”

That sweet voice long ago joined the chorus of the skies, but the song of that day has done me good through all the years. It was like the “still small voice” heard at Horeb; God was in it. Whether they sing or are silent, the saints build better than they know. I went out and on; no storm came, and I reached my destination unharmed and glad, as others were that I had come.

XIV

EDWARD EGGLESTON

ON the Fourth of July, 1857, a tragic event brought grief to many people at one of my appointments. A boat with a party of young people on Cannon Lake, near Cannon City, capsized and four of the party were drowned. I was too far away to get to the funeral in time, and the service was conducted by a stranger who had just arrived there.

After service on Sunday I was introduced to this stranger. He was a youth of about twenty years, with the raw appearance of immaturity; but one soon saw that he was more mature in mind than in body. He had walked all the way from Indiana for his health, and was much benefited thereby. Had been licensed to preach, and employed as supply on an Indiana circuit, but his health failed, and this brought him to Minnesota.

There was something about him that attracted people at once. His powers of obser-

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vation, description, and conversation were phenomenal. He could talk more and talk better than any man I ever knew. His geniality, natural eloquence, and magnetic personality made him a favorite everywhere.

His candor, sincerity, freedom from cant and affectation, his manliness, love of nature and human nature, faith in all things high and holy, and that mysterious something we call genius made him an interesting man and an eloquent preacher, and, had his health been equal to his other good qualities, would have put him in the front ranks of the Christian ministry.

We were friends from the first to the last, and our friendship still continues. We went together to the Annual Conference of 1857, held in Winona in August of that year. Here he expected to find the proper papers from Indiana recommending him to our Conference; but the papers did not come, and without them the Conference could not receive him. Fortunately Bishop Ames, who presided, was himself from Indiana and advised that the Quarterly Conference of Winona be convened to examine Eggleston as to his fitness for our ministry, and they were sur-

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prised by the contrast between his youthful appearance and mental maturity, and the aptness and acuteness with which he answered their questions; and their recommendation was hearty and unanimous. He was appointed to St. Peter and Traverse De Sioux, where he did well, as he always did; and one of the best things he did that year was to get married.

With his frail health and personal peculiarities, he needed more than most men a home of his own, and no man ever loved his home more. It was one of the beautiful and lovable traits in his character that he habitually affirmed that his wife and children and home were the best on earth, and to those who knew him and them well this was true for him.

After nine years of such service as his broken health would permit in some of our best Churches, he retired from the ministry and devoted the rest of his life to literature, with the exception of three years as pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn. His love of children and sympathy with their ways and with natural methods of education made him an expert

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and authority in Sunday school work, and a leader in the new and progressive methods of carrying it on. As editor, author, and lecturer he acquired national renown. Some of his books had a large circulation in our own and in other lands.

“The Hoosier Schoolmaster,” his first book, was translated into several European languages and had a large sale on both sides of the sea. The last time I was with him in Brooklyn, as we entered the house, he said: “This is so much fact from so much fiction. I bought this house with the proceeds of ‘The Hoosier Schoolmaster.’ ”

Some of his friends thought he made a mistake in leaving the ministry for literature; but those who knew him best will, I think, agree with me that writing, rather than speaking, was best for him, and so best for others. His books were clean and wholesome, and true to what is best in nature and in man. “The Mystery of Metropolisville” is located in Minnesota. The Metropolisville of the story is Cannon City, where I first found him, and the tragedy of it is the drowning of the young people there on the Fourth of July before we met.

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The original of the best character in "The Circuit Rider," "Kike," was one of our preachers, an early friend of Eggleston in Indiana, who also came to Minnesota for his health, and, like "Kike," let the zeal of God's house eat him up and cause him to die early. I knew and loved him, and he is worthy of the tribute paid him by his friend and companion, the author of the book. Eggleston's later historical studies and writings, had he lived to complete them, would have given him high rank among our historical writers. To those who were acquainted with his physical disabilities it is a wonder how he accomplished so much good work in his comparatively short life.

He died at his home on Lake George in 1902, at the age of sixty-five, his body prematurely worn out, his mind and heart as young as ever. It is one of the pleasant memories of my life that I knew him so long and so well; and if, as I believe, like attracts like there as here, I hope to meet him in those "high countries" where the pure in heart see God and those who love their brothers most are accounted those who love God best.

The Conference year 1857-8 was spent on

EDWARD EGGLESTON

Trempealeau and Galesville Circuit in Wisconsin, Northwestern Wisconsin being then included in the Minnesota Conference.

Judge Gale, founder of the town of Galesville and Galesville University, came to Conference asking for a preacher who could "browse around and help him to build a college."

I found about thirty members scattered among the five preaching places of the circuit. With the exception of Judge Gale, they were all poor in material things, and their spiritual assets were not much larger. It was the year of the worst financial panic ever known in our country; bad everywhere, but worse here in the West because most of our money was bad and much of it worthless. When navigation closed at the beginning of winter there was no market for produce till it opened again, and it was almost impossible to get money for anything. What business there was consisted mostly in trading and dickering, exchanging one thing for another. There was food enough in the country, so that people did not starve; but there was plenty of privation of other things. I traveled the circuit afoot, as I could n't

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afford a horse, and for the hardest year's work of my life received twenty-five dollars in cash. At the last Quarterly Conference Judge Gale said he was land-poor, could n't get money enough to pay taxes; but he had plenty of flour, if the preacher would take it. The preacher would take anything they had to give; and so I got ten one-hundred-pound sacks of flour—the largest lot of breadstuff I ever had before or since. As I had no family, I could n't use it; and as there was no market, I could n't sell it; so I kept it till navigation opened, when it was sold for \$1.25 a sack, which brought up my salary for the year to \$37.50. Before winter set in I went to Northfield and sold land there for \$100, which got me through the winter in comparative comfort.

XV

AN EXPERIENCE WHICH MADE A LAWYER AN APOSTLE

ON my way back from Northfield I had to wait at Red Wing for a boat, and while waiting called on Dr. Peter Akers, who then resided there, and was invited by him to stay at his house all night. I had called to get his book on Chronology, and got that and something better. He gave me an interesting account of his early ministry, dwelling especially on a spiritual experience which to me was exceedingly instructive and impressive.

At the close of the second year of his ministry he was greatly discouraged by his lack of success. His preaching was popular. Crowds came to hear him, but they were not converted to Christ. This so depressed him that he became sick, both in body and soul; and when his presiding elder, John Sale, came to hold quarterly meeting and said, "Brother Akers, how is your faith?" he an-

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swered, "I have none." What followed I will give as nearly as I can in his own words.

"The elder preached on 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might become rich' (2 Cor. 8:9). The sermon was for me, and I drank it in as the thirsty earth drinks the rain. At its close I announced the hymn beginning,

"Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,' etc.,

which presents Christ in all His fullness as a Savior from all sin. While the people were singing, something said to me, 'Why not take Him for all this yourself?' and I answered, 'I can; I will; I do.' Suddenly I was filled with a sense of the presence and power of Christ to save unto the uttermost, and with a weight of glory that my body could not endure, and to avoid falling to the floor, I went to my room and lay down, overwhelmed and swallowed up in the infinite grace and glory of God. I said to myself, 'This is the power of Christ's resurrection, and it is enough to raise all the dead from Adam till the last man that dies.'

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“In some ineffable way I was conscious of the presence of the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—sanctifying me in soul, body, and spirit and fitting me for the work to which I was called. But mortal man can not long endure such visitation of the living God; and I asked Him to let me live to declare His glory. Slowly the vision faded, and I settled into peace deep and abiding. My doubts and fears and sins were gone, lost and swallowed up in the boundless grace and love of God.

“My first sermon after this experience awakened forty souls, most of whom were soon converted, and my preaching henceforth was not in the weakness of worldly wisdom, but ‘in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.’ ”

This imperfect outline of what Dr. Akers said that night can give no adequate idea of the spirit and power with which it impressed me. I was going back to my poor, hard field with a deep sense of the difficulties before me and my lack of strength and grace to meet them with the burning question in me, “Who is sufficient for these things?” And here was the answer.

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Learning, logic, and eloquence, good and admirable as they are, do not alone qualify men to preach the gospel. Peter Akers had more of these qualities than most of his contemporaries. He had been educated for the bar and had brilliant prospects as a lawyer, and with his natural abilities and opportunities might have won for himself the highest honors and emoluments of his profession. Nor was his clear conversion and call to the ministry, though necessary, all that was needed. The Master had commanded the first preachers of the gospel to "tarry at Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high;" and this divine power is as much needed now as then, and is given, now as then, to those who consecrate themselves entirely to the will and work of God.



I had read books and heard sermons on sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Spirit and been deeply interested in them; but here was a living example of the great truth for which Methodism has always stood, that now, as in apostolic times, it is the privilege of men who have been regenerated and

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justified to be wholly sanctified and “endued with power from on high.”

That Peter Akers had the apostolic spirit and power no one could doubt who spent a night with him like that with which I was favored in Red Wing in October, 1857. And if God, who is no respecter of persons, could do so much for him, why not as much for others also? In the strength of that meat I went more than forty days, and in the worst place I was ever in saw the salvation of God.

XVI

HOW THE REVIVAL CAME

FOR the last Sunday of the year I prepared a sermon which I thought adapted to the people to whom it was to be preached. It was on "The Blessedness of Patient Continuance in Well-doing" (Romans 2:7). I had given it much thought and supposed I was prepared to preach it; but in a few minutes after I began to speak my ideas left me and I came to a dead pause, not knowing what to say or do. Looking down on the open book before me with silent prayer, I saw and read what immediately follows my text: "But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation, and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also to the Gentile: for there is no respect of persons with God" (Romans 2:8-11).

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Upon this I opened up and light came from all quarters, and I said things I would not have said with premeditation and deliberation. I spoke to the people before me as evil-doers, workers of unrighteousness, whose words and deeds and lives and homes and hearts were full of sin, strife, contention, cursing, and bitterness.

I told them that, not in some remote realm or future life only, but here and now their iniquities were creating for them and in them tribulation and anguish, indignation and wrath, and, if continued in, would surely bring to them the awful doom pronounced on those who "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

It was such a sermon as I would not have chosen to preach or hear, always preferring the brighter side of life and religion. Moreover, I did not know the people well enough to make such an indictment against them. I had been there only a few times, had seen little of them, and if I had known all that I said to be true, would hardly have thought it wise to say it at that time. But a wisdom greater than my own directed and dictated;

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and when, at the close, I asked those who felt that the truth had been spoken to stay for an inquiry meeting, all remained but one man, who went out in a rage, cursing and swearing, but three days later he came back saying that since Sunday he had n't been able to sleep or eat, and if any one thought God could save so wicked a man he wanted them to pray for him.

Two things surprised me on this Sunday; first, the loss of the sermon I intended to preach, and the preaching of one that was not intended; and second, the sight of a house filled with people at that place where, at my first service, on a beautiful day, I had a congregation of seven persons—five adults and two children. The same power that made me preach what I did not want brought them out to hear what they did not want but what they needed. “Man proposes and God disposes.” I appointed services for every night of that week, and the interest grew from night to night. But while many were awakened and convicted, none were converted, except two or three backsliders reclaimed.

On Saturday I had to go to another part of the circuit and appointed a prayer-meeting

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for the awakened seekers, with a reclaimed backslider for leader. In the afternoon the man who was to take me with his team to my appointment came, saying that it would not be convenient for him that day, but he would come early Sunday morning and get me there in time.

So I went to the prayer-meeting and was met at the door by the leader, who said the house was packed by an unfriendly crowd and we could not have a prayer-meeting in their presence. An apostate preacher with a band of infidels from one side of the town, and a saloon-keeper with a half-drunk gang of his sort from another side, had possession of the house, with the evident design to suppress the revival. I had not thought of a sermon, but after singing and prayer I announced Hebrew 11:6, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." If I had studied the subject all week I could not have had more light and liberty. Thoughts and words came as fast as they could be expressed, and they seemed to be the right thoughts and the right words for the occasion. An awful sense of the presence and power of God was on me and on the people. The opposers were held

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as in a vise, dumb and terrified. Not a hand was lifted nor a word spoken on their side; but on our side convicted and burdened souls came out of darkness and bondage into the light and liberty of the children of God, and we had a time of joy and salvation. The saloon-keeper was scared so that he ran home through the night feeling that Satan was after him. From this time the good work went on till a large part of the community came under its saving power. This revival was in a special sense the work of God. It was not planned by me or any one, and the sermons most effective were those I did not prepare or intend to preach.



This experience taught me two valuable lessons:

First, a true revival begins in the preacher's heart. After my night with Dr. Akers I was deeply exercised about the state of my own soul. I found in myself many subtle forms of the self-life which needed to be conquered and crucified before I could be filled with the life of God, and with "strong cries and tears" I sought salvation from selfishness and the perfect love which is the essence

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of Christian perfection; and I sought not this great salvation in vain.

Second, God's work must be done in God's way. It is right to think and plan and prepare beforehand for everything we have to do, but we need at the same time to subordinate all our plans and preparations to the divine will. We do not and can not always know the hearts and needs of men or what is best fitted to supply their need. God alone knows this infallibly, and if we are guided by His counsel He will guide us into all truth.

The sermons I did not prepare or intend to preach were better fitted to meet the needs of the people than those I prepared with the utmost care. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and a *discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*"

And so I learned the truth that "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and the base things of the world and things that are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are; *that no flesh should glory in His presence.*"

XVII

MY ONLY CONTROVERSY

AFTER four years' apprenticeship on poor circuits my presiding elder told me at the Conference in St. Anthony, in 1859, that the cabinet had decided to give me one of the best appointments, as Hudson was then considered. But before we adjourned the slate was changed and I was appointed to Taylor's Falls. This was a new charge and to me anything but inviting. People there of different denominations — Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, and Episcopalians—got together and, as no single denomination was strong enough to support a pastor, agreed to unite if Conference would send one with whom they could work together; and as the man first selected declined to go, I was appointed. I found the charge much better than I feared. The people were mostly from New England, intelligent, cultured, friendly, and, to me at least, generous,

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and I had three pleasant and prosperous years there—with one exception. The only controversy with another Church in my ministry was there. The Baptists, who could not consistently with their views unite with the others, had a Church and pastor of their own. Their pastor was a man of ability and experience, and strong in advocating the peculiar views which differentiate them from other denominations; and as there were about twenty adult candidates for baptism needing instruction on that subject, he gave them several sermons thereon. The candidates, before deciding, sent a committee to ask me if there was another side to the subject, and if so, to present it, which I did. This led me to read up in Baptist history; and finding many things to their credit, I spoke of them in a way which pleased them, most of them, with their pastor, being present, and after that we were better friends than before; and at his suggestion the Baptist pastor and I visited together all the families in the place. Fourteen of the candidates were baptized in our way and four in their way, and we had peace and fraternity ever after.

XVIII

MARRIAGE

BEFORE going to Taylor's Falls I was married to Amy Angeline Sumner, daughter of E. N. Sumner and Gracey Sumner, of Oxford, Minn., May 12, 1859.

Rev. Chauncey Hobart performed the ceremony, and it was a good and glad day for us all.

My wife was lovely in character and in person, an earnest Christian from childhood, and more mature in her spiritual life than persons of her age usually are. She had been a student in Hamline University, where her health had failed, entailing disabilities from which she never fully recovered.

Aside from her frail health, she had all the qualities required in a model minister's wife, and during the years that followed she was a spiritual help and inspiration to me and to all with whom she associated. I had sought divine direction with regard to our

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marriage, and have never doubted that it was given. The precept and promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," have helped me to find my way through the mazes and mysteries of life, and I believe that to trust and obey Him who alone knows what is best for us is the truest and deepest wisdom.

XIX

ARMY CHAPLAIN

AT the beginning of our Civil War many of my friends and relatives went into the army. My brother George enlisted in the First Regiment of Minnesota Infantry and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, July 19, 1861. He was a sincere Christian, brave, patriotic, and faithful unto death.

The night before the battle he said to a comrade: "I shall be killed to-morrow, and I want you to write to my people that I expected this and am not sorry. It will cost many lives to save our country, and the cause is worth all it will cost." As he was carried, mortally wounded, from the field, his last words were to exhort his comrades to stand by their colors.

Having many friends in the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, I visited them in camp at Madison in September. The day I got there the officers were trying to elect a chaplain.

ARMY CHAPLAIN

There were several candidates and no one had a majority. The colonel, who was a personal friend and former parishioner, spoke of me, saying that I did not want the position, but, if elected, he thought I would serve; and I was elected and duly commissioned.

We were soon ordered to the front and to active service. We were in the battles of Farmington, Iuka, and Corinth; at the siege of Island Number Ten and the siege of Corinth, and did much marching and skirmishing in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

My regiment was one of the best in the service, and always acquitted itself well. I preached when I had opportunity, visited the sick, buried the dead, wrote letters for those unable to write, and for a time acted as postmaster of the regiment.

In the fall of 1862 I was sick with fever and Southern malaria. My regiment was scattered on detached duty, and I was unable to be with them or do anything for them; and under these conditions it did not seem right for me to receive pay for services I could not render, and so I resigned and returned home.

I was sick for some time after my return

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before the malaria got out of my system; but in March, 1863, I was well enough to accept an appointment as pastor to our Church in St. Anthony, now First Church, Minneapolis, then made vacant by resignation of Ezra Lathrop, who had been appointed army chaplain.

I was kindly treated by the men and officers of my regiment and by all with whom I had to do, and had as good a time in the service as one can reasonably expect in so rough a business; but I had enough of war and devoutly pray that there may never be another war in this country or any other.

XX

ST. ANTHONY

My two years in St. Anthony were hard and dry literally and spiritually. There was little rain, and the Mississippi got so low that lumbermen could n't float their logs down to the mills, and they shut down; and as this was the chief industry there then, it made hard times financially. Many men were absent in the army, others away seeking work and wages, and those at home had little to do and less to do with. The town also was full of refugees from the Indian massacre on our frontier, all poor and needy; and this, with the horrors of the great war in the South, made those years more full of gloom than of gladness.

It was here also that my good wife was stricken with the fatal malady which, after years of suffering, carried her home.

Yet some good was done and more received. We held the fort and encouraged the people to hold on and hope for the better

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day that would surely come, and has come. Some souls were converted and some lessons learned that have been useful in later life. Daniel Cobb was at this time pastor of our Church on the west side; his Church and mine being the only Methodist Churches in what is now the great city of Minneapolis.

Brother Cobb and I arranged to hold a union watch-meeting in his church on the last night of 1863. The morning of December 31st was mild, but the wind rose with the sun and blew from the north all day and all night, sending the mercury down till, on the morning of January 1st, it was 40° below zero, with wind fifty miles an hour. This cold wave rolled over all the country; 20° low zero at Louisville, 10° below at Memphis, soldiers frozen to death in their tents in Texas, were some of its effects. It was the coldest day in the history of our country.

In the old wooden church on the west side, where we held our watch-meeting, it was freezing cold within a few feet of two big red-hot stoves. The people huddled around the stoves with overcoats and wraps on, and I preached in overcoat and overshoes as near the stove as I could get, and so kept warm.

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Brother Cobb sang and prayed, exhorted and shouted, and he could do all of these things well. Others also prayed and testified, and in spite of the cold outside we got warm inside and could say, with the father and founder of Methodism, “The best of all is, God is with us.”

XXI

A BOANERGES

DANIEL COBB was a Methodist preacher of the old school. About six feet two inches in stature, built in proportion, with a big body, a big soul, a big voice, big all around, he was a power in camp-meetings, prayer-meetings, and revivals. He came to Minnesota from the old Oneida Conference in 1857, and was here about thirty years, half of the time presiding elder, doing good work all the time and everywhere. He went to California, where he died about twenty years ago, there, as here, leaving an honorable record for faith, fervor, fidelity, and efficiency.

Charles H. Fowler, afterward bishop, spent part of the summer and fall of 1864 in Minneapolis for his health. In September, Hugh Harrison took him and me in his carriage on a trip of several days' duration to Stillwater, Marine, Osceola, Taylor's Falls, and other points on the St. Croix River. We

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spent one forenoon at Taylor's Falls in the dells, clambering among the rocks, and by noon were all hungry. The future bishop with the ravenous appetite of a recruiting invalid was hungriest of all and expressed his pleasure in the prospect of a good dinner in the best house in the town, to which we had been invited; and it was a good dinner in quality and quantity; but our generous host piled so much on Dr. Fowler's plate that it took away his appetite, and he sat through the meal nibbling and depressed. I had heard of it, but never before saw victuals produce such an effect. While we sympathized with our friend, there was something so ludicrous in the situation that it was difficult for Harrison and me to suppress at the table the laugh which exploded when we got away over the hill and out of sight, in which Fowler himself joined us.

Charles H. Fowler was a great man with a great body, a great brain, and a great heart; and from this time on we were fast friends, and will be such, I trust, forever.

XXII

THE SAME SERMON PRODUCES DIFFERENT EFFECTS

ABOUT the time of our visit to Taylor's Falls a scandal broke out there, in which the pastor was mixed, and the people asked for my return; and at the ensuing Conference, held in St. Paul, I was returned and spent two more good years there. The Conference of 1865 was held in Faribault, Bishop Edward Thomson presiding. My home during the session was with Judge Berry, for many years of the Supreme Court of Minnesota and one of the most learned jurists in the State. He was a Yale University man and Congregationalist, but went with me on Sunday to hear our bishop. The subject of the sermon was, "The Matter, Manner, and Limitation of Apostolic Preaching" (1 Corinthians 2:1, 2). The subject was presented with clearness and strength of thought, beauty of diction, felicity of illustration, and the quiet, mystical power of the sage and the saint, but

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SERMON

without much physical force, the bishop not being fully recovered from recent severe sickness.

The learned judge was deeply interested, listening with bated breath to every word, and at the close said, "I would stay here all day to hear such preaching." At the same time a large red-faced woman from the country exclaimed: "La me; is that a bishop? I thought I was going to hear something big." And I said to myself, "Young man, if any one praises you, do n't be elated; and if any one censures you, do n't be depressed." And so I got a double benefit: from the sermon itself, and from the effect it had on two classes of hearers.

Bishop Thomson had many elements of intellectual and moral greatness, but lacked the visible size and substance by which ordinary people are impressed. Like one of Homer's heroes, "his little body lodged a mighty mind."

The Conference of 1866 was held in Red Wing, with Bishop Levi Scott in the chair. By appointment I preached the annual missionary sermon, and at the close of the Conference found myself assigned to Winona.

XXIII

WINONA

My ministry in Winona began the first Sunday of October, 1866, with the blessing of God on us and all the services of the day. Church and congregation received me cordially and made me feel at home and among friends. The first week I was guest in the home of Thomas Simpson and his excellent wife, both of them noted for their hospitality and generosity. The second week I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. James L. Brink with similar kindness.

With the coming of my wife, in the third week, we went to our own house and home, and during the three years that followed found ourselves among people whose courtesy and kindness can never be forgotten. My wife's health had been failing for two years past; and though everything had been done for her relief that could be done, she was slowly sinking under the fatal spell of tuber-

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culosis of the lungs in its most painful and insidious form. I count it among the many mercies of my life that during these years of trial we were among friends so kind, considerate, and sympathetic as those we found in Winona.

While afflicted at home, we had prosperity in the Church. The attendance and interest in all our services, preaching, prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and Sunday school grew steadily, with a helpful revival spirit much of the time.

Several of the Churches, under the leadership of an evangelist, had union revival services in the winter of 1866-7. Our people did not think it best to join in this work, and we had some special meetings of our own. The last Sunday evening of the union meetings I dismissed our congregation without a sermon, saying that, as a token of our fraternity with the other Churches, we would join them that night; and if any present could not do that I advised them to go home and, if they had not done it before, to begin a life of prayer and obedience to God's commandments at home.

A prominent citizen, then mayor of the

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city, went home and prayed with his family and gave himself to God that night. Next Sunday he and his wife, with a number of others, men and their wives, came to the altar and united with the Church, and the work of grace went on and assumed the proportions of a real revival.

XXIV

HOW FREDERICK DOUGLASS FOUND CHRIST AMONG THE GRAVES

DURING this winter we had a course of lectures in Winona by such distinguished men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, and others of similar renown. The last on the list was Frederick Douglass. The principal hotel at which he was to be entertained, as the other lecturers had been, now refused to let him sit at the same table with the white guests. When he heard of this, William S. Drew, a prominent member of our Church, asked the committee to send Mr. Douglass to his house, which was one of the best in the city. The lecture was on Saturday night and was equal in interest and eloquence to any that preceded it.

Mr. Drew invited a number of prominent citizens to dine with Mr. Douglass at his

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house that day, before the lecture, among them the mayor of the city, the chief justice of the state, the editor of the principal newspaper in Winona, and others representative of the different forms of business and professional life. It was a most enjoyable affair and the guest of honor showed himself worthy of the honor bestowed, his conversational powers being fully equal to his public oratory.

Mr. Douglass stayed in Winona over Sunday and came with his host to our church on Sunday morning, and after services Mr. Drew invited me to dine with him again. After dinner we gathered round the fire (it was a cold March day) and the black man eloquent entertained us with the story of his early life, one incident of which was deeply pathetic. He had been sent by a Boston bureau to lecture in a town not far away, and arriving there on Saturday night, he went to the house to which he was directed. The man of the house received him well, but next morning he saw that the ladies of the house were not friendly. Without saying anything offensive, they rode off to church and left him to follow on foot; and after church

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services they rode off again without a word. He did not go back to the house, but to the nearest hotel, and was rejected, and at every hotel in the place was refused entertainment. A run-away slave and abolitionist lecturer was even in New England in those days *persona non grata*. The rejected and dejected man now went out of town, wandering he hardly knew where, full of wrath and bitterness toward the inhuman prejudice which made his color a crime and himself an out-cast. As the short November day drew to a close, rain began to fall; and looking around for shelter, he saw a country cemetery near the road and turned into it, feeling, as he said, more at home with the dead than with the living. Here his attention was arrested by an inscription on one of the tombstones, and in the dim light of dying day he read, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." A strange sense of the presence and sympathy of Christ now took possession of him. "It seemed to me," he said, "as if the hand that had been nailed to the cross was placed on my head, and as if Jesus said: 'My son, I know how you feel.

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I have been there Myself, and am with you now; and if no one else cares, I do, and I will see you through.' ”

This divine sympathy and compassion melted his heart, and, bowing his head on the marble slab, his tears of joy ran down with the falling rain, and all the wrath and bitterness went out of him and he felt at peace with God and man. The storm in his soul was subdued as when Jesus said to the tempest, “Peace; be still!” and there was a great calm.

Hearing a footfall on the gravel walk behind him, he turned and saw a man who said: “If I am not mistaken, you are Mr. Douglass—Frederick Douglass—and I think, Mr. Douglass, you need a friend; and if you will let me be one, come with me.”

Mr. Douglass was too full to speak and could only bow and follow the stranger to his carriage and ride with him to his home, which he found to be the best home in all that region, and its owner the great man of the region, the richest, and the representative in Congress of that district. His friend took him the next evening to his lecture, and when those who had spurned him saw into

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what company he had got, their cogitations were not comfortable.

Frederick Douglass told this story with deep feeling, which his hearers shared. No one else could tell it as he did. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Standing there among the graves, amid the gathering gloom of the autumn night under the falling rain, homeless and houseless, no case could seem more forlorn; yet God met him there, and the great peace that came to his soul prepared him for the social and physical comfort that followed. It is one of a multitude of similar facts that illustrate the truth, "In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able also to succor them that are tempted."

"Warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

XXV

ST. PAUL

THE time limit, three years then, having been reached in Winona, I was appointed to Jackson Street, St. Paul, in October, 1869. Before going there I went South with my wife and a lady friend with the same malady, and left them there, hoping the change would benefit them. But it did not, and in the beginning of the winter they came home to die. On the first Sunday of the new year my wife seemed to be dying, and we knelt around her bed in prayer. While Mrs. Chapman, a dear friend, who had spent the night with her, was praying, a great change came to Amy. For a long time she had not been able to speak, except in a whisper; but now she spoke out distinctly, saying, "I see it; I see it; I see it all now." "What do you see, my dear?" "I wish I could tell you; but can not. Can only say that I see light now where all was dark before; and what was darkest, now looks

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brightest. It is all right, and has been and will be forever." "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shone in her face and seemed to illumine the room, and a strange power was in her words and made a deep impression on all who saw her that day.

But it was the grace of life, not of death, that was given then, and she lived thirteen months more, till February 15, 1871, when she passed on in great peace, saying, "All hail the power of Jesus' name; His grace is sufficient;" and this hymn of triumph was sung at her funeral.

Our St. Paul people were very kind, and their sympathy and services helped much to alleviate our sorrow.

The month of May, 1872, was spent visiting our General Conference in Brooklyn, and other Eastern cities. Having reached the time limit again, in the fall of that year I was appointed to Duluth.

XXVI

DULUTH DIFFICULTIES

I FOUND our Church in Duluth depressed and discouraged. The boom the city had from the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad ended when the road became bankrupt and work on its extension ceased. The collapse after the inflation brought into bankruptcy the city and many of its people, and with no business or way of making a living, half of them moved away. Our people were all poor and the Church in debt, and, unable to pay principal or interest, the agent of the mortgagee had advertised the property for sale.

The Church said to me: "We can't support you; we don't know how we are going to live ourselves; and if you leave, we can't complain. But if you choose to stay we will do the best we can." And they did, and we had two good years. Souls were converted and the Church property saved. I wrote to our Eastern creditor a candid statement of the

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situation, saying we could n't ask him to wait longer for money we were unable to pay; that some time there would be a flourishing city and prosperous Church there; but when, no one could tell, and we could only thank him for his forbearance and leave the case in his hands.

His answer was in most Christian form and spirit. He had been poor himself, and knew what it was to struggle to support a poor Church burdened with debt, and was glad to be able to say that God had prospered him and given him the power and the privilege to help us by donating the debt and returning the notes and mortgage.

We took this generosity as a token of divine as well as human favor, and thanked God and him and took courage.

XXVII

THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN

AT the Conference of 1874, held in St. Paul, I preached the Conference sermon on "The Aim and the Method of Our Ministry" (2 Cor. 4:1, 2), which, by request of the editor and the Conference, was published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Our missionary anniversary on Saturday was about to close, when Dr. Thomas M. Eddy, our Missionary Secretary, arrived too late to give the address expected that evening. As I met him at the door, he looked pale and his hand was cold as I told him we would prolong the meeting to hear his address; but he said, "I am too sick and tired to speak tonight, but will to-morrow if the Lord will." On Sunday afternoon he preached, and at night addressed the missionary meeting. On both occasions he was at his best. Death had touched his hand, but had not chilled his heart nor quenched the fire of his marvelous

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eloquence. For more than an hour the great congregation was moved, melted, and thrilled by the beauty, pathos, and power of his sermon on Philippians 4: 19, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The matchless grace of Christ was presented in a matchless way. At night he again held all hearts in the hollow of his hand and stirred all souls to their depths with his mighty plea for foreign missions. It was the song of the dying swan. Next day he took the cars for home, where, a few days later, he passed in peace to the

"Sunbright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
And the eye is fire and the heart is flame."

The honey-bees of Hymettus brooded on his lips, and with the added unction of the Holy One he spoke that day with the "tongues of men and of angels."

XXVIII

GENERAL CONFERENCE AND MARRIAGE

THE Official Board of Central Church, Winona, asked for my return there, but Bishop Ames was determined to appoint another man. Bishop and Board were equally determined; but the bishop finally yielded and I began my second term there under most encouraging conditions.

I had for two years a pleasant home with Rev. James S. Peregrine, who had been pastor and presiding elder there, and by whom and his good wife I was most kindly cared for.

After the General Conference, 1876, held in Baltimore, to which I was delegate, I was married to Miss Alice Best Hayward, daughter of Joseph and Martha Hayward, of Philadelphia, June 22d, Rev. Dr. Paxson, of Philadelphia, performing the ceremony.

It was a beautiful day, the house was full of personal and family friends, and God seemed to smile on this union in which we had

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sincerely sought His counsel and blessing. My wife, who is still with me, has everywhere been a helpmeet indeed. After a short trip to New York and West Point we returned to Winona, where we were heartily welcomed by many friends. Our three years passed pleasantly and profitably till the last month, when my wife, riding with some lady friends, was badly hurt by the horse running away and throwing them all out, injuring them all, but Alice worst of all.

Just about this time I received a telegram from Bishop Merrill in Knoxville, Tenn., where he was holding Conference, asking if I would consent to transfer to a pastorate there; and as it seemed providential, I was transferred and stationed in Knoxville at what was then considered the best Church in Holston Conference. I received a hearty welcome from the people in Knoxville and entered on my ministry there with every indication of the divine approval. At the first meeting of our Official Board, I found the leading officials had been Union Soldiers in our Civil War, and this accounted for the strange action of a Southern Church asking for a Northern pastor.

XXIX

TENNESSEE TIDAL WAVE OF TEMPERANCE

I LIKED Knoxville and its people, with whom my relations were pleasant and, I think, profitable both to them and me.

Governor Brownlow (better known as Parson Brownlow) and his family were members of our Church; he was chairman of our Board of Trustees, and our people generally loyal to the Union.

Brownlow, Andrew Johnson, and Horace Maynard had kept the majority of the people of East Tennessee loyal to the Federal Government, and thirty thousand of them enlisted in the Union army and made good soldiers. In Knoxville the population was about equally divided between Union men and Confederates. In the general wreck and ruin which the war brought on the South, at its close many men sought comfort in strong drink, and the ravages of intemperance became frightful. One hot day a man called, saying that he had been a saloon-keeper, but

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had been converted and reformed by Francis Murphy and wanted to do something to reform others. My Church was about the only pronounced temperance Church then in the city, and we would help him, but advised him to see the other ministers and get them and their Churches to co-operate. He came back at night tired and discouraged. The ministers confessed there was great need of temperance reform, but their people were not much in favor of it and would not co-operate in an effort to promote it. I told him we would begin the campaign in our Church, the largest in the city, on Sunday night, and thought the Second Presbyterian Church, which had a Northern man for pastor, would join us, and they did. At our first meeting we had a full house and much interest. The ex-saloon-keeper, Mr. Leavenworth, told his experience and made a good impression; but this was about all his stock, and after this I had to bear the burden of the meetings. At our third meeting the most prominent man in the place came forward with a boy of about ten years, and both of them signed the pledge and put on the blue-ribbon badge.

This man had been a leader in local and

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State politics and an officer of high rank in the Confederate army, and his action in joining us made a sensation. I invited him to speak in our church the next night, and he did. He said if any one had told him a week ago that he would be in a Northern Methodist Church at this time speaking for temperance he would have considered the man insane or on the way to insanity. "But when my boy said, 'Papa, I want to sign the pledge and put on that badge,' I did not dare to refuse. I thought of other boys, sons of my friends and neighbors, some of my own kindred, who had gone to death and destruction by strong drink, and if my boy should go that way because I refused to go with him in a better way, how could I meet my God and answer for the sin and shame of it?" The speech, of which this is but a small part, made a great impression and nearly the whole town joined us.

We had a great temperance Fourth of July celebration, the first time since the war that Independence Day had been thus honored, as Union men and Confederates could not or would not agree to come together. It was the first time in years that the Fourth had passed

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without crime and calamity caused by drunkenness. About this time a large number of "moonshiners" were arrested and brought to the city to be tried for violation of the revenue laws. The President had instructed the judge who was to try them to deal leniently with them if they would promise to quit their business and obey the laws, and Judge Baxter asked us to hold a meeting for their benefit in the courthouse square, and adjourned the court to let the prisoners and their friends and witnesses attend. No crowd I ever addressed made such an appeal to my sympathy. They had been accustomed all their days to think that to make and drink their own whisky was the inalienable right of free men, and that to rob them of this right was intolerable tyranny.

Saturated with whisky and tobacco juice and smoke, the effect of which was visible in their faces, they were yet men of good native sense, brave, patriotic, and, in their way, lovers of liberty, and many of them had been Union soldiers.

The president of the State University presided, some of the best singers in the city sang temperance songs, and I spoke.

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I asked them if they knew of any good that whisky had done to their neighbors, friends, their children or themselves, or any one anywhere; if it had ever made them or any one they knew wiser, stronger, healthier, happier, richer, a better man or woman, neighbor, friend, citizen, son, or daughter—if they knew of any such case or cases to hold up their hands. Not a hand went up.

“If, on the other hand, you know of evil that whisky has done to your neighbors, your friends, your families, your wives, your children, your homes, yourselves, your country—hold up your hands.” Hundreds of hands now went up. “You do n’t need to have this case argued; you know as much about it as I do, and more. Men of the mountains, men of Tennessee, men of America, if you believe as you have signified, that this is a bad business, that it has done no good and much evil to your friends, to your neighbors, to your wives, to your children, to your homes, to your country, and to your own souls, for the sake of all these sacred interests and for God’s sake come and sign this pledge and be free men, wiser men, better men, better citizens, better to yourselves and to all with

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whom you have to do." And they came, nearly all of them, several hundred in number, and signed, most of them having to make their mark; and I have been told since that the majority of them have kept this pledge and have organized temperance societies in the mountain regions which have carried on the good work and extended it in all directions.

This temperance revival brought me into touch with the citizens of Knoxville of all classes, and they became more friendly. The Confederates who had hitherto held aloof became quite cordial and companionable. Some of their leading men called on me and conversed freely and without bitterness about our sectional differences. It was about this time the great temperance reform in the South began which has banished the saloon from a large part of the Southern States, and our work in Knoxville seems to have been one of the things that started it. But while I enjoyed the time spent in Knoxville and think that some good was done and received thereby, the climate and country did not agree with my wife, and at the expiration of the Church year we returned to Minnesota.

XXX

PRESIDING ELDER OF WINONA DISTRICT

AT the Conference of 1878, held in Rochester, I was appointed presiding elder of Winona District by Bishop Foster. This change of work, taking me out of my study and away from books, and requiring a good deal of travel in the open air, was beneficial to my health and, on the whole, enjoyable, though, of course, it had its share of the troubles inseparable from all official responsibilities.

My wife continued to suffer from the effect of the injuries received before we went South, and at times this suffering was so severe as to imperil her reason and her life. In view of this it did not seem right for me to be away from home so much as my official duties required, especially in cold weather.

XXXI

BROOKLYN, N. Y., AND CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

IN December, 1879, winter set in with great severity, a terrible blizzard and intense cold. Such weather always intensified my wife's suffering, and it seemed doubtful whether she could live through another winter in Minnesota. About this time a letter was received from my friend Edward Eggleston asking if I would supply the Church of which he was pastor for a year. This Church had been successively under the polity of the Reformed, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational denominations, and now, with Eggleston's leadership, was entirely independent. In it he sought to realize his ideal of a Church as set forth in the "Church of the Best Licks" in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Among its members were representatives of many different denominations, evangelical and liberal, orthodox and heterodox, with the New Testa-

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ment for their rule of faith and practice, without any other formal creed or form of Church government. The experiment worked fairly well for a time. They had peace and a fair amount of prosperity. With their pastor's ability and prestige in Sunday school work they had built up a great school, one of the largest and best in the city; and his literary reputation and magnetic manner had attracted large congregations. But his health had again failed, and it was necessary for him to rest and travel for a year. I visited the Church and told its officers that I was a Methodist preacher and could n't be anything else if I would, and would n't if I could; but in the present state of my domestic affairs it would be convenient for me to serve them for a time. It gave me the opportunity to take my wife to her paternal home in Philadelphia, where she could have rest and freedom from care, such as she needed and could have nowhere else, and also the best possible medical treatment. A supply for the Winona District was also found, satisfactory to all concerned, and for six months I divided my time between my wife in Philadelphia and my Church in Brooklyn.

XXXII

INDEPENDENCE VERSUS CONNECTIONALISM

THE Church and congregation were composed of intelligent, amiable, and broad-minded people, and my relations with them were always pleasant. But I soon saw that their independence and aloofness from other Churches was an element of weakness, which some of their prominent officials also saw and confessed to me. They said: "We thought our independence and large liberty of belief and opinion would attract the large number of people who can not conscientiously subscribe to the creeds and submit to the government of other Churches; and for a time it seemed to be so; but we see now that we have gotten out of the current of the common Christian life into a little eddy of our own, while the great stream sweeps on past us." And they proposed to me and to our Methodist authorities to transfer their valuable property and themselves to our connectional jurisdiction. But there were serious obstacles

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which made this impracticable. There were several Methodist Churches already in their neighborhood, more than were really needed, and it was a struggle with some of them to maintain a healthy existence, and they did not want another and as formidable a rival as this would be. Moreover, they were not Methodists; few of them had any experience that familiarized them with our ways and work; and I told them I did not think they would work well in Methodist harness, and advised them to adopt the Congregational polity, which they did soon after I left them. The experience I had with the Church of Christian Endeavor was valuable to me. I have always leaned toward the largest liberty in belief and Church government, and I saw there that for efficiency in Church work a strong government is best; and as the value of a system must be determined by its fitness to do the work designed, I came away from Brooklyn better satisfied with Methodism than before. I must say, however, that the people there were always kind and courteous, and I left them with the most fraternal feeling on my part and, I think, on their part also.

XXXIII

WINONA, THIRD TERM

WHEN the hot weather in July came, being ill myself with malarial sickness, and many of the people going out of the city, I resigned and spent the rest of the summer with my wife in Philadelphia. The pulpit of Spring Garden Street Church in that city having been made vacant by the election of Dr. Henry W Warren to the episcopacy, I supplied there till September, when, being invited again to Central Church, Winona, I returned there for the third term.

My ministry having begun in Minnesota and nearly all of it spent there, it seems like home to me, and no part of it more so than Winona, where, as pastor, presiding elder, and superannuate, twenty-three years of my life have been passed.

This last term here, like those that preceded it, was marked by the goodness and mercy of God and by the kindness and gen-

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erosity of the Church and congregation. My health much of the time was not good, but I got through without breaking down, and in the fall of 1883 moved to Red Wing, where I spent the full term of three years.



During my Red Wing pastorate my good wife was again called to “endure as seeing Him that is invisible” in the fiery furnace of affliction; but all that human kindness and sympathy could do to alleviate our distress was done, and God only can recompense our friends and neighbors there for their ministrations of help and mercy in our times of need.

In our Church there we had two superannuated ministers, grand old men, Chauncey Hobart and Sias Bolles, to know whom as long and as well as I did I count among the privileges which more than compensate for the privations incident to our itinerant ministry. Of Dr. Hobart I have already spoken, of Sias Bolles I will now speak.

XXXIV

A SAINT OF THE OLD SCHOOL

BROTHER BOLLES (what other title could fit him so well as brother?) was an old-fashioned Methodist of the best type, for whom the doctrines, the discipline, and the experiences of the fathers were good enough for all times and places and people.

During the last twenty years of his life retired by age and infirmity, he passed out of sight and died unnoticed, except in his immediate locality. Yet few men did more for the Church or led more souls to God than he. In his time and prime he was an evangelist with rare power to awaken, convict, and convert men to Christ. When the distinguished Church historian, Dr. Abel Stevens, was editor of the *Christian Advocate*, in an article on preaching he cited Sias Bolles as an example of the popular and powerful preachers who, more than any other class of men, have made Methodism.

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At that time he was widely known, especially in the West, as a revivalist whose preaching was "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

Born, raised, converted, and called to the ministry in New York State, he early joined the Genesee Conference and, after a few years there, went to Illinois and to the Rock River Conference, when it included a large part of the Northwest.

The first twenty years of his ministry in those Conferences were marked by great revivals, in which multitudes were converted. In one of these, at Galena, it is said that a thousand souls were saved. The preacher did not and could not preach "great sermons," but his simple talks were more effective than most sermons. Often before they were ended, sometimes before they were fairly begun, people would crowd to the altar without waiting to be invited, and by their prayers and cries for mercy turn the preaching into prayer and praise.

Similar scenes were witnessed in other places in that time of frequent changes of pastors, and this plain preacher, without aid of an evangelist or any other aid but "the

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power of the world to come," turned thousands of men and women "from darkness unto light."

In his first pastorate in Minnesota, at St. Anthony, there was a revival, some of the fruits of which still remain, and in all the following years of his effective ministry there was more or less of the same power, but not in so marked a manner or on so large a scale as before he came to this State.

In these days, when we are everywhere discussing the question of how to reach the masses, it may be worth while to inquire how Sias Bolles and men like him reached them as they did in their day.

Not a scholar, orator, theologian, organizer, Church politician; never elected to General Conference, without diploma from college or theological school, without brilliant gifts of any kind, he yet had the greatest of all gifts, the power to persuade men to seek salvation. Whence was this power derived, and how was it exercised? It was due in part to natural characteristics. Without the showy qualities which excite admiration, he had a good stock of plain, practical common sense, which wears well and fits every situa-

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tion. Amid the intense excitement which attended his ministry he never lost his balance or ran off after the fads and fanaticisms which fool so many seemingly smart men. No amount of learning probably would have made him eminent as a theologian. His mental affinities were for facts and things rather than for systems and theories, and his preaching was of the concrete, illustrative sort, which has easy access to the common mind.

He could tell a story in a way that made it more impressive than a sermon. His early training keeping him close to facts and things and people, strengthened and developed this tendency.

If his knowledge of books was small, his knowledge of nature and men and God was great. Good sense, sincerity, and a sympathetic heart gave him right of way to other hearts. He seldom preached without tears; but they were not hysteric or histrionic tears, but natural expressions of deep feeling, which brought tears to other eyes as well as his own.

On this natural basis of good sense and good feeling was built a religious character

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of rare purity. Simple, sincere, transparent, he was “an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.” But his guilelessness was not gullibility. His simplicity could discriminate between good and evil in a way that might make worldly wisdom blush. If men lack wisdom and ask it of God, it shall be given them; and knowing his own limitations, he sought and found the wisdom which is “profitable to direct.” Wasting no time in discussing the metaphysics of sin and grace, he received the Kingdom of God as a little child; and believing it possible to do what God commands and get what God promises, he professed and exemplified with meekness and modesty the Methodist doctrine and Bible doctrine of “full and free and present salvation” by faith in the Son of God and the promised and ever-present Spirit of holiness.

In a love-feast he once said, “There are two kinds of sanctification: one is sweet and the other sour, and, thank God! He gave me the kind that ’s sweet;” and those who knew him will agree with this confession. Faith made him faithful. Hope made him cheerful. Love made him brave. And so, in spite of mental defects, he was strong where men

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more intellectual and more cultured are often weak. Wicked men who were impervious to ordinary pulpit oratory were pricked to the heart by his pungent appeals, and his prayers helped souls that were proof against logic.

Behind his natural and religious traits, working in and through them, was the power of the Holy Spirit. With him Christianity was a supernatural religion to be proved and propagated by supernatural power, without which to preach would be to beat the air or plow upon a rock; and so he sought and found "the power from on high," the same power which made the first preachers of the gospel and the first preachers of Methodism mighty to overcome the world and "put to flight the armies of the aliens."

His lack of scholarship was his misfortune, and not his fault, due to times and conditions in which we had no theological schools or colleges. From the logical and rhetorical point of view his sermons were altogether inadequate to produce the effects wrought by them; but logic and rhetoric alone never saved a soul, while the love that suffers long and is kind never faileth.

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Brother Bolles was among the last of a class of men whom we shall see no more—the fathers and founders of Western Methodism. Like the fathers of the Republic, who, without military schools, learned to fight by fighting, these fathers of the Church learned to preach by preaching, and the results in both cases attest the efficacy of their methods. George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln could not pass examination for admission into any respectable college to-day; and for the same reason many of our Methodist fathers would not now be admitted into any first-class Conference. But these men, both in Church and State, were great and good and well-educated for the work they had to do and did so well. God never calls men to work for which they are not educated and fitted; and what is better proof of fitness than work well done? Education in the scholastic sense is needed by preachers now. Our fathers had another kind of education, which they also and their times needed.

For to such men of open mind and heart the whole universe is a school and all things are teachers. For them “day unto day ut-

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tereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge.” For them there are

“Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.”

And well will it be for us, if we use our advantages as well as they used their disadvantages, and so have our lot at last with them and all of whom it is written, “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”

XXXV

A HAPPY PASTORATE

FROM Red Wing I was moved to Hamline at the Conference of 1886, where I spent five very pleasant and profitable years. I was the first resident pastor there. We had no church building and there was no other organized Church in the place; so we worshiped in the college chapel, and I had the college people and the whole community for my parish, and we lived and labored together in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace. I never had a more interesting congregation. Faculty, students, and townspeople, mentally and spiritually alert and receptive, it was a pleasure to look in their faces and a privilege to preach to them "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." My relations with all classes, young and old, were all that could be wished, and the happy years passed all too swiftly.

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In the winter of 1888-9 I had a bad attack of *la grippe*, and after several relapses found myself in the spring in a bad condition, which developed into a case of blood poisoning which made physicians shake their heads and look serious.

As warm weather came on I got very weak, so it was an effort to do anything; but having promised Brother John Morgan to attend his camp-meeting at Preston Lake, I went there in great debility. Dr. Hingeley, presiding elder, met me, saying, "We have announced for you to preach this afternoon." I said, "I can't preach; it is all I can do to stand up, and you must get some one else to preach." A short time before the hour appointed, the elder returned, saying: "I can't get any one to take your place. People from a distance who knew you in your youth have come to see and hear you, and will be disappointed if they do not." I was too weak to go up the steps to the platform; so, standing behind the altar rail and leaning on it for support, I began to speak a few words for the sake of these old friends, and, becoming interested, forgot my weakness, and at the end of half an hour or more found that

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I had been preaching with a good deal of earnestness.

It was a very hot day, and I was in profuse perspiration, and instead of being exhausted I felt much better, had a better appetite for supper, and slept better that night than for a long time. Next day being Sunday, the conditions were the same, only a bigger crowd and a hotter day; and feeling so much better, I went on the platform and preached longer than before and had another drenching perspiration. Monday, another hot day, was the last, and I had to preach the last sermon.

Three sermons on three hot days, and three cases of pulpit-sweat, and I came home well. It might be called a case of faith-cure or divine healing or natural hygiene. It was all three. Faith impelled me to do that for which I felt unfit. The mental and spiritual exhilaration and exertion, together with the external heat, opened my pores, and the poison in my blood seemed to ooze out through them; and God, who always blesses honest effort to do good to others, blessed the whole business. It was, as one of the brethren said, "a case of inspiration and perspiration." I

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believe there is no healthier work in the world than preaching the gospel, when it is done in the right way and in the right spirit. Many ailments of which preachers complain are due to the violation of the laws of life and health, which are God's laws, to transgress which would be sin, but for the fact that it is mostly done without design and often without knowledge; and I think we owe thanks, and not anathemas to the Christian Science and "New Thought" people, who are calling our attention to the relation of the hygiene of the mind to that of the body, though it may be in an exaggerated and onesided way. The Emmanuel Movement, so called, in which mental and physical therapeutics are combined for the cure of diseases of mind and body, seems to me both rational and religious and gives promise of a better time, when we shall more fully realize the blessedness of "a sound mind in a sound body" and see more clearly that true religion is indeed "life and health and peace."

XXXVI

ST. PAUL DISTRICT

IN the spring of 1891 Dr. Robert Forbes, on account of ill-health, resigned his office as presiding elder of St. Paul District, and I was appointed by Bishop FitzGerald to the place thus vacated. Soon after this the boom which had inflated all business in St. Paul and Minneapolis began to collapse and carried down with it thousands of business men in both cities. The real estate business, which had been most inflated, suffered most and wrecked financially a majority of the men in it. Men who had lived in luxury could hardly get bread for themselves and families. Men who owned horses and carriages, with servants to drive them, could n't get nickels for street-car fare and had to go afoot. It was a pitiful and pathetic state of affairs, in which Churches and ministers had to take their share of the common privations.

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A savor of life unto life for some, it was of death unto death for others. Some sank under it into dissipation and destruction; others were braced up by it into a wholesome realization of the truth that this world and all its affairs are governed by laws as fixed as fate and as old as time; that, even in business, truth is better than falsehood; that prosperity based on fiction is a delusion and a snare, and lies hurt everybody and most of all those who profit most by them for a time.

Emerson is right in saying that the day of judgment comes on this side as well as on the other side of death; and there is something deeply suggestive in the words of the statesman and philosopher Edmund Burke, that he "dreaded the day of no judgment more than the judgment day for his country;" for the longer it is delayed the more terrible is the reckoning when it comes. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is forever true for communities or individuals.

In this time of trouble, in common with other ministers, I did what I could to encourage our people to "be steadfast, unmov-

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able, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labor is not in vain in the Lord;" and we got help from Him to stand the storm till these calamities were overpast.

When I took charge of the district it extended from Canada on the north to Iowa in the south, including the mining region north of Duluth, which was not developed then as now.

At Soudan and Tower and Ely we had English miners, descendants of Wesley's converts in Cornwall, whose character and condition confirmed the declaration that "godliness is profitable to all things." These sober and industrious men were the skilled miners, who had the best jobs, the best wages, and the best homes, because they were the best men.

They went to church, and not to the saloon, and spent their money in improving their homes and educating their children; and, in contrast with others of the same occupation and another religion or no religion, drinking, swearing, brawling, and fighting, they were as light to darkness and comfort to misery.

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Before I left the eldership the districts were rearranged and Duluth and the region around and beyond it made into another district. I had a good time, on the whole, as presiding elder. The change of work and travel improved my health; preachers and people were kind and courteous, and God, as He always is, was good and gracious; and I had the opportunity to see and learn many things which, I trust, was not wholly unimproved.

At the Conference in Duluth in 1894 it was decided to divide into two Conferences by a line running east and west between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and so brethren long known and loved separated, "sorrowing, but not as those that have no hope."

XXXVII

CENTRAL PARK, ST. PAUL

ONE of the difficult problems in the cabinet at Duluth was, how to provide for Central Park Church. It had been built during "the boom" with a large debt upon it. The financial crash had impoverished its members so they could pay neither principal nor interest, and were compelled to reduce their pastor's salary fifty per cent and other expenses as much as possible. In this state of affairs no one competent for the place wanted it, and Bishop Foss cut the knot by changing me from the district to the station.

It was the old Jackson Street Church which I had served before, with a new house, a new name, and a new location. So I was not wholly a stranger there, and accepted the appointment as proper and providential. Twenty-two years had passed since my former pastorate, and had wrought many changes in the Church and in me.

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Nine-tenths of the Church members were new and strange to me, and the proportion of strangers in the congregation was still greater. Four or five of the old Official Board and about forty of the old members were left; and as they were all my friends, and the others knew me as presiding elder, and all gave me hearty welcome, I began my second pastorate hopeful and happy. We had a good degree of interest in the preaching services and the weekly prayer-meeting and the Epworth League.

Some of the prominent members were too old to do much Church work, but many of the young people were earnest and active Christians, thoroughly loyal to the Church, and a great help to the pastor. Our financial burden (a forty-thousand-dollar debt) would have sunk us but for the generosity of our Church Extension Board, which made us a donation of six thousand dollars; and this, with what we raised among ourselves and from our friends in the city, enabled us to pay the interest overdue and meet some other pressing obligations.

The homes of our people were scattered over a large part of the city, and it took

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much of my time to get around and visit them all; but this was good exercise, as I went afoot, and did me good physically and spiritually.

By the rapid growth of St. Paul ours had become a down-town Church, with all the difficulties involved in such a situation; but our people were loyal to God and the Church, and fraternal to each other, and did not allow the attraction of other Churches nearer and less burdened to draw them away from their own spiritual home. So we got through those three years of trial cheerfully and with some numerical and spiritual progress. Since then better times have come to the city and to the Church. St. Paul has had a dozen years of great prosperity, and Dr. Longley, who succeeded me, has with great ability, energy, and industry, and with the co-operation of the Conference, been able to pay the great debt and lay the foundation for a great and powerful institutional Church such as is needed in the location which Central Park Church occupies.

The Conference of 1897 was held in our new and beautiful Central Church in Winona, where we were royally entertained, as we al-

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ways are in Winona. This church, which in beauty, symmetry, completeness, and convenience of all its appointments will not suffer by comparison with any other church in the country, was dedicated in April preceding our Conference by Bishop Fowler, he preaching in the morning and I in the evening, and the occasion was one of great interest not only to our Methodist people, but to the whole city of Winona.

XXXVIII

SPRING VALLEY—FROM CITY TO COUNTRY

AFTER the strenuous years spent on the St. Paul District and at Central Park Church, the bishop and cabinet thought I ought to have something easier, and so I was appointed to Spring Valley, where I found a good church and parsonage free from debt, a pleasant and friendly people with comfortable homes, a town which never had “a boom” or the disastrous collapse that follows it, and where I spent two quiet years with benefit to my health physical and spiritual, and, I trust, also with some benefit to others.

The Conference of 1898, held in Winnebago, was one of marked spiritual interest. Bishop Isaac W. Joyce had recently returned from missionary work in China and gave us a most interesting lecture on that great empire and the work of our missionaries. The

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lecture made a profound impression and deepened and intensified the religious feeling which previously existed.

In March, 1899, Bishop Joyce came to Spring Valley and preached for us on Sunday morning and evening, making his home with us at the parsonage, which we greatly enjoyed. His sermons and his society in our home were exceedingly helpful, and his visit is one of the pleasant memories of my life. His Christian courtesy, his deep religious experience, and his powerful preaching made an impression on the community which will long be remembered.

Our Conference at Northfield in 1899 was also deeply interesting and profitable. My home during the session was with my old friend Dr. William Greaves, whom I had known from his boyhood and at whose hospitable home I had been a frequent guest. A physician, gentleman, and Christian of the first class, I am thankful that I knew him so long and so well, and have good hope through grace of meeting him again "in the sweet by and by."

Bishop James M. Thoburn, of India, was also a guest of Dr. Greaves at this Confer-

SPRING VALLEY

ence, and to be in the company of such an apostolic bishop and missionary several days in succession was an education and an inspiration. Since the translation of Bishop William Taylor, Bishop Thoburn, upon whom the mantle of Bishop Taylor seems to have fallen, is the great missionary of Methodism, captain of the Lord's host on the front of "our far-flung battle line;" and his presence and the presence and presidency of Bishop Joyce again made the Northfield Conference one of the most interesting and profitable in all our history I was appointed to Olive Branch Church, Winona, and the change was every way acceptable.

XXXIX

WINONA AGAIN

OLIVE BRANCH was originally a mission of Central Church, started during my second term at Central Church. I helped to raise the money with which to build the church, and helped to dedicate it when completed, and so had a personal interest in it and felt from the beginning that I was in the right place, and during the four years that I was its pastor my experiences confirmed me in this feeling.

At the Conference of 1900, held in Owatonna, Bishop Walden and I were guests in the pleasant and hospitable home of Brother Sperry, where we had every comfort and convenience, and greatly enjoyed the society of this excellent family. My daily intercourse with Bishop Walden here greatly increased my estimate of him as a bishop and a man. We can not always get the true value of a man by seeing him in public and in official

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positions only; but when we see him off guard in the daily intercourse of common life, his true inwardness is disclosed and the motives and principles of his life are apprehended.

Our Conference at Chatfield, in 1901, with Bishop Cranston as president, was interesting and pleasant in an unusual degree. Bishop Cranston and I have been friends since 1870, when he came to Minnesota for the health of his wife. I recommended him at that time to Central Church, Winona, as the right man for their pastor, which his efficient and successful ministry there afterward fully justified. I have found him in all these years a model Christian gentleman, a wise counselor and true friend, and a valuable servant and official of our Church, whose work as pastor, presiding elder, book agent, and bishop have made for him a record alike honorable to himself and useful to the Church which he has so long and so well served.

Nothing in the history of Methodism in this country more plainly indicates its providential character and divine destiny than the character and fitness of the distinguished men who have been selected to discharge the difficult and delicate duties of the episcopal

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office. I have known nearly all of them in my time, and there is not one of them whom I could not and would not, if it were required, trust with everything I have, even my own life; and we come pretty near doing that when we give them the authority to send us anywhere within the wide field of Methodism when they think the interests of the Church require it. I count it among the many mercies of God, for which I owe perpetual thanks, that I have known so many of these great and good men and have been blessed in knowing them.

Our Conference for 1902 met in Rochester, with Bishop Andrews as president, whose physical, intellectual, and spiritual vigor were remarkable for a man of his years, and whose courtesy, kindness, genial and sunny spirit made him deservedly popular with preachers and people.

XL

FAILING HEALTH AND SUPERANNUATION

ON account of ill-health I went home from Conference on Saturday and preached on Sunday, though hardly able to do it.

My health continued to fail till December, when it broke down completely and I was compelled to give up pastoral work and go with my wife to Philadelphia for the winter. There I was under the care of Dr. Musser, one of the most eminent physicians in the country, whose kindness and courtesy were equal to his skill, and who did for me all that physician could do. The change of climate, rest, and treatment were for a time beneficial; but toward spring I had a relapse and, with advice of friends and physician, went to Clifton Springs, N. Y., where I spent several weeks without permanent benefit. So in March I returned to Winona in worse condition than when I went away. Seeing that my

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case was one for which drugs and doctors could do but little, I gave them up and sought help from God in the use of natural remedies which He has provided and put within the reach of all. As soon as I was able to do so I went out and sat in the sun, and began to walk a little at a time, increasing the distance as strength increased, till I became able to walk ten miles at a stretch. Sunshine, exercise, and pure air, and more than all, faith in God as Lord of life and health and Giver of all good, restored me to better health than I had before it failed. At the Conference of 1903, at my request, I was given the relation of supernumerary, and in 1904 that of superannuate, after forty-seven years in the effective ranks.

For the first time since my admission I was unable to attend either of these Conferences. During the first year of my disability Olive Branch Church carried on its work getting such supplies as it could, hoping that I would be able to return to them as effective; and for their kindness and consideration to me in that trying time they deserve and will surely have God's blessing.

XLI

THE SACRAMENT OF SUFFERING

THESE two years of physical and mental prostration, unable to preach or pray or even think apparently to any good purpose, were not wholly lost, as they seemed to be at the time.

The seeds and roots of things grow in the dark, out of sight, and under ground; and souls also may grow in darkness and silence and sorrow as well as in the sunshine of health, activity, and joy.

“The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering.” And if the highest and the holiest One, already perfect, needed another kind of perfection, reached by suffering, why should we not accept it as a privilege to share in “the fellowship of His suffering” and commune with Him in the sacrament of sorrow?

“The joy of the Lord is indeed our strength,” and it is our privilege to “walk in

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the light as He is in the light." It is also our privilege at times, like Moses, to go up into "the thick darkness where God is" and learn that

"Power is with him in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

In the long, dark, sleepless nights, with naked faith, without feeling or feeling that contradicted faith, I repeated to myself the sublime psalm which says, "God is our refuge and strength and a very present help in trouble."

"O power to do, O baffled will,
O prayer and action, ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still;
And good but wished with God is done."

And so in these dark days lessons learned before by rote were now learned by heart, and since then, when dark hours come, as they probably will till "mortality is swallowed up of life,"

"I hear a sentinel,
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night that all is well."

XLII

GAIN BY LOSS

FAMILIAR pleasures and privileges are seldom fully apprehended till we are deprived of them for a time. For forty-seven years I had been present at every session of our Annual Conference except the two years I was absent in the army. In those years I was amid the excitements of a great war and too far away to get to Conference; but now, in 1903 and 1904, I was at home and near enough to get to the seat of Conference in a few hours if I had been able, and my enforced absence made me feel lonesome. I had not realized before how much the friendship and fellowship of my brethren in the ministry was to me. I do not believe there is any body of men on earth in whom the spirit of brotherhood is deeper and stronger than it is in the Annual Conferences of Methodism. In our early Conferences, when the perils and privations of our work were more likely than

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now to thin our ranks, with what fervor we used to sing at our opening session:

“And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.”

Next to our communion with Christ we prized our communion with one another; and so when I was able to attend Conference again the privilege seemed greater than ever.

XLIII

MANKATO CONFERENCE

FOR the first time since I was a probationer I had no reports to make, no committee to meet, nothing to do. I can not say positively that I enjoyed this; but I did enjoy the brotherly kindness with which I was greeted and welcomed everywhere. Brother Brown, the pastor, had me billeted at Dr. Andrews, where Bishop McDowell and Dr. Bridgman were also guests, and in such excellent company I enjoyed the Conference as much as a man can who looks on and sees others doing what he himself had been trying for a lifetime to do.

This was the first time Bishop McDowell had presided at our Conference, and he did it with such grace and facility as won for him golden opinions from all present.

Bishop Merrill had been our resident bishop and was a brother beloved as well as general superintendent. I was pastor in St.

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Paul when he came to live there immediately after his election to the episcopacy, and found in him a wise counselor, a faithful friend, and a great and good bishop. A more manly and magnanimous man and an abler expounder of Methodist doctrine and discipline there was not in Methodism.

It was the last time I saw him. His four-score years and the physical infirmities which were soon to close his earthly career were visibly unloosing his hold on time and beckoning him on to eternity, for which, I doubt not, he was ready.

XLIV

THE MAGNETIC McCABE

THE Conference of 1906, held in St. Paul, Bishop McCabe presiding, was one of the best in our history.

St. Paul is a beautiful and prosperous city. Its picturesque scenery, variety of hills and valleys, fine views from its bluffs, many splendid homes, numerous churches, able and earnest ministers, good health, good schools, magnificent new capitol, intelligence, energy, and public spirit of its people, are some of its attractions. Some of the best people in the world are there, and some of the worst, I suppose, also. The experiences of fourteen years as pastor and presiding elder there have endeared the place and the people to me. In its hospitable homes and friendly circles I have spent many pleasant hours; and in its silent city of the dead (beautiful Oakland) are the mortal remains of some whom "I have loved long since and (*not*) lost awhile."

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Seven sessions of our Conference have been held in St. Paul; all of them good, but the last, I think, the best of all.

How could a Conference be other than good when such a man as Charles C. McCabe was its presiding bishop? Gentle, genial, generous, courageous, witty, humorous, eloquent, musical, magnetic, sympathetic, his handsome face and person were visible signs of the inward grace and beauty of his spirit—lovable and loved by all who knew him—how could we have anything but a good time when he was with us? After his inspiring sermon on Sunday, I dined with him and congratulated him on his apparent vigor, saying I thought he was good for twenty years more of beneficent work. How little we know of the future of our friends or ourselves! Before the year ended, that voice which had charmed so many on earth had joined in the song of the morning stars.

XLV

A MAN AMONG MEN

OUR Conference at Marshall in 1907 was made notable by the extraordinary hospitality of the people and the courtesy of the officials of the town. People of all classes and creeds opened their homes and made us welcome. Only once before, at Fargo, in 1881, did the civic authorities pay us so much attention. Dr. Jennings and I were entertained by the mayor and never fared better anywhere.

Bishop Daniel Goodsell presided with characteristic dignity, suavity, and courtesy. His commanding presence, self-command, and knowledge of parliamentary law made him a model presiding officer. His addresses to the Conference and sermon on Sunday fully sustained his reputation for strength of thought and fitness and beauty of expression. With his vast vitality and robustness, it seemed as if he might have many years of activity and usefulness yet before him. No one dreamed that he would be the first of all that company to hear the call, "Come up

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higher." Bishop Goodsell was every inch a man.

With his big body and brain there were a heart and soul of corresponding magnitude. How carefully and tenderly he dealt with the delicate and difficult cases that come up in cabinet work only those could know who helped him to make the appointments. His sympathy with the preachers and their families in the inevitable hardships of our itinerancy was as tender as that of a saintly woman for her children. To know him was to love him and love the God who made him and others like him.

The largest men in our episcopacy in my time have been Edward R. Ames, Jesse T. Peck, and Daniel Goodsell; and the smallest were Edmund Janes, Edward Thomson, and our present Bishop Hughes.

These men were and are great mentally and spiritually, and which were the greater—the big men or the little men—would be an interesting question for an old-fashioned debating society. Minds and bodies are doubtless correlated in many ways; but who can tell the size of a soul by the dimensions of its body?

XLVI

SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERMON

AT our Conference in Fairmont in 1908, Bishop Luther B. Wilson presiding, having completed fifty years of full membership, by request of the Conference I preached a semi-centennial sermon on "The Apostolic Ministry—Its Diversity and Design." "And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and in the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4: 11-13).

1. I sought to show that the diversity of gifts and offices in the apostolic Church has its counterpart in similar diversity in the Church of to-day. That this diversity is by divine appointment and necessary to the edu-

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cation, discipline, and development of the Church.

2. That the design or purpose of this diversity of orders and offices is to perfect the saints. The aim and end of all orders and organizations, of all preaching, teaching, legislation, ordinations, and discipline in the Church of Christ is to make Christian people perfect in faith, hope, love, and knowledge of the Son of God—holy in heart and life, Christlike in conduct and character. This is what Methodism means by Holiness, Perfect Love, or Entire Sanctification. This is the religion needed in the first century, in this century, and all the centuries.

XLVII

A GREAT OCCASION

THE reception given by the city of St. Paul and the Methodists of Minnesota to Bishop Robert McIntyre in October, 1908, when he came to reside there, was a notable event at which it was my privilege to be present. Representative Methodists from all parts of Minnesota and adjoining States, also numerous representatives of various Protestant denominations in St. Paul and Minneapolis, city and state officials, and prominent citizens of all classes made an assembly great in quality and in quantity.

The addresses by the mayor of St. Paul, the state superintendent of public instruction, the representatives of other Protestant Churches in the Twin Cities, and those who spoke for the Methodism of these cities were all of a high order, and when the time came for the bishop to reply, the hour was late and the audience so filled with good things that

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he seemed to speak under conditions decidedly unfavorable. But he easily rose to the height of the occasion, and in a speech of marvelous beauty and eloquence justified his great reputation and maintained the renown of our episcopacy for apostolic power and unction; and the great occasion came to a fitting close and climax in this great address.

At the session of our Conference in Austin, September, 1909, his lecture on Thursday evening and his sermon on Sunday morning were in matter and manner, in spirit and power, in wit and humor, in beauty and pathos, in felicity of statement and illustration, and in all the elements of eloquence examples of platform and pulpit oratory at its best.

XLVIII

ST. PAUL AGAIN

OUR Conference session in St. Paul, September, 1910, was one of the pleasantest and most profitable of all the years. The new and beautiful building in which First Church worships, the Harvard plan of entertainment, the beautiful weather, the hospitality and friendliness of the people, the genial and brotherly pastor, the preaching and presidency of Bishop Hamilton—gentleman, scholar, thinker, and teacher, as well as preacher—and the eloquent addresses of his brother, chancellor of the American University—all combined to make it a time of unusual interest and enjoyment. My home during the session with my old friend George E. Shepstone, of Central Park Church, being everything that could be desired, also contributed largely to make this to me a delightful Conference.

Since my retirement from the effective

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ranks I seem to enjoy our Annual Conferences more than formerly. I suppose this is due in part to the fact that I have now less responsibility and more leisure than before; but I also think that in these later years I see more of God in the world and more of goodness in men, especially in Christian men and ministers, and most of all in Methodist preachers with whom I have been so long and so pleasantly associated. As I am no longer a candidate for office or honors of any sort, and am in no one's way and no one is in my way, I have nothing else to do but do good, be good, get good, and see good in all; and this I am learning to do, and find it much pleasanter and more profitable than the critical attitude we are apt to be in when we want positions which others also want and perhaps have better claims to than ourselves. Anyhow, I am thankful that I am acquiring the habit of giving my charity to others and keeping my criticisms for myself, which, I think, is better for them and better for me.

XLIX

SOME GREAT SERMONS

AS I REVIEW the fifty-five years since I was received on trial in the Minnesota Conference, many incidents are recalled of much interest to me which might not be interesting to others; and it is not easy to select and record those things that are of general and permanent interest from those that are only local, personal, and transient in their significance. Sermons the impression of which abides with us through many years are, I think, among the things that are worthy of permanent record. Five such sermons stand out distinctly in my memory as permanent powers and spiritual epochs in my ministerial life.

One of these was by Thomas H. Stockton, in Baltimore in 1854; one by Chauncey Hobart at camp-meeting near Cannon Falls, Minn., in 1857; another by Thomas M. Eddy at Minnesota Conference in St. Paul in 1874.

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Of these three sermons I have spoken elsewhere and need not repeat what has been already said. One of the other two was by Bishop Simpson at the session of the Minnesota Conference held in Rochester, Minn., September, 1867. It was on "The Great Commission"—Matthew 28:19, 20, "Go ye into all the world," etc.

Bishop Simpson was then in his prime physically, mentally, and spiritually, and the congregation was all that could be crowded into the largest hall in Rochester. "What the Christian ministry is; the divine call to it; the divine presence and power with and in it." These were, in brief outline, the main points in the discourse. In pathos and emotional power it surpassed all other sermons which I have heard. Strong men not often seen in the melting mood sobbed and cried under it as if their hearts would break with joy or sorrow. One man whom I knew well, worldly and wicked before, was converted by it completely and permanently, and lived and died in the new and better life that came to him that day.

How many others were similarly affected I know not, but the impression made will

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abide with many as long as memory is a faculty of their souls. It is impossible to reproduce on paper or in any other way such a sermon as that.

The devotional atmosphere of the great assembly, the magnetic personality of the great preacher, the sense of God's presence, "the power of the world to come," and "the joy of salvation" can only be hinted at, but were all elements or conditions of the immense impression which that great sermon made.

We were carried to Calvary and beyond it to the throne and the glory of the conquering Christ. We saw Him in His humiliation "treading the winepress alone," in "the power of His resurrection" conquering death and hell, and in His final triumph, when all the ends of the earth shall see His salvation and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

It was worth a century of common life to have our souls stirred and stimulated by the vision of God in Christ as seen and felt and described by a great soul "unutterably full of glory and of God."

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The other great sermon I heard only yesterday here in Winona. It is now the first day of May, 1911, and for four days past our Board of Bishops has been holding its semi-annual meeting here. The first evening Bishop Quayle delivered a lecture to the young people of our Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Societies. The subject of the lecture was “Self and Co. *versus* God and Co.”—the Selfish Life Compared with the Life of Love and Service and Sacrifice. Quaint, witty, humorous, beautiful, powerful, pathetic, original, full of sorrow and joy, tears and laughter, natural and spiritual, immensely impressive and edifying—who but W A. Quayle could make and deliver such a lecture in such a way?

L

SOMETHING ABOUT BISHOPS

ON Saturday evening Bishop Henry W Warren gave his lecture on "The Sunbeam" or Ray of Light. It was full of new and authentic science clothed in language of classic purity and beauty, with quiet humor and playful imagination and pictorial power which made the lecture as bright and luminous as the subject itself. It was immensely instructive and entertaining, and made us all marvel that a man past eighty was able to speak with a voice so clear and strong and musical, with such strength of thought and utterance and impressiveness as few, if any, of our brilliant young platform speakers can match. It was proof positive that "godliness is profitable unto all things."

Yesterday (Sunday) morning Bishop Robert McIntyre preached in the First Congregational Church on "The Fatherhood of God." Text, Luke 11:2, "When ye pray, say, Our Father."

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I have heard Bishop McIntyre several times, and always with admiration and edification, but this last discourse, in my estimation, surpasses all his preceding efforts in beauty and pathos and power to instruct, inspire, and edify thoughtful souls. It has been intimated that his strength is chiefly in his vivid imagination and word-painting, in which he has no equal; but yesterday's sermon had in it a depth and height of thought lucid and logical, presented in language as sublime as the subject discussed with a cumulative force that seemed irresistible, and closing with a peroration which, had it been in a Methodist Conference, would have filled the house with hallelujahs.

LI

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS AND GRACES

ONE of the things for which Methodism is to be congratulated and God to be thanked is the diversity of gifts and graces among our chief pastors. Among the thirteen bishops by whose wit and wisdom we have been instructed and edified here during the last few days, almost every type of man and minister may be found. The scholar, scientist, philosopher, teacher, orator, statesman, man of affairs, business man with administrative and executive energy and ability, the legal mind deeply versed in ecclesiastical law and lore, the writer and preacher, the sage and the saint, are all here to give each other and the great Church they represent the benefit of the wisdom derived from their large and multifarious experiences passing through the alembic of their various training, temperaments, and constitutional differences, each supplementing and complementing the others,

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and coming together at last with a breadth of view and practical wisdom which is the marvel of all who carefully study its operation.

Surely the All-wise God, by whom kings reign and princes decree judgment, and from whom all wise counsels proceed, must have something to do with our General Conferences, which seem at times to mere spectators so turbid and turbulent that, after all their debates and contentions, they have been able to bring forth out of their turmoil men so eminently fitted as most of our bishops have been for their high offices and responsibilities.

Let us not doubt that the good God who has raised up Methodism to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands will in the future, as in the past, guide in the selection of the men who are to manage its great connective interests.

LII

MORE ABOUT BISHOPS

AT the second session of our Conference held in Winona, August, 1857, Bishop Ames presided and preached a sermon of great pathos and power on "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5:4).

Without the personal magnetism and spiritual unction of Bishop Simpson, Ames was massive in mind as in body, and in his best moods made a mighty impression on his hearers. A man of affairs, with great executive ability and knowledge of Church law, he made a splendid presiding officer and could manage a Conference, Annual or General, as well as any bishop we ever had.

Some of our preachers thought he was inclined to be autocratic, and it must be confessed he had a will of his own and generally succeeded in carrying it out, but not always. More than once he failed, and when he did,

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it was plain enough to all who knew him that he was not at all pleased with those who had anything to do with his defeat.

At one of our Conferences a prominent Church had asked for my appointment as their pastor; but the bishop had another man on his plan for that place, and when the Church in question emphasized its request by telegram and delegation in the most positive way, he finally yielded, without concealing his displeasure, and seemed, as I thought, to regard me as blameworthy in the matter. But I was not in any sense responsible for the action of the Church. Only once in my ministry have I asked for any appointment, and that was when years of arduous work in large cities and domestic affliction together had worn me physically, and I thought a change to the country would help me and asked for a small circuit, which I did not get. But Bishop Ames was too magnanimous to retain resentment, and the next time I met him he was more friendly even than he had been before.

LIII

OUR RESIDENT BISHOPS

BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL was the first bishop resident in Minnesota. He came to St. Paul in 1872, soon after his election to the episcopacy, when I was pastor of Jackson Street Church, now Central Park Church. Seemingly reticent and reserved at first, he was, when better known, one of the most genial, friendly, and brotherly men I ever knew, and the longer he was known the more he was trusted and loved by those who had the privilege of sharing his friendship. He had the broad and logical mind which makes the theologian and the statesman; and if he had made secular things, instead of sacred, his study and pursuit might have been a pillar of the State as he was of the Church. No one who saw him only on the surface would suspect the deep sorrows of his heart which might have soured another man, but in him were sweetened by the grace which "suffers long and is kind."

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Bishop Cyrus D. Foss was scholar, preacher, and administrator of more than ordinary might and merit. He too, to those who saw him at a distance, seemed reserved and unsocial; but was the opposite of this to those who knew him well.

His sermon at our Fargo Conference in 1881 was a superb specimen of gospel preaching and pulpit oratory and will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing it. He was a high-minded Christian gentleman in whom dignity, suavity, sincerity, courage, conscientiousness, and decision combined to make a well-poised mind and a first-class bishop.

His physical suffering during the later years of his life tested and developed his faith, patience, and fortitude, but grace was sufficient, and in him were seen "whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

From 1888 till 1892, Bishop FitzGerald was our resident bishop, and here, as elsewhere, was known and honored as a man whose life was in harmony with his doctrine. Thoughtful, careful, judicious, and judicial by nature, he was by temper, training, and experience

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well fitted for the difficult duties of the episcopacy. His official dignity and prerogatives were maintained without marring in the least the brotherly kindness and Christian courtesy in which he delighted. No preacher or layman ever sought in vain his counsel or service for any worthy cause or any true interest of the Church or its ministry.

A brotherly bishop, a loyal Methodist, a true and tried and trusted man, he was and is a living example of "whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report."

Like his Master, he was "a man of sorrows;" but it was not the sorrow that sours, but that which sweetens life and by grace is transformed into the "charity which suffers long and is kind, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, which thinketh no evil and envieth not, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth."

LIV

A STALWART BISHOP

NO BISHOP of Methodism or any other denomination has impressed the general public of Minnesota more than Charles H. Fowler. His sermon in the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul, soon after coming here to reside, was massive and masterly, great in quality and quantity (about two hours long), and heard by a congregation which crowded the great building from pit to dome and stayed with unabated interest till the last syllable.

His lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" in the House of Hope to all the representative men and women of St. Paul who could get inside is regarded by some who heard it as the greatest platform deliverance ever heard in that city. More than most men Bishop Fowler needed to be known well in order to be understood and appreciated. Behind what seemed his self-confidence and self-assertiveness, he was profoundly conscious of his own

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limitations and needs, and would speak of them at times to those in whom he confided with deep humility. I found him one day in Evanston writing his baccalaureate for the University Commencement. It was Friday; the next day, Saturday, he had to be away all day, and on Sunday the baccalaureate must be preached. It was a hot day, and he was sweating in his shirt-sleeves and looking discouraged. "I am stuck," he said; "I do n't like my subject; give me a better one." I suggested a subject which had been in my mind. He took it and wrote all night; was gone all next day, but came back in time to preach it on Sunday, and some who heard it said it was one of his greatest sermons.

When I met him, years afterward, he said, "Mac, I've preached that sermon *of ours* all over this country, and if I'm its father, you must be its grandfather."

Bunyan's "Great Heart" was in deep water when crossing the dark river; but he got over safely to the land

"Where the skies are always fair
In the land o' the leal."

LV

A BROTHER BELOVED

WHILE all of our resident bishops have been good and some of them great, no one of them has been more esteemed and loved than Isaac W. Joyce, and no one deserved esteem and love more than he. The consciousness of his episcopal rank seemed to be less developed in him than in bishops generally.

His kindness, courtesy, charity, sincerity, and sweetness of spirit were like the sun and rain which shine and fall alike on the evil and the good, the just and the unjust. His religious democracy made him a brother to every man he met, every man's friend, and no man's foe. He seemed incapable of envy or jealousy, rejoicing in the honors that came to other men as if they were his own. A warm-hearted Methodist, teaching, preaching, and professing its great doctrines and experiences with passionate ardor and devotion, he was free from cant and rant, sane,

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sweet, and sensible; his Methodism was without bigotry, and his sanctification without sanctimoniousness. The Conferences at which he presided were Pentecostal seasons, in which the presence of the Holy Spirit and the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost were the uppermost thoughts in all our minds, and in which we realized that our mission, like that of our Master, is to save our people from their sins. No one could be long in the company of Bishop Joyce without being convinced that "the life of God in the soul of man" is the highest life of which men are capable.

LVI

A CHAPTER ON PREACHERS AND PREACHING

JOHN QUIGLEY, PREACHER AND REFORMER

AMONG the fathers and founders of Minnesota Methodism a prominent place belongs to Dr. John Quigley. His early life was spent in Ohio, where for a time he practiced medicine and, after entering the ministry, became distinguished as a preacher in a state noted for strong men in church and state.

At quarterly meetings and camp-meetings, and other great occasions, he was in great repute and his preaching turned many to righteousness. The common people heard him gladly, and the cultured and accomplished no less gladly.

When he was presiding elder of the Delaware District, in which the Ohio Wesleyan University is located, he had among his most appreciative hearers President Edward

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Thomson ("the Chrysostom of Methodism," as Morley Punshon called him), afterward bishop, and the saintly and scholarly Professor Merrick, and by them ranked with the best preachers of the time.

He came to Minnesota in 1856 and settled on a farm near Plainview, where he spent two or three years and at the same time was preacher in charge of a large circuit in that vicinity.

After that he gave his time chiefly to lecturing on temperance and organizing lodges of Good Templars all over the state.

As a lecturer on Temperance he had few equals and only one superior—John B. Gough. His medical education fitted him to deal with the physical phases of the subject, and his wide observation, insight, earnestness, wit, humor, pathos, and dramatic power fitted him to deal with all other phases and made him the most effective temperance orator in Minnesota.

The first time I saw and heard him was at Hokah in the spring of 1859. I was pastor of that circuit and we were expecting Daniel Cobb, our presiding elder, to preach and hold our quarterly meeting. The people of Hokah

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at that time were mostly from the East and intelligent enough to know good preaching when they heard it; and with them our presiding elder, always well dressed and well groomed, was deservedly popular.

When in place of the elder there appeared a stranger with rough exterior and unfashionable garments, looking dusty and rusty as if he had been away from home and the care of a good wife for a good while (which was the fact), there was on the part of the people a feeling of disappointment, almost of disgust, which but for their good breeding would have taken some of them out of the house. But in five minutes after he began to speak all eyes and all ears were open to see and hear, and from that time on for an hour or more he had easy mastery of all minds and hearts.

His text was, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (St. John 11:40.)

The nature, reasonableness, and necessity of faith, and its influence upon conduct and character, were shown with such clearness, beauty, pathos, and power as mightily moved and amazed the congregation. We were

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made to see that faith is the reasonable attitude of the soul toward things unseen and eternal, the foundation of all heroism, virtue, and religion; that it opens the mind to the eternal truths which make men wise and good, true and strong; the inward power which gives us mastery of ourselves and emancipates us from the bondage of self and selfishness, and brings us into the light and life and liberty of the children of God, sustaining and strengthening us in our spiritual warfare till the final victory is won and mortality is swallowed up of life, and in the unclouded vision of God we are changed from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord.

As the preacher warmed with his theme there were flashes of wit, humor, touches of pathos, strains of beauty and sublimity, sentences full of light and melody, and, pervading all, that indefinable something which moves and melts hearts as the south wind melts the snows of spring. In front of me sat a typical backwoods man who might have been the original of Cooper's "Leatherstocking." Tall, erect, athletic, with the eye of a hawk, and the hair of a raven, and the stoical look of an American Indian, he sat

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bolt upright, in a defiant sort of way at first, till the mystic spell mastered him and smiles and tears chased each other over his face as sunshine and rain in April weather, and his great frame shook with the mighty emotions stirred within him. If a sermon is to be judged by its effects, that was a great sermon. Since then I have heard the foremost pulpit orators of my time preach sermons more learned, polished, more symmetrical, and more rhetorical; but in the power that illumines the mind and moves the heart, not more than half a dozen equal to it. No one is always at his best, and I never heard Dr. Quigley do as well again; but I think that if he had concentrated himself on the ministry, and disciplined his powers to the utmost, he would have been equal to almost any man of his time.

Samuel Johnson says, "A good man must be a good hater," and a still higher authority says, "Ye that love the Lord hate evil;" and again, "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." By this standard John Quigley was a good man. He hated the

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liquor traffic with a deathless hatred and waged against it a relentless war, and if he were alive to-day would be in the front of the battle for the extinction of the saloon and its allied evils; and he is worthy of a place on the honor roll of those who, like John B. Gough and Frances Willard, have led the vanguard in the great temperance reform.

A METHODIST MODERNIST

A very different preacher from Dr. Quigley was Fred O. Holman, though both were pastors, at different times, of the same Church. Quigley adhered to the faith of the fathers and the form of sound words in which it was expressed, with great tenacity. Holman was intensely modern.

Skilled in the newest and latest learning, reverencing the past and believing in the future, with faith in God and man and all true science and true thought, his face was toward the front and he was one of the watchmen who cry in the night, "The morning cometh." Genial, cultured, magnetic, eloquent, his brief but brilliant ministry was spent in conspicuous places without being elated or inflated thereby, and he died all too soon, in the prime

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of his years and powers, loved, lamented, honored, and eulogized as he deserved to be, and furnishing in his life and death ample evidence that modern thought and ancient faith are in aim and essence the same truth seen in different aspects. The coming preacher whom the Church and the world need is the man who knows that God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, because all live unto Him, and those we call dead are, many of them, more alive than some of those we see and hear with our physical senses; who think true science is from God and leads to Him, and that to oppose it is to oppose Him by whom all things consist and whose thoughts they express.

This man will see that all truths are sacred and all laws divine, and that past and present are as necessary all to each other as root and branch, spring and summer, youth and maturity; and the alleged antagonism between them is the product of honest ignorance or prejudice, or both.

A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN

A still different type of man and minister was Dr. Jabez Brooks, the first president of

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Hamline University, and for the last forty years of his life professor of Greek in the University of Minnesota.

When the preparatory department of Hamline University was opened at Red Wing in 1854, he was selected for principal and continued in that position till 1859, when college classes were organized and Dr. Benjamin F Crary, of Indiana, was made president and Dr. Brooks was appointed pastor of our Church in Winona, where we had only one Church then.

When Dr. Crary left Hamline in 1863, Dr. Brooks returned as president, and so continued till 1869, when we were compelled for a time to close the school for lack of funds. Those were years of financial depression, when the pinch of poverty was felt in our Churches and preachers and professors suffered privations of which the present generation knows only by report. The work of Dr. Brooks and his associates in those years was of great value to the Church, though the pecuniary returns for them were small. Some of the best and most useful of our preachers got their preparatory training there, and others, both men and women, were

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fitted for positions in social and civic life which they have filled with honor to themselves and their alma mater; and they all honor and revere the memory of their early teacher and president.

David Brooks, the father of Jabez, was more than any other man instrumental in securing from Bishop Hamline the \$25,000 which was the financial foundation of Hamline University. He followed Chauncey Hobart as presiding elder of the Minnesota District when it was part of the Wisconsin Conference.

Without the educational advantages of his son, he had the energy and earnestness which characterize most pioneer preachers and accomplished a valuable work on his great district and on other fields after that. He was a man of strong will, push, and persistence, conscientious and consecrated to Christ and the Church, which owes much of its later prosperity to him and men like him, who endured the perils and privations of the early days.

I met Jabez Brooks the first time in Red Wing in the summer of 1855, when he showed me the foundation of the old Hamline build-

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ing, located where now is the Central Park, nearly opposite to the place where our Red Wing church now stands. From that time on we were friends, and I always found him a high-minded, honorable, courteous Christian gentleman, worthy of the esteem in which he was held by the students in his classes, his associates in the faculty, his brethren in the Conference, and by all who had the privilege and honor of his acquaintance and friendship.

He was our Conference secretary the first eleven years except the second, when Dr. Hobart was secretary, and was one of our delegates to the General Conference of 1864. He was one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and during his long connection with our great State University no one there was more respected and loved by Faculty and students than he.

He retained his mental and physical vigor almost unimpaired till the last, dying in California a year ago, after eighty-seven years of beneficent service.



James F Chaffee came to Minnesota in 1857, a semi-invalid as to body but not as to mind. Here he regained his physical health,

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and his vigorous mind grew still more vigorous. From the first he was a leader by nature, character, and capacity. He was already prominent in the Rock River Conference before he came to us, and would have been prominent in any Conference by the nature and necessity of things.

His first appointment here was St. Anthony, now First Church, East Minneapolis, where he had a noted revival remembered till this day. After that he filled the best appointments in St. Paul and Minneapolis where he built more churches than any other man in Minnesota Methodism.

Nearly, if not quite, half of his more than fifty years of effective ministry he was presiding elder, and, whether on stations or districts, he was everywhere "effective" in the fullest sense of the word. Strong in the pulpit and on the platform, in administrative ability he stands in the front rank. Energy, sagacity, courage, practical sense, and persistence are some of the qualities which account for his success. While no one would call him an idealist, he is one of the most advanced thinkers in our ministry, farther to the front than most of our younger

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men, and at the age of eighty-three he is "going on to perfection" in philosophy and theology as if he were candidate for the professorship of "New Thought" in some progressive faculty, philosophic or theological. This does not mean that he is addicted to speculative vagaries or impractical ideals; for he is nothing if not practical, and his forte has always been in doing things or getting them done. Not the least of his services to Methodism was getting Hamline University rehabilitated and located on its present site after its suspension at Red Wing, which he did when financial agent of that institution.

He is now in Pasadena, Cal., enjoying a well-earned rest and the laurels won in the holy war, and the esteem and love of comrades in arms.



The honor roll of our pioneer preachers would not be complete without the names of Ezra Lathrop and his brother Noah, who from the earliest days have been conspicuous in our work.

As Noah went into the Northern Conference at our division, I can only say of him

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that when he was with us he was esteemed as a brother beloved, a loyal Methodist, a faithful friend, an earnest preacher gifted in song as well as in speech, who brought good cheer and "good hope through grace" to many hearts and homes made better and brighter by his ministrations.

Ezra Lathrop is a man of marked individuality, with oratorical powers which make him formidable to foes and helpful to allies in debate, and, at his best, make his preaching striking and impressive. He has the courage of his convictions and is not afraid to oppose bishops or dignitaries of any sort if he thinks they are in error. He is a valuable man in our Conference sessions, for nothing escapes his vigilance or goes unchallenged in his presence if it is not what it ought to be, and as long as he is with us we shall be comparatively free from dullness and stagnation. He has had his share of life's sorrows, which have not soured, but rather sweetened his spirit, and he seems to be growing in grace as he grows in years. It is greatly to his credit and honor that the city in which he has lived longest has chosen him for its highest office, and he has the

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unique distinction of being, so far as I know, the only Methodist preacher in the world who has the honor of being the mayor of the city in which he lives.



Thomas McClary was admitted on trial at the Conference in Prescott, October, 1859. He was then about twenty years old, rather raw and fresh in appearance, and not very promising at first sight. But he had good stuff in him, good sense, sincerity, energy, earnestness, fidelity, an easy, natural manner of speaking, and a dramatic talent that would have given him success on the stage and did help him in the pulpit. And so by studying books and men, nature and God, he advanced rapidly in character, reputation, and popularity, filling important positions on circuits and stations and one term as presiding elder, and everywhere doing good work for the Church and making many friends for himself. About a dozen years ago he was appointed "railroad evangelist," in which position he remains, traveling about the country, caring for the souls of railroad men, and lecturing in Chautauqua and other courses on subjects literary, social, humor-

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ous, and religious, in which he has acquired a reputation for oratorical and dramatic ability which makes him in demand and, I suppose, brings him more money than preaching, which he still does as opportunity offers. He is now a member of the Northern Minnesota Conference.

That Prescott Conference of 1859 deserves more than a passing notice. The saintly Bishop Edmund Janes presided and preached a sermon of apostolic power on "Man a Laborer, God a Laborer, Man a Laborer with God" (1 Cor. 3:9).

In physical dimensions Bishop Janes was below the average, and his voice was thin and rather effeminate. But mentally and spiritually, as preacher and executive, he was a great bishop.

He ordained me elder at that Conference, and his address to our class will never be forgotten. One thing he said especially sticks: "My young brethren, if you keep these vows you will be good men and help others to be good men. You will make and find friends wherever you go. Many homes will be open to you and many will welcome you to their hospitalities, but not all. Some may shun

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you and even repulse you. But they need you, though they may not want you; and *if there is a man in your charge nearer hell than another, go to him first.*”

Bishop Janes could pack a sentence with spiritual dynamite and with such explosive force as would almost lift men from their seats, and he did it at that time in his charge to the candidates for orders and in his Sunday sermon.

In intellect, character, efficiency, experience, and spiritual attainments he was a good example of the apostolic episcopacy.



When John Stafford was admitted on trial in 1866 it did not seem likely that he would become prominent in the Conference. Without brilliant parts of any sort, he had good sense and a genius for hard work, and by industry, determination, perseverance, and fidelity he became qualified to fill some of our best appointments, and for the last dozen years that he was with us was a successful and popular presiding elder. He went to California, where he was also appointed to a district, on which he died seven or eight years ago.

LVII

SAINT AND SAGE

CYRUS BROOKS was prominent in Ohio Methodism before he came to Minnesota, and here he continued to be conspicuous and useful as pastor of prominent Churches and presiding elder for many years. Quiet and undemonstrative in manner, he had a strong will, strong convictions, and executive force, which fitted him to meet and overcome obstacles from which other men might shrink. The current of his spiritual life ran deep and he knew whom he had believed. Clear in thought, serene in spirit, strong in faith, instructive and persuasive in teaching and preaching, a helper of many souls, he lived long and well and “came to his grave in a full age (ninety years) like as a shock of corn in his season.”

Boyd Phelps also was prominent in Wisconsin before he came to our Conference—more prominent there than here. He too had

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the serene and sunny spirit, the sweet temper and the strong will, the velvet glove over the iron hand which fitted him to meet and conquer difficulties.

On one of his charges there was a faction which claimed a monopoly of the grace and wealth of the society, and when they withdrew it seemed as if the feeble flock left must give up what looked like a hopeless struggle.

But Brother Phelps and the faithful few were not "quitters," and on the same day on which the secession took place they rallied around the altar and began a revival campaign in the hottest weather, the month of August, which resulted in a hundred conversions and accessions. He also lived to a good age (eighty-five years), an example of purity, probity, and peace, a holy and happy old man who brought forth fruit in old age.



John Wesley Powell came from Indiana to Minnesota in 1855, before our Conference was organized, and walked all the way from Blue Earth County, where he lived and labored, to Red Wing to attend the first session of our Conference. He continued in the effective ranks here more than forty years, be-

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sides the years spent in Indiana, an earnest and faithful preacher, doing hard work on hard circuits for poor pay, never complaining or asking for anything easier or better. He had a vein of natural oratory, and when aroused at camp-meetings and revivals his flaming exhortations had a powerful effect and persuaded many to turn their feet to God's testimonies.

Warm-hearted, sympathetic, and whole-souled, he was a good specimen of the old-style circuit rider, who, "being poor, made many rich, and having nothing, yet possess all things."

J. O. Rich came from the Erie Conference to ours at its first session and as pastor and presiding elder for forty years or more served the Church faithfully and left behind everywhere a good record for fidelity and efficiency.

Brother Rich was a born gentleman. Good manners were as natural to him as bad manners are to some other men. He was the soul of courtesy, and to meet and greet his smiling cordiality put even surly men on their good behavior.

Another man from the Erie Conference,

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who was pastor of the old Jackson Street Church, St. Paul, in 1856-7, was T. M. Kinney, who returned to his old Conference after one term here. He preached one evening at the Conference in Winona in 1857 a sermon which is still remembered. When he was presiding elder in the Erie Conference he traveled, as preachers generally did then, on horseback; and as his district was large, he had a good horse in order to get around on time. The main highways and roads at that time were constructed by corporations, which erected toll-gates and collected toll from all travelers, except when they were going to church.

As Brother Kinney was always doing this and was well known, the gate-keepers generally let him pass unchallenged. But a new man was installed at a certain gate, who halted Kinney as he was passing, and demanded toll. When told that the traveler was a minister on his way to an appointment, the infidel gate-keeper said, "How is it that you preachers ride the best horses in the country, while your Master only rode once, and then on an ass?"

"Because," said the preacher, "*they have*

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taken all the asses in this country to make infidel toll-gate keepers."

The Methodist preachers of those days sometimes needed the wit and wisdom to "answer a fool according to his folly," and they generally had it.

LVIII

A MODERN MARTYR

HENRY CRIST and John J. Crist were two of the young men whose character and work entitle them to honorable mention in any true record of Minnesota Methodism. They were raised in this state and got the beginning of their education in Hamline University. John completed his at the Northwestern University, where he graduated with honors.

After a few years of faithful and successful work Henry transferred to Texas, and afterward to California, where he is still living as a superannuate. John was admitted in 1877 and died in 1894. His last charge was Faribault, where he made full proof of his ministry, as he did indeed in every charge. He had been a soldier in our Civil War and carried the spirit of a soldier into his ministry in the Church militant.

He began his work in Faribault amid diffi-

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culties which his sensitive nature felt all the more because his strength was failing under the subtle malady which had long been lurking in his system. But, caring for others more than for himself, he concealed his suffering and went about his work with characteristic fidelity and devotion. Weak as he was, he resolved to visit every house in Fairbault, and day after day went from house to house, teaching, praying, exhorting, caring for the children, the sick, the poor, the stranger, so that where he was none could say, "No man cared for my soul."

In this work the burden of the Church and the community was laid upon him, and he entered into the vicarious spirit of his Master and endured great travail of soul for other souls. His official board, seeing him sinking under his load, wrote me as presiding elder to counsel him to take better care of himself. I went to see him and found him in Gethsemane, sharing in the agony and the sacrifice through which the Son of Man seeks and saves that which is lost. I did not dare advise him to take care of himself. It was said of his Master, "He saved others, Himself He can not save;" and as he was

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evidently in the fellowship of his Master's sufferings, who was I, to interfere?

At his funeral I preached on "Victory by Sacrifice:" "And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). John Crist was a martyr to his work. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." As long as sin and sorrow are in the world, the martyr spirit, if not the martyr experience, will be needed; and great will be the glory of those who are able to drink that cup and be baptized with that baptism.

Since writing the last sentence, memory has been quickened and tells me that we have more of the martyr spirit than that sentence implies. I recall James Peet, whose privations on the shore of Lake Superior and other posts of peril probably cost him his life; Ransom Judd, who died for his country during our Civil War; Samuel Spates, whose perilous life among the Indians was almost martyrdom; William C. Shaw, the original of "Kike" in Eggleston's "Circuit Rider,"

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and others like them, who endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ and were faithful unto death.

The heroic spirit is not dead in the Church or in the country. When the emergency comes and some must be sacrificed that others may be saved, the heroes and martyrs before unknown are still discovered.

‘So close is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers, lo! thou must,
The youth replies, I can.’

LIX

MEN OF NOTE

EARLY in the seventies three young men joined our Conference who have become noted not only in Minnesota but in world-wide Methodism: Robert Forbes in 1870, Henry C. Jennings in 1871, and Levi Gilbert in 1875.

Dr. Forbes is now corresponding secretary of our Board of Home Missions and Church Extension; Dr. Gilbert is editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and Dr. Jennings is senior agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern.

These brethren have been promoted for merit and have earned the honorable positions they now occupy with credit to themselves and benefit to the Church. All of them, in different ways, have been and are hard workers and have come up from the ranks because of the work they have done.

As pastor of prominent Churches and presiding elder on two large districts, Dr. Forbes

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did an amount of work which few men could do and do so well.

His robust body and mind, his wit, humor, and eloquence, generosity and magnanimity, have won for him hosts of friends and made him popular at Annual Conferences, General Conferences, and even with the politicians of our State Legislature, who made him their chaplain as long as he was willing to serve in that office.

Dr. Gilbert early took high rank as preacher. His literary gifts, learning, logic, and oratory brought him to the best appointments in our Conference and created a demand for him in other Conferences, in which, as at Seattle, Cleveland, and New Haven, he has more than maintained the reputation he acquired in Minnesota. His facile and forceful pen brought him before the whole Church and led him to the editorial chair of one of our great denominational organs. The *Western Christian Advocate* has had among its editors some of the ablest men in Methodism, three of whom became distinguished bishops; but at no time in its history has it been more ably and successfully edited than now.

Dr. Jennings is eminently a man of affairs

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with great executive ability, which showed itself in his early ministry and brought him to the front as pastor and presiding elder, thence to the General Conference, and thence to the important position he now occupies and in which his business record has been such that, in the last two General Conferences, he has received a large vote for the episcopacy. It is the opinion of some of his friends, however, that the management of our great publishing interests is not less important than the episcopacy. Certainly the great improvement and enlargement of our literature and its circulation under its present management is not inferior in value to any service rendered by any of our officials, and the growing power of the pen everywhere calls for the best minds in the Church, both as writers and publishers.

LX

SOME OTHER CELEBRITIES

FOR a comparatively new and young Conference, Minnesota has furnished its share of men for prominent positions which have brought them before the whole Church. Eight college presidents, one bishop, and three other General Conference officers is not a bad showing, considering our newness and remoteness from the great centers of population and influence.

The college presidents are Jabez Brooks, Benjamin F Crary, Isaac Crook, D. C. John, E. P Robertson, S. F Kerfoot, R. W Cooper, George H. Bridgman. These men all have titles, which I do not write after their names because they are great enough without them, and I think that among Methodist preachers there is no better title than the old one of Brother.

Some of those named have been out of sight so long that some men in our Confer-

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ence hardly know them now, and for their information I will speak of them separately.

Brooks, Crary, John, Bridgman, have all been presidents of Hamline University. Of Brooks I have already spoken. Crary was at the head of Hamline from 1859 till 1863, when he was appointed superintendent of public instruction in Minnesota, and in 1864 was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, in which position he remained eight years, then went to Colorado, where he was presiding elder, and thence to California, where he was editor of the *California Christian Advocate* for ten or twelve years. He was a strong man physically and mentally, and served the Church well in every position he occupied.

D. C. John was president of Mankato Normal School and of Hamline University (three years in the latter place), and for a term pastor of Central Church, Winona. He was a pleasant, genial, cultured, scholarly gentleman who did good work and made many friends while he was with us.

Isaac Crook was pastor of Central Church, Winona, for three years when that was the time limit, after which he became president

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of The University of the Pacific in California, and later of the Nebraska Wesleyan at Lincoln, Neb., and of the Ohio University at Athens, Ohio. He also is a scholar and gentleman of refined manners and well fitted to fill the important positions as pastor, presiding elder, and college president, which at different times he has been called to occupy. He has been a frequent contributor to our Church periodicals, and in this, as in all other things, has done good work.

E. P. Robertson is an alumnus of Hamline who has made good the promise of his early days. After a dozen years as a successful pastor and six years of efficient work as presiding elder on the Winona District, he was called to the presidency of Red River Valley University at Wahpeton, since become Wesley College, now located at Grand Forks, under the auspices of the North Dakota Conference, where he has brought about a federation of forces between Wesley College and the State University, which promises to be beneficial to them both. He has also succeeded in getting new buildings and apparatus and increased endowment for his college, which have added much to its effi-

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ciency and usefulness, and is in many ways giving proof of his fitness for the position he occupies.

Samuel F Kerfoot, a graduate of Hamline, after eight years of success as pastor of Central Church, Winona, was made agent of the fund for Conference Claimants, in which place he did so well that he was called to the presidency of South Dakota Wesleyan University, at Mitchell, S. D., where he now is and, according to report, is showing his fitness for the duties of that important position.

R. W Cooper was a popular professor at Hamline University recently elected president of Upper Iowa University, at Fayette, Iowa. Of him I know less than of the others, but hear that he is making a good impression on the school and community at Fayette, and the friends of that institution are pleased and encouraged by his presidency.

Of George H. Bridgman I can speak more fully when I come to deal with Hamline University. Any account of Minnesota Methodism omitting Hamline would be the play of "Hamlet" without Hamlet.

If this were designed to be a complete his-

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tory of Methodism in this state, there are many other names whose work and achievements are as worthy of record perhaps as any of those noted thus far. But, as I said at the beginning, such a work would require an amount of time, strength, and research beyond my present capacity, and my aim now is only to record some of the things which have made Minnesota Methodism as they have come within the range of my own experience and observation.

As conspicuous and important as any of the college presidencies named is that of president of the First State Normal School of Minnesota, a position now filled by another alumnus of Hamline, Guy Maxwell, who for four years past has discharged the duties of this office as ably and efficiently as any of his distinguished predecessors, some of whom were men of national renown in the educational world.

In one thing he excells them all. Hitherto it has been the custom to procure some star preacher or literary celebrity from a distance to deliver the baccalaureate to the graduating class at the annual Commencement; but this year President Maxwell preached it himself;

SOME OTHER CELEBRITIES

and having heard many of these addresses, I think the last was the best of them all and confirms me in the conviction that our schools and Churches and country would be much benefited by a revival of lay preaching; and without disparaging my own profession, I think it might be good for preachers themselves occasionally to hear the gospel from laymen like President Maxwell.

LXI

CONSPICUOUS LAYMEN

A COMPLETE history of any Church would require much space to be given to the laity, without whom ministers could accomplish little. But I can not say much about them, because my relations to them have not been as intimate as with the ministers, and my knowledge of them and their work does not qualify me to write any full account of them and their doings. Moreover, there are so many more laymen than ministers that it is impossible to speak of them all in detail, and it is not easy out of so large a number to select those most worthy of being reported in this record. So I must do with them as with the ministers and confine myself to those whom I personally know or have known.

Minneapolis Methodism owes much to the Harrison brothers, William, Asbury, Hugh; Joseph Dean and his sons, Dr. Calkins, Professor Winchell, and others who came in the

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early days when we were poor, when churches and parsonages had to be built, when everything had to be done and there was little to do it with, and sacrifices had to be made if anything was accomplished.

These men gave time, thought, prayer, money, and personal service perhaps to the limit of their ability, and by their earnest co-operation with the pastors made possible the large results that have been reached. I knew the Harrison brothers well and often enjoyed their hospitality. One incident in the life of Asbury Harrison, which I had from his own lips, is worth recording as an illustration of a principle and as showing the character of the man. He was elected president of a Minneapolis bank, which failed soon after his election. Investigation showed that it was virtually bankrupt before his election and he had been deceived concerning it. What should he do? Ought he to pay debts he had not contracted and make good losses caused by men who had wronged him as well as others? His father had taught him when the path of duty was not plain to seek counsel from God, which he now did and paid all the liabilities of the bank, to do which took

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nearly all the wealth he then had in the world. But he had peace of conscience, and when he became president of a larger and better bank it was both pleasant and profitable for him and the bank and for others to know that he was that kind of a man. After his death his daughter showed me the pocket Bible which his mother gave him in his youth when he left home to make his way in the world. It gave ample evidence of having been read and studied with care and prayer. Many passages in it were marked, especially those which teach us to trust God and do right at whatever cost; and here I found the secret of the rock-rooted integrity which made this man a pillar in the Church and in the business world.

John Nicols, B. F. Hoyt, Major McClain, J. F. Tostevin, John C. Quinby, and Captain John H. Reaney were among the prominent laymen who helped to lay the foundations of St. Paul Methodism. John Nicols and Governor Pillsbury were the foster fathers of our great State University in the days when it was weak and poor and needed sturdy champions. They were among its first regents and fought its battles in the State Leg-

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islature and wherever fighting was needed. Everything of much value in the world has to fight its way at first, and the institution is fortunate which has such backers as John Pillsbury and John Nicols.

Mr. Nicols was the main pillar of First Church, St. Paul, a loyal Methodist, well read in Methodist history and doctrine, and the only layman I have known who took time to read the works of John Wesley and John Fletcher.

He and Judge Lewis of Winona were the first lay delegates from Minnesota to the General Conference, and we never had any better. The Conference at which laymen were first admitted was held in Brooklyn in 1872. An incident in connection with the election of bishops there is suggested by the name of John Nicols and is worth remembering and recording here.

LXII

THE PRAYER THAT MADE A BISHOP

BEFORE balloting for bishops the Conference spent some time in prayer, and the first prayer was offered by Dr. Randolph Foster, who was then president of Drew Theological Seminary and wanted to stay there, as also did the friends of the school and Dr. Foster's friends. Because of this he was not considered a candidate for the episcopacy. I have heard many good prayers by godly men and women, but never just such a prayer as that. It seemed to reach the skies and open heaven and fill the house with the glory of God. The same spirit that inspired prophets and apostles when they pleaded with God and prevailed, was in Randolph Foster's prayer till his voice was drowned in the vast chorus of amens and hallelujahs which filled the house.

When we arose from our knees, Brother Nicols, whom I never saw so moved before, as soon as he was able to speak asked

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who it was that prayed, and, taking out his memorandum book and pencil, said, "He goes to the head of my ticket." Many other laymen did the same, and that prayer made Randolph Foster bishop, as the sermon of William McKendree before the General Conference of 1808 made him the first American bishop.

Another incident which mightily moved that Conference in Brooklyn was the great address of Morley Punshon, the fraternal representative of British Methodism.

When he spoke of the good and great men who during the quadrennium had joined the Church triumphant, of Bishops Kingsley, Clark, and Thomson, "the Chrysostom of Methodism," of the saintly Alfred Cookman who "went sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb," it seemed as if the glory of the holy city overshadowed us and that Wesley's words were verified:

"E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

LXIII

SOME OFFICIALS WORTH KNOWING

THE first Official Board of Central Church, Winona, had in it an unusual number of strong men, among them Judge Abner Lewis, Thomas Simpson, James L. Norton, Matthew G. Norton, William S. Drew, R. D. Cone, S. W. Morgan, and C. G. Maybury.

Judge Lewis had been district judge and member of Congress in New York, and had a large stock of Biblical and theological as well as legal lore, and was well qualified to teach the large Bible class he had for many years. He was a good hearer and helped me as a young preacher more than he knew. His fixed attention, his benign and thoughtful countenance, his luminous eyes looking through his gold spectacles (he was the only man among us that wore them), often encouraged me to do my best when I was perilously near to doing my worst.

SOME OFFICIALS WORTH KNOWING

Thomas Simpson was prominent in law, politics, and finance, state senator, bank president, Sunday school superintendent, class leader, and charter member of the Church. He and his good wife were noted for their hospitality and were both generous to a fault and abundant in all good works.

James L. Norton was quiet and reserved, "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile." The loss of sight in his later years shut him in, and out from much society, but did not diminish his interest in the Church or lessen his contributions to it and to other good causes. In much suffering "he endured as seeing Him that is invisible," and "patience had its perfect work" till he heard the call, "It is enough; come up higher." Of him Edward Eggleston said, "James Norton's grace at table is better than a sermon."

R. D. Cone and W. S. Drew were each, at different times, mayor of Winona, prominent in the city and the Church; Drew as class leader and Cone as Church treasurer, and one of the best I ever knew.

M. G. Norton, S. W. Morgan, and C. G. Maybury are all that are left now of that first Official Board.

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Mr. Norton is president of the Board of Trustees of Hamline University, to which he has given largely money, time, and service. The Winona hospital, city parks, and other public institutions have also been greatly benefited by his liberality. Methodist Churches in Winona and many other places, and nearly all the benevolent institutions of Methodism, local and general, have found in him a friend in need and in deed. He is the only rich man I know that does not own an automobile, but still rides behind his faithful old horses in his old carriage as serenely as if he were in the finest and costliest of motor cars. Amid all his extensive business affairs he finds time to read good books and has one of the best private libraries in the state, the only thing for which I envy him, and of this I am ashamed; for while he has the expense of getting and keeping it, I have the privilege of using it as much as I wish.

Mr. Norton was lay delegate to the General Conference in Chicago in 1900, and is interested in the affairs of the Church as he is in his own business and family.

S. W. Morgan was secretary of the Sunday school for thirty years and has been chief

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usher for more than forty years. In summer heat or winter storm he is always at his post, in his Church as in his business, and on all questions that concern the Church or the city you know where to find him; for he has the courage of his convictions and expresses them freely and openly on all matters that touch the moral and spiritual welfare of the community.

C. G. Maybury, chairman of the board of stewards, has also been an official of Central Church for more than fifty years, and maintains his interest in the work of the Church with the earnestness of younger days and the optimistic ardor of one who thinks the best time is now and that a better time is coming.

LXIV

ST. PAUL PILLARS

B. F. HOYT was one of the first Methodists in Minnesota, coming to St. Paul in 1848, and a charter member of the first class organized there, and through all the years following a loyal, devoted, and influential member of Jackson Street Church.

At our first Conference in St. Paul, in 1858, I was his guest, when he lived in the big stone house on Dayton's Bluff, and found him then and ever after a good man to know and meet as a friend and brother. He was one of the most helpful men in the official board when I was pastor of that Church.

Major McClain also came about the same time as Mr. Hoyt, and for some years was Indian agent at Ft. Snelling. He was also editor and publisher of one of the first newspapers in Minnesota and prominent in politics and all public affairs, and also a charter member of Jackson Street Church, of which

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he was a trustee and faithful official till the last. He was a gentleman of the old school, a brother of the distinguished Judge John McClain, and knew the early bishops and leaders of Western Methodism, of whom he loved to talk and could talk in a way most interesting for me to hear.

A. F. Parker, son-in-law of Dr. Cyrus Brooks; A. D. Davidson, contractor and builder, with whom I boarded two years; Col. J. Ham Davidson, attorney and newspaper man; Brother Lanpher, actuary of Oakland Cemetery; Parker Paine, banker; George H. Hazzard, real estate agent; Brother Swain, photographer; and General George C. Smith, principal of the Jefferson School, were among the official and active members of Jackson Street Church during my first pastorate there. All of them, I believe, were good men, and all but three of them have gone over to the majority with whom in God's good time, I trust, we shall all meet "where congregations ne'er break up."

J. F. Tostevin has been connected with Central Park (formerly Jackson Street) Church for more than fifty-five years. Much of this time he has been class leader, most

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of it a trustee, and now, for a score of years, president of the board. Next to his home and family, his heart and life are with his Church, to which he has given thought and prayer and money and service perhaps to the limit of his ability

John C. Quinby was also for fifty years a member of Central Park Church, most of the time steward or trustee, or both, and for the last twenty years Church treasurer. When his business prospered he was very generous to the Church, and it was a serious affliction of his last years that he was unable to continue his contributions on the scale to which he had been accustomed. He also loved the Church as he loved his own life and, I trust, is now with the Church of the first-born, where he is understood and appreciated more than he could be here.

John H. Reaney was not so long in Central Park Church as the others named, but was a man of such character as made his membership of as much value as that of many whose years were more numerous. The circumstances which brought him into the Church are instructive and suggestive. We were holding union revival meetings; the First

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Baptist, the Central Presbyterian, and our Church (Jackson Street Methodist) being thus engaged. One evening during the service the janitor came to me, saying that a gentleman at the door requested me, after the service, to call at his house and baptize a sick child that might not live till morning.

After the service the pastors and committee in charge of the meetings stayed to consult about further plans and methods. Our meeting was prolonged and interesting, and when we adjourned I forgot the sick child and went home and to bed. After midnight I awoke and thought of the child, got up and dressed, and went to the house, where I found the parents watching and the child asleep, and told them not to wake it then; that it would probably live for a day or two, and I would call and baptize it in the morning, which I did.

After the baptism the father followed me outside to say something he did not want his wife to hear: "Last night, when you did not come, I had hard thoughts about you and ministers generally; but when you left your bed and took the long walk to come after midnight, I condemned myself for my hard

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thoughts of you, and feel that I ought to be a better man.”

He had not been a church-going man, but after this came constantly, was converted, and joined us, and became one of our best and most helpful members and officials.

God's ways are not our ways. He can make even our mistakes, when they are not intended, accomplish His purposes better than our deliberate plans and devices.

LXV

WOMAN'S WORK

METHODISM from the first has owed much to the good women who have been attracted to it by the liberty it has given them and by the fervor of its worship. It owes almost as much to Susannah Wesley as to her two illustrious sons. And Minnesota Methodism has had its share of women whose gifts and graces have been potent factors in its success.

Mrs. Goheen, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Winchell, and others like them have in their way been as helpful to our cause in Minneapolis as any of the men that have been named; and Mrs. D. S. B. Johnston, Mrs. Sabin, Mrs. Stanton, and others have been equally helpful to St. Paul Methodism.

LXVI

A LIVING EPISTLE

No woman in the history of Winona is remembered and honored more than Mrs. Margaret Simpson. She was an incarnation of Christian charity. Fitted by nature, education, and social position for society, she gave her time and strength, outside of her domestic duties, to the poor, the sick, the aged, and to all the sons and daughters of sorrow, and was ministering angel in all the abodes of want and woe. In her model home Christian hospitality was seen at its best, and many of God's children will long remember and give thanks for its benefits. Her beneficent life was fitly crowned and completed with the glory of sanctified suffering. As long as it was possible she kept to herself the secret of the deadly disease that was stealing her life away, giving help and sympathy to others when she needed them so much herself. With pain for a constant companion, and death

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staring her in the face, she went about doing good in the spirit of Him “who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.” Such self-abnegation brought her into closest fellowship with the suffering Christ, and as she bore her cross after Him there came to her from Him “the peace of God which passeth all understanding” and into her home “the light that never shone on sea or land.” That home became the center of sympathy from the whole community.

The Catholic priest and the Episcopal rector commended her to God in their prayers and to their people as an example of Christian virtue; and around her bier people of all classes and creeds were drawn by the sense of a common love and a common loss. The secret of this noble life and character was “the faith of the Son of God.” By this she conquered the temptations of both prosperity and adversity. By this she passed serenely through the fiery ordeal that ended her pilgrimage. “She overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of her testimony and loved not her life unto the death.”

LXVII

A BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHT

MRS. MARY C. NIND was an English lady of uncommon gifts and graces. An earnest Christian from childhood, she learned in this country that the doctrine of St. John, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" and that "perfect love casteth out fear," were meant to be taken at their full value and realized in present personal experience. And with characteristic decision she claimed this privilege for herself and passed from the bondage of doubt and fear into the liberty of the children of God, and testified in the Church to the conscious possession of "full and free and present salvation" through faith in Him "who is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

But that Church held that St. Paul's advice to the women of Corinth was not only for that place and time, but for all places and all time, and that Christian women are forever to keep silent in the Church, and also that

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some sin must remain in us till death delivers us. And so, finding that the liberty which God had given her could not be exercised there, Mrs. Nind withdrew from that Church and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after this she came to Winona and joined Central Church, where she became a leader and power for good in the Church and the community.

She had the gift of utterance in large measure and could speak on matters of religious experience better than many ministers, and was led on and drawn out step by step till she became an evangelist whose earnest and eloquent appeals were heard by many who by them were turned to righteousness. She also became a conspicuous worker in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, one of its chief officers, and in its service traveled over the country, delivering addresses and inspiring women of the Church with her own evangelistic and missionary spirit. In this work she visited the women's missions in India, China, Korea, Japan, and other foreign fields, and was everywhere an efficient and inspiring helper of the consecrated women who are doing so great a work for

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heathen homes, which men can not do, but which must be done before those homes can be Christianized.

Mrs. Nind had a vigorous English constitution and a mind as vigorous as her body, with a rare aptitude and love for work, and the serene optimistic temperament which is not easily tired or discouraged, fortified by strong faith and the love that never faileth; and so she was "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that her labor was not in vain in the Lord." Moreover, she had a large fund of practical sense and an amount of tact which fitted her to deal successfully with difficulties that would have seemed insurmountable to others; and so she did her work without fretting or friction, with singleness of mind and gladness of heart, bringing joy and gladness to many other hearts and homes. Among the wise and good women of American Methodism who, like Barbara Heck, Phoebe Palmer, and Frances Willard, have been potent allies of its faithful ministers in "spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands," Mary C. Nind deserves and has a place of honor.

LXVIII

SUFFERING SAINTS

THE work of the Church in the world is as vast and varied as human need, and requires for its accomplishment all varieties of character. Some are fitted for positions of prominence and publicity; others for places more lowly and obscure; and still others are called to serve in silence and suffering like subterranean streams which, unseen and unheard, find their way to the sea. One of these was Mrs. Martha A. Chapman, who came from Boston to Minnesota in 1868 and made her home at first near Cannon Falls, where I met her in 1869, and afterward at Duluth, as her pastor, became more intimately acquainted with her. Her religious life from the first interested me, and from her I learned as much about the deep things of God as from any person I have known.

Her mind was of the type which finds congenial companionship in such teachers as

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John Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, and Francis Fenelon. These are the minds which see behind the passing shows of life the realities which do not show or pass.

This type of mind does not seem at home in this strenuous age in which physical science so largely influences human thought. Practical people, who live on the surface and get the visible goods, regard mysticism as a sort of lunacy enamored of shadows. Nevertheless, superior minds, like Plato, St. Paul, St. John, Pascal, Kant, Carlyle, and Emerson, the saints and sages of all the ages, know that spirit, and not matter, rules the universe, and that mysticism is much nearer the eternal truth than materialism. It was therefore interesting to meet an American woman who had gone deep enough below the visible and temporal into the unseen and eternal to realize that the life of God in the soul is the supreme life and the only life worth living. Mrs. Chapman's first lessons in religion were received from her brother, a saintly man and minister of the New England Conference, with whom she lived before her marriage.

Consciously converted in early life, she united with the Church; and accepting its

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teachings concerning perfect love and entire sanctification, she sought and, as she believed, found that grace. After years of earnest endeavor to realize her ideals she felt the need of something still more deep and thorough, and made a more complete consecration of herself than she had been able to do before. With this came a great influx of light and life and power to help sinning and suffering souls by suffering with and for them. Her life was henceforth largely one of vicarious suffering and sacrifice. People came to her burdened with all sorts of sins and sorrows, which she seemed to take upon herself, while they were delivered. Some of these cases I knew in which persons unable to get relief any other way got it apparently in this way.

We are commanded to bear one another's burdens, and here it was literally done. But the worst and heaviest burdens are those which crush the soul rather than the body; and how can such burdens be transferred from soul to soul? It is all mystery; but all deep things are rooted in mystery. This good woman bore the burdens of other souls, but there was no one to bear her burdens. She

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felt that she was in the fellowship of His sufferings of whom it was said, "He saved others, Himself He can not save." The sins and woes of the fallen and lost were laid on her with crushing weight, while "the Spirit in her made intercession for them with groanings which can not be uttered."

Physical infirmities, personal and domestic sorrows increased these burdens. Her dearest friends died. Her first-born, a noble young man worthy of such a mother, was taken away. Her mother, sisters, brother, and others almost as near preceded or followed him; her own health gave way; a complication of painful maladies consumed her strength and exhausted her vitality. Broken with breach upon breach, environed on all sides with trouble and sorrow, she renounced all things and found her home in the will of God. In the waters of a full cup wrung out to her no element of bitterness was lacking. Yet no murmur escaped her lips, no complaint was uttered. "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." When the son upon whom she leaned as her last earthly prop was taken from her, she sat down at his organ and sang out of his book:

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“By Thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but Thine own;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Evermore Thy will be done.”

For fifteen years she was shut out from social life and Church privileges and shut in with the cross on which she died daily.

Afflicted people testified that her presence and prayers brought them relief from maladies of both mind and body; but no prayer brought her relief; she suffered on. From such crucifixion as this all that is human in us shrinks. There are many kinds of martyrdom; but the martyrs have no choice; they only know that their times are in God's hand; that whether they live, they live unto the Lord, and whether they die, they die unto the Lord; so that living or dying, they are the Lord's and that He is glorified alike in their death and in their life.

And so it was with her. The peace of God and the light of the holy city where they need no sun were on her face; and as we looked on the shining face and the white robes in the coffin we could think only of those “who came out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

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While my thoughts are with the suffering saints, two others come before me who are worthy of something more than passing mention. Levi Gleason, who died last year, was one of those good and true men who do the hard and humble work of the Church with a fidelity which never receives adequate recognition here. He was never really strong and well physically; but who ever heard him complain or ask for something easier because of his infirmities? His work was on poor and hard circuits; I do n't think he ever received more than seven hundred dollars in any year of his ministry; yet he was always cheerful and helping to make other people happy.

Selfish ambition, if he ever had it, died out long ago, and the "love that seeketh not her own and envieth not" seemed to rule his life. But Christian humility does not make men weak, but strong, and Brother Gleason was a manly man, patient in suffering, brave in danger, firm in temptation.

In 1864, when our Civil War was at its worst, he was drafted into the army. The examining surgeons said he was n't strong or well enough for a volunteer or enlisted man, but would do for a drafted man, and

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so he put on the uniform and marched with Sherman to the sea; and so conducted himself as a soldier that he won the respect of the whole regiment, men and officers, and by the latter was unanimously elected chaplain of the regiment, which office he filled with helpfulness to his comrades and honor to himself to the close of the war. General Bishop, who commanded the regiment at that time, speaks of him highly as a man and soldier and chaplain.

W. S. Cochrane was compelled, sixteen years ago, to retire from the effective ranks by one of the worst diseases known, which has made him utterly helpless, unable to move or use any part of his body but his brain, all his physical faculties and forces gone forever; but the power to think and believe and hope and love remains unimpaired and is stronger rather than weaker because of the wreck and loss of other powers. While the outward man perishes the inward man is renewed day by day; and as the vision of things seen passes away, the vision of the unseen and eternal grows brighter and brighter, and his annual messages to our Conference are not those of a wounded and disabled sol-

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dier in the holy war, but of one who has fought a good fight and sees victory and glory ahead.

There is something inspiring in the way “the disciple whom Jesus loved” began his last message to the suffering Church of his time: “I, John, who am also your *brother and companion in tribulation and in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.*” The Kingdom and patience are inseparable, and these suffering saints are doing as much for the Kingdom as those who are doing most by their visible activities.

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

LXIX

HAMLIN UNIVERSITY

THIS institution from the first has been a large factor in our work. Many of our best young preachers have received their preparatory training there. The fathers who founded it were not college graduates. We had no colleges for them in their day, and they wanted their sons and successors in the gospel to have a better preparation for the ministry than themselves.

When the Minnesota Conference was organized Jabez Brooks was the only college graduate in its membership. But the preparatory department of Hamline was already in operation, and the first session of the Conference was held in the college chapel. The times were hard; preachers and people were poor; churches and parsonages had to be built, and it was a struggle everywhere to get money enough to keep our heads above water. But even in these times we did what we could

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for Hamline. Samuel Spates was sent out as agent to sell scholarships, take collections, and secure students; and in spite of poverty the school grew and prospered every way except financially. During the dark days of the Civil War, when many of the boys and some of the professors were in the army and some Western colleges had to close their doors, Hamline kept right on with its beneficent work. In those days the faculty had a hard time to keep the wolf—not from the door, for he was there; but to keep him from getting inside the house.

Farmers whose sons and daughters were in the school paid for them in produce and truck, which the faculty divided among themselves pro rata. Amid these difficulties excellent work was done, and not a few of the students of that time have since become eminent in Church and state. Hamline at that time was the only school of college grade in Minnesota, and so was better supplied with students than with funds. Year after year the deficit grew, till at length, in 1869, the trustees decided to close the school and wait for better times.

During this period of suspension we had

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overtures from different towns and cities, inviting us to locate in them; but the trustees and friends of Hamline could not agree on a new site till the present one was offered. At this time Dr. Chaffee was agent, and to him more than to any other man the arrangement is due by which we are now in the present location. We are also largely indebted to him for getting the first building erected and other facilities for opening the school secured. This was done in 1880, with Dr. D. C. John president and Professor Bradley and Professor George C. Innis, faculty.

The new school got a good start and graduated its first class in 1883, at which time Dr. John resigned and Dr. George H. Bridgman was elected president. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, then our resident bishop, who had educational experiences as president of Wesleyan University before his election to the episcopacy, and was now president of our Board of Trustees, recommended Dr. Bridgman to the board, by whom he was unanimously elected.

The new president found the position anything but a sinecure. The winter before, the main building, the only one we then had

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except part of the Ladies' Hall, was burned, and the school since the fire had been conducted in Ladies' Hall. Buildings had to be erected, apparatus provided, debts paid, endowment secured, and students attracted. It was almost, if not quite, a case of making bricks without straw. But the bricks have been made and can be seen with the naked eye on the campus, where five handsome buildings now appear where, when Bridgman began, there was part of one and the ruins of another.

This kind of work requires a good deal of money, which can be obtained only from those who have it; whose confidence and good-will must be secured before we can get their contributions. In this delicate and difficult business Dr. Bridgman has shown himself an expert and has erected for himself a monument which bears witness to his ability in this hardest part of a college president's work. Next to this in importance is the securing of a competent faculty, men with scholarship, ability, and character, to command the respect and confidence of the students and help them, but not too much, in their work.

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In this too Dr. Bridgman has been successful, and it is the opinion of men well qualified to judge that the faculty of Hamline will not suffer by comparison with the faculty of any other similar institution in the country.

The quality and standing of the alumni of a school are perhaps the best evidences of its success and efficiency; and in this also the present administration of Hamline has made a record of which its friends and patrons may well be proud. Graduates of Hamline are to-day eminent in nearly all pursuits and professions; in law, in medicine, in the ministry, in education, in business, in all sorts of useful work they are making an honorable name for themselves and their alma mater. These results, of course, are not due to the president alone, nor to any one person; yet he and every other educator must share in the honor or dishonor of those who have been under his régime.

One of the distinctive features of Hamline has been the moral and religious tone and spirit of its students. In this regard it has maintained a high standard, as ministers, missionaries, and Christian workers of all

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kinds among its alumni testify. The religious and social services maintained by the students themselves have had a salutary influence upon all their other activities.

It was my good fortune to spend six of the best years of my life at Hamline in close relations with the students, both young men and young women, who seemed to me to be as fine a body of young people as can be found at any school in the country, with aims and ideals becoming undergraduates of a Christian college whose reputation and honor were as dear to them as their own; and the record of many of them since then shows that this estimate was not a mistake.

The faculty I also found to be scholars and gentlemen well qualified for their work and doing it faithfully and efficiently. Most of the present faculty are comparatively new men, with whom my acquaintance is limited and of whom I hear nothing but good. But three of the oldest members of the faculty: Dean Batchelder, Dr. Innis, and Dr. Osborn, were my near neighbors, with whom I had a good deal to do and with ample opportunities to know what manner of men they are. I venture to assert that no college in this country

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or any other country has professors better qualified for the positions they fill or more worthy of the respect and confidence they have won and deserve as scholars, teachers, good citizens, and Christian gentlemen.

The great work Dr. Bridgman has done for Hamline speaks for itself and needs no further comment. If, as some of his critics say, his strenuousness in getting money, buildings, and better material conditions for the school has kept him from giving due personal attention to students and has developed in him the *fortiter in re* rather than the *suaviter in modo*, this only shows that he is a "mere man," subject to the inevitable limitations of all finite beings.

LXX

RED ROCK

Six miles below St. Paul, on the bank of the Mississippi, is a large boulder painted with red stripes, which was a sort of fetich for the Indians in their time and now gives name to an adjacent grove known as Red Rock Park. Here for forty-three years Methodists from all parts of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, the two Dakotas, North and South, have been accustomed to assemble annually for a camp-meeting the fame of which has spread far and wide. Many distinguished men, preachers, teachers, evangelists, bishops, missionaries, philanthropists, reformers, doctors of high degree and low degree and no degree, have here been heard pleading for every cause which has for its aim and end the moral and spiritual betterment of mankind.

Here, in 1837, the first Methodist mission

RED ROCK

to the Indians of the Northwest was established, and here the graves of some of the children of the missionaries still remain.

John Holton, the missionary blacksmith, who stayed after the Indians were removed and the mission abandoned, donated the ground on which the camp was pitched.

C. G. Bowdish, Parker Paine, A. H. Rose, J. F. Tostevin, J. C. Quinby, D. S. B. Johnston, and others became a corporation who held it in trust for Methodism and enlarged it by purchase of land adjacent. Most of the original incorporators have died, and their survivors some years ago deeded the property to the Pentecostal Association, who now own and control it.

Red Rock was dedicated and consecrated in 1868 to the promotion of the great doctrines and experiences for which Methodism stands: Justification by faith; regeneration by the Holy Spirit; entire sanctification by faith, and the witness of the Holy Spirit to the realization of these graces in personal experience here and now. These are the truths taught, emphasized, testified, and realized at Red Rock through all the years; and as a result of this hundreds and thousands of peo-

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ple have entered into these experiences, many of whom are now with "the Church triumphant which is without fault before the throne of God."

The fathers and founders of Minnesota Methodism: Chauncey Hobart, David Brooks, Cyrus Brooks, James F. Chaffee, John Quigley, Sias Bolles, Daniel Cobb, John W. Powell, and Thomas Gossard, have here preached their best sermons.

Bishops Taylor, Merrill, Foss, FitzGerald, Fowler, Joyce, and McIntyre, all our resident bishops, have here edified and inspired multitudes by their wisdom, wit, and eloquence.

Our best evangelists, Walter Palmer, Phoebe Palmer, William McDonald, Thomas Harrison, Samuel A. Keen, Sam Jones, Joseph H. Smith, and Henry C. Morrison, have here brought sinners to repentance and believers to entire consecration and sanctification through faith in "the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Since the management came into the hands of the Pentecostal Association, the great specialty of Methodism, holiness of heart and life, as the present privilege and duty of believers, has been made most prominent in

RED ROCK

preaching. For several years past H. C. Morrison and Joseph H. Smith have been the evangelists and have conducted the meetings with great success. Joseph H. Smith, as a Biblical expository preacher, is an expert and past master of high degree, and as preacher and teacher of the deep things of God has no superior. H. C. Morrison, editor of the *Pentecostal Herald* and president of Asbury College, is an orator born and made and baptized with "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind," and his magnetic eloquence is mighty to move the people.

These two evangelists supplement and complement each other in a remarkable way, and together make the most effective combination we ever had at Red Rock.

It was my privilege on the First Sunday of the camp-meeting last year to hear Bishop McIntyre in the morning, Joseph H. Smith in the afternoon, and H. C. Morrison in the evening; and three sermons so full of gospel light and life and power on one day I never heard before.

Red Rock has been a power for good in Minnesota Methodism, but ought to be a much greater power, and would be if our

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preachers and people would give it a chance. It would be a good thing for our Twin City Churches to close up during the camp-meeting and come down *en masse* to Red Rock and get aroused and equipped for a great summer campaign for salvation. Two or three Churches in each city might be kept open for those who could not come; but for all the rest the best place in which to spend the time would be Red Rock. Our summer services in cities are mostly feeble and impotent affairs, in which we do not even hold the fort, but often lose the outposts and approaches.

Backsliding is common in hot weather. The preacher takes a vacation, and all his flock that can afford it do the same. The "supply" is a stranger, who is not always taken in or much encouraged by the empty seats and drowsy people that confront him. The service is perfunctory. Nobody expects that any one will be saved, or tries to save him, and so we "mark time" and wait for cooler weather and the return of the absentees. Meanwhile Satan is busy with them that have a vacation and with them that stay at home. Those that go and those that stay,

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many of them, not excepting the preacher always, lose more spiritually than they gain physically, and “rally day” finds many of them “weak and weary and helpless and defiled.”

LXXI

“AROUSEMENTS” NEEDED

A HALF century ago Methodists got their summer vacations at camp-meetings in a way less expensive and more healthy for souls and bodies than that in vogue now. They got away from toil, business, and care, and found the rest, not of inanity, but of high thinking and holy feeling. They passed from world weariness into “the rest that remains for the people of God.” They knew the truth they often sang:

“ With Thee conversing we forget
All time and toil and care.”

We go to the woods now to hunt or fish or loaf, but not to seek God or save souls. There are times, no doubt, in our present-day strenuous life when hunting, fishing, and loafing help men out of tiresome ruts and routine into needed rest and relaxation. But

“AROUSEMENTS” NEEDED

there is a better way still; to turn from the world that wearies us to Him who says, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” And the men of to-day even more than those of yesterday need this rest of the soul. And there is no better place in which to get this mind-cure, the heart’s ease, than a good camp-meeting. Religion itself, when it runs in ruts and mere routine, becomes tiresome. The dull monotony of many Church services tires preachers and people, and one such service a day is all they can stand. If they would get away from such perfunctory performances, and worship God in spirit and in truth for a week or two in the woods, they would find it healthful and exhilarating for both souls and bodies. Camp-meeting and revival “arousements” are as much needed now as they ever were. The notion that culture is fatal to religious emotion is based on a half truth.

Culture controls emotion and our ways of expressing it, but does not extinguish or lessen it. If it did, it would be a curse. Our emotions may be good or bad, and when they are good they are the best things in us. Peace, joy, love are emotions, and without

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them we would be morbid monstrosities. Right feeling is the effect of right thinking, and the more we think the more we feel, and our religion needs not less, but more of both thought and feeling.

LXXII

RELIGION FOR THE TIMES

THE religion of the Bible, the Christian religion, is religion of the heart. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

Ethical religion, esthetic religion, intellectual religion, are all good and necessary phases of true religion, according to the varieties of mind and temperament and training. But the religion of Christ is for the whole man: conscience, taste, reason, imagination, emotion, will; and "heart-felt" religion includes them all. For whatever rules the heart rules the man. The religion of the heart will express itself differently in different people. Deep feeling makes some people silent; in others it impels to action; in others it expresses itself in speech or song. Let each express it in his own way; but let no

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one assert that his way is the only right way. Let the Quaker be still; let the Salvationist clap his hands or beat his drum; let the Methodist shout or sing; but let rant and cant of order or disorder be abolished, that God may be worshiped in spirit and in truth. Genuine feeling in most men expresses itself in some audible or visible way, and religious feeling is no exception. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Religion needs to be natural as well as supernatural.

To choke it down because it is unfashionable to express it heartily and naturally, is unhealthy and unholy and helps nobody. The silence and stolidity of many religious services is one reason for their non-attractiveness and unprofitableness. People who fear excitement in religion are not afraid of it in other things.

Men will drink and dance and gamble and swear till they are half-crazed, but they are afraid religion will suffer from undue excitement. They are shocked by an amen in Church, but howl themselves hoarse at a baseball game and get fighting mad when the umpire decides against them. Men never were

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more emotional and excitable than now. In business, in politics, in sports and pleasures the man of to-day is more alive, alert, and intense than his ancestors. It is only in religion that he lacks emotion, and this because secular emotions have crowded spiritual ones down and out. Absorbed and excited by things temporal, he is dull and comatose to things eternal. His intense excitement about little things has exhausted his capacity for healthy feeling about great things. The alleged aversion of educated minds to religious emotion—so far as it is true—is not an aversion to emotion, but to religion itself and can not be overcome by an emotionless religion. The tremendous secular and selfish excitements of this age can be conquered and consecrated to higher aims only by a religion that shall move mightily on the intellect, the conscience, the hearts, and the souls of men. And it would greatly help to promote this consummation if our preachers and people generally would spend their summer vacation, or part of it at least, in the woods with God and the sublimities, splendors, and glories of His eternity.

LXXIII

AN OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETING

IT may help to illustrate and elucidate the truth I have been trying to express to present a picture of a camp-meeting as it was seen and felt in the early days.

It is one of the paradoxes of life that our helps may become hindrances and our hindrances helps, and nowhere is this seen more than in camp-meetings. The more we have improved it, the less we have made of it. Our additions are subtractions, our improvements incumbrances. The present-day camp-meeting with its cottages, hotels, auditoriums, comforts and conveniences, order and decorum, interests and attracts people less than the old-time camp-meeting with its rawness and rusticity.

Physical comfort does not always make the strongest appeal to human nature. There are times when we tire of our monotonous luxuries and prefer the perils and privations

AN OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETING

of camps and battlefields to the enervating indulgences of a superfine civilization. Something of this savagery or simplicity seizes us in summer, when we want to get away from the comforts and conventions of city life to rough it in the woods and camp in the wilderness. The old-time camp-meeting appealed to this primitive instinct and made religious use of it.

A week in the woods, where one could have both solitude and society, rest for the body and food for the mind, meet old friends and make new ones, hear old songs and sermons made new by new experiences, come into vital contact with living nature and the living God—this infused into life an element of poetry and invested religion with a glamour of romance which the more prosaic piety of this time lacks. The picturesque features of the old camp, its simplicity, hospitality, cordiality, and unconventionality gave it a charm missing in the more elaborate and artificial assemblies of our time. The impression made by the first one I saw, after sixty years abides with me still.

LXXIV

MY FIRST CAMP-MEETING

WE arrived towards evening and saw a magnificent grove of majestic trees beneath whose boughs was an array of white tents, enough apparently to shelter a small army. Beyond the tents the woods were full of horses and vehicles and people, many of them camping in canvas-covered wagons. The only building visible was the preachers' stand, a raised platform, roofed, and inclosed on three sides, and open in front. Before this was the auditorium, a great open space, roofed by the sky and walled by the white tents of the inner circle, and seated with rough planks without backs, on which no one seemed ever to get tired, however long the sermons—and they were long.

Soon the trumpet sounded, and the people came pouring in from all sides for the even-

MY FIRST CAMP-MEETING

ing service till the great forest temple was filled with worshipers.

The singing of the multitude was like "the noise of many waters," the prayer seemed to open heaven, and the preaching was "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

An awful sense of the divine and eternal seemed to fill the place and make one feel that it was holy ground.

The majestic forest, illumined by the fires below and the stars above, the great white camp spread out under it, the flames and smoke ascending from the fire-stands or from ancient altars, the solemn faces of the great assembly, the sound of the trumpet long and loud, and the religious awe which brooded over all, made one think of that great marching and camping host of long ago:

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame."

In such a place at such a time preaching and prayer and song have a power and impressiveness hardly possible amid the artificialities and conventionalities which control much

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of our present-day worship; and the old-time camp-meeting was the house of God and gate of heaven and the spiritual birthplace of multitudes of souls. It was therefore to be expected that every preacher there would be at his best, and the great sermons of those days were heard at camp-meetings.

LXXV

A CAMP-MEETING SERMON

ONE such sermon will serve as a sample of the preaching which then drew crowds to camp-meetings. It was at one of the first meetings of this kind held in Minnesota. The preacher, Chauncey Hobart, was more than other men the father and founder of Minnesota Methodism. He came here in 1849, when Indians and buffaloes still roamed at large over the wilderness. He was presiding elder of a district which included all the state of Minnesota (then a territory) and a large part of Wisconsin, which he traveled by steamboat, canoe, ox-team, horseback, and on foot, in perils and privations of all sorts, carrying to the scattered settlers wherever he could find them the gospel which had been the power of God unto his salvation and would be to their salvation on the same terms.

He was now in his prime, physical and mental, tall and straight and strong, with a

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classic face and head which, Edward Eggleston said, made him think of Cicero.

At his best he was a preacher of great power, and at his worst as prosy as any man could be, and on this occasion he touched both extremes. It was a hot day in the afternoon and the people were feeling the reaction from the morning "arousements" and the soporific effects of the heat and heavy dinner. They were at first dull and sleepy, and the sermon slow and somnolent, and soon many of them seemed to be fast asleep.

The preacher for a time struggled awkwardly with the infelicities of the situation, striving in vain to get "out of the brush," and then suddenly stopped and stood silently looking over the congregation till he got their attention. "It is a rule with me," he said, "not to preach after a majority of the people are asleep, and I have been counting the sleepers to see, and think they are not yet quite a majority, and so will go on."



This woke them up and woke him up, and he now began to preach. His text was: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health

A CAMP-MEETING SERMON

of the daughter of my people recovered?"'
(Jeremiah 8:22.)

Plunging into his subject, he told us what sin is and what it does. That it is rebellion against God, whom it would dethrone and destroy if it could; that toward men it is selfishness, covetousness, greed, envy, jealousy, lust, falsehood, treachery, malice, and murder. It darkens the mind, blinds the judgment, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, inflames the passions, and enslaves the will. It corrupts society, fills the world with vice and crime, want and woe, desolating homes, blasting hopes, breaking hearts, and reddening earth with the blood of fratricidal strife till the Eden which God made is turned into the hell of sin and Satan. Because man is immortal and God immutable and law eternal, the curse and consequence of unrepented sin are eternal also. Terrible here, it will be more terrible there when retribution begins and hope dies in "the blackness of darkness forever." This tremendous indictment sounded like the thunder peal of the judgment day, and the preacher himself seemed appalled by the peril he had pictured.

Then pausing and looking far off, as if to

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scan the horizon for any sign of help and hope, he cried out: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel traveling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save!" The effect was electric and overwhelming. That word "mighty to save" seemed to pierce and scatter the cloud black with wrath and ruin which hung over us, and "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" came streaming down upon us. After the great condemnation the great salvation filled heaven and earth with its splendor.

The transition from gloom to glory filled us with joy unspeakable, and strong men arose from their seats and made the woods ring with their hallelujahs.

After this outburst the preacher went on for a half hour more, holding all hearts in the hollow of his hand as he rode on the sky and published the praise and glory of the Great Deliverance and the Great Deliverer. We saw the river of life clear as crystal coming from the throne of God and the Lamb, deepening and widening as it flows on

A CAMP-MEETING SERMON

till all earth's stains are washed away, all its deserts irrigated, and all its sons bathed and cleansed and cured in its healing waters, and all the mountains are ablaze with light and beautiful with the feet of them that publish salvation and say unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth."

I could easily criticise the first part of that sermon, but the last disarmed and disabled all my critical faculties.

"I was all ear, and took in strains
Which might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

I think every man sometimes has his highest flight, and that was probably Dr. Hobart's highest. I heard him often and was always edified, but never saw him soar as he did then.

He was my presiding elder and one of the best and purest men I have known. Years before he died he asked me to preach his funeral sermon, and it was one of the sorrows in a time of sorrow that when he crossed the bridgeless river I was apparently on its brink myself and not able to comply with his last request. He was friend and father to me in my youth, and to him and Richard Haney,

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Matthew Sorin, and Peter Akers I am more indebted than to any other men. They gave me views of God and Christ and of Methodism and the power that has made it what it is and what a Methodist preacher ought to be, which have inspired me to follow, though at a distance, in their steps, "faint, yet pursuing."

LXXVI

FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN

AMONG the retired veterans who have filled the office of presiding elder with credit to themselves and the Church are W C. Rice, H. C. Bilbie, J W Martin, W K. Marshall, H. H. Way, E. R. Lathrop, and William McKinley. Of these, Rice, Bilbie, Lathrop, and McKinley have each been members of the Conference for more than forty years.

W C. Rice is an alumnus of Old Hamline when it was located in Red Wing, one of a group of students who in the early days sought and found wisdom there, and afterward acquired distinction in church and state.

Among them were Henry Goodsell, who went to West Wisconsin and became prominent as pastor and presiding elder there, and is now one of the honored veterans of that Conference; Bradford P Raymond, who became president of Lawrence University, in Wisconsin, and more recently of Wesleyan

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University, in Middletown, Conn.; Hon. H. R. Brill, of St. Paul, and Hon. W. D. Hale, of Minneapolis, each of whom has served the state with honor in the higher courts of their respective cities and counties. To this class also belongs A. J. Meacham, of Hamline and Red Wing, well known in both places as a representative layman of our Church.

Brother Rice was and is a worthy companion and classmate of this group of able and efficient men, and as preacher, pastor, and presiding elder is in the front rank of the men who have helped to make Minnesota Methodism.

H. G. Bilbie has also borne the heat and the burden of the early days of pioneer toils and privations, and by energy, industry, intelligence, firmness, fortitude, and fidelity has won for himself an honorable place among the veterans of the holy war who have fought a good fight and have kept the faith and are still strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

J. W. Martin belongs to a family of preachers all of whom "have obtained a good report through faith," and none of them more worthy of it than he. By untiring industry,

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unswerving integrity, complete devotion to his work, and “patient continuance in well-doing;” in places large and small, in hard times and better times, in the Church and on the street, as preacher and pastor, he has lived and labored and loved and helped heavenward many souls who will be stars in the crown of his rejoicing in the day when God shall render to every man according to his work.



W K. Marshall was prominent in Kansas before he came to Minnesota, and the qualities which gave him distinction there have not failed him here.

Robust in body and mind, with intellect well trained and disciplined, with an ample vocabulary of fitting words and the earnestness, enthusiasm, and strong convictions which are the soul of oratory, he is an impressive speaker, strong in the pulpit and on the platform, and equally strong with the pen, which, with the skill of a former editor, he uses in contributions to our Church literature which are generally full of wholesome and inspiring truths which the times and the

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Churches and the people need to hear and ponder and pray over.

George H. Way was presiding elder for only a short time, but long enough to show that he has in him the material for a good one, except good health.

He is one of the good men whose merits are greater than their reputation, whose quiet and unobtrusive virtues command the confidence and esteem of those near them, but do attract the attention of people at a distance.

His purity, sincerity, mental vigor, clear thought, chaste style, personal and pastoral fidelity have given him a large place in the esteem and affections of the people whom he has served in the gospel, and the afflictions which have shadowed his life and which he has borne so patiently have won for him the sympathy of all his brethren.

One of the veterans whose name at every roll-call of Conference for forty-six years has brought the response, "Nothing against him," is Alfred Cressey, who, although he has not been presiding elder, is probably as well fitted for it as some who have had that office. Brother Cressey is an earnest, faithful, fearless, and forceful preacher of righteousness,

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truth-seeking and truth-speaking in love for it and God and man. His trumpet is one that gives no uncertain sound, and in the time when "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy" there is good reason to think that he will be among those who "shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.



H. G. Bilbie, E. R. Lathrop, W F Stockdill, C. A. Cressey, and William McKinley served in the Union army in our Civil War. Ransom Judd and Nicholas Ohlstrom died in the army during the war, and James Peet and Levi Gleason since the war, making nine men of our Conference who shared in the service and sacrifice which saved our Republic from disruption and destruction. Patriotism is one of the virtues native and normal to Minnesota.

Among the present leaders of the Conference, officially at least, are the district superintendents Drs. Cowgill, Longley, Craig, and Cahoon. Dr. Cowgill is master of the science and art of speaking and writing elegantly and eloquently. Well versed in the varieties of modern thought, he is able to express them with precision and force in a classic style

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which attracts and impresses cultured and thoughtful people. A gentleman by nature, a scholar by study and research, an earnest and faithful preacher and pastor by grace, he seems to be well fitted for the office and work of district superintendent.

Dr. Longley is also a master of logic and rhetoric, a thinker and speaker with something to say worth saying and worth hearing. His lecture on the "Taj Mahal" is a piece of descriptive oratory of extraordinary beauty which fully justifies his reputation for platform eloquence.

His financial and executive ability are also in evidence by the building of our beautiful Central Church in Winona during his pastorate there, and still more by the courage, skill, persistence, and success with which he collected the money to pay the great and crushing debt on Central Park Church in St. Paul.

Dr. Craig and Dr. Cahoon are both younger men than most of those appointed as district superintendents, and have been in the office so short a time that one hesitates to pass judgment on their official capacity and character. But from their records for efficiency

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in other positions and the success of their district work so far, those who know them best affirm that they will "make good" here, as elsewhere, and that the appointing power made no mistake in putting them where they are.

A story of this sort would be incomplete without some account of the pastors who more than any other class of men have made and done the things about which we are writing. It is obviously impossible within the prescribed limits to speak of them all or say much about any of them, except a few who may be regarded as representative of all.

J. F. Stout, Frank Doran, F. M. Rule, and Peter Clare, having all been presiding elders and three of them delegates to General Conference, may, without partiality or prejudice, be considered as fairly representative of the Minnesota Conference.

Differentiated as they are by nature, education, and grace, they represent varieties of mental and spiritual life and development in the Church and in the world which call for this variety of preachers and pastors. And it is one of the felicities of our ecclesiastical system that it has room and liberty for this

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variety of pastors and people and gives them all a chance, sooner or later, to come together and get what they need by a law in harmony with the nature of things and the nature of man.

It would be pleasant and might be profitable to characterize these brethren as I know and have known them for many years. They are in the prime of their manhood, mental and physical, and strong enough and good enough to bear inspection, delineation, and appreciation of the largest and most liberal kind. The important positions they have held and still hold is evidence of the high estimate put upon them and their work by the Church and its authorities. Of the veterans whose record is nearly complete and not likely to be altered, and of the officials whose positions make them public property, I have written freely and fully. But it is a delicate and somewhat risky business to put on record views of men who may have a large future before them, the developments of which may require us to revise or rescind present estimates. I will only say that if any of them by due process of law becomes my pastor, I will welcome him and pray for him and work

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with him to the best of my ability, cheerfully, heartily, and hopefully.

For those who in the nature of things must soon be leaders—the younger men, like Cone, Keeseey, Jamieson, Goodell, Cook, Taylor, Shuman, Pemberton, Robinson, Teachout, Johnston, Jones, Lutz, Jeffery, Stevens, Wood, Russel, DuBois, and a hundred others—I congratulate them on being called and commissioned to preach “the glorious gospel of the blessed God” in the best time the world has ever seen, in the best country on which the sun shines, in the best state and in the best Conference in Methodism. That other Conferences may be as good or better I do not deny; but as I am writing of persons and things within the range of my own experience and observation, I can say sincerely that there is no company of men on earth with whom I would rather live and die and live forever than the Minnesota Conference. The fifty-five years in which I have been associated with them have given me ample opportunity to know them as well as men can know each other, and, with due allowance for the inevitable infirmities and infelicities of mortal existence, I have found them good

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men and true, earnestly striving to practice what they preach and make the world better and happier by their lives and labors. Many of those with whom I began my ministry have passed into the larger life, where “the spirits of just men made perfect” are “without fault before the throne of God.” I do not think of them as unconscious or non-existent, “lost and swallowed up in the wide womb of uncreated night.” Their force is not spent; their work is not done. “They rest from their labors, and *their works do follow them.*” The memory of what they were and are inspires us to be and do our best to carry on the great work they left unfinished. The conservation of force is as real in the spiritual as in the physical realm. The fellowship of the spirit we had with them we still have. The communion of saints does not end with the grave. We are still brothers and companions in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. For in this Kingdom

“ Life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.”



The years that have passed since this story began have been among the most eventful in

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human history. In social life, in politics, in science, art, industry, religion, in all phases of our complex civilization, great changes have taken place. These changes have not all been for the best; but, on the whole, I think they have been for the better.

Great evils still exist. Great errors need to be corrected. Great wrongs need to be redressed. Great vices need to be cured. Great suffering needs to be ameliorated. But, bad as the world seems to be, it is a better world than it was fifty years ago. Material comforts and conveniences have multiplied. Knowledge has increased. Science has expanded. Education has advanced. Many forms of disease and suffering have been mitigated and abated.

The spirit of war and revenge is dying; the spirit of peace and brotherhood is growing. More statesmen, philanthropists, reformers, teachers, preachers, missionaries, and altruists of all kinds are thinking, planning, praying, and working for the material, moral, and spiritual betterment of mankind than ever before, and no candid observer will deny the success of this humane and Christian activity. More light, more life, more lib-

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erty, and more love are preparing the way for more of the true religion whose supreme precept is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." To have had any part, however small, in bringing about this improvement is a privilege and honor for which I am profoundly grateful to the good God whose providence has permitted me to live and labor in this good time. In many things of my life I might have been a wiser and better man, and for the best of it I need the mercy of God and the charity of men; and what I need I have; for both God and men will forgive the errors and accept the service in which the aim has been better than the performance.



Amid all the perplexing problems and unanswered questions of this restless age one thing is as clear and fixed a fact in my life as anything can be in human experience. This mysterious universe is not drifting wildly through boundless space and time without a guide and without a goal. Lawless chance, dark destiny, blind fate, pitiless force, and impersonal law do not rule the universe. In, behind, above, and through all visible and

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invisible facts and forces the Eternal Providence of Eternal Wisdom and Eternal Love orders and overrules all things that exist and all events that transpire for the good of all who live in harmony with His high and holy behests. From the day on which I gave myself to God to be guided by His counsel I have realized that "the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." And at the same time I have verified the truth, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Amid the mazes and mysteries of our earthly pilgrimage I have felt the need of a guide wiser and better than myself, and have found Him whenever I have sought Him with the whole heart. Amid all the changes of a long life, in many places and positions, in the city and the country, on circuits, stations, and districts, in all sorts of Churches large and small, poor and rich, weak and strong, in all sorts of societies, Conferences, and conventions, in plenty and in poverty, in health and sickness, in joy and sorrow, in youth and in age, when I have trusted in God I have not been confounded. My mistakes and failures have been when I have trusted in myself too

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much and in God too little; and my successes have been when I have trusted in Him with all my heart and made His will, and not my own, my guide. And so, if I had another life to live, I would make my consecration more complete, my faith more implicit, and my service more sincere. I would love myself less and God and my neighbor more, and strive more earnestly and persistently to be and do more like Him, “who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.”

LXXVII

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

THE longer one lives and learns, the more clearly he sees that there is no absolute beginning or ending of anything. All things are correlated, and nothing exists or can exist in absolute isolation from other things.

We are not isolated atoms in time and space, coming from nothing and going to nowhere, but living links in the endless chain of being which binds together all that is, all that has been, and all that shall be. We are children of the past and parents of the future. The past has made us what we are; the future will be what we make it, and we are bound to both by indissoluble ties. We owe to the past reverence, docility, gratitude; reverence for its wisdom and virtues, docility for the lessons it teaches, gratitude for the benefits it has conferred. We owe to the future the duty to transmit to it unimpaired and improved the good heritage we have received from the past. To do this we need

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the same spirit our fathers had, though we may not need to adopt their methods. They were not mere imitators of their predecessors, and we are not called to be mere imitators of them. God is the God of the living, and the light and guidance He gave to them He will give to us; not to walk in their way, but in His way.

New conditions have created new problems which we must solve and new duties which we must perform.

Life has become more complex, more intense, more arduous. Culture and civilization, which have multiplied our pleasures and privileges, have also multiplied our temptations and our perils. It is not easier, but harder, to live a holy life amid the comforts and luxuries of the present than it was amid the discomforts and privations of the past. The higher life in a mansion with all "modern improvements" is more difficult than it was when we lived in log cabins, dressed in homespun, and dieted on corn bread and succotash.

The heroic age of the Church is never past. The highest life is always heroic. True life is never a play, but a battle—

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“Iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.”

The call of Christ is now, as it always has been, to the highest heroism. “If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me,” is in the nature of things eternally obligatory. Therefore Methodist preachers and people need to-day, as much as in the days of Asbury and Akers, Haney and Hobart, to preach and practice radical regeneration, complete consecration, and entire sanctification. Who is sufficient for these things? The answer is, “My grace is sufficient for thee.”

Our gospel is not one of self-originated and self-terminated self-culture, but *the Gospel of Salvation by Grace*. “The excellency of the power is of God, and not of us,” and that word is forever true: “Not by might, nor by power, but *by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*”



Under this head of unfinished business it is proper for me to repeat that this is not designed to be a complete history of Minne-

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sota Methodism, but only an account of things within the range of my own experience and observation. Other things as important, perhaps more important, may be known to others, who can tell them better perhaps than I have told my story; and theirs and mine together may furnish some other writer with the material for a complete and comprehensive history.

In speaking of persons I have confined myself almost entirely to those who were here in the early days, most of whom are now in paradise, and the few that survive so near it that they are not likely now "to fall out by the way."

It is a delicate and rather perilous business to write about living men who have a future before them which may change them and compel others to change their present estimate of them. If I have said anything about such persons it is because they occupy positions, mostly official, which put them in the path of my story so that to omit speaking of them would make an awkward hiatus in the narrative.

Some of the retired veterans are, like myself, so near the end of the holy war that

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it is not likely they will now desert or do anything to stain the honorable record they have made; and without running any serious risk I may say that I have known H. G. Bilbie, W. C. Rice, Alfred Cressy, J. W. Martin, W. K. Marshall, W. S. Chase, J. W. Lewis, J. W. Stebbins, Joseph Hanna, W. F. Stockdill, W. H. Barkuloo, and C. B. Wyatt, all of them, with two exceptions, more than forty years, and am thankful that I have known them so long and so well and have had the privilege and the honor of being associated with them in the high and holy business of "spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands."

The "effective" men who are at the front as district superintendents and pastors, taken as a whole, seem to me worthy successors of those who laid the foundations on which they build and in some things better equipped for the work. Methodism in Minnesota is not a spent force; its energies are not exhausted, and if those who have its destinies in their hands are true to its spirit and "push the battle to the gate," the glory of the past will be swallowed up in the greater glory of the future.

LXXVIII

CONCLUSION

IN reviewing this record I see ample room for criticism and could easily point out defects and flaws. Criticism has its uses when it is controlled by candor and wisdom. Evil must be opposed and exposed, and that means adverse criticism. The muckrakers have their mission; let them perform it as bravely and as sweetly as they can. But I am not a critic, and have no desire to be one. The more I know of men and God and myself, the more I am persuaded that people generally need appreciation and recognition more than they need criticism. And so, in dealing with the characters which appear in these pages, it has been the good in them, and not the evil, on which I have dwelt. If any one says that this makes the story one-sided, I assent at once. If I must choose sides, I prefer the best side. On a cold day I always take the sunny side of the street,

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and in this cold world I can get more comfort for myself and can do more good to my neighbors by getting on the sunny side of them. God has been very good to me, and men also. "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" and so I say to Him:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

And He does this; we get what we give, and the longer I live the more I see that the best thing in life is the "Love which suffers long and is kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil." In this spirit I began, and in this spirit I end, praying that on them that read as well as on him that writes may come in increasing measure the blessedness of those who "know they have passed from death unto life, because they love the brethren."

SERMONS

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THE AIM AND METHOD OF OUR MINISTRY

“THEREFORE, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not. But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man’s conscience in the sight of God.” (2 Cor. 4:1, 2.)

To do anything well we need a right aim and a right method. To work wisely we must know what we are to do and how it is to be done. And nowhere is this more necessary than in the Christian ministry. For in no other calling are the temptations to depart from a right aim and a right method more numerous, and in none are the consequences of such departure more disastrous.

Amid the vast and varied interests which demand our attention and the many motives that influence our conduct we are in constant

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danger of forgetting first principles, and in constant need of being reminded of them.

This need, without other argument, is sufficient reason for selecting this subject for this time.

I. THE AIM OF OUR MINISTRY.

To commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God—this is the aim. It may be said that our work is to save souls. This is true, yet needs to be qualified. It is only, as instruments and figuratively, that men can be said to save souls. In the absolute sense, God alone can save. To be saved is to be “born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” But this divine birth is not attained till the will of man yields to the will of God. Thus there are three agents which must cooperate for the salvation of souls: the human teacher, the Divine Spirit, and the soul itself. These agents are all free, and if any one of them fails to do his part of the work it can not be completed. Man can resist man, and he can resist God. No power, human or divine, may coerce the free will. We can not and God will not convert men without their

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own consent. Our work, therefore, is limited by our own capabilities and by the capabilities of others.

The most faithful ministry may sometimes fail to win men to God. The greatest prophet cried, "Who hath believed our report?" "All the day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." But such discouragement need not divert us from our aim. Our proper work—that with which our responsibility ends—may always be done. We can commend ourselves to men's consciences even when we can not convert them. For, bad as men may be, they have a conscience by which they can discern the difference between right and wrong and feel the force of moral obligation. This we are to assume and assert, as Christ and His apostles did, without arguing too much to prove it. The proof is everywhere—in the laws, languages, literature, and religion of all nations. Conscience is the cornerstone of human society, underlying all our ideas of justice and injustice, honor and dishonor, merit and demerit. The moral law implies the existence of a moral nature, as civil law implies the existence of the civil state. The state

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proves itself by asserting itself, and conscience does the same. It is the great fact which makes morality and religion possible. It is the power in man which lifts him out of the bondage of fate and circumstances into moral freedom and religious responsibility. It is true that conscience, like other powers of the soul, may be impaired and perverted by sin, and is so impaired and perverted; but, though diseased and debilitated, it is not dead.

Amid all our moral darkness and disorder, conscience still witnesses for God in the soul. Claiming the right, even when it has lost the power to reign, it enters its everlasting protest against the selfishness and sensuality which degrade and destroy men. As the seashell is said to echo the moan of the sea from which it comes, so amid all our wandering conscience still echoes within the voice of God, from whom we come and to whom we return.

Conscience may be dethroned but can not be destroyed. It is the eternal and inalienable inheritance of man. For weal or woe, as a comfort or a curse, it is our companion forever. Silenced it may be for a time, but

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not always. If not heard and heeded now in the still small voice, it will be heard at last as the trump of doom. To arrest and arouse the conscience is the primary aim of the Christian ministry. The gospel, it is true, is to reach and renew all our spiritual powers and susceptibilities. The understanding is to be enlightened, the imagination purified, the taste corrected, the passions subdued, and all faculties and functions of our nature brought into harmony with the will of God.

As all have been damaged by sin, so all are to be restored by grace; but as conscience is the supreme authority in the soul, our regeneration and sanctification can be carried on only by its co-operation.

Man must be convinced of sin before he can be saved by grace. He must feel and confess his own unrighteousness before he can receive the righteousness of God. And this is the office of conscience—to pierce the soul with a sense of sin and guilt till out of the depths it cries for pardon and salvation.

Our work then is primarily with the conscience. Everything else must be subordinate to this. Our supreme business is to make men feel the force of the eternal truth.

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The religion of our time seems to be stronger on its esthetic than it is on its ethical side. It seems to have more power to please the taste than to arouse the conscience. It charms the eye and the ear with the beauties of architecture, music, oratory, and ornate services, but lacks the power to make men feel that right and wrong, heaven and hell, God and the soul, are the great and eternal realities.

Never has the Church been so strong in numbers, wealth, social position, and prestige as now. Never was the Christian ministry more intellectual, cultured, and eloquent. Never were there so many fraternities and organizations allied with the Church to strengthen and intensify its influence. Never was there more activity and enterprise in devising ways and means to make our churches attractive and the services conducted in them interesting. But everywhere there is complaint of lack of success. Theaters, dance halls, saloons, and shows of all sorts are crowded, but full churches are the exception, and ministers almost everywhere are discouraged by diminishing congregations. Our appeals to the eye and the ear and the imag-

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ination are not attracting men to the house and the worship of God. And, outside of the Church, the moral tone of society is not encouraging. With all our arts, sciences, philosophies, schools, and educational appliances, the art of right living is not as popular as that of money-getting or the exciting amusements which appeal to what is lowest in the nature of men. Practical politics is a synonym for corruption. Offices and votes are bought and sold without shame. In business, honesty is at a discount, and success is said to cover a multitude of sins. Looseness in domestic life, frequency of divorce, licentious literature, the nude and lewd in art, multiplying scandals and offenses against chastity and purity, are some of the signs that increasing wealth and luxury are doing for us what they have done for other nations—polluting and poisoning the springs of life and sapping the foundations of our national manhood.

And the moral tone of society is low because that of the Church is not high. In the reaction from Puritanic precision and Methodist asceticism we have run into a laxity that borders upon license. In diet, dress, dis-

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play, equipage, amusements, and sensuous pleasures of every sort, health of body and health of soul are both subordinated to the dictates of fashion. Self-denial is reduced to the minimum, and self-indulgence expanded to the maximum. The strait gate and the narrow way are widened to suit the times. To be behind the times or not “up to date” is dreaded more than sin or the wrath of God. Church discipline is relaxed so that Church membership is no longer proof of piety or morality. Many Church members habitually violate their Church vows without shame or fear of consequences. Preaching is in demand that will show men how, at the same time, to serve both God and Mammon—how to save themselves without forsaking their sins.

Much of what passes for advanced thought is unfriendly to good morals. Science is tainted with materialism, philosophy with pantheism, and both with fatalism, and are thus brought into a false position of antagonism to Christian morality. True science, which is the knowledge of facts, and true philosophy, which is the knowledge of principles, are always allied with true morality, which

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is the conformity of the soul with facts and principles.

But materialism which denies the spirituality, and pantheism which denies the personality, and fatalism which denies the liberty of man, are a bad trinity of errors opposed alike to religion and morality. Wherever received, they blur and obscure, and at last obliterate the distinction between moral good and evil. Denying personality and liberty, they leave no foundation for moral accountability. Under the subtle influence of such systems morality becomes expediency; principle, policy; and religion a self-originated and self-terminated form of self-culture and self-indulgence.

This poison pervades our social atmosphere, pollutes our literature, and blights our religion. It is largely responsible for the scandals and crimes which fill our newspapers with their evil odor. Its false prophets are announcing an impending social revolution in which lust is to be its own law and the beast in man is no longer to be governed, but govern.

The only effective antidote for these ills is a religion that can grapple mightily with the

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consciences of men. People must be taught that true liberty is not freedom to sin, but freedom from sin. Men must be made to see and feel that the gospel is a system of law as well as of grace, of morality as well as faith, of duty as well as doctrine. They must be made to realize that the moral law is not something external, but internal, eternal, and inherent in their own immortal nature; that they can no more escape from it than they can escape from themselves or from eternal, omniscient, and omnipresent God. The love of God which Christ incarnates and reveals is not lawless love, but holy love forever guided and guarded by the eternal behests of holy law.

Because God is love He must forever hate and punish sin. Selfishness, which is the essence of sin, and love, which is the essence of God, are in essential and eternal antagonism, and between them there can be no truce or compromise till one or the other is exterminated. We must stop making excuses for sin. For ignorance, error, and weakness there are excuses enough; but for willful sin there is no excuse. It is the abominable thing which God hates and we must hate, if we are

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to be godlike. The Son of God came to destroy the works of the devil, and we must help Him to destroy them in ourselves and everywhere. The law of Christ is deeper and broader than that of Moses, as Christ is greater than Moses.

If there was guilt on the soul that broke the commandments given on Sinai, there is greater guilt on the soul that sins against the law of love given in the Sermon on the Mount.

“If the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” Salvation or damnation, heaven or hell, eternal life or eternal death, are the eternal contrasts between which we must make our eternal choice. Because man is immortal, law immutable, and God eternal, the sinner must repent or be banished forever from the presence of God. To conceal or soften this terrible truth is not mercy or love, but cruelty to man and disloyalty to God. “For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men,” and the only way to es-

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cape this wrath is to repent and forsake the sins that provoke it.

The goodness of God which should lead men to repentance has been preached in a weak, sophistical way which has put conscience to sleep and made men feel safe in their sins. But the time is come when judgment must begin at the house of God and we must obey the mandate, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins." The spiritual apathy and torpor which is on the Church and the world must be broken up by the proclamation of the awful holiness of God, the eternal rectitude of His government, the eternal doom of unrepented sin, the absolute and eternal need of repentance, regeneration, and sanctification to save us from our sins,—all this must be preached with a holy boldness, earnestness, energy, and fidelity in demonstration of the Spirit and of power till men are pricked to the heart and cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Thus shall "we commend ourselves and our preaching to every man's conscience in the sight of God;" and thus we come to consider

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II. THE METHOD OF OUR MINISTRY.

Our aim, we have seen, is to reach the conscience, and our method must correspond with our aim. We can not commend ourselves to men's consciences by words merely. Our deeds must agree with our words, our practice with our preaching, our life with our doctrine. The hidden things of dishonesty, craftiness, and deceit must be renounced and the truth manifested in the man as well as in his message. The preacher of righteousness must himself be righteous; the teacher of truth must himself be true. Moral honesty is an essential element of an effective ministry.

An ancient rhetorician lays it down as an essential condition of true oratory that the orator must himself be a good man. If this be true, as it doubtless is, in secular oratory, it is still more true of sacred oratory, or that which is occupied with sacred things. It is true that a bad man may be eloquent. He may dazzle men by his brilliancy and move them by his magnetism. But such effects are on the surface and soon pass away. To make deep and enduring impressions on men's minds there must be moral power in the

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speaker, and this power must have its source in character. The man that speaks counts for more than the words spoken. A weak man can not speak strong words, nor a false man true words. The weak man may speak big words, swelling words, loud words, but they will be no stronger than the man that speaks them; for he is in them and they mean nothing apart from him. So, also, a false man may speak words that are verbally true, but practically false, because of the false spirit that inspires them. In morals, as in physics, the effect does not transcend the cause. Nothing can come out of a man that is not first in him. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We speak what we believe and as we believe. Strong faith will make strong utterance. The strength of our own conviction will be the measure of our ability to convince others. A strong faith is always sincere, earnest, practical, controlling the life as well as the lips. Moral courage is an essential element of moral power; but without moral honesty a man can not have moral courage. The false heart makes the feeble hand. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

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He who is one thing in public and another in private, who preaches one morality and practices another, who hides in his own heart the lies and the lusts which he exhorts others to put away, may command admiration by his talents, but can have no permanent power over the consciences and conduct of men. In spite of all effort to conceal it, "the dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary will cause it to send forth an unsavory odor." For character, which is the one talent within the reach of all and the most valuable of all, is the one least capable of being concealed or counterfeited. Bad as the world is, it is a poor place for shams. Pretense and quackery may float a man for a time, but will sink him at last. And modest merit, however depressed and misunderstood, will sooner or later find recognition and appreciation. Water will not find its level more surely than will character. Craftiness, deceit, intrigue, and trickery are the dependence of weak men consciously destitute of merit. They may seem to succeed for a time, but it is only in the seeming. Even in politics the tricky demagogues who seem to succeed at first are worsted at last.

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Even here the men who attain enduring power and honor are generally those who deserve them. In all departments of life it is true that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We get what we give. The deceiver will be deceived, the true man will be trusted, and the man who is kind to others will find others kind to him.

There was nothing brilliant about George Washington. He does not dazzle the world with the splendor of his genius and exploits as Cæsar and Napoleon; but, like the pole star, he shines with a pure and steady light which guides wise men across the seas of time and through social storms to the port of peace, while the military meteors whose blinding glare once filled the world with admiration and consternation are fading away into darkness.

It is the moral greatness of Washington that commands the homage of mankind; his pure patriotism, his unselfish service to his country, his sublime devotion to duty, were and are that which made him first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The same qualities made his great succes-

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sor, Abraham Lincoln, illustrious. Among his contemporaries were men with the qualities that shine in courts and camps in larger measure than he possessed. But his absolute honesty, his incorruptible integrity, his unselfish patriotism, his unfaltering loyalty to truth and righteousness gave to Lincoln the strength and wisdom which made him the foremost man of his time and fitted him to pilot the Ship of State through the stormy seas of the greatest civil war in human history. If our American democracy in the first century of its history had done no more than give to the world two such characters as Washington and Lincoln, that alone would be sufficient answer to all its captious critics.

John Wesley and Francis Asbury were in the religious world as Washington and Lincoln in the political world; great not because of the fitful flashes of genius, but because they were true and good and strong enough for God and men to trust them anywhere and everywhere and evermore. The entire consecration which John Wesley preached finds its best example in his own long life of unswerving, unfaltering, unresting devotion to the service of God and man. And Asbury in

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America was, if possible, a still more heroic example of the same consecration.

Both these apostles of the eighteenth century might have said with the great apostle of the first century: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." What more or better proofs of their apostleship could we have? And because they and their faithful helpers in the gospel were able to furnish such evidences of the validity of their holy orders, in spite of all obstacles and opposition, they were mighty through God to overcome the world and build up "the Kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The character of its fathers and founders,

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more than anything else, accounts for the power and progress of Methodism. And in this Methodism is like Christianity, of which it is a product and interpretation. The character of Christ has contributed more to the success of the gospel than all the eloquence of all the Church orators of all the ages. The words of Jesus were comparatively few and simple, but they were and are spirit and life. To all the ages they have revealed and are revealing the mind and heart of God; and after nineteen centuries they are as mighty as ever to quicken and save. And the secret of this vast and exhaustive power is the character behind them. For Jesus not only spoke the truth, but could say and did say, "I am the truth." He was the living incarnation of His own gospel, which, because of this, is and will forever be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The power of character is the greatest power which God or man can wield. This is our first great need. Our first business is to get right and keep right ourselves. For this reason Paul says to Timothy, "Take heed to thyself and to the doctrine."

To thyself first. Let no sophistry blind

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thee to the fact that the first duty of man to other men is to give them the benefit of a good example. "O man that wouldst reform the world," says Carlyle, "reform thyself first; then shalt thou know there is at least one rascal less."

And so, if we are to manifest the truth, we must ourselves be true, "renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully."

It is the hidden things of dishonesty which are most to be dreaded. The open sins of men are not so dangerous and disastrous to their souls as their secret sins. The hidden deceits and dishonesties, the silent envy, the unspoken grudge, the impure imaginations, the lies and the lusts which lurk in the secret places of the soul, are slowly and surely preparing it for some moral catastrophe, when, with its gates opened by traitors within, the enemy from without shall rush in and take possession. More to be dreaded than all the provocations of evil men and all the assaults of evil spirits are those secret foes that hide in the dark places of our nature waiting for the opportunity to betray us to our enemy;

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and that man alone is safe who opens wide his soul to the light and prays, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Such a man will not walk in craftiness. Cunning devices for selfish ends have no attraction for him. Deceit and trickery and intrigue he detests as devices of the devil sure, sooner or later, to bring grief to them that use them. Craft and cunning and concealment may suit those "who walk in darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil." "But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." And so openly and fearlessly he pursues the even tenor of his way, assured that the simplicity of God is wiser than men and "the weakness of God stronger than men."

In such a man there is no disposition to handle the Word of God deceitfully. His message is not his own, but His that sends him. He is an ambassador for Christ, and must speak according to instructions. His business is to deliver his message in the clear-

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est, most direct, and most impressive way, and this will require all the wisdom and grace he has or can have. He will use all the faculties God has given him to persuade men to receive and obey the truth he brings them, but will not manipulate or mutilate it to accommodate their prejudices or win their approbation. He will not torture the text to make it say what it does not mean, or mean what it does not say. He will not suppress what may give offense, and preach only what he thinks will please his hearers. He knows that the truth which offends is better for them than the falsehood that flatters; and so, with charity toward all and malice toward none, he will preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth as he is able to see and interpret it and as the Spirit gives him utterance. Reverently, patiently, and prayerfully will he study men and nature, revelation and God, seeking rightly to divide the Word of God, "teaching every man and warning every man, that he may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."



By such a ministry and such a method the truth will be made manifest. Thus mani-

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fested, it will have power to arrest attention, awaken conscience, and make men feel its divine force and authority. For light is not more perfectly adapted to eye, nor sound to the ear, than truth is to the heart and the conscience. Human depravity has not obliterated in man's nature all lineaments of the divine likeness. The law written on the heart has been defaced, but not effaced, by sin. As certain chemical substances have power to bring out before the eye characters written with invisible ink, so the Word of God, rightly applied, has power to bring into the light the invisible law impressed upon the immortal nature. The law written in the heart answers to the law written in the Book—the revelation within agrees with the revelation without; deep calls unto deep—and thus, by their correspondence they both bear witness to their common source in God.

This is the best proof of the inspiration of the Bible. It not only reveals God to men, but reveals men to themselves. It shows us what we are and what we need, when preached, as it ought to be, in the power of the same Spirit that inspires it. Christian apologetics ought to be studied and mastered

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by preachers and teachers, and used wisely on proper occasions. But the great argument for the divinity of the Bible is its power to awaken in human souls the slumbering sense of God and of their own sins, and make them feel that their first duty and their supreme need is to forsake their sins and be reconciled to God. And history shows that Biblical preaching is the only preaching that does this, which convicts men of sin and turns them to righteousness.

“For the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”



To thus manifest the truth, it must be spoken boldly, not boisterously nor belligerently, but confidently and courageously, in the fear of God, but not in the fear of man. The timid, hesitating, tentative way of preaching convinces and converts no one.

Some things are settled forever. The great truths of morality and religion are not debatable. They are as absolute and inevitable as Euclid's geometry or Newton's

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gravitation. They do not depend in any way upon our assent or consent. The great moralities and spiritualities of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount are as fixed as the stars in the sky and as the everlasting order of the cosmos.

We may sophisticate ourselves and try to sophisticate them, but they stay where they are and what they are in spite of our sophistry. If we had no Bible to do it, science would teach us that we can not trifle or tamper with law, physical, moral, or spiritual; that the government of the universe is not based upon any rose-water policy of letting people do as they please and making everybody happy, without regard to conduct and character.

The eternal laws do not consult our inclinations. Fire will burn, water drown, poison kill us, if we misuse them, whether we like it or not. And the spiritual laws are as inevitable and inexorable as the physical ones. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, is no more certain in the realm of nature than it is in the realm of the soul." This is no world of lawless chance or dark destiny or blind force running itself at ran-

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dom; but, as the wise Greeks called it, a cosmos embosomed in law and pervaded and controlled by the Eternal Mind, which is the supreme source of all law and all order and all beauty and all beneficence. And this reign of law is the reign of love, guided by intelligence which can not err and enforced by power which can not fail.

Truth has many sides, and needs to be surveyed on all sides. To dwell only on those aspects of truth which please us is to preach a onesided, lopsided gospel, which is no gospel at all. Half-truths are worse than falsehood, because more plausible and more deceptive. And it is a half-truth that God's goodness will relax His justice and abrogate its claims so that sinners may escape its penalties and find the way of the transgressor easy and not hard. God could not do this if He would, and would not if He could. It would be the worst thing He could do for sinners, devoid alike of mercy and justice. "More than the day of judgment," said Edmund Burke, "I dread for my country the day of no judgment." The worst day possible for a nation or a man would be the day when God should set aside the eternal sanc-

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tions of His holy law and make it easy and pleasant for men to persist in sin.

But that day will never come, never can come. "God is not man that He should lie, nor the Son of man that He should repent." And it is true as it ever was and ever will be that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men."

And this tremendous truth needs to be preached faithfully and fearlessly, not bitterly nor dogmatically, but in love. For truth without love is not true. "Speaking the truth in love," as we are commanded, is the only way it can be spoken and be truth. As the body without the soul is not a man, but a corpse, so truth without love is not truth, but the dead shell of truth. For love is the soul of truth. And this is one reason why so much preaching is so powerless.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries; and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love,

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I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." There was a time when this seemed to me to be one of those rhetorical tropes with which inspired men sometimes express great truths in the Oriental style of exaggeration. Taken literally, it seemed incredible that a man could have all these great equalities without the greatest of all, and so be a spiritual cipher—nothing. I so thought till I saw the truth which St. Paul expressed, embodied, and illustrated in a life. The son of an English nobleman, an officer of high rank in the British army, was converted and joined a small sect in his own country, one of whose tenets is that the end of the world is near and Christ is coming soon to end it, and begin a new dispensation with the faithful few who shall be found worthy of this honor. This man resigned his commission in the army, abandoned his claims to his ancestral patrimony, broke with his patrician family and friends, and came to this country to evangelize the poor whites of the South, where I saw and heard him. It would not be easy to imagine a consecration

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more complete or a sacrifice more comprehensive than that which this man had made for what he believed to be the truth. Rank, wealth, luxury, social position, and prestige, all given up for the hard life and privations of a poor preacher and teacher of the poor and illiterate people who dwell in the mountains of the South. I admired his heroic spirit and went to hear him. For two hours he proved from the Bible that the day of doom is at hand; that all efforts to reform and improve the world have failed; that it is growing worse, its depravity too deep for law or gospel, for man or God to cure; and the only hope now is that Christ will come soon and destroy it, and out of the wreck make a new and better world. The sermon was saturated with Holy Scripture. The evangelist seemed to know the Book by heart, and quoted it with fluency and correctness. That he was a scholar, a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge University, as most English noblemen are, was probable. That he was sincere and had in him the stuff of which martyrs are made was evident to those who knew him. The sacrifices he had made showed that he was ready to make any sacri-

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vice that duty required. But he lacked one thing. He lacked love. I knew this because I knew the most intimate friend this nobleman had on earth at one time. They had been members and pillars in the same Church across the sea. One of them, a physician and gentleman of culture and character, came to this country and in the larger light and liberty here had outgrown the little sect and narrow creed of earlier years, and found in the fellowship and companionship of other Christians that the secret of the Lord was not confined to the small society in which he and his noble friend had been leaders, and this larger vision enlarged his heart so that he communed with the Church of which I was pastor, and we learned to love him as a brother in the Lord.

When the evangelist came to our city, through his friend, the physician, I offered him the use of our church for his services; but he refused it, and when he learned that the physician worshiped and communed with us he refused to have any further fellowship with him and passed him in the street without recognition. I now saw that St. Paul was not dealing with an imaginary and impossible

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case when he suggests that a man might have the gift of tongues, human and angelic, the gift of prophecy, understand mysteries, have all faith and heroic virtues and graces but one, and for lack of that one be no better than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. This case was an extreme one, but there are too many like it, only in a less degree.

When we love only those whose creeds and ritual and Church order are the same as ours, in excluding them from our fellowship we are excluding Him who says that what is done to the least of His disciples is done to Him. The spirit of fraternity, which is the spirit of Christ now growing everywhere, rebukes and condemns the pharisaism which says to the humblest or weakest of those who are following Him who went about doing good, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." This case of the noble evangelist taught me that pessimism is a product of an unlovely and unloving religion. He saw no good anywhere outside of the small group of those who pronounced shibboleth in his way. The millions of earnest and godly men and women in heathen lands and Christian lands and in the slums of our great cities,

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who are letting the light of life shine into the dark places of the earth and amid the habitations of cruelty are rescuing the perishing and saving the lost, received no word or sign of recognition or appreciation from him. I think it will be found in the final analysis that lack of love is the chief cause of pessimism. The man who loves God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself finds good everywhere because he finds God everywhere. But the man who keeps for himself the love which is due to God and his neighbors, finds evil everywhere, because in the spiritual as in the material world like attracts like and the selfishness in him elicits the selfishness in others, and each has a bad opinion of the other because neither will take the other at his own valuation of himself.

Another lesson learned from that un-Scriptural and un-Christian sermon on the universal badness is that pessimism is confined to prose and has no capacity for pure, elevated poetry. For when the long pessimistic and prosaic preaching was ended, the singing evangelist who accompanied him arose and sang:

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“O the glory and the grace
Shining in the Savior’s face,
Telling from the worlds above,
God is light, and God is love.”

The Church and the world were never so well supplied with truth as now. The press, the pulpit, the platform, the schools, free press, free speech, free thought, science, art, philosophy, psychology, sociology, religion, politics, all human interests, and all things thought and said about them through all the ages are now discussed everywhere with larger vision and more candor and comprehension than was possible in any former generation. This is pre-eminently an age of truth-seeking and truth-telling, and this too is of God; for all truth is from Him and leads to Him. But truth alone is not sufficient to save the world from its sins and sorrows. We must preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in full faith that “the eternal years of God are hers.” And to do this well we need all the learning and logic and rhetoric and eloquence we can command. But more than these we need the great grace of love.

Our learning may fail to instruct, our logic

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to convince, our eloquence to move men. But love has the key to all hearts. "Charity never faileth." Its touch makes all the world akin.

Oratory may be as brilliant as the auroral splendors of Arctic skies, and as cold, dazzling the eye and brain, while the blood congeals and the limbs stiffen in the freezing air. But love, like the sun, warms while it shines and vivifies while it brightens.

The polished periods of the most skillful rhetorician may be as beautiful and as powerless as moonbeams upon glaciers, while the simple words of unlettered love will melt and move men's hearts as south winds melt the snows of spring.

This "charity which suffers long and is kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil"—this is the divine argument which more than any other will commend our ministry to the consciences of men and the favor of God. For other arguments there may be rebuttal, but there is no argument against the logic of self-renouncing love.

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This is the meaning of the cross. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Even God can not drive men to Himself. But Incarnate Love, sacrificing Himself for them, is the power of God and the wisdom of God which "is able to draw and save unto the uttermost." Living and laboring in this spirit of love and loyalty to God and man, we shall commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Not at first, perhaps. Pride and prejudice, selfishness and sensuality may resist our appeals and repel our approaches. But even then, down in their hearts, they will feel and confess to themselves that we are right, and some better day they will confess it to God and to men against whom they have sinned. When General Booth asked for five hundred thousand dollars for his benevolent work, he got it at once and from many quarters. Among others an English nobleman, a notorious agnostic and sport, sent him a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, saying, "I don't believe much in religion, General Booth, but I believe in you and want to help you." Cecil Rhodes was not a saint, but when some one in his presence criticised

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Booth's motives, Rhodes said, "I know Booth is a Christian, for he is the only man that ever talked to me about my soul and prayed with and for me." "And nothing shows more forcibly the moral and spiritual progress of our time than the fact that Oxford University, which disowned and denounced John Wesley, a greater man than Booth and one of its own most distinguished sons and scholars, which Booth is not, has recently conferred its highest honors on General Booth for doing the same work that Wesley did and for which Wesley prepared his way. The religion of love is the religion of power which is conquering the world. In full faith of this let us preach and teach and illustrate it in our lives; and so, "renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth, let us commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

THE CHANGING WORLD AND THE CHANGELESS CHRIST

“THE fashion of this world passeth away.”
(1 Cor. 7:31.)

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day,
and forever.” (Heb. 13:8.)

All finite things are mutable. The Infinite alone is immutable. Under apparently unchanging laws the universe is passing through endless changes. The cosmos with all its contents is in a perpetual state of transition, of becoming more than of being. Nothing is absolutely permanent. The tide of time runs on forever, bearing all things on in ceaseless flux and flow.

The things that are most fixed are so only in appearance and relatively. The everlasting hills are billows of land, rising and falling like billows of water, only through longer time. The eternal stars are expiring tapers, some of which have burned out, and all will burn out. Rocks crumble, mountains wear away, continents sink into the seas.

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In the heavens above and the earth beneath nothing endures. All things are changeable and are changing. Through all the ages the mighty transformation goes on.

“ Still restless nature dies and grows
From change to change the creatures run.”

In the moral as in the material world the same mutability appears. Human history is the story of human vicissitudes.

Cities, states, nations, empires rise and fall. Monarchies, aristocracies, plutocracies, democracies come and go. Languages, laws, customs, arts, sciences, philosophies, manners, and morals flourish and decay.

Religion, the most permanent and potent of all human interests, in its eternal essence always the same, is subject to similar variations in its forms and manifestations. The vast diversity of Churches and changing creeds and ceremonies show that the constant element in religion is not in its visible symbols, but in its invisible spirit.

The inner life of man corresponds with his outer life, and in both the absolute and immutable forever elude him. We are never long in one state. Our spiritual life ebbs

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and flows like the tides of the sea. Our way is not along a dead level, but up and down, over hills and valleys. We scale the mountains, but may not tarry on the heights. There is no place where we can build tabernacles and stay. A voice which must be heeded is forever saying, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." We are pilgrims and must march on through changing scenes; we are soldiers and must fight on through varying fortunes.

All the things we see and touch and seek and love are transitory. Our neighbors, friends, families, homes, ourselves are changing. The innocence of infancy, the beauty of childhood, the bloom of youth, the vigor of manhood are passing and perishing. Bright eyes grow dim, strong limbs grow weak, fair faces are furrowed—

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

On all earth's glory there is no defense. The grass withers, the flowers fade, the leaves fall, and "the fashion of this world passeth away."

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Amid this universal mutability we need a God above and beyond the vicissitudes of finite existence. In this surging sea of the temporal and the transitory, we need an Eternal Providence to protect and pilot us through its storms. Embosomed in mystery, environed by peril, subject to mortal frailty, and guilty of mortal sin, we need an immortal and immutable Savior, not subject to the limitations and mutations of our mortality, and such a Savior we have in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."



Eternity and immutability are attributes of God, and, as they are here predicated of Christ, between Him and God there is no divergence and no difference. "Great is the mystery of godliness." "God was manifest in the flesh." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

The incarnation made no change in the nature, the character, or the purpose of God. To us the change seems immense and measureless from the glory of heaven to the gloom and grief of earth, from the throne eternal to the manger, the cross, and the tomb. But

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the humanity of Christ, though new to us, was not new to him. It was the old, the eternal humanity of God, by virtue of which He is and always will be our Father. The humiliation, suffering, sorrow, and sacrifice of Christ make manifest the eternal sorrow and sacrifice inherent in the nature of God's eternal Fatherhood. God would not and could not be our Father if He did not suffer with and for us.

The love which is the essence of true fatherhood is vicarious, as all pure love is. Every true father suffers for his children, and the Eternal Father would not be worthy of the name if He exempted Himself from the sacrificial life which is the glory of His children. The cross of Christ is the visible symbol of the invisible cross on which the Eternal Love suffers for sinning and suffering souls. He is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

In the solidarity of the moral universe, salvation by sacrifice is an eternal truth and necessity. Because it is a moral universe in which love is enthroned, the strong and the good must suffer for the weak and the bad till they are redeemed and rescued from

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the evil which makes them weak and bad. The more godlike men are, the more do they take upon themselves the sins and sorrows of others; and because God is the greatest and best of all He takes upon Himself the sins and sorrows of all and suffers for all. "In all their affliction He was afflicted."

Jesus Christ is God revealed in a perfect humanity by a life of service and sacrifice to save men from the death and hell of a loveless, godless existence. To be without love is to be without God. "For love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; for God is love." "He that loveth not knoweth not God."

To be without God is to be without hope, and that is hell. Into this hell of human sin and selfishness God in Christ descended, that He might deliver us out of it. "He became sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." To lift us out of the hell we make for ourselves, He went down to the bottom of it and began His redeeming work there. The only one that ever had the choice of the place and way in which he should begin life took the lowest place and the hardest

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way. Passing by the palaces and thrones, He began His earthly life in the manger and ended it on the cross, and all the way between was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.”

The sacrificial life and death of the Son of man is “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,” not by any forensic fiction of substitution, but by the realistic impartation of the same sacrificial spirit to those who receive Him as their life and know Him in “the fellowship of His sufferings.”

The greatest preacher and teacher of the Great Salvation, next to his Master and after Him, says for himself and those who were with him in the Christ-life, “We are always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our body.” We are “filling up what is behind of the afflictions of Christ for His body, the Church;” and his supreme aspiration is to “know Him and the fellowship of His suffering and the power

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of His resurrection, being made conformable unto His death.”

What else does this mean or can it mean but that Paul and his companions “in tribulation and in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ” were following their Lord in the Christly life of love and sacrifice for the salvation of the world?

What else did Christ Himself mean when He taught the ambitious apostles to renounce all self-seeking for a life of service and sacrifice, “even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many?”

This life of self-sacrificing love is the greatest thing in the nature of God or man. It invests the character of God with a glory greater than all the starry splendors of the skies and all the might and majesty and immensity of the power which makes and moves the material universe.

Not in His greatness and grandeur as Lord of heaven and earth, Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of all worlds, is the glory of the Most High most manifest; but in this that the Highest and the Holiest took the place of the lowest and unholy and suffered with and

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for him to save him from himself and his self-inflicted curse and make him the child of God and partaker of the divine nature. God in redemption has reached the highest height to which Godhead can climb. For when cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels have exhausted the eloquence and oratorios of heaven, one greater word from earth shall sound stronger and sweeter than them all: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give *the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*"

When this is said, let there be "*silence for half an hour in heaven,*" that angels and men may meditate on that great saying which accounts for it all: "God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."



Henceforth we can love God and trust Him even when He rebukes and afflicts us; because from the awful heights of His absolute divinity He has come down to walk and talk and live and labor and suffer and die with us and for us. Henceforth we can love

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men, even the lowest and the worst, because Jesus Christ is brother of them all.



This story of incarnate God and incarnate love is making the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. If Jesus were only a historic personage whose life began and ended in Palestine nineteen centuries ago, the gospel would be indeed a beautiful story, an oasis in the desert of human selfishness which men might remember, and regret that never again would it be repeated on earth. But the life of Jesus did not end on Calvary. It has not ended yet; it will never end. He alone of all who ever walked the earth has power to survive all changes, project Himself across all the ages, and be contemporary with all generations of men. He is more alive to-day and more powerful to influence human destinies than when men saw Him still the storm and raise the dead long ago. He is stilling worse storms than that on Gennesaret and raising men from a worse death than that of Lazarus or the widow's son. Millions of men in all lands testify that in the death-sleep of

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sin they have heard His voice and been raised to a new and better life.

The story of His life is more read and studied than any other book or all other books that men have written. It is translated into all languages and read in all countries under the sun.

Hymns are sung in His praise and prayers are offered in His name by men of all climes and classes and conditions. Millions of the wisest and best people of all nations know and trust and love Him as their best friend and the companion of their most sacred hours.

“ Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.”

The space which Jesus fills in the thought and life and love of mankind grows with the ages and never grew faster than now. The philanthropy, humanitarianism, altruism, enthusiasm of humanity, the passion for social service and moral reforms of every sort which characterize our time are proofs of the presence and power of His Spirit which animates them all. The past century has

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been the most Christian century of all time. In it more has been done to improve the material, social, political, moral, and spiritual conditions of mankind than in any other century or five centuries of human history. But all that has been done only makes manifest the tremendous work yet to do. Increasing light reveals enormous evils which hitherto have lurked in darkness.

The growth of science, the advance of education, the progress of art, the amazing inventions, the way in which men are mastering the forces of nature, the immense increase of wealth, the enormous fortunes amassed by a few and the corresponding sense of poverty on the part of the many, the conflict of labor and capital, the engendering of new and the intensifying of old class-antagonisms, the craze for wealth, the passion for pleasure, the unsettling of religious views, and skepticism which comes from undigested knowledge, unpracticed morals, and unrealized religion—are some of the things which are creating new problems and reviving old ones, for the solution of which we need all the wisdom of men and all the grace of God.

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The time has passed when civil or ecclesiastical authority could settle such questions. The reforms which the world needs must go deeper than can be reached by organization and legislation. Many minor reforms, no doubt, can be accomplished by social and political agitation and organization, and it is our duty and ought to be our privilege to help every good cause that can be helped this way, and in all possible ways promote the improvement of our sanitary, social, political, economic, and moral conditions.

But more than the improvement of conditions we need the improvement of men. All other improvements are superficial and unsatisfying. Our social diseases are too deep to be cured by external remedies. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," and it is forever true that "the improvement of the soul is the soul of all improvement." The reforms needed to set the world right must come from minds illumined and hearts warmed by the grace of God. Under every form of social and political organization, sin and suffering as cause and effect exist and persist together. Salvation from sin is the only adequate remedy for the wrongs and

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wretchedness caused by sin, and Jesus is the only Savior from sin. There is no other name given under heaven whereby society as a whole or the souls that compose it can be saved. For want of Him politics are corrupt, business crooked, laws unjust, pleasures vain, amusements debasing, homes unhappy, and hearts bad and sad. The blind world still crowds Him out of the inn and makes believe it can do without Him. But beneath its surface gayety there is deep unrest and a smothered sigh.

The craze for narcotics and stimulants, the frenzy for gambling, the hurry and worry and fretting which make men and women, world-weary and worn, ask, Is life worth living? and many of them answer by taking themselves out of it—are some of the signs and symptoms of the awful restlessness of empty minds and aching hearts without God and without hope. The men of the twentieth century need God as much as did the men of the first. The immortal nature in us cries out still for the immortal good. The home of the soul is with the Eternal Father, and away from Him we are as strangers and aliens in a far country and long for home.

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“Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee.”



Christ enthroned is the divine remedy for our social, moral, and spiritual troubles and turmoil. His grace alone can cure the sickness of the soul. For all our wants and woes He is the one and only remedy. Christ in human hearts and homes and institutions will make hearts pure, homes happy, and institutions beneficent.

In domestic and social life, in business and politics, he will rectify all wrongs and redress all grievances. Manners will be sweet, politics clean, laws just, men generous, women chaste, friends faithful, business prosperous, when Jesus reigns. Envy, jealousy, deceit, falsehood, malice, greed, graft, strife, war, crime, cruelty, oppression, sin and sorrow, and all the works of darkness will vanish as night before the day when “the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.”

And this consummation is coming with increasing speed and power because Jesus

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Christ is in the world and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Of Him it is written that "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law." "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." In spite of enormous evils which still afflict and appall us, Christ is getting more room in the world and more power over it. Those who think that because the searchlights are turned on and iniquity laid bare as never before that it is increasing, have not read history or studied the signs of the times rightly. The diagnosis of disease, the detection and exposure of crime, conviction for sin, are the first steps in the cure of disease and crime and sin; and we are now in this period of preparation for salvation. Never before was the social conscience so aroused as now. Never was there such dragging into the light of day of deeds of darkness. Never were men so conscious of their social duties and responsibilities. Never did human brotherhood and God's Fatherhood mean so much. Never was the missionary spirit at home and abroad so active, energetic, and aggressive. Never was the spirit

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of fraternity and peace among men and nations so prevalent. Never was the cry for universal peace so loud and strong. Never was the world so well governed and the rulers of great nations so enlightened and so conscious of their obligations. Never were there so many wise and great and good men and women at work for the material, mental, moral, and spiritual amelioration of mankind.

More has been accomplished for the betterment of the world every way in the past century than in any other five hundred years of human history. A century which has seen slavery, polygamy, duelling, and gambling put under ban of law in all civilized lands, which has seen representatives of all the great nations meet to consider how to abolish war, in which the gospel has been translated into all languages and preached in all lands, and made converts in all nations and transformed thousands of the worst men in the cities and slums of civilization into good citizens, earnest, honest, God-loving and man-serving Christians; a century in which science, art, education, legislation, philanthropy, and religion have done more to improve the world than in any five preceding

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centuries—surely this is a Christian century and a time for faith and hope, and not for doubt and fear.

On His way to Gethsemane and Calvary, Jesus said, “I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.” And this He has been doing through all the ages, and never more mightily than now. In China, Japan, Korea, India, Africa, in all pagan lands, thousands and tens of thousands are turning to Him, and the watchmen on all the towers are calling to each other through the night, “The morning cometh.”



It was said to Him long ago by Him who alone had the right to say it, “Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for Thy possession.” And He has asked and is getting what He asked.

The despised Nazarene, the homeless man of Galilee, the rejected Jesus, the crucified Christ, has a name which is above every name and a place in millions of human hearts which even God could not have without Him, and He is going forth conquering and to con-

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quer, not by the might which makes and un-makes worlds, but by the power of that love which is stronger than death. The King is coming to His own, not as at first, when He came to His own, and His own received Him not because they knew Him not in the deep disguise of His divine humiliation; not, as some good men think, in the power and majesty of Sovereign and Judge to destroy His enemies; not with the petty pomp of earthly potentates, the fading grandeurs of worldly greatness; not with any spectacular display for our physical senses; but in the power and glory of His great name, and that great name is Jesus, Savior, not destroyer. His great name is His great character, great with the sublimity and divinity of the great love of the great God who bowed the heavens and came down to seek and to save that which was lost, to live and love, fast and pray, suffer and die, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God." And because He did this He is still doing it and will continue to do it till the world, redeemed by His death, shall be saved by His life. His vicarious life and love and sacrifice are continued and perpetuated in all

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His true disciples, who in His spirit “thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead, that henceforth they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.” For in what other way could they live for Him but by living as He lived to seek and save the lost?

For “this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” This is the meaning of the perpetual priesthood of our risen Lord. Not a forensic transaction in the remote heavens, but a real offering and sacrifice of Himself in the persons of those in whom He lives and labors, loves and suffers and dies for the salvation of the world. To them He said after the sacrifice on the cross, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost; as My Father sent Me, even so send I you.” Because He is “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,” His eternal priesthood is not a fiction, but a fact verified in His representatives here till His great work carried on through them is completed. For His priesthood is “not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life.”

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The character of Christ makes sure His ultimate and eternal triumph. For blind and selfish as men may be, it is nevertheless true that our minds are made for truth, our hearts for love, and our souls for God; and He who brings to us truth and love and God must at last be our Lord and Master. Wearied with the baffling vanities of earthly ambition, sore with the deceits and defeats of a hollow and unholy life; sick of self and sin, what else can we do at last but turn to Him in whom is all that is best in God and in man, on earth and in heaven, and say to Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Here, then, amid the mutabilities of time and the perishing pomps of this passing world, we have the immutable and immortal good and grace and glory of eternity, not in ourselves or Churches, not in what we have done or shall do, but in Him who is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

