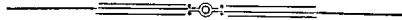




PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS  
OF  
CHARACTERS AND WORKS OF NOBLE MEN,  
WITH  
OLD SCENES AND MERRY TIMES

*Of Long, Long Ago.*

BY  
REV JOHN BURGESS, M. D.,  
Keokuk, Iowa,  
AUTHOR OF "SERMONS ON PRACTICAL DUTIES"  
AND A PAMPHLET OF SERMONS.



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1887.

By the Grace of God, I Dedicate this Book,

**FIRST.**

To my distinguished brother in Christ, my first colleague in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the North Ohio Conference, Rev. Bishop  
W. L. Harris, D. D., L. L. D.

**SECOND.**

To my oldest and beloved brother, Rev. Oliver Burgess, whose early Christian life and ministry pointed me to the Lamb of God, the only Sacrifice for Sin.

**THIRD.**

To my honored parents, Wm. Pitt and Lydia G. Burgess, whose unsullied characters and wise counsels were my life directory; and who are now in heaven, waiting my coming.

**FOURTH.**

To Mrs. Louisa Bristow, Mrs. Sarah W. Reineck, Miss Ruth Eleanor Burgess, Wm. T. Burgess, and Leonidas Hamline Burgess, my sisters and brothers by consanguinity.

**FIFTH.**

To the Members of the Iowa Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called of God the Father, commissioned by the Son, and qualified by the Holy Ghost to preach the everlasting Gospel.

**Amen !**



## The Author's Notice.

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**B**ECAUSE God has done such wonderful things for me during all my youthful life, and given me the holy-influence of dear, godly parents, and has called me to his great work, the ministry of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and has kept me in the hollow of his hand to this gracious hour of advanced life, secure amid all danger and from death, I have by his grace *alone* written this book to his glory. I desire, also, to exhibit to this generation, and to generations yet unborn, my subordination to the divine will, as well as to express my gratitude for God's unbounded goodness and matchless mercies through all my days, and for the gift he has given me to write this history. I may, by some sentiments herein expressed, accomplish much good, both to elevate the minds of the young, in all time, to great usefulness, and to console the aged, by past and pleasing reminiscences herein; hence I send out this volume of incidents in the life-boat of time, that its good thoughts may reach all shores and bless all hearts.

My warmest thanks are perpetually expressed to Bishop JOHN F. HURST, D. D., LL. D., for his kind words in inspiring me to write this volume. I also owe great thanks to my friend WILLIAM BLOM, Esq., of Keokuk, Iowa, for pecuniary aid in publishing this book. Amen.

JOHN BURGESS.

## Introduction.

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TO the glory and honor of the Invisible, yet All Present and Eternal one, I present this book of "Pleasant Recollections" to the world, hoping and praying that its contents may be acceptable to thousands. The beautiful commendations I now offer, from noble and distinguished friends, are quite sufficient to render it attracting and give it prestige; hence I offer their laudations as my introduction; namely:

Rev. William G. Thorn, of Keokuk, Iowa, says: "I have heard Rev. Dr. J. Burgess read a number of the chapters of his manuscript, for a work entitled, 'Pleasant Recollections,' etc. These chapters were to me very thrilling and entertaining. Brother Burgess's style of writing is very impressive and beautiful. His descriptive powers are excellent, and he weaves into the story of his life touching anecdotes and instructive historic facts, in a lucid and interesting manner. This book, if published, and placed in the hands of the people, must certainly be the means of good. It elevates before the mind of the reader the noble traits of great and good men, that must have an upward tendency upon the mind. It records items of history relative to earlier times of our Church on the frontiers, that should not be forgotten. It is full of wholesome lessons and injunctions toward a higher and better life. Frontier life, with its sacrifices and toils, under a divine impulse of duty, is made heroic."

Rev. R. L. Rose, of Keokuk, Iowa, says: "I most



heartily indorse the above statements of Rev. William G. Thorn, and believe that Dr. J. Burgess's book will be a blessing, both to the Church and posterity."

Rev. George N. Power, D. D., presiding elder of Keokuk District, says: "Having listened to chapters of Rev. Dr. John Burgess's Autobiography, I have no doubt that it will be read with interest by those who were co-laborers with him, and their friends. The book is in the author's best style, and indicates wonderful tenacity of memory. He introduces many incidents that are both amusing and profitable, and will serve to perpetuate some things in his own life and labors, as well as the noble company of men with whom he was associated in the beginning of his ministry, that will aid some future historian in presenting, in a clear and pleasing light, the period embraced by the author in his volume."

Rev. J. W. McDonald, D. D., of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, says: "In her early years, Methodism was unique and heroic. Her men, her workings, her experiences, her successes, were all of marked character. A complete photograph of that heroic age would not only be of intense interest, but a genuine inspiration to all coming ages. Those who can give life-pictures to that period of Methodism are rapidly disappearing. Dr. Burgess, in his timely book entitled, 'Pleasant Recollections and Thrilling Scenes,' goes back into that heroic age, and gives an insight into its daily life. With great felicity and vivacity he gives a picture of men and things, that not only interests the reader, but also enables him to catch the spirit of those early years; the remarkable memory that enables him to bring up so definitely and minutely the events of past years, specially qualify him for the work he has undertaken. Judging from the

chapters read, I think his book will not only be interesting reading, but also a valuable contribution to Methodist history."

Rev. Dr. J. McFarland, president of Iowa Wesleyan University, says: "The Rev. John Burgess has read to me parts of several chapters of his *Autobiography*. I was much interested in these accounts of his early life. From those portions which he read to me, and the outline of what he has already written and proposes to write, I think it will make an interesting and valuable book, well worthy of publication. As a contribution to the history of a most interesting period of our Church and country, this life-history deserves to be given a permanent record."

The Hon. Samuel M. Clark, editor of the *Gate City*, Keokuk, Iowa, a son of a distinguished pioneer Methodist preacher, says: "Rev. John Burgess, the veteran Methodist preacher, is writing his life for publication. We have looked over it, heard a good deal of it read, and can thus speak somewhat advisedly about it. It is the best writing he has done, and will be a very readable book. The itinerant Methodist ministers have been so large a factor in the settlement and making of the country, and especially of the West, that to tell their history is to tell a large part of American history. The pioneer conditions of life in Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa are so rapidly becoming things of the past, and fading out of memory, that the biography of those who took part in it is just now about the most valuable sort of book-making that can be done in the West. It is more valuable than more pretentious literary work. The future will need these records, and the future historian will be much aided by the biography of Methodist preachers. So we are glad that Mr. Burgess has undertaken his book.

President McFarland, Rev. Dr. McDonald, and others who have seen the work in manuscript, share our opinion of its merits."

The following was written by Mrs. M. B. Power, wife of Rev. Dr. Geo. N. Power: "Having listened to the reading of the several chapters of Rev. Dr. John Burgess's forthcoming volume, it affords me great pleasure to commend it to the Church and public. One chapter in this book is well worth the price. It is written in an easy, flowing style, carrying one back to primitive customs, and frontier life. Many of the incidents given are of a touching character, and positively valuable to the future historian, as most of the noble men that labored so heroically for the crystallization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have passed away. Brother Burgess in his volume has done a good work, and done it well, for which he should receive the thanks of all interested in the past, present, and future of the Church."

# Pleasant Recollections.

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## Chapter I.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE—HOW SUBLIME OUR CAPACITIES AND DESTINY—PRIVILEGES TO DO GOOD—SEEING GENERAL MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE—WHY I LIKE MARTIAL MUSIC—CHILD-CARPERS—COMING TO OHIO FROM MARYLAND—BREAK-DOWN—INFLUENCE OF METHODISM IN MT. VERNON, OHIO—SOME GRAND MINISTERS AND NOBLE CITIZENS.

NOTHING connected with personal history is more sublime than a well-spent life. Human character, when fully developed intellectually and morally, is the greatest manifestation of the God-power in man. Our happiness in this world, and our future bliss, depend upon the proper estimate of our talents, and their unlimited improvement. If we render to God our full ability in the life-consecration of all we possess, our eternal future of bliss will be gained.

To benefit ourselves, to elevate and bless our fellow-beings, and to glorify God, should be the highest ambition of every one. The greatest regret of old age is, that we have not always walked by the white line of truth, as the only basis of safety and true happiness; yet we should not so lament over the past as to neglect to improve the present

hours, and not make our advanced years measure to our eternal profit, but do our best to repair all our failures. My fond mother used to say: "If you fall down, do n't lie there for some one to pick you up, but spring up, and go right ahead. Life has no spare moments for us to idle away our precious time." What a wonderful lesson those words impart—"Spring up, and go right ahead!" Every moment is fraught with deepest interest to us, and each, well employed, will recompense us with untold riches.

But why should we ever allow a single day to pass without gaining some advantage for our elevation? These words by the poet should be a warning and an inspiration to us, prompting us to be on our watch:

"Time speeds away—away!  
 Another hour, another day—  
 Another month, another year—  
 Drop from us like the leaflets sear,  
 Drop like the life-blood from our hearts:  
 The rose-bloom from the cheek departs;  
 The tresses from the temples fall;  
 The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away!  
 Like torrents in a stormy day,  
 He undermines the stately tower,  
 Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,  
 And sweeps from our distracted breast  
 The friends that love, the friends that blest,  
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
 To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away!  
 No eagle through the skies of day,

No wind along the hills, can flee  
So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,  
He bears us on—from youth to age;  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fathomless Eternity!"

My dear friends, the youth, the aged, the reader,—I now warn, with Christian earnestness, that each precious hour, day, week, and year—yea, the remnant of your life allotted you in infinite mercy—be used with all diligence to your everlasting welfare! Give your life to God wholly, and he will honor you forever, in the presence of his Son.

Multitudinous and attracting are the scenes through which we have passed in our life-long journey; and if our time had been properly spent and well appropriated to God's glory, it would have afforded us unspeakable joy to recall past events in our old age, and likewise have proven an inspiration to our Christian advancement. O, that we could say, "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved!"

To the well-doer and God-fearing ones, the ills of our humanity, the disappointments and discomfitures of life, do not compare in number with the happy realities and abounding pleasures we possess, through the infinite mercy of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord. No one in a Christian land, where the blessed Bible is circulated, and where the sweet Gospel of divine salvation is disseminated, can remember an hour in all his past history when all mercies were ever absent; but each moment of life

has come laden with richest of blessings. God has lavishly spread before us numberless charms at every step; and our eyes have been satisfied by many beautiful scenes, and our ears have been saluted by the sweet music of all nature, to lead us to his praise and glory. Truly "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage," as all must fully realize.

From the earliest hour of our observation to the time of our departure into the unknown world, the beauties and grandeur of nature rise in majesty before our view, calling forth gratitude to our Maker; and the unnumbered privileges and opportunities to secure good and to do good at all times have everywhere been apparent. There has not been a moment in the life-course of any one in this plentiful, God-favored land, where, or when, such is necessitated to commit an evil, to sin against self, or to offend our Heavenly Father; but every inducement has been presented to us to aid us to do what is right towards man and God. The boundless favor of divine grace, through the blessed Redeemer of the world, is richly manifested in all our course, affording us inexpressible pleasures, golden opportunities, and real happiness.

He who lives in the constant recognition of his noble sphere, as marked out to him by his Lord's Word, and listens to, and follows the admonitions of, an enlightened conscience, according to the divine truth, lives happy, lives to a grand end, lives uprightly, lives for heaven, lives for God's eternal service, and to his glory. What a thought of

immeasurable bearing it is—to live for God! Such can truly say, “He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake,” and he moves before men as God’s divine reflection of goodness and love. He is as a city set on a hill, as a lighthouse on the shore of time’s sea, to direct the wanderer to the port of peace.

Our Creator has kindly endowed us with minds akin to infinitude; capable of such wonderful expansion, that during all time we may embrace immortal truths, and advance little by little, step by step, gathering thought after thought, learning great lessons from millions of lovely objects all around us—from the invisible animalcule to the mammoth beast of the forest; from the little blade of grass to the towering cedar; from the small rivulet to the boundless ocean, or from all nature’s mighty laboratory—ever inspiring our admiration, satisfying our physical and intellectual desires, and leading us to spiritualize in the very image and character of God; thus in all things provoking us to good works, and to supreme adoration throughout all eternity.

When we shall have profited by all these earthly lessons, and the last sand of life is run out, we shall pass triumphantly through death’s gate, and ascend to that brighter, and more glorious clime—far out in the universe of our God. There, untrammelled by perishing clay, our trials forever over, our spirits disembodied and redeemed through the blood of the Lamb, and we changed into that incorruptible and heavenly form, like to the angels of God, we



shall see more clearly all the things divine ; and then, traveling from star to star, from planet to planet, and world to world, throughout illimitable expanse, we shall increase in knowledge and wisdom through endless ages. There the hundreds of thousands of millions of worlds will eternally be open to our survey and admiration, and the numerous mansions we shall inhabit will afford us unspeakable rapture. Here we receive knowledge in a limited measure ; but we do not seek after understanding as we should, rightly to estimate its value, or for wisdom to carry it out practically to our own good, or to apply it to the real interest of the world's advancement and to the honor and glory of our Lord's kingdom. If we would truly appreciate our God-given endowments, and cultivate them as we have opportunity, how unbounded would be the sphere of our usefulness ! But up yonder, far beyond the river of death, under the sunlight reflections of the divine countenance, "we shall know even as we are known," and forever move in sweet accord with the holy will of our Creator. And while the cycles of eternity roll on, and on, our advancement in heavenly knowledge and our acquaintance with God's vast universe will be continually enlarged.

O, infinite privilege ! Glory be to the King Immortal ! What thought richer or more exhilarating to poor, fallen humanity than that "His mercy endureth forever !" What a fathomless and shoreless ocean of divine favor shown to dying mortals, through the all-atoning blood of the Lamb ! We are now compelled to cry out from the very depth

of our souls, "O, how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!" What countless riches await the humble followers of our glorious Redeemer! We shall be kings and priests forever in his holy presence. While in our earthly pilgrimage we should ponder well our situation, and embrace eagerly all heaven-bought privileges; and we should claim all our advantages to rise upward, to move heavenward, to the incorruptible inheritance offered us; for being endowed with such immortal energies, it is meet that we take every possible means to their improvement. We do not realize their mighty power to excel. Far beyond our conceptions will our thoughts bound, ever increasing in knowledge, if we only permit them to escape in search of that which will lead us onward and upward. What we have already attained is but the mere launching into the borders of the ocean. How shallow the waters we now enter, as along the shore we linger! But O, the fathomless, unbounded sea spreading out before us! As the eye is confused while gazing out upon the trackless deep, so the mind is confused and amazed as it attempts to reckon or contemplate the field of instruction everywhere before it. Would the mind grow strong, and feel its own mighty workings, then let us come to steady reflection.

Inquire, Whence am I? Who gave me my wonderful being? Whence such discerning conceptions? Why such longings for the eternal, such

inward, earnest, mental effort to know and to understand the origin of all things visible, upon what they depend, and what will be their terminus, if end they will? The constant apprehension—of things unseen, invisible, and of eternal duration, ever excites the mind to stretch its powers in desire to grasp infinitude. How restless, how thirsty, how untiring in energy to descry beyond this present state! Ah! how richly nature opens to its search lessons instructive and God-like! The simple blade of grass that points upward, the modest flower in blushing beauty, and the towering pine or sturdy oak, alike reveal to man the mighty and glorious truth, GOD IS. The rippling rill in sparkling flow or the ocean broad in mountain swell, the humming bee or chirping bird, the volcanic burst or thunder's roar, tells the mind, in truths not to be misunderstood, that there is a *Hand* controlling and keeping in order and animating all these things. O, how swiftly fly the thoughts, to calculate through all we behold, and from all we hear, this imperishable truth!

As step by step we read that awful fact, God is, how solemn, how earnest, how anxious still to reach a higher point of observation, whence we can more fully and clearly observe or gain an insight into futurity! As he who climbs the mountain brow is not content until from its loftiest peak he gazes upon the world around, so this inquiring spark of heavenly flame is satisfied only as it realizes its march is approximating to the Infinite. Glory be to the Eternal King that we are endowed with such

an insatiable quality or disposition! How true it is that he who enjoys the special presence of Divinity is most happy! As the mind becomes less attracted by things earthly and fleeting, his entire soul is triumphant in ecstasy in prospect of the fullness of glory. Let the mind contemplate *Him* whom we recognize as *God*, and I care not how base or sinful one may be, soon reverence and awe will possess his mind; then penitence will fill his heart, while his tongue will give utterance in hallowed praises and in thanksgiving: holy desires will possess his soul, and very soon will humility mark his life, for God becomes his delight and his trust. Then let us calculate, day by day, our coming destiny, our endless existence.

The question often presents itself, though not in doubt, Shall this mind, this immortal, immaterial spark of heavenly inspiration, this grasping, longing advancing mind, reach a period when it will become a nonentity? Ah no: its very powers unequivocally determine its existence endless. As it is ever active and strengthening in its flight for wisdom and bliss, it proudly disdains the thought of duration—short of eternal. And why not, if God only can supply and render satisfied its demands? Does not this fact afford ample proof that it was destined to be forever approximating towards, grasping after, and dwelling *in* and *with* God? When the glory of the blessed Shekinah has been sacredly revealed, and the soul is led into hallowed awe, conscious of the overspreading by the divine wings or the heavenly pavilion—what, then, is its most

earnest demand? What, then, will most readily meet its burdened plea? Ah! even when the fullness of glory is covering every uprising desire, and infinitely more than redressing its numerous wants, so that the soul is lost in the resplendent brightness of the Majesty on high, as said the sweet singer of Israel, so speaks the heart of each child of the Savior: "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Yes, the same cup of sacred blessings so graciously filled, and overflowing as it is, shall be held out before Him who supplieth all our necessities. Is it not, in its legitimate and proper sphere, as designed by its heavenly Author, when surrounded by his holy presence or when realizing his imparted glory? What in the vast universe, else than God, can meet the rising wants of this aspiring mind? Try *self*, and how sadly we soon find that its sordid requirements, its uncurbed lusts, its proud spirit, would lead us from virtue, from peace and all truth, to ignorance, to dissipation, to ruin, and to death! Go to the *world*; dig from earth's bosom its richest and brightest gems; dive to the ocean's depth and gather its pearls of highest worth; consult the voice of praise, of flattery, and of fame; fly amid the rushing throng, beguiled by the fading fashions of life; from any source below the skies seek refreshment for the soul, and it sickens at the sight of such vanities, and we are left in darkness and dismay.

While thus in amazement and disappointment, the voice of our inward nature whispers sweetly, yea, in joyful animation it breaks forth, "Away

over yonder, yon side of Jordan," stands the city of God, the place of the Lamb, and the home of the saints. Yes, there swell the highlands of life, there extend the boundless plains of paradise, and there endless comforts flow, where the mind will ever find its wonted nourishment. What cheering and soul-supporting, yea, what a heaven-born thought, that our destiny is eternal—yes, eternal! To behold evermore the ineffable brightness that surrounds the throne; to see God through the face of his Son; to rise higher and higher amid the unchanging glories of heaven, eternally advancing in the scale of purity and love, to mingle in songs of everlasting deliverance; to join the mighty and redeemed host of God's elect in celebrating the triumphs of the cross; to bear the victorious palm, and strike the harp in ceaseless tune, and cast the fadeless crown in delightful reverence before the feet of Him who sitteth upon the throne forever,—is the Christian's destiny. O, if ours may be fraught with such future gain, such fullness of life, let us be up and doing; let us gain of wisdom's ways, binding her instructions around our necks, writing them upon the tablet of our hearts, and looking out for that joyful moment when our Lord shall say, "Come home, ye weary pilgrims, come to your long-sought rest."

Dear reader, shall our motto be, Up—up to glory and to God? Shall our future destiny be to us a source of eternal growth? Who of us shall gain the brightest diadem? Who shall stand nearest the bright throne, and hail the greatest waves

of light from the divine reflections? He who most zealously contends for the Gospel faith; he who is ever on the watch-tower to do good and get good; he who never yields to vain and idle things, or partakes of the spirit and vanities of momentary pleasures, or courts the meager applause of the world at the sacrifice of principle; he who, amid false brethren, and perils of every kind, claims his heavenly birthright through Jesus to its fullest account; he who, by faith, embraces the fullness of the character of the blessed Savior, "whom having not seen, ye love," and in all possible disparagements, and even, if requisite, "unto death," counts all things but dross, so that he may gain Christ—he who thus strives diligently, by denial and consecration, with living energy, for the reward above, shall excel to highest excellence, and be the brightest star in the galaxy of glory. Amen! saith my soul; I am bound to enjoy a glorious destiny with angels and saints, with Christ and God, in the courts of life. Hail, thou bright spirit-land, home of my soul forever!

Let us now travel along our earthly career, viewing from early hours many scenes which we have enjoyed, and beholding, as if present with us, many persons whom we have seen, and with whom we have mingled in royal pleasure, to our intellectual and spiritual profit. Necessity requires us to refer to ourselves more frequently than desirable; but to accomplish our present purpose, we must needs do so as humbly as possible, God's glory being our highest aim.

I was born in Frederick County, Maryland, May 2, 1821, in the little town of New Market, and early taught by pious parents the living truths and sublime teachings of our blessed Christianity. That great and useful man and minister of the everlasting covenant, the Rev. Nicholas Sneethen, received me, when an infant, from my father's and mother's arms, and offered me to God in holy baptism, and prayed that the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob would inspire my dear parents to wisely instruct me and bring me up in the way of Christ. I shall ever rejoice that they thus dedicated me in my childhood to God, thus establishing me as one of the truly elect, by which means all may be in the covenant. If we are taught rightly from early childhood what the sacrament of baptism means, as but a mere outward sign of the necessary inward work, no one thus offered in Jesus' name will ever wish to be rebaptized; but if they are neglected in instruction and the duties pertaining to this obligation, I do not wonder if that class would want to be rebaptized every year or two, for their life and course of service is generally double-minded and fluctuating. "They are unstable in all their ways."

What a noble start in life, to be directed to the "Star of Bethlehem," as our polar-guide to the everlasting abode of saints; to the Son of righteousness, to lead us aright, teaching us to count well our passing moments, to circumscribe and regulate all our steps, and "so measure our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," ever



teaching us obedience, and watching the compass of Holy Writ, to steer our vessels safely over the surging billows of time's troubled sea to our home beyond the tide, and to land high upon the immortal shore! Boys and girls, whose eyes may scan these lines, now, in your youthful days, in order to be happy and noble and useful, and leave the world better than you found it, and reach endless enjoyment, keep your eye on the cross of Calvary, whence flows the precious blood of the atoning Lamb; serve God from principle, and the world will erect you a monument of fame in many hearts, that the tooth of time will never destroy, and through endless ages your name will endure in the memory of the blest.

When but a child, with my good parents, and my baby brother, we went to the city of Baltimore, and looked upon the bright face of that grand and glorious helper of our American colonial army, General Marquis de La Fayette, after whom my younger brother was named, Thomas La Fayette Burgess. The kind and loving general, taking him up in his arms, and kissing him, his namesake, then turning about, most gentlemanly addressing my parents, and softly laying his hand on my head, pronounced his benign blessings upon us all. I wonder if that circumstance is the reason of my so much loving, to this very late day, martial music above all other kinds? It must have given me an inspiration, like Jacob's blessings upon the children of Joseph, for no instrumental music is to me so sweet and charming as the fife and drum. For this

kindness of that skilled and timely appearing general I have, and shall always cherish, a love to the French nation, and say of it, "With all thy faults, I love thee still!" for thousands of noble hearts abide in that nation, and ere long God, by the power of his glorious Gospel, will redeem that people.

At the age of four, I distinctly remember standing on the hill, or bank, in front of our house, where the road was several feet below, and hallooing to a drover passing along with a number of cattle, "O man, won't you please throw me up a cow?" He was on horseback, but took from his pocket a penny, or an old English two-cent copper piece, and cast it up to me. I seized it quickly, and ran rapidly into the house, shouting to my mother in great joy, and was as proud of it as if it had been the prettiest cow in the drove; for, indeed, it was to me as some great fortune; and I kept it to my days of manhood.

Another little incident which occurred—and there being no trophy attached to the act I did not remember—was, that I hurled a stone down at a passing stage filled with people, which broke through the glass window and knocked off a man's hat inside the coach, bringing upon me the bad voice of the driver, but producing a hearty laugh among the passengers on account of my childhood. When about six years old we left for Ohio, traveling in wagons and buggies. As but yesterday I call to memory a circumstance which took place at Wells-ville, Ohio. Going down to the river to cross over

the ferry, one of our buggy-wheels slid into a hole, and all at once it broke and crushed down, so we were thrown out and under the wreck, all in a mass. I can see myself, as then, crawling out from between the spokes, quite unhurt, as were all the rest; but how my parents praised God for our preservation, as danger was apparently so nigh! In that early day our buggies were more expansive and rugged in form than now; but we soon righted up, and continued our journey northward.

The town of Mt. Vernon, in Knox County, Ohio, was our destination. The distance whence we started to our new home being about five hundred miles, we were nearly six weeks making the trip, camping out, and getting our own mess by the log or brush-heap fires through the day, but tarrying in huts and little houses by night, when they could be secured, though the country and mountains were very thinly inhabited. All along the route we had to guard and watch against robbers; for in that day they were very numerous and barbarous, and often waylaid and killed people for their money, and stole their cattle and horses. Never a day passed but we could hear of treacherous deeds and terrible murders. But our company was large, and all were well armed for any reasonable number of assailants.

That same journey or distance can now be traveled by railroad facilities in two or three days. What a vast improvement has been made in business and in civilization by the wonderful railroad scheme! This beautiful city of Mt. Vernon, at

this date, has several thousands of inhabitants. It gracefully rises from the Vernon River northward, nearly two miles in distance, with streets clean and very nice and some beautiful buildings; also many very enterprising inhabitants, and noble Christian people of all denominations. The Church of God in all these departments has been the very *sine qua non* of the city's progress. Educational interests have been deeply laid, and the common schools and the graded schools have developed ripe scholars and useful and influential men and women that would grace any land. Men have been reared there from childhood, capable of filling the highest position in our nation fully equal to any who ever occupied the White House.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has for many years exerted a great moral power by its many blessed and faithful laity; its successive, brilliant ministers also exerting a mighty sway over the masses for Christ's great cause; yea, they have done unmeasured good, which will extend throughout endless ages. We recall such strong and some powerful men's names as Revs. George Elliott, L. B. Gurley, Thos. Barkdull, S. Lynch, G. W. Breckenridge, Wm. Herr, J. H. Power, John Quigley, A. M. Lorraine, H. E. Pilcher, H. Whiteman, Jos. McMahan, H. O. Sheldon, E. Yocum, Wm. B. Christie, Wm. B. Disbro, Adam Miller, J. A. Kellam, A. Poe, Dr. Howe, S. Mower, R. Bigelow, E. R. Jewett, Abner Goff, — Nixon, — Haven, Jas. Wilson,—all of our Church. Ministers of other Churches were levers of much moral power and of

great intellectual force, both to elevate society and lead multitudes to the cross. Such were Rev. James Scott, Dr. Devin, Rev. Muenscher, Dr. Douglass, The Right Rev. Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D.; Revs. Asa Mahan and C. G. Finney, most noted revivalists and powerful men of God; Rev. Mr. Brown, and others, who gave the pulpit and Church a sublime prestige in God's favor. It is with untold delight that I look back over childhood's days and call to memory most of their Christian countenances; and I also seem to hear afresh the voices of the older ones, as, in their sublime pathos and earnest style, they pleaded with poor, lost sinners to escape the wrath to come, and fly to the outstretched arms of our risen Savior. Ponderous thoughts and irresistible arguments fell from their lips, sufficient to have convinced any obdurate heart; but many steeled themselves against all truth, and I fear that many of them, as stubborn rejecters of the Word of Life, died without hope.

Here, having been raised from early youth to manhood, it has its numerous and unceasing charms for me often to recall; and here, on this beautiful hill-top, in the city of the dead, lie my dear and precious parents, along-side of Father Young and Rev. George Elliott, and other saints, to call my mind to blessed remembrance of those who taught my infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus, and to fear and praise God, as years increased; yes, who led my youthful thoughts upward toward heaven. Mighty men of the world, intellectually and politically, as laymen in and out of the Church, abode

here, whose influence for the youth, for the honor of the bar, for political strength and the nation's safety, and for good in general, is and was most mighty. Such were Delano, Hurd, Jones, Morgan, Sapp, Smith, Vance, the Coopers, Kirk, Nortons, Voorhies, Curtisses, Stevens, Pyle, Sherman, Bennett, Woodbridge, Miller, Bryant, Judge Thomas, Buckingham, Woodard, Drs. Russell, Burr, Thompson, Ridgely, Hobbs, Pumphrey, McGugin, and others. The whole nation felt their strength, through the Senate, Congress, Legislature, in the Cabinet, and in all worldly business. Some of these were Christians, but some lived without hope in Christ.

## Chapter II.

OWL CREEK, OR VERNON RIVER—YOUTHFUL SPORTS, NEVER TOUCH—SAVED A BOY FROM DROWNING—REV. ANTHONY BANNING'S SAD DEATH—MASONIC FUNERAL, OUR THREATS AND DANGER—PARENTS' PRAYERS AND RESTRAINTS HOLD ME—ADVICE TO PARENTS—THE MURDERER'S WORDS—THE FAMILY ALTAR—REV. O. BURGESS'S WORDS, MY EXHORTATION—AT OUR FATHER'S GRAVE—MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL SERMON.

OWL CREEK, or Vernon River, is a stream of silvery clearness, of rapid flow over the pebbled bottom, which, in early days, at certain times in the year, swelled in fearful proportions. We have seen it bound over its proper borders for three or four miles, until appearing like a great lake. Thousands of acres of as rich land line its current as is found on earth, and it is very productive soil. In earlier days, unnumbered stately walnut-trees were found, and vast orchards of sugar-maple, and numberless groves of shell-bark hickory, and millions of wide-spreading and beautiful beech-trees, which still grace the country. All along the streams sycamores grew, often over a hundred feet high; and, indeed, nearly all kinds of timber that indicate rich earth. Here, in boyhood, our hearts were made glad as we gathered, yearly, wagon-loads of walnuts, butternuts, hickory-nuts, sacks of chestnuts and hazelnuts, for our Winter delight.

In our sugar-camps, day and night for weeks, in

early Spring, ere frost was gone, we had untold pleasure in going to and fro, taking in the sugar-water out of the old-fashioned troughs, pouring it or dipping it up with our old long-neck gourds, and emptying it into barrels on our sleds, drawn by oxen, then hauling it to the camp-fires. Here we made sugar by the hundreds of pounds, and molasses by the barrel. Then we made our wax, filled our hen-egg and goose-egg shells, and made our little and big cakes for sale and for home consumption; also thousands of crumb sugar. It was great fun to be at one of our big "stirrings off," when from a dozen to twenty boys and girls, old men and women, came to have a jolly good time, and to get our "fill." The woods really echoed with the music and hearty laughter, with loud hurrahs and yells. Hundreds of these sugar-eggs we shipped off to our distant friends in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other places.

I will now relate an incident which occurred in my youth, of great interest to me then, and even now, as I call it to mind. One Summer day several boys wandered far up the stream of Owl Creek, then tied up their few clothes in their caps, fastening them over their heads, with cords under their chins, or by their suspenders, and swam down—down—with fearful rapidity, borne upon the current, with but little effort upon their part to swim; and they landed safely far below the town. It was a wild and reckless act, and a dangerous undertaking, though the great rise and rapid movement of the river was all-sufficient to hold them up; but,



through great mercy, they were all preserved from death. In the dam, near by, during a very cold Winter, a deeply sad and dreadful calamity befell a dear and excellent family. Rev. Anthony Banning, a local preacher of our Church, and a glorious, useful, and good old brother, and a true man of God, while walking on the ice to cross over to attend to his sheep, fell through a broken place, and was drowned. The whole community felt the terrible shock, and all hearts at his home of beauty and plenty were made to bleed under sorrow's deepest gloom. The whole country far and near expressed their brotherly sympathy and loving condolence towards the bereaved. Many were the kind words and fatherly acts the dear old man often had manifested towards me in my boyhood, which stamped his visage indelibly on my mind and heart; and even to this hour of advanced manhood I can see his "gray hairs, which were a crown of glory," because he was ever "found in the way of righteousness," and his frank and pleasant countenance will ever be vivid in my recollection. No doubt he now, and for all eternity, joins in the triumphant songs in the holy land. Father Banning was an agreeable speaker, with a smooth and easy style, and quite practical in his utterances; and I am sure some souls, as gems in his crown, will be seen saved in heaven, whom he pointed or led to Christ.

Another very singular and thrilling event took place in the reservoir near the mill. A man by the name of Adam Glaze, who was skating with great rapidity and cutting figures on the ice,

suddenly sank into an air-hole, and went down and under several feet; but the suction was so powerful, as it was the only opening near, that he came up with a rush, rising above the ice half his length, and being very stout and active, he was saved; for several rushed to his aid, and lifted him out safely. It produced a great fear to many of us, as well as a future warning to all skaters.

One mile below the city was a place where many resorted in Summer to bathe, called at that time "Never Touch," as it was quite deep, and considered by us younger boys to be bottomless. On one occasion, as but few of us lads had ever reached its depth, save expert swimmers, several of us resolved to make the effort, as we imagined there might be some glory given to our success; so gathering up the largest rocks possible, each of us plunged head-foremost from the high bank, and down, down we went by hard struggles, assisted by the heavy weights in our hands, until we felt the bottom; then grasping some dirt in our hands when dropping the stones, we ascended with much force nearly above the surface, crying in triumph, "Victory, victory!" We found that the depth of the water was not nearly so great as had been represented to us by those who had frequently accomplished the feat. I often thought, however, after that exploit, Now suppose some brush had accumulated in the hole below, and my hair had become entangled in it—for we all wore long hair in those days—how sad would have been the fate of any of us! From that little incident, so playful and

innocent as it seemed, I was deeply convinced of my imperative duty to give God my heart, my talents—yea, my whole life-service—and be his for time and for all eternity. Yes, his Holy Spirit strove with me at times, most powerfully. All within and around me impressed upon me my obligations to God.

That old Owl Creek, or Vernon River, so changeable, was as handsome a stream of water as ever flowed—clean and pure and cool—and a place unexcelled for youthful sports and pleasures, such as fishing, swimming, and skating. It was no uncommon thing to bathe a dozen times a day in hot Summers, and on one Fourth of July we actually undressed twenty times, to swim and frolic. The old “head-gates” of “Norton’s Dam” was the happiest rendezvous of all our earthly delights in that day. Here hundreds would resort all through the hot months, and how the youth would plunge head-foremost from the abutments, ten to twelve feet down, and ply like ducks in the limpid water, or walk beneath the surface in an upright position, or even on their hands for long distances, their feet only out of the stream.

Never can be forgotten one little matter, which thrills me in its recollection. Grandson Bryant, a son of one of our leading merchants, a kind and noble citizen, was a tender and fragile youth of twelve years of age. He ventured in the water too deep on one occasion, and being unable to swim, he strangled and floundered about, and then fell. We called to him to come out—strike for the shore!

but he sank. The second time he went down, we discovered his great danger, and divesting myself of my few clothes, I instantly plunged down and dived beneath and behind him; then, placing my head against his back, I seized his arms just above his elbows, and walked under the water several feet, holding him as with an iron grasp, until we reached a shallow place; then, almost overcome myself, I made out to shake my head and cast the water out of my mouth, holding him for a moment or two with his head above the surface; then, assisted by other boys, I took him to shore and laid him down. One minute or so longer, and he would have been beyond all aid. But he soon revived; and to this day, *Grau*, as we all called him, remembers and refers to the event with gratitude. He still lives to be a useful and business gentleman; and but a few years ago I met him, after thirty years' absence, in our city, and with pleasure he referred to his wonderful escape from an early death. This circumstance, through God's blessed Spirit, was another loud call to my mind and soul to divine things; and it deeply impressed me with great seriousness for a long time; yes, it never left my thoughts, but awakened in my youthful mind great and lasting obligations to the Lord. I thought over the scene by day and night, at my school, and wherever I went; and I said to myself: "Now suppose he had clung to my neck, as, it is said, all drowning people hold on to us with a dying grasp, and then we both had been lost—where would I have been? How could my unregenerate soul have

appeared before God, my Judge? Would not my fate have been wretched, and I eternally doomed to darkness and despair?" So you discover, dear reader, in all things my sins, or my acts, of every character found me out, and impressed me with my imperative duty. All my actions were as living skeletons before my gaze, inciting me to come to Jesus, as a full, a complete, and an everlasting sacrifice.

We always feared to inform our parents of the matter, as it was such a narrow escape from death for both of us; and it would likely have checked our sport in that line of pleasure, under severest restrictions. In all these surroundings I see God's good and overwhelming providence around about me, "leading me in a way I knew not of," and keeping me as "surrounded by a wall of fire" from the jaws of death, for his future service in the great work that I realized he had ordained me to perform. I have not the faintest doubt on earth that my Heavenly Father had marked out for me the very highest and holiest path in which his ministry ever walks, had I kept my eye more closely on the "white line," in holy obedience to his will. But false brethren, and wasting my precious hours, whereby the immortal intellect would have expanded, also a sheer neglect of approximating by earnest prayer into the spiritual realm of infinite privileges—all have stayed me near the foot or at the base of the mountain, so I can now only look towards its summit, and behold the reflections from afar of what I might have attained. But I will

not despair, but go onward by grace, even now, as far as my limited and unimproved faculties will permit, God helping.

No one in his normal mental condition need ever halt, but move upward in advancement to the extremest old age; for indeed some of the aptest scholars and most distinguished characters have attained their earthly glory in this regard after a half century in their history had passed; such as Socrates in music; Plutarch in his Latin, after seventy; Cato, after eighty, an adept in Greek; Sir Henry Spellman, the antiquarian lawyer; Dr. Johnson, in the Dutch language; Dryden, the translation of the "Æneid;" Ogilby read Homer and Virgil and Greek after fifty. So if they did, we can. Brethren in the holy ministry, be always ready to reach down your hand and help the needy; you may give some one an inspiration to nobleness of character, and lead them heavenward. Disburse your favors impartially.

Time and again have I, when all alone, as a boy, preached sermon after sermon to myself, in great earnestness, conscious that the Almighty was directing them, as well as listening to every word. This was strange for an unconverted person, but it was, as I now behold it, a precursor to my future call. Truly, "He leadeth us in a way we know not of;" for I learned to preach somewhat while yet a sinner. Those early impressions were frequently an intense trouble to my mind, and smote my heart; for the idea of *me* ever declaring the Gospel of Christ to the world was as foreign to my

desire as the most distant star is from the earth. I literally sickened at the thought of such a purpose. Yet, in spite of my wildness, it would come up before me as an imperative duty.

Another little occurrence I must refer to, as a divine interposition in my behalf, as I now really believe it was; and even then, in my boyhood, I realized it in that light. A great Masonic celebration, or a funeral, was to be held in Fredericktown, some miles above us, and a few of us town lads made it up to go there and whip, as we said, all the boys in that place. Our plans were laid, and somewhat matured in our calculations, and we were determined to carry them out, come what would. Here danger or death, or both, were apparent. But just a few days before the expected event I was seized with a terrible cramp-colic, an intense inward suffering, and was like to have died—at least I thought so—and was reduced in flesh several pounds almost immediately. My failure prompted others to abandon it, and all was a collapse. I shall always praise God for that sudden sickness, for a “fool-hardiness” might have led us to some great physical injury, or may be worse; for in those early days pugilistic encounters were upheld by the masses. Even old men prided in boy-fights, in chicken-fights, and dog-fights, betting their last dollar on the contests.

These youthful years were spent in much wildness and wanderings in spirit; and though hallowed Christian example was an index to higher aims and noble actions, the very worst influences possible for the devil to create surrounded me. Still God’s

Spirit worked upon my tender heart from time to time; and the glorious advice and devout prayers, the mighty leaven of the family altar in which there was an unseen power to hold me, besides unswerving diligence to all Church duties and divine obligations, which were so strictly adhered to on our parents' part, were the safety-valves and binding cords which held us back from desperate sins. A terrible war over me was carried on between home-religion's influence and the worldly spirit by Satanic work. But, thanks to a kind and Heavenly Father, I took no such fatal steps as sin presented.

Yet even on certain occasions, when we had been right on the verge of yielding and falling into gross iniquities, I have, though miles away from home, seemed to hear, most solemnly repeated, my dear father's prayers as fresh from the mercy-seat, and as if near me, and his blessed voice thus speaking in my ears and to my heart in thunder tones: "O, Lord, keep our children from all evil; let them not be led into the net of the sinful one. Keep them, O my Father, keep them in the hollow of thine hand, that they may honor thee in all their ways. Save, O save them, my Lord; save them all; save them through the blood of the Lamb!" Such were the very words, and the ardent outpouring of his soul. And also my dear mother's sweet voice would come up to me in an instant, and thus speak afresh: "Do n't do any thing wrong, my son. Remember God sees you. His eye is always upon you wherever you go. Think of what I tell you, John, and come home soon. Do n't stay out



late; it always makes me feel uneasy when you are out late." Ah yes! "Do n't stay out late;" that is the curse of thousands of youth, and leads to bad habits, and finally to ruin. Parents, keep your boys off the streets at night, if possible. Night plays, night sports, and often night parties, are a stepping-stone to night crimes; to wander away from the truth into evil company, evil carousals, to mingle with vicious ones, leading them to debauchery, to the prison, to the gallows, and to eternal death. Better be a little severe now than too indulgent; for these night wanderings lead to disobedience and imprudent usurpations; and I have met and talked with scores in the penitentiary, while chaplain there, whose first steps downward to their fall and incarceration were prompted by night plays and ramblings and night associations.

A murderer in his prison-cell, awaiting his execution, stated that his fate was caused by too much indulgence in early life; and when he was brought out of his dark room, there was found written on his wall—"First, disobedience to parents, through too much indulgence; secondly, Sabbath-breaking; thirdly, intemperance and profanity; fourthly, murder; and now the gallows; then—death!" What an awful close of life, that might have ended in his eternal salvation, if he had rightly spent his time! It will save you many a pang, dear parents, and sad regrets and burning tears, and perhaps broken hearts, if you draw the reins of government with a calm and determined zeal; and it will prove to their infinite gain. Begin early.

After remembering, or virtually hearing the distant voices of my parents' prayers and kindly admonitions, as at the very threshold of my heart, I halted, and always had courage to say "No, boys, no; I won't go with you; I shall not either." So they have laughed at and upbraided me, though some listened to me and turned on my side. But home influences, not of my purpose or will alone, were like steel to hold me in check from entering the door-way to hell. O, praise God for home piety. I adore him with all my ransomed powers for the sacred family altar, where, morning and evening, as regular as clock-work, we assembled to hear the "Word of Life" read, and to feel the burning impressions for good of a father's and mother's sacred entreaties.

Of all the means to lead me to a pure Christian life, it was my mother's early teaching me to pray at her knees. And when I did a naughty deed or uttered a bad word in childhood or when a youth, she would take me by the hand, and lead me in the dark parlor, and we there knelt before the mercy-seat; and what a touching prayer she offered for me!—alluding to my sinful act, whatever it was; then imploring God to forgive her boy; though she would often ask me, first, if I would do so no more if she would ask God's pardon in my behalf; then her pleadings went up at the sacred altar. I really realized in my feelings that the Unseen was in the room. I would, as I grew older, rather have had her punish me corporeally and let me go by far, than have passed through that ordeal of

prayer. In tears she entered that hallowed spot; but her tears were all bottled in heaven, I have no doubt. I can never forget her looks, her shining face, her words of sweetness. No, never; they are embalmed in the archives of my heart, every now and then coming up afresh to my soul's joy, as water from the well of salvation.

There is no power on earth or from the regions below can overwhelm or destroy the influence of home religion, of true example, and godly precepts. It winds itself into every fiber of the human soul, tenders the heart, stays the mind, and brings tranquillity of thought; and memory will bring it up continually, as our barricade and protection all along our time course. God will, by his Holy Spirit, enforce it for our interest, and never permit us to be lost, when we serve him in our hearts. It is the bright sunshine of a happy Christian home. It is the golden chain that unites us to God. It is our guide-board to heaven. Take away the family altar of holy morning and evening prayer, and home is desolate to me, and divested of its sweetest joys and its spiritual strength, and all things are adrift and without proper ballast. It is the mighty basis of our success in all life's pursuits; for when the holy incense of heart-devotion ascends to God, as an offering "of a broken heart and contrite spirit" before the shrine of mercy with thanksgiving and praise, then all our "steps will be directed of the Lord," and great peace and triumph will obtain.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams, that great man and statesman, said he was inclined to infidelity,

and would have run astray from the truths of Christianity, but the Christian character and life of his mother convinced him that there was a divine reality in religion. Ah! home and Christ blended, make all things secure.

With this wonderful home power of love, in God's name we can say with Paul, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Truly "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe." If every Christian family in the land were to establish the family altar, and morning and evening send up their humble oblations to the Most High, in one generation the civilized world would all be at salvation's gate, and every soul would send up songs of praise to our Lord.

The appropriate and well-written essay of my dear and oldest brother, Rev. Oliver Burgess, now published in tract form by the Church, I will here insert, in its beautiful and touching pathos, bearing sentiments which will burn on every true heart, and if properly cherished, will do good for time and through vast eternity, viz.:

"Family altar implies worship, or a place for worship. There is no well-defined or positive command for family worship in the Scriptures; but it is the legitimate outgrowth of love for God or piety in the heart, and, like many other institutions,

grows out of Christian influence or the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul; such as missionary and charitable institutions, class and prayer meetings, and Sunday-schools. We may readily infer, however, from reading the Scriptures, that God's people in all ages gave attention to family religion, and that family worship in some form was practiced among them. Whether it consisted in reading the law and the prophets, prayer, and praise, we can not tell.

“Let me give some passages, without naming chapter and verse: ‘Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, thou shalt talk of them when thou liest down and when thou risest up, and when thou walkest by the way.’ ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.’ ‘Train up a child in the way he should go.’ ‘I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment.’ ‘Pour out thy fury on the heathen that know thee not, and the families that call not upon thy name.’ ‘But when Daniel knew that the writing was signed he went into his house; and the windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he knecled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.’ ‘My voice thou shalt hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and will look up.’ ‘Morning, noon, and night will I cry aloud, and thou shalt hear my prayer.’ ‘Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of

the Lord.' 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation,' etc. These show clearly that much attention was given to family religion.

"Family worship is important in this, that it impresses on the mind and heart our dependence on, and our obligations to obey, love, serve, and worship God. It is important also in this, that it instills into the minds and memories of children the lessons and principles of the Christian religion, and thus fortifies them against the influence of infidelity. 'For the entrance of thy Word giveth light.' 'Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way.' Perhaps there is no religious work that more favorably impresses children than the reverent worship of God in the careful reading of appropriate portions of Scripture—for all parts are not appropriate for family worship—fervent prayer for personal and family blessings, and songs of praise suited to the occasion. Here the family and servants learn what worship means, and learn also to love it. Here a strong foundation for noble Christian character is often laid, and from the family altar or worship many date their awakening, which led to conversion. And O, how many pleasant memories linger around the family altars of our fathers! How often there did penitential tears flow, and how often there devotion's flame was kindled in our hearts!

"*To what extent is it maintained among us? Of this I am not so well prepared to judge as in former times. During pastoral work of over thirty*

years I gave much attention to this subject, and my observations in different Churches convinced me that the decided majority of professing Christians had no family altar; and I fear, through the increase of worldliness in the Church, it is worse to-day. Some attended to family worship regularly, morning and evening; some only in the morning; others only in the evening, as best suited their convenience. And I have known families of good Christian standing who only had family worship on the Sabbath, and then entered heartily into it as a part of their Sunday duties. Others had their worship only at meals, and then each one would repeat a passage of Scripture, after which there was an offering of thanks more in the form of a short prayer than the ordinary short grace or blessing. And I have found families who seemed to love the Church and Sunday-school and public worship, and gave promptly to the support of Christian and charitable institutions and the support of the ministry, who had no family altar, and when I have spent nights with such families it was easy to discover that family worship was not their common habit. My observation and experience prove that it is much easier to keep up regular worship in the family when your children are minors and regularly at home, than after they begin the battle of life, and have to be off in a hurry in the morning, and come in from shops and stores and offices at irregular evening hours, and almost every evening in the week are out at Church socials or lectures or lodges or clubs, or elsewhere. And my opinion is,

that if you can not attend to family worship in a quiet, patient, reverent, and devout manner, but have to attend to it in a hurried or confused manner, you had better not observe it at all. 'Let all things be done decently and in order.' To be complete and to really answer the design of family worship, three things are necessary—reading and instruction out of the Word of the Lord, earnest prayer for personal and family blessings, and appropriate words of praise when the family can sing."

As these precious words were in our excellent *Western Christian Advocate*, I presumed to insert my article on the same subject, hoping to prompt some professing Christians to regard this imperative duty, for their eternal interest; hence it was printed in the same paper, as an exhortation to the former:

"Permit me to exhort a little in the old-fashioned style after my brother, Rev. Oliver Burgess, on the benefits of the family altar. From my earliest remembrance this blessed means of grace had been kept up at my father's house. I can not call to mind, in all my childhood, even up to manhood years, that my dear parents—to their honor I say it—ever for once neglected this precious duty. Morning and night as regularly as days came and passed, we were taught to gather at that almost divinely sacred spot and offer up our praise and thanksgivings, and devoutly besiege the throne of grace for divine recognition and blessing. My father, I really believe, would, on no account, have neglected this obligation. It was to him as sacred as his life; for his spiritual advancement greatly,



if not mostly, depended on this means of grace. O, what prayers he offered—how entreating, how earnest, how full of deep devotion! How childlike and feelingly he asked his Lord to bless his companion and all his children, to keep them from sin, and lead them up to eternal life! He talked to God as with an intimate, loving friend; and to this very day I hear the echo of his voice, and cherish his touching words of tender entreaty.

“Often, after his own prayer was closed, he would hesitate to say Amen! and turn to dear mother, saying, ‘Lydia, you offer a word to the Master.’ And with her sweet voice and from her tender heart words went up to the Father that always melted us to tenderness, leaving a living flame within our bosoms that still burns with desire to live right, to die right, and to meet those blessed parents in glory. No business, no persons present, nothing ever kept them from the family service. Never did my father go off on a journey to purchase goods without having us all kneel while he implored the blessings of the Almighty upon us, to keep us from all harm under his divine pavilion. Many of the old ministers, as Brothers Sheldon, Herr, Hamline, Power, Elliott, Bigelow, Yocum, Lorraine, and Bishops Roberts, Waugh, and Soule, all found our altar a place of holy fervor, and their warm, pleading prayers added fuel to the sacred flame of love. Many a good shout did they have around that household altar; and we children hold all those touching prayers in sweetest memory.

“The day our fond father was laid in the tomb,

when the evening shades drew over us, and we all weepingly gathered in the sitting-room, our blessed mother took the family Bible and laid it on the table, saying, 'Who now will take father's place?' Our hearts all melted, and we sobbed aloud, when brother Oliver, the eldest, rose, with tears flowing, and walked to the old book, saying, 'Mother, I'll lead in devotion to-night.' Then such a prayer I never heard, nor ever will I hear, as he offered, praising God that our dear, good, holy father had escaped life's sorrows and cares and toils, and had gone triumphantly to his long-sought home, and was mingling in the presence of God with the children that had gone before, and with all the saints of light on high; then, for our mother, he asked God to be around about her as a wall of fire, and that his right arm might protect her, and his hand lead her in all her steps, and the Holy Spirit guide her in all her ways, and she live to a good old age, to bless all her children, and to direct them to her home above. How truly that prayer was answered! for, under the covert of the divine wings, she reached nearly eighty-six years, and then went home to our father and her Father God, in sublime triumph, leaving us the witness that 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Then, for each of us, he asked Heaven's richest blessings, and, above all, that we might follow the footsteps of our departed parent, and join him at the last in the skies. Angels seemed to hover over us that evening, and we all resolved to live and die for the Lord. Five family altars

have already sprung from that old altar, and I pray God that there may be seven fully instituted ere life sink apace with any of us.

“I regard the family altar as the indispensable support to Christian integrity and religious prosperity of the household. I can not for my life see how any home can be fully the Lord’s without this fundamental duty is enforced. If my hand were cut from my person I would be, physically, an imperfect man ; so any family refusing this obligation is so far disabled, and lacks the full strength of a true Christian family. Brother George W Breckenridge, of precious memory, once said, in a sermon, that he thought when a family held prayers only once a day, in the evening, they ought to move into the house of another family who had only morning prayers, and that might be accepted of the Lord, and bind the offspring to God ; though he questioned it a little whether that would please God, unless both families were quite conscientious about it.

“To those who read this article, I would say, do not risk your immortal souls by doing only a part of your duty as a Christian. For the sake of those dear ones committed to your care, and that you may answer to God in that great day, bring all up in the fear and nurture of the Lord ; that is, give them religious education. Erect the altar to your God, and on it burn the holy incense of prayer, acceptable to our Master, until he calls you to the higher service of eternal praises in the sky.”

When the body of our dear father was lowered in the grave, my brother Oliver shouted on its margin, saying : “Glory to God, our beloved father

has escaped the sorrows of this life, and gone safely home to his blessed Redeemer! Praise the Lord, O my soul!" Our fond mother sank down beneath the heavy burden while by the grave; but, with all this deep affliction, we all returned to our lonely house, conscious that he who had been our earthly stay and safe director from early days was eternally saved in heaven. Our loved ones we shall meet beyond the river, and abide forever with our Lord. The hallowed hope we cherish, through Christ Jesus, is the only consolation we possess as travelers and strangers here below; for it reaches "within that within the veil;" and "if in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Yet we can joyfully exclaim, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Thus having the resurrection of our Lord and Savior ever before us, and our eye of faith upon the cross of Calvary, we are enabled to live, day by day, in glorious expectancy of a life beyond the grave. O, precious hope of immortality! What a sacred boon!

And though my dear mother survived our father over thirty years, I will insert the beautiful funeral sermon, delivered near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, July 24, 1883, by Rev. Elvero Persons, D. D., of the North Ohio Conference:

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psa. cxvi, 15.

"DEARLY BELOVED,—We are assembled to-day under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. A mother in Israel has fallen!—one whose heart was open to every good work, whose home was the

resting-place for the weary itinerant for many years; one who has wrought much of her life into the Christian pattern of this community; who has raised two of her four sons to the ministry of the Gospel, and whose children rise up and call her blessed. What wondrous events of history are included in the single life now closed! From near the middle of George III's sixty years reign this life covers all the events through the reigns of George IV, William IV, and thus far through Victoria's long and peaceful rule. Hardly had the echoes of the Revolution died from out the ravines of our eastern shore when she was listening, as our children do now, to stories of the war. Had there been any daily news or telegraph, as there is now, she would have heard of the election of the First Napoleon and all his wonderful career. Her life covered the reigns of Charles X, Louis Philippe, the Revolution, the First Republic, the Second Empire under Napoleon III, and the revolution which has given birth to the uncertain tenure of the Second Republic. She has heard the rejoicings at the inauguration of every President save Washington, and has seen the country which she loved increase forty millions of souls. All the great inventions of modern times have come within this life. Empires and kingdoms have risen and fallen again, and republics have demonstrated their right to govern, and have dotted the Western World. What untold wealth of human experience in the spirit so lately the tenant of this body! And yet how simple and toy-like seems all this earthly greatness

as we realize to-day that the actors are all in the presence of God! 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

"It seems paradoxical that *death* can be precious at any time, or in any form. Death is the terror of hearts and destroyer of homes. Every thing about the grim monster is terrible—the stifled breath, the glazing eye, and the dull ear no longer answering the signs of love; the rigid form, the shroud, the pall, the bier, the deathly stillness and the narrow house, the awful sense of total bereavement,—how can these things be *precious* in the Father's sight? Is it a cruel mocking of human woe? 'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.' *He* says the departure of the saint is precious to him. This hour, so full of sadness to you who mourn a mother's love, is the hour of triumphant victory to her.

"How often in the days of her pilgrimage she longed to see 'the King in his beauty!' How her heart swelled with rapture as she anticipated the coming time, when earth should fade away and the glories of her heavenly mansion open to her view! Now it is *more* than realized; for eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor heart conceived the glories reserved for those that love Him.

"I. It is precious because it is the hour of final victory over the world.

"How many years these pale hands have toiled early and late for those she loved—and whom did she not love?—for the stranger at her gate, the messenger of God, the needy everywhere! Now they are at rest. They have earned the right to

lic quiet till the morning of the resurrection. This faithful but silent heart, once filled with conjugal love and maternal devotion and care, together with all the perplexing anxieties incident to the relations in which she moved, and added thereto her devotion to the cause of religion—rejoicing when God's Israel was victorious, and grieving when the ways of Zion mourn and few come to her solemn feasts; this heart that for fourscore years has been filled with alternate light and gloom, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, temptation and triumph, now is forever filled with the glad pulsations that thrill the redeemed of the Lord; no pang of sorrow, no shadow of sadness forever. She takes her place where ten thousand times ten thousand,

‘In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light.  
’T is finished, *all* is finished,  
Their fight with Death and Sin;  
Fly, open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in!’

It is a time of victory over the world and the flesh, and also over all temptation. How often this soul, intent on eternal life, has been cruelly assaulted by the devil! How has he taken advantage of her trials and cares, to lessen her faith, despoil her hope, rob her of heavenly joy—to suggest doubts of divine care and acceptance, and fears of coming danger! How has he at times massed the enginery of hell to overthrow her confidence in the Lord of hosts! All this is over forever. His bow is broken; his shattered quiver lies empty on this

side the river. She has passed triumphant beyond the flight of his shafts, another witness to Christ's saving power, another star in the crown of his rejoicing.

“II. The death of the saint is precious because it vindicates Christ's power to save to the uttermost.

“Aged saints have a peculiar mission in this life. They often wonder why they are not called home.

‘They long to behold Him arrayed  
In glory and light from above.’

Their palsied limbs can no longer work; their dimmed senses can scarcely enjoy; their fragile frames are often burdened with disease, and to all human view it is a mistake to keep them here, while death cuts down the robust and the strong. But when we remember it is not for their sakes so much as for His glory he delays their departure; when we recall that it is the purpose of God to show to principalities and powers in heavenly places his manifold wisdom in his dealing with the Church, we see the importance of the presence of the aged ones; for by them the power of his grace to save under all conditions in life is seen. He holds them right here on the battle-field of the universe, where the combined forces of darkness contend with those of light. Here on the field, where heaven and hell contend for the destiny of souls; in the midst of the conflict, where they can no longer be aggressive, He holds them steady, that the principalities and powers in the heavenly



places may see the *power* of *his grace*, and know that

‘Down to old age his people shall prove  
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.’

And when such a soul, after fourscore years, comes in like a shock of corn, fully ripe and ready for translation, what a pæan of victory it can shout as it marches up the shining way! for the soul has not been snatched away from the power of Satan, but he has conquered him in all moods and experiences of human life, and held the field, and come off more than conqueror through Jesus Christ. This is a precious hour in God’s sight, because of the halo of glory that makes radiant the Church left behind.

“For three thousand years the Church has been looking upon the ascending chariot of Elijah, drawing inspiration and courage therefrom, while she has grasped his descending mantle, and smote the yielding Jordans of difficulty and opposition in her course. But every age has its Elijahs. They have not bowed the knee to Baal, nor surrendered to the popular defilement of Ahab’s court; they mount up from the lowly Lazarus-like experiences to the glories of the upper sanctuary; from damp cellars and dark garrets, into the light that no man can approach unto; from humble surroundings, into the mansions of God; and their victory is the inspiration of the Church militant; their dying shouts give courage to the battling hosts; their whispered good-byes breathe deathless devotion into myriad souls. The gates of hell can not prevail against her

while the Simeons and Elis, the Hannahs and Elizabeths abide in the Church of God.

“III. The saint’s departure is precious because it is the beginning of an endless life.

“Years before any of us now here were born, this soul came, an infant, bringing joy and gladness. Years after, she was born again, and heaven joined with earth in the joy when she took a life of penitence and prayer. Now the silver cord has stretched over the space of fourscore years, and she begins that endless life beyond the tests and trials of probation, where all is helpful and harmonious, in the companionship of loved ones, with all the company of the redeemed, and where she can constantly behold the King in his beauty.

“Think of the cloud of witnesses that await her—the companion of her youth and middle life, whose memory and love she has kept fresh all this score of years; the multitude who have partaken of her hospitality, so generously given; names whose fragrance is like ointment poured forth.

‘O, think of the rapturous greeting  
 On heaven’s happy shore!  
 What knitting severed friendships up  
 Where partings are no more!  
 When eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
 That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.’

“IV Their departure is precious because it answers His prayer and increases His glory.

“The love of Christ to us is personal, and continues with him in his exaltation. And so he

prayed, 'Father, I will that these should be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' His saints have only dim glimpses of his glory here. Many, like Moses, cry out in spirit, 'Show me thy glory.' What joy to him to reveal himself to them, unobstructed by sin and sense! Paul was favored with a little of that revelation in anticipation; and John, the aged and beloved one, when laboring as a slave in the mines of Patmos under the Roman driver's lash, caught glimpses of the coming glory; but this is as nothing to what his loved ones see, when they 'behold the King in his beauty.'

"It adds to his glory—not to the intrinsic glory of his absolute essence, for that is infinite, and not capable of increase, but to his redemption glory. The prophet says, 'He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;' and the constant coming home of the myriads of the redeemed, out of every tribe and people and nation, brings nearer completion the joy of the Lord. In the coming in of every one he sees again the whole history of redemption, his earthly toils and sufferings; he sits again by Jacob's well, and stands in Peter's boat on the lake of Gennesaret.

'O Savior, gone to God's right hand,  
Yet the same Savior still,  
'Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.'

Again he stands amid the soldier rabble in Pilate's hall, and climbs the ascent to Calvary, and feels the agony of the cross; but these untold myriads that are constantly coming up through great tribulation,

transformed into his likeness and rejoicing in his love, are the fruits of his travail, and his soul is satisfied. Earth rescued, a race redeemed! 'Heaven and earth and sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and wisdom, and riches, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'

"While here there is the broken home and desolate hearth and the deep sense of orphanage, on the other shore our tears are pearls in her diadem, our sighs the whisper of angel love, our outbursts of grief the glad hallelujah of the great cloud of witnesses that welcome her chastened spirit home.

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

## Chapter III.

MY FIRST SABBATH-SCHOOL—REV. JAMES SCOTT, PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, HIS CHARACTER AND GOOD WAYS, THE IMPRESSIONS HE MADE—CHAUNCEY KNOULTON, MY FIRST SUPERINTENDENT IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—MY PARENTS, THEIR DEVOTION TO GOD—A COMPARISON—REV. DR. J. M. BUCKLEY—GOOD AND STRONG MEN OF MT. VERNON, OHIO—MY SKATING, AND FOUND OUT, MY PUNISHMENT AND DECEPTION, MY PRAYING—SWEARING, “BIG TONGS AND LITTLE BOTTLE”—REV. O. BURGESS ON PROFANITY.

ONE of the most delightful instances of early events and sweet remembrances was connected with my Sabbath-school attendance. The Presbyterians had just established one in our town, some time before our Church did. I attended it, and call to memory, with untold pleasure, the pleasant interviews, and, most of all, the good superintendent, Rev. James Scott, or Father Scott, as he was called. He was also their stationed minister. He was a tall, lean, spare-faced gentleman, with long, white hair, hanging down on his shoulders, giving him a patriarchal appearance. He possessed a noble mien, was very agreeable in his address, attractive in his language, winning in style, and lofty in all his utterances. He scarcely ever talked to the school without weeping in child-like tenderness. Simple words, that the youngest could understand,

was the basis of his great success over the school and in his Church. I never can forget his affectionate look and Christ-like persuasiveness for all to seek Jesus as their only safety. I have no doubt that his character and sweet ways and heaven-inspiring thoughts, falling upon so many tender hearts, so stamped God's Word and his divine nature upon them, that in glory they will hail the good old saint with a shout of triumph. I know I shall be the happier to meet Father Scott on the "golden shore;" and O, when we meet, will we not recognize each other? for if we now, while clothed in the flesh, remember each other's faces and very expressions, how much more clearly shall our disembodied spirits in glory stand face to face in hallowed recognition! In the regulation of the school, and always at its close, he deeply impressed us with the fact that the greatest burden of his soul was our salvation. Many were led to the cross, and into the Church, by his godly efforts. Its early triumphant beginning, and its present prosperous position as a denomination in Mt. Vernon, is greatly due to that blessed old Presbyterian, pioneer minister.

A good start is always half the battle toward success. Do you think it possible, dear reader, that such sacred influences can ever be erased from memory's tablet? It will be as enduring as eternity, and prove an everlasting incitement to praise our Creator. Do not these remembrances, following a whole life-time, almost from infancy, tell of our immortality, and that when cumbrous clay shall perish, our spirits shall cherish those goodly feelings

through infinity? I trow it does. A few years after this, our Methodist Church instituted her own Sabbath-school, and elected Brother Chauncey Knoulton superintendent. This proved to be a grand selection. He was a most devout, intelligent, and God-fearing man, and, like the former, made Christ his whole theme, and the conversion of the children his chief object. He appeared to abide, every day, beneath the vertical rays of the Sun of righteousness. His efforts to lead us all upward and heavenward were extraordinary. O, how he wept when turning our attention to the reeking cross—the blood-stained banner, as he named it! How earnestly and lovingly he pointed us to the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!” I have no question but that, through the untiring influence of that devout man, some were directed to the call of the ministry of Jesus Christ, besides many others whom he led to seek a religious life.

At this day of progress there may be more system, more artistic singing, and nicer hymns of sentimental tone; quicker and experter, bounding from semitones to the semiquavers; better rounded up and studied prayers; more statesmanship-like government over and in our schools; yet I really believe there is a loss of real, deep Christian sympathy for souls; not enough of the full, complete, dying and risen Savior presented. There is, I admit, a wonderful routine of business obtains in all our schools, and numerous “object-lessons,” which may be quite attractive, and manifest a kind of advance-

ment; but our object-lessons in earlier days were Jesus, and him crucified, the cross of Calvary, the flowing blood, the wounded feet and hands and pierced side; and all persons, even the tenderest "lambs of the flock," fully understood the simple teachings from those lips, whose hearts were imbued with the Holy Spirit. Nothing was more simple and impressive than the "Star of Bethlehem," the "cross all stained with hallowed blood." These days, children are all pleased, and laugh and feel good at funny anecdotes, and come home gleeful to tell the queer things some man said; then, they were prompted to tears of love for Christ, and a spiritual realization of their responsibility to God, and the necessity to seek Christ. Of course, there are some noble exceptions, and many devout schools, and numerous pious teachers and energetic superintendents doing good to thousands; yet I do think deep piety is lacking in the general.

Brother Knoulton had a son, who, if living, is a luminous star in the ministry of our Master, and many whom he leads to the mercy-seat will reflect back much credit in a goodly degree to the holy and loving father, whose work for Christ's cause ended not on earth when he ended his life, but the wave of good deeds he started will move on to the end of time. When the great ledger of life's account shall be opened, I think much will pass back from the work of the good son to the father, and both shall reap their gracious harvest in heavenly copartnership.

Blessed thoughts linger in my memory, also, in



regard to my first Sabbath-school teacher of our school, Wm. Patterson. He was a noble and true Christian, unflinching in his integrity; and, like King David, he could say: "O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself [with all my powers] will awake early," will ever be on the alert, moment by moment, for all time; for God was always exalted before his mind and soul, and his heart echoed the words, "Be still, and know that I am God!" He was always in his place to the instant, explaining the fullness of the Holy Scriptures, and instructing us all to love and serve the Lord of glory. Although a half-century has fled since that blessed day, yet I hold most sacredly a little book he presented to me, with his name inscribed within, for reciting to him, from time to time, a thousand verses from the Bible. Those sweet passages, committed in my early boyhood, often come up before me in richness and great profit; and O that I had cherished them more sacredly and practically, for all my course in life! then could I in truth have said, "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

May I not say of that good man, and would apply it to us all who walk after God, that "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips;" and "the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright," for "the wise and their works are in the hand of God;" "and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament?" The numerous and glorious lessons received from

these blessed men so early in life helped to add to parental sanctity, to save me, to lift my steps heavenward, and keep me from falling in the tide of iniquity that has engulfed thousands of youthful, unwary souls. I praise the Immortal King that he has led me through all these wonderful privileges and favorable opportunities, to come at last within the sacred covenant of grace, and to realize that my "life is hid with Christ in God," and that I now do "abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Truly I can say, "He leadeth me in a plain path because of mine enemies," and, bless his name, "he leadeth me beside the still waters," and my heart ever cries out, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" "Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness; lead me in thy truth, lead me in the way everlasting;" for "the way of life is above to the wise, that they may depart from hell beneath;" and because of those that fight and persecute me, I am led in a plain path; "for in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me, he shall set me up upon a rock;" "therefore shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies around about me." So God, the Almighty, proves to be as a wall of fire to us against the approach of the evil one, if our trust in him is unlimited. Praise his holy name, for he is to me "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and I must joyfully add, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

I believe all these means of grace, of God's favor, vouchsafed to me from moment to moment, were as the square of divine truth to prompt me to walk perpendicularly over the level of time, fearlessly under the Unseen Eye, so adjusting all my steps in concert with the will of the Eternal One as to successfully enter upon my glorious ministerial career as a servant of the Most High. This decision has afforded me inexpressible joy in early manhood, to tell of Jesus and his merits; and it is my highest pleasure in advanced age, and to look with untold delight to my coming glorification in the world of light and love. If we could cherish in memory the teachings of our youth, making them all of practical bearing, how many dear and precious souls would we lead heavenward! and then, at the last, be adorned with a crown of unfading beauty, all sparkling with gems of those whom we had saved by our Christian endeavors. O, had I millions of wealth, I would freely offer it up as an everlasting sacrifice to my God had I improved all my hours and years to his honor and glory!

"Redeeming the time because the days are evil," should be the watchword of every intelligent being. I have no fault to find with all my home surroundings in parental government; for my good parents were watchful and instructing, ever inspiring us to high aspirations, and praying devoutly for us; and they appeared to do all within their power to direct and guide us in the way of uprightness.

My father's religion was so impressive that we felt a divine light and blessed efficacy reflecting upon

us all the time. I have often gone into the back-room of the store for goods, during the hours of the day when business was not very brisk, and I have found my father lingering in secret devotion upon his knees, pleading in silence with the Unseen; and I have stepped cautiously and lightly over his feet to get some article of merchandise, and passed out without disturbing him. O, how he tarried at the mercy-seat! I have in older years thought, perhaps he was holding me up in my sins by his arms of faith, before the Lord, that I might not be lost. The heart of a loving, prayerful parent must bear an unaccountable burden in behalf of his erring and unsaved children. It must be like to the immeasurable load that Jesus, our Savior, bore when in the garden of Gethsemane, when he cried in the agony of his soul, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." It was the anxiety and Christian pleasure of their whole lives to make us all happy, and to point us to the bliss of heaven and to God, and also to begird us with the everlasting truth as the Bible revealed it.

At the bar of divine justice, in the great day of assize, we can cast no reflections on our parents for their neglect of pure and sanctified admonitions; nor can we come forward before that awful Judge, at the last court, and say they lacked in instruction or in moral government; and if any one of us is lost—though mercy forbid it!—the sin will be upon us. They did all that holy and consecrated Christian parents could do to direct us to life eternal.

The promises of the "Word of Life" were to them as the real voice of God, audibly speaking, and they believed all would be fulfilled in our conversion and final salvation. They were to them "as the munitions of rocks," and a defense against all assaults; and as a cloak is to the body in cold and storm, so were those promises in their support in all spiritual battles. "The memory of the just is blessed;" "His children are blest after him;" "And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they ARE the seed *which* the Lord hath blessed." This implies that the Christian is the only one who properly enjoys and religiously inherits the earth; for it is said, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

In the review of all my life to manhood, I can call to memory no cause of action in any thing against my parents' Christian characters and lives. Abraham never showed stronger faith in God's promises than did my father; they were the "man of his counsel," the barricade of his soul, the embodiment of his faith; they were to him the Yea and Amen of the divine *dictum*, the chart and compass of his entire life. I would make no invidious comparison between my father and mother, as to which was superior in my estimation, or did most for my culture in all respects. The one was always inspiring me to study, to greatness, and to be useful, to become a man worthy of honor, and to lead many to the truth and to God. This, he taught me, was a possibility, if I lived right. The other was ever

instilling into my soul and mind kindness, obedience, benevolence to all beings, and prayerfulness, and her words were as steel brackets to hold me in the line of virtue.

Some are always magnifying the good characteristics of *mother*, and over and over repeating in company, or from the pulpit, the sublime traits of a fond and loving mother, but seldom mention father and his noble deeds of kindness and good words, however kindly and repeatedly shown towards them. Yes, all *mother*, and no father, no matter how devout and earnest for their welfare he might have been. Those who give all praise and glory to *her* only, I doubt if such were ever so very obedient to her in their youth. I expect they often crossed her steps by pervert acts, and gave her ill words,—while perhaps the *father* was as attentive to them, and as deeply concerned for their prosperity and eternal safety, as she was. With all the sweetness and preciousness of my mother, and her care and solicitude for me, my father, in all those blessed qualities was never excelled by her; and to-day, after his demise for over thirty-six years, his talk comes to me in sweet thought by day, in my dreams by night, and I hear his voice, and his holy look is stereotyped upon the face of memory as clear as sunlight. I can but say I loved one just as devoutly as the other, and to me there could be no preference. They moved in unison to lead us to the skies.

I have clipped from the *Christian Advocate* a few precious thoughts from the pen of Rev. Dr.

J. M. Buckley, which have been engraven in my heart, and will be estimated by all, viz.: "It is not easy to say which is the greater loss to a child, that of father or mother. This I know: the most touching sermons I heard in childhood came not with the voice of man, were not heard by others, but came to me in silence as I often stood by my father's grave and wondered where he was. I remembered a pale face, a thin hand placed upon my head, and a feeble voice saying, 'Be a good boy, my son, and meet me in heaven.' Then I remembered a solemn day—a hearse, a long procession, the open grave—and I remembered when the stone was set up, having on it the name of my father, and a voice seemed to say once more, in the whispering of the 'pines, with their soft and soul-like sounds,' 'Meet me in heaven.'" And now my sainted parents have met, under the sunlight of the throne, to walk the streets of gold and join in songs of everlasting joy. We shall meet them, through the infinite merits of our blessed Redeemer.

After a good common-school education, and as I had become more enlightened, my heart yearned continually to be the Lord's, to enter fully into the covenant of grace, to be a humble servant in the household of faith; but evil surroundings enchanted me away from the path of rectitude into the broad, frequented way, and wild boyhood guided my steps, for years, down towards ruin and death eternal. Under such influences I was miserable, and feared to take the noble side for the Savior, yet conscious all the time that I ought to do so for

my soul's interest. The Holy Ghost was ever striving with me, and saying, "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall be satisfied;" for "the fear of the Lord is wisdom." On several occasions, during revivals in the Church, I made an effort to be religious, realizing my dangerous position in sin and disobedience. When about fifteen years of age, about the days when the distinguished Rev. Dr. William Herr was our minister, I bowed at the altar to seek the Lord; but while on my knees one or two embraced religion, and began shouting aloud, and it so frightened me that I crawled under the table that stood near the pulpit, and there I remained hidden, perhaps an hour, until all the congregation rose up to sing and praise God; then I darted out, and felt greatly relieved.

As years sped away, I grew wilder, and took all plans to carry out my evil ways, or to continue in my sinfulness. Becoming harder and more stubborn, I tried to argue in behalf of infidelity; but my throat grew husky in the attempt, and my better judgment gave my words and my wicked efforts the lie; I fully realizing that all my props were false and forever unfounded. During Church service my mind would rest on the old and faithful members, such as Abel Hart, Lewis Young, William Mitchell, William Sanderson, Father Wilson, Brothers Evans, A. Allen, Whittington, Randolph, McFadden, and others; and I would often say to myself, I would give all this world, with all its gold and silver, if I were only as good, and had as sure a hope of heaven as they. So my estimate of



religion was uneireumscribed ; for I had seen its bright reflections at home and in good people, sufficient to satisfy me of its inestimable value. These good men all talked to me about the salvation of my soul, and always took a deep interest in me ; so that their precious words were as leaven working in my heart, and impressing duty imperishably upon the mind.

A little incident once occurred at prayer-meeting, which, right here, I must state. Unele Billy (William) Mitchell was exceedingly earnest in his service in Church, and his exclamations were at times quite expressive. Once as I was kneeling near him, and my dear father was offering up a sublime petition, as was his lofty and gracious style—never forgotten by preachers or members—all at once Uncle Billy cried out, in an extraordinary voice, “ Amen ! Amen ! ” and it frightened me so that I sprang upon my feet in an instant ; for its quickness and sharp tone were unmeasured. It was his habit to thus give utterance loudly, but the prayer so inspired him this time that it was an uncommon response. Its echoes, to my mind, away down to this moment in life, sound upon my heart.

The plowshare of divine truth had reached me by the preaching of Revs. James McMahan, L. L. Hamline, Dr. William Herr, E. Yoeum, Thomas Barkdull, G. W. Breckenridge, George Elliott, L. B. Gurley, J. H. Power, H. E. Pileher, Brothers Godard, Hixon, Blue, Goff, and others, going deeply through the fallow ground of my sinful heart, stirring it over and over for the divine seed to take

root and spring up and grow, that I might be as a "tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." So I was in that early day, like the troubled sea—no calm, no rest, no peace, no hope. A muddy current of iniquity flowed over my very heart, sickening to my soul, and I lived in awful dread of the future. My home instructions were so sublime that my convictions were the more pungent. All within my skill and contrivance was done to turn away good impressions, though it conflicted with my reason and good sense to so act. I tried to cherish Universalism as a refuge and support; yet I would say, in my judgment, if Universalism is false, woe betide my poor, weak security; but even if true, I am safer in Orthodoxy, and it is better to know we are safe.

But pointed convictions from God's truth forced me to believe in rewards and punishments hereafter; and one strong ground for that belief was, that for every sin I committed I felt in my heart a deep guilt, and an apprehension of God's pure eye upon me, and also that some time in the future I would have to account for each sin. Then I knew there were private sins, that nobody on earth but the perpetrator knew of, that must be called up and answered for, and that before a coming tribunal; so I hurled the doctrine away forever. I doubt if any rational, intelligent person believes that doctrine to be true. They are like the man while defending it strenuously in debate; when the opponent asked him, "Now, John, what would you give if you *knew* for a certainty that it was true?" he replied in

haste, "I'd give my horse in a minute." I knew the Bible gave me as strong evidence of the existence of a devil and hell as of a God and heaven; and I must, as an honest and thinking being, accept the one or the other as my stay.

On one Sabbath evening, under the deepest convictions of sin, as a revival was in progress, and to banish it from my mind, I concluded to steal away with the boys to a skating pleasure. I knew it was an outrageous sin, but I went with that consciousness in my heart. From the reservoir could be seen the church on the hill-top; so, when meeting closed and lights were extinguished, I could hurry home, and my parents would never know but I had been to meeting. But, somehow or other, that night Satan outdid himself, and the sanctuary was forgotten, the lights all put out, and the fact not recognized by me. So sport and high delight were participated in until midnight hours. Suddenly, in the midst of my hilarity, was heard the shrill voice and startling call—"O, John—*John*—O, *John!*" Ah! I was found; it was the cry of my elder brother, Oliver—my parents being very uneasy at my late absence. My brother and old Father Wilson had heard the yelling from the ice-bed; for sin always yells itself to exposure, and "will out:" so the great noise of the merry crowd was heard at the distance, and they sought us out. Never was I so nonplused, and more excited, and more guilty; and trembling seized my whole nature, and, escaping their observation, I fled rapidly home. Now was the trial, for my father and mother feared

I was lost, and waited with intensest anxiety for my return. There was no plea to be offered. I was caught in the trap, and was woefully criminal and disobedient to home commands, and also of breaking the holy Sabbath. I felt myself a miserable culprit, worthy of only severe punishment.

My father was a very lenient man, and heretofore, if we had done any thing wrong on the Sabbath deserving correction, he would promise to correct us on the morrow; but being so merciful and loving, he frequently forgot it when the day arrived; which, perhaps was an error, but I think the only fault I ever discovered in him. But this offense was too aggravating to be overlooked. His responsibility, as he afterward said, was wonderfully impressed on his heart at that hour; so he questioned me very closely, then took me in the parlor, the door being left ajar to the sitting-room, and he partly divested me of my clothing to chastise me. My elder brother, Oliver, and the rest of the family listened, expecting me to receive a well-deserving and severe chastisement; but they hearkened with silent surprise, and were disappointed that I so easily escaped; and they tell this of me, which I do not wholly remember myself, being so terribly alarmed and guilty—yet I knew then I was deceiving him by my false and strategic dodge—that after he had struck me a few sharp blows with the rod as his kind nature would allow, he hesitated at my wailing, for it sickened him nearly to punish us, and they say I said to him, “Father, I have been very poorly lately.” He stopped and asked,

“What’s the matter with you?” I responded, “I do n’t know what, but I have felt very badly in my heart,” and then pointing to my side, “and I thought I might die soon.” He placed his left hand, with his handkerchief in it, to his face upon his mouth, suppressing his momentary embarrassment, and somewhat overcome with my peculiar and plaintive tones, and although affecting him considerably, he replied, “Well, son, it do n’t seem to matter much if you live or die, for I fear your sins will lead you to the penitentiary or the gallows if you do not change your way of living.” Then, with only a couple more of light cuts with the switch, I escaped the real flogging I deserved. My conscience smote me so dreadfully for my sin, knowing that I had told him a bare-faced falsehood, that I never forgot the circumstance.

I have wondered a thousand times how it could be that I ever got so far away from true obedience to good parents, how I could be led to deceive them, and wander in forbidden paths. In review of all my life-teachings, I can come to no other conclusion than that either they were too lovingly indulgent, and afforded us too many of the blessings of this life, as this is a parental infirmity often, or else the over-abundant pressure of sin so abounding then, and the mighty surplus of sinners around us at that rude age, gained the ascendancy over our youthful minds, and led us away from the right path. But if Christianity is true—and no sane person will doubt that—and that “one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight,” why

should any power be found on earth, or from hell, to lead a true Christian's children astray? To me it is all a mystery, unless our parents are too excessively indulgent, as was Eli, whose sons were slain on account of ill words or slackness of government. How, O how, our sin stares us all in the face! I would advise every young married couple most ardently to importune God to aid and direct them in family rule, for without his divine guidance all our efforts will prove a failure.

But O, how I really groaned in spirit on account of my pressing iniquity! I was not a vile sinner, or rash or outbreaking, or given to profanity and the like; but I went forward in fool-hardiness, in outspoken mischief, in my daily course. The only time I ever really attempted to swear was once as I stood before my father's store-door, when a mate of mine struck me and ran away; then I instantly uttered an oath, and I looked up in an instant to see if my mother was at the stair-window, and reproof fell deeply into my heart. I have often praised my Heavenly Parent that I, by such home discipline, avoided that one disgusting habit of swearing. Any person who swears can cease to do so, and would if they saw how silly it was. General Washington said, "It was no mark of a man to swear."

A friend once told his neighbor who was addicted to this miserable practice, using profanity at nearly every sentence, that it was all folly, and improper and sinful to swear at all. The reproved man remarked that he had gotten into the way of

it, and could not quit. "Well," said his friend, "if you will do as I tell you, you can easily desist." He promised to do as required; so he agreed to this pledge: "Whenever you get excited or mad, just say, 'Big tongs and little bottle—big tongs and little bottle.'" Soon after this his wrath was kindled, and accordingly, remembering his vow, he cried out with emphasis, "Big tongs and little bottle—big tongs and little bottle!" This he did on two occasions, and it was so silly and unmeaning to himself that he was ashamed; but he reasoned thus: "Surely it is as much sense as low oaths or mean profanity, and much less odious to others." It proved, as he stated, a complete cure. But O, the idea of cursing God, taking his name in vain, using the breath he permits us to enjoy to strengthen our lungs, to throw back in the Almighty's face a curse, when it is said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain!"

"An old man and a young man were riding in a stage-coach. The old man was grave but sprightly, short of stature, spare, with a smooth forehead, a fresh complexion, and a bright and piercing eye. The young man swore a great deal; until once when they stopped to change horses the old man said to him: 'I perceive by the registry-books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favor to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget myself as to *swear*, you will oblige me if you will *caution me about it*.' The young man

instantly apologized, and there was no more swearing heard from him during that journey. The old man was John Wesley."

And yet is it not a sorrowful fact that many, very many, professing Christians do what is sinful in using "by-words," which to the ungodly is a stumbling-block? Sinners can not see that their oaths are much more evil than such as those which religious people often use, viz.: "Lord of love!" "Gracious heavens!" "Thunder and lightning!" "Good Lord a'mighty!" "By the holy Patrick!" "By gosh!" "By golly!" "By jimmany patch!" "Drat such a fellow!" "Darn my skin!" "I'll be darned if I care!" And I have heard women, professors of Christ, say: "Merciful heavens!" "I'll take your life if you do n't be still!" "I'll skin you alive for that, if you repeat it!" "I'll beat your brains out if you do it again!" and many similar remarks, all of which are substitutes for cursing. If one such person were to be seized with death just after such utterances, would not his future joys be much questioned? I trow they would be. "Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our God!"

The following terse language of Rev. O. Burgess is worthy to be here inserted, as follows:

"A great vice extensively prevailing among the youth of this country is profanity. How often are the feelings of good men shocked, as they pass along the streets, to hear profane and blasphemous language falling from the lips of young men, and



sometimes polluting the mouths of little boys! This practice shows:

“First. A shallow mind. It can be justified by no argument. It is wholly without profit. The swearer can realize no advantage to body, or mind, or reputation. ‘Silly fish bite the naked hook.’

“Secondly. A degraded mind. Who in this day of refinement, having correct views and feelings, does not turn away with pity and contempt from the youth ‘whose mouth is filled with cursings?’ Where is the modest young man whose face does not crimson with shame when he hears his fellow youth belching out words and sentences that have no resemblance to purity or truth or common sense, but are demonstrative of the truth that ‘that which cometh out of a man defileth him?’

“Thirdly. It exposes a bad heart. He who indulges in this vile practice violates his obligations to God, who has classed this evil with theft, adultery, murder, etc., and has positively forbidden it. The swearer’s course is evidence that the ‘carnal mind is enmity to God, and is not subject to his law.’

“Fourthly. A great contempt for the counsels, example, and opinions of the wise and good. Where is the youth who is ignorant of the fact that he trifles with and wounds the feelings of the better portion of society when he swears in their presence? He knows full well that his conduct is held in perfect abhorrence by all who delight in those things that are honest and lovely and of good report. A decent regard, then, for the opinions of others will restrain from this vice those whose

moral sensibilities are not stupefied and blunted by habitual profanity.

“Fifthly. An utter disregard for the laws of the land. As a general thing, the swearer knows that he is exposing himself to the punishment which wise and wholesome laws will inflict, if he is reported. But his neighbors are kind and merciful, and do not like to deprive the poor fellow of his purse. ‘Because, therefore, sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed,’ the swearer’s heart is fully set in him to do evil. Let me exhort all men, young and old, to set their faces against this terrible practice, and kindly admonish the little boys who are exposed to this great evil what a curse it will bring upon them.”

## Chapter IV.

EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS—MY TEACHERS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS—DANA MILLER, HIS SUPERIOR GIFTS—MY FATHER AS TEACHER—MY BOYHOOD TRIUMPH—MATTHEW MITCHELL, HIS FLOGGING A YOUTH, AND HIS SPIRIT—MR. FENTON, HIS IRON RULING, HIS PLEASURE TO PUNISH, NO SMILE, NO SNEEZING, DARE TO WHISPER, DO N'T SLEEP—MR. NICKOLS, HIMSELF, HIS RULE, OUR THREATS, HIS GETTING FLOORED ONCE BY A CLUB IN A BOY'S HAND—MY AGILITY—MY DREAM AND GRIEF, I WAS LET IN, ITS WARNING TO ME—WASHING FATHER SLATER'S FEET, IT COMES BACK TO ME—NATIONAL DAYS, FIGHTS, BLACK EYES, SKINNED NOSES, BROKEN LIMBS, THE MAN I DREADED—REV. PHILIP PLUMMER CONQUERED HIM—CORN-HUSKINGS—LOG-ROLLINGS, GREAT BRUSH-FIRES—FUN, FUN—ODD MARRIAGES BY MY FATHER, WHAT WE CHILDREN GOT AFTERWARDS—HOE-CAKES, HOW BAKED—NO COOK-STOVES—LOG-CABIN RAISINGS, SNAKED IN, HEE-O-HEE, HEE-O-HEE—CORN-BREAD AND DUTCH OVENS—COON-HUNTS, DOGS, FIGHTS—DANGER.

MY school-days were varied, yet deeply interesting to me. The first teacher to prompt my tender mind up the hill of science was old Dana Miller, so called. It was in the old-fashioned, two-story brick school-house in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Above the school was the Masonic lodge, and we boys thought the devil stayed there, as this was the belief also of many men and women; and we imagined we often saw his claws come through the key-hole; and even grown persons had a kind of terror about

it at times, and warned us never to become a Mason; for they were a dangerous set of men, doing awful deeds, subversive of all good governmental success. So in our ignorance we cherished their stupendous statements; and we concluded we would wait a time in patience, and see their secrecy and vileness exposed and overthrown. But thus far the world has never felt any great shock from their influence.

Well, Mr. Miller, our teacher, offered many grand and attractive instructions in his natural and cultivated simplicity; and in his unbounded kindness, to mark out for ourselves great achievements, he urged us all to noble advancements in true learning, that we might make the world feel and see that we had attained a great sphere of usefulness. All the scholars made rapid progress in their studies under his royal good government. He ruled by love and kind persuasiveness. He appeared to have every interest of each, great or small, in his heart, showing no difference in his attachments; but all were treated as his own children. No man was ever more anxious to inspire the youth to intellectual progress. He was far from being pedantic; yet he most successfully, and deeply impressed all under his care of the grandeur and lasting benefit of a good education; and as we ascended the hill of science with pure and proper motives, so would our happiness and usefulness be seen and realized by multitudes. It was the religion of his every-day life to inspire the young to mental elevation, and lead them to morality. In the midst of our studies, to relieve our stupidity, and drive away all dullness

of sedentary hours, once in a while he would arrest our attention by a loud, quick rap on the bench, then, with a sharp voice ordering all books closed, make us rise up, grasp hands in one long circle, and run round and round, shouting at the top of our voices, and laughing lustily as we could, suppressing no one however shrill; then we had to run back the other way; then all had to reach up our arms as high as possible, clap our hands several times; then he ordered us in quick-step, as if pursued by a foe, back to our seats—which exercise, so wittingly given, produced elasticity in mind, and gave bodily nerve and quickness of action. There was scarcely one scholar but made good headway, and it was a pleasure to go to our school.

He often related to us at the close of the day many funny and important little anecdotes. It vastly depends upon the spirit of the teacher as to the success of children. No teacher should act demurely or scornfully; never be taciturn, but loving and firm, always aiming at the advancement and future happiness of all.

My father, though pressed with business, writing up chancery suits, and settling accounts, was induced to take the school for a term or two, as it was difficult to procure regular teachers, being but few then, thus accommodating the directors. His school was one of pleasure to him, and advancement to the pupils. One little incident was of great delight to me one Winter of the school. The word “Michilimackinack,” the last syllable having the sound “naugh,” passed over nearly all the large class and

came to me, which I spelt, and walked up to the head of about forty. We all in those days stood up on the benches against the wall to spell, and to me that was a proud day in my boyhood. Nothing higher than geography, grammar, and arithmetic were taught in any of our district schools. At least half of our time was devoted to writing, reading, and spelling; and from these privileges came forth great and mighty men for every profession.

One of the most elevating exercises in all early life was the migratory spelling-schools. We went by scores to different neighborhoods, often fifteen to twenty miles, Winter nights, with deepest interest; and with intense anxiety and excitement sought the championship. The whole population turned out, and frequently the strife lasted to the break of day. Great praise and shoutings were awarded to the successful school. Indeed, some were found who could not be spelled down; and in a tie, cuts were drawn who should have the first premium or glory, though it detracted nothing from either speller. It became a study of anxious, mental exercise, and no word in Webster's spelling-book, then in use, but was mastered. There were giants in orthography in those days.

Next came a lawyer, Matthew Mitchell, who taught well, and was an excellent scholar; but he ruled with severest order. I knew him to flog with a large hickory stick, at least half an inch in thickness, one of the sons of a prominent merchant in our city; and he must have struck him fully thirty blows, until the blood streamed down

his back and legs, and the withe was in splinters. All, even in those days when teachers whipped as pleased them, pronounced it inhuman, although the youth deserved some chastisement for his impudence and disobedience. Such an exhibition of man or boy slaughter in this age in school would not only not be tolerated in any teacher, but would result in legal prosecution, heavy fine, a dismissal from his position, and, if possible, a good threshing by the parent. Some teachers were so inhuman in some parts as to ferule the palm of the hand, and also the ends of the fingers, and with severe blows, until they were blistered and sore for weeks. If teachers are men and women, enlightened as they ought to be to instruct the youth, it is very seldom that any scholar need to have corporal chastisement, especially barbarous treatment. If I ever despised any human being more than another, it is he or she whose heart is steeled against all love and kindly looks and soothing words.

Some, who wish to put on dignity and seem to be wise, suppose they must speak harshly, and let down their eye-brows, and sarcastically criticise pupils, and answer them snappishly when they do not reply always promptly, and in all things correctly; not mindful, perhaps, of their own dullness and waywardness in childhood. A whimsical, self-conceited, snarly, domineering, and mentally dyspeptic pedagogue is of all men most despicable and unbearable. To teach successfully and scientifically and lovingly is a grand acquirement, and such are to be honored and admired for their work's sake.

In these days too many merely keep school, though teaching is more of a profession than it once was.

The next teacher was a Mr. Fenton, a New York Yankee, who, like an austere and old country-trained captain, governed us so closely and sternly and presumptuously, that all were in constant fear of him; and we often sat in "torment," as if in prison. His discipline was like the Connecticut "Blue Laws," never to be abrogated, right or wrong, but to be carried out if death ensue. I doubt if any male scholar, of any age, passed a term with him without receiving from five to twenty thrashings. I well remember how I caught it, as my share of switch distributions. It appeared to be his delight to punish "the out-west boys," and that for the least offense, or for the most trivial thing. It was ingrafted in his physical nature, as an old Puritanic habit, to rule with the rod of iron, and to punish to keep all in true subordination and fear. If any one happened to fall asleep, or gape a little loud, or whisper, or even smile at some one, unless at his own smart sayings, or drop a pencil, or sneeze to be heard, or to come in one minute too late, he had to take the royal path to eminence through suffering, and "pass under the rod." We who are advanced in life have gone under many severe restrictions, coming forth by the gateway of afflictions through corporal strokes.

Another teacher I must refer to, who soon followed, a Mr. Nickols, greatly satisfied with his own peculiar ability, versed in his own Eastern style, and his "Down-Eastern habits" and manner of



speech, with odd pronunciations, differing from all previous rules and government. He tried to lead us in a "way we *knew* not of," an unknown path for wisdom, which he thought was far superior to all human plans. Many large and small scholars attended his school, and but few ever were so virulent and quick-tempered in their administration, yet so fully failed to execute whatever he asserted as his just prerogative. The real exposition of his self-asserted government might be expressed in this sentiment :

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My rights there is none to dispute;"  
I'll teach as I please my good old way ;  
As for me, there is none so astute.

When this clever old gentleman became aroused at some older scholar, hesitating to attack such, he would get flamingly excited, and use his authority to thump some little boy or girl, no matter which. This undue spirit aroused us advanced boys, and we resolved, if he ever repeated such acts, that we would all rise at once and scourge him with severity. So we properly armed ourselves with short clubs, and pieces of stone in our desks, for a regular outbreak. He got news of our intentions, and it completely unnerved him and changed his course, and the last of his teaching was kind and profitable. I confess it made us all rather ashamed of our threats. Later in his school, a small boy came to him with his hand tied up in a rag, as by some means he had it severely hurt, and the skin was torn up ; so he asked the lad to open the hand, or

lift off the rag, and the wound not being, in the teacher's estimation, worthy of a bandage, he took hold of that sore hand, and hit it several times with the rule. Just then a youth by the name of Israel grasped a stick of wood, and felled the old gentleman to the floor. So, you see, "haste makes waste," and we should always be ready to "think twice before we speak or act once." Yet I do believe he was a Christian man, and, in the general way, a good-instructor; but he was a great dyspeptic, and we must allow for that terrible disease. Thousands of good people err, by its plague, even when they really wish to do right.

Let me tell the young people of this day that at least three-fourths of all the school children from five to fourteen years of age, at that time, went barefooted, girls and boys; and some even older, especially in our country districts; and many of those who wore shoes had no every-day stockings. I well remember a boy over twelve years old, a son of a notable man—I believe a judge, in Columbus, Ohio—coming to Mt. Vernon in the stage in his bare feet. Many noticed the fact; some approving it as worthy of imitation; others thinking it out of place, simply because his father was wealthy. Thousands of women, also, on farms, and some in towns, went barefooted, or in their stocking-feet, from early Spring until cold weather; and men were often seen following their plows wearing no shoes. I have seen scores attend Church shoeless. Old men beyond fifty will bear me out in these statements.

At this juncture of my writing I would speak of my agility. Summersaults and various physical acts were practiced constantly; as, turning heels over head, backwards and forwards, on the level ground, never touching their hands, but lighting on their feet. It was common to stand in an upright position, then lean back, putting the head down between the feet and with the tongue pick up a pin from the ground. Hundreds did this, showing the elasticity of their frames, some almost tying themselves in a knot; at least by such curious contortions throwing themselves in all kinds of shapes. When not overdone, it was healthy exercise. Instead of fine parlors, shut up in the gas or electric lights, enjoying rich, unhealthy pastry and killing luxuries, such as are now used to extremes, those out-door sports built up the muscular parts, and gave tension and vivacity to all our nerves; so we always had many nimble, noble boys, and rosy-cheeked and happy lasses, all about us.

One little act of my own boy life, because of the impression it made on my grandmother's mind, never has left me. I was about fifteen years old, and, like many others, was so dexterous that I was venturesome at times to the most dangerous acts. I called her to the door and said, "Now, grandmother, see what I can do;" so, having selected a tall stake, solid in the ground, rising about three feet above the riders of the stake-and-rider fence, I climbed up and gave a spring, threw up my feet in the air, stood on my head on the tip end of the stake, and then halloed to her. She was terribly

incensed at my intrepidity, and so excited at my attitude that she said, "I do wish I had hold of that bad boy; I would switch him well. He'll kill himself yet, I have no doubt." Hundreds in those days enjoyed the feat of wrestling; and nights were appointed for this fun, and hours were spent on each occasion, to find who was champion. Fathers and sons and brothers, as well as neighbors, participated, and immense crowds were often present to cheer and applaud the "bully." I can safely say I have seen men strive for two hours before either gained the victory, and very frequently the battle had to be drawn. The new country, the food, the peculiar exercises of the day, all brought out many athletes in all sports, and real health was the result.

During these seasons my convictions of duty and work for the good Lord's cause were intensified, and tormented me all the time; for I was impervious, almost, in my heart to all spiritual demands. About this age I had a dream that touched my whole nature, and opened my duty before me in a wonderful manner. I thought I saw the whole world on fire, in a lurid flame, reaching up and even ascending beyond my vision. It was in a circular form, and off about ten miles in all directions, but dismally moving towards me. There seemed to be no possible escape, and I must be consumed. I rushed to our home, but all were gone. Dread silence woefully reigned about the dwelling; and I eagerly listened, but no voice, no stir, was manifested. At a distance I beheld the

old brick church upon the hill, and I fled thither with all my speed, and in great excitement and perspiration. The door was closed and locked; but I looked through the key-hole, and there I saw an immense crowd in circling forms, sitting one row above another, reaching up near to the ceiling. Jesus was there, prominent on the beautiful throne, robed in rich dress, and a splendid, glittering crown upon his head, seated just above all the old prophets, who were gorgeously arrayed in purple garments, and miters on their heads. All the ministers I ever had seen were there, and my brother Oliver among them; then all the saints of God, men, women, and children, with them in order, on circling seats; and all our family but myself. And O, the singing, and sweet music! I looked around, and saw the curling flames coming nearer and nearer, and I was exceedingly frightened, and with all my powers of voice I cried out: "O Jesus, O dear Jesus, please let me in! O, let me in—O, let me in! O my father, open the door for me! O mother, let me in—let me in, dear mother! O, do let me in!" And with a heart almost broken, and tears flowing in torrents, my cry to me, appeared terrible and horrifying. Again I peeped in the key-hole, and once more called out: "O dear Jesus, O blessed Jesus, do let me in! open to me!" And I listened intensely, and heard his sweet voice saying, "Open the door, and let him in!" and as the door began to swing open an exquisite joy swelled over my soul, and I awakened from sleep. This was God's mighty call again for

me, so young in life, to prepare to enter into his vineyard, and to stand in his gate, and publish glad tidings to fallen man; and I heard his voice saying, with Jeremiah, "Stand in the gate of the Lord's house, and proclaim there this word, and say, Hear the word of the Lord, all ye of Judah, that enter in at these gates to worship the Lord." This dream never left my mind, and it is as vivid before me to-day as at that hour. I was deeply impressed that God had called me, for

"He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess his voice divine,"

at the last, under imperative duty.

There lived near our town an aged and very pious old brother by the name of Henry Slater, who visited our home from time to time. He had unbounded confidence in, and great Christian love for, my parents. His physical frame was burdened with rheumatism, so that he could neither stoop nor handle well his limbs. He remarked to mother, one evening, "If I could only bend down, I would like to wash my feet, it would do me so much good." Mother turned to me, saying, "John, won't you wash Father Slater's feet for him; he is not able to do it." I revolted, and sneered, and said, "No, never; I would not for any thing;" and I walked out of the room. She followed me, remarking, sympathetically: "O John, my son, you will be *old* some day, and then you may need just such aid, and who will assist *you*? The poor old brother is so afflicted he has to ask help of some one." I was ashamed, and turned round, entered

the room, and said, "Father Slater, I will take off your shoes and stockings, and wash your feet for you." The good old saint thanked and blessed me with sweet, humble words, and I felt richly paid.

Many long years after this circumstance I was chaplain in the army, and was so afflicted with complicated diseases that I lay on my bunk in my tent, looking into death's door. I was quite reduced in flesh, and weak as a child. My flesh was softening, and I was literally scaling off, or, like a serpent in Spring-time, was changing my skin. I thought to myself, "O, if some kind one would only bathe my limbs and parched feet, how glad I would feel!" Soon an old black woman, who was working for the army, came to me and said, "Massa Chaplain, it would do yous so much good to wash yours feet." "Yes," I responded, mournfully, "but I am too weak now to attend to it." "O, Massa Chaplain," she replied, "I doose dat for yous wid great pleasure, as yous's sick, for I knows it will be so good for yous body." So she brought in a big army camp-kettle or bucket, sixteen inches deep, filled with warm water, with ashes and salt in it, and drew my feet carefully off of the cot, rolled up my pants, and from my knees to my feet carefully washed and soaked them thoroughly; so that it was to me a healthy enjoyment and help in my weakness. I said to her, "O, good woman, I hate to have you do that great favor for me." She replied, "O, dat's not so much work; no work for me, Massa Chaplain, for I'se washed my old Massa all over mores a hundred times, I reckons."

Now you see, dear reader, my act of love to Father Slater forty odd years earlier, had returned to me in a fourfold kindness, by the hand of an old slave; and my mind reverted away back to that incident. We ought to learn to avoid all fastidiousness, and manifest a practical bearing in all our ways and to all people. Parents are too inert, and indeed quite indifferent in impressing, in early life, such essential lessons upon their children's minds and hearts as shall prove conducive to their nobleness of true character. My blessed mother and father were ever alert to cite us to all duties. The loftiest standard of humanity is to glorify God with all our physical, intellectual, and moral powers, and, by his strength as a fulcrum, try to raise our fellowmen up to real happiness. The highest aim and most sublime act of an intelligent being is to honor God in word, in thought, and in purity of life.

But speaking of athletic exercises heretofore, I remark that they were generally and profitably practiced then more than in this day. Night after night, during Summer and Fall, was spent in foot-racing, jumping, and wrestling. Hundreds enjoyed the healthy sports, men as well as boys. Many became very swift runners. I call to memory an instance that occurred of the most intense excitement in our town. A cripple, or one-legged man, a constable by the name of Edward Taylor, who always carried in his travels his crutch, and rode on his horse in the execution of his official duties, offered to run a race a furlong in distance, and back, with William Shaw, who was the swiftest footman in our



whole surroundings. Ed. was to ride, and Bill to go on foot. So Ed.'s watch was staked against Bill's ten dollars. They were to turn round the post, and then back to the starting-place or goal, making a quarter of a mile run. Hundreds gathered to see the fun; and many small bets were made on each. At the count of three, off they sped with great energy, Ed.'s horse reaching the turning post two lengths ahead, when a hundred voices cheered; but Bill whirled swiftly by his sudden grasp around the post, thus getting several feet in advance in the back run before Ed.'s horse had turned about, and now both came back with impetuous swiftness; and as they neared the outcome, Bill fell to the ground, but jumping upon his hands and feet only, he ran in that position, and outstripped his competitor about the length of the horse, winning the victory. The crowd sent up most unearthly yells, repeatedly, and clapped their hands with great rejoicings, that one man was found who could beat a horse in running. The whole affair, had they not bet, was an innocent athletic enjoyment.

In our town, we boys had a race-track for ourselves, which we counted on a four-mile heat. Saturdays were our days to race. It was staked off by certain houses and by other points; and if one racer attempted to cross lots, or take advantage by cheating, we would all pound him, and for a time shut him out of the play. We stripped for the run, and with only shirt and pants and pumps, or barefooted, and cap on, we were ready for the word "go." We generally chose sides, and, from

five to ten in each track, we ran the race with great eagerness and real delight, as to which party should have the championship. No sport was more exciting than this, and nothing more conducive to our health and the elasticity and strengthening of our muscles. It is a solid pleasure to me to remember those boyhood days as *almost* infinitely ahead of these days of giddy dancing, gambling, and saloon loungings.

In those olden days of fifty years ago, we well remember, on our great days of national celebrations, or during various public musters, it was no uncommon thing to see hundreds of people dead drunk, and thousands with the flask or bottle. It would have been a phenomenon, at that date, to attend such an occasion without witnessing from fifty to a hundred fights, and sometimes a dozen or twenty engaged in one "set up;" and when they did fight, it was with only the naked fists, and merely to prove who was the best man. Many times the warmest friends, or even brothers and sons and fathers, would have such tussles. Jumping, foot-racing, wrestling, and horse-racing filled out the whole day; and it is no exaggeration to state that scores went home with black eyes, broken noses, teeth knocked out, ears bitten, and fractured limbs; and for weeks, with many such persons, these feats were the delight of their conversation. The loud plaudits given to the conquerors were ceaseless; and even the little boys enlisted in such things sportively, but in hopeful preparation for some future achievement in that line. But the

thundering voices and the lightning strokes and the power of the pulpits rang out, and rang loudly; and our fearless hero fathers, both in the laity and from the ministry, were fully abreast to meet sin in all its phases, to tone society with the sound of Gospel truths; and thousands of the worst of men and women, and even many of the leading fighters and unruly disturbers of peace, were brought to the foot of the cross, and became as humble as a lamb at the feet of Jesus.

I call to memory one instance of an individual who never met a crowd but he fought and pounded, unmercifully, almost every antagonist. All feared him, especially when about half drunk. I well recollect when he was, to me, the most terrible object of dread and fear; but by the holy influence and sweet persuasive preaching of Rev. Philip Plummer, this wicked, violent man was led to the mercy-seat, and lived a most worthy and devoted Christian until called to enter a higher and a better home. After such public days of earousal and merriment, the night scenes were very exciting to all classes. They continued to a very late hour, throwing turpentine fire-balls. They hurled them in all directions, up and down streets; sometimes lodging on houses, hitting people, and blazing like little flying comets, with a singular sound of huz-z-z, huz-z-z! as they passed through the air. Many a boy or man has had his eyebrows and eyelashes singed off, and his hands scarred badly, and his clothes burned into crisp, in catching and passing the balls. Yet they were often so dexterous that it

became a great pleasure to many from time to time. These balls were made of candle wicking, or if they wished them more solid, they used flax-twine, dropping them in a can of turpentine, then winding them out of it gradually, and tightly; thus having every fiber well saturated. The whole engagement in these evening sports in the dark nights was a good exhibition of old-fashioned fire-works, but less expensive than those used nowadays, and of much more real fun for the mass. A well-wrapped ball would burn for an hour or more. Hundreds participated in it. I have seen scores of balls on one occasion, crossing and recrossing each other, and blazing and sizzling in the wind like little buzz-saws.

In those days corn-huskings and log-rollings were great times of pleasure, of dancing, and of many worldly enjoyments. Barrels of eider, hickory-nuts, chestnuts, maple-sugar by the tons, apples, doughnuts, pies, and the like, were plentifully supplied, and cheerfully consumed. When the work was over, a large piece of level ground was cleared and smoothed off, great log-heap fires were built, and the flames rose and almost mingled with the clouds; then the fiddles were strung and tuned; and O, the capers and the wild backwoods dancing, the loud and cheery laughing and hurrahs echoed through the woods! They always built a little fence between the husking parties, so that there was often a great strife, and hours of hardest toil, to see which side would husk the greater quantity in the given time. Sides were taken, and two men chose, alternately, their huskers. It was a real

system of conflict. Many a time hands have bled profusely, cut in great gashes, in the contest, by the sharp husks; but they wanted the glory, be it ever so gory, and when one party won, the grand old forest rang out with victorious words, and sublime echoes reverberated to our delight. Of course the company beaten had to treat in apples, cider, tobacco, or strong drink, as the bargain went. I have seen over a hundred men, some old gray-heads, and youths and little boys, engaged at one time in these great corn-battles.

During those days we had plenty of eggs at one to two cents per dozen; and I have refused hundreds of dozens from the store at one and a half cent per dozen; also home-made or maple sugar at two and a half to five cents per pound; but those things were the delight of visiting boys and girls. Then there was no lack of pumpkin-pies by the scores, twice as large as are now baked, made by the noble, industrious wives and daughters. All the girls, then, knew how to cook and wash and scrub, with their feet on the old cloth, singing as they went to and fro across the room; and also to ride on horseback, and politely and courteously to entertain their beaux. The small sum of a "fi'penny-bit" would buy three pounds of pork, or one-half bushel of corn, or three or four dozen eggs; and an "eleven-penny bit," or the eleven-pence, the twelve-and-a-half-cent piece, which was used generally, would purchase double that amount of provisions. So you see that it was easy to live, and we had an abundant supply. We used to make

large spread-out cakes of wheat dough, and place one cabbage-leaf on each side of it, lay it beneath the hot ashes, put burning embers over that, and bake it; and we greatly enjoyed our "hoe-cakes."

Our old colored man, whom we raised, and brought from Maryland, than whom a better man never lived, Thomas Snowden, who raised as respectable a family as Knox County, Ohio, ever had,—used to watch the baking for us with delight and deep interest. Our corn-bread, or "pone," a luxury indeed, we generally baked in the old "Dutch ovens," about six inches deep, and it took nearly half the day to bake it. This was done by placing hot coals under these three-legged ovens, and the like on the lid, which was renewed every half-hour. When done and cold, with good butter spread all over it, and a slice of cooked ham, with a pint of rich milk, there was nothing more delicious and truly palatable. To all of us children, when at grandfather's house, this was our feast. We also baked our "johnny-cakes" before the hot fire-place, by spreading the mixed or prepared corn-meal on a clean, smooth board, standing it obliquely before the hot coals, first one edge of the board up, then the other, and in twenty minutes they were brown and beautiful. These cakes were sweet and universally liked. Another most delightful mess for evening we have partaken of a host of times, was a lot of parched corn, boiled or roasted chestnuts, apples, good wheat or rye coffee, and sweet cider, filling up the hours with stories, patting juba, and songs of olden times, "from de plantations of de Souf."

With these and similar gifts of Providence, no wonder people were so much more robust and athletic. They often ground corn in the hand-mills for our evening mush, and in extreme cases, as I have witnessed it, even for bread; and made hominy under the heavy and continued strokes of the big wooden pestle, in a "dug-out, then burned-out mortar;" also the old-fashioned, full-grained lye hominy, which was a constant food. It is a notable fact, if we look back a century, that more long-lived persons existed than in this generation. I remember that at the age of seventy-two, my grandfather, to show us children his activity, laid a pillow on the floor, and stood on his head for several seconds. Who at that age could now do the like act? He often mounted his three-year-old colt, and, without saddle, rode off several miles like a boy.

At that early time no stoves were to be seen throughout all my travel, unless in a large town, if any at all. Indeed, women were literally opposed to their introduction, and even made fun of those who wanted one. I have heard many of my best country people say, "O, I would not have one of the wretched things in my house;" "I can't see the sense there is in having them about, taking up so much room—they would be in the way of every body;" "I'd a good deal sooner cook by the good old fire-place;" "The idea of having so many pots and kettles and pans, and all them funny fixens tumbled about, and on the stove; it do n't suit my inclinations;" "It would take a body half a life-

time to get used to them," etc. So, for years, the only way of cooking was by the great fires, where our mothers stood the flames, and burned their brains, scorched their aprons and dresses, and worked hard and long to accommodate visitors or Church gatherings. But, one by one, stoves began to come in use, and women came over to see the experience of cooking; then they made criticisms. Some soon yielded, little by little, and at last they succumbed, and as one by one entertained the idea of their benefit, so another, until all began to decide "if such a one has it, I'll also have one;" and after years of fuss and sneering, the stove gained the mastery. But the good old heavy stove was a more honest friend fifty years ago than now; for it had thicker plates, more lasting doors, retained the heat longer, and really took less wood, after once heated. Ah! you doubt it?

About those days a strange event took place at our house, which surprised us all. A man richly clothed, bearing a gold watch and fine chain upon his person, which but few then wore, who was about fifty years of age, and a beautiful girl of good size, only thirteen years old, came by stage-coach to father, who was at that time mayor of the town; and they were married by him, and immediately made their exit westward. We never heard of them afterward, but he "deposited" a ten-dollar gold-piece with us. Not long after this another marriage occurred at our home, namely, a man of very fine culture, with noble mien, and a refined, well-dressed lady, accompanied by her two young



and beautiful daughters of about twelve and fourteen, and she and this man were united in wedlock. The girls wept with greatly suppressed feelings, and all was a deep mystery to us. They had traveled all the way from Maine by stage-coach, there being no railroads. The fee was a good one. The most cheery wedding, and satisfactory to us children, was one from the surrounding country, or from Skunk's Creek Hills. Some twenty couple all came on horseback to see the ceremony performed. Our room was large but well filled, and the nuptial knot was soon tied and the bands of the law riveted. It was near ten o'clock at night, a bright and beautiful moonlight in the Fall of the year. When starting away for their homes, one young man sprang on the bride's horse behind her, and another on the groom's horse behind him, when all gave a great yell, like to Indians, and went galloping their horses off in a great hurry. We found, to our great pleasure as children, nearly or quite a peck of chestnuts in our cupboard, in bowls and plates and tumblers, which the clever boys had taken from their pockets and deposited for our enjoyment; but the fee from this noble groom scarcely exceeded fifty cents.

In much later periods we have received only a quarter for marriage services, and often been put off with mere promises, which proved to be but "pie-crust," empty. Scores of such instances come booming up to our remembrance; which would be deeply interesting to unfold to the reader.

Cabin-raising was a great work of usefulness

and much pleasure, as well as a necessity. It lasted all through the year, but especially through Fall and Winter months. Scores were invited, and old and young, men and women, enjoyed these "raisin's" hugely. It was a real brotherhood and neighborhood affinity, binding all hearts. People loved to aid each other, and this spirit of old-fashioned accommodation bound all in brackets of unbroken affection; and, to this late date, how the old love to talk of the past delights of long, long ago!

To those who read this book, but never witnessed such things, I will describe it as clearly as possible. A set of men would go to the woods, and cut, or "fell," a number of great or small trees, and sever them into long or shorter logs, the size according to the capacity of the cabins to be erected. Another company, generally boys, took several yoke of oxen or horses, hitched to double-trees by heavy log-chains; they then fastened the end of the chain around the end of the log with a short hickory peg, with a knot or crook on one end, putting it through two opposite links of the chain. When round the log, it held it tightly, and the chain must break or the log come along all in order. Away they went, from forest to building spots, until enough were "pulled," and scattered all around. This was called "snaking" the logs, because dragged in by the butt-ends, or thicker parts; so, the heavier the drag the tighter the chain drew. If a very large cabin had to "go up," sometimes the logs were over two feet in diameter. If it were to be two stories high, the "raisers" used poles, some

fifteen to twenty feet long, often piked. On the top, generally two men at each corner were required to handle and "fit" the lifted ends in their proper sockets, or corners. Though rude, they must be fitted artistically in their places. The perpendicular form of a cabin and the building of a good haystack were considered, in those days, an accomplishment of merit and praise; yet but few could do it acceptably, without severe criticisms.

After it was all ready, heavy, short chunks were sawed or chopped off, and sunk into the ground for corners and middle supports. The long logs were notched at the ends and laid on, one at a time, for several feet in height; then long skids—that is, smooth logs—were laid on, one end on the last laid, or top log, and the other end on the ground, pegged tightly, or a hole to let it down a little, so as not to slip, while six to ten men at each end of these logs would "lay against" them with poles, and all would push up slowly, end for end. To give force and life and ease, one man of stentorious voice, who followed "crying" for a trade, was hired, who stood on a stump, or high position, and cried—"Now, all together!—hee—O hee!" then a long hard push; then again—"All together—hee—O hee!" and up it went from five to eight feet—by the two forces, each at the ends, both sets trying to reach it up the farthest; for it was a little glory to excel, even in this line, in their "shove-up" effort; and so with each log in turn, until the last binding piece was on, and all was ready for rafters and clapboards. O, what loud yelling and

shouting and fun ensued, when the last log was tied!

I have seen men run each other around on the top logs, and jump and dance, fifteen and twenty feet above the ground in such a perilous position; but now and then some one got a fall, to his great injury. Then all would go to the cider-barrels prepared for the occasion, and even to harder drinks; then tumbling over, running races, wrestling, turning summersaults and hand-springs, and all kinds of joyful tricks were played.

Very soon a great dinner or supper was prepared by the good householders, many neighboring ladies assisting. Then we enjoyed fresh pork, perhaps a whole baked hog on the table, deer and bear meat, squirrels, wild turkey, sometimes opossums or 'coons, lye-hominy, corn-bread, cabbage, and beans like to our veritable "army beans." After the meal was ended, royal fun was indulged in; more than I ever saw in all after life. Odd stories were related, some very thrilling, of backwoods scenes—of course, away back—of early pioneer adventures; awful fights with bears, panthers, wild-cats; wonderful, bloody contests with Indians in earlier days, and marvelous escapes from the rifle and tomahawk; tales of "old 'coon hunts," and the terrible accidents that befell comrades. So each tried to exceed the other in graphic encounters and successful escapes. Every man was the historian of his own glory in *that* day. Some chap would at last cap the climax by a rousing big lie, and then a halt and cessation followed in all stories by some one

proposing three cheers "for the biggest liar in America." The children and women enjoyed these narratives greatly. But the ghost stories would sometimes come in, in the most frightful presentations, as huge animals coming up out of the earth just before the traveler in the road, or some terrible thing flying in the air, and awful growls or sounds of a dismal nature; or some haunted houses not far away were mentioned, where groans were heard by all who passed, or blood seen flowing out of the doors. All such unwarranted and false stories were told, until children shrugged up closely, with pale faces and trembling frames, to their parents; and even older ones were on "nettles," and fearful to some degree. Sometimes these interviews lasted until the morning broke.

These raccoon huntings—I have enjoyed the exciting sport frequently in boyhood. We would go out at midnight with torches of hickory-bark, wrapped with withes or wire, taking with us our axes and guns and several dogs; then, treeing an old 'coon, or perhaps two or three of them, we tried at first to shoot them, but generally had to chop down the tree where they had burrowed; so when it fell, the old frightened 'coons came quickly crawling out, when, lo! the sanguinary fight began. First the dogs on top, then Mr. 'Coon the master; so they took many tumbles and terrible skirmishes. Our turn then came to use our clubs or forks or axes, until the blood came flowing, and the 'coons began squealing, not unlike a young shoat in limbo. Then dogs were growling and barking most furiously, in

real madness; and we all, by every chance, helping our faithful curs, but dexterously keeping out of the way. Often the old savage beast was more than enough for the strongest dogs, at times wounding them severely. Indeed, I have known them injured for life, and even killed by the severity of the engagement. But woe betide the man whose foot or shin or leg or hand came within the reach of old fighting 'coony; for if he once gripped us in the encounter between his long jaws and with his penetrating teeth, we would have had to break the animal's jaws before being extricated. Sometimes the entire night was thus spent, and we did not get home "till early in the morning." This was one of the wildest of all wood-sports; but I think it was often too inhuman. From the tablet of memory will never be erased those many wild scenes of early life.

Another very exciting employment was the brush-burnings. Scores of men and women and boys and girls, large and small, participated in this early sport of usefulness. Through the Spring and Summer, generally, the brush was cut and piled up, in heaps from ten to fifteen feet high, and when night came the children, with "fiery serpents," as they called them, or pieces of hickory-bark on fire, ran quickly from pile to pile. Then they shouted and clapped their hands as the dogs barked and chased the numerous rabbits rushing from the burning brush, and the ascending flames kissed the very clouds, and made the sky beautiful beyond all description, with streaks of white and blue and crimson tinges; and if you stood on an eminence you would

see, within a radius of fifteen to twenty miles, the grandest scene ever the eyes beheld, as the dense smoke, curling upward, moved over the heavens like dark rolling thunder-clouds, as in the blackness of a hurricane, only not in agitated commotion. No artist's brush on earth, touching the canvas, could develop such an attractive panorama as that scene unfolded. For miles you could hear the cracking brush and limbs giving way to the excessive heat. O yes; there was music in the air, and glory in the lurid blaze, and rapture and romance of feeling among the lads and lasses, as they fed the hungry fire. No one who has reached a good age can look back fifty years, and call up these wonders of pioneer life, without rejoicing over the pleasant remembrances of childhood days. But there are no such old-fashioned, healthy, country sports now, as then, to exercise the mind, to quicken the nerves, and strengthen the muscles. Many nights has the writer mingled with large and happy companies in such necessary engagements, and can call up hundreds of similar interviews, with a mental relish that makes age walk again in youthful vigor.

Just here I call to mind most pleasurably the name and appearance of old Johnny Appleseed. Some in this latter day, who have heard of that character, pronounce it a myth; but these eyes of mine have looked upon this veritable old man of the forests, and heard his soft and peculiar voice, and seen his sack of apple-seed hanging over his shoulder, and noticed his long beard, his old buck-eye chip-hat, and listened to his fiddle; and I vouch

for his personality. Several times he passed through our town, and his odd ways and gentle and slow movements, and his strange dress and bare-footed condition, though on one occasion he wore Indian moccasins, all caused many of us boys to follow him through our streets, and wonder at him, as some wild man or being, emerging from some vast wilderness, where he dwelt, as we imagined, with the wild beasts.

I have in after years, when traveling through various forests, come by little openings or brushy spots, and found hundreds of little apple-trees and sprouts, five to ten feet high, several years old, stunted in growth beneath the trees, and sometimes larger ones in the lighter woods, which, people said, were the fruit of his toil and sowing in his constant peregrinations; for it was stated that his life-work was for the rising generation, that they might reap the benefit of his planting. Farmers have told me that their then nice orchards of fruit-bearing trees had some choice trees among them, found and dug up from the woods. What a grand and benevolent heart he must have possessed! and surely the early people owed him great gratitude for his sacrifice. Who was he? Where did he come from? Echo—where? I would propose that all the region wherein his works were shown should erect a monument to his honor, and on it inscribe, “Johnny Appleseed, the early friend of coming generations.” If such is erected in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, I have one dollar for so noble a purpose.



## Chapter V

MY POSITION FEARFUL TO ME—I PRAY, IMPRESSIONS—POETRY—TOBACCO CULTURE, WORMS KILLED, HOW PULLED AND DRIED, DRY HOUSES, PRODUCTIVE, VALUABLE—PRICE OF GRAIN, HOW THRESHED, FLAILS, HORSES AS TRAMPERS—CAMP-MEETINGS, THEIR GOOD, MY UNCLE'S REPROOF, BUT MOTHER WENT—HEARING MIGHTY MEN PREACH, AND INDIANS' THRILLING TESTIMONY, AND SEEING MANY INDIANS—MOBS AT CAMP-MEETINGS—GILRUTH'S SINNER, AND HOW HE CONQUERED, GOOD RESULT OF SUCH MEETINGS—MY CONVICTIONS, MY BROTHER'S AND SISTER'S DEVOTION BEFORE ME, MY WILD EXHORTATIONS AND PREACHING, AND PRAYERS—MINISTERS TALK TO ME, MY RESISTANCE—SORRY THAT I AM NOT MORE ADVANCED—WHAT A TRULY ACTIVE LIFE CAN DO.

ALL those days the impression followed me, You must turn from your evil course, and regard duty, and try and lead the world up to God. My wanderings really were frightening to me, a standing speeter in my sight, lest I should suddenly be sent down to death and eternal night; and though wicked and straying in spirit, I never once dared to close my eyes in slumber without getting down on my knees and praying in secret to our Father in heaven, through fear and dread of the future. I always had an awful apprehension of the overwhelming presence of God; and I felt in moments of solitariness, "Thou God seest me;" moreover he saith: "Can any hide himself in secret

places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Thus I realized his wings were ever overspreading me. If a playmate or fellow clerk tarried with me over the night, I would slip away in the back room of our store, wild as I was, to kneel down, if even but a moment, and ask God, ere I laid me down to sleep, to keep me safely through the night-shades, to live to see the light of another morning. Hundreds of times, in my youth and coming manhood, the sweet prayer dear mother taught me at her side I have uttered when all alone and in the secret place of my retirement:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I imagined these words spoken to my Divine Father were a bower of protection, to hold me up in saving mercy. I use them even to this day in joy.

Many a night have I thought I heard the devil clanking his chains, to bind and take me; and then, pulling the covering closely over my head, I have thus gone to sleep, trying to pacify a troubled yet enlightened conscience. These thoughts, so awful, would vivify before my mind, and call me often to a halt of deep seriousness, and to due reflection.

"Unnumbered years must I with devils spend,  
And never, never, never have an end?  
Ah! must I dwell in torturing despair  
As many years as atoms in the air?"

When these are gone, as many to ensue  
 As blades of grass on hills or dales that grew?  
 When these have fled, as many still behind  
 As forest's leaflets trembling in the wind?  
 When all these doleful years are spent in pain,  
 And multiplied by myriads again,  
 Could I suppose that *then* my wretched state would  
     find a close—  
 It would afford *some ease*; but ah, I quiver  
 To hear the awful thunders of forever—*yes, forever.*"

Thus the powerful convictions, through the work-  
 ings of the Holy Spirit, pursued me, and were  
 around about me at all times, in all places, citing  
 my attention to the sacred Word of God. O, what  
 a wonderful thing is obligation, as impressed upon  
 the soul of every well-instructed person! And the  
 more we are taught by religious influences, the more  
 powerful is our call to remember our Creator.

In those early days various were the means  
 sought for a livelihood. Tobacco was very exten-  
 sively raised, and proved to be a very valuable com-  
 modity of profit. Nothing raised then paid the  
 farmer better. The newly plowed ground, after the  
 first clearing, was far superior to old fields for  
 productiveness. To see extensive acres of wide leaf  
 tobacco, green and tall, was a beautiful sight, espe-  
 cially at it waved in the breeze. Then to pass  
 through and behold the millions of worms, each  
 as long as your index finger, and to hear the leaves  
 cracking at their bite, was no little matter; but  
 they had to be killed, or they would soon eat all  
 the thriving plants. We would take large pans or  
 buckets, or tight baskets, and knock them off, and

then destroy them. When Fall came, ere frost fell, we gathered it, by first cutting it off near the ground, which was as thick as a man's wrist; then we split the stalk through all its course, except a few inches near the butt-end, then loaded it on sleds to haul to our drying-houses, and hung it across poles in the cabins, until the houses were filled from about six feet above ground to the roof. These drying-rooms were built of long, heavy poles, or small logs, and were made from twenty to forty feet high, and they presented an imposing sight scattered all around farms. Many are yet found among the Virginia mountains, and in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and throughout some Southern States. In the center of the ground-floor the fire was built, which burned several days, slowly, until all was dry enough to strip, while it was yet elastic, but not brittle. It was then tied up in small bundles in the shape of hams, by first pulling off the leaf close to the stalk, then a dozen or so of the leaves were tied up by the stem-parts, in neat and handsome form.

Some people seldom cut the stalk, but stripped the leaves off in the field, and the great bare stalks looked queer and barren. Many sought to be experts in forming the bunches, both for rapidity and neatness. These bunches were then laid in piles, and rehandled for a short time to render all pliable; and it was soon ready for the heavy press, to flatten and put them in marketable shape. In a few weeks it was ready; and the pressers got on their knees in the great hogsheads, and laid the hams closely down with leaf ends out, alternately

in layers, until several inches in thickness, or perhaps a hundred were down; then the ponderous weight, by lever power, pressed tightly, until it was nicely formed into the shape of a lady's fan; then another layer was placed in good order, and so on filling it, and then heading it securely.

The old Pennsylvania blue and red wagons, schooner-shaped, holding from five to seven hogsheads, were used in hauling it. There were four to six pairs of horses hitched to each wagon. We shipped them to Baltimore, as it was then our best cash market. Many of these great teams bore heavy harness, with leather straps over the horses' hips from three to six inches in width, and high wooden hames, and nice little bells, like little dinner-bells without handles, on their horses, which was a fine sight and musical, and a delight to us boys. The drivers were proud as they cracked their great long whips, like pistols firing, as they drove through the towns and country, and over the mountains. The driver always rode the right-hand wheel-horse, and seemed to love them as one of their family. When any team failed to cross deep mud-holes, or pull up steep places, or "stuck," if another teamster came along and pulled them out, this last one claimed all the bells; so it often happened that some were shorn of their glory. But the successful ones must always pull with their own horses, and not be assisted by the ones that stalled. It was a great boast when one gained such vantage-ground; and it soon spread through the land, as to who was the successful "boy," and proudly his

champion horses were driven through the streets. Thousands upon thousands of these hams of tobacco I have handed to my father in that early day of fifty years ago, as he was an expert packer and presser.

The tobacco trade at that time was of immense importance, and it proved to be a source of millions of wealth to our nation. Then, I suppose, no production equaled it, as it brought a good price; for corn at ten cents a bushel, oats at ten to twelve, and wheat at forty, all had a very limited sale, as far more was raised than was necessary for home consumption, and railroads had hardly been conceived in the mind. Our wheat, barley, clover, oats, and rye had to be threshed out by the old-fashioned flail, made by cutting a long, peeled hickory stick, with a half-inch hole bored in the smaller end, then a much shorter stick tied to this long one; so the men and boys, and even the women and girls, knew how to whirl it, and beat out the grain. Often we rode, and led two to six horses for hours over the wheat and oats or rye, to tramp it out, which to us younger folks proved a great and wearisome burden, so long riding to and fro; but this was then the only way to procure the staff of life. No such a thing as a threshing-machine was then known, or ever heard of, in all the country.

Those were great times for camp-meetings, and people came from ten to fifty miles, and tented in pole or slabbed cabins, muslin tents, or covered wagons, by multitudes. Though wicked men often came out through idle curiosity, and to disturb the

worshippers, yet thousands were converted, and the Church was strengthened by numbers, and spiritually blessed. I remember hearing mighty men preach most powerful sermons; such as W. B. Christie, Leroy Swormstedt, L. L. Hamline (Bishop), R. Bigelow, H. O. Sheldon, J. H. Power, Bishops Roberts, Waugh, and Morris, and others; and I have seen men and women fall to the very earth by the power of the Holy Ghost, and heard scores shouting God's praises at the same moment.

Once I attended a camp-meeting where many Christian Indians were present, and heard them speak in broken language, and in their own tongue, for Christ's cause, with much vehemence and with many queer gesticulations, so impressively that hundreds wept like children at their words and beholding their faces shining with happiness. These were from the Wyandot tribe, in Upper Sandusky; such men as Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Gray-Eyes, Big-Tree, Francis Hicks, McC. Armstrong—who married Rev. Russel Bigelow's daughter—and others not so renowned. And I have looked upon thousands of the wild men in great companies, from other tribes, going through our town, on their westward march; and I see them yet, stamped upon memory's tablet, in their varied painted colors and savage costumes, great and small, with their hundreds of squaws, and papooses bound with withes on their backs, on boards.

During camp-meeting near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, though my father was a merchant, he suspended all business for the week, and closed his store, to serve

God with Israel's host in the wilderness. On one occasion, when getting ready to camp out, my youngest sister, an infant, was quite sick; yet mother prepared to go and enjoy the meetings as best she could. My uncle, an ungodly man, most severely upbraided her, and said: "Lydia, you are acting foolishly, and you are a silly woman to take that sick child to camp-meeting; for you will bring it back a corpse. Do not act so unwisely." She said: "Well, Baker, if I can take it there safely, I will do so; for that place is just as near heaven as here at home; and I will trust in my Heavenly Master when I do all I can for it." She went, and from that day it began to grow better, and ere the meeting closed it was almost well, and is living to-day. My mother's faith in God was unbounded, and "duty never seemed a load, nor worship proved a task" to her.

I have noticed many great and strong sinners standing in the vast audiences, listening to the Word from strong men, and have seen some of them fall to the ground as dead men, under the truth so powerfully presented; and why, or what was the cause of such a sudden change, I do not attempt to say, only that it was the unseen power of God. I have also witnessed scores of good Christian men and women, in times of religious excitement, prostrated to the earth, and remain in a state of physical rigidity for hours—yes, for a day or more, so that no one could bend an arm or finger, or open or shut their hands; and when *that* influence had passed off, they would come forth, some laughing



and wonderfully happy ; some singing sweetly, clapping their hands ; some gifted in powerful exhortation, who had seldom, if ever, spoken publicly ; some bounding here and there, like deer, over benches, with faces lifted up and shouting high praises,—and never once in all these instances did I ever see one fall. It appeared as if God were in this strange movement ; for such were deeply earnest, and pious people. The very wildest and most wicked “lookers-on” trembled at times. Eternity only will develop this mystery, and I would not dare to cast any scurrilous reflections upon it, for in truth,

“God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”

He always raised up resolute and powerful men—even real Boanergeses in strength, intellectually also, in the Church, to cope with all persecuting enemies.

Rowdies by hundreds would often come to molest us, and to disturb the meetings ; and even to this day I hear, as it were, the crowds of violent disturbers, coming with their fiendish yells, and with stentorian voices, off in the dense woods, in the darkness of midnight, with fearful imprecations and bounding echoes, and with clubs in hands, and sometimes with pistols firing, threatening our lives, or to break up the worship ; but God, in mercy, always supplied us with fearless and lion-like men in power, in our Church, that were equal to all who were arrayed against us. Indeed, if ever Scripture was fulfilled, as in these words, it was in

that time, "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

Often, when the attack was made, though some of our ranks were bruised a little, yet universally the foe was captured and brought into the preachers' tent; a trial was immediately held before a magistrate, and condemnation fell upon some of them; and they were put under guard for the night, and fined heavily or sent to jail early in the morning. Sometimes, by humility and begging, with promises to leave and disturb no more, they were paroled upon honor, and thus escaped. Almost always we had a "justice" on hand. Those were tumultuous times; yet God led the van to mighty conquests. It is said, on one occasion, that James Gilruth, that wonderful man of four hundred pounds avoirdupois weight, was preaching, and one "smart Aleck," dressed in fine, dandy clothes, with rattan cane in hand, attempted to encroach upon his sermon, speaking out and disturbing the hearers, and causing confusion. He was requested to desist, but continued his insolence, when the minister deliberately left the stand, walked up to the impudent fellow, and, taking him by the coat-collar, led him from the ground, many good people, as well as his rowdy friends, following; and he made the chap walk up and down in a little creek of water, he kicking and cursing and raging, and mad, until he was wet as a rat from head to foot; but Brother Gilruth's grand old arm held him at a distance as I would hold a two-year-old child. It is stated that it so mortified his "would-be" dignity, and so

completely subdued him, that afterwards he was led to the cross, and became a real good Christian.

I praise my good Lord for the privileges of camp-meetings, where thousands upon thousands have been converted and added to the Church, not of our denomination only, but of the camp-meetings held by Cumberland Presbyterians; for they can claim the glory, I believe, of first instituting or beginning them, and in very early times they built up their society rapidly by this means of grace. It was indeed wonderful to see the deep interest that all classes took in them; so by foot, for miles, hundreds came, bearing their bedding and provisions on their backs, and in carts, two or four-wheeled, and in vehicles of all kinds, drawn by oxen or horses or mules, to abide from a week to twenty days. So you learn that people who worshiped God in tents thought nothing of a little care or trouble, even if attended with embarrassment; for the facilities of transportation and travel in that day were quite limited, as our wonderful civilizers, the great railroads, were not then in running order.

But to return to my youthful life is now my object. The very last moments, ere slumber possessed me, the all-inspiring thought impressed upon my mind was: You ought to try and save sinners; you owe God your time, your talents, and every whit of them should be consecrated to his service. The overwhelming obligations I owed to my Divine Lord, which were lovingly taught me by pious parents, were the prime cause of this fearful apprehension of my great responsibility. Hell and dam-

nation and eternal banishment from heaven were seldom held out before me, but my boundless duty as an intelligent being to God, as my Creator, my Redeemer, and my only Salvation, was the ever-burning theme of their life-lessons. The dreadful idea of a created intelligence offending and disobeying the great Giver of all good by his sins, was the ponderous thought ever set forth, from devout parents for our consideration. Fear God as you would fear a loving father or mother, and be obedient to all his commandments. My brother, Rev. Oliver Burgess, and my sister Louisa, now Mrs. Bristow, both being Christians in their early life, had a particular bearing upon my heart; and freely would I have given millions, had I possessed the wealth, to be, as I thought they were, under the immediate guidance of the good Lord; but I made sport of their piety, sang negro songs and ditties, danced and jumped around them, imitated their prayers and religious experience, preached to them off-hand sermons, and thus endeavored to vex their righteous spirits. Often, on Sabbath afternoons, with fellow-clerks and other associates, I would hold speaking and prayer meetings in our store-room, and feigned to persuade them to be pious, exhorting and warning them of their evil ways, and admonishing them to escape to the highlands of life; thus also representing my father's voice and looks, and earnest words, with clasped hands, and my eyes gazing upwards; then kneeling down, I would pray for the boys one by one, with deep importunities, which, of course, gave them exquisite

fun. All this time, in these impersonations, was my poor soul in deep trouble and sorrow, and my heart was bleeding in anguish to be converted, and to do in *truth and deed* what I was now prosecuting in sin.

On one occasion I went to waste the day, without leave, with a crowd of youth, and my elder brother was sent to take me home; but several older boys said, "John, do n't you go; we will help you to whip Ol." So they all held him down, and made me pound him a little; but not one of them would have done so alone, for he could have handled any of them. As he was a Christian lad from early life, they reviled him, calling him "pious Ol," "good Ol;" but when he got up they all scattered, as his piety was roused just enough to thrash them; but he led me home. I was always ashamed of that mean act, and really sorry, too, but I never told him so; yet I guess it is all forgiven by him, and in heaven.

I literally resisted the work of the Holy Spirit upon my heart at this early period with great obstinacy. O, what a struggle was going on in my whole person, mentally and morally, between the divine call and the drawings of Satan's subtle power! My anxiety was great, even depressing, to become educated, so as to cast off, by that means, all wickedness, and be useful. The very secret chamber of my soul was in confusion. Inspiring words from parents, and from faithful ministers who tarried with us from week to week and month to month, advised me to make my mark high for

future elevation. I had been taught that we should aim our arrows at the sun, and we might, perchance, strike a star, in usefulness; so I really intensely aspired for mental advancement. When some godly preacher would lay his hand upon my head and say, as did Revs. L. L. Hamline, H. O. Sheldon, Wm. Herr, Bishop Roberts, George Elliott, and others, "Now, Brother John, you must be the Lord's, and let him have your heart, and go and preach the Gospel," then it seemed as if my heart would break, and realizing my duty so strikingly apparent, I would say in my soul, to myself, "How under the sun did he know I felt that way?" But I would reply, "Pshaw, any thing else on this earth but preaching!" Why, I would sooner have been a stage-driver, I thought. Thus was I tormented for years by such good men, who appeared to think the blessed Master had a work for me in his vast vineyard.

I now really believe they so decided because of the lofty prayers of faith and the consecrated life of my devoted father, as he and our blessed mother had so fully dedicated their children to God in early baptism, and laid us all upon the altar, with themselves, as living sacrifices. I adore the Eternal One that, in my infancy, I was, as was Isaac, thus offered. Praise God that the altar ever sanctifies the gift! The saddest of all my thoughts in this late hour of my life is, that I am not higher up in the realms of general, but especially spiritual, knowledge. If the youth of all classes, particularly ministers, would take advantage of the precious

hours of this life, and grasp thought after thought of value, what an immense fortune it would be, not only to themselves, but to all over whom their influence is exerted! "Every day a little knowledge; one fact in a day. How small a thing one fact—only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing," but will be to all a mighty power for good. An influence for God's cause, cherished and improved and sent forth into a life spent for him, will people heaven, and gem our crowns of glory, and increase the rapture of our eternal songs forever and forever.

If we would do great good, both for time and eternity, let us "cast our bread upon the waters, and we shall find it after many days." Christian activity is a virtue. What a glorious result follows an active life of Christian service! No one can measure the extent of good accomplished by an earnest and devout Christian. Our good influence is never lost. Every act manifested, every thought conceived, and every word expressed in the presence of our fellows has a tendency to elevate and afford joy, or to injure and produce grief. If we hurl a stone out on the water, a wave is made that will extend to the utmost bounds of the great stream, however wide, unless checked by an opposing billow. So if we would send a heavenly impulse away across the long line of life, overwhelming all conflicting elements, even into vast eternity, for man's happiness, let our hearts be full of good designs, pure motives, and prayerful feelings toward

all people. He "who doeth all things well" will see to it that nothing of our work is lost, but all will be credited to our ineffable joy in the world of light.

What a sublime truth, and how comforting to each trusting soul, are these words: "A man's heart deviseth his ways; but the Lord directeth his steps!" How wonderful, indeed, that though our plans are laid out and our aims are thitherward turned, yet if our Father in heaven sees that such a course would not tend to our bliss, he changes all our steps to our greatest good! No human being, however great and learned and holy, can mark out for us the "white line" we should follow as well as can our blessed Master, who will ever "guide us with his eye," if we trust him. The great apostle, who worked only for God's glory and the world's salvation, said, "Follow me as I follow Christ." Not of mine own dictation, but as I am led by the Divine Spirit. Only as we positively and continually look to him and keep all his commandments are we true way-marks and the real "light-houses" on time's shore, to direct the voyager safely to the harbor of life.

How happy to know that we can do some little good for fallen humanity! But when we exert all our powers to glorify God, he permits us to realize only a limited degree of the good we do here; yet there's a blessed comfort arises that when we reach the blissful land, and walk the plains of life, we will there see, throughout vast eternity, the great good we have done in earth by witnessing the



unspeakable rapture of those whom we directed to seek for immortality. Their rejoicings will swell our joys.

A few years since, passing to my district on the cars, while holding conversation with friends, I observed a nice-looking gentleman closely eyeing me. When opportunity presented he approached me, asking:

“Are you not Rev. Mr. Burgess?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Rev. J. Burgess, formerly of Ohio?”

“I am, sir.”

“Well,” said he, “I would never have recognized you at all from your appearance, but the moment I heard your voice a thrill of pleasure passed through me, and I said to myself, Surely that is he. It has been over seventeen years since I saw you or heard you speak, but I never lost the intonation of your pleasant voice, and it sounded to-day just as if it were yesterday. I was a boy when you traveled our circuit. You used to lay your hand on my shoulder, and talk to me so kindly about being a good and useful boy, to grow up a good man, and about making my mark high in life, that the very sound of your speech never left me, and I am glad to meet you once more.”

“Well,” said I, “I praise God for this unexpected and happy interview. I remember your father’s house in W—, where I often stopped; so please tell me if you are now a Christian and in the Church of God.”

He replied: “O yes, and have been for over

sixteen years. The Church was the home of my parents, and shall be mine to the end of my days."

There seldom has been an hour of sweeter reflection in all my life to me than that hour on the car, going to duty. Many other reminiscences of my early ministry flit before the mind, wherein God helped me to lead fallen, dying ones to the living fountain, some of whom have crossed over to the "sun-bright shore." Should I touch the borders of the glory-land, and see him or them there, will not Jesus place their salvation as stars in my crown of endless rejoicing? How many, O Lord, may I claim through the blood of the Lamb? But should I prove remiss to divine requirements, and lay my armor by, and cling only to earth and its futile pleasures, then shame and everlasting confusion will be my sad portion. But we may so demean ourselves as to realize the favor of our Master every moment, and say, with Paul, "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Let us, by pen and speech and a pure life of consecration, live up to the Bible standard by aid of Him who is ever willing to be our guide. Such a life will cast a hallowed reflection on all generations to come, and we will then be able to say, when nearing the blessed port:

"Happy if with my latest breath,  
I may but speak his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

## Chapter VI.

GOING TO KENYON COLLEGE, DRS. DYER AND LAUNSBERRY AS TEACHERS—BISHOP M'ILVAINE, THE GREAT MAN—AN ARCHER AND MY BOW, SHOOTING WITH INDIANS, I AM A HALF INDIAN—A MEAN TRICK—THE DUTCHMAN'S GOOD EXPERIENCE—YOUNG MAN'S AND OLD MAN'S PRAYERS—THE EAGLE HOVERING OVER THE WHIG AND DEMOCRATIC POLES—GENERAL WM. H. HARRISON, HIS FALL, MOTHER'S CARE AND HIS BLESSINGS ON US AT OUR HOUSE—MY DREAM OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND SUCCESS—LEAVING HOME FOR NORWALK, OHIO—DR. E. THOMSON, PRESIDENT, REVS. A. NELSON, H. DWIGHT, AND H. S. BRADLEY, PROFESSORS—INTEREST FOR ME BY STUDENTS—WARD, PENGELLY, COOPER, AND OTHERS—JOINING CHURCH IN THE STREET THROUGH REV. THOS. DUNN, AND HIS WORDS, MY CONVERSION AT BROTHER CORBINE'S CABIN—FIRST LICENSE TO EXHORT GIVEN ME BY REV DAVID GRAY, A GOOD MAN OF GOD, MY RELUCTANCE TO ACCEPT—GOOD ADVICE, MY EARLY EFFORTS—THE DEAR OLD BAPTIST LADY—BROTHER PENGELLY'S COUPLET.

I WAS permitted to attend Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio, only five miles from home; so I entered the Millener Hall, department for boys, under the supervision of Rev. Dr. H. Dyer and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Launsberry, both of whom became useful Episcopal ministers. Here I studied diligently, and advanced rapidly in all my studies, and received friendly tokens of praise for well-doing. In drawing the world in separate portions, in map form, I received the honorable plaudits of

Bishop McIlvaine, that great and holy man of God, as superior in my artistic skill with pencil and paint. With joyful pleasure I recall to my mind his many eloquent, instructive, and mighty theological discourses. He was fluent, impressive, and at times oratorical, always leaving upon the mind the fact that God directed his words. I shall never forget his unique sermon from these words, "I will guide thee with mine eye;" that God was near us, over us, around about us; ever looking out for our interest, directing all the steps of the good and obedient; and his eye of love, of compassion, and of divine protection, was on us; by day and by night he watched us, and he never slumbered nor slept; that more lovingly and carefully than the most affectionate parent, all our wants for time, and for all eternity, were in his great heart, ready to supply us, and he was always leading us with his eye. Truly, then, can we say, "The eye of the Lord is on them that fear him," for "he withdraweth not his eye from the righteous;" hence we exclaim, "mine eyes are ever toward the Lord," and we are safe. I also remember with religious pride the voice of Bishop Chase, a wonderful and learned man of the same Church, who visited my father's, and was a distant relative of my mother. His gray hairs, his stately mien, and his great knowledge of the Scriptures, gave him a mighty prestige among the wise. His son-in-law, Dr. Sparrow, was also a man of extraordinary acumen and influence. These three great men I hope to meet in the better land.

This year of my schooling was to me one of great delight, and of more profit than five or six years of home privileges. While there I became quite an archer, having a fine hickory bow, six feet in length, an inch and a half in width, and a half inch in thickness, with arrows three feet long, like a ramrod, and well feathered with wild-duck feathers. I could shoot at least a quarter of a mile, and kill squirrels or pigeons from the highest trees. I state this to boys, because it was to me the most agreeable of all sports. Once a small gang of Indians, with their squaws and papooses, camped near where I attended the seminary. They were exercising in this, their natural pleasure, and I asked them the chance of trying my dexterity with their bow; so I hit the little mark two or three times in succession. They all gazed at me in wonderment, surprised at my shooting by sight along the arrow; and they talked and laughed in Indian dialect, and by peculiar signs; and said in broken English, "He half Injun—he half Injun!" I was the hero of the hour with them, and it appeared to draw them in admiration and love towards me; so they eyed me continually, and ere I left they all most cordially grasped my hand. I guess if they had had an opportunity, I might have been abducted to some great forest, and—who knows?—made a king of the red men. Father used to tell me "to keep on the good side, even of a dog, and you won't be bitten."

I shall always remember the year spent at this Episcopal College, with but one regret of a mean

little act in which I assisted a couple of wild, reckless youths. One of them, a South Carolinian, was in good favor with the kitchen cooks, and, at his request, they gave him two loaves of stale bread. Having a spite at the teachers, he resolved to do some injury to their stock, as his disposition inclined; so he put the bread in dough form by water, then pounded up glass very finely, and mixed it together, and cast it from the window to the teacher's hogs; and I suppose several of them died. Their mouths bled and they squealed as they ate it, for it must have cut into their entrails. I never winked at any little thing which so long harassed my mind, though induced to engage in the act by others.

I soon returned from the school, to assist father for awhile in the store, but was now more restless than ever, and desired to obtain more knowledge. My inward eye was strangely directed, and I knew not why, to my obligations to my fellow-beings, to try and point them to a good life. My brother Oliver was traveling a circuit near my home, so I accompanied him to some of his appointments on Sabbaths. After his sermon, as the old-fashioned and really profitable course was, he led the classes, and they were spiritual, and wonderfully built up the members, proving to be a strong cord to bind in brotherly love, and to Christ's cause. On one occasion he asked an old German, "Well, Brother G—, how are you prospering in the way of the Lord?" He replied, "Vel, Bruder B—, I's pin serfin Gott dis forty years, den I packslides, and so

I stays packslides dese ten years; den I comes pack agins, and now, py Gott, I sticks. Yes, praise der Lord, I sticks." This blessed testimony, though in form it was seemingly bordering on profanity, was a real honest and solid experience right from a warm heart; for by the help of God, was his meaning, he then thought he could hold on in his profession. Another instance I will give of peculiar manifestation of words in a prayer: A youth of high raising, a clerk who had been converted but recently during a revival, was called on one evening to offer prayer in public, and he prayed: "O Lord, come down, come down this very night among us; come and masticate us all, O Lord!" I would not have had his prayer answered for any consideration, for we were not ready, neither prepared, to be devoured, physically; but, of course, his intention was good, as he meant to overpower us by grace. I heard an old, long-experienced, and devout brother offer a peculiarly singular petition. He said: "Now, O Lord my God, help us all this very moment; help us to rush ahead to the work. Yes, Lord, let us come to our duty like a hen pecking dough." But he was a glorious good man, and full of faith. Sometimes in those days, such unsophisticated petitions had a powerful effect upon the people for good, even better than fine-spun words, offered simply to be heard by man.

This was a year of great excitement in the political field. General William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate for the Presidency of the nation; the Hon. R. M. Johnson was running on the Dem-

ocratic side for the Vice-Presidency. Both had a great demonstration in Mt. Vernon on the same day. A curious and really exciting little instance occurred, which both parties claimed as a prognostic of their individual success. During speaking at each stand, an eagle was seen high up in the air, circling over both speakers. It went round and round several times, then alighted upon the top of the Whig pole, and cheers ascended loud and strong; then it rose in beauty, circling twice round, and alighted on the Democratic pole, and great hurrahs went up; then once more it rose, and after several wide circles, it alighted again on the Whig pole; so both parties believed it to be an omen of their triumph. But the Whigs elected their candidate, so the old bald-headed eagle must have been a Whig that year; though I suppose, like many men, by four years more he would change his politics or colors, in hope of office.

During this day of political contest a frightful accident took place. The speaker's stand, where the Whigs were celebrating, broke down, and many prominent men were injured. General Harrison also fell, and his face was scratched, and his arm and breast somewhat bruised; so they carried him into my father's house, and my good mother washed his wounds with water and camphor mixed, and bathed his brow, which immediately relieved him from pain. We all ministered to his necessities. His hand was laid upon us children, and gentle words pronounced, with loving gratitude from his lips, and we were glad to realize soon after this that the noble



old "Hero of Tippecanoe" was the Chief Executive of the grandest nation on earth. He appeared in all his ways to be, in conversation and in manners, as innocent as a child, and as tender as a mother. His look and language will never be erased from my memory.

During these days of celebration, a most awful accident took place. The cannon in use was planted on the "Bryant Hill," and being heavily loaded, was prematurely discharged, and two men, Nat. Cook and another, were most severely hurt. One was, to all appearances, a mass of powder and flesh commingled, and unrecognizable, and expected to die soon, but he strangely recovered; and the other had a leg broken, and his hand burned badly. The great ramrod went nearly a square, and penetrated into the hard earth under the curb-stone, for nearly two feet in depth. It might be said with propriety, that these were days of unchecked earnestness and physical power and glory. What men undertook to do, they did it, though they attempted it at the risk of their lives, rather than not accomplish their design.

All the time of those worldly demonstrations, the little leaven of conviction was impressing me with the importance of performing my great obligations to my Heavenly Master. The Holy Spirit's voice seemed to talk to me, as the midnight approach to the lad, Samuel, and I often trembled at the secret footsteps. I had, about those days, a very peculiar dream, which wrought mightily upon my will and stubborn soul, and I felt such an

inward drawing towards God that I was literally confused in mind and miserable in spirit. O, if I had just then listened to the quiet, pressing, and God-sent admonition, I would have been happy, and the greater gainer for years of advantage. The dream was as follows: The Almighty called to me as audibly as if a human voice had spoken, saying, "Go thou forthwith to England, and call on the young queen, and tell her, I the Lord have sent you to preach to her and all her subjects the blessed Word of eternal life." So I speedily set forth, and soon arrived at the great mansion, appearing, as I approached it, like a vast amphitheater, covering a great space of ground. Then knocking at the massive door, a servant opened it. I said, "I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and I wish to see the queen." He remarked, emphatically, "O sir, you can not; it is entirely against the rules of the kingdom." I said: "I can not help that, for God has sent me from America to preach to Queen Victoria and all her subjects. I must have permission to enter the mansion. Go tell her my name is Rev. John Burgess," which I wrote down on a card, and handed him. The servant locked the mighty door, and went his way, but shortly returned, saying, "Come in, and I will conduct you to her majesty's presence." Passing through several large and magnificent apartments, I arrived at her door, and the bell was rung, and she came in her gorgeous apparel, and stood before me. I said, "This, I suppose, is the queen of England." "Yes, sir," she answered. I said: "Well, Queen Victoria, I

am a Methodist preacher, from the United States of America, and the God of heaven has sent me to come into your royal presence, and preach to you and yours, Jesus and him crucified. Can I be heard?" At once her countenance fell, and was expressive of deep humility; and she replied, "Of course, sir, if that is the will of Heaven!" So turning to the waiter, she told him to "go ring the great bell," and in a moment or two, while its loud peals were sounding, as she was conducting me to a wonderful apartment, I saw hundreds of servants of both sexes, in their different and peculiar habiliments, coming, until the vast crowd filled a spacious room. Then she and her special family, or kin-folks and selected waiters, sat before me, nearly in front of all the concourse; and I preached to them on the necessity of repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She wept as if her heart would break, and all were in tears, and confessed their obligations to God through the all-atonement Savior. I was as easy as at home, with no embarrassment in the least, realizing it my imperative duty. I then bade them adieu to return home, conscious of having done all God required of me. Then I waked up, most deeply impressed that the Almighty had a field marked out for me to cultivate. O that I had kept my eye on the bright star that threw its hallowed rays down on my youthful track!

Reader, you may say this was only a dream. Be it so; it was God's way to fasten the imperative

conviction on my heart that I must go and preach his Word to lost men and women. I could just as easily have caught and held a whirlwind with my hand as have truthfully denied the fact that I felt it my duty to move by the Spirit's call, and proclaim life to dying humanity.

Shortly after this strange dream, I became anxious to go from home, not only to become useful and learned, but, above all else, to break loose from former surroundings of evil associations, and be good, and change life's course, and rise to eminence; for sacred home influences created in my mind a startling apprehension lest I should be beguiled into deep iniquity, to my utter and final ruin. All the time duty was inflexibly enjoining me to honor God and save a lost world. My choice and decision for life's calling was the practice of law; and for years I had anticipated that, in the near future, the world would feel my power.

Having a pretty good common-school education, and being very desirous to obtain a more extended range of acquirements, my parents were persuaded to send me to Norwalk Seminary, in Huron County, Ohio, a Methodist institution, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. E. Thomson. At first father was greatly afraid to let me go, fearing I would be led into deeper sin when out of his sight. But my pledges were so earnest and honest, and, besides, my mother, who seemed to read my heart at very sight—for a woman can always, by a natural gift of God, see through any thing quicker than a man—pleaded for me to go, and he consented, on

her vouching for my good behavior; and in 1839, in my eighteenth year, I left home-scenes, to gain a thorough education and to enter a greater and higher course of usefulness. This was a grand and happy step for me. I was now and evermore broken off from old and sinful ties. I felt as if I had escaped from prison, to go forth and mingle in new surroundings. Serious and awakening thoughts crowded my mind more deeply, and caused me to think more seriously of the infinite value of my soul, and what should be my destiny—what ought to be the kind of influences I should cast out over the waves of time, and through a boundless eternity.

These awful and ponderous thoughts weighed like a mountain on my intelligence, and on my heart. Sweet home teachings of a holy father, who was truly a consecrated vessel of God's temple and service, and also a loving, faithful mother, with their unswerving Christian example every hour, every day, and all through their history; kind exhortations from my elder brother, Oliver, who always advised and entreated me to dedicate my talents to Christ's work; the soft and tender words and gentle persuasions of my sister Louisa (now Mrs. Bristow), who was devoted in early childhood to her Master's service,—I say, under all these powerful means manifested continually for my interest, my poor smitten heart was in gloom, and I realized myself to be a great sinner, and at times the weight seemed as if it would crush me. The many wooing and charming words

and repeated college lectures, and the sublime Christian character of Rev. Dr. E. Thomson, held me as by a strong chain in sight of the blessed cross: also the manly and attractive influences of his assistant, Rev. Dr. A. Nelson, whose daily acts and words reflected the light of the Master's countenance, and held us all in check; and the serene and gentlemanly course of Professor Holden Dwight, and the affability and musical ways of H. S. Bradley, our tutor,—all these men, and their choice ways, were powerful incentives for me to become good and great. Then the holy and devout prayers of my chum, of three years' room intimacy and study, Rev. Thomas Cooper, gave me a wonderful support, and an inspiration towards future usefulness; for he was a young man of extraordinary and lovable character, with an unsurpassed and beautiful life, of whom the president afterwards wrote so admirably in his biographical sketches.

Again, the special interest shown for me, with numerous warnings and good advice, by Ludwell W James, an exhorter, who almost day and night sought my salvation, and the close Christian attachment exhibited by Hibbard P Ward, Wm. Goodfellow, Isaac Witter, Richard Pengelly, all fellow-students, constrained my soul to cry out: "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me." Yes, I did desire, in my very soul, though I never

expressed it to any mortal, to go to the uttermost verge of the earth to save *one* lost sinner. In all my studies, by day and night, I recalled my obligations, my salvation, and my future state, and frequently would slip out of my room, and go up in the attic of the seminary, and there, on the big long cross-beam, in the dark recess next to the roof, I would bow down with my face in my hands, and on my knees plead for God to have mercy on me, and convert my wicked heart. I felt lost, lost forever, unless saved "*now!*" That *now* rang in my ears. "Now is the accepted time," was before me. The prayers of father and mother were ever before me, in my hearing constantly, searching me out, and holding me up to God in unceasing pleadings. Though many miles separated us, their supplications were distinctly heard. None but God knew the emotions of my inner man. O, how thorough the penitence, how pungent the convictions! and yet for all the world I would not have had it known that I prayed.

At last, so wonderfully was I impressed with a desire to be saved, that one day meeting Rev. Thomas Dunn, our pastor, in the street, I took courage and said to him, "Father Dunn, I want to join the Church." He fixed his piercing eyes upon me and said: "Well—well—have you found Jesus, Brother John?" I replied: "No—no, sir; but I will seek him, for I wish to be a Christian." Then he blessed me, saying: "Go on—go on; that is right; that 's the only way. I 'll pray for you. May the good Lord bless and save you!" After he

passed by, I looked every way for a moment, to see if any one had heard me, and I spoke out to myself: "What a foolish chap I am! There was no use of all that." But, praise God, I was "now" a seeker, and must live forever or die in my sins; I am committed, and there is no retracting, and John Burgess never backs out when duty is required; and I asked the Lord, in this soliloquy, to give me strength.

The next Friday evening in class-meeting, at Brother Tillinghast's house, I took the bold step to solicit the prayers of all present. Loud amens went right up to God in my behalf. Let me here say of Rev. Mr. Dunn: His countenance was benign, placid as a golden sunset scene; his words were firm as a rock, but soft as music, and melted the soul into contrition and love; he was humble, devout, persevering, earnest, graphic in language, and an attractive speaker. His songs of salvation captured and charmed all his hearers. At the utterance and open explanation of some sweet Scripture promise his eyes were as a fountain of tears. In some illustrations, as that of the death of Lazarus, or the poor, afflicted woman reaching out to touch the hem of the Savior's garment, he was sometimes electrifying. Revivals followed his work in every charge. Dr. (Bishop) Thomson always enjoyed Brother Dunn's ministry greatly, and often was seen to weep like a little child while listening to him unfold the truth in his grand simplicity.

A short time after this I made my decision to



give up all for God and his cause. With Brother L. W. James and others, I went some fifteen miles to the humble log-cabin home of a dear old brother named Corbine, in Huron County, Ohio—a blessed spot to me, never to be forgotten, here or in the world to come; for there the boys, or students, held a two days' meeting. At the very first evening's invitation I bowed before the old puncheon bench in penitence, poured out my complaint, and besought God for pardon, in the deepest consciousness of my sins, until Jesus whispered softly to me this question, "Are you afraid to die?" I replied in my heart, and even with my lips, "No, Lord, I am not—I am not!" and immediately rose in the sweetest tranquillity of mind, happy in the embrace of the blessed Redeemer's love. Before this, gloom and fear possessed my mind, and I had always apprehended death with greatest dread, and it was a most terrible idea for me to enter eternity; but now light had come, and threw rays down to the grave, and a joyousness had sprung up in the soul, while hope immortal came to me like a great telescope before my vision, and a sacred, full, and rapturous insight into the better land took full possession of my poor heart. Now being redeemed, accepted, and led near to Christ, a calm resignation ensued, and a complete joy filled my whole nature. Rays of brightness appeared to beam from the skies upon my understanding, and to illuminate my soul.

When my father received my letter informing him of my conversion, it is said that, though in the post-office when he read it, he burst into tears,

and praised God aloud, so that all present noticed him, and were glad with him that his prodigal boy had come home to his Savior. His letter of reply was dated May 23, 1840, and reads:

“DEAR SON,—Your deeply interesting letter was received by us all with feelings of gratitude, of thanksgiving and praise to our Great Redeemer for his wondrous mercy in stooping to call you to his favor.

‘O, how can words with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished heart!  
But God can read it there.’

“There is nothing, my child, that could afford me the same pleasure as to know that you have the witness of your acceptance in the favor of God; it is your privilege to live daily in this enjoyment. O, be faithful; be decisive; make every sacrifice that God requires; it will conduce to your highest happiness. You can not conceive how high your felicity will be by sinking entirely into the will of your Redeemer. O, let nothing keep you back from an entire dedication of soul, body, and spirit to his service. Then will he work in you, both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure.

“Your friends all make great inquiry about you; all appear rejoiced to think that you have enlisted in the service of your Great Redeemer. Every day bears report to the skies that your father prays for you.

“From your affectionate father,      WM. P. BURGESS.”

This letter shows how he lived—a consecrated vessel to God. This fine language was the tone of his words and spirit for many years.

“No clouds did arise to darken his skies,  
Or hide for a moment his Lord from his eyes.”

This epistle will call up to the minds of such old heroes as Dr. Wm. Herr, Chilton Craven, E. Yocum, Dr. J. M. Trimble, and others, the sanctified

life of my father. To me it is a wonder that I am not nearer God, all lost and swallowed up in him. This radical change of feeling changed my determinations and purposes, and at once the study of law was dismissed. The long-abiding secret *call*, from even childhood days, "Go preach my Gospel," rose up to my mind instantly, and more vividly than ever. I was reluctant to utter to any living being this fact, but I cheerfully engaged in all my Church duties, serving God with an undivided heart, praying at all demands by older ones, "singing in the Spirit unto the Lord," often giving in my youthful experience and feelings about and for Christ, and teaching in the Sabbath-school; all of which service enlightened my mind and sweetened my new life.

After a few months, to my wonderful astonishment, the Rev. David Gray, the new pastor who succeeded Brother Dunn, and one of the most amiable, loving, and untiring old-fashioned men of God I ever met, sent me a paper, by the hand of Brother Thomas Cooper, which contained these words, which I hold to this day with untold pleasure, viz.:

"Brother JOHN BURGESS is hereby licensed to exhort, so long as his spirit and practice agree with the Gospel of Christ and the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, subject to the annual renewal of the quarterly-meeting conference. Given under my hand this 7th day of October, A. D., 1841, at the request of the Leaders' Meeting in Norwalk.  
DAVID GRAY, P. C."

I read it over and over, then I threw it back into Cooper's lap, saying: "Tommy Cooper, I just

want to know who on earth did that. You did that, Cooper; I know you did." Sweetly he responded: "O no, Brother John; the good Lord has chosen you to his work, and the Church sees it, and you must do your duty, and not rebel." That blessed little man and noble student, Richard Pengelly, shortly after added words of love, and so those telling words, "The Lord has chosen you," met my inward experience, and I knew it well; but the inquiry was, How did any one else on this earth know what was only in my heart, and had never been expressed? I did not then realize the divine fact that God inspires the Church to see and read men, and generally knew men far better than they knew themselves, who were the called. I went away, and wept over it, and then tried to induce him to return the paper to Brother Gray, but to no purpose; for his open and candid face and his devout smiles impressed me to duty; and by and by these words came to me mightily: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn!" and I said: "O Lord, I will obey. What wilt thou have me to do?" Soon entering the field of duty, from time to time I went forth, reading the Holy Scriptures and commenting upon them; and the Divine Master greatly blessed me.

I will here state that Brother Pengelly—now the Rev. Richard Pengelly, M. D., of the Michigan

Conference, a most glorious and good young man—did much to inspire me to the work of our Lord and Christ. God seemed to lead me on successfully, from the first effort. At one time, when I went out to exhort, a most impressive incident took place. I was to visit a distant school-house, in the woods near Monroeville. As I approached it, a lad was leading an old blind lady, and I said to her, “Mother, I see that you are blind.” “Who are you?” she quickly asked. I answered, “I am the boy who will talk to you to-day.” She said: “O, you are the boy we hear of, are you? Well, no; I am not blind. True, these poor eyes can’t see you or this world and its beauties any more; but, bless the Lord, I see Jesus, who died for me; yes, I see him all the day long, and I expect soon to see all of heaven. Yes, as *you* look at it, in one sense I am blind; but it is all right, I guess.” This good old Baptist mother in Israel, by her precious words, gave me a text and an inspiration, and as I talked that day we all cried, and praised God that there was for us all a glorious country, a land of rest, where “they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.” No doubt that dear old sainted mother is now beholding the Son in his glory, and gazing upon the white throne, with her palm in hand and her harp of gold, singing Zion’s songs.

After this happy hour, my yielding to conviction and the call of the Church, it appeared to me I could learn ten times as fast as before, and having

but the one thought before me, the world's redemption, all studies and acquirements focused toward that great idea. The many noble students, with better experience and more practice in the things of God than I, helped me rapidly along in my progress. Such were Thomas Cooper, R. Pengelly, H. P. Ward, L. W. James, Wm. Goodfellow, L. Pounds, and others.

One pleasing little circumstance was enjoyed one evening, never erased from my memory, as follows: Cooper, Pengelly, and myself walked up the high ladder out upon the top or observatory of the seminary. It was a dark, wet night; a gentle, drizzling rain was descending, and at a distance the lightning was flashing athwart the sky, and dull, rumbling thunder was heard, rolling over the heavens like distant chariot-wheels. Brother Pengelly lifted his arm and hand, in his usual solemn way, and said:

“The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll,  
How pleasant to the peaceful soul!”

That well-spoken and timely applied couplet literally embalmed my soul in the love of Christ, and since that hallowed hour of Christian interview it has come back to my mind a thousand times, as a sweet remembrance of unbounded trust in Jehovah; and when I see the flashing fire across the skies, or hear the thunder's talk along the cloudy march of heaven, I am reminded of that scene and that open expression of sweet confidence. I thought then, our Father rules, and holds all these, his messengers, in his own control, and by all and each

he impresses us with momentary lessons of his power, his goodness, and his long forbearance; and wonderful is it for us to behold

The vivid lightnings leap from cloud to cloud,  
And athwart the heavens they grandly play;  
While the thunders roll most sublimely loud,  
God's love and mighty wisdom to display.

## Chapter VII.

MY FIRST SCHOOL-TEACHING, MY CERTIFICATE PROCURED BY DR. (BISHOP) THOMSON—LICENSED TO PREACH BY REV. WILLIAM RUNNELLS—MY FIRST SERMON—BRO. RIEMENSCHNEIDER'S SERMON—GIVING REV. WM. GOODFELLOW (NOW THE DOCTOR) MY SKETCH—HIS ELEVATION, AND MY FEELINGS—MY NOBLE CLASSMATES, AND OTHER STUDENTS, MALE AND FEMALE—TRIBUTE TO DR. EDWARD THOMSON, OUR PRESIDENT.

THE following Fall and Winter I took up a school for my intellectual benefit, as well as to do good; also that I might check a little of my father's supplies, so bountifully given, and so long and kindly shown towards me. So President Thomson wrote to the superintendent of public schools, recommending me as capable to teach, and I received the following certificate:

"THIS IS TO CERTIFY that Mr. John Burgess, having given satisfactory evidence of a good moral character, and having been examined in reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, rhetoric, and philosophy, is considered qualified to teach any of the aforesaid branches in any common school in this county.

"J. KEEWAN, }  
"E. THOMSON, } *Examiners.*

"For two years. Norwalk, Ohio, October 4, 1841.

"STATE OF OHIO, Huron County, ss."

I then procured a school in York Township, in a splendid neighborhood of clever people, and among



many Christians. This was a Winter of much profit to me, both intellectually and spiritually. It surely was one of the foremost steps of all my life to usefulness, by starting me in the true and proper channel. The idea of taking under my guidance the tender youth and very little children, most deeply impressed me with my awful responsibility; for not only their minds were subject to my power, but also their eternal destiny, in a degree. I could but realize that God had thus so early in my boyhood committed immortal souls to my charge, and I taught and governed as for the great future. My school at this time consisted of fifty-six enrolled scholars, and I was made happy in imparting knowledge to the youth and the little children. Two or three married people also attended, and one Campbellite preacher. This last person could not be convinced for a long time that the earth moved around on its axis, though I tried, in my best wisdom, to explain its reasonableness. I told him what Sir Isaac Newton said, and quoted that great man's language; but he answered, "he did not care what Newton or any other man said, for common sense showed him it could not be so." He reminded me of the man who, when told the same fact, said "he knowed that was a big lie, for if it turned over and over that way, old man Black's mill-dam would all spill out, and drown the *hull* neighborhood." But before the four months ended, this youth yielded to conviction.

The circuit in which my school was located, held its quarterly-meeting during my school at the More-

head stone church; and I received this kindly expression, viz.:

“ JANUARY 22, 1842.

“ John Burgess is hereby licensed to exercise his gifts as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, so long as his spirit and practice comport with the doctrine and Discipline of said Church. Subject to annual examination and renewal. Done by order of the quarterly-meeting conference for Belleview Circuit. WILLIAM RUNNELLS, P. E.

“ HIBBARD P. WARD, *Sec'y.*”

Rev. Oliver Burgess was their preacher in charge. I retain this good old and honored license to this hour, as a treasure. So after having my exhorters' privilege, and using it with all diligence, faithfully, for three months, Brother Runnells elevated me into the sacred ministry. Of him may I say, I have found none in all my forty odd years' travel possessing a better spirit, a kinder and more open heart, or a more sympathizing nature. In his very expression were shown the sweet reflections of his Master's countenance, and his words to all were as soothing to mind and heart as morning dew to the opening flower. His preaching was of a melting and elevating character, and positively convincing, always leading the mind to behold and admire the beauties of Christianity, causing all prayerful ones to long to see inside of heaven. Sometimes his figures, and touching illustrations were so striking that scores were in tears, and shoutings went up to God from many enraptured souls. Hundreds will greet him on the highlands of glory, whom he had incited to the royal road to immortal life. He seemed delighted to press me forward in the work

of the ministry, both by his excellent advice and sacred example.

Two weeks after this authority was granted to me, my first effort to preach was in my own school-house. The elder, Brother Runnells, and my brother Oliver, planned and gave it out to be there, and but one week intervening between the announcement and the day they fixed for me to speak; but a vast crowd was present. Not only my scholars and their parents, but it appeared to me that every body within ten miles was there. No doubt they did it to try my soul, and to ingraft me into my work. My whole nature was under peculiar excitement; yet going from my knees at God's altar to my immediate duty, grace and wisdom supplied my needs and ignorance, and I guess I did some good; for deep sympathy for my youth and want of experience fastened their attention, to see what I might present from the "Truth," and it caused my weak words to reach their hearts. My text, to begin this general life-course in the ministry, was Matthew xviii, 3: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

I did not use any Latin phrases, but I knew that *that* language, which I had so eagerly pursued, had opened to my view the real meaning of the text, and I remarked: "The first great thought our words present to you in this passage, is the necessity of our conversion. Now, conversion means to turn from, to turn around, to face about, like a soldier counter-marching. It implies that we swap

ourselves from sin and Satan to Christ, to exchange the world and its customs for the Savior and his love—just like these children here, daily at my school; as they study intensely, and earnestly, they are exchanging their ignorance for learning and intelligence; as the boys and girls go up the hill of science towards the sun of knowledge, out of the valley of darkness to the light upon the mountaintops, so he who is converted, is led up, higher and higher in the path of truth, towards God and heaven; from the dark ways of iniquity to eternal light and glory. Now, if we find we are daily becoming more humble and submissive to all the will and teachings of Christ, and realize a burning desire to be just like him, then we are surely and truly converted. As little children depend upon, and ask bread and clothing of their parents, so we, thus turned from sin and wickedness, sit, like little children, down at Jesus' feet; we ask him for heavenly manna, and are willing to become any thing or to do any thing for his sake. When we are converted, we know just as well in our souls that we have the blessing as we know when our parents place bread in our hands. We feel the bread; we also clearly feel, or enjoy, the blessing of grace. We see the bread; so we see the joyful results of our salvation, in that we do better and sin no more; we serve God from that moment that we become the Lord's. 'The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God.'" This, my first discourse in the great mission for my Master, was to me a stepping-stone to my

numberless joys, happy days, and the successes I met with in my long itinerancy. I must praise God unceasingly, for revivals at all my appointments, and for hundreds of conversions.

During this school term, I was once greatly honored by a sermon in my school-house, one Thursday evening, in the German dialect, from the lips and heart of Rev. E. Riemenschneider, a Methodist minister, who afterwards went to Germany in charge of our German work. Though he preached in his own language, there was a power in what he said that greatly impressed the Germans. He handed me the English text, and requested me to exhort after him, which I did; and though not understanding what he had said, he commended my words as perfectly in accord with his discourse. Surely the good Lord directed my youthful heart and lips to do good to our German brethren, as well as to our own class.

A very singular incident occurred near my school-house, which, to me, showed the vanity and extreme superstitiousness of some people. What was then called a "Campbellite" preacher held his meeting in that neighborhood, and as a result he was to immerse a few proselytes; so, as there was no flowing stream adjacent, he found a dead, stale, and low pond of water, all covered with a thick and green scum of accumulated filth. He actually walked in to above his knees in the muddy water, and with a small stick he pushed off to one side this heavy coating of malaria, and then plunged his penitents beneath the stagnant

surface. How unlike the clear waters of Enon, where John baptized! Had they been dressed in white garments, the spectacle would have been any thing but agreeable. Truly some people strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

At the close of my teaching, I returned more diligently to my studies, for an inspiration seized my soul to acquire all possible knowledge, that I might, as said the great apostle, "be all things to all men, that I might gain some."

Ingrafting into the local ranks quickened me towards greater things, and filled my soul with the deepest humility and reverence, keeping me near the fountain of grace. Yea, I was led into green pastures of plenty, and beside the still waters of divine consolation, hour by hour, constantly learning more of God and his truth. "I drank, but yet was ever dry," and so kept my cup of salvation held out beneath the flowing fountain, for God to fill it, and to shake it down and let it run over, that I might accomplish great good.

I must here relate a little incident connected with my fellow-student, Wm. Goodfellow, now Rev. Dr. Wm. Goodfellow, but then a youth like myself, and a classmate in most of my studies. He asked me about my first text, as I was a little ahead of him in time of license: "How could you get up before the people, and say a whole sermon from a simple verse? Did it puzzle you much to get your ideas, John? Do n't you have it written down like your essays, and then memorize it?" Now, brother Wm was an excellent hand in getting up

fine compositions; but I said, "No, I just prayed over it, and asked God to help me, and then I looked at the words, and commenced to explain what I thought they meant, and thus I went on, and on, until I ran out." Then I explained to him my course of the first text as well as I could. He laughed in his own familiar and pleasing style, and said, "John, give me a copy or an outline of your notes, and I will try it some time myself, and see what I can do." So I copied them off for him, as well as I could remember. Well, I guess Brother William used them as his first effort, as he said he would; and from that day onward he and I have battled the numerous oppositions of life, going often by unknown tracks, marking out our own paths, blazing our own trees, moving under the divine guidance of the unseen eye; many times triumphing through the power of grace; then passing through the thick wilderness, following the footprints of noble ones, and sometimes making highways for other's march, ever rejoicing in the Lord of hosts as our everlasting strength. All this time God has made us more than enough for all our foes, and we could ever hear the words: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence."

I suppose now, in our advanced years, as he has improved his time and talents better than I have

mine, I could come to him for light and direction, as he had come to me for my first notes. Already I have received many cheering rays of brightest thought from his numerous and interesting letters from Buenos Ayres, South America, when he was there in charge of the mission, and also from his public writings, affording me the greatest spiritual light, and unspeakable comfort and courage in my work. I shall follow on in the royal road he is traveling towards broader usefulness, and onward to heaven. Although I shall never try to pull him down, nor ever envy his superior elevation, nor snatch a single feather from his plume, yet I will cry out to such, from the inmost soul, Go on, go on, my brother; I will come up towards you; I will seek the realms of light and wisdom you now occupy! How blessed it is to see our fellow-beings, and especially our dear Christian friends, rising in the sublime heights of science, in blessed favor with God, and coming to the very gate of all knowledge, possessing true understanding to embrace it, and attaining wisdom rightly to distribute their improved talents, bearing aloft the banner of true righteousness! What an immense pleasure it is to know that the way to greatness and to God's holy favor is free to all, and that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." The greater my fellows become, and the more wisdom they attain, will open more clearly to me the hallowed rays of truth, and I shall receive brighter light from the great Radiator of all light; for "He lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."



So I say with the wise man: "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." It would be my choice, in selecting a safe position, the rather "to be a fool among kings than a king among fools;" for then I would entertain a hope of acquiring some little instruction from prudent lips and wise heads. We learn from the Scriptures the wholesome lesson that "Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Brother Goodfellow was most fortunate in his choice of a helpmate for life's battles, having won the heart of as upright, kind-hearted, and intelligent a young lady as may be found among thousands. Hence his household for years has been crowned with peace, happiness, cheerfulness, spiritual pleasure, and intellectual progress. Truly may it be said in his case, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." She was the daughter of the distinguished minister, the ripe scholar, and the efficient instructor, whose influence still lives and will continue through generations yet to come, the Rev. Dr. John Dempster, of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Having studied for three years at the feet of that blessed man, Rev. Dr. Edward Thomson, our class was permitted to graduate, and from his hand we received our papers, signifying our advancement, and the reward of honor defining our acquirements. I being absent the day of conferment, my paper

was mislaid, so I let it pass, until years afterwards I dropped the doctor a letter of inquiry, to which he responded as follows :

“OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, October 15, 1855.

“THIS CERTIFIES that, twelve or thirteen years since, when I was principal of Norwalk Seminary, the Rev. John Burgess was awarded a diploma, setting forth that he had completed the usual academical curriculum, consisting chiefly of the following branches of study: Rhetoric, Logic, Moral Science, Philosophy (Natural), Chemistry, Algebra, Latin Reader, Sallust, Cicero's Orations, Horace, Portions of Tacitus and twelve books of Virgil, Greek Reader, and part of Xenophon's Anabasis.

“As it appears that, in consequence of his absence at the time of delivering the diplomas, his own failed to reach him, and as the institution, having passed out of existence, can not renew the document, I give this certificate, hoping that it may answer every purpose for which the lost parchment was intended.  
E. THOMSON.”

This was the only class ever regularly graduated under his government as president, though in the near future it was to be a regular system, had the seminary not ceased to be under the control of our Church. But I wanted my diploma, because of the three mighty men, and their endearing signatures—Dr. E. Thomson, Alexander Nelson, and Holden Dwight, professors, whose Christian features and many noble deeds are impressed for all time and for all eternity upon my memory. Our class consisted of six as fine and nice, well-behaved, and manly youth as I have ever met in my earthly sojourn—at least the five, the writer excepted, of course. Our long intimacy and class union and true affection cemented our hearts, so that we

cherish more than ordinary friendship. We became linked in brotherhood, kindred to undying love; and if they all realize the same feelings I do, we are imprinted imperishably upon the tablet of each other's memory. They are the following:

William Goodfellow, now a most excellent and useful minister of Jesus Christ, a Doctor of Divinity of superior talents and culture, and a member of the Rock River Conference. For many years he was our appointed missionary superintendent in South America; a man of a kind and open heart, of noble, but gentle spirit, and transparent as light itself. He was, and is, genial in company, and full of brotherly kindness, and at all times God-fearing. God makes all good who will seek his face and follow his divine commands; and he has made *him* truly a good-fellow in all respects. I have watched his history from his youth to the present day, and with pride and profit will insert some of his eventful life. He was born near Wooster, Ohio, February 5, 1820; attended Norwalk Seminary from 1840 to 1843. At a later date he was licensed to exhort by the Rev. Elmore Yocum, P. E., and in 1844 filled a work under the same until the North Ohio Conference met in Canal Dover; that Fall he was received on probation, and transferred to the Illinois Conference in 1846. He filled positions in literary institutions for ten years, and returned to the pastorate and station work in 1856, at Joliet, Illinois, a very important place. In 1857 he was appointed superintendent of missions in South America, and spent the following New-

Year's day of 1858 in the city of Buenos Ayres, and there remained nearly thirteen years, working for his Church and God. His success was great and triumphant, as the numbers increased from thirty-seven, as shown by reports, to nearly two hundred, with numerous conversions of those who belonged abroad, but who chanced to be in that great maritime city. Laborers from there spread the light of salvation in Spain, Sweden, Scotland, Germany, Italy, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Uruguay, and elsewhere over the earth. In those flourishing years, the property of our mission advanced five-fold, and evangelism was begun among the native people. In closely investigating, there is not found in any land so well defined and powerful work for our Lord's cause as there among the home population. After a year's rest in 1870, the doctor resumed the pastoral work. In 1866 the Ohio Wesleyan University sent him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, he having previously, in 1849, received the degree of Master of Arts. So we observe, after over forty-two eventful and well-spent years in the ministry of our blessed Redeemer—thirteen of which he spent in a foreign land, four in the presiding eldership—a long day is declining in peace and the sun is lingering in golden clouds; and as he throws back his illuminating and mellow rays from the western horizon, so will his well-spent life and influence for Christ be reflected from the hearts of hundreds—may I not say thousands?—directly and indirectly, when he has crossed over the river to his heavenly rest. May he reach the shore of

eternal life, and, with loved ones and dear friends, walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem! He has my hand on that march. He received the highest mark, for the finest written composition and most elegant language of all, at the close of our aeademical school.

Another classmate was Frank Le Blond, of French extraction, who, since that day, was at one time Democratic speaker of the House of Representatives of Ohio, also congressman from Western Ohio. He was a real frank, tender-hearted, and sterling young gentleman, and pursued his studies with much labor and commendable zeal. He kept the star of progress before his eye. He would do nothing little or mean or underhanded for all the bribes that could be offered him. Frank had no secrets to whisper in your ear behind the corner, but openness of mind and heart revealed his true manhood. No doubt he made a high mark, and has been useful through life. May he reach heaven at last!

The next was Philander G. Buchanan, who became a Methodist minister, of plain, unsophisticated manners, of considerable strength of thought. Never was there a more pleasant and musical, whole-souled youth. Phi, as we called him, would make any proper sacrifice for a friend. He went to Oregon, and we soon lost sight of him in the then far-off West, though I hear that he now preaches in California.

Then came James Mitchell, who entered our school quite advanced in life, perhaps near thirty-five years old, right from the farm, with limited

log-cabin acquirements, but with a solid mind, a grasping disposition to learn, with a determined and ceaseless effort; so that he rapidly climbed the ladder of knowledge, catching thought from every possible source. I never knew any youth to study more hours or more diligently than he. Earlier than the morning lark, he was always found at his books. He excelled, particularly in mathematics; and shortly after his graduation was elected in that department of science in the Michigan State University. James was exceedingly conscientious, decidedly pious, eschewed evil at the very first sight, and at all times, and under any form. He seemed as if inspired from above to gain an acquisition in science, and all his powers, without reserve, were pressed into activity. He died in a few years after his elevation, in the midst of his rising glory.

The other youth was the "Boy" among us in age, and one of the best and most tender-hearted young fellows I ever knew. He was a diligent student, a real book-worm, and embraced learning seemingly without much effort, and very rapidly. Indeed, he had an unusually penetrating mind, and was intuitively a student to all appearance. Though he was in a class below us, his advance was so rapid that Dr. Thomson advanced him to our class in the first part of our last year, and he fully kept his mental traces tightly drawn in all his studies. Thus we found Charles E. Pennewell, as true as steel, loving as a dear sister, and noble as God ever makes one so young as he. We all loved Charley. He is now a strong lawyer, and

became a distinguished judge in Cleveland, Ohio. Above all else, to his praise and honor, he is a Christian, and turning all his powers in behalf of, and contributing his funds to further, the kingdom of his Lord and Savior.

The last of all this class to be named is the writer, who has, ever since his school-days, been in the great itinerant field for God, and now with pleasure can look back over life and its school-scenes, and many blessed opportunities and glorious years of ardent application; and I would give a fortune if I could have seen the wealth of those passing hours as I now behold, fraught with inestimable and eternal privileges. Every hour properly spent will prove to the mind and heart as a golden nugget in our coffers. Let me say here in my history, without considering me vain, that the committee of three noted men of the city of Norwalk gave the writer the first encomium as the most ready, rhetorical, and easy speaker on commencement-day. But "*sic mea gloria transit.*" I cherish the goodly feelings, however, it then produced in my young mind, which linger in joyful recollections to this late hour.

Memory would now recall to the front a few others of our school, whom we can never forget, and whom we hope to meet on the plains of endless day, through the merits of our Redeemer. The first name is Hibbard P Ward, lingering in remembrance, on whose face the sun of cheerfulness and brotherly smiles ever glowed. He was an uncommon, yea, a superior young man, in all the qualities which constitute a royal human being.

He was always overflowing with vivacity of thought, full of witty but wise anecdotes, studious to close criticism, lenient in his views to all the unpretending and honest students, but severe as the cut of a sharp razor to any feigned smartness. Hibbard was as dear a friend as ever grace molded, and a real godlike man in his entire religious course. He became a minister of popular bearings, and was attracting the eye of the conference as a coming representative of our noble ministry of Jesus Christ. But he early and gradually passed down to the river of death. Ere he died, his loving and amiable wife, watching over him with deep anxiety of heart, said to him, "How is it with you now, dear?" Looking at her with a holy love, and with beaming countenance and expressive eye, then waving his hand, he replied, "I am sailing sweetly—sailing sweetly," and soon after departed with a smile, to cross over to the heavenly harbor. We expect to meet him ere long beneath the boughs of the tree of life. What an eternity of triumph we will enjoy, "when we meet, meet ne'er to sever!"

Richard Pengelly, also, we will again refer to, as one of our best students in his decorum and religious character. He was innocent, winningly approachable, unsophisticated in all his ways. I do not think he ever lost any of his precious moments, either with his books or in his Church duties and obligations. If not at study, he was at his trade, early and late. He came nearer occupying all his valuable time, to his profit, than any young person at school. Diligence was the cause



of his rapid advancement; and his Master's cause was to him paramount to all things. When his name was presented to the North Ohio Conference for admission on trial, Dr. Thomson said: "Brother Pengelly was a student at Norwalk Seminary; and he never lost a recitation or a prayer-meeting. If there was a surprise party, or a ball or show, ask Brother Pengelly, and he knew nothing about it. But ask him about some poor old man, or sick family, or penitent soul in trouble, and he would tell you, 'O yes, I know all about them; I have just been there;'" and the conference accepted him with a full vote. Such a youth could but become useful in his after life. He was quite small in stature, but possessed a great soul, a humble heart, a placid spirit, and was untiring in zeal to do all the good he could. His exhortations and experience were vivid and simple as a child, and all believed whatever Richard said came from a truly redeemed nature, a full-grown Christian. His advantages in early life were few, having had to work hard to pay his way at school; but he was uncompromisingly persevering. He grew in knowledge slowly, but surely and safely, and his very face was ever aglow with happiness. He joined the Michigan Conference, and has for all these years been a shining light and a useful man of God, and may expect to find precious gems in his crown of final rejoicing. He chose for his companion a young lady of inestimable worth, deeply devoted to God, modest and retiring in manners, fond of her husband, a true helpmate, and a strong support in the

ministry of the Lord. He has also become a medical doctor, through much assiduousness, and in his old age renders physical aid and counsel to suffering humanity. We expect to greet him by and by on the brighter shore, and tell our triumphs over with great joy.

Lewis Pounds was another noble, true, fearless young man, and perhaps I may say truthfully none was more really pious, or earnest in the good Master's work, than he. He was a most excellent exhorter, and while at school his services were constantly coveted in all the country round about the seminary. He became a member of the North Ohio Conference, and did vast good in the vineyard of the Lord. Scores, from year to year, were led to Christ by his influence.

Another young man of value, and pleasant to remember, was Gershom M. Barber. He was younger than those of my mingling, but an exemplary and careful student; somewhat reserved in manner, but always applying himself closely to his studies, with manifest diligence to obtain knowledge. He gave outspoken evidences of a mind that would grasp thought. He had a clever, smiling face, a prominent forehead, indicating brain-power. Like others of his age, he advanced rapidly, and attained in after day a good standing. He pursued the study of law to good profit, and was seated at last upon the judge's bench, became a district judge, and with honorable dignity now presides over courts in Cleveland, Ohio. The Hon. Charles E. Pennewell

and he, two noble specimens of humanity, deserve great credit for their upward march towards knowledge, and to such honor; and I feel proud to see them, among many others of our Norwalk school, with the good and great of our land.

Dr. E. Thomson, in his later years, remarked that he "had never seen a body of students, in so great a number, compare with those of his last five years at Norwalk." So we who still survive cherish pleasing remembrances of each other, and of the departed ones. With pleasure I call to mind others of excellent abilities, who were assiduous in their acquirements, who grasped with main and might for solid wisdom, for life's course, that they might accomplish mighty things for God and the world; and I learned from time to time that almost all of them were wielding a good and healthful spirit over their fellows, either in Church, in the political world, in educational acumen, or in profitable business pursuits—such as Hopkins, Decker, Bowles, Witter, Wells, Drake, Beebe, Shortiss, Dunn, Revs. W W Winter, Ralph Wilcox, John R. Jewett, S. D. Seymore; also Samuel Fairchild, a real Daniel in Babylon; and Thos. J. Pope. Of this last one, I have many good things that could be spoken. He was full of royal kindness, in spirit Christ-like, even tempered, and presented a Christian example worthy of imitation by all of us. I rejoice that he became such a useful minister of the Gospel, and God has truly honored him, as I only wish were my case, by calling into his great vineyard several of his noble sons, whose influence

is wonderful, and will, for time and through all eternity, reflect a brightness upon their characters.

There were other students of value, whose names have passed from memory. Many young ladies of striking characteristics and of intellectual proficiency were fully our peers in the upward movement to wisdom's heights, and for future distinction. Such were Anna Walcott, Ann Pittenger, Hannah Dunn, Sarah Jackson, Mary Jerome, Mary Tillinghast; Juliette Goodfellow, who married a distinguished Presbyterian minister; Marilla C. Baker, and Julia Pope. These last two married eminent and useful Methodist ministers, and proved to be great help-mates in their work for God and the Church; while those first named married husbands of good standing in business life. Others, whose names I am unable to recall, were conspicuous in their classes, and no doubt have accomplished much good in their several positions.

It is my unbounded delight to speak of our excellent and most-beloved president, Dr. Edward Thomson, so very hallowed to the remembrance of the entire school. Most of what I shall say of him has been published from my pen in his "Biography," written by his distinguished son, Rev. Edward Thomson. God grant that he may follow hard after the footsteps of his illustrious father and the dear Savior, and become one of the bright stars of usefulness to earth, and of the greatest magnitude! Devout, earnest prayer, untiring diligence, and close study of the Word of God will exalt us to make wonderful achievements in mental advance-

ment, and accomplish great things in the kingdom of grace. The doctor was always full of telling little anecdotes, so illustrative of our lessons, thereby deeply impressing them upon our minds. Once he stated a circumstance, where a teacher asked his class in chemistry, "What are the chemical components of ink?" and the student addressed could not answer or inform him. The professor, somewhat surprised, threw back his head and exclaimed, "*Mirabile dictu!*" and the student instantly said, "O yes, I believe that is it." He told us that with such pleasing countenance that all were in merriment, and it was never forgotten, by me at least. He always looked upon death as a most wonderful thing to befall humanity; and when he described death, with his terrible, grasping hold upon a person, then our leaving all earthly existence to enter the dark grave, then launching out—out—into vast eternity, his description was thrilling to the soul, and almost frightful to the mind; but as he turned our vision of thoughts to the infinite Savior, through whose saving merits alone we were to be made conquerors over our last foe, and to be made kings and priests forever, it was electrifying, sublimely grand, and caused all hearts to rejoice over such a glorious provision, offered us through the Gospel of the "blessed Son of God." He often met with us in class-meetings, and his sweet, child-like testimony for the Savior was endearing, and caused all present to weep and praise God. His language in such places was like a loving little one, so humble, so simple. Those who remember his "chapel"

prayers, how ardently he wound the Scriptures around each petition that ascended from his heart, and how he pleaded in innocency with God in our behalf; how like a child talking to a parent, and asking for needed blessings, as he sent up his request to heaven in full faith,—can never recall them but with joy.

At one time, addressing a class, speaking of life in contrast with the great future, he said, “Get ready—get ready; and the first good chance you have—go to heaven.” What a moral grandeur there was in that remark! Always be ready, ready to die, and when the Master sends the angel, go—go right along willingly, and reap the reward of well-doing. I shall always remember how he looked, how his face beamed with Christian radiance, as he uttered those words. They made me try to be ready—ready for all life’s duties, ready for death, ready for God’s call. At another time, when he was sick, and to all appearance nigh unto death, he remarked, with great solemnity, “It is an *awful* thing to die—*awful*—to die.” Ah yes; all good people look upon the separation of soul and body as an “awful” thing—the separation of those two wonderful natures—going away from earth—“departing this life”—forever—forever! And yet the doctor was clothed with the wedding-garment, full of hope of “life to come,” realizing day by day, moment by moment, “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” But God raised him up for more usefulness. On one occasion he preached in a city, on Sunday evening, to a vast audience. He

seemed carried away, by the Spirit's influence, so closely up to God that his very face shone as light. All were enrapt and delighted; and they felt the power of the Holy Ghost in their midst. As he came from the pulpit he made but brief salutations, but, with his hat in hand, walked right along in the aisle as rapidly as he could towards the door, noticing no one. Mrs. Thomson followed him as quickly as possible; but he had forgotten she was there; so, as he stepped down the doorway, she said, "Mr. Thomson! Mr. Thomson!" and he turned round, saying courteously, "Good evening, madam," and started without her. She again spoke, and took hold of his arm, when he immediately recognized her voice. The blessed theme of the infinite fullness of the Gospel had so absorbed his thoughts and filled his soul that he was above all earth, in contemplation of things divine.

One valuable remark, and of striking force for good and usefulness, he made at one time, when addressing the young ministers, on the subject of visiting from house to house. He said, "Always be sure to kiss the babies," showing his humble simplicity and aim towards great success. His life, his powerful talents, his prayerful and daily efforts, were to build up the kingdom of his Lord and Christ. Did ever a man live among us more devoted in all particulars to God's glory?

Never can I forget the noble reception and kindly welcome I received on entering the seminary, when I handed him a letter from my father, committing me to his special care. No parent

could have shown more interest for my physical, intellectual, and spiritual advancement than did he during all the time of my attendance at school. He and his amiable wife cordially received me at their house and to their table. The doctor, in addition to all my regular class advantages, took me under his private instruction, and at extra hours heard me recite to him; so that, at a much earlier date, he advanced me to higher classes than I otherwise would have reached. Never did I know any person more attentive to the welfare and progress of all his students.

During these years, as he influenced hundreds of youthful minds, his own intellect was visibly expanding, and all seemed to see him rise in his mental powers towards the heights he afterwards attained. He was a fluent and mighty writer, and an unsurpassed, if ever equaled, governor and instructor of the young. At times the doctor, in his ardent search after knowledge—for he was always a diligent student—appeared so engrossed that it was intimated by some that he would eventually lose his mind. In instances when pursuing a thought, or, as he once remarked, “adding thought to thought,” he would apparently forget almost every thing else. We give two or three instances. Once our class in Latin was reciting. Each of us five had read and interpreted his part. When the last had finished we were all in silence, perhaps for five minutes. The long pause seemed heavy to us; then, all at once, the doctor lifted his eyes, and said: “Gentlemen, why do you not proceed? Whose



turn is next?" We all replied that we had gone through with our parts. He smilingly said: "O, excuse me, gentlemen; I was following the writer's thoughts. Please read it over." We all, with him, had a merry laugh over the matter. After a class had recited to him, the bell began ringing for noon; and then, without his saying a word, as was his custom, he rose up, took his hat, walked to the door, passed out, turned the key, and left them all in the study—so intently was he engaged in pursuing the subject of his thoughts. His excellent wife was often amused at his mental abstractions, from his incessant application and deep searchings after knowledge. He was exceedingly prompt and exact to pay all his little debts; so, as he passed from the seminary to his home, on one occasion, he saw a farmer passing, whom he owed for a load of hay, and he hastened to get his money and go back and settle the debt. He went into his house, and opened the bureau where he kept his purse; then, taking it out, he carefully placed his hat in the drawer, and with the purse in his hand went to the door, and out on the step, where, missing his hat, he instantly recovered his thoughts, and attended to the matter he had in hand.

For three years or more I sat at his feet, and gathered knowledge and learned wisdom from his lips in the blessed path of humility. His lessons have been to me a glorious barricade, and a perfect delight all my life. I roomed with Rev. Thomas Cooper, of whom the doctor, in his "Biographical Sketches," wrote a beautiful and life-like history. He

was a young man of estimable character, and the doctor loved and appreciated him. The doctor visited our room often, and on one occasion he dined with us, as we boarded ourselves, and said to us: "Gentlemen, I will depend upon you more than any others to see that all things are well regulated in this institution, and that good order is kept. Your religious attitude will be to me of great value in conducting the school. I will look to you for assistance."

One Sunday, in addressing our class in the sanctuary on "Close Thought," a lecture which was afterwards published in the *Ladies' Repository*, he unfolded those rich thoughts which we recall with delight. He said: "Christianity is supreme love to God in the soul, and it will out. It will make itself manifest in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, in prosperity or adversity, or even at the stake. We can not retain the love of God in our souls for selfish purposes; it will out. If we try to hold it within ourselves, our light will be smothered and go out, our profession will be vain. Love dwelling within our souls magnifies God to the world. The world will realize the results of what we feel in our hearts. The holy reflections of divine favor will be seen in all our lives. Can you place powder in that stove, upon the live coals, without an explosion? Neither can you have the love of God in your hearts without its coming out of your eyes, out of your mouths. It will be seen in the countenance of every one who possesses it. As the human soul filled with God's love emits the

heavenly sparks, and as we seek the happiness of our fellow-beings, the rainbow of divine promise spans over us as an inspiration to love God and live for heaven."

A more gentle-spirited, kind-hearted, transparent, and God-fearing man I never knew, and, outside of our own household, I loved him next to God. If Moses was the meekest man, I think the doctor was second to him in that grace. He always manifested the simplicity and sweetness of a child in the presence of all, and the wisdom and nobleness of a royal saint. All who had pure intentions were at perfect ease in his presence.

In our weekly prayer-meetings, which he always attended, his invocations and remarks were in the sweetness of Christian humility, showing deep experience in the things of God. I have often seen him cross the street to take the hand of a student, and say a pleasant, passing word of encouragement, and never one passed him without the notice of his eye. In him was a mighty power of attraction and of inspiration for all with whom he mingled. He always called me "his boy," by way of kindly appreciation, and urged me to make my mark high in life. Could I help loving him? At my house, years after I entered the ministry, he spent a night. His talk to, and his prayers for, my little family encouraged us as if an angel had entered our humble home. Years elapsed, and I met him next in Iowa, as a member of his conference cabinet. I acted as his private secretary, filling in the names and dates in all his ordination parchments. Then,

in social counsel alone with him, I enjoyed his precious company, talked over much of the past, and received from him words of inspiration and advice, words of comfort, never to be forgotten.

In the institution of learning he was assisted by three of the choice men of earth, as faithful, competent teachers,—Alexander Nelson, Holden Dwight, and Horatio S. Bradley. The doctor there left imperishable impressions for good upon hundreds of youthful minds and hearts, which are now, and will be for all time, developing for human happiness. He touched chords in our hearts which are still vibrating, and will continue through endless ages. Eternity only will circumscribe the gracious influences then set in motion by that holy man of God. O, what gems will sparkle in his crown of rejoicing!

## Chapter VIII

REV. FINLEY LEONARD—WE VISIT REV. WM. GURLEY—HIS ANECDOTES—MR. WESLEY'S WISE ADVICE—I SHOOK WESLEY'S HAND WITHIN ONE—SCHOOL-SEASON OVER, GOING HOME BY THE OLD STAGE, INJURY, MUD, TWO NOBLE YOUNG MEN AND LANTERNS—ACCOMPANYING REV. J. H. POWER, I SELL HIS BOOKS—OFFEND A SCHOOL—FOOLISH DECISION—UNCLE BILLY MITCHELL'S CASH—HOW TO TAKE LIMITED OPPORTUNITIES—REV. ZEPHANIAH BELL, HIS COURSE, MY SUPPLYING THE CIRCUIT WITH REV. W. L. HARRIS, NOW THE BISHOP—HOME AT REV. POPIHAM'S—A DOUGHNUT TAKING AWAY A PENKNIFE—A BLESSED CERTAINTY—REV. O. BURGESS'S SERMON AND ITS EFFECT.

ABOUT these days, in company with Rev. Finley Leonard, a fellow-student—who afterward became a choice minister of the North Ohio Conference, by whose godly influence and effectual preaching scores were converted—we visited the humble mansion of Father William Gurley, the noble parent of the distinguished Rev. Leonard B. Gurley, D. D. He was ninety-two years old, a very heavy-set, short man, with long white hair dangling upon his shoulders; exceedingly lively-hearted, and full of cordiality and love. After the first salutation, he asked us, "Have ye *pace* or war at Norwalk?" "O," I said, "we have great peace, Father Gurley." He replied, "Wall—wall—I feared so, I am afraid you will all go to the devil, if ye settle down in such *pace*. You ought never cry, *Pace, pace!* while

the devil is at work, but *War, war!* till he is all subdued." Of course, as I was but a recent convert, and I had much peace and joy, I thus replied, but he wittingly answered us so that we were rather non-plused. He received us most graciously, with a broad Irish welcome, to his hospitable table. Then he gave us many wonderful incidents of his Christian life, and of his trials and triumphs through Christ Jesus. He was brought out in Ireland at different times from prison to be executed, during the Irish rebellion; and, as it happened, he was in the rear of the large gang each time, and he saw men killed and cast into the river. He was quite near by when his brother-in-law was pierced with a pike in the bowels. His entrails were hanging down as he walked in the throng, and then he was cast into the water. Afterwards he was found with his arms clinging around a brace of the bridge, on his knees, with his face upward, as if he had been imploring God's help. The third day, Mr. Gurley found himself in or near the front of the line, and he said to himself, "Now is my time to be killed," and, as he marched forward, he sang, with a triumphant feeling and voice,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers!"

But ere they had reached the spot for execution, the cry was heard, "The English are coming! the English are coming!" and all rapidly dispersed in fright, and they were freed, the rebellion was put to an end, the rebels all subdued, and many were

imprisoned. He actually shouted praises and clapped his hands as he related these facts.

Another pleasant instance, which brought me into close proximity to John Wesley, as it were, in hearing his voice, was this: He licensed Father Gurley to exhort, and appointed him to assist him in leading class. He stated then to us this: "At one time Mr. Wesley went off to preach, and he said, 'William, I want you to take good care of the class, and do your duty while I am absent.' So when Sabbath came, I read to them a few of Mr. Wesley's printed sermons; and this I did each time, after leading them and hearing their experiences. When he returned, he asked me, 'William, how did you get along with the class in my absence?' I said, 'O, Mr. Wesley, I got along first rate, for I read to them two or three of your excellent sermons!' and you never saw such a reproofing look as he gave me; and then he said: 'O William, William! you ought not to have done so. A few words from your heart, burning with love to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus, is far better, far better than all my sermons.' O, it was a severe and confusing rebuke to me, and a life-long lesson; so I have found ever since that it is far better to speak from our hearts if we would do the greatest good to all. The heart-love and heart-fire from above is what we must have to be useful."

He related to us his wonderful escape from the savage Indians when he came to America, and the miraculous escape from their tomahawks, scalping-knives, and their murderous intent; how that

God, in gracious mercy, intervened between them and the slaughter of the whole household. All these incidents were told us in his fascinating Irish brogue, to our surprise and great delight. There is no happier or more useful man in all God's great vineyard than a real Christian Irishman; and we have had many powerful and mighty men of this class among us, whose history is grand, whose moral power will be felt to the end of time. It appears as if there are charms and rich incitements on the "Green Isle" that afford sacred tone and rich thought to its inhabitants who embrace the truth of God.

One more thought I must give you, good reader, as afresh from his sainted lips. He said: "When I was very young, the Lord Jasus came to me, and changed and divinely imbued my little heart to love and serve him. I remember it distinctly, for I was but seven years old. As one day I was sitting in my mother's window, looking out into the street, I heard a voice calling me, 'William! William!' I said, 'What, sir? who are you?' and he said, 'I am the Lord Jasus, and I want you to do as I tell you William. Will you do it?' And I said, 'I will, if I can.' Then he said, 'William, kape yerself to yerself.' Now the Lord Jasus knew that there were very many bad boys all around there, to lead me away into evil, and he did that to warn me, and it was a great good to me. O, it saved me in all my after life from wicked society and bad influences. Now, young men, I tell you, try and kape yerselves to yerselves." Such were



the wise and peculiar thoughts we learned from that wonderful old man.

School-scenes and early educational privileges having ended, with buoyant and joyful hearts we were soon homeward bound. As there were then no railroad conveniences, our travel was exceedingly slow. The old-fashioned stage-coaches, built like a schooner in shape, "and always room in them for *one* more," supported by several large springs, made both of steel and of mammoth straps of leather, doubled and sewed through and through with catgut cords, in their movements caused us to shake and tumble, and fall backwards and forwards, to the right and left, like a drunken man, and often lifted us up and off our seats, which, it was said, was good for dyspeptics; at least it created a good appetite to travel one whole day in that old style. Hundreds of terrible accidents over the mountains, and through all their course, often occurred. Near our city, going south, a drunken driver drove off a high embankment with a coach-load of passengers, hurting many and killing one. Our venerable and blessed old bishop, Joshua Soule, was among the number, but God in mercy preserved his life for our future good. But this stage-travel was a perpetual motion to us all, and was a pleasurable sight to all persons, while it jogged along at the rate of twenty to forty miles a day. Of course, in good and dry weather it increased its speed. The man who invented these stages must have had his eye on perpetual motion; for they not only shook, shook, shook, when in

motion, but even when quiet, or not going, were gently in vibratory movement by the wind or breeze, always having a peculiar squeak or stage-song, every day and night, and on Sabbath. Its intonations still linger upon memory most agreeably, and we almost hear it uttering these sweet syllables: Zee—zee, zee—zee, chee—chee, chee—chee! under which sounds we have often gone to sleep in our childhood days, when our uncle kept all stage-routes and score of stages. Hundreds of times, in boyhood, have we sought retreat within their inclosure, to enjoy their soothing song. Reader, it would be worth a short pilgrimage to see and examine one of those old-time people-servers. Ohio and other States should obtain, and keep in sacred store in their capital, one of those old, mysteriously built coaches, for coming generations to behold our fathers' and mothers' best mode of public travel.

This reminds me of an anecdote of Rev. Dr. Nast, our venerable and great German leader. Traveling in Ohio in an early day, in an old stage-coach, and the roads being very muddy, it mired down and then tipped over; so all the passengers had to walk with their baggage over two miles to town. As they entered the tavern, puffing and sweating, the landlord asked, "What is the matter?" Father Nast said, "O notting much, notting—only de stage sot up back there aways."

The mud at this time referred to, in our return from school, seemed to us bottomless. Never can I forget our passing from Mansfield to Belleville,

Ohio. Our load consisted of thirteen persons, besides the driver sitting upon the front; and the boot was crowded with over a thousand weight in trunks. It had rained all the day, literally poured down; and night overtook us about three miles above Lexington. The darkness was intense, and on account of the continued drizzling night-rain, and thick, foggy atmosphere, the stage-lamps were of but little service. The driver was all out of fix and greatly excited, and could not control his words of wrath to his four noble steeds, so they plunged ahead at the constant crack and stroke of the lash, with fiery vim, and sweat and frothed, until suddenly we all felt ourselves going over; then the men hallooed angrily and all the women screamed with fright, for in a slow and easy manner the coach went into deep mud, and then upset against a small upward incline, which prevented a great calamity, or death. But we were jammed and crowded into a regular mess, and tumbled on top of one another in great confusion. The three on my seat with myself were head-mass over me, holding me closely squcczed under for a moment; but being small and elastic and very nimble, I crawled out quickly, and breaking the stage window, I came through, and helped to pull several out in safety, and we righted it up with a few left in the coach. Nearly all, for a little while, were standing or sitting in mud or water. Several were bruised slightly, and one lady had her collar-bone fractured, and a gentleman his leg injured. We were a nice sight to be laughed at as the daylight

came, and none could suppress their merriment at each other, though all pitied the afflicted. But to proceed was the dread of every mind, for all feared lest we might go down some deep cut, or over some narrow bridge; so a council of progress was held, and two kind-hearted students, and real stout fellows too—Wm. Jackson and Frank Le Blond—volunteered to conduct us through at all risks. Taking off their shoes and stockings, they rolled up their pants above their knees, and each taking a lantern in his hand, they led the leading horses for several miles through mud and slush and water. We can never forget the tramping of the horses' hoofs—splash! splash! splash!—and the patter of the boys' feet through those hours of dark and dismal travel. It seemed to be the only salvation for us that night, or else to tarry there with the suffering ones until the break of day. It resounds through memory, in my ears, to this moment. All voted thanks to the brave young men for their unmeasured kindness and much toil. By two o'clock in the morning we arrived in Belleville, having been fully eight hours traveling about fourteen miles. By the next evening I was cozily ensconced at my parents' sweet home, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

During that Fall I needed money, and not wishing to draw on my father's exchequer any more, I concluded to teach school; but it was so late in the season that nearly all the schools were taken. Right by the door of my grandmother's home, however, was a small "Summer" school, always taught by young ladies at a small salary, not yet

engaged. The old lady said, "John, take our school for the Fall, and board with me, for it will not cost you one cent." Here I wish to give a lesson of instruction to any boy or girl who reads this. I refused to teach it, because it was only half my demand of wages; so I spent the entire Fall vainly, except a little promiscuous reading, rather unprofitably, when I might in the three months have had sixty dollars in my pocket, and also greatly improved my mind by hours of diligent study; but all that I lost by a false view of matters. To improve our precious time, and to bless the world in usefulness, should be the earnest wish of every intelligent being. To be rich is no sin, but to use properly our time to gain riches is prudent and wise, and the great sequel to our happiness. To court riches, so as thereby to absorb our thoughts and render us selfish, is an evil, it is idolatry, and one of the worst of all sins, which is covetousness, and is woefully consuming to body and mind and soul. It is not merely getting the money, but how do we obtain it? If by solid toil and honest trade we can accumulate and distribute a part of our earnings to God and his cause, and to suffering humanity, it is all right.

It was once said to William Mitchell, a blacksmith in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, "Uncle Billy, you have a very black trade, from the looks of your face and hands." "Yes, sir," said he; and then putting his hand in his pocket, and drawing it out full of clean silver pieces of bright half-dollars and quarters, he remarked, "But it brings me the clean white

money plentifully, you discover ;” and then, with a smile and a religious triumph, he put it back and commenced humming a Christian song. So honesty and honorable toil is the best policy of life, and “the diligent hand shall be made rich.” We should never be ashamed to pursue any kind of work that is right and moral, if necessary to a good living. I respect the gardener, the well-digger, the shoe-maker, or the wood-chopper, just as highly in his toil as the merchant, the lawyer, or the judge upon his bench. If we will go in debt, and by so doing become insolvent, we had better by far put patch upon patch, and be free from crowding cares, trouble, and anxiety ; for by and by, through constant industry, we will come out all square, through a little prudence and economy. Better rent a cheaper house and be a little crowded, and wear less gaudy linen and be independent, than harassed by debt. Love to publish the saying, “*Labor omnia vincit,*” and your head will be above the waves of want. Take fifty cents when there is no chance for a dollar ; but work, work and save. There are now living thousands of men and women in extreme need, looking into poverty’s empty barrel, who, if they had not been too proud to dress in common attire, to-day might have been in comfortable circumstances, enjoying life’s numerous blessings. It is better to accept half our desired wages for a season, and gain that advantage until brighter hours dawn, than out of mere pride, self-will, and false independence, to lose all our precious time and the goodly results—waiting—waiting—

and never reaching the golden opportunities. Plenty and physical comforts never search us out, but wait *our* coming to grasp proffered privileges. The old but wise sayings are here quite befitting: "A stitch in time saves nine," "A penny saved is a penny gained," "Passing minutes timely improved, make us days of happiness, and life ends well." The *Now*, the all important *Now*, properly regarded, will fill our coffers, and make us invulnerable to want's attack. Reader, young and old, take Time, old bald-headed Time, by his forelock, as he salutes you, and without doubt he will empty his basket into your hands gladly, and go forward swiftly to satisfy all who watch his strides. Every moment is of immense value to all who regard it; but if we waste or neglect Time's gracious favors, it were better for us never to have existed; for such opportunities, unembraced, will weigh forever against us. "Ponder well thy steps."

I here relate an incident, which memory has cherished. It was in the Fall of 184— that the North Ohio Conference held its session in the then beautiful little town of W—, but now it is a city of wealth, educational privileges, and railroad prosperity. Revs. J. H. Power, L. B. Gurley, Oliver Burgess, my dear father, and I, crossed over the rugged hills from Mt. Vernon, thitherward. If I remember rightly, the sainted Cyrus Sawyer was the stationed preacher in the town, or immediately followed. At this conference were also the holy, erudite Edward Thomson, afterwards bishop; W L. Harris, now in the superintendency; Thomas

Barkdull, the rhetorician ; John Janes, the poet-tongued debater ; George W Breckenridge, of royal ministerial character ; William Runnells, the soothing and enchanting speaker ; E. Yocum, the winning and sweet-spirited soldier for Christ ; Henry Whiteman, the strict disciplinarian ; William B. Disbro, the orator ; John Blaupied, the learned Frenchman ; H. O. Sheldon, the sublime preacher ; the two Kellams, of popular bearings ; John Quigley, the Boanerges in pulpit strength ; and Adam Poe, and the noble Jewetts, with many others, strong warriors for God. The conference was one of great interest to all, and to me especially, as it was but shortly before I entered the traveling connection.

Bishop R. R. Roberts presided. On Sabbath he was sick, and unable to preach. E. R. Ames, afterwards bishop, was among us as the missionary secretary, to represent its growing interests. Also present was L. L. Hamline, who became bishop, who came as a visitor. The former was appointed to fill the pulpit at the bishop's hour ; and then it seemed a much greater task and responsibility than in this day of more diversified and advanced talent. Vast throngs of people came from every quarter to see and hear a Methodist bishop, and no church was sufficiently large to accommodate one-fourth, so that all available preaching-places were filled on Sabbath by the different first-class men.

Sabbath morning arrived, and Rev. E. R. Ames, followed by two or three others, entered the sacred desk. Deepest anxiety and wonderful solicitude were manifested in the looks of the great audience.



Brother Ames, like a Christian hero, rose before the people as seeing the Invisible. Few men ever appeared to realize more fully his rest in God than did he at that moment. His hymn was expressive, his prayer powerful, seeming to reach up to the throne of God; and the whole multitude was swayed to praise God, and gave bold exclamations at the mercy seat. He took for his text the beautiful words of prophecy: "For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." He elucidated their grandeur and comprehensiveness, reaching down through hundreds of years to the minutest particulars, unfolding the divine inspiration of God, as given to men, to behold the end from the beginning. He quoted Scripture after Scripture, then most convincingly set forth how sublimely many had been fulfilled, and climaxing with the noble thought that every prophecy of God's Book would surely be made manifest, and not a jot or tittle of his law but would be enforced in divine power, to the admiration of the whole universe. Shouts of "Salvation!" "Glory to God!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the good Lord!" and the like expressions, rolled up from hundreds of lips and hearts, until it appeared like a Pentecost to us all.

But the hour of three, the burdensome hour, as some term it, was to be filled by Rev. L. L. Hamline. I heard scores say: "Ah! we need not look for such a sweep and divine surge as the morning sermon—then the unpropitious hour is against him. We had enough in the morning sermon to do us all this day"—and so on, many spoke. The hour was

at hand. The eloquence of the speaker had been noised everywhere, and not an inch of room within the house, or outside the windows for rods, could be found vacant, for the excited and eager multitude. Soon came the holy man of God, a few moving after him to the pulpit. He lingered at the altar of prayer on his knees a long time, and the very silence of the death-chamber brooded over all present. He rose, walked into the pulpit with a solemn, Christ-like countenance, which at once chained the attention of the host of God. Then in a prompt but placid style, he read these melting words :

“Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine;  
I long to reside where thou art:

The portion I languish to find,  
Where all who their Savior obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

'T is there with the lambs of the flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;

'T is there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart—  
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.”

It was as if the Holy Spirit himself had hovered over and about the great congregation, and hundreds of eyes were filled with tears. Elocution, sacred pathos, and Christian sympathy were developed

in every line; and already he had captivated both mind and soul of all the assembly. No one who had never heard him can imagine the sanctified spirit he possessed, and how nearly to the Master his words led us; but the prayer brought us close to the Savior, until we felt the breathings of Jesus' promise, "And, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The second hymn was sung, and Brother Hamline stepped forward in sublime humility, casting his eyes over the audience for a few seconds, which made all feel as if God Almighty were in his temple, and he said, "The brother in the forenoon has led you to the fountain, I will endeavor to lead you to the streams." He announced his text, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." In the most masterly way, in a judicial style, he arrayed the two principles of Christianity and infidelity, as in open conflict. We saw them as if in court, before the judge, with all their witnesses. We heard them examined most critically. The prosecution, with their supporters against Christ and his religion, were on the stand first, and they were numerous. I can not forget their last and most dependent witness, the backslider. He asked him, by cross-examination before the vast crowd:

First. Are you acquainted with Christianity as a system? *Answer.* "Yes, somewhat."

Secondly. Have you ever associated among its adherents, and if so, how long? *Ans.* "I have, sir, for over forty years."

Thirdly. Did you ever make a personal pro-

fession of its principles, and if so, how long? *Ans.* “Yes, sir, I did, during all those years referred to, and my name was in the Church.”

Fourthly. For forty years, you say—hear that, your honor, judge, and you, jurymen—waving his hand over all his hearers.

Fifthly. Did you not claim to be on the side of Christ then, and also tell the people so, repeatedly and publicly? *Ans.* “Yes, I did.”

Sixthly. Why did you do so, and what object had you in view? *Ans.* “Well, I thought I was honest, and I confess I had pleasant feelings of true friendship with the people; and I thought I had a hope of heaven; but now I see it was all mere excitement, and I was deceived.”

Seventh question. For forty years you did so, and thought you were deceived *all* that time and under excitement; but now you recant and deny and reject all your *long* and happy experience in religion, do you? And were you not dishonest, and acting the hypocrite before your brethren and God all that time, or are you not now dishonest and villainous in what you testify before this court? And so he went on, until we saw, as it were, the witness drop his head, and his countenance fall in shame; then, as by a mighty impulse, more than earthly, the speaker reached out his arm to its utmost extent, with trembling fingers, as if to cast off an evil thing, and with a throw, once or twice, of the hand, and with unusually loud voice, he cried, “Take the witness, take the witness; I am done with him.” It appeared as if we saw the perjured witness hurled

from the very ends of his fingers, as a suborned wretch, a second Judas. He then called up scores of past witnesses, and alluded to thousands of the present century, who stand up for Jesus and his cause, and their testimony, both living and dying, rang through our ears and cheered our hearts, until the whole audience was apparently enveloped in a flame of love. "The Lord was in his holy temple."

These two grand efforts of that day were often compared and commented upon for months as wonderful displays of God's divine power. The one was a mighty avalanche of convincing truths overwhelming all before it, bearing away every doubt and fear, leaving our souls and minds free and clear and hopeful. The other came like the heavenly dew, abundant, softly soothing, animating, and melting our hearts into tenderness, drawing us beneath the sunlight of the divine favor, affording us heavenly communion.

Those sermons, by those two mighty warriors of God, proved a defense to many, and graciously intrenched all by the glorious words of revelation, to lead us on and upward to God and to glory. They linger upon our memory, as fresh and inspiring as if but yesterday. Glory to God for the blood of the Lamb and the testimony of his saints!

About this time I had the untold pleasure of accompanying Revs. J. H. Power, L. B. Gurley, and Dr. E. Thomson, by buggy travel, to the Ohio Conference, held in Hamilton. On our journey we made Dayton, and there had the inexpressible delight of hearing that wonderful orator and unsur-

passed statesman, Henry Clay, deliver a political speech of three hours' length; yet the people stood as statues, without apparent uneasiness. It was estimated that a hundred and twenty thousand were present, and of that number about twenty thousand Kentuckians. The enthusiasm of the Whigs was unbounded, and men wept and shouted, and threw up their caps and hats, and drums rolled, and thousands of white handkerchiefs waved in the breeze, and the hills echoed sublimely. At one remark, especially when Clay referred to the old and scar-worn veterans, one man cried out with a loud voice, clapping his hands, "Glory—glory to old Harry!" Loud laughters ascended and one man said, "I'll bet that man is a Methodist."

On our return, we passed through Columbus, Ohio. It was the day of a Whig celebration, and that wonderful, witty, and unsurpassedly eloquent statesman, Thomas Corwin, was to give a political address. I think no two men in these United States were more similar in manner, in style of speech, in warmth of heart, and in swaying and attracting the multitudes, than he and John A. Logan—both mighty men, and worthy of the ever-abiding honor of our nation. He stood on a street platform, erected for his use, before a vast throng. Every street and balcony, every door and window to the fifth story was full of excited spectators; and at each sentiment, so full of gushing brightness and beauty, unbounded cheers ascended. He said: "I have seen the flags of all lands, some beautiful, some grand, some modest and unpretending, speaking

out their own nationality; but among them *all*, the 'Star Spangled Banner,' the red, white, and blue, is the superior in splendor and glory." Then loud and long hurrahs filled the city. "But, ladies and gentlemen, there is one other flag or ensign that reaches deeper down into my heart, and stirs up my soul, and speaks out the blessed charms of *home* more than all the rest; that is the lady's white handkerchief I see fluttering in the breeze." Never did I hear such loud and happy cheering; and thousands of these little flags were flung out of every alcove and recess within sight.

On this long trip a queer little incident took place, which shows how, even at the best and nicest of homes, misfortunes unavoidably will happen. While dining at a royal and welcome home of a Christian family, where every thing was neat and clean, and a boundless kindness was shown us, I, sitting close to his side at the table, noticed Brother Gurley push his tumbler of dessert very gently away, and did not eat any of it, which we all greatly relished. When on our journey again, I asked him why he did so? He remarked, "Just as I was dipping in my spoon, and had a large plum ready, I saw a tremendous cockroach hanging on to it, and trying to climb up, and I was nonplused." Of course he would not have had the blessed hostess observe him for all the world, and in his modest style he declined all acquaintance with the bold intruder. By some inexplicable way, it must have been under the cloth folds, and have fallen into the tumbler, or crawled in the jar when opening it.

During the following Winter, I assisted my father in the store, as well as improved spare hours in pursuing my studies, in prospect of my future work for the Church. For awhile, also, I accompanied our elder, Rev. J. H. Power, around his district; so that my time was well spent in gaining knowledge through his wise instructions, by his kindly words, his mighty preaching, and his god-like example. But few men ever lived nearer the fountain-head of wisdom than he. It was likewise to me a grand lesson of Church discipline, as but few in all our connection were his superiors in this respect. Quite late in the Winter, or nearly Spring-time, Rev. Zephaniah Bell, junior preacher on Amity Circuit, under Rev. William L. Harris, now a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, ran wild in his Abolitionism, and about the bishopric of the Methodist Episcopal Church, calling it tyranny, usurpation, and monopoly of ecclesiastical power, and he withdrew from the Church, to join the Wesleyan Methodist Society; so Elder Power sent me on the work as a supply with Brother Harris until the coming conference. Old Brother Bell persecuted us all the year, and preached terribly, as he called it, against the policy and general rules of our Church. He endeavored, to the best of his ability, to divide every class, and to draw to him our members. I answered him as severely yet as prudently as I could for a boy as I was; and I showed to all our sublime progress, power, and sufficiency as a people, and how God had in but half a century made our work to bud and blossom as a rose; how



that thousands were yearly being led from sin and infidelity to our blessed Lord and Master, and that our denomination was taking the lead and outstripping all others in all reforms; that we were a wonder to all peoples, and in our onward march at the front in all civilization, by our great success; and that our destiny was to take the world, by the power of the Gospel, and present it to God redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. He wrote me a threatening letter, stating that he would "Sugh me in the peasful gospel if I did not hold my tonge." But all the clever old gentleman did, did not move one stake or slacken one cord of our tents anywhere in our work; but the Lord was with us whithersoever we went, and the circuit was greatly increased in numbers and religion. A very few uneasy, drifting, and double-minded ones pursued his phantom a short time; but soon most of them cried for quarter, and came back, knocking at our door, deeply humbled.

His self-created storm soon ended in his own disquietude and dismay, and his retirement from the glorious itinerancy. Had he kept his balance in our denomination, he might have come down to the end of life with many sheaves, and been covered with glory; for he was an earnest and emphatic worker. Yet I verily believe the mistaken old brother was religious and conscientious, and in his very heart wanted to do good and save souls; but being rather illiterate, he was led away from the true fold by jealous and falsely ambitious men. I did, as a young Christian, love the

dear old friend, and expect to enjoy his company over on the brighter shore.

Never did I spend a happier season, or find more loving Christian people to help me on to God than in this, my first work. Brother Harris was one of those whole-souled men, eminently qualified to gladden the youthful heart and inspire us to move forward to honor and to great usefulness. We had fifteen appointments to fill every two weeks, which were mostly in private houses or log cabins, where there was only one room—for Church, two beds, and two trundle-beds—used also for cooking and eating room; a fire-place from five to eight feet wide, and from four to five feet high, holding nearly an eighth of a cord of wood; for we seldom found a cook-stove; and here we preached and had happy times, glorious meetings, and numerous conversions all over our work. Salvation's current that year moved over those valleys and among those hills, and the shouts and hallelujahs went up to the skies, that the dead were made alive and the lost were found. I think some fifty were added to our Church that year, besides the hallowed influences which inundated the community for future years.

Here several pleasing little incidents occurred: First, I changed the name of the circuit, at my own say-so, on account of Father Bell's exit from us, to that of "Calamity;" sarcastically a calamity to Brother Harris, a calamity to our circuit and the whole of Methodism, and a "*dreadful*" calamity to his "successor." The new name was a huge

pleasantry to the preacher in charge, and even to this day his smiles will abound if it is mentioned. My home was mostly at Rev. Mr. Popham's, a local preacher and a man of first-class preaching ability and of inestimable worth. His talent as a local elder was appreciated greatly, as he was called from all surrounding points to preach, to marry people, and for many funerals. His precious memory will never be obliterated from earth, but souls will still be saved from the holy influence he set in motion. His dear old companion was a Christian of the highest type, always walking by faith, and claiming the sweet promises of the Bible as her security and staff, through the merits of her loving Jesus. She treated me like her own child, and abounded in Christian benevolence to all the prophets of Israel. They reared a large family of noble children, several of whom have made their mark high in life. Memory most sweetly recalls their intrinsic worth to me, and to all the servants of the Most High who shared their favor.

A very curious circumstance was told me by this good old mother, that happened in her neighborhood. A small boy swallowed a little white-handled penknife. No physician or medicine could do him any good, and great fright possessed the whole family; so it was concluded the child would die. An old lady in the neighborhood went home immediately from the consultation, and made some doughnuts, and only partially baked them, and made them sweet and palatable to the child's taste, so that he could, or would, eat them, which

he eagerly did, and enjoyed them. He ate several, then she advised a quick physic, and by and by the knife was delivered from its confinement, all coated nicely with doughnut apparel. I hand this peculiar remedy over to the medical fraternity, not as an original prescription, but as a suggestion for their future benefit in a peculiar emergency.

Many most profitable days were spent at my colleague's house, in the parsonage. When I tarried with them the first time, the hour for retirement arriving, Brother Harris handed me the Bible for evening prayers; and I read, and made my evening petition. In the morning just before breakfast, he did likewise; but I remarked, "Won't you please attend to worship this morning, Brother Harris?" He said, "No, no, Brother John; I never lead in prayers when I have a high-priest in my house." I could but smile, and, with very singular embarrassment, submitted to his authority. He was always ready and willing to assist me in my studies, explaining every thing most satisfactorily; and I realized myself gaining knowledge and understanding, and wisdom also in a degree, under his benign favor and noble courtesy. He was always so full of joy, real, impressive, and instructive wit, and curious and striking illustrations, that I was exalted by his presence and loving ways. It was no astonishment to me to learn that, after years of kind instruction, the students almost worshiped him for his affability and sublime aptness in imparting thought to their youthful minds. There seemed to be in his "make-up" a boundless fund

of richest thoughts, ready for every emergency or demand I ever made upon him by inquiry; and I am thankful to God and to Dr. J. H. Power that I ever was privileged to be his colleague, though so unworthily, in the glorious ministry of our Lord and Master.

On one occasion he and I were going to one of our distant appointments, each on horseback. When coming to the lofty summit of a high hill, he checked his horse, and, turning him around, looked me seriously in the face, and said, "Brother John, you are nearer heaven than you will ever be again, if you do n't take good care of yourself, and mark how you live." It was an odd expression, prompted, no doubt, by the elevated surroundings; but it fastened itself in my mind, and touched my heart, and I often said, "Well, now, if that is true,—

‘How careful then ought I to live,  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give,  
For my behavior here!’”

All along my ministerial journey, for over forty years, that little hill-top sermon, though so short, has risen up to my inspiration and real profit. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and the "Wise in heart will receive commandments."

My heart became greatly attached to him and his dear family; for he had one of the kindest and most tender-hearted of all women, just such as is suitable to a faithful minister of God; and, truthfully, they are great helpmates in disseminating the Gospel of

Christ. Many of the noble wives of the workers of the vineyard will come up to the kingdom sharing fully and equally with their husbands, as their sheaves are laid before their Lord. No language can express the reverence and Christian regard I shall always cherish towards both of these devout Christians. The conference year closed quite successfully, and my youthful mind had enlarged by its intellectual and spiritual gatherings, and I was nearer my Savior in holy communion and living faith.

During this passing Spring a most valuable young lady passed away from earth to the glory-land. The parents were the most cordial friends of my brother, Rev. Oliver Burgess, and a part of his Christian flock, at whose house of welcome he spent many happy hours of real enjoyment. Her parents were deeply pious, and the uncompromising friends of God and his cause. Religion was their only substantial solace at home and abroad. No temporal misfortunes or mysterious threatenings of providence could sever their attachments to Christ. From the family altar their prayers, as holy incense, ascended day by day. They realized at all times, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; to shew forth his loving-kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night." This daughter was their eldest child, and possessed a lovely disposition, through the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb. Holy devotion to the Almighty, from pious parents, was early impressed upon her youthful mind, and she believed "Youth is the

time to serve the Lord," and, through faith in Jesus, she gladly embraced salvation. In her eleventh year she obtained the witness of the Spirit, and with strong confidence she clung to the cross. She earnestly desired to be like her Savior, "of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of the Lord, is of great price." She was constant to every means of grace. Gladly she welcomed each returning Sabbath, to sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary. Within the shadow of the holy altar she knelt and prayed and wept for joy. Light from the throne fell softly upon her little heart. The Word, the divine Truth, was manna to her soul. As she joined the sacred song with the great assembly, her voice was heard—not loud and shrill, but tender and round and full of sweetness; it was expressive of that holy love which lighted up her soul, and gave her an insight within the veil to the inner courts of God. The unbidden tears rolled down her face as the faithful servants of the covenant preached Christ and him crucified. At prayer-meetings she was always near the Redeemer's side. Her youthfulness was no embarrassment to prompt her to shun the cross; but as if from long experience, her heart went forth in prayer, full of touching thought, of childlike love and simplicity. Her filial fear of God was her path to wisdom's ways. In the class-room grace abundantly flowed to fill her whole nature with love; and tremblingly, yet full of courage, she declared, "I love my Jesus with all my mind, and soul, and strength." Thus this Christian girl, Clotilda

Wetherby, lived, a way-mark to glory, both to old and young.

But as some beautiful rose, just budding into bloom and sending out its sweet fragrance, is quickly nipped, so she, in early life, exerting a hallowed influence all around her, was suddenly warned of her approaching dissolution. But death was no terror. Its sting was extracted by the washing of regeneration in Jesus' blood, and hope swelled immortal to her view. Seventeen Summers only had passed in her life, yet six years she had learned on earth to live for heaven. As the last hours of her beautiful life went gliding away, her countenance glowed with unearthly serenity. As weeping friends stood round her couch, she pointed them to her home in heaven. She spoke of rapturous music, of fond associations in glory, and of her risen Christ. With her dear parents she joined in blessed songs of victory, victory over death! Then, bidding adieu to loved ones, in a chariot of fire, upward she rose to the bosom of God. It was a triumphant testimony to all for her Redeemer, never to be forgotten; for in her last hours she said, "Come, pa—come, ma—sing to me of the dying girl;" and as they came to the chorus, she joined in with her soft, sweet voice, "I'm going—I'm going—I'm gone," and then closed her eyes in death, to join the invisible throng of heavenly songsters waiting near her bed to escort her home. So the youthful and aged saints of God conquer death, and ascend to be forever at rest.



Near this period I attended a wonderful revival at Batemantown, Ohio, held by my dear brother, Rev. O. Burgess. It was remarkable for several reasons. First, over forty, mostly adults, were converted. Infidels, Universalists, and many other unbelievers were saved and added to the Church. But the strangest thing was, that the *one* sermon on Sabbath morning, on the reality and certainty of a "future general judgment," broke into their ranks, scattered the darkness of their minds, and Christ was glorified in their conviction and salvation. Their testimony was thrilling, and absolutely overwhelmed us with delight, and established the truthfulness of the Scriptures. An aged man, perhaps eighty-five years old, a very intelligent gentleman, with long locks of white hair hanging on his shoulders, said: "I have been, for forty years or more a Universalist, and did not believe in this heart-felt religion; but last Sunday morning that little man up there in the pulpit [pointing to brother] knocked all the props from under me, and I came down from my pride to the foot of the cross, and I am now happy in that same religion. The good Lord has truly saved me, and I praise his great name." The dear old man wept like a child, and loud shouts from many ascended on high. His son, of about fifty years, rose immediately, and said: "I have been an unbeliever—yes, an infidel—for many years. I rejected all heart-felt religion, and thought it was a mere phantom of the brain; but, like my father, I can say that good little man took away all my sandy

foundation; and this religion is true, it is *true*, and I am a happy man in the Lord." Many old and young persons instantly rose, and gave thrilling testimony of their conversion under the same sermon. It was a meeting of divine power and great glory, never to be forgotten by scores, as well as the writer. Glory to God for the blessed fruits of our Christianity! Let us all pray that, after having preached Christ, not one of us shall become a castaway.

## Chapter IX.

RECOMMENDED TO THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE—BISHOP JOSHUA SOULE, HIS GREATNESS, SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE DISCUSSION—THE BISHOP'S PREJUDICE—BISHOP L. L. HAMLINE'S WORDS—STARTING FOR MY LIFE-WORK, SISTER'S TOUCHING APPEAL, LEAVING HOME IN DEEPEST FEELING—TRAVELING RAPIDLY, ON A STUMP—ARRIVING AT BELLEVILLE—REV. E. RAYMOND, REV. JOHN H. POWER—JUDGE JACKSON AND FAMILY, A MERRIMENT AT THE TABLE—MY FIRST SEVERE TRIAL.

IN the Fall of 1844, at my own home, the quarterly conference of Mt. Vernon station recommended me to the North Ohio Conference to be received on trial, the session being held in our place at that time. Bishop Joshua Soule was the presiding officer. He was a noble specimen of true manhood, firm as a rock, statesmanlike in all his appearance, yet affable and gentle in his ways, and a most dignified person at all times. Any one could approach him as a loving brother in Christ. Though I was quite young when before him at my father's house, still he seemed as a father in all his conversation with me, and he frequently dropped words of encouragement and inspiration, which quickened my youthful spirit to move forth for God and his mighty cause. He resembled in his demeanor and manner of talk our elder, Rev. J. H. Power; both tall, reserved, and careful in language.

To me, this occasion with the bishop was one of the interesting events of life, and was fraught with untold importance. No human being could have felt his responsibility more impressively than I, and with fear and much trembling, and with ceaseless prayer, I prepared, by every possible means, to gain knowledge for the work to which God and the Church had assigned me. While I realized my extreme unfitness and unworthiness, and would have fled as Jonah did from Nineveh, out into the very desert, I heard the holy words of promise—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This conference session was one of great interest and profit to the whole Church; but at this stage in its body were produced some bitterness and unchristian feelings. The question of secret societies, and ministers attending the same, brought out powerful and extended discussion. The resolution offered by Rev. Oliver Burgess, that "if the younger men coming into the conference are to be debarred in the matter of joining secret societies, the older brethren should be abridged in their frequenting lodges," created a storm, and many participated on each side in strong debate. Among them were Revs. L. B. Gurley, E. Yocum, C. Sawyer, J. H. Power, J. Quigley, G. W. Breckenridge, Thomas Barkdull, H. Whiteman, J. Kellam, Dr. E. Thomson, S. Lynch, A. Poe, W. C. Clark, W. L. Harris, H. E. Pilcher, E. C. Gavitt, Dr. Howe, and others. But few men on this continent could have exhibited more real eloquence than all these men on that memorable occasion. It produced a wonderful

impression upon the citizens, and multitudes crowded the house to hear. They likewise promptly took sides with the different speakers. The bishop was quite severe in his words, and said: "I am not a Mason or an Odd Fellow; but I profess to know something about both societies, and I would consider it an insult to my intellect for a man to ask me to become either." This remark, coming from his dignified lips, for a short period was a bomb-shell among the Masonic ranks; but it soon smothered itself by its own burdensomeness. But when the author of the previous resolution, the day after, offered an anti-slavery clause, the dear old bishop was so ingrafted in his pro-slavery proclivities and prejudices that he became quite offended, and thought such steps against the institution ("the sum of all villainies") were too inconsiderate, and much out of place. But you could notice instantly that many of the Masonic fraternity were on his side in a degree, in this, his last indignity; so his mistakes on both of these questions proved how strong and mighty minds may easily become biased.

But the following General Conference, most wisely and prudently, for the good of our Church, decided that our annual conference action on secret societies was entirely unnecessary and unauthorized; which proved to be a noble and righteous decision; for it was *that* which belonged only to private choice, and such improper legislation would involve the Church in an endless trouble, and accomplish no good to God's glory. And even to this date, it is the bone of bitter disputes and wrangling

contentions in some of our sister denominations. If it is an evil, it will fall of its own corruption, but if allowable and not unreasonable, it will prosper.

When the appointments were "read out" at the closing of the conference, I was placed as junior preacher on Belleville Circuit, with Rev. Elnathan Raymond as preacher in charge, and Rev. J. H. Power as presiding elder. God was certainly at the head of this work; for no other living man could have been more fitting in his nature and character to guide and instruct a youth in his first warfare in the itinerancy than Father Raymond. He was always ready to bend all his powers to enlighten me in Discipline or in the Word of God. He was as companionable as a real college chum; yet in his presence I realized I was near the divine reflections; for he lived with God, and Christ abode in his heart and was seen in his face. No misspent words ever fell from his clean lips, but all his language was hopeful and elevating; nothing in the faintest appearance ever bordering on frivolity, impurity, or slanderous, but his words were "as apples of gold in pictures of silver." His conversation was in heaven. He was an extraordinary man in politeness, in refinement of manners, and in his apparel neat and tidy, having a heart full of kindness. His sympathy for all classes was constantly manifested. He lived a stranger and a pilgrim, in hopeful expectancy of the future: "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The radiations of his

sanctified teachings, and his sacred, Christian, and ministerial character have always impressed me as worthy of closest imitation.

But now the hour of my leaving home, sweet, blessed home of my childhood and youth, had come; and in one sense it appeared as if death were just before me, at my very feet. Reader, did you ever leave home under like circumstances? Then you know the wonderful trial. My mind was intensely excited, my spirit bitterly tried, my heart beat rapidly; and the question most pertinently arose, Ought I to leave my father in his business, and go off, and that for life? Go from him who had fed me, schooled me, and kept me all my days in great bountifulness; who has instructed me for usefulness? And will I now desert him, when he needs me more than ever, as he approaches old age? No one could fathom the depth of excitement in my bosom. He had offered me thousands to enter business for myself, or to take me in partnership with himself in the store: so there were strong inducements, and had I not realized so fully the urging of conscience, and a mighty burden on my soul, even in earlier days of my youth, leading me and saying, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," it would have been my highest delight to have accepted and gathered up riches, and used them to God's glory, as my dear father had done in all his Christian life. After his glorious death, Bishop L. L. Hamline visited us, and preaching in the old brick church in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, he said: "Brother Burgess has been the support and strength

and guide of your Church, lo! these many years; you have looked to him to direct and lead you. Now, dear brethren, the Lord has called him home, that the care of the Church might fall upon the shoulders of all the members; and it is for your greatest good that the Master has done this. Now let us that remain buckle on the whole armor, and may the mantle of our departed brother fall upon the entire society!" Thus, to the consolation of the Church, the beloved Hamline spoke.

My decision was made to obey God's call, which was paramount to all things else; and I said to him, "No, father, I am a thousand times obliged to you, but I will go and preach Jesus and him crucified; for I wish to die in the army." The lost and ruined world was before my mind. I seemed to see the multitudes going down to eternal darkness; and as my Savior had done so much for my poor soul; had snatched me as a "brand from the burning"—with such boundless mercy had filled my whole nature with his love, and had also given me his Holy Spirit to witness with mine that I was born from above, and was God's own child—so he had the highest claim to use me "as seemeth good in his own sight." I was laid on the altar, a full sacrifice, by my beloved parents, in my childhood; as his Isaac I was offered to the Lord in baptism, and the offering must not be touched or withdrawn; but I must live and die for his cause.

Father then presented me a nice, large horse, saddle, and bridle, and I was equipped for the battle. Never—no, never—will that morning be for-



gotten, when I was ready to take my final departure. My saddle-bags, made of good leather, held at least half a bushel. In one side were six shirts, one-half dozen bosoms—for in those days our “diekies” were separate from the shirts—a dozen white neckties or cravats, which all young preachers wore: every shirt had a collar attached to it; also several handkerchiefs—chiefly red silk and cotton, as white ones were not in fashion—a few pairs of socks, a pair of slippers, and Watson’s “Institutes.” In the other side or pocket were the Bible, which I still retain, the old-style noteless hymn-book, Wesley’s Sermons, Fletcher’s “Appeal,” and a few little precious articles tied up, which only a mother could think of and prepare. So now, it being packed full and buckled tightly together, I cast it over the saddle with the narrow side over the rib, and swung my neatly plaited buckskin whip on my wrist, all ready to go. Father’s two warm hands had grasped my hand, and his eyes kindled up, and a “Heaven bless my dear son” sounds lovingly even now, as then; and I kissed my lovely mother, whose soul appeared to be in my heart; also my sisters elung to me, when the eldest one, Louisa, who was always eloquent and sympathetic, said, in voice and language lingering still in memory’s archives: “O John, can you not stay at home? We have one preacher already in the family, and that is enough. You stay here and pursue the law, won’t you? We want a lawyer in our household, one to be conspicuous and noble in another line of profession; and you can rise in that department, and become a

great statesman, and that will be as you have often contemplated; and you can be just as useful as Oliver, in his work. Do stay with us, John; the world will be saved without your sacrificing your life in such hard toil; and you will always be poor, and be tossed about hither and thither. God wants great men in the laity also, and you can make money, and support the Church, and do more that way for the Lord." Thus she spoke at that trying moment, and pleaded with me; and it caused a trembling in my nerves, and touched my soul. My mother's eyes filled with tears as she listened to sister's appeal; and her look of love still tarries in view; and my father gave anxious listening to her words, as if to say, "Son, had you not better stay?" Yet there was a yielding in his spirit, in his countenance, willingly to God's requirements, and like to Abraham, "If God wish me to go to the mount, and offer my son, I will obey if it kill me." So the cords being bound around about me as the sacrifice, he did not dare to sever one strand, and he let me be offered with Christian resignation. These were his sentiments, and the spirit of all his long and holy life, expressed in humble confidence to a few tried friends, such as Rev. George Elliott, Dr. William Herr, Rev. J. H. Power, Rev. L. L. Hamline; also particularly to my elder brother, Rev. O. Burgess. Many years after his triumphant death, Bishop Hamline, when in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, told me about my father's sublime experience, and his unbounded faith, so often expressed to him; and then remarked to me, with a most heavenly

smile, "I never loved any man on earth as I loved your dear father; he was a model and pure Christian, and I believe he lived daily with God." That was a welcome record from the lips of that sainted bishop.

Father had already offered up his oldest son to God, and the sacrifice had been accepted; for the altar had sanctified the gift in much usefulness in the salvation of many souls. As I mounted my horse and tarried in the saddle before the door, all the family, but one, standing on the stone steps and pavement, weeping, never was a trial more severe; but I said: "I must go, if I remain poor all my days. Good-bye—good-bye to all; for I must go and obey God;" and hitting my horse a tap, off I rode with swiftness towards my life-long journey. I never looked back once for miles, but rode along, and my heart beat as if it would break; and presently, when far away from town, I checked up my horse and wept time and again, until my handkerchief was wet with tears. Onward then I pressed, looking at the beauties of nature, seeing God in every tree, and shrub, and rock, and hill-top, and burdened field, and passing cloud, and the sky; and hearing his voice in the very breeze, through the chirp of the little birds, in the murmuring of the rivulet; indeed, all nature appeared festooned in richness, and called out my thoughts to heaven, and up to God; and I praised him for life and health and intellect, and for all his grand display to me of his fullness and glory. Then, again, floods of tears, despite all my efforts to restrain them,

would gush forth, and for moments I had like to have turned my good animal round about; and, indeed, twice I stopped, and had his head looking homeward. The sweet days of my youth, and precious home, and kindred so dear, and the richest of all blessings had been always at my hand and need; nor had want ever looked me in the face; and the noble, godlike life of a pure and holy father, whose countenance ever shone like the sun's brightness; the long manifested and changeless love and Christ-like tenderness of an affectionate mother; the numberless attractions of sisters and younger brothers,—all stood before me in panoramic beauty and attractiveness, and spoke rather peremptorily thus: "You made a wrong decision; you acted hastily and quite unwisely; you left a fortune of innumerable comforts and privileges. Others, as well as your own people, told you so, told you not to go, not to leave so dear a home. Turn back, turn back *now*, or you will ever repent it when too late." Then I shook my head, and whispered to my horse tenderly, "Henry Clay, move forward; go on;" and I rode faster and faster, until all at once I came to myself, and found my horse going in a hard gallop, and greatly sweating and biting his bit, I scarcely knowing my situation, or realizing my fast traveling. I reined him up, and got off on a high stump, and there I meditated awhile, and became more calm, and my poor soul soon rested itself on the Savior as my only strength; and the sweet sound came with these words: "Thou shalt then have thy delight in the Almighty,

and shalt lift up thy face unto God." Yes; I then looked up to my only hope and divine consolation, who assuaged all my distracted feelings. Why, the very sky appeared to rejoice with me, and I laughed out loud from my inmost nature, and sang songs of salvation as I pressed onward toward my duty. How the Holy Spirit "led me in a way I knew not of," and grace—O yes, infinite grace—inspired my whole thoughts!

The distance to my field of labor was only about twenty miles; and, arriving at five o'clock P. M., I was most joyfully and kindly received at the home of Judge Benjamin Jackson, in Belleville. This was a real second home, a royal place; every thing nice, clean, and beautiful; and I was thrice welcomed by all the household—welcomed as if I had been an angel of God. All the family belonged to the Lord, and, best of all, like my parental government, the family altar sent forth its morning and evening incense as a holy oblation to the Lord, all aflame with love. To that kind of service I had always been accustomed, and never in all my youthful days did my father's and mother's sacred altar cease to burn with the offerings of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. The son and daughter of the judge and his inestimable wife had been my fellow-students at Norwalk, Ohio, which greatly heightened all my enjoyments while there. Though I have spent many long years in the ministry, and have found thousands of cheering places at which to tarry, none for real kindness, plentifulness of comforts, and profit to me in every sense, ever

excelled this home, this godly household welcome. The judge was a leading merchant, of extensive business, going continually from place to place; so his company was not much to be enjoyed; yet when at home he was a prince in affability. But his wife was one of the superior kind of Christian ladies, of great intellectual powers, instructed in all wisdom and knowledge of the day and of the affairs of the Church, and richly experienced in divine lessons; and she lived daily in covenant relation with her Master. She was a true mother in Israel, "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile," and sought the spiritual happiness and the mental elevation of all classes. No being was too low in sin or filth or poverty, but she could humbly stoop to console and help and bless. No language could picture or overrate the excellent traits of her character. One sublime feature of this elect lady was, that every one of the household, even men and maid servants, must be in at family prayer. This was an imperative rule, and when prayer was offered her responses were so weighty, devout, and full of faith, that we were all made happy and established. A short Scripture lesson was read, always accompanied with sweet singing, with all the parts of music added, thus rendering each occasion one of deepest interest; for the whole family constituted a grand choir. The evening devotion, at special times, was almost a prayer-meeting; for after the preacher or elder or the judge had offered up their petitions, she would then present her prayer to the Almighty; and O, how simple! such entreaties, such earnest

importunities before the throne of grace, such comprehensiveness of blessings in her request, to come from our Father, lifted us up into the higher realms of faith; and we drank from the full cup, yea, from the overflowing fountain of love. Their house was like the house of Obed-edom, where the ark of the covenant rested. It is delightful to recall her blessed life to review, so righteously spent for the Savior's own cause. They have both passed over the river of death, to their seats at the right hand of the Father, and we shall meet them, we trust, with all their loved ones, on the plains of endless life.

Just here let me relate a little incident of merriment that took place at their house. It was during our quarterly-meeting, and at noon several of us were at the judge's dinner-table, among whom were Rev. J. H. Power, Rev. Elnathan Raymond, and myself. A short time previously to this hour, it was stated that a good mother, when asked by her little daughter to tell her a tale, or something funny, the kind and exquisite mother said to her, "Daughter should not say, Tell me a tale, but, Tell me a narrative." So, while all of us were enjoying our dinner, the judge's large dog, Bose, came in, in his usual friendly manner, and walked around the table, wagging his tail, when Miss Sallie Jackson, his amiable and quick-witted daughter, knowing the former story so well, said, "You old fellow, Bose, go out; go right out now, and do n't be shaking your narrative around this table." A perfect and irresistible convulsion of laughter followed, and

for a few minutes our meal was neglected, and even our grave and distinguished presiding elder, Dr. Power, had to check his eating a moment or so, quite overcome with the shrewd application,—re-marking something like this: “Great things sometimes result from very small beginnings.” Life has its lights and shades, its pleasures and its sorrows; but we should never cast a shade over any one ourselves, if we can prevent; and while we ought to avoid levity, or reckless dissipation of words and acts, yet we should not be too austere, cold in spirit, with frowning features, brows distorted, and growling in words; but we should be cheerful in all business, lively in manner, kind in speech, hopeful, if possible, at all times, making our associations levers of power to lift up humanity to gladness and prosperity. Jesus, our Master, mingled with publicans and sinners, and must have heard many disgusting things, and seen unsightly sights; but his ways and words before the motley classes magnified the sublime teachings he presented.

Of Elder Power, at this late date, I speak with great pleasure. Though he served out a glorious life of usefulness, I ask, Is he dead? He yet speaketh, and his works follow him. We miss him, but we seem to hear his great soul speaking words of comfort, words of inspiration. His influence still goes on, and on, and while time lasts the waves he created on time’s sea will extend to the borders of eternity; yea, roll on with its endless cycles. He is not dead, but liveth, and over on the golden shore hundreds whom he led to the fountain of



truth have already met him, and joined with him in songs of ceaseless joy. I recognized him, from my early boyhood, as a great and good and mighty man of God—a man whose every-day life manifested the spirit of his Heavenly Master; a man who spent a long life-time to lift sunken, fallen humanity up to purity and to God. Capable of occupying the highest business of life, in any department, and winning a crown of worldly renown, yet, for Jesus' sake, he consecrated all his talents to the Lord. I accompanied him often in his great polemic engagements with the enemies of truth, lasting for weeks, with many distinguished Universalist ministers; and wherever he discussed the mighty truths of the Bible the communities felt his power and influence for their good. His arguments for orthodoxy were scathing and convincing, and it was a noticed fact all over his district in Ohio that the cause of his antagonists waned where his voice and strong support for Christianity were heard. Though not scholastic, yet few erudite scholars were ever found who could cope with him in the lucid presentation of the holy word of the Gospel. Dr. E. Thomson, the bishop, once said, that "but few could be found in the Church possessing more originality than Rev. J. H. Power; and the book he wrote on Universalism was the book for the millions." His power in the pulpit was always significant, but at times overwhelming and majestic. I have witnessed most glorious evidences of the Holy Spirit's work upon multitudes through his words throughout Northern Ohio, and often heard

people cry out for mercy while in the midst of his earnest appeals to the sinner. Cries for mercy, or shouts of salvation by Christians, never checked his pleading voice, as his grand exhortations would have the ascendancy; and as the eagle flies the swifter in and against the storm, so such excitements and sublime hallelujahs and united praises only the more brought out his irresistible eloquence. As humble as a child, he would go from the pulpit efforts down to the altar, and on his knees labor for an hour, if need be, talking to and advising poor penitents. How delightful were his entreaties, and how he depicted, before the humble, trembling soul the crucified Christ! Many found joy and gladness ere he left them. He knew just the way to lead the poor, dying sinner to the cross, just where he could find Jesus; for he was always by his side. In all his labor and toil and care, he seldom told us of his manifold work, of the wonderful care he had for the Church; but he kept that in his own heart, and "let his own works praise him."

Though the history of that good man will never be effaced from earth, but move on through all time, and be eternal, yet I would like to see his biography spread out before the world, that his early days of usefulness and his later life of trials and abundant labors and noble acts of goodness might be read by the rising generations. It would rank richly among the monuments of telling works already extant. Yes, the name and ministry of John H. Power, D. D., will linger with freshness

and sacredness upon the memory of thousands of old Ohio saints, and they talk of him with animation and love. Time will never efface the salutary impressions his ministry made on human hearts, but they will vibrate through redeemed souls forever. Even in old age, though that wonderful physical vivacity was considerably lost, his mental powers of quick perception, vivid imagination, close and pointed style, rounded-up arguments, and living illustrations, never abated; but to his last days he held up the cross so plainly that all could see in a moment "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and catch the healing stream that flowed so freely and copiously from Calvary's steeps. He took the deepest interest in all departments of the Church; but if one point more than another interested him, the educational interest claimed his eager attention. In building up Norwalk Seminary he was first and foremost for its prosperity, and when the Church came to settle the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, with Dr. E. Thomson and others he was a leading spoke in the great wheel of advance; and no person's advice was ever appreciated, and his wise plans and wholesome suggestions more graciously received. President Thomson made him his inside staff of consultation in all matters towards progress. He said, "Brother Power had a great and wonderful experience, and was a safe man, and wise in all his views, and a safe counselor, and could be depended upon at all times." After coming to Iowa he manifested the same una-

bated zeal and activity in the cause of education; and his advice with our leading men was sought in behalf of the Iowa Wesleyan University, and no person's opinions were more respected than his by such active spirits as Thomas E. Corkhill, W. F. Cowles, F. W. Evans, W. J. Spaulding, John Wheeler, and others. For the sake of thousands who admired and loved him so ardently, our *National Magazine*, or Bishop Simpson's *Encyclopædia*, should have had his portrait inserted. It would have honored any public document or book.

In closing this chapter I will relate an incident that occurred with him and myself in an early day:

Away back in the Fall of 1843, before I was admitted in the North Ohio Conference, in company with Rev. John H. Power, I visited Cincinnati. We trudged along in a buggy at the rate of thirty miles a day, for about two weeks, from Mt. Vernon to the city. Dr. Power was publishing a book against Universalism, and must needs attend to it in person. We stopped at Methodist houses on our way, as nearly all itinerants did in that early time, and generally were well received.

On our way, after passing through Columbus, we came to the beautiful city of Lebanon, late Saturday evening, and stopped for the Sabbath at the delightful home of Dr. Wambaugh, who, with his wife, gladly welcomed us, and entertained us in princely style. This was the close of the old year, and Rev. Granville Moody, stationed minister, had preaching in his church and watch-night meeting. Soon the news reached Brother Moody that Rev.

John H. Power and a youth had come to town. Brother Power, being weary, remained at the house, but I went to the church. It was a grand night. Moody made several powerful exhortations, mingled with prayer, good speaking, and old-fashioned singing. Every one seemed happy. Noticing me in the "Amen-corner," he asked if I had accompanied Elder Power. At midnight, before closing, he gave out that "Rev. John H. Power, an old presiding elder of the North Ohio Conference, is in the city, and will preach to-morrow at eleven, also in the evening." When I told it to Brother Power, he said, in his solid, positive way, "Brother Moody had no authority to do so, and he can preach himself; I shall not." Dr. Wambaugh and wife tried to prevail on him to preach; but no, he did not propose to wear himself out, and as he had been averaging four sermons a week, for the last two years, he needed rest.

Early in the morning Brother Moody came down, and, by arguments and kindly persuasions, endeavored to have him preach, but he resisted all entreaties. Turning to me, he asked, "Are you not a preacher?" I said, "Only a local preacher." "Well, if Brother Power won't, you will have to." He then asked, "Brother Power, is this lad not a preacher?" "Yes," said he. "Well, then, if you decide not to preach, he will have to; for I gave it out to the audience, and one of you must fill the pulpit." I thought of course Brother Power would say, "Brother Moody, preach yourself;" but instead he said, "Yes, he can preach; let him do it." The

Rubieon was before me; I was committed; I had to go in and cross over, for I had once told the Lord, he being my helper, I would never refuse to preach when ordered to do so by my superiors. A mountain was on my soul, and I left the room, went up-stairs, and prayed, and ate nothing scarcely for breakfast.

I went to the church after the others, and entered the pulpit, feeling as if I could lie down in the very dust; secretly praying that God would fulfill his promise, "Open thy mouth, and I will fill it with arguments." Before me was a large audience, as Granville Moody always drew such. On the front seat was a distinguished man and local preacher, Dr. Baker, and others of note; before me, in the altar, sat the venerable Bishop Joshua Soule, for this was his home. His look rather relieved than dismayed me. Off to the left sat Brother Moody, and I thought he was praying for me as he saw my fear. Brother Power sat behind me in the pulpit. My hymn and Scripture lessons were read easily, and in prayer I had freedom and comfort. I took for my text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and spoke about twenty minutes, with all humility, as fast as I could speak, having all my points in view when I rose up. Whether I preached to the text or from it, I can not tell, but I noticed a few old mothers in Israel weeping, and heard a few Amens; but I was so bewildered that I scarcely knew if they were marks of religious joy, or mourning and heaviness at my poor effort. At last I sat down in

fright and perspiration, smitten with the idea, Now, I have not said one word of any profit. I had expected Dr. Power to exhort, but after the hymn, he prayed, and dismissed the congregation. Bishop Soule warmly greeted him, then shaking my hand, said, "Brother Power, come with me to my house for dinner, and bring the lad with you." But no; I was out as quick as I could, and hurried to my place, and then up-stairs, in deepest confusion and excitement. Soon the family returned, and Sister Wambaugh came up-stairs, and comforted me with kind words, saying, "If Bishop Soule himself had preached, it would not have done any more good." That was some consolation and relief, but I could hardly, all day, be in the gracious society of those good folks, except in some corner of the room. It was a great trial, but I reckon a great benefit to me.

## Chapter X.

BLESSED ACQUAINTANCES — JOHN H. PENN AND FAMILY — OLD BROTHER CRACRAFT, OUR PREACHING-PLACE—THE LEADER OF THE CLASS—EZEKIEL CLARK, HIS NOBLE MANHOOD—KIRKWOOD FAMILY, ONE NOW, EX-GOV. KIRKWOOD—YOUNGS AND REV. JOHN MITCHELL—REV. SAMUEL BOGGS AND WIFE—GREGGS, AND A QUEER INCIDENT WITH A LAD—WHAT FOUR FI'PENNY BITS DID, AND NOW ARE DOING FOR GOD—BAPTISM OF NINE CHILDREN—FATHER AND MOTHER PAUL, AND OTHER DEAR ONES — REV. DR. WM. S. PAUL—OTHER GOOD MEN IN THE LAITY—HOW TO TREAT EACH OTHER.

ON this, my first circuit, were many sublime and great lessons gained to my profit, in many respects, which follow me all along my earthly career. Here were formed hallowed acquaintances, cherished in my heart to this late hour, of undying interest; and I shall look forward with pleasure to greet a host of dear ones from these parts, when I reach the shining shore. We had about twenty appointments to meet every four weeks, and our ride made a hundred miles around the circuit. I call to mind a few precious and good souls, whom I there met in Christian bonds, to be renewed, I trust, in the better world; namely, John H. Penn, his cultivated and most excellent wife, his son John, and his daughter Lucretia. He was one of those transparent Christians, whose many righteous qualities reflected a brightness and godly influence, to



the glory and honor of his God. His home was a kind of earthly paradise to the itinerant ministers, who were always so graciously welcomed to bread and board, without restriction of time; and you did not have to pull long and hard at the latch-string, or knock anxiously at their door; for they came kindly to the outer gate, with quick steps, and with open words of salutation—"Come in—come in, and make yourself at home; we are always glad to see God's servants." Such receptions are more joyful than silver or gold.

Mr. Penn paid tithes of all he possessed to the service of our Lord; for as his corn and wheat and stock increased, so the treasury of the Lord was strengthened. Mrs. Penn was amiable in character, pleasing in manners, tender and affectionate in her words, with a voice of melody adding welcome to her husband's kindness. She was also deeply pious, and loved the sanctuary and the dispensed truths of her Savior with an unabated spirit of acceptance. Like Mary of old, she was ever found following closely by the feet of Jesus. Lucretia, the daughter, was not excelled in charming, lady-like qualities. She was modest, loving, and confiding. In all her Christian ways she was earnestly devotional, and possessed strong intellectual powers, and was as true as steel to stand by, and never betray, a friend; while no enticements could break or weaken her attachments. In trial or peril, she stood by your side. John, the son, was a *fac-simile* of his noble and devout father, and unflinching in his attachment to a friend. He hated, with an abomination, intrigue in minister or

member. The real mark of true manhood was seen in all his boyhood ways. It is seldom that we meet four persons possessing as many unobjectionable features of true merit as they did. But the spirit of our Christ ruled their hearts and established their characters.

Brother (or Father) Cracraft's house was also one of the best of homes for the children of the King, and every thing in great abundance surrounded him. To the Church he was benevolent, and devoted in child-like simplicity. His wife was one of the most humble and unobtrusive of women, and truly "a keeper at home," and God-fearing at all times. Their dairy was an attracting feature; for the superior quality of good, sweet, gold-tinged butter, made by them, brought immediate sale. His front and best room was consecrated to the Lord as a preaching-place for years, for every two weeks, on Friday afternoons. Here we often experienced the sublime truth that "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

This was a good and well-established society of about twenty faithful members, mostly relatives. Our class-leader was Ezekiel Clark, a young married man, very stout and prepossessing in mien, kind in spirit, devoted in all his religious services, and prompt as time itself to all his Christian obligations. He possessed by nature rather a strong, grasping mind, and eagerly cultivated it by much good and close reading. The *Western Christian Advocate* was the main pillar of thought, next to

God's Word, to feed the intellect. He made a most efficient class-leader, full of spirituality, valiant in exhortation, and was highly esteemed by all the community. His wife, not inferior to himself in any noble characteristic, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, of Presbyterian extraction. Brother Clark, years after this, came to Iowa City, Iowa, and figured largely in State affairs and in the political arena. But few men in all my youth ever found a warmer reception in my heart, and there was none whom I loved more than Ezekiel Clark; and I hope and pray that his excellent traits of piety, recorded in early life, have increased in strength with his prolonged days, and that he may give the remnant of his hours fully to his Master, and reach heaven in holy triumph. What an awful thing it would be to any of us, to cast away our dear Savior, or forget his boundless mercies in the last of our course, when all else than Christ fail to render us peace and happiness at our journey's end!

Here, also, was my first acquaintance with his brother-in-law, now the distinguished and grand old man, and noted throughout all the nation as the "Old War Governor of Iowa," the Hon. Samuel J. Kirkwood. In those times he was not developed to the sublime maturity of intellectuality he now possesses; but he manifested then the signs of outcoming greatness. Of him it might have been said, "The boy is father of the man." His parents resided on that circuit, and were good Church people, and their home was one of great attraction, as well as of Christian benevolence. Before their

dwelling was a large lawn, or open yard, green and beautifully inclining downward from the residence to the public road, leaving the house quite prominent to sight. Here, also, we found a kindly welcome by the excellent, motherly widow, Mrs. Kirkwood, mother of the old "*Hero*," and also her most pleasing and warm-hearted daughters. Memory holds them pleasingly in remembrance.

Another valuable man, and always a true friend, was Charles Cracraft, who was in no way bound in his worldly possessions, but loving, religious, benevolent, and simple-hearted as a child, who lived at the foot of the cross. His inestimable wife, though not of our denomination, being a Presbyterian, yet showed us unsurpassed kindness for Christ's sake, whose cause we represented; and they served us with seeming delight. An open door, free larder, and a boundless welcome, was their watchword.

The Mount family, English people, were also so unremitting in Christian courtesy that we shall ever cherish them in blessed remembrance. They possessed the real Wesleyan devotedness to the Master's cause, and nothing they possessed of earthly good was too precious to them to be consecrated upon the altar of God.

Here lived the Young household, members of this work, whose doors always stood open wide, to receive us to their plentifulness. Mrs. Young was sister to that lamented and lovely countenanced man, Rev. John Mitchell, of the North Ohio Conference; and all who knew that family knew a kin

who were ceaseless in their beneficence, quick in wit, possessing a hopeful and lively spirit. One of the happiest hours of all my history was spent at their home, on one occasion, when the Rev. John Mitchell came to pay them a visit. It was kindred to what I imagine heaven will be; and how could it be otherwise, when such a glorious and Christ-like man as he was present, with his glowing words of cheerfulness, his winning smiles of Christian affection, and his songs of seraphic sweetness? He has long since crossed over the tide of death, to swell his God-endowed musical powers on the heavenly shore, in strains of hallowed rapture. I expect to hear his voice again, in grander notes, as he touches his harp of gold, attuned by the inspiration of the presence of the redeemed host; and before the

"Lamb that was slain,  
And that liveth again,"

I hope his charming voice and harp of melody will salute my approach to the kingdom of light.

Here I also found that tried and unfailing friend, Rev. Samuel Boggs, with whom I mingled so frequently, so sacredly, and so prayerfully, in bonds of loving brotherhood, in the services of the Father of all; and in his warm Christian heart I had a conspicuous place; nor do I recall those days of religious joy but his expressive looks, his words full of faith in God, and his numerous acts of love stand out as living epistles of a sanctified character, and press him again and again to my heart. He is now a very useful minister of the everlasting Gospel

of grace, in the Central Ohio Conference. His good and amiable companion, Talitha, saintly in all her ways, was his peer in all true qualities; and she sent out a benign reflection of Christian loveliness, as she lived so humbly at the feet of the dear Redeemer, to the glory of her Lord, wherever she went. In the pleasure of our memory she holds a life-abiding continuity.

The Gregg appointment was away off among the high hills, south-east of Mansfield; and a little log-cabin school-house was in the woods on a summit, peering southward from the door. Two singular circumstances occurred here, never to be erased from our recollection. Mrs. Gregg was very peculiar and strict in her home government, and ruled with great promptness; and withal she was a very pious woman in her way, and unsophisticated in character. Her little son, it seemed, had been somewhat rude in meeting, and she had fixed it in her mind to correct him at the earliest convenience, if repeated. So, at this time, while I was in the midst of my sermon, I suppose the boy was doing what displeased her righteous soul, though the act by me was unnoticed. She rose up and walked slowly before me across the room, then pulled out a switch from under her long linsey-woolsey apron, and gave the youth three good, quick cuts, saying in a subdued tone, "There, now, will you behave?" and she passed back to her seat as calmly as if at any other duty. No doubt, to her, that was a very religious act; but for a moment or so I was appalled, though I proceeded with my talk, thankful for grace

to keep cool, and rightly and righteously to apply my thoughts to the subject, and keep the audience interested.

This, now, reminds me of a singular act of Rev. Wesley Clark, formerly of the North Ohio Conference, who was one of God's noblest men and faithful ministers. His little lad had, at certain times during family worship, disturbed the solemn service. On this occasion, as Brother Clark was praying, the boy again acted rudely, with some noise; so the father halted in his oral devotion, rose from his knees, spanked him severely with two or three blows, and then got down on his knees again, and resumed his prayer. It cured the little chap of all such future transgressions.

The neighborhood just referred to was one of the most barren portions of earth I ever visited. But little ground was then cleared, and even that was exceedingly stony, destitute of soil, and unproductive; and all the fences were made of little rocks plowed up from season to season. Mrs. Gregg's oldest son, about twelve, was listening to me at another time, when preaching my missionary sermon; and when I had concluded, and was taking up the collection, he signed twenty-five cents. That was, at that period, over forty-five years ago, a large amount, as even grown people seldom exceeded that, but oftener less; so I said to him, "George, how can you pay that much?" for money was very scarce with those hill-folks; and, indeed, I have met scores of men who did not have a "red cent" for weeks in their pockets; but he

replied, "O, I will try and get it by the time you come around again." When four weeks had elapsed, and my appointment came, I was on hand, and, sure enough, George had his silver "quarter of a dollar," and handed it to me with his eyes glistening with delightful pleasure. It really made his big soul in his little body happy. I was surprised, and asked him, "How did you get this so soon, my good boy?" He said, "O, I took four chickens to Mansfield, and sold them for a fi'penny bit apiece, and got the money for you." He had actually walked ten miles or more to town, and ten miles back again, for that simple—O no—for that great purpose; and thus he helped along the mighty cause of the world's redemption from sin; and I do believe in my very soul that that silver "quarter of a dollar" of George's, given with such a zeal and loving spirit to do good, is virtually, under God's divine eye, rolling on for all time, like to the widow's mite; and in heaven we may learn that it bought, here on earth, some Scripture lessons, to be interpreted in some foreign language, and then saved some poor souls from darkness and death; and that those souls saved led others to Jesus—and so onward and continually the influence of that simple gift is moving; and in the vast eternity George Gregg will be credited with wonderful accomplishments for God's great cause. Ah! his credit in eternity's ledger will far surpass that man's gift of fifty dollars who could have given five hundred, and never realized it was out of his treasury. What we all do should be done with an



eye to God's glory. Let us read these lines, and then solemnly reflect :

“ Ben Selim had a golden coin one day,  
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,  
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.  
Ben Selim died—too poor to own a grave;  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride  
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.”

Brethren, put your surplus money in God's bank, and he will pay you an amazing interest, through all time and through vast eternity. Who can tell how long in the world of glory, and to what an extent, the chord of influence will vibrate, set in motion by his “chicken money?” Only a “quarter of a dollar!” but O what, what results must follow! If our blessed missionary secretaries, Dr. Reid and Chaplain McCabe, had a thousand men with the spirit and work of George Gregg, to give in proportion to their ability, as did he, how soon would they have this whole world saved?

In this same class I was called to baptize a whole family of children, consisting of nine, from the age of fourteen down to the tender infant of one month old. It was a great pleasure to see them all, save the last two, sitting in a row against the wall on a long bench, in their rude log-cabin dwelling; the father at one end and the mother, with the babe in her arms, at the other end of the bench, and a few neighbors present; then the righteous parents dedicating them to God in holy baptism. I felt proud to be honored with such a privilege. It was a solemn hour—yea, a deeply religious hour; an hour

of weeping, and singing, and praying, and rejoicing, and of sacred consecration of all hearts. It is embalmed in the archives of my remembrance, to be brought up afresh along my time-course, and renewed with joy when I shall meet that household in glory. "For the promise is unto you and your children."

In the village of Washington were many choice-spirited men and women of the Church, highly worthy of commendation, whose faith failed them not, but in much earnest prayer and continual praises, and by their generous contributions, stood up for the Lord's cause. Several in that early day of fifty years ago were good exceptions, when the spirit of missions and giving did not so engross the minds and hearts of all Christians as it does now, giving their five and ten dollars yearly for the world's redemption; and it was an apparent fact that those persons who were the most benevolent to the Church were the ones who took our periodicals, and God fully blessed them in basket and in store. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Salvation in great streams of cleansing flowed over their souls, and their experience for Christ and his kingdom was glorious.

Among them were Father Paul and his wife, parents of that good and faithful minister, Rev. Dr. William S. Paul, of the Central Ohio Conference. Many delightful and life-long impressive lessons did I receive and write upon memory's tablet while in their company. Father Paul was mild, open-

hearted, unassuming, and faithful, and a truly consecrated vessel in the temple of the Most High. Mother Paul was deeply afflicted physically, but was sublimely buoyant in her religious life, and a very intelligent and well-read lady, as well as a saint in Israel. The *Western Christian Advocate*, of Cincinnati, was to her soul and mind a perfect delight, and she eagerly perused its weekly pages. Many of the lines of thought and chosen words of advice which fell from her sacred lips are still written in the mind. If ever a soul in this life rested sweetly and serenely in affliction at the Savior's feet, she did; and, more yet, she "washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head." Like Mary, she watched His footsteps. But few I ever met had a greater bodily infirmity. The effect of rheumatism, continuously for years, had placed her in a sitting position, in a state of physical rigidity; and she could only move her hands and turn her head, while all other parts of her body were inactive. In this trying situation she was moved in a chair to Church and elsewhere; yet, thanks to amazing grace, no murmurings ever fell from her pure lips. She was a sublimely submissive Christian in all her sufferings, and in devotion to her God. The words of Jesus was her sentiment, "Thy will be done." I have never, in all my life-history, found one more fit for heaven than she. "Hope swelled immortal in her soul." Her society was entertaining, and her words were always expressive of joy and hopefulness, and were as an inspiration to all their visitors.

Once, while considering her unsurpassed and helpless condition, I asked her this question: "Mother Paul, suppose this house were to take fire, and you were here all alone, do you not think you would make an effort to escape the flames?" She said: "Well, my good young brother, let me relate to you an incident, and you may decide for yourself that matter; for a fire is a terrible thing, and almost every body would fly from it. One beautiful afternoon in the month of June, father [her husband] was gone away to a neighbor's, and a little girl who stayed with me had gone down to the spring at the base of the hill for some fresh, cool water. We lived then in the other cabin, over yonder, where we had a kitchen, a bedroom, and a sitting or eating room.

All the doors were open, and I was sitting about midway in the front room. Soon the cat came rushing from the bedroom past me in great fright, with hair all raised up and her eyes glistening almost like fire-balls, and passed quickly out at the door; and then a very large black snake, about six feet long, came rapidly following her; and as she was out of its sight and reach, in much fury it rushed against my chair, came to my feet, then wound itself round and round my ankles, making a peculiar whizzing noise, and leaving its marks on my shoes and stockings; then it left me, and passed over the floor in a rapid, zigzag motion, and went out of the front door as if infuriated, in pursuit, or after its victim. Now,

brother, do you think I could escape, or even budge, if this house were on fire?" I have never forgotten her calm, holy, Christian face, from that moment to this, nor has her thrilling statement been obliterated from memory. I would recognize her face amid the vast multitudes of heaven. She lived by faith in the Son of God, with the hope of immortal life swelling in her bosom, having all the promises of the Bible as her staff down to the last hour. O, what an extraordinary mother in Israel she was! and long ere this her happy spirit has been released from cumbrous clay, and she mingles, no doubt, in hallowed songs of endless triumph with God's elect in the city of Life Eternal. Her precious life and that of her husband have reflected brightness and glory out over time, and inspired many wayward and dying ones to the cross of Christ by their own example, and especially through the noble person of that eminent and practical minister of the Gospel, Rev. Dr. William S. Paul, previously mentioned. His great usefulness and abiding trust in Omnipotence will not only crown his own character with a halo of light, but be a star in the parents' crowns of rejoicing.

I might name, also, Wesley Barnes, E. Ford, A. Scott, — Conwells, and others, who were very superior, and uncompromising for the truth, with their good families, who did much for the Church. Their chief thought was to build up Christ's kingdom by their fiscal aid and Christian labors and influence, as well as to hold up the hands of the toilsome itinerant in his pressing duties, thus hon-

oring the Master. By such members I was ever inspired, in my youthful services, to move fearlessly forward. Indeed, a great part of my success in saving souls depended upon the piety, the devout prayers, and benevolence of the laity; and I believe they will be held as accountable, proportionately, as the ministry for the work accomplished on every station or circuit. It is their imperative duty to support the temporal wants of the workmen, to cheer them by their smiles, encouraging acts and good advice. Moses, that wonderful and meekest of all God's servants, would have failed had not the Father of Mercy sent relief through the laity; for "Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun." "So Israel prevailed, and Joshua, Moses' aid, discomfited the enemy with the edge of the sword."

Many a grand and promising youth has been disheartened, and left the work of the ministry, for want of those two things—encouragement and advice from the older Christians. Often they might have been, in early youth, somewhat uncouth, or reared up carelessly, and had some peculiar public habits, improper gesticulations, or rude and singular commonplace expressions, which rendered them unpopular, and might have been almost disgusting,—that might have been avoided and cured in a private way, if experienced saints had kindly, and in a proper spirit, only advised or gently admonished them of their faults. But no; they too frequently

have talked about them, and prejudiced others against them, until such youth, sometimes, have been crushed, and left the work for other pursuits. At times, older ministers have no mercy on their juniors; and instead of going to them *alone*, lovingly and in a fatherly way, and prayerfully pointing out to them their embarrassments, such as injured their usefulness, too frequently they have taken the opposite step, and left them sadly alone; and only used criticisms behind their backs, and incited members to reject them; so, when conference met, secret papers prejudicial to them came before the bishop or the conference, and then some old brother, or several of them, with undue eloquence, depicted their little curable mistakes as mountain sins, or at least as great and terrible misfortunes; and with a gusto of misrepresentation, have voted them out on the spur of the moment. Out where? Ah! out into the world, out of their legitimate calling—wounded, disgraced, and heart-broken. Such, some of you, my readers, may have witnessed. I have known, away back—far back in history—of several of our most noble and useful men, who were so criticised and persecuted and discouraged, that they nearly went down; yea, were even told to go home, for they were too awkward, and knew too little to ever preach or be of any profit to the Church. But some old, God-loving, happy-spirited minister, who knew "*humanum est errare*," told them how to act, how to pray and to hold up their heads above the waves; and at such blessed instigation they moved onward, and gained a world of fame for God's cause. I

praise my Master that when I ever found one such on my district, or within the wide range of my works, with drooping spirits, or uncalled-for or disparaging habits and wandering words, I had, through the Savior's favor, the soul and grace, having myself found divine forgiveness, to go and tell them of their faults in humble kindness and tenderness, always mindful of the "hole of the pit whence I was digged," and almost, without exception, they have accepted gentle reproofs, and improved by advice, and were saved. Such have thanked me greatly, and said, "No one ever told me of these little errors before;" and I can now appeal to such as were under my care, as proof of this kindly advantage given to them.

I regret to say it, yet truth must out, that some preachers surmise evil of others; some are envious of others' popularity, and can hardly bear to see them ascending in favor or intellectuality. I remember a preacher who was one of a committee to investigate charges against a brother minister; and though he had never as yet heard one word of the case, on his way thither being asked where he was going, he replied, "O, I am going to help skin a skunk." My God! what a heart he must have had thus to have maliciously, unjustly, and without a word of evidence, implicated one of his brethren in Christ! Another preacher fell in with his spirit, whom I knew, by observation and by his own voice in justification of the act, to kill and pick chickens for breakfast every Sabbath morning when at his home. So you see, injustice may be found among the



pastors as well as the people. The prophet warns all such in these words: "Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness." "Ye have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and have not visited them." Jupiter, a heathen god, is said to have remarked that "every person carries a wallet across his shoulder; and in the back part were all his own faults and crimes; but in the front of the sack were the sins and imperfections of his neighbors; and he was always looking into the front half, and scolding, and growling, and condemning his brothers; but if he would only turn the sack about, a much darker catalogue of horrid crimes would stare him in the face."

But our motto should be, "Live and let live." Honesty, transparency, and a Christ-like spirit, and "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is the correct and safe rule for Christians, if they would be reflectors of "that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Therefore, "if we would walk in the light as he [Jesus, our blessed Redeemer] is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." But ministers, as well as others, sometimes through selfishness, woefully miss the "white line." I have thus paraphrased on character, hoping to do good to some attentive reader.

The Newville class was likewise composed of many very valuable people, with great souls of kindness, in whose hearts Christ dwelt. Their

influence aided me wonderfully in my first year's efforts to preach the Word. There was Dr. Enoch Sapp, a local preacher, whole-souled, affable, communicative, a real staunch talker, who did all within his ability to nerve up the minister in his good work. Neither was he jealous of our talents or popularity, but with noble spirit, in brotherly love, stood by our side in the gate of the temple, day and night, crying aloud with us, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye: buy wine and milk without money and without price." Such a man as that is of untold worth to help us to present the holy truths of the Bible. What a glorious and inestimable privilege it is to declare the holy Word of Life, to enlighten the world with the preciousness of this great salvation, through the Gospel of the Son of God, and lift mortals up to heaven; and then, through all eternity, enjoy the presence, and behold the infinite glory of the great "I Am That I Am!"

When the glorious promises of that revealed Word are properly recognized as the voice of Jehovah, and as our perpetual security and endless joy, we feel that we are securely barricaded, and "surrounded as by a wall of fire," and can come boldly to the throne of heavenly grace, permitted to look up into the very face of the "Anointed One," with as much innocence and greater pleasure than an infant can look into the face of its fond mother. In the great call to this ministry we should be able to estimate properly the truth, and with clean lips exclaim: "Thy word have I hid in

my heart;" "The entrance of thy word giveth light;" and as we read and appropriate it to our interest, the speech of the Almighty, "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature," should be our inspiration; beaming down into our inmost parts from the Divine Countenance, through his blessed Son, "who hath called us." His Word, prayerfully sought and studied, is overwhelming in impressiveness, stirring up the soul and melting and refining the heart by its sweet simplicity, until it is "poured out like water" before the Lord, and is more elevating and comforting to us than water is to the thirsty, parched lips. When spiritually embraced, it giveth understanding, and draws us nearer and nearer to God.

The outlook of Christ's teachings is ahead of us in infinite expanse, and will be suited to the increasing demands of all coming generations. No rising genius, no human skill or acquirements, can add to the riches and fullness of the heavenly elevation produced by the Gospel truths. Man's words of counsel, or his proffered amendments, would be of infinitely less value to strengthen God's thoughts than a single drop of water would be towards swelling the ocean. The highest archangel nearest the eternal throne can come no nearer depicting the infinitude of the divine unfoldings of God's blessed Word than the most humble saint on earth. But, glorious, immortal idea! all may enjoy all its blood-bought benefits. What a sublime, heart-consoling thought is the greatness of Christ's provision for our full salvation! It is as boundless

as eternity; it is the fullness of God, revealed through the Lamb of Calvary! Far ahead of all our intellectual improvements or our spiritual advancements is the free grace of heavenly favor for fallen humanity; copious showers of mercy from above are propitiously falling upon us, and we “drink and yet are ever dry;” yea, we are filled with the unutterable sweetness of Christ’s unfailling love; and we thirst more and more, and “as the hart panteth after the water-brooks,” so are we all eagerly desirous for life beyond the grave; and we continue “to hold out our pitchers of salvation” for greater and deeper streams of joy, and more of the heavenly glory.

When every human being is baptized into the spiritual body of Christ, and receives all the offered riches of his mercy, and each one is clothed in the lovely garments of his holiness, and walks beneath his bright pavilion, and is continually full of rejoicings, still, the bosom of the Almighty is exhaustless in love as an infinite reserve for all his children. If unnumbered generations are yet to be born to embrace his heavenly favor, still the great current of this blessed life of love, will be to us but as the beginning of the ceaseless stream which will flow on, and on, as these generations come; and as millions of millions of hearts are saved by the precious blood from Calvary’s steeps, then what shouts of rapture, what songs amazing will peal forth from all the redeemed, as we sit at Jesus’ feet, attuning the universal note—“Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own

blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Christ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Ah yes! endless ages of triumph and hallelujahs in the holy land of Beulah will bring us nearer and nearer the King in his beauty, to enjoy his ineffable smiles and glorious presence eternally, through the face of his Son.

## Chapter XI

PROTRACTED MEETING IN NEWVILLE—FATHER SIMMONS AND HIS PRAYER—UNION REIGNS IN CONFUSION—HE WOULD NEVER ENTER A CHURCH—FUNERAL OF HIS DEAR CHILD—GOD'S WAYS—AN AGED COUPLE—HIS THRILLING EXPERIENCE—HIS WIFE SPEAKS OUT IN MEETING—HER PRAYERS ANSWERED—CORNELIUS VANDORN AND FAMILY, AND OTHER GOOD PEOPLE—PRECIOUS MEMORY—HOW TO USE IT.

WHILE on that circuit, I held a protracted meeting in Newville, and many were led to the divine fountain, and found salvation in the merits and name of Jesus. All the Church were in the deepest earnestness to save the lost. Other denominations felt interested, as the people had become wicked, and no revival had been there for years. There were a few real good and staunch Christians of different denominations; but the world appeared, at that time, to hold supremacy; yet the Word of the Lord took hold of a goodly number, and the Church was increased and strengthened.

One evening of the meeting, while a dozen or so were bowed at the altar seeking Christ, and as we had labored long and faithfully, I spied a Mr. Simmons, a most excellent and useful old gentleman, who was a Presbyterian by profession, standing away back by the door, looking solemn, and

watching the work with deep interest, apparently absorbed in thought as to what might be the final outcome of this Methodist effort. The house was densely crowded, and the power of the Unseen was evidently present; so I started a very lively song, and as the rapturous singing was going on, I came back quietly as I could, and said to him:

“Father Simmons, won’t you be kind enough to come forward and help us a little? We are all engaged in a good cause for our God, and we are almost outdone, and need recruits.”

Shaking his head, he said: “O no, no; you will please excuse me. It’s too noisy, and there is too much confusion there for me; and then *I* could not do any thing for you, any how.”

I replied: “Well, please come up with me and offer one prayer, and I will stay them a little, and then you can return to your seat, if you wish; for you discover we are all tired and weary, having worked here for days and nights.”

He said: “Well, I ’ll go and offer a prayer, if I can be of any aid that far; for I am truly interested in this town for good to be done.”

He saw the apparent necessity of reform in the community, and felt alarmed at the progress and boldness of sin; and his loving heart was touched while witnessing the conversion of several wicked persons. The old friend was an elder in his Church, and its real support and strength; but, then, they had no regular minister, and the society was in a rapid decline. So, when he appeared in the altar, taller than all others, and

when singing had closed, I said: "Now, brothers and sisters, our good Brother Simmons is going to offer a prayer for us, for the King's blessing; so we will all hear and respond to his petitions." He knelt down with us, as no doubt he had been accustomed to pray at the home altar, and he prayed, and became excited, and in much earnestness lifted up his soul to the Father; and his great voice was louder than all the hearty responses, and we all were overjoyed at his warm utterances for "God's work to go on, and on, until the whole community should be led to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus."

After his offering and request was over, he did not go back to his former position in the rear of the Church, but staid right there in the heat of the battle; and, ere we dismissed for the night, I said: "Perhaps Brother Simmons will offer a few words of encouragement, and a short exhortation to the young converts, as well as to the people." He rose with a placid smile and remarked: "Brothers, when your preacher came and solicited me to go forward and assist you in this work, I hesitated, but to gratify *him* I went; and I really thought, as I told him, there was too much noise and confusion for me to do any thing to purpose; but when I got into the battle, and got my harness on, I felt and thought it was all union and love and joy; and I thank my God there is no confusion when right in your midst. I do hope this work will go on, and on, until many are led to our dear Savior." Thus spoke this righteous man, and we



all cried and praised God aloud, with many amens and loud hallelujahs ascending. This was the first Presbyterian brother who had ever aided me in my youthful efforts; but it was timely and did much good, and blessed us all. Long ere this day the old saint bears his palm of victory over on the other shore, amid the elect of God, through the all-atoning blood of the Lamb, where loud praises will never cease.

We must be always well armed if we would succeed. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;" for "God is my strength and power; and he maketh my way perfect;" therefore we say, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

I find, in a long Christian experience, there is nothing like being in the very midst of the fight, if we would become master of the situation. In temporal wars, the more nearly we come to the front, and the conflict waxes hotter, then the more danger is manifest; but in our great moral combat for the truth, the severer it is, and the closer the battle, the less the danger, and we are surer never to lose a man, for God fights with us. They who skulk away from the field, or lay their armor down, are always captured and slain. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful who promised;" and truly it is always

evident that "no weapon formed against us shall prosper," "for he that is for us is greater than all them that are against us." Life is made interesting by its numerous little, as well as its great, incidents along our whole journey.

In my early preaching I was full of zeal and quickness of speech, and often my thoughts were swifter than I was capable of unfolding them. Once when preaching in N—, on Sabbath morning, my theme was to me exciting, and I was anxious to make a good and effectual impression, as my revival days were near at hand. So, presenting a proposition, and making an effort to fix it upon all minds and hearts, that it was a true and certain characteristic of a Christian to be pure and faithful to his purpose to the Church, and god-like in his ways, my tongue, some way or other, twisted, or a *lapsus linguæ* befell my speech, and I exclaimed, in a high tone, "It's a *cabbage* in man to be thus always engaged in his duties." For a moment I was confused; but seeing no one smile or drop his head, I pressed on smoothly, and to my great joy I found afterwards that only Dr. E. Sapp, a local preacher, who sat in the pulpit behind me, and one or two others, had noticed my mistake. But, to save me, I never could conceive what thwarted me from my track. But in our great work we are often compelled to cry out, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a fire that burneth."

An incident or two occurred this year on the circuit, never to be forgotten ; and they deeply impressed my mind, and wonderfully strengthened my heart in God's cause. An infidel, a stubborn rejecter of Christ and his religion, and a despiser of the Bible, once remarked to me with a "bravo" spirit, "I never intend to enter a church as long as I live on earth ; these things are all a farce, a mere humbug—this idea of praying and pretending to worship some God, or unknown being, when nature only is our God, if there is any at all." Now mark !

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain ;"

for in a short space of time sickness entered that wicked man's family. A lovely and promising little daughter sickened and sank into the embrace of death, and the precious remains were brought into the *church*—the fond mother being a Christian lady of devout character—and I preached the child's funeral to a vast audience ; and there sat the poor, unbelieving husband and parent, right before me, with his mind subdued, his spirit overwhelmed in grief, and his heart all crushed over his loss ; for, withal, he was tender and loving to his children, almost worshiping them. God made this affliction a nail in a sore place, a timely messenger ; for

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Ah! the time is hastily coming in every man's history when all the world shall do as God declares; for he says: "That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear;" "That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." With these awful truths spoken by the prophet and one of the evangelists, how can mortal man dare to lift the puny arm or voice against Jehovah, God? I tremble when I see and hear the impious rashness of man!

There lived in our town an aged couple, good people, belonging to the Church. He was once a great drunkard, and, at times, greatly abused his family when under the influence of drink. He related his experience in love-feast in this wise, as nearly as I can recall it to mind: "Brethren, I was an awful sinner, and a great blasphemer, and a terrible drunkard too. I used to be drunk for days, weeks, and months, without one sober breath. I would consume all I had made before I would stop drinking, and my family were brought to extreme destitution, and there was no end to the abuse I gave them. I was crazy and cross and unbridled in language, and they really feared me. By a friend's death I was sobered, and then I resolved I would never drink any more while I lived; and so I passed along for several weeks, getting stronger and feeling happier; but at last I was invited and pressed to drink, and I fell into my evil way, and

for a long time, I lived like a brute—drunk, drunk, drunk as I could be, night and day, until awful poverty and death stared me in the face, and made haggard the very looks of all my household. Once more I resolved, in a sober hour, never never, to drink another drop, but to do right, and keep away from the stuff; for I saw my poor family as they were in awful want, and we were almost entirely forsaken—and all on my own account. Even former friends had seemingly all gone away from us, and something touched my inmost nature. So, for months this time, I held on to my vows, and I made money rapidly, and prospered, and we were all so happy; and my good wife smiled again in hope, and the children had good clothes, and we were so joyful, so hopeful. But O, the bad, bad influence! for soon again old friends gathered around me, urged me, and urged me, and I was tempted. I could not resist the offerings, and the old tiger asleep within me was aroused, and sprang forth in my passions, and I seized the cup, and down—down—down I went, until debauchery led me nigh to the jaws of death and the grave and hell. After months in this terrible course, by the death of one of my own family I was forced to stop drinking; and then I saw once more what I was, and where I stood, and where I might have been, and ought to have been. But I felt, yes, I knew, I had no power to resist the tempter. Then I thought I would go to God—for I knew what was right—and I got down on my knees, all alone in his presence, and said: ‘Now, O Lord, I can’t quit

drinking ; I can 't subdue or overcome my enemy ; I can 't do any thing to save me from drinking and dying a drunkard. O Lord God, do help me ; O Lord, help me, help me ! O take me in thy care, Lord, and help me, *now*, to quit my drinking !' and, I praise God, I could, and did, quit then ; and for twenty years I have had no *desire* to touch it. Glory to God ! he did help me ; he was my *only* help, and I am now his child, and forever praise the Lord I am happy !"

His clever old wife immediately rose up and confirmed all his statements with her earnest and glowing testimony, and her own touching experience in religion ; for she had come out of the flames of fiery suffering, and from the horrible perfumes of liquor, in triumph, as she had for many past years been a true and faithful child of Jesus. Her face was radiant with her inward joy, and she appeared then to us as if on the very summit of the mountain of holiness. The whole congregation was in weeping, yet in a state of rejoicing, under her blessed words and trust in Christ ; for she attributed his success over this demon of man and of society all to his merits, his divine power to save.

Of the same household I have another instance of real inspiration worthy of mentioning, which shows conclusively the wonderful power and efficacy of continued and earnest perseverance in prayer, with unceasing importunities. At another time this good old mother, in her experience, stated substantially this fact, in love-feast : " My dear husband was a good and kind man when at himself ;

but he was often led astray and far from the Lord. I resolved I would pray for him until he was saved; and I prayed on, and on, for seven long years, and still he was unsaved. I asked myself the question often, 'Shall I give it up, after all, and let him go? No, no,' I said, 'his soul is too valuable to be lost—lost forever.' Then I went into my closet, and shut my door, and down I fell on my knees, and I said, 'Lord, I will pray seven years more for him, if need be; for I want him to be with me in heaven.' But he seemed to grow even harder and harder all these days. Now, after I had prayed these seven years more, and he was still wicked, I began to doubt if God even heard me, and then to think my husband would be lost, any way, no matter what I did; and it was useless for me to continue praying for him, for the Lord won't hearken to my cry. Then I went back to my secret prayer, almost helpless, quite discouraged, and knew not what to do. Gloom came over me, but I prayed to God to bless *poor me*, poor, unworthy and ignorant *me*; yes, to bless me: and, praise his blessed and holy name, he *did* bless me mightily, and I said, '*Now—yes, now*, O Lord—isn't there one blessing in thy great heart for my poor, sinful, dying husband?—yes, one for him—just one for him?' and the thought came flashing to my mind,

'While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return,'—

and right then, and right there, I said, 'O my God, my Heavenly Father, I'll not only pray

seven years longer for my dear husband, but as long as he lives I will pray for him ;' and, glory be to His holy name, a short time after this resolution my poor soul was made happy in seeing him converted." Then, bathed in tears, with a goodly shout, she sat down, the multitude saying, "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to his name!" and many, with myself, wept like children. The husband then sprang to his feet quickly, and corroborated all her words as true; stating, that "at times her prayers and Christian example almost killed him, when he realized his condition,—she on the road to glory, and he on the way to death and hell." Bless God that "the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much;" and if our importunate pleadings are kept before the throne of grace, the Almighty can not refuse to supply our wants, as his word can not be broken: "For every one that asketh, receiveth." I am happy to cherish in fondest memory that glorious occasion, to my infinite profit.

In this circumstance is a sublime and impressive lesson for all Christians. Though she was earnestly importunate, full of faith, and deeply anxious in her heart to save her husband, and her devotions were unceasing and ardent, all of which was commendable, yet she was prescribing for God, limiting or devising for him *the time* when he must be converted; but God wanted the inward vow from her heart that she "would never let him go," or cease to implore his grace while life continued; and so soon as that vow was made on her part, the



prayer was answered. So, likewise, no sinner is ever saved until, from his inmost soul, he pledges God *eternal* service, and at that moment he accepts the penitent one. He meets him more than half way.

Near here also lived a Christian family of great earnestness and of undying love for the Master's cause. They delighted more in the ministry of Christ, and their great work to save the world, than any persons I ever found. Their home was a godly welcome, and so free to us all, that it was like God's sunlight, copious and unstinted. Indeed, parents and children would all come out in the front yard to greet us with smiles and gladsome words, as if the very angel of the covenant had come, giving us a cheerful reception to their unsophisticated and clever home. They were as the salt of the earth, and laid upon God's altar all their possessions, with their time and talents, never keeping back one portion of the price that belonged to the Church. To them the Gospel was most emphatically "the power of God unto salvation;" and they were always drinking from the flowing fountain, so full and so free. May they bathe in the river of Paradise when done on earth! The father, Cornelius Vandorn, was, with all his surroundings, a consecrated vessel in the holy sanctuary, fully set apart to God's service. They honored me by a namesake in one of their boys, who, after he had attained to the age of fifteen, was a half-head higher than I; and he was a noble and sprightly youth, acquiring knowledge rapidly, to become a useful man. Many most

excellent things could be written of the good and generous family of John Vandorn, his brother.

In Lexington lived some royal, good, warm-hearted Christians, who lie near my heart in sweet recollection—the Harvey family, the Baughmans, Dr. Maus, Owens, and others, who have in name slipped from memory's tablet; but in our future I have no doubt that all our earthly scenes, acts, and associations will come up vividly before our vision,—all I trust to our joy, if we live and die in God's favor; but all to our sorrow, eternally, if we live and die in sin. How delightful it is to call back to the mind precious ones! And O, how glorious to meet and mingle with them forever! But even here on earth the remembrance of loved ones is joyful. And what is more joyful than to call out of memory past scenes? Memory is a wonderful faculty. If rightly cultivated, it would be of incalculable interest to us all. We should treat it as a true friend, with the very highest appreciation. We are often too indifferent to its offerings, and smother its powers by improper supplies. It was designed to receive and cherish pure and wholesome lessons, such as would prove a benefit to our mental and moral advancement—to impress upon its tablet precious thoughts; thoughts ever tending to our greatest happiness; thoughts that would elevate ourselves and the human race to a higher standard; and thoughts only, which would stand the test of God's divine scrutiny, and gain his approbation.

Affording memory pure culture as intellectual food, and spiritual reflections, would be conducive

to our true manhood, and constitute us God's lighthouses to fallen humanity, over life's rugged sea; likewise help us to people heaven by our righteous influence; hence be a step-stone, through the mercy of Christ, to our endless felicity. Why is it, when in company, we can so easily remember long-ago stories of foolish mirth, events of but little moment, and often so detrimental—circumstances leading to vanity, and smutty in tendency, which occurred within our past observations, and scores of like trivial affairs? We have often heard such things related, and whole Winter evenings are spent by hundreds in similar conversation, as if memory's casket were full of cherished thoughts; yet ask them questions on moral or scientific facts, that occurred within their recollection, even more recently than the former tales, and such people quickly reply: "O, I have such a wretched poor memory;" "I wish I could think of things as some folks do;" "I never had a good remembrance about any thing," etc. That is a false statement, a slander on our blessed faculty, and an insult to our Creator, who has so grandly endowed us all with unlimited and immortal capacities. The fact is terribly apparent, that we have crowded only waste and corruption upon our memory, when we should have supplied it with purer and more exalted ideas.

For instance, here is a household, into whose presence we enter. Every thing is upside down and filthy; they have jumbled together old baskets, tin pans, wood, old clothes, the flour-barrel open and exposed to dust, and other articles scattered

around; so, if any thing is needed, confusion ensues. This room illustrates the memory that is filled with useless knowledge. The room is good enough, but the keeper is reckless and to blame. Now pass with me over to the near neighbor's, and here is a similar room. The tins shine against the wall; the sink is clean, the stove bright, the tongs in the corner, the broom erect, the floor scrubbed, and all in proper place; and when an article is needed, even at midnight, they can lay their hands on it. Such resembles the well-cared-for memory. It is supplied with good information and pleasing events, all truths that will elevate it and render the possessor happy. Who is to blame for the neglect and misuse of memory? Every one is to answer for himself and herself. But parents have an awful bill to settle with conscience, and with God, at the last account, for not infusing into their children's minds more lofty and sacred thoughts, instead of impressing, as they often do, only the more degrading and contaminating reflections.

Fiction and novel-reading, police news, with various other corrupt papers, thrown into the hands of youth, delude the memory, and bear thousands into vanity and infidelity, with a wasted life and a miserable death. Christian parents should remember that numerous well-written and excellent Church papers are an antidote for all the written and printed trash and nonsense that flood our land, and for their families' own happiness and advancement, and their own final account,

for time and eternity, should place those religious papers before them, as the innumerable, pure, and safe thoughts they contain and offer will be imperishably impressed upon their memory, to come forth in all after life as grand sources of comfort.

Memory is the means of transport of life's presentations, in ideas and sentences and charming scenes, to the soul, for its real weal; but if they are ill-chosen and misappropriated, how ruinous! If it is laden with trifling lessons, or impure scenes cherished, we can never fill the sublime sphere God designed in its gift. As it is a priceless bestowment, let us be certain that its cargo of freight be of eternal value. Store it with objects of worth, as its capacity is unbounded, and it will constantly receive goodly offerings, to enrich the soul forever. God has so constituted memory that it will enjoy its properly selected gatherings as eternal commitments.

Too many are absorbed only in the pleasures of an hour's duration for self-gratification. We know that "bodily exercise, which profiteth little," is the sole attracting charm to many, to the injury of this faculty; but if we in youth, or in advanced age, will reflect on the past, and soberly resolve to amend, praying to God for help and direction, our neglected and stupefied memory will gain light and wisdom, and speedily open its receptive tenderness to all our precious gatherings, and revive us to a better and higher state of real pleasure and holy reverence.

We should jealously care for this noble fac-

ulty, and especially so if we, in the very least, realize it has been neglected, even as we would regard our diseased body—diagnose its symptoms, then doctor it, and cease not to apply proper and healthy appliances until restored to its normal state. A perfect panacea for the restoration of a dull and slighted memory is to seek knowledge through nature's great laboratory with all our mental energy; then trust in God with all our ransomed powers for wisdom from above, and he will open rays of light to our enchantment, and our memory will become to us a treasure-house of immense possessions. Its capacity will become almost boundless. It may be that the past neglect of our memory has left a few scars; but if we improve the present golden moments, they will not be noticed, and we will advance to nobler conquests in understanding. We had better look earnestly at this absolute requirement, for God will have the recording angel, in the last day, unroll its pages to the gazing universe, and judge us according to its treatment and storage. Let us betake ourselves in time to its adjustment, seek to blot out all that is false and frivolous, and supply and enlighten precious memory with valuable acquirements, that shall fit it for the great future inspection. Every good thought and proper impression written upon it will develop its acuteness, vivify its susceptibility, enlarge its capacity to a broader receptacle of good, and thereby richly add to our everlasting joys in the world of light and glory.

## Chapter XII.

NASHVILLE CIRCUIT—REV. JOHN BLANPIED—HIS NOBLE CHARACTER, HIS WIFE—PECULIAR NAMES IN THE CHURCH, THEIR GOOD QUALITIES—MARTIN BUZZARD—MY HOME AT MR. CLEMENTS, THEIR TRAITS—AN AGED LADY, HER DEEP AFFLICTION, HER TRUST AND EXPERIENCE—A CONTRAST, ANOTHER WOMAN, HER MIND—A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN WOMAN, HER HUSBAND'S REQUEST—MY UNORDAINED SACRAMENTAL PERFORMANCE AND MY FEARS—REV. JOS. M'DOWELL, AND HIS SERMON—REV. WM. B. DISBRO, AND HIS HAPPY LOCAL PREACHER, HIS FEELINGS OVERCOME—VISITING AT A RICH BROTHER'S SURROUNDINGS, PROFITABLE FAST—PREACHING TO ONE AND A HALF PERSONS—GOOD HOMES AND DEAR PERSONS—MY LAST SERMON, REV. CHARLES WADDELL, HIS ACT TOWARD ME, HIS POWER, HIS ENEMIES—THE MAN'S MOUTH WAS GROWING SHUT—MY MISSIONARY EFFORT, AND MY TEN-CENT TRIUMPH FOR THE LORD'S CAUSE.

MY second regular appointment was Nashville Circuit, Holmes County, Ohio, as junior preacher, under the care of Rev. John Blanpied, of whom I here wish proudly to speak. He was one of the best educated men under whom I was ever permitted to travel. He was born on the Island of Guernsey. In early life he had many advantages for intellectual attainments. He spoke and read very fluently French, English, Spanish, and Latin. It was very delightful to listen to his easy tongue giving utterance in these dialects. He possessed a fatherly spirit, a heart of great kindness,

and from his lips some of the grandest lessons for life's course were received. In all his ways in the great work of the ministry he appeared always to be transparent; no deception, nothing in his language fretful, peevish, or scurrilous; and no impetuous spirit ever possessed his soul. He was voluble in communication, and courteous to the young as well as the old. He often denied himself the real necessities of life to meet the demands of a friend or brother. His sermons were reasoning, persuasive, emphatic, impressive. His language, according to Blair, was pure in style, and his figures were drawn from nature and history, very beautifully elucidating every truth clearly presented, so none could go from his presence unimproved. His appeals were made to sinners, with all the richness of English and French composition combined. He was the learned little Frenchman, low in physical stature, but broad out. Though small myself, I could look over his head in the pulpit; yet he was so profoundly learned and intellectual I could but feel myself, in this regard, a mere pigmy in contrast with his vast acquirements.

Sacred smiles, such as fall from the divine favor, were reflected by him on all with whom our dear beloved colleague, Rev. John Blanpied, associated. He is now in Beulah Land, with all the elect of God, safe, safe at home.

This noble man's wife is highly deserving of more honor than I can present, in unfolding her true characteristics. Her maiden name was Sophia Dalbear when she married him, as a widower. She



was pure, loving, affectionate, full of sympathy, and quite intelligent, possessing also an excellent education. Mrs. Blanpied manifested superior rearing—a lady in all respects, and a most worthy and faithful helpmate, and a peer, in all good and attractive qualities, of her kind husband. Wherever he was sent she went gladly, and her influence for God's cause was wonderful. My youthful heart was made glad and happy by her kind spirit, and I was welcomed to their home and table without limit. Her presence and godly talk were an inspiration to me to be good, wise, and obedient in my calling. Memory often recalls her smiling face, her holy looks, and her words of encouragement, as a standing way-mark to all my earlier obligations; and they even cast their bright reflections along my advanced footsteps. I have no doubt that I shall meet her and her husband in the brighter land, and join in songs of rejoicing throughout all eternity.

This was a year of intellectual and great spiritual profit, and many little circumstances come up to my pleasurable remembrance of Church members of valuable character, and of their religious life. Among other names which were on this circuit were the Hawks, Crows, Buzzards, Ducks, and Drakes, almost all of whom were profitable accessions to our Church. The Duck, this time, happened to be a nice, clever gentleman, whose society we greatly enjoyed. The Drakes were of both sexes, of most intense earnestness in God's cause, and did all within their power to hasten the triumph of the Gospel. The Hawks and Crows were not so emphatic, but stood

rather afar off, yet wished to see all caught and brought into the fold. The Buzzards were really greedy, I might say, to overcome sin and slay the sinners, as our own lawful prey, and lead them up to God and heaven. Of Martin Buzzard, particularly, no language could properly unfold his kindly nature, or embrace his true benevolence for his Divine Master. His whole soul, spirit, heart, and mind were consecrated to his Heavenly Father's service, and his influence for good was unabated. In the morning of the resurrection I doubt not that he will come forth to meet the Judge with smiles upon his countenance, and salvation's songs abounding, just as he lived on earth, for Christ. As a youthful minister, these all received me most graciously, and aided me to advance. The faithful itinerants at all times were held in the sacred inclosures of all their hearts.

I had the privilege of making my home at the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Clemments, a merchant in Nashville, whose kindness was unbounded. His family loved the work of God in their souls, and by pocket-support attachment; for their purse-strings were easily drawn when the ministry was in need, or any other department of the cause of Christ's call demanded their attention. He was in every sense a loyal man to our Church; and Mrs. Clemments was a fervent and constant attendant upon all the means of grace. She seldom missed hearing the Word of Life. A more cultivated or kind-hearted lady I have never seen in all my travels. A little, but valuable, present of wearing

apparel, made by her own hands, she gave me in my youth, that was well accepted and enjoyed for years. Other kindnesses, from time to time shown me by them, and others, greatly encouraged me in the battles for our Lord. The cruse of oil and the barrel of flour always had plenty for God's prophets. I visited all the needy and afflicted and the poor, and prayed with hundreds of families, and found exquisite pleasure in all work.

I will relate one instance of my pastoral visitation, which, to this far-off hour, is, and I hope through all eternity will be, a source of delight to my soul. It is the religion of our Savior that gives us the only true joy, and helps us to meet all life's sorrows and disappointments, and enables us to rejoice evermore. It is good in health, better in affliction, and in thousands of cases has proven a comfort in death. As proof of all this, there lived among these high hills, down in the valley, an aged lady. In her youth she sought and obtained this priceless pearl, her richest of all treasures. In the holy Redeemer she beheld a loveliness, and reposed beneath his smiles, and sat from day to day humbly at his feet. Her heart was his home, and her praises hourly ascended on high, and hope swelled immortal in her bosom.

"Jesus all the day long  
Was her joy and her song."

Nearly fifty years in health, and with buoyant soul and by rapid steps, she marched towards the Eternal City. She ever realized there was a mansion for her, and by living faith she viewed the dwelling-

place of the redeemed and the home of God. Beneath her own humble roof, in earlier days, she frequently listened to the melting strains of the Gospel truth, and rejoiced continually, in hope of endless bliss. At length the hand of affliction grasped her. It was not the soft and tender touch of ordinary disease ; but terrific as the stormy blast ; and she could but exclaim, " All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." For five long years the spreading, burning scrofula tormented her emaciated frame. I saw her in indescribable distress. The wounds were angry and fiery, and on the straw-bed she lay, and dared not move. The least turn gave instant pain, for the attrition from long confinement to the couch of sickness had worn the skin from flesh and bone. I came near to her and spoke, and she inquired who I was. When informed that I was the new preacher on the circuit, she extended her feeble arm and held my hand as with a dying grasp, and said : " O, I love to see the preachers ; it is nearly four years since I have heard their voices, or received their counsel. They seldom darken our door. I am so glad to see you !" Her sunken eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, which betrayed the deep feelings of her soul, and the unbidden tears flowed freely. I was so astonished at her great sufferings that I hesitated to conceive the fact that there could be any joy or peace under such overwhelming bodily anguish ; and I inquired, " Have you any joy or consolation, sister ?" With a look yet in memory, she said : " O yes, yes, brother ; Jesus is my hope ! Jesus is

precious amidst all my sufferings; religion is sweet—religion is so precious; it is a cordial and a balm for all my wounds. I look forward to that moment when my spirit will be set free and wing its flight up to heaven. O, bless the Lord, I am his!" She wept much, and continued, "Glory awaits me;" and then, "O yes, then I will be done with the sorrows and sufferings of time." Shortly after this her freed spirit spread its pinions for a happier clime, and found hallowed rapture in the sunlight of the throne—her long-sought rest. Ah! the dying saint can testify that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is quite on the verge of heaven." Methinks the worst of unbelievers, witnessing such a scene of holy triumph, through the blood of the Lamb, would yield, and the very heart of such would "pour out like water" before God, in deepest penitence. Who, I ask, will not seek this religion, this strong security for the conflicting hour? Who would not wish to cry, Victory, victory over death?

Contrast: Near this work lived a worldly widow, a woman who had by her own executive ability, or prudent management, saved her home, which was somewhat involved at the death of her husband; but she really grew rich, and was very prosperous, and reared her large family to womanhood and manhood. But sickness finally arrested her with a withering touch, and after many days, the physician said to her: "I fear, madam, you must die. I can do no more for you." Her very nature and soul revolted, and with horrified feelings and an apprehension of a fearful future, she said: "O Doctor, I

can't die! I won't die! I won't die! To think that I have toiled and struggled these many years to bring up my family, to accumulate my property, and to save my home, and then have to die! O, Doctor, I won't die—I won't die!" and with this decision, and awful determination to defeat death, whether or no, she sank down rapidly, and the grim monster triumphed over her will, and death ensued. She had not learned to submit to God's will. She regarded the world as her idol, as her security, as her god; and when her last hour came, her refuge failed her, and she had nothing upon which to build her hope. O think, fond reader, of the uncertainty of all earthly riches or caste! They are but a bubble; they vanish away; they are too weak to meet death's stroke; they are not sufficient to satisfy or stay the mind when soul and body part. How requisite it is that we look above this world, with all its wealth and charms and fleeting pleasures, for true solace; so that, when we leave our earthly home, we may have "an anchor both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil!"

Another very singular instance occurred, which was both embarrassing and elevating. At this period, as junior preacher, and as yet but a deacon in the Church, I was not eligible, according to orders, to administer the Lord's-supper; but only to assist the elder. On one occasion Brother Blanpied, my superior, was gone from his circuit. Our work was quite extensive in territory, and much real hard labor was necessary, if we met all

demands to visit the sick, pay pastoral calls, preach at funerals, perform marriages, and overlook even the financial interests of the circuit; so all our time was well employed; yet we were happy in all duties. While he was absent, I was suddenly called upon to see one of our afflicted members, who had been prostrated for months, but seemed to be sinking, at this time, rapidly. Though the disease was that deceptive one that finally takes all its victims, yet she might live a week, or die in an hour. She was the wife of a noted and popular business man, who was not a professor of religion, yet a great friend and support of the Church of his companion; but she was a devout, godly member, and loved all the immunities of the same. Her hope was buoyant, her faith strong in the promises, and she realized her end was near. She had sent for me to receive the sacrament of the Lord's-supper ere she bid adieu to earth, and requested me to administer it to her as soon as I could conveniently. I was incapable, as I said, so far as my ordination from the conference went, to consecrate the elements. What could I do? No authorized minister was near but a local elder, and his home was nine miles away; but I told her I would see to her request in the morning, which was quite satisfactory. That afternoon I rode rapidly to that preacher's home, and he was gone to a neighboring county. I went to several places to procure one, but failed in each case. Never was a boy-preacher more troubled. What to do puzzled me. I did not wish to transcend my prerogative. I really feared to act. The

gentleman asked me, "Are you not a minister of the Lord Jesus?" I replied, "Yes, sir; but only a deacon, and possess no authority to act in such cases." He said, "Well, young friend, you are our preacher, and called of God to preach, and I want you to administer to my dying wife, one of your flock, the Supper of the Lord, as it is her desire." O how I was excited! how my very words choked me, and my knees smote with trembling! This conversation was late in the day, after my long ride here and there for aid. I scarcely slept that night, and, while musing on my bed, I thought of our last quarterly-meeting, held only two weeks previously, and of the consecrated elements, the wine and bread, then used, and ere day broke I was in my saddle, and off some seven miles or more to the house of our steward, and, to my great delight and happy heart, I found the wine and bread in his cupboard in a good condition, just as we left it at the meeting. With them I hastened back by ten o'clock, and at eleven we were all ready for duty. After a short prayer out of the Discipline, and a brief extemporaneous request before the Father of All, I took the elements, and by the grace of God, she received them, and was greatly blessed, and praised the Almighty, and waved her hand, and rested in sweet composure. All present were in deepest feeling of humility, and in tears and rejoicing with her.

Now this was a trial of my soul such as I had never experienced, and in its severity never met afterwards. I knew I had to bolt against my



authority, but how could I help it? how else in such an emergency, when it was so beyond my wisdom? To refuse a dying request of a beloved sister in the Church, and offend and insult the fond husband, and disappoint all the sympathizing friends, was to me deeply embarrassing. Then to do what the Church had not permitted me to do, and run the risk of a severe rebuke by my superiors, and, perhaps, be silenced by the conference,—all this was weighty upon my young mind. When Brother Blanpied returned, I hurried to his house, and laid it all before him, with feelings of intense humility. Then his great and noble soul sympathized with me, and he said, “Well, my boy, you did just right, all right, just as I would have done if in your position.” As a lark in its upward flight, I was joyous, and praised God that I had done good to dying and living. Now, if the Church wishes, in my old age, after this confession, to try me for thus transcending my powers, I will strike against impeachment.

A happy and comforting incident occurred to me as a youth, down in Mt. Holly Valley, at the “Oldreyed” appointment. Here I had the unbounded gratification of meeting my father’s dear old friend, Rev. Joseph McDowell, at that time a great revivalist, and a man of much influence for God. He occupied my hour in the pulpit by one of his earnest, Holy Ghost sermons, giving us all a “feast of fat things, of wine on the lees,” and an impetus toward the better land. For many late years he resided in the bounds of the Iowa Con-

ference, one of the old heroes in the vast vineyard of the King. His sweet experience, his godly smiles, and his buoyant spirits vivified thousands of the Church wherever he went. God fully satisfied him in the sublime promise, "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee my salvation." His gray hairs and long locks upon his shoulders, his noble mien and youthful-old steps, and his untiring Christian obligations, so sanctifiedly fulfilled until near unto the nineties, gave inspiration to us all to move heavenward. God led him, even to the last of his useful life, "beside the still waters" of consolation, and into the "green pastures" of an abundance of grace; and then the messenger came in the form of an angel to escort his blessed spirit up to his loving Jesus, to join in the songs of endless sweetness and triumph. We will soon grasp his hand beyond the silvery clouds, with a Hammond, Hare, Stewart, Robinson, Holland, Power, and other noble saints in glory.

With much delight I call to the front a very pleasing occurrence of those years. Our circuit was adjacent to one over which that lovely man, Rev. William B. Disbro had charge. He was one of the noblest of men, of warm heart, of imposing manner, of eloquent address, and full of rich oratory, and as high a degree of royal brotherhood in his nature as is ever found in mortal. Little expressions of Christian experience, or acts of love manifested, called forth his ecstasy and commendation, whether exhibited by youth or seen in old age, either rudely or scientifically uttered. He related

to me, when I was assisting him in a two days' meeting, a simple matter of religious pleasure, which lingers still upon my memory; and it filled his own soul with the highest expressions of praise to God, as well as afforded him great joy. When he related it, he wept and rejoiced. He said:

“While I was at one of my quarterly-meetings, at a certain country church, I slept with an old local preacher who was always full of the Holy Ghost, and had many years of experience in Christ's cause. We talked about the things of God until near midnight, and then we fell soundly asleep. About three o'clock in the morning I was partly aroused, and thought I heard heavenly music. Then it seemed as if I heard the voices and songs of angels and redeemed souls from heaven, in sublime praises to God. It appeared to come nearer, and then nearer, and my soul was in seraphic joy; and I reached out my arms in holy rapture, and looked anxiously to see them descending the clouds. Nearer and still nearer they seemed to be coming, until almost within touch, and all at once I was aroused to full wakefulness; and I found that it was the old brother by my side, clapping his hands softly, and shouting and singing most lustily:

‘Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger  
Interposed his precious blood.’

O, it was the richest music I ever heard in all my life; and though I spoke not a word to him, as he repeated it over and over, lest I should disturb his

sacred devotion, yet I listened, and wept as if my heart would melt; and I rejoiced also that such a mighty and divine Savior was ours, whose blood was so efficacious, so all-cleansing to save a soul like mine. It often comes back to me, affording hallowed thoughts."

Under all circumstances, and in all places, we may behold the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." David says, "At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments," and the poet exclaims:

"O that the world might taste and see,  
The riches of thy grace!  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would *all* mankind embrace."

I have related this sweet episode in my pulpit with good effect, and as an incentive to all to be always filled with the Spirit of God, and that grace and love might abound, and we all be fully armed and harnessed for the battles of the Lord. When our hearts are right before our Master, at all times and amid all surroundings in life, we may be happy, and glorify God "in our bodies and spirits, which are his;" for to the devout soul,

"No changes of season or place,  
Can make any change in his mind."

What a vast theater for usefulness we possess in our religious course! and if we were all consecrated vessels in the sanctuary of the Most High, then at every period of our history, in all lawful pursuits of life, we could assist in building up the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Who is there in all Christendom that does

not "want a hand" in the mighty work of saving a lost world? O, my dear reader, let us remember that every precious soul we grasp from the jaws of death eternal, and, by our good influence, hand over to the arms of our dear Redeemer, will be a gem, forever to shine in our crown of glory! I would sooner be able, through Christ, to save one soul than possess millions of gold and silver. Let us be up and at work while the golden opportunity lasts, and so fulfill our noble creation. "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

On my work from year to year, I was instructed to visit all my flock, which was almost an imperative obligation, enforced by my seniors. Some places were charming and attracting; yet many were repulsive; but we must go the rounds, or offend the people, as well as be reproved by our elder brothers, and reported in conference as delinquents. The restrictions and requirements, in those days, were far greater than at this date. On one circuit, especially at one appointment, I must go on a religious call, as the man was rich, and also a steward. I had been informed of their uncomeliness of living and the unattractive surroundings. So I resolved to go there on my *fast day*, as that was every Friday, and try to satisfy them by my cleverness and kind words and prayers. The day and one night were allotted for my visit. I arrived at eleven A. M., and, it being my religious fast, I took no dinner or supper. I really dreaded to retire to my bed, from expressive evidences all about the house, lest I might

become restless and be assaulted when off my watch. When I entered the reception-room of the large farm-house—for they abounded with plenty—there lay two tremendous greyhounds, stretched at their length, and not conducive to the health of the human olfactories by any means. The bed looked as if it had not been made up for a year; for every one who desired to, just tumbled over it hourly; and the sheets and covers were of a brownish cast, and repulsive to sight. The old lady was thin-visaged, and had a cloth bound closely over her head, pressing against her face, with long corners hanging down several inches; and I should think, from all appearances, she had not changed it for years; but she was easy and slow in manner, not talkative; rather seclusive in her ways, yet somewhat agreeable. The old gentleman was very voluble, ready-witted, and felt well towards the Church, and paid fully a dollar a year for quarterage. For the first two hours I sat and studied my conference lessons by the old “taller” candle. But prudence told me not to be too reticent; so I engaged in conversation until after midnight, about all things in general, and nothing of much interest. Just here let me say that hundreds of young ministers lose much of their precious time, robbing themselves of future strength and greatness, by too much undue courtesy to entertain their host; but they ought to refrain from such useless indulgence, and apply themselves to seek wisdom from God’s Word and good reading.

In reviewing our life in the ministry, we dis-

cover our many deficiencies. We clearly discern wherein we have lost golden opportunities, and have not made the glorious advancement we might have done. In our early course, I think, far too much stress was put on pastoral visiting; too much time was demanded of the young minister to go about from home to home. It was considered a great defect, or a drawback in him, if he was not at least nine-tenths of his time thus employing his days, talking and praying and singing with his people. So over one-half, yes, four-fifths, of our young men, for years and years, spent their ministerial life on the constant move, and thereby did not attain the intellectual strength and moral power in the ministry that they ought to, to impress the world to come to God. I remember being urged, almost forced, by my superiors in office and age, to visit, visit—to go from house to house, from morning to night—and so occupied nearly all my time, for many of my earlier years. With the exception of a very few rising brethren, I was seldom advised to devote a fair portion of my hours to book knowledge. It was said to me frequently, when alluded to at all, “O take a book or two with you, your Bible and Discipline, and read as you travel, or steal now and then a few moments to study; but saving souls is far better than all mental exercise,” etc. Of course, they sought my usefulness.

It is my opinion, if many of our now old and broken-down men, with the talents they possessed in youth, had spent half their precious time in close study and reading, and the balance in pastoral work,

to-day we would feel their power and realize in them that they "still bring forth fruit in old age, and are fat and flourishing in the courts of the Lord's house;" but instead thereof, they are now, most of them who are living, almost silent, away in the background. Age should not prevent us from making progress in mental power and usefulness.

Let me say to the aspiring youth of to-day, in the great work before them, your opportunities and requirements have greatly exceeded your fathers'; do not depend upon these advantages and scholastic privileges alone, and allow your time to be wholly absorbed in going about from place to place, to worldly associates, or Church sociables and attractions, or political gatherings. Give attention to ardent and devout study; I really believe that no means you can embrace will so rapidly enlarge your ability and expand your faculties, and impress humanity so thoroughly, and honor God, as committing your thoughts to paper. Let some kind and judicious elder brother in the ministry read and criticise and instruct you in style and matter. While we must not neglect going about as did our Savior, who tarried at the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, and many other homes, no doubt; yet, alone, he spent hours and nights and days in prayer, in communing with God, and in study. Take half of your time to yourself and to your Lord—it is yours by right—and use it in your study and closet, and the other half will be far more useful and successful for the Redeemer's cause. For, as you come forth from the study and the altar of devotion, your



mind will be elastic, and the Holy Ghost will lead you in the way of all truth. I see now where I lost hundreds of golden hours in that respect.

But to my narrative and visit. When I retired to rest, I found the bed had not been occupied for months by human ; so it was pretty much deserted, by nearly all but myself. Saying my private prayers, I spread my big, red bandana handkerchief on the pillow, and slept until day broke. As I had to breakfast with them, and wondered what I could eat, as luck had it, the woman asked me, "What would you like to have for your breakfast?" How glad I was to answer, and I replied, "Well, sister, as you wish to know my desire, I would like to have two or three potatoes baked in the ashes, and a couple of eggs boiled;" for I knew they might be all nice and palatable. "Will you have coffee or milk to drink?" she asked. Now, I was exceedingly fond of milk ; indeed, it was my real choice drink ; but just before the morning meal, I had walked out into the barn-yard a few minutes, to inhale the fresh air, and there I saw the two big boys "pailing" the cows, and each was laughing lustily, and milking with one hand, and holding the other under the stream of milk to let it trickle down between his fingers. As this scene was a check to my taste and relish for the lacteal beverage, I said to her, "Please, this morning, give me a tin-cup [as very few farm folks used tumblers then] full of that clear, nice water from that big spring, as it looks so attractive." Of course the trickling finger-milk made the water

look desirous at that time. She replied, "O, you must take some coffee or milk to strengthen you." But this hour I preferred water; so I made out my breakfast on those things, and merely nibbled a little bread, and was quite satisfied. I was shortly on my journey to visit others. A very distinguished minister was once asked, "How did you do when you visited that house?" He said, "O, I just about half closed my eyes, opened my mouth, and dove into it."

On one occasion, on a very rainy and stormy day, I went to my appointment, entered the log church, and seeing no one present, I went up into the old-fashioned, high-up pulpit, read God's Word aloud to myself, and waited some time for some to come; then I sang a song, and I was about to leave, when, to my surprise, I spied an old, pale lady, with her little son, sitting away back in the corner near the door. She had come in before I arrived, but in great quietness sat there unperceived. As no one else came, I arose and read her the Scripture, commented briefly, then offered a prayer, sang a hymn, and dismissed my congregation with a benediction. Many years afterward I met a gentleman in Iowa, a local preacher, who was that small boy at his mother's side; and he often referred to that fact, stated to him by his mother. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!"

This year was one of great advancement to me,

and the numerous friends found here are embalmed in memory. I received, that year, about eighty dollars salary, but I found many excellent homes, where unbounded kindness was manifested—such as Kindig's, Quick's, Newkirk's, Oldroyd's, Drake's, and others now out of memory.

The last Sabbath I spent in Nashville the house of God was crowded with kind hearers; and I really dreaded the hour, as I, like most all young preachers, feared a great man's presence; for the wonderful and distinguished Charles Waddell being in the town, I looked for his appearance in the sanctuary. As he was not in at the opening of my discourse, I took my text, laid my three propositions before them, without the least delay, for I wished to get a little under headway by the time he came in; and I moved with a quick stretch of language, as I concluded it would not so much embarrass me if he entered when I was in full blast, with my sails all up and my thoughts in good running order. But he failed to come in, and I was mightily relieved of a self-created burden; for I was conscious that he knew more in a minute than I had learned in my whole life. My farewell interview on this occasion was one of triumph to my own feelings, and all with me praised God. As I passed out of the church-door, there he stood, in his clever smiles, with both hands open to greet me; for some one had told him it was trying to me to speak in his hearing. Then he said to me in his peculiar; effeminate style of voice: "Well done, my boy; well done, well done! I *heard* you to-day! I sat

here on this stoop and listened to your sermon. Well done, my boy!"

Ah! what a man of mighty mental caliber, of great argumentative force, of dreadful descriptive power and appeal to sinners—he who could carry the multitudes with him in his vast thoughts; who could produce a thrill in the heart and mind like electricity to the nerves, and create an ecstasy of delight in all believers' hearts! He was also very severe on the use of snuff and tobacco. Once he remarked in the pulpit, "that if God had ever intended man to use snuff, he would have turned his nose upside down, so he would not have the trouble of snuffing it up." He also said, "If he had designed that man should chew tobacco, he would have made two little aqueducts, one on each side of his mouth, down to the bottom of his chin, with outlets to carry away the saliva from his mouth; and to this he would have attached a receptacle sack, that it might have been emptied at his will." I never have forgotten, lo! over these forty years, his eloquent, stirring, yea, his overwhelming temperance address, delivered in our church. No speech I ever heard more fully confirmed me in my temperance principles; and I vowed to fight intemperance in all its aspects, to the end of my days. The truth so apparent, clothed with stirring facts, appalling statistics, and telling anecdotes, came upon all present as a sweeping avalanche, carrying all before it. Brother Charles Waddell was a generous, lively, open-hearted, Christian man, and devoted his talents, his

possessions, his heart, his life, to the interests of the Methodist Church; and in the day of final reckoning, I fear, some unjust stewards, who made false accusations against that good man, will lose their crown. Hundreds of men with half the talents he possessed, had they been buffeted as was he, would have found broad and welcome doors in other Churches to preach Christ; but he, with his great qualities, never once cherished the idea of turning his back upon his mother Church; but lived and died on her bosom. How many men have been ruined by false brethren! yea, they have slain the prophets of God: "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hateth me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," is a divine order, and he who disregards it shall die forever. How often we find Church members crushing and trampling under foot their brethren; and that, too, for even very small offenses! How touching that Scripture in Peter, "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same thing!" This is often overlooked, and spleen is shown instead of mercy and long-forbearance—two commendable characteristics of our Heavenly Father towards his erring children. Peter, though he had witnessed

the most wonderful power and miracles of Jesus, and heard his pathetic and instructing words, and had followed him along his suffering career, and had enjoyed his presence, yet he denied him, and most emphatically turned against him with a curse, and in an impetuous spirit; but the Master immediately forgave the repenting, humble soul, and brought him back, even to a more sacred nearness, to his bosom of love. So Peter was not cast away, though his sins deserved his banishment. Thomas, another disciple, would not believe all his brethren's and sisters' open and personal testimony, "that Christ had risen, as he said;" but he required unreasonable tests, so that he had to *see* the wounded hands and feet, and to thrust his hand in the *open side* of his Savior. He was indulged in that, and the infinite mercy of his Lord accepted his extorted confession, and drew him to exclaim, "My Lord and my God." But what a kindly reproof followed: "Blessed is he who, having not seen, yet believeth." David woefully sinned, and was a murderer, in one sense, and fell into deep impurity in heart and act, so that his crime is seldom exceeded; but, after deep penitence and humble acknowledgment, God saved, then exalted him, and made him a great king over Israel. O, what immense love and power our God always shows when we come to him in contrition and humility!

"O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine?"

Yet we, his children, yea, and even his ministers, of whom it is said, "What better is the servant

than his Lord?" are too apt to oppress and destroy our fellows, for lesser evils than the above committed. Hundreds have been laid aside and crushed to earth, pushed out of the race-course of usefulness, by self-conceited, hard-hearted, unmerciful brethren, when, if they had possessed the Spirit of Christ, they might have saved many a bright star, and let them have regained their previous good standing, and, like the Psalmist, shown eminent usefulness.

Our presiding elder on this work was that broad-minded and most practical minister, Rev. John Quigley. His sermons indicated a natural oratory and a heaven-sought fund of thought, and always produced great effect for good. Once I listened to him preach from the words, "God is love;" and for an hour he held the vast audience in perfect awe of the grandeur and mightiness of the divine character. I never before had experienced such a fullness of that Scripture, "Thou God seest me," as when he preached from those sublime words. For years his emphatic truths and glowing language lingered upon my mind and comforted my soul. He was a real Boanerges.

A most singular statement, and a seeming reality, took place near here, that has always prompted me more fully to recognize God's administration in the Psalmist's mouth, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me." A man who was exceedingly wicked had on one occasion sworn before his Maker, that if a certain thing he had asserted were not true, he

hoped God would let his mouth grow shut; which thing he stated was an untruth. I had seen the man often, and it was a fact that the sides of his mouth were constantly closing, and I saw them bleeding from time to time. Knowing not the cause, I inquired, and the above was related to me as a certainty. But whether it were so or not, how dreadful to act at any time, in any matter, presumptuously toward God! for it is said, "But the soul that doeth aught presumptuously, whether he be born in the land, or a stranger, the same reproacheth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people." Let us keep the truth in our hearts with all fear; let us never keep back part of the price, or withhold our talents, or any of our influence, from the Lord's glory, lest we be smitten and come to eternal shame.

Another instance occurred which bordered on presumptuous sin, if it were not fully so. There lived a very wicked man, whose influence over his family was the worst in character, a real polygamist in practice—a crime that tends to subvert all family security, uproots the Scripture that says, "God setteth the solitary in families," and overthrows any true governmental policy. He had grown sons, intellectual, but wonderfully perverse to all righteousness; and they sank down in the deepest iniquity, until they "sat in the seat of the scornful." One took sick, and was drawing nigh unto death. I sent word that I would come and talk to him of Christ our Savior, if he desired. When informed and asked if I should come, he replied: "Talk to



me of Jesus Christ! Who is Jesus Christ? I feel as if I could tear Jesus Christ off his throne! No—no; I won't hear about him." It was said that, before he died, he requested "to be put in a chestnut coffin, with the ends open, that he might go cracking through the fires of hell to scare the devils out." And thus in the darkness of infidelity he passed from time. It were better for such parents and such youth that they had never been born, than to bind around the hearts of their children and companions such unhallowed principles and ruinous influences. Job says of them, "He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world."

The work this year was hard and our pay rather limited, and we merely came out square; indeed, we did not have a surplus to take us to conference; and had it not been that every Methodist along the way, and in all the towns through which we passed, welcomed us to bed and board, we could never have traveled. About fourteen or fifteen appointments, through those hills and deep valleys, was no little matter to fill, besides numerous other duties; but God was with us to bless and strengthen. Every two weeks we alternately supplied the work. Duties imposed upon me by my senior in office were performed to the best of my ability, with eager delight to do good. My colleague's talents and acquirements were quite extensive, and at his feet I sat, from time to time, gathering ideas for future usefulness. He ruled over me with words of Christ-like interest. If men such as he were

always in charge over the youth, at least for a few years of their ministry, we would have a far better class of true, Gospel preachers. I was his "boy," by words of incitement to duty.

The subject of missions was to be presented before the people as the great motive power of the Church's prosperity; and no cause ever brought out the talents of young and old ministers more than this one, which embraced the salvation of all the world. From the beginning of our blessed Methodism it had been the greatest cause of the Church; and to this day of wonderful advancement it ought to lead in the van of all others. What a stupendous thought, to lift fallen and lost humanity up to God and heaven! I question any minister's piety, or even his honesty, who permits this cause to become torpid in his work. When we build up this part of our duty we are strengthened individually, financially, intellectually, and spiritually. This good brother, in charge over me, said to me, "Come, now, my 'good boy,' you must this year do your best to work up the interest of missions, exceeding all previous years, taking such and such points, and preach, and rouse the people to give largely."

Among these was a certain appointment at an old brother's double log-cabin home. He was wealthy and possessed lands, broad and extensive. I have stood on his back porch and looked, for a mile or more, over his fields and nice woodlands. He had a large family of grown sons and daughters, and though he paid his customary "twenty-five" cents a quarter for his whole household, of eight in

all, yet he would not contribute one farthing to any other demand. He believed, "Charity began at home," and always staid there. He did not realize that she was a bird of two wings, fluttering over home interests, and now and then flying away to hover over other parts. I studied anxiously on my sermon; had my notes impressed on brain and heart, and asked God to help and guide me on that special occasion.

Many neighbors were present, so the house was well filled. My pulpit was a split-bottomed chair, behind which I stood, near the corner where the family sat. I desired to succeed, and with such pathos and anecdotes as I could offer, proceeded. Hearty amens were given, and the old man cried, wiping his eyes with his big red handkerchief; the old woman wept, and the large girls and young men were deeply affected; for they were rather a tender feeling family. So, inspired by the movements, with more than my usual spirit, I exclaimed, "Thank God, the world is moving toward heaven, and we will soon see it redeemed, and all now present must have a hand in this glorious matter;" and, having paper and pencil ready, I went to each present to subscribe for the salvation of our ruined world. When I asked the old brother, he sobbed out and said, "Yes, brother, I will give some, for I never saw the cause so clear in all my life before; you can set me down 'ten cents.'" Well, I did truly thank my Master, for it was the first he had ever given; and I thought if I had bored even but a "ten-cent" hole in his old heart,

it might be like leaven, or like the mill-dam that had sprung a leak, it would wear bigger and bigger, little by little, as the water flowed out. So I trust, in after years, the ten-cent hole in his benevolence enlarged greatly, as he realized the fruits of his dime. For that free contribution he received my hearty approbation, for it seemed to him and to the family to do their souls good.

After this blessed triumph he often talked of the world's salvation. "Blessed is the cheerful giver." "There is that giveth, and yet increaseth." I would advise all young men in their good work, never to let go their grip on a congregation, great or small, but trust in God for aid; do their level best, and the nether mill-stone will break, for it is the continued strokes that sever the mighty rocks. The hardest human hearts often give way to the soft, burning sun-rays of the Sun of righteousness. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

I have always praised God that he gave me such power over that audience, and I doubt not, ere that old man died, his enlightened spirit and mind opened his purse more freely to the demands of heaven's ambassadors. It was a surprise, even to many of the leading brethren, that his soul was moved; and I took special pains that year to circulate tracts, and am conscious that those little silent preachers, of double-leaf form, did good work in addition to my "good sermon."

## Chapter XIII.

RETURNED TO AMITY CIRCUIT AS JUNIOR PREACHER, REV. JOHN SCOLES PREACHER IN CHARGE—MY HOME AT PETER BAKER'S, HIS DEAR HOUSEHOLD—AUNTY SAPP—OUR OLD BROTHER JAKE, HIS STRETCH AND EXCITEMENT—REV. J. H. POWER'S ORDER, AND JAKE'S SHOUT, THE SERMON CONTINUED, AND GOOD RESULTS—MY TWO DAYS' MEETING, I WIN THE LEADER, GOD BLESSED US—OLD MAN AND BREAD—HOW WE OUGHT TO WORK, AND THE DUTY OF ALL—HOW THE REVIVAL SPIRIT WILL PREVAIL—LOG CABINS, COFFEE, EATABLES—PIGEONS FLYING—DRESS OF THE PAST—GUNS—THOMAS SNOWDEN—"BUNDLING" PARTIES—ODD THINGS.

THE coming year I was returned to Amity Circuit as junior preacher, under Rev. John Scoles. Of him and his good family, and their gracious ways, I could never speak too highly. We found the circuit, as Rev. O. Burgess left it, in a good and spiritual condition, and especially *one* duty had been enjoined most forcibly and generally: the family altar had been erected in many homes where it had been for years neglected. This obligation I found he had urged by private counsel and close preaching, so that the greater majority had begun and practiced it. I learned by the voice of numbers that, in his classes, he always inquired personally, if they performed their duty in this particular; and if not, his warm and pungent exhortation had prompted obedience. May I refer to

him, religiously, complimentarily, in the words of Bishop W L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., which are worthy of notice?—that “the of name Oliver Burgess sounds sweetly throughout all the North Ohio Conference, because of his great diligence for God, his revivals, and his faithfulness to Methodism.” The financial state of the work was also healthy, and on the advance.

Most of my time of study was at the beautiful Christian home of Mr. Peter Baker, in Danville. He was a Pennsylvania German, and always welcomed us, with his whole heart, to all his abundance of earthly comforts. With himself, his excellent wife, and intelligent and kind daughters, no pains were spared to afford us every possible incitement to do good. They were also quite liberal to the demands of the Church, and, with open hands and wide-mouthed pockets, cheered the faithful itinerants in the labor of love. I learned that in after life, those devotedly pious daughters became prominent in usefulness.

There also lived in this little place a grand old Christian lady, a true “mother in Israel,” at whose humble house I found a broad and happy welcome, and from her lips and devout heart I received most gracious advice and encouragement. Here I could study my conference lessons without disturbance. Mother Sapp was an “elect lady of the household of faith.” She lived and died in sight of heaven, and angels bore her in triumph to the home of the saints. She had a noble, kind, and accommodating little son, who, with more than a willingness, waited

on me, fed my horse, brought it out to me, and loved God's ministers. He is now the distinguished Colonel F Sapp, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, also an ex-congressman, true to his State and to the whole country, and a lawyer of excellent repute and great ability. He could but be mighty and useful, if he regarded the pure discipline of such a mother. I hope that he may follow her footsteps in the path her Savior trod, and not miss her society in the world of light and bliss. How sad for any of us to be so unwise as to take the downward track to death—death eternal!

I will relate a most deeply impressive circumstance that occurred during a quarterly-meeting held in this village. An old colored man, called Jake, belonged to this society; a man of excellent habits, with winning ways, full of God, and the Holy Ghost. He was liked by every body in the neighborhood. The elder, Rev. John H. Power, was preaching his morning sermon; the house was densely crowded. Brother Jake sat right before him on the end of the front seat. The discourse was of unusual interest and power. He was describing the long-sought home of the saints; their struggles and besetments in this world, and what triumph is ours, through grace; and then, when we conquered death, our *last* foe, what joys awaited us when we touched the golden shore, and in meeting our friends in glory, with whom we had mingled in this lower sanctuary. And when in his highest rise of earnest eloquence, and the congregation became lifted up in rapture, old Jake was

filled with the Spirit, and he could not stand the pressure of divine power any longer; yet he feared to let out his feelings in outward expression, but reached out one foot, then the other, with a peculiar effort to restrain; then one arm extended upward, and then the other; his eyes really glistened with heavenly hope, and joy beamed in his countenance; and it appeared as if the old soul would almost die in the physical struggle for some relief; but at last Brother Power, seeing him so very full and many looking upon him, stopped in his sermon a minute, and said, "Let it come, Brother *Jake*; speak out, *Jake*!" Then *Jake* rose upon his feet, broke forth in sacred tones, clapped his hands with a loud sound or two, and exclaimed: "Glory to de Lawd! Hallelujah! hallelujah! O, glory to de Lawd; dar's room enough in paradise to hab a shout in glory! Bess de Lawd! bess de Lawd! whoc me! whoc me! O bess de Lawd! Hallelujah!" Then he resumed his seat in great calmness and perspiration, and with a smile I shall never forget; and a shout went up from the whole audience of Christians, and a rapturous feeling possessed all present, while many eyes were suffused in tears. This religious outburst soon subsided to the usual calm; then Brother Power went on in his powerful talk, and so improved this opportunity, by referring to the fact "that many present might still go on in sin, and die unsaved, and old Brother *Jake* would be in heaven and they in hell;" and many were smitten to the heart. It was a day of increase for the Church, and a gracious revival fol-



lowed. I think about eighteen were converted ere the meeting closed.

I will relate another very impressive testimony of this old colored brother, which had a great effect upon my mind, as well as upon the whole love-feast attendants at the time stated. He said: "Brudders, as I travels along de road to hebben, I finds somethin' right in my paffway; but I must goes ahead. But it am so high I can't climb ober it, and it am so wide dat I can't gets by it less I gets out ob de paff; and it am so heavy I can't lifts it; so what is I to do to goes along? am de question. Well, I takes right hold on it wid all my powers, an' it goes right up, for somebody above it am lifting it right on my shoulders, an' I feels de hands, and walk along under it so easy; den I gets all de glory for carrying it jus' as if I lifted it all my own self. Now, brudders, diss am de cross of Christ, an' de Lawd ob glory—he am above it, an' he am de one what holds it on my shoulders, an' den he gives me all de praise for bearing his cross—an' I bess de Lawd it am so easy to earry it, when de Lawd am at de top, holdin' it on our shoulders!" Then great praises and clapping of hands followed his quaint experience.

In those times our conveniences were limited for space, and we worshiped mostly in log cabins and with only one room, used for sleeping and for Church services—sometimes two or three beds close together, and trundle-beds beneath them, which filled at least one-third of the house. Then we sat before the large fire-place, before the great logs

afire, with a big blaze reaching far up the chimney, affording us light and warmth. Sometimes we had dipped tallow or beeswax candles, or, perhaps, only hickory-bark light, to read by, or a saucer of corn-fat or hog-lard; and many times our little "Bethel" was crowded to the utmost, as we stood behind the old split-bottomed chair, or the rude split-out bench, to preach the Word; yea, so crowded and hemmed about that we could not move a foot in space. Yet we were happy, and our meetings as wholesome and as effectual as if we occupied a mahogany or a walnut finished pulpit. Many were added to the Church in these rude places. Many services we have held in blacksmith or cooper shops and barns, with happy results. Scores of times the leafy groves have been our places of worship, where no churches were built. Now and then we found a hewed log church, or an unhewed log school-house, in which to present the sweet Gospel of Jesus Christ. People thought nothing of walking four to seven miles, women carrying their babes, and fathers bearing a three or four year-old child in their arms, and other children walking along, with cheerful and glad hearts, to "go to meeting"—yes, to those heaven-bought privileges. They felt it to be a wonderful mercy of God to do so, as well as an imperative duty to perform.

Ah! what a contrast with people of this day! for as opportunities unfold, obligations are forgotten; as we find in thousands of cases those who will not go a mile, or even half a mile, to worship the Lord of hosts, but waste their precious time in

loitering around, conversing about foolish things, and violating the holy Sabbath. The Gospel is worthy a good pilgrimage and a full sacrifice or consecration to God, of all our time, talents, and possessions. I have preached in scores of instances, at private homes on week-days, to ten or twenty hearers, and had glorious and powerful meetings, and numerous conversions during the year.

I was once preaching in a very remote part of my circuit in a little by-way school-house, on Wednesday afternoon, to but three persons, the day being quite disagreeable; but while speaking, a stranger came along the highway. Hearing my voice, he came to the door, which was ajar, and, noticing the very few present, he stepped in cautiously and seated himself on the end of the nearest puncheon bench, looking perfectly surprised. My earnestness of address to the little company produced a great effect on his mind and heart; to him it was a "nail in a sore place." We should never despise the day of small things.

A little circumstance connected with a good brother is here befitting to relate. He stated that he was ungodly, and cared but little about spiritual matters; but through the influence of his little girl, only six years old, he was led to God, in this wise: "My brother came to visit us, and offered prayer at night, and also asked a blessing at our table. After he had gone away she said, 'Papa, what made Uncle John do that, and say them words?' I said to her, 'O daughter, Uncle John is a Christian, and he is a good man.' Then she jumped up and

clapped her little hands joyfully, and said, ‘O papa, papa! let’s us do that, and be good, too; will you, papa?’ That call from her tender lips struck a dagger into my heart, and I soon sought the Lord; and I praise his blessed name that even that simple means turned me from sin to Christ.” This good brother, Farmer, Marseilles Mission, was one of my most useful stewards, and did much for our Church, financially and religiously.

A young minister remarked to me in this later day, “I can not see how I could possibly preach to a congregation of only a dozen, for it would wonderfully embarrass me to make the effort.” Another one, one evening, when he saw that only about twenty were out to his Church, rose and said, “As our audience is small and the people have failed to come out, we will have a prayer or two, and dismiss;” and though it was his regular hour, he failed to execute his whole duty. I said to myself, That good young brother ought to have been thrown back fifty years ago, and he would have learned things of profit. To me, that would have been a grand chance, on that rainy evening, to have preached Jesus, and impressed the truth upon all hearts present. Our hero fathers before us traveled all day long, many a time, and preached to a single family, and often to exceedingly small numbers of perhaps fifteen or twenty, in far-off parts, and in early settlements; but their words rang through the very air, and in but a few years the wilderness blossomed as the rose, and Churches, as if by magic, rose up, and preaching-places increased astonish-

ingly; and now, where they (we) blazed the trees, and heard the wolf howl, and the bear growl, and saw the wild-cat and the panther leap from the brush, and thousands of deer bound over their path; where they swam streams and rivers, and buffeted unnumbered difficulties, and crossed mountains, and passed through valleys, and slept out in the dense forests on their horses, and often had the shortest ration, going sometimes whole days without a mouthful of food,—*now* are found vastly cultivated and rich farms, like garden-spots, burdened with every luxury; also great and flourishing cities, and grand churches by the thousands, filled with true worshippers of our Lord and Master.

The writer has often slept next to the clap-board roofs, and felt the freezing winds, and heard the stormy blasts in cannon-like fury, and waked up early to find his head and bed covered with inches of snow; and yet praised his God for the precious privilege of preaching Christ and him crucified. He has also risked his life over swollen streams, and among dangers seen and unseen. We met all classes of people; we enjoyed their hospitality, and also met their severe rebuffs; but unbounded kindness and Christian favors were in the majority. Many odd scenes we witnessed, and withstood terrible sufferings, and have often been critically and unkindly assailed, even from such as should have been our best friends. Then, again, we have enjoyed a thousand blessings to one curse, besides meeting many amusing scenes.

I will relate a little incident that occurred at one

of our stopping-places. These clapboard-covered cabins had little, low lofts, and the people ascended by a common, home-made ladder; and up here their seed-corn hung to the rafters; their krount-barrels, their pork, when cured or green—indeed, all such eatables that stood the cold winters—were kept in these lofts. While at the place mentioned, on one occasion, waiting for dinner, a great big girl went up the ladder with a bowl, and soon returned with apple-butter in one hand, while the other hand was all covered with the sauce, and finger by finger she was licking off the butter as she descended; for she had used her hand to dip it out of the jar, instead of a ladle or spoon. So you see, reader, necessity was the mother of her invention, or convenience. But this act was greatly exceeded by several others, and one very impressive one I met with in my ministerial adventures.

I was called to marry a couple shortly after my ordination to deacon's orders. After the knot was tied, as we sat at the table to dine, which was loaded with many blessings, I noticed a long, glass cup, filled with a nice, yellow, rich, cream-like substance. It was passed to me to take a supply; so not knowing what it was, I, of course, did not dare to ask its name, and the good lady said, "Take some biestings, brother!" So I enjoyed a spoonful or two, and found it very sweet indeed, and luscious in taste. When I visited my home, a few weeks after that, and told my mother about it, she laughed most heartily at my ignorant misfortune, and told me what it was; and I am sure, had it not been so

many days after the affair, I could not have enjoyed a meal for some time with much relish. But, let me say, "BIESTINGS" has rung in my ears ever since, and I want no more while life lasts; for although sweetened biestings may be a great delicacy to *some*, so raised to its use, yet I had my timely share on that wedding-day. Now, dear readers, you who do not understand my explanation, or fail to enjoy this dainty dish, please examine the word in the dictionary, and you will know its chief ingredients, when well supplied with loaf-sugar. I think the proper name is suited to it, for they who crave it must be a little of the nature of the meaning of the word. I am reminded of the lovers of blood by the song of the boy:

"My father and mother, they killed a black hog:

They made a blood-pudding, which choked our black dog."

So it was a long time before I could freely use the lacteal drink without a slight choking, though it was my choice beverage.

At one appointment I was to hold a protracted meeting, but was advised not to try it, as several ministers had made an effort, and the wild, reckless youngsters of the neighborhood had broken them up; even stoned the Church. My elder brother had tried to dissuade me from the attempt, as years before they had disturbed his meeting. But I resolved to try, by divine aid. I had in my wild youth, but a few years previously, often mingled with many of those country boys, in corn-huskings, apple-butter making, chestnut-gatherings, and the like; and most of them knew me well. I began

the meeting, and crowds were present, as many wanted to hear "Old Jaek," as I was called by them. For a few nights all was right; but the tocsin of war began to be heard, and the sound of battle echoed from the distance; for afterwards I learned that they were planning to defeat my purposes, and to antagonize them on the following Sabbath evening. After the third or fourth day, while sinners were being convicted, and the house was literally jammed with all classes, Saturday night I discovered, in the rear of the house, many wretched fellows, only waiting for the ring-leader to make a move, or give the pass-word or sign, for the battle. I told my people to sing lustily, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and, starting it myself very lively and on a stretch-key, as I then had great power in singing God's songs, I walked slowly through the pressing throng as well as I could. I came near the door and the back seat, and there stood a very tall, wicked fellow, with piercing, flashing eyes, freckled face, red hair, and a determined look, to whom all trusted for action. So I took him kindly by the hand, with a soft grip, and as I began to whisper to him, he bent over to me, and I said lovingly: "J—, won't you regard me a little to-night? I hear there are a lot of mean and hard fellows, who are going to try and break up our meeting; so I came back here to ask *you* to do me a great favor; for being old friends, I thought I would come to you first, and I will be under many obligations to you—and some day, J—, I may have a chance to do you a good deed, and



I 'll do it for you, sure—won't you just help me to-night, and if any attempt such a thing, please lay your hand upon them, and help me to keep peace? for this meeting may do good to us all. Will you help me? for I shall look to you more than any other as my friend!" He whispered back to me: "I won't let any about *me* bother you now, I tell you; and I'll keep them quiet, I bet you I will." "O, I am so thankful to you," I said. So I went back to the altar, and singing was soon over, and I exhorted with all my power; yes, with God's aid, I just swung out on sinners to come to Christ. All went off nicely, and I thanked all the young people for their good behavior, remarking that I had many noble friends among the young men, who would stand by me to the very hilt in my battles against sin. Our meeting was a success, and many were converted to God. During the day-meetings, through all the week, we had most powerful interviews.

After a very short sermon, and many had testified to their experience and conversion, and the older ones had spoken, having procured some bread, I said, "Now I want to break bread with all who desire to break bread with me in my Father's kingdom." So we did, and all were exceedingly happy. I noticed near the door a very aged, white-locked man, deeply interested in our brotherly manifestations, who was not a member of the Church; so I took bread, and walked back to him, and said: "Father, I see you are near life's end, and I would like to meet you, also, in heaven.

Won't you break bread with me, for Jesus' sake? and we can break bread, by and by, around our Father's table in glory." He wept like a child, and tremblingly reached out his feeble hand, and broke the bread; and all the people were bathed in tears, and we shouted the praises of God. God led the dear old man from the precipice of ruin and self-complacency to the fold; and I trust he, at the last moment, found the chariot waiting, and reached heaven.

How glorious, how boundless, are the provisions of grace! for "when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny." The whole Church, every individual member, should not only feel an interest for its prosperity, but should work continually to elevate fallen humanity, for the promise holds good; "To them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life." We never know what we can accomplish for our blessed Master's cause until we rest on his great and divine merits; and even then the glorious fruits of our doing may not be developed until we reach the land of light, and find our gems in our crown of glory. God wants no idlers in his vineyard; for "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Work for Jesus; what a sublime engagement, and how grandly and infinitely will we be rewarded!

Every member of the Church of our Lord should be a worker for his Divine Master. The harvest is great. Each person is capable of

accomplishing vast good for Christianity. A Christian should be Christ-like; Christ-like in spirit; Christ-like in life. As it was the Master's work to do the will of the Father, so it is the imperative duty of all to do what our Lord commands: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," is all-reaching in its comprehensiveness, and he who truly lives for his Lord will ever conform to this holy standard. What a privilege is offered us to abide spiritually under the favor of the Eternal! "Thy will be done," as taught in the prayer of Jesus, constitutes our entire duty. The inquiry of every earnest soul will ever be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" How may I order my steps before thee? Where and how can I do most to extend Messiah's kingdom? Whom can I lead to the cross? Whom can I rescue from eternal death? Shall my words of kindness and love, my faith in the Son of God, draw wandering ones to the fountain of living truth?

Such anxious thoughts will possess every Christian heart. All can not do the same duties, for some are given to prayer, some to silent influence; some to bright, outspoken Christian experience; some to lofty and holy song, some to exhortation, some to exposition of the word; gifted in one way and in another, to the glory of God. If we possess but one talent, we are as fully required to cultivate it as he is who possesses five.

I knew a minister whose sermons were very lame in theology, showing nothing of thought or

study, yet not one in a thousand could equal him in prayer, in power, and effect, and whole congregations would be excited and tremble under his pleadings before the throne of grace. Hundreds used to say, "Come, and let us go to Church to-day, and hear Rev. Mr. — pray."

Others in the ministry have their chief strength in song, and they often enchant their audiences with rapturous singing. Such sing many people into the grace of God, and into the Church, and up to glory. How many precious souls, now in heaven, will attribute the first steps of their conviction and conversion to the sweet songs of McCabe, Philip Phillips, Sankey, Michael Hare, and others! Thank God that such varied talent is in the Church! Let the faculties of each one be cultivated to the highest point, that all their powers may be rendered to God.

Others in the laity and ministry are competent in persuasive conversation and preaching, yet in vocal prayer are lame in speech. Our ministers frequently err, especially in promiscuous assemblies, by calling on such to open or close their public exercises by prayer. Their words of petition do an injury to the mass of hearers. Such, often, for the want of true and pure utterances, use odd and slang expressions, which provoke smiles, and take away all solemnity, and spoil the good effects of a rich discourse. We should select such as have talent for public duties, if they are found to be spiritual. While all may at times be asked to offer prayer in our social meetings, yet that is as far as

they ought to be trusted, until, by grace and practice, they become able to convey their thoughts in proper words. Even Moses felt his tongue so tied, and his language so weak to address Israel, that God substituted Aaron as his mouth-piece to the people. Constant prayer in private devotion, reading good books, and our religious papers, will prepare the weakest to become mighty at the throne of grace.

We, as ministers, do evil in trying to force, as it were, by threats and unchristianizing terms, the very timid and humble to exercise in public prayer; and we add confusion to such minds by repeatedly calling out their names, and sometimes rebuking them with the suggestion that their souls will be lost if they do not pray publicly. Who made thee or me judge? Good, intelligent young people, and some of age too, have withdrawn from our society from these simple facts, though they loved the Church. By pleasantly asking our people for volunteer prayers, now and then, preceded by a warm yet kind exhortation to duty, even the weak and doubting will become strong and bold for God, and become true workers and lovers of our Savior's cause.

We have various means of grace in our grand economy to help all along to glory, and every member may be used in some degree for the advancement of the Church. If one is not capable of leading our private meeting with interest, then consult them kindly in other duties, in minor matters and means of grace, or about plans necessary to

our general prosperity. This will win them, and strengthen their faith and courage. Paul knew how to work well, and said, "Being crafty I caught you with guile;" that is, I suppose, by wisdom, discretion, and with great prudence. The minister may place them on a committee of some department of Church work, thus dividing the offices among all. All men, rich or poor, humble or boastful, love to be honored. Too many pastors place the entire management of Church affairs in a few members, giving a number of offices to one, which creates jealousy, and has a tendency to check the feeling of brotherhood. Some may be sent out to collect missionary funds, to gather up Sabbath-school scholars, or solicit subscriptions for our ministers, and numerous other matters, which, if rightly divided, all might share a part of the obligations.

It is our duty, also, to speak to all, individually, in the church or on the street, and be careful to deal kindly, especially with the poor, who perhaps are rich in spirit and full of divine love. All and each look to be recognized by their minister. Jesus showed no partiality among his disciples. All clung to him as if their lives were bound up with his; and his benign and hallowed influence fell upon all alike, with infinite compassion and love. Bishop Edward Thomson often crossed the street to meet the students and give them his hand, and those who knew him best almost worshiped him, and his gracious looks will never be forgotten by us, who sat at his feet seeking knowledge.

The pastor should see his flock once or twice a

year, at least at their homes or shops, or wherever his members may be found, and bid them God-speed heavenward. The poor have just as much right to our attention as the rich and wiser ones. Poor dress should never turn us from any one who loves Christ; for often beneath coarse garments may be found grand spirits, noble hearts, in which the Lord delights to dwell. We have known ministers to be attentive to men in the Church, and refuse to discipline them for neglect of duties or for crimes, simply because of full purses, a standing in the world, or the possession of secular office, when the poorer classes would be strictly dealt with for far less offenses. Of course, this is the exception, and not the general rule. If we avoid controversy with our members about minor matters, and study human nature, the Churches under our charge will prosper. I believe we have the best Church government in existence, and strict and godly adherence to all our rules will lead us to prosperity and triumph. "We then, as workers together with Christ, beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain," is the principle that unites the Israel of God and causes sinners to flock to the house of the Lord. It would be my highest pleasure to incite the whole body of Christians to such positive action, such noble benevolence, such importunate and earnest pleadings before God, as will be acceptable to him, to bless by the outpouring of his Spirit in its constant prosperity.

Every true Church devoted to God, as it should be, will possess the revival spirit. Every faithful

minister of Jesus Christ will be honored with revivals in his charge from year to year. God has promised to all his servants the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. There is no truth in all the Bible more assuring to the faithful minister, for his comfort and encouragement, than that spoken by the prophet, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it." The divine encouragement comes to us in such words as these: "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants, for Jesus' sake;" "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." We are favored with light at every step of our journey, and God will "lead us in a plain path because of our enemies." "He will guide us with his eye," in the execution of all our duties. So if one is called of God into his great vineyard, the blessed Master will supplement his efforts, and support him in his labors. But he must feel an intense interest for the salvation of souls. As he considers man's perishing nature, his liability to be eternally lost, his interest for them intensifies, and soul, mind, and heart become aflame; often anguish possesses his spirit as he weighs the unlimited price paid for man's redemption. His burden will at times be so great that his very food will be repulsive; restlessness will gain the ascendancy over his bodily powers, the mercy-seat will be constantly besieged



with ardent pleadings, the altar of prayer will be wet with his tears, the Almighty will be importuned by day and by night until the heavens give ear to the cry, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the slain of the daughters of my people!"

He must search them out personally. He will come to them in tears, with burning entreaties, with words of earnest persuasion, with a resolve never to desist, until he realize the salvation of God has come to Israel. Love will be the chief attribute of his address, while the thunders of the law shall sound upon the sinner's ear. His face shows solemnity, without repulsiveness; his words, though severe, are the language of a friend. The happiest sight for the true minister is to see his altar crowded with penitents coming home to God.

In revival work, God must be consulted first. His grace must be implored; his wisdom devoutly sought. All our learning and eloquence, whatever helps we can secure, will prove abortive without the presence of God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." This truth embraced, "we can do all things through him who strengtheneth us." There may be men of talents, of strong, great abilities, who have the art to hold the multitudes in awe, and at times produce great excitement, and lead many to the altar and to the profession of religion; but unless Christ is their theme, Jesus' blood is the meritorious plea, and self is held entirely in the background, few will be soundly converted. If men

are called of God to dispense the blessed Gospel, they will build up his cause despite all opposition. If his aid is promised, no foreign strength is requisite, no paid evangelist need be sent after, no side-power is demanded, for the rapid triumph of the Church. God will bless the faithful pastor if he do his whole duty, and vast good will obtain in all his labors.

If we are wholly the Master's, and fully laid upon the altar with all we possess, the "altar will sanctify the gift," and the world will feel the impulse of our devoted, Christian life. Who would not work for our Savior's cause? How many gems of brightness shall shine in our crown, to be cast at the feet of the dear Redeemer! Let us be up and doing "while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work." The good man inquires, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" "He that hath clean hands [defrauded no one], and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."

In those days more than three-fourths of our homes were the log-cabins, save in villages. They were made of rough, round logs, with bark left on, and corners extending out several inches; with doors made of coarse, heavy, split puncheon boards, braced and fastened by strong cross-bars, with wooden latches. The cupboards were made by boring inch holes in the logs, and laying boards across them, two or three in number, as was demanded; and they were several feet long. Here

the plates (very often pewter) and cups and saucers, tin pans and pots and jars, tobacco-box and pipes, were placed. I have been at houses where the one big iron pot or kettle was used for coffee, meat, cabbage and potatoes, and mush; each was alternately cooked, and some were placed in wooden troughs or bowls until the other articles were done. I have seen scores of sugar-troughs used for cradles, in which they rocked their babes. Our coffee was often made of parched corn, rye, or wheat, and we enjoyed it as a delicious drink, when sweetened with home-made sugar; and sometimes the coffee was boiled in sugar-water, fresh from the maple-tree. Very often we had no sugar at all, after our camp-sweet was all gone. We frequently were favored with bear-meat, venison, wild hogs, and squirrels by the hundreds, as well as a host of wild turkeys and pheasants. I have seen in these days millions of wild pigeons, in such vast flocks that, for hours at a time, they have flown over us, until the sky and the surrounding lands were darkened, and a great noise, softly rumbling, was heard by their passage. Pigeon-roosts became, at places, great annoyances, and acres of trees were covered with them for weeks, until their migration time came. People by thousands visited their resorts nightly, and even by day, and bagged them by the wagon-loads, thousands upon thousands, some salting them down for a short season. The greatest sport was to level our old shot-guns, and bring down by our side from twenty to thirty at one shooting. This we have done; and it was no sign

of a good marksman, either ; for a single shot could not pass through the numberless courses that overshadowed us in their flight. Their numbers and weight broke down hundreds, yea, acres of large trees, and stripped others of their limbs, equal to the sweeping hurricane in its maddened march. In the Fall of the year, farmers dreaded their visits, lest their own timber should prove their monthly rendezvous.

These were also days of peculiar dress. There was the great bell-crowned hat for men, measuring on the top two to five inches larger than where it binds the head. It was an odd sight, and would hold about a peck. Then there were caps made of all kinds of skins and furs, and in singular shapes ; some low and squatty, some broad out, and some high and lofty and peaked ; some yellow, white, and red ; some black and brown ; from the hides of foxes, muskrats, otters, bear, squirrels, opossums, wild-cats, ground-hogs, and rabbits. Ladies' dresses, especially in the country, never touched the ground, but were modest and easy ; made of calico, or linsy-woolsey mostly, a nice home-made flannel, spun on the great and little spinning-wheels, and then woven at home on the "good old loom," and colored with dye from the walnut, hickory, oak, dogwood, or chestnut bark. Generally the deepest red was most popular for young ladies and the children, while blue and butternut-brown suited the old women best ; and I have seen multitudes of such woven, and also bought it in our store, for sale. The sleeves of dresses were spread out like little

balloons, and would hold from a peck to a half-bushel, each; and many bonnets were from ten to fifteen inches high above the crown of the head, extending as far out before the face; so, with an old-fashioned veil on, it could be well hidden from the gaze of any one, or from the burning sun-rays. There were no bonnetless heads, bare and saucy faces peering you out of countenance, in those days; our mothers and sisters were generally retired and modest, with all their noble courage and fortitude. Almost every man and boy carried his gun as his defense, going from place to place through timber, lest he might be attacked by some wild animal.

In those early days there were no matches, except such as we children made, by splitting blocks up finely, and dipping the ends in melted sulphur; but these possessed no power to ignite by friction. I was quite a boy, or nearly a man, before I saw a match of phosphoric nature; but now hundreds of tons are manufactured yearly.

Nearly all our guns were of the old type, with heavy flint-locks, so that every man, when out in the cold, or in the wet woods, had his piece of "punk" in his pocket, to catch the spark from the sparking-flint, when struck by his old pocket-knife. This "punk," resembling rotten wood, but a little sponge-like, retained the fire, and could be blown into a flame, and create a nice blaze with any combustible matter. A piece of steel, or a pocket-knife, and a small piece of this substance, have saved hundreds from perishing, when lost in the wild forests, or having to camp out for the night;

and such speedy, well-timed fires frightened away wild-beasts.

While relating these peculiar incidents of past days or years, I may speak of funny parties, which were often held in certain parts, and participated in to the pleasure of many. In olden times they had quite odd ways, which were innocent and unsophisticated, which now, in these exquisite and suspicious times, would be termed "horrible" and all out of place; but to them it was simple sport. One was called the "bundling party." I came home on one occasion, in my youth, from my circuit, for a short visit. The next day my mother said: "John, don't you want to go up to Tom's to-night? They have a party they call 'bundling.'" "What is that?" I asked. She said: "I do not know; but they call it by that name. But you go and call on the family, and they will be greatly pleased; and then see what it is, and tell us." So, as Tom was our old Maryland boy, whom we raised and brought out of slavery to Ohio, I went; for we thought "all the world" of Tom, and his nice little household. And what was my wonderful surprise as I entered the room, to see about twenty young men, country boys, each one having a girl on his lap, his arm around her waist, and her right arm over his shoulder, and all talking away glibly, and as happy as larks. I was really somewhat confused, and felt "flat;" but none of them seemed embarrassed, for that was the nature of that kind of a party. But another feature of the evening was, that for such occasions the host always builds a long, temporary

support, or a kind of bed-seat, and then spreads over it hay or straw, and the hostess lays quilts and coverlets over that, for their "bundling" party. Then six or more couple, as the bed is large or small, sit for awhile on the edge or front, say for an hour or so, then throw themselves back, and all lie there and talk and laugh, or sing in royal merriment, until one sings out to rise, when other couples take the position; and thus the night of romp is spent, until departure for home. These parties I was told, were frequent in Pennsylvania.

We also had apple-butter parties, and apple-parings and stringings, where we spent nearly the whole night in real delightful interviews, often walking five to ten miles to attend them. Fall and early Winter was the great hog-killing time, when neighbors joined hands and made this useful work a great pleasure; for scores engaged in entrail-cleaning, sausage chopping and stuffing; and then feasting on the fresh pork, with corn-bread, rye coffee, apple-pies, royal doughnuts, and the like; followed by apple-eating and nut-cracking by the bushel. Such was life in early days.

## Chapter XIV

MY FOURTH WORK, MARSEILLES MISSION—MY BLESSED COLLEAGUE, REV. JOHN BUNKER, AND HIS QUALITIES—WILD HOGS, AND CAUGHT FOR USE—A MAN'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH—TURKEYS, WILD WOODS, WILD ANIMALS, WILD-CAT THICKET, AND MY FEAR—WONDERFUL WAY TO CARRY WILD HOGS, THEIR MOUTHS SEWED UP, STARVE THEM DOCILE—HIDES AND SKINS BY THE HUNDREDS—MISSIONARY COLLECTION, BUT HE WOULD NOT GIVE, GOD KILLED HIS HEIFER, THE FIVE DOLLARS CAME—THE WOLF, ITS HOWL, MEANNESS—HICKORY TORCHES—EVENTFUL YEAR—I MARRIED, SHALL WE MEET ABOVE?—FUNNIEST WEDDING TRIP, WE SING, AND ALL IS OVER, I GET THE FIVE, BROTHER HIGGINS A NOBLE FELLOW—JOHN VAN-OSDALL AND A GOOD TRACT—WHO DID NO SIN.

MY fourth work was perhaps, to me, the most eventful and heart-cheering of all my itinerancy. It was my first year in charge. My colleague, Rev. John Bunker, as junior, was one of the most noble, outspoken, and open-hearted men I ever knew. He was a real practical, jovial man, with Christian mood, and as generous a being as grace could refine. He was about five years older than myself, yet he was in consonance with all my Church ruling and advice. Being a lawyer by profession, his advice I regarded with profit, and no two men could have worked more harmoniously in the Gospel harness. We held protracted meetings often, and succeeded in leading many to God and



into the Church. I think the most of our success was through his ardent labors, his frequent visiting, and his earnest and practical exhortations. All classes loved him. He had once been, or tried to be, a Universalist, and knew their whole range of thought; and as they were somewhat prevalent in that day, he thundered against their doctrine, and scattered their ranks. We never had a difference in word or view in all the passing year. He lived but a few years after this, for God took him to his higher home. He died in full faith, and in sight of the celestial city, seeing heaven from the bank, this side of the stream.

The name of our work was "Marseilles Mission," which embraced much of the western prairies of Marion County, and some of Hardin, and also a vast scope of dense forests; and in bad weather but few places could exceed it for deep, black, sticky mud, and "oceans" of water spread all over the flat land. Often, in my travel from point to point, the spokes of the buggy have been closed up, and almost hidden by the mud, and the water above axle-deep, which so softened it that we could move along tolerably well. Portions of this land abounded with countless flocks of prairie-chickens, where gunners found great sport, coming many miles to supply their larders; and in other portions were multitudes of squirrels.

In the woods, some distance out, were wild animals, some few panthers now and then. Wild-cats were often seen and shot, as their screams betrayed them to the hunter's ear; and in and about

the Scioto woods bottoms wild hogs were very numerous, and were hunted and slain, by scores and hundreds, in the Fall, for Winter use. Many were captured alive, and penned up for a few weeks to fatten on corn, though they were quite fat on the forest mast when taken; yet the meat was so soft and the fat so greasy, that a little feeding on corn seemed necessary, to make them more solid for sale in market, as well as for keeping them better through the Winter. It would not be out of place to say that *thousands* of fine, fat, beautiful deer traversed those woods, and hunters in the immediate vicinity, and from afar, camped out for weeks, and found much delight in the chase. We have seen hundreds brought into market, and sold and shipped to distant points. When a youth, I bought unnumbered hides in our store, and we sent them off to be tanned and cured, and returned for our own country use; and there was more real honesty then, than now, in their preparation, as they were not hastened through such a chemical and burning process, destroying their vitality.

In my peregrinations from place to place, on such a large circuit or mission, I have seen hundreds of deer, of every size, from the lovely and skipping little fawn of many spots, to the athletic and agile old buck, crowned with horns three feet long, of many forks, or the beautiful, swift-footed, symmetrical doe, rush past me, and near by; then turn around and gaze upon me for a moment, with great protruding eyes, and bound away, as if in the air, at about twenty knots an hour. The jumping

and bounding of a flock of deer is one of the richest and most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. It often seemed to me that their instinct informed them that I was a preacher, and it was Sabbath too; for on Sabbath-days, going from appointment to appointment, they were more tame and numerous than on other days.

The woods were also infested, then, with a great black bear, that played havoc with the wild hogs or pigs, whenever they could come upon them in their beds; and they feasted on the shoats, or smaller and younger ones; but woe betide the old Bruin, if alone, when he seized the prey, especially if the savage old sow or fierce boar were near; for their furious attacks, with their long piercing tusks, would soon bring Mr. Bear to the earth, to be devoured instantly by the herd of hogs that immediately gathered. If the fight began, the squeal and wild grunt, or maddened cry of the hogs, soon called hundreds to rush from their thickets to the front, to enter into the terrible conflict. There is scarcely any thing in the forest that fights with more fiendishness and fury than the excited and infuriated swine. They fear the growl and the sudden, sharp bite of the hound more than even the wild beasts.

The bear was an easy prey to the old and experienced gunner. All the hunter desired was to get his eye or aim once on it, and "crack" went the old-fashioned, thirty-five-to-forty-bulleted-run rifle, and down fell old Bruin, scarcely giving a kick. Their skins were useful and valuable, to

make robes or saddle covers, as they were soft, and lasted many years.

In those days hunters were so skilled in shooting that seldom any thing ever escaped their fire, if a moment's sight could be taken on the object. Many a swift deer, in rapid flight, has caught the bullet of the dextrous aimer, and fallen dead in an instant. I well remember being at a good old Methodist brother's house, about forty years ago, who had just come from his regular hunt, and how his whole nature was worked up when he entered his cabin. His fire, or shot, was so sure that he was never known to lose his game, if he had his gun once to his sight. That day, out in the thick woods, he was sure he espied, through the undergrowth and brambles, the head of a deer, and raised his gun, and was leveling it, when a quick, loud voice echoed instantly through the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards: "John, do n't shoot; for God's sake, do n't shoot!" and all trembling and nervous, though an awfully brave fellow, he instantly caught sight of his own brother, whom he mistook for the game. The brother was also out in search of food, and just then was standing still, watching for a chance at a fine, large buck. He would have shot in another moment—one second or two ensuing—and, had he not observed the glittering of his brother's gun, sad death would have been brought into the household. They related to others the whole affair, years after its occurrence, with great feeling, and heart-felt thanks to God for the preservation and escape.

I suppose it would be impossible to impress my readers with an idea of the vast numbers of wild turkeys that inhabited those parts, and went in great gangs, and were trapped and shot for home use by scores and hundreds; yes, I may say by the thousands. One part, called the "Burlington Storm-sweep," which I passed through every four weeks, was a most frightful track, an uncomely sight to behold, and created a peculiar sensation in the mind, as of desolation itself. A storm or hurricane, over thirty years previously, had here cut a track from one to two miles in width, and from fifty to a hundred in length, sweeping every tree and shrub and cabin and good residence, and even one whole town, before it, as a scythe would mow down the grass of a meadow. At the time I was there the place had grown up into small trees, thickets, and patches of tall briars, and looked like the resort of jackals, tigers, and hyænas, rather than the passage-way of an itinerant. Thousands of rotten logs and old stumps of all sizes mingled in the mass of offensive *débris*. It was haunted by wild-cats in great numbers, by not a few panthers and howling wolves, and you could hear the screeching cry of the owl at all hours. I generally had to pass through this horrible place in a diagonal course; but I always spurred my swift steed with some excitement, as the least noise made me think that an old cat or a catamount, a bear or a wolf, or all together, were watching my movements. Having been reared, from early life to manhood, in the city, the reader may judge of my extreme fearfulness. Not armed

with else than my rawhide, I could have been easily subdued. This feeling of dread tormented me for half the year, until it partly wore off; yet I knew some people had been attacked severely.

We had beyond or within this wilderness a preaching-place, down in the dense woods, in a small clearing or two, in a humble, private cabin, where, perhaps, were fifteen members, scattered throughout miles of territory of many miles square. On one occasion, I arrived there a few hours before time for service, and I beheld a scene never to be forgotten, because of its oddity and venturesomeness, and, to me, apparent danger. Several men had been out on a wild-hog hunt. Each one came in on his horse, with no saddle; one had on his horse an old, shattered blind-bridle; the other two had only withes on theirs, coming down through their mouths, with reins of the same material. Neither had on a hat or common cap, but one made of wild skins; and only one of them had on shoes, but no stockings; while the other two were bare-footed. All had home-spun, home-made, linsey-woolsey pants, but neither a coat or vest; and two of them had strings or thin ropes for suspenders, and several nails for buttons, to hold up their trousers. My surprise was greatly heightened as the first man came in with his two hogs in front of him, resting on the horse's withers, with their mouths sewed up with twine, their feet tied with buckskin cuttings, and their heads reversed; the man holding them securely and tightly against himself. The second one was fixed like the first,

also having his two hogs in a similar position; and the third, with only one good-sized shoat, probably about one hundred and fifty pounds weight, likewise tied up before him. It was truly as novel a sight as I ever witnessed; and I asked them:

“How, on earth, did you ever get on your horses with them?”

“O,” they said, “we sewed them, and then bound them, as you see, and then we helped each other; and Jim helped us up with ours on our horses, and he had only the one, which he bound, and laid it on an old log, and then pulled it up before him.”

I inquired, “How did you get them from the wild herd?”

They said, “O, with our several hounds; and they held them until we tied them, one at a time, and that we did in almost a twinkling.”

“Did not the other hogs attack you while holding them?”

“Yes; at first they came at us savagely; but after the dogs had bitten many of them very severely, and by their sharp barking frightened them, they fled pell-mell in all directions, and in ten minutes were miles away; for they run like deer in swiftness; and those that were fiercest and tarried to fight us, our dogs caught and held for us.”

They said their hounds could hold them a half hour, resting satisfied, with a low growl, on their haunches, until the swine were literally worn out and subdued.

The combats were often really terrible; and the grunts and fierce squeals could be heard for

miles; and men had at times to climb trees, when great herds assembled, until the noble and faithful servants had conquered and scattered the body of them. Once in a while a poor dog, when off close watch, was seized, and torn in pieces in a moment, with their great tusks, often four to six inches in length. But few animals in the wild forest are more to be dreaded than the savage hog. The old sow beside her young pigs will suffer herself to be cut all to pieces ere she permits them to be captured.

These men had a tall rail-pen built, made of the largest rails, or logs, about sixteen feet high, all prepared, and great slabs laid on the top with mammoth logs across them to hold them in place, and one loose rail about six feet from the ground to pull open, and drop the shoats in between them; and immediately locking it with poles, they were secure; for had they not covered it thus securely, the wild hogs would have climbed up and over it, and have soon been gone, as they could go up the sides almost like a boy. For a few days they were starved out, indeed would not eat except by night; but they soon became quiet and tame, and rapidly fattened on corn, as starvation will calm and subdue and bring to appetite even the hyæna.

No one can imagine this sight, and I have but faintly described it to my readers. It stands before my vision as if but yesterday. This class were very poor in this world's goods, and made their living by hunting and procuring the skins of 'coons, minks, muskrats, deer, wolves, and bears, and sometimes other animals that were marketable,



as in those days all kinds of hides were used and sold readily for some price, and shipped East and beyond the sea. It was a lucrative business to hundreds, and old trappers spent the whole Fall and Winter months in this way, often absent half the year, and then bringing thousands home. I have seen old and skillful hands come baek with five hundred or more of all descriptions and sizes.

Our support from this backwoods society was very meager, seldom any one giving over twenty-five cents a quarter for the Gospel, and many much less. Sometimes our pay came in the form of venison, or maple-sugar, or nuts of some kind, or any thing we could turn to our use, or could trade off again in some store. I have taken many a pair of yarn socks, and sometimes home-made flannel or linsey-woolsey, and hard and soft soap, as my pay.

In that neighborhood was one brother who owned more cleared ground, and was better fixed than the others; and in his cabin we regularly held our meetings. Our yearly missionary-day came, and Brother Bunker accompanied me there, and we both spoke with all our zeal and knowledge, that we might instruct and enlighten them, and also make our annual collection successful, by large contributions. All of them gave us from five to fifteen cents apiece, but the owner of the home; and he said right out, "No, I will not give any for missions, but I will pay the preachers at home, as we have enough heathen among us here." We could not reason him into duty, by all our eloquence. So after dinner, just before we left, my colleague said

to him : "See here, my good brother, your example to-day was very wrong before your brethren, and I am sorry you refused to give for this great cause. It was by it that you ever heard the blessed Gospel in these wild woods ; and it is the only salvation and security for your future happiness. Others have helped to send the heavenly news to you and your parents. I now warn you, and tell you, Brother C—, God will punish you in some way or other for this indifference, and you will see it plainly some day. Now, remember my words." The brother laughed, and remarked, "O, I guess not, if I do my duty in other things."

When I returned in two weeks, this member met me and gave me a more hearty welcome than usual, and after very kindly caring for my horse, he said to me, "Brother Burgess, you may put me down for five dollars for the cause of missions, for this year, if you will." "Why, my good brother," I said, "what in the world is up? what caused you to change your mind, and to do this act, after so peremptorily refusing us when here?" He replied : "O, I must tell you, Brother Burgess, with my confession ; God sent a clap of thunder and a stroke of lightning down, a few days after you left us on that missionary-day, and it killed one of my very best heifers in all the lot of six, and I am afraid he will kill all the rest of them, and I want to do my duty before he sends any more destruction ; for my wife and I thought and talked of what Brother B— had said, and we concluded to act quickly." He had felt at the very time of his refusal to give

that he had done wrong : so I accepted the offering, and collected the five by the close of the year.

It is a fact that the Almighty “moves in a mysterious way,” and through nature, as well as by grace and the ministry, often arouses hearts to the recognition of their obligations ; and we had better always honor him with the first of the first-fruits of our vintage, or the firstlings of the best of our flocks. There are far too many members of our Church, like Ananias and Sapphira, who keep back from the Master a part of the price which belongs wholly to him, and thereby brings death, spiritual death, upon their souls. To withhold from God’s cause, when we are able to assist in its spread, is equal to a lie, and we will be held accountable in this regard. There are, also, far too many Esaus among us, who, in sheer recklessness, sell their birthright to life eternal for a mere mess of pottage. O, if our Father has given us but one talent, let us brighten it up, and double it by the coming of our Lord, and our bliss shall be a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come “life everlasting.”

The large gray wolf abounded in great numbers throughout these woods, and prowled around farms, destroying pigs and young sheep, and proved, at times, a terrible scourge. They were quite bold and vicious, and have often followed people with bloody intent for miles, and even devoured children, and frequently attacked grown persons when unarmed. Hundreds of them were killed, and a premium of five dollars per scalp was offered to all ;

so that diligent search was continually made for their capture. The howl, the hungry cry of this animal, especially during the night, was thrilling beyond all description, and produced a paralyzing feeling in the mind of the timid. To hear it once in the darkness of midnight, as you might be traveling along the highway, will make such an impression upon your mind, that memory will often recall it so clearly that you will almost fancy you hear its whining, doleful sound. It is said that the most successful weapon against these wolves, during night travel—as they prowl mostly at night—is the heavy torch; for both the panther and the wolf dread the flaming light, and fear fire. In going many times through the woods on foot, several miles, to our meetings, the fiery hickory torch was our guide and protection; and they would flee far away, and their whinings and barkings were heard in the distance. Unless exceedingly hungry, they are miserable cowards in the day-time, and only attack man when they have all the advantage.

On this mission were many most valuable Christian people in our Church, and in others; and during the Winter, Brother Bunker and I held several interesting revivals, and received between fifty and a hundred into the Church; such men and their families as farmers Sappington, Carr, White, Hopkins, Frame, Bower, Kennedy, Mount, Gray, Stayner, and others, who were of great weight, and godly in influence, to assist to build up Christ's kingdom.

This year my salary was one hundred dollars, being a single man; and my colleague's two

hundred and fifty, as a married man. My receipts were ninety-five dollars; so that, when I had prepared for, and gone to, and returned from, conference, I had nothing left but myself, my horse, and my old shaky buggy. Indeed, when I came to the mission, I had but sixty cents. It was not uncommon for us preachers to leave conference perfectly "strapped" of all cash; but one wonderful consolation was that, as we went, we found true friends in every country neighborhood, and in each town, who welcomed us to their hospitality; yes, were even joyful to have us tarry with them without stint of time; and this was one great means by which the itinerancy had such a moral power over their people, in their Christian talk, and by their family prayers, and thus the Church was likewise rapidly increased and powerfully strengthened.

In that day, pastoral visiting was the real secret spring of power, fully equal to the preached Word, to bring the multitudes to God and into his sanctuary. Its neglect to such a degree, in these latter days, is a great drawback, and limits our success. Give me a preacher of moderate talent, with a spirit of religious sociability, who goes from house to house, talking to all his flock, and leaving his prayerful blessing on each household,—greatly in preference to that exceedingly eloquent, high-headed, greatly-talented, popularity-seeking, and every-body-pleasing minister. The first is God's servant, the other is the world's. No good and faithful minister of the Gospel can afford to leave unperformed the duty of going from house to

house. His influence over souls, his power in the pulpit, his bread and butter, all, in a wonderful sense, depend on its continuance.

This year was the most eventful period of all my history, and it was fraught with more real interest to me, in every particular, than all others combined. It was the year of my conjugal relation, and, of course, pointed out my destiny, somewhat, for future development of talent, and for usefulness and happiness. I had at its close ended my fourth year; hence, was to be ordained "elder in the Church of God;" so I concluded to choose my companion for life, as an assistant burden-bearer in the great cause of Jesus Christ. For years I had made it a subject of earnest prayer, as fully as I had ever prayed for my salvation. I had not been in any hurry, and had no intention, when I came to the mission, so to engage myself to any mortal; the rather choosing to remain single until my sixth or seventh year had ended, and my studies were made the more proficient. But Providence seemed to lead my mind and heart to her who has been my helpmate for lo! these forty odd years or more. Her innocence, simplicity of heart, sweetness of spirit; her humility and unassuming attitude at all times, with her blessed and serene home culture and lovely parental government,—all seemed to combine so attractively in her, with such an unsullied character and sweet nature, that at our first acquaintance I was unexpectedly and divinely prompted, in due time, to offer her my heart, and then my hand, for all time. I, from this period

down time's course, now realize that no choice could have been made more prudently and wisely and happily for me; and she has been as a substantial barricade in sorrow, in temptation, in sickness, in poverty, and in toil; and though often we have slightly diverged—sometimes in thought, in plans, and in actions—yet the rays of divine light and the grace of God have so blended our affections, united our hopes, and bound our hearts, that now, in advanced life, speaking my individual sentiments, my early love and affection have ripened into such solid maturity of attachment, even here on earth, that, did I, in the faintest conception, imagine we would not be reunited, and joined with all our dear household in glory, by and by, the very cords of nature would sever, and anguish devour my mind, and my soul would sicken, and my heart would be rent. There is no thought in the bosom which so intensifies as this,—that we *all* may, as parents and children, gather at the last under the Tree of Life, walk out under the light of the throne of God, greet the blessed Savior as “Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts,” and forever dwell in the light of heaven.

She was the daughter of noble, kind, well-reared, influential Methodist parents, born in Sussex County, Delaware, and had emigrated to Ohio. Her near relatives were distinguished families—the Ponders and the Grays, occupying goodly positions in that old, noble State. Her parents' home was, and had long been, the welcome earthly paradise of noble itinerants, at whose bountiful table,

and around whose family altar, they had found support and Christian delight. Her parents, John and Mary Gray, then lived in Marion County, Ohio, where such great and good men as Revs. J. H. Power, D. D., John McNabb, John Quigley, Henry E. Pilcher, Oliver Burgess, John Bunker, Ludwell W. James, John Blanpied, L. Ward, Silas D. Seymore, Dr. H. M. Shaffer, and others, found more than mere pleasure—they found Christ abiding there. She was, also, the niece of that venerable and useful man, Rev. David Gray, long of the North Ohio Conference, of whom no man could speak too praiseworthily. He most kindly commended me, as a youth of high Christian ambition, with good educational acquirements, and in whom he thought he saw a hopeful outcome for great usefulness. Would that his prophetic words and hope had been fully met!

On this work I had a very interesting matter occur, which I published partly in a secular paper, and I will here introduce it in full, as it was therein written :

In the Fall of 1846 I had the good luck of being sent to the M— Mission, my fourth year in the vineyard of my Master. This was also my first charge as senior preacher. The three previous years I was junior, and have ever since rejoiced at having the wisdom of three good men over me. If this were continued over young men, it would be far better for them and the Church. My colleague was one of the best of men, very lively and good-humored, and useful. The country over which our



mission extended consisted of large plains and dense woods, intersected by several streams, and it also embraced the great, and at times terrible, Scioto River. For a good part of the season, miles of acres were overspread with water; for when it snowed or rained, it was very difficult to find its way out. Small rains often swelled the little creeks suddenly, and sometimes great rains came down and raised the river immensely.

The time I will now allude to, was late in the month of February. Several hard rains had descended, and the whole open lands, and timber also, were quite inundated. At this time a great damp snow succeeded the rains, and all nature was mantled with a white coat. On a Friday morning while passing to my week-day appointment, a gentleman came riding along the road quite briskly, and met me. He seemed a little excited and nervous, but bracing up, said, "See here, my good brother, I want you to marry me next Tuesday at two o'clock." "Ah!" said I, "is that so, Brother W—? and where will it be?" "O, I guess about eight miles off; it's to be over at the house of Mrs. L—; you know the place. She lives near the Scioto River; so you can meet me and others at the cross roads, and we will start early, so as to make good time." All was arranged, and by the hour of four, quite early, I mounted my fleet horse and soon met him and two others, all on horseback, equipped for the occasion.

Our ride was through a dense forest, the trees not even blazed, and no trail to guide us. Every

step on the open ground was mud and slush, and when we touched the edge of the woods, the whole earth was overspread with water from four to twenty inches in depth. Neither of us knew the exact course by line, but had to judge by the moss on the trees, and our traveling instinct or reason. No sooner had we come under the trees than we found that every limb and twig was covered with heavy snow, so that our movements brought it down copiously on our bodies and hands, down our necks, wetting us like a shower, and all over our horses and saddles, until it was very uncomfortable to sit and ride well. But we moved along, each one thinking himself the best guide; we followed each other, whosoever happened to be ahead in the march. We would cry out, "Take the lead now, you, Mr. Groom; take the lead, brother. We fear you have gotten us into a pretty muss." So he, boy-like, would hasten his horse, and the sound echoed loudly, "Come along; go ahead; put on the spurs; all right, we 'll soon make shore; the glimmering of land is visible." Brother W— was merry as a cricket, and happy as a lark on a hay-stack, full of real, good fun, and as we somewhat tantalized him, he took all as any youth would, for you know we were going to a wedding, and that is the time to be glad.

We "kinder" lost our way, and as it is said, "went it blind" for a little distance. All small streams were booming full and raging, but we pitched in and crossed in good glee. Shortly we saw the first opening, and whom should we see but

the familiar face of a friend, a Baptist preacher. So Brother Carr, who was along, cried out, "Halloo! Brother Higgins, we feel at home now; we were all about lost, and are mighty glad to meet you." He was in his shirt-sleeves, on a log, chopping like a good fellow. "Well, well, I declare! what does all this mean, and where are you all going?" he asked. I replied, "O, just over here to a wedding!" "To a wedding? and who's going to be wedded such a gloomy day as this?" "O, this young brother," we all said, pointing to Brother W—. "Well, well," said Brother H—, "I think he has lots of courage and high ambition, and is full of royal hope, to undertake the job these times." We all said: "Come, Brother H—, come and go with us, and show the lost travelers the way. How far is it over to Mrs. L—'s?" "O, I guess about five miles; but I doubt if we can get through, for the water is awful high; but nothing like trying, and I suppose this is a desperate case."

He ran in the cabin like a noble fellow, put on his wamus and hat, bridled his old gray mare, and with a blanket, without any saddle, mounted, and we were off in the purest of spirit. In about two miles' ride we came to a bayou where the stream had filled and backed up for at least one-half furlong wide, so we feared to enter, but said, "Now, Brother H—, you are a good Baptist, and never fear water, so lead us," and in he plunged, and down he dipped, clear over the horse and up to his neck, then turned his horse and swam out. If we had died the next hour we could not have refrained

from laughter at his unfortunate leap. We all went up about a half mile further, crying out, "Take the lead once more, Brother H—, as you are a good navigator," and in he went and crossed, holding his feet and legs on the horse's shoulder; but he had mercy on me as the parson, or on the groom so nicely fixed in his wedding garments, and he told us to go up a little higher. We did so and passed over midside to our horses.

A short distance more, and we met another like embarrassment, and to be safe and sure we rode about a furlong up stream and crossed where it only came to our saddle-skirts. After a good laugh at our good leader, and also many thanks, we came, directly, in sight of a small clearing of a few acres, and the house within a mile and a half of the river. This was where the expected bride lived.

Just at this moment, as we reached the place, no language can describe the scene and effect produced by our arrival. First, the river had so swollen that nearly all the near neighbors had fled to this hut, a one-story hewed-log cabin, and others, not so adjacent, had all been driven to the higher land or dry spots, with what little clothing and stock they had; and all their cabins were in and under water, and some had been swept away. This one was on the highest little knoll, supposed to be very safe, and in recollection of all, the river had never before come within a half-mile of the house. Now the mad water was rushing past within thirty feet of the door.

In this cabin was a large six-foot-wide fireplace,

with a jam about four feet high, and a roaring log-heap fire burning. It was a chilly snow, and began freezing soon after we came. There were twelve or fifteen refugees there, avoiding the flood, among whom was a Campbellite preacher, and his family. Our coming was such a surprise to all, but especially to the bride, who had no idea of ourselves, or of the groom being on hand, and supposed it impossible for any one to reach the premises. She was therefore perfectly unprepared. She stood by the fire-jam, with hands and head against it, and wept with disappointment and confusion; for had she had the least thought of our coming, she would have been ready in her bridal attire. But matters must go ahead now, after all this trouble. So I went and touched her on the shoulder, and said: "Come now, my good sister, cheer up. This will never happen again as long as you live; so take things as they come, all right, and make yourself ready, and let the wedding go on." Then for a few minutes, while she assuaged her grief, we all talked of the weather and flood, and the preacher said: "Well, for ten days we never had a glimpse of the sun, until this morning, when it broke through a cloud, and O, you do n't know how happy we were when we saw that cloud open, and the rays come down on us! We fairly shouted, for I tell you a great gloom and almost despair had settled upon us all; we feared and prayed and wept, and did not know what to do." I interrupted him, and said, "Why, if you had shouted, you'd have been a Methodist." He replied, "Yes; we felt a little that way; but if the

river had risen one foot more, it would, as you see, have been in this cabin; but this morning it came to a stand-still." As this Christian minister told us all this sad and doleful story, tears filled all our eyes. Then said I, "Now come, gentlemen, let us go out awhile, and the ladies will fix the bride, and then call us in, and we'll attend to the little affair quickly."

Out we went, and hopped and walked about the door, lifted our feet up and down, and kept as warm as possible for half an hour or so; and the door was opened, and we entered into the marriage ceremony. I said, "Now, Brother W—, please take the lady by her right hand, and stand near the window." Then all of us, about twenty, besides several children, rose to our feet, and I proposed, that "Under these peculiar circumstances we will sing a few verses;" so I repeated the hymn:

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes," etc.,

which was sung as I never heard it before, so sweetly, with abounding thanks, after which the ceremony was performed as cheerfully as possible; but somehow the whole scene and surroundings made it a solemn though pleasant affair.

Hearty congratulations were given to the clever couple, though the Baptist preacher proposed to the groom, to which we all willingly agreed, that he return with us to guide us safely back, and in a few days the waters would abate, and then he could

return; for, said he, this room is now too much crowded. But Brother W— declined promptly, and seemed inclined to tarry with his captured bird. Then we mounted our horses and moved rapidly homeward. Surely we tendered numerous thanks to the excellent “Free-will Baptist preacher” for guiding us over and through the deep waters of trouble. Whenever, after that time, he and we met, our pleasures increased.

As a young man, I felt proud with the “five” in my pocket. Now, as the dear couple are both on the shining shore, I will tell you something: Brother W— was a widower, seventy-two years old, and Sister L— was a widow, fifty-six; they were well matched, lived several years happily in Christian love, and departed to dwell on the banks of the river of life—beyond the flood.

When words are fitly spoken, with prayerful intention, God directs them to great profit, and they may be “as apples of gold in pictures of silver.” On this mission I was called to marry a clever couple. The young lady was of inestimable worth, deeply pious, and a member of the Presbyterian Church; the young man was reared by Methodist parents, but was not religious, though outwardly moral, and a noble, kind-hearted youth. After the ceremony, before I departed, I called him to one side, and said: “Now, Brother John, you have chosen a good Christian girl for life as a companion. You are truly wise in so doing; but she has made a risk, for you are not the Lord’s by your choice and decision. Let her take no such risk, for

her soul and yours are valuable. Give your heart to Christ; be the good Lord's for time and eternity; and march along with her to heaven. Don't draw her back from the way of life, but help her to be a follower of the Lamb." I then gave him a tract, "The Young Married Couple," requesting him to read it speedily. He promised me to do so. In a few weeks its pungent truths directed him to the cross, and she and he gave me their names, and joined the Church. So John Vanosdall and his devoted wife became strong pillars in the tabernacle of our God, and spent a good life for a blessed immortality and a future reward in heaven.

What vast good we may all accomplish for our Master, if we embrace every opportunity! Why can we not ever imitate our dear Savior, in going about doing good to all, and thereby gem our crown with exceeding brightness? The height of our future bliss depends, through grace, upon the earnestness and diligence of our Christian profession. God will assist us to live right, and help us to accomplish wonders for his kingdom. To succeed well, we want—yea, must have—his image indelibly stamped upon our hearts; must be like him in that degree that no actual sin shall abide in us. His precious blood was shed to "cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" and it was said of him, "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." O, blessed be that Name, "high over all, in earth, or hell, or sky!" What an infinitude of meaning in that sublime sentence, "*Did no sin!*" No wrong ever seen in his life; his eye single to



the glory of the Father; no improper thought in his mind; no envy, jealousy, or hatred in his pure soul; no words that betrayed the truth, but words of love, compassion—words that silenced all criticism. All, even his bitterest enemies, discovered in him the divine radiation of love and mercy. The beauty and goodness of his life-history is worthy of infinite admiration, as that there “could be found no fault in him.” Spotless, and blameless, and pure; unimpeachable and full of good works; always abounding, in all his acts and words and looks, with sympathy and love. Was there ever such a teacher as he on earth? Such another example for us to imitate is unknown. All others fall into the shade in insignificance compared to the innocent Jesus, “the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

“O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine?”

At twelve years of age he manifested wisdom superior to the great and wise men of earth; “sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.” Thus in early childhood expounding, to the wisdom of the age, the strength and wonderfulness of the ancient Scriptures; going back centuries to the sublime prophecies, and their fulfillment in each period of time. How astonishing the youth, overcoming them with his wisdom! What a halo of glory crowned his brow as, thus absorbed in the things of God and immortality, he forgot even

his own parents and friends and journey, and for two days and nights continued to support and defend the truth! When chided by his mother, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," hear his glorious reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This answer was too wonderful for them to divine. No wonder "they understood not the saying which he spake unto them," for there was so much divinity in it. In that remark to them was an infinite development of the Godhead, and divinity in its glory shown in the Child.

No surprise that his after life shook all the nations; no wonder the whole world now feels the impulse of the march of the glorious impartation of his holy teachings. Blessed be God, that stone which "was cut out of the mountain without hands" smote the image of sin, that "was made of iron and clay," and broke it to pieces. It will roll on, and on, in sublime majesty, until the kingdoms of this world shall become subject to our holy Redeemer; and from the isles of the sea, and the distant parts of the earth—from mountain-top to mountain-top, from valley to valley—shall echo the sweet and jubilant sound, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." Then throughout the wide world may it be said of all Christians, "And all we be brethren."

There is an illimitable example of true faithfulness presented to us in the pure life of the Son of God. It is full of beauty, full of divinity,

manifesting matchless power, infinite skill; yet it can be imitated by every true follower of the Savior. What an impulse for good for all time, and to extend throughout all eternity, we may create, if we live as we are taught in the precious Word of Life! Nothing is so morally grand, or so godlike, as the spotless life of a human being consecrated to God's service, and lifting the fallen race up to heaven.

## Chapter XV

READ OUT FOR "PULASKI AND BEAN CREEK MISSION"—THROUGH THE INDIAN MISSION—THE PIKE AND CONTRAST, TRAVEL TWO MILES, YET AT THE SAME PLACE—OUR NEW WORK AND SITUATION—REV. S. F. FAIRCHILD AND WIFE—OUR FIRST LIVING, THE HOME—HOMES AND HOW SECURED, AND HOUSES TO LIVE IN—TAXATION, SPECULATORS SELL OUT, SCHOOL-HOUSES GO UP—HICKSVILLE, HON. MR. EDGERTON, CONGRESSMAN, FIFTY DOLLARS A BIG THING—THE CALL IS EFFECTUAL, WE GO, CONGREGATION, METHODIST, THE LONELY ROAD—A WILD ANIMAL AFTER ME, I FEARED AND FLED—AN AWFUL HURRICANE, BROTHER FAIRCHILD CRIES OUT, TREES FALL, LIGHTNING, THUNDER, RAIN—MOVE TO BRYAN—REV. THOS. BARKDULL'S MISTAKE, AND MUCH LAUGH—WE RETURN HOME, AND I RETURN BACK—DISMAL TRAVEL IN MUD, WATER, OVER CORDUROYS—WONDERFUL TREES—CLOSE OUR WORK—GO TO A NEW PLACE, "ENJOYED" THE FEVER AND AGUE, PREACH WHILE SHAKING—DRUNKEN WOMAN—GREAT FISHERIES, NICE HUCKLEBERRIES—FORT MEIGS, GENS. WM. H. HARRISON AND WINCHESTER, OLD HISTORIC TREE, BUT HE SHOT THE "RED SKIN," AND HE TUMBLER—ILLINOIS CONFERENCE AND GOOD BRETHREN—TWENTY DOLLARS QUICKEN ME—AGENT FOR FEMALE COLLEGE, POOR CABIN, ROAD MUD, CHICKEN, RATS, RATS, RAIN, SNOW, LEAKY, YET I WORKED—PETER CARTWRIGHT'S WORDS—CHILI CIRCUIT, GOOD ONES—IOWA CONFERENCE, HOW RECEIVED, DEPLETED OF OLD HEROES, MANY GOOD ONES LEFT.

CONFERENCE having closed all its work, I was "read out" for Pulaski and Bean Creek Mission, away up north-west, nearly two hundred miles, in the corner of the State. For one moment a shock came over me; but almost instantly I exclaimed, emphatically, out aloud, before my

brethren, "Thank God for any place to preach Christ!" Many near me smiled at my audible expression; and one brother remarked, "Well, Brother John, you seem to be ready to do any work, or to go anywhere, for your Master." I tell you, reader, that expression to me from that good preacher seemed to be a call from heaven, a real barricade to my mind, and a comfort to my soul; yes, "ready to do any work, anywhere, for your Master." Ah! how many a time God fires up the heart of some sympathizing and good old saint, to drop a word just in due time to save us, and inspire us to duty!

Had not that, or like words of kindness and encouragement, come to me so young and weak in the ministry, I scarcely know whether I could have gone at the call to such a distant and toilsome "field." To me it appeared away off in some great wilderness; for truly, in that day, it was a far-off, frontier work. But I soon righted up my old, rickety, second-hand buggy, with my stout, chunky horse; and wife and I placed all we possessed in our trunk, well bound on the hind spring-bar, then bid adieu to our people, feeling, no doubt, as did Abraham, "not knowing whither we went."

We were several days on our journey, passing through Upper Sandusky—the former home of the Wyandot Indians—passing by the old stone church, where the blessed missionaries, Stewart, Finley, Wheeler, and others, opened the door of salvation to the sons and daughters of the forest;

then through Lower Sandusky. Here we stayed all night at the parsonage, and, as a meeting was being held there, I had to preach. I spoke on the subject of faith. After the sermon, an old brother shook my hand, and asked me, "How do you know we will reach heaven if we continue in Christ, as you asserted to-night?" I humbly remarked, "I know it by faith in the promises of God." He slapped me on the back and replied, "That's it, my boy, that's it; you have struck the right line." That was an inspiration to my young heart, to hear that good old brother commend my words.

We also passed through Tiffin, and next came to Perrysburg, and tarried for a night with my new elder, Rev. Thomas Barkdull, whose whole soul, with that of his good wife, most graciously welcomed us. In those days all Christians were ready, yea, delighted, to give us entertainment. We passed through Maumee City, and crossed the Maumee River; then through Monclovia, Swanton, West Unity, traveling many miles through the deep, yellow sand, to our new home. But it would surprise some of my readers to tell them that that beautiful and solid pike which we just passed, so grandly macadamized; and where we traveled with our horse and buggy from six to eight miles an hour, twenty years earlier was a part of the vast black swamp, extending through parts of Ohio, and all through the length of Indiana—a great sea of water and mud, fearful beyond all words to portray. Scores of men, who at that period moved to the "Maumee regions," and farther west to the new

settlements, told us that they were from thirty-one to thirty-five days traveling thirty miles across that swamp. They often stayed two and three nights at the same tavern, yet moving every day. It was in this wise: The mud and water were ankle-deep or more, very mucky and sticky; and with their oxen or horses they pulled along, sometimes a half-mile or one mile, perhaps two miles, in a whole day, very often having to double teams; and when night came on, the men rode back on horses, and the boys on oxen, to the tavern, where the women tarried until a high spot of ground was reached; then wives and children rode behind and before husbands and brothers on the same horses, and they made a little better headway.

Men staid by turns where their covered wagons landed, as they generally moved in neighborhood groups, to keep the bears and wolves from their cows and calves, which were tied to the trees each night. The men, with their guns and dogs, guarded them well, yet they often had fearful encounters, and sometimes enjoyed, as a result, wild meat of some kind for their breakfast. Those great mastiffs and old-fashioned hunting hounds were their chief protection in that early day. Just think of the untold trouble and great difficulties our pioneers had, to open and cultivate that rich Maumee Valley, now an earthly paradise! Yet thousands marched, nay, plodded right along, overcoming all hardships and real dangers by their great energy and pluck; and thus opened one of the grandest of all parts of our country for rising generations.

On this circuit were about sixteen appointments. scattered over a portion of territory in the shape of a letter **S**, but mostly through deep forests of tall trees, extremely flat and swampy ground, and almost roadless, except on the one open, mainly traveled, newly made road, somewhat worked and cast up for coming emigration; so we had to travel as best we could, through water and sloughs and brush, and dense forests. One section of a few miles, we passed through an immense thicket of high briars and shrubs of all kinds; but the road was only from ten to twelve feet wide. A more doleful and fearful looking place I have never seen; and if a wagon or buggy had met us just there, I know not how we could have passed without trouble. I now confess I felt awful, and thought of home and better traveling, and my young and tender wife with me, taking her from many blessed conveniencies; and the unbidden tears flowed down my face, and I really moaned aloud in speaking of our condition. She instantly, in the nobleness of her confiding heart, placed her arm around me, and remarked: "O, do n't feel so badly; do n't cry; we will soon be through all this, and reach a better spot."

Ah yes! reach a better position! which always follows the unpleasant course, if we courageously persevere, and brave up against all odds. So it is in all life's events, that pluck, true ambition, hope, and continuance in well-doing, bring us triumph and joy, as well as establish our character for greater usefulness.



I had, as my junior colleague, Samuel F Fairchild, to whom I referred as a former fellow-student, and his kind wife, as noble hearted a couple as ever lived. He was a dignified, studious, companionable, and religious gentleman, and an ardent friend, and rendered me vast aid on the work. She was the sister of our blessed conference companion, of the North Ohio Conference, the Rev. William Heustis, whose amiability was always appreciated among his brethren; but he died years ago, and entered into life immortal. Mrs. Fairchild had been a school-teacher for years, and was a woman of the kindest spirit, manifesting most gracious gentleness to all classes.

Our welcome all over the circuit was universal. Houses were very scarce, and there were no places to rent, as the people were rushing in from the East and South rapidly; and many who came from older parts, who had lived in fine residences, and some even in mansions, had to take up with the rude, rough cabins; and, indeed, they had often to live in their wagons, and under muslin tents. I have seen some few living under boards, elevated in an inclined position over their "dug-outs" or cellars, for a little while, until they built temporary log-houses, thrown up in a hurry without thinking, often without flues, with hard slabs only for seats, hickory poles for bedsteads, and sawed-off logs for seats, with tables made out of the coarsest boards, or they used trunks or boxes for that purpose, as but few had brought with them furniture of any account. Many a time they lived for weeks, and

through the whole Summer, without any floor save mother earth; their doors were made of puncheon boards, hung by wooden hinges, and fastened by wooden latches; their houses were covered with rough clapboards, rifted by the old iron splitter, and tied on by poles and withes to the top cross-log so tightly that no storm or wind could blow them off. The doors were made strong enough to debar the wolf, bear, or panther from entering their cabins at night, until they were able to cut logs, and haul them away for miles to some saw-mill; so that in a year, or less, as they were diligent, they could secure for themselves a better dwelling. Many were careless and seemed to take pleasure in such humble places for many years; while others soon enriched and ornamented their new homes. The Germans generally prepared better living and security, first for their stock, then for their families, while the Yankees took more pride in building their dwellings, letting their stock shift for themselves amid the wild storms. Bricks were scarce as gold; hence their chimneys were made of sticks and straw or grass, with mud, and the base of stone, when able to obtain it. They made their living on coarse food, meal or half-ground wheat, unbolted flour, rye, buckwheat, and hominy, bear-meat and venison, wild turkeys and squirrels, and the like. Most of these were in great abundance, which gave them health, strength, and vigor, and great ambition in opening the way to progress and civilization.

No one now, beholding the glorious farms, the rising towns, the vast improvements, the numerous

happy homes, and the thousands of enriched people, could imagine the extreme roughness of living, and the untold privations through which the earlier settlers passed. Their children are now reaping the full harvest of plentifulness and riches.

In those days, speculators in the East owned most of the land through these parts, and the people determined to "oust" them, if possible, or make them sell, as they asked exorbitant prices of settlers; so by a county vote, they assessed all land at five per cent tax, and it became such a burden to large land claimants that they immediately began selling out in small portions, so "comers-in" could settle and enjoy homes. This tax also required the building of large two-story brick school-houses; and in different townships they speedily "went up," often two or three miles from any dwelling, right in the midst of the woods. The brick was hauled from a distance at great expense, though some few were made in the neighborhood at that time.

Messrs. Julius Curtiss and Ester Bliss, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, were appointed assessors of deceased men's estates, and they had to go sometimes eight or ten miles back from their duty, to find food or a place for rest, as no one could accommodate them. This taxation was a perfect triumph to the settlers, and dismay to the men of speculation; hence they sold their lands as fast as demanded.

Our first place of residence in these quarters was exceedingly disagreeable, and to us unattractive, so ill-fitted for our comfort, and it was a regular

backwoods, Daniel Boone kind of living. We had to board, and the double cabin, of two rooms, was required to accommodate eight persons besides ourselves, although they had a low loft, to which they ascended by a little ladder. But as they wished to favor us with a room, they being a very clever family, they built a narrow bedroom about eight by twelve feet, with a rough puncheon floor, and clap-board roof, filling the crevices with merely mud and sticks as chinkings. This room had only one window, with six panes of glass of the smallest size; hence our light was quite limited; and, there being no fire-place, we borrowed a small Franklin stove, and ran the pipe through the roof. Our entertainers supplied us with a bed, an old rocking-chair with one rocker, for my wife, and I cut off an eight-inch log smoothly for a "chair" for myself, or used my trunk at times. I bored holes in a log of the house to insert pegs, procured a board about sixteen inches wide, and four feet in length, and laid it across the pegs, for a table to write on and study by, as well as to hold my few books. We nearly froze at times during the Winter, as the bleak, whistling winds pierced through every opening, and they were not a few. When it rained for a season, creating damp weather, the floor would swell up in a **V** form, and the storms came puffing in severely; and when it was quite dry for a few weeks, the boards shrank apart, wide enough to permit a mouse, or a "wee varmint," to crawl through, which caused us some uneasiness. On very cold Winter days our stove was not sufficient

to keep us at all comfortable, and we would turn round, first one side, then the other; and although the stove was kept red-hot, we were in freezing order, and so uneasy that we could not apply our minds to reading, either burning or chilling all the time. And thus we passed the Winter.

After remaining on the work about six weeks, legal matters demanded our return home. On our first day's travel we found the roads so terrible, and the mud and sand so deep, that we had the misfortune to break down; but returning, we rigged up our broken buggy with a hickory pole beneath the body, lengthwise, bound by withes and strong cords, and, starting next morning, we made our trip, of about two hundred miles and back again, quite safely. In early Spring we packed our trunks, and moved to Bryan, the county-seat.

Several little incidents occurred here, that memory unfolds. There was a newly laid-out town, some ten miles from our range, quite near the Indiana line, called Hicksville, right in the midst of a fifteen-thousand-acre tract of rich land, belonging to the Hiekses, of New York. On this vast tract, in this village, lived the agent, the Hon. Mr. Edgerton, a very superior and cultivated man, and a perfect gentleman in all respects, who afterwards became the Democratic Congressman from that district, and figured largely and nobly in Washington, D. C. He and his family were attendants of the Episcopal Church, in former days; but he knew the power and success of Methodism, as the best of all Churches for pioneering and settling up new

countries; so he wrote to me, offering us fifty dollars if we would visit his town every two weeks, and preach to them the balance of the year. It was a big offer in that time of limited pay, as but little money was then afloat; so we accepted the proffer, and my colleague and I went alternately as proposed, and delivered to them the "Word of Life," for Christ's sake, and for the cash, so much needed.

We preached in a neat white school-house, which he had erected at his own expense; so our congregation was large and attentive, made up of himself and family, and his many work-hands, perhaps three-score altogether, some few neighbors scattered about in the dense woods, from four to six miles off, and also a few Methodists living throughout the wilderness, as we always found them wherever human feet had trod; for they always followed closely on the Indian track, and were sometimes found as missionaries in their midst. We formed a good class, and it became a strong Methodist society, and rapidly increased in strength. Never did any persons treat us more kindly, and feed us with more real pleasure, than did this royal and noble family. Their home was an oasis in this vast wilderness.

But to reach that distant point semi-monthly, required much effort and courage, as the road was but recently cut through, and the trees were "felled" and "snaked" alongside the track, and millions of little and large stumps were still erect. It was a long, woody, lonely ride, without settlements, and

its chief and controlling "inhabitants" were the prowling gray wolves, the old black bear, the sneaking, crouching panther, screech-owls, the cross and angry wild-cats, and many other things else than human.

Once, while passing on my horse thitherward, I heard an angry, savage growl, and the brush cracking as if something in the edge of the woods were jumping along my way. Merely catching a distant glimpse of it, I was much alarmed, and having a fleet horse, I touched him with my whip, and hurried onward at a rapid speed. I felt the cold chills running all over my body, and it seemed as if my hair lifted my hat on my head; and I stood up, and leaned forward in my stirrups, with one hand tightly gripping the reins, and the other holding on to the horse's mane. After a mile or so, I rode slowly, as I apprehended no more danger; but in five minutes I again heard the leap and moan of the animal, and the brush rattling, and off again I rode, with increased fear a mile or two, and outstripped it in its chase; but it followed me at least six miles, until I reached a little farm, and I was safe. Some said it was a hungry gray wolf, and others thought it was a panther; but it was a sneaking coward, as it never once entered the open road. Whatever it was, I might have been its feast, had I had a lazy or slow horse.

But in that village we have named, we greatly enjoyed preaching to the intelligent audience. Another denomination asked this noted gentleman if they might hold a two days' meeting in his large

barn that Summer. Although they had no members within ten miles of the place, yet they wished to bring their people from afar for that purpose, thinking to undermine our work, so successfully begun; but he did not fancy them or their organization, and he promptly replied, "I have my barns occupied with provender, and my stables with mules and horses, and I prefer no more mules or asses to enter it;" so they collapsed, and withdrew their request.

To meet other appointments on our work, we had to travel through miles of black mud and water, directed by the "blaze" of the trees, or by the moss at the roots of them. "Now," inquires one, "how could you tell by the moss?" Well, on the north side of the trees it was thicker and softer than on other sides, and that was a guide, and knowing the direction of our preaching-places, with this mossy compass as our mark, we were seldom lost. This wonderful information we had learned in early life from the untutored Indians.

While on this work, as my colleague and I were on our way to a two days' meeting, we were overtaken by a hurricane of the most terrific character. We saw the black and blue clouds gathering rapidly, and we hurried our horses with great speed through the dense woods, along a very narrow road; for we were far away from any habitation or clearing, where we could reach an "opening." The noise of the approaching tempest sounded like a hundred engines, with accompanying cars, crossing high bridges. Brother Fairchild cried out to me:



“ Watch, Brother Burgess! Keep your eyes on the trees. Ride fast. Be careful! I’ll go ahead a little, and we may escape destruction.” But before we had gone a furlong, down thrashed the great trees across our narrow course; now one just ahead of him; then one or two fell between us; then several but a short distance behind us; then thousands of small trees were swaying to and fro, and kissing the ground, and the fierce storm muttering angrily, almost words of terror; then the vivid glare of lightning, repeated over and over, and resounding claps of thunder, came in rapid succession; then heavy winds swept through the forest, like engines on a track, full of steam, with their throttles open, and the engineer gone; and it appeared as if every tree and bush, within their maddened march, yielded to their passing fury, like grain before the cutter, so that there must have been thousands upon thousands laid level with the ground. But we narrowly escaped amidst the rage of the hurricane by soon entering a small “opening;” and we thanked God for this open refuge, though we then received the copious showers and pelting and drenching rains which followed. We would have chosen a hundred heavy rains in preference to one hurricane, when out in the woods.

Passing, at one instance, to my appointment, as we had but one horse, and our buggy was broken and out of order, my wife rode behind me on the same horse. We had to cross a long, muddy swale, or green pond of muck and water, and our horse had hard work to pass through it. His foot went

down at one place so deep that he floundered, and giving a quick jump or lunge to get through, my wife fell off, and grabbed tightly to my coat and saddle skirt, slipping down on the side of the horse, while I held her by her cloak. Just as we reached the land, she fell to the ground; but had it happened one minute sooner, she would have been well baptized—not in the river Jordan, but in “Swale Creek.” We would not have been seen in this predicament for any consideration, as it was rather amusing and quite confusing to us.

Many dear ones on that circuit are often called up with pleasure; such as the McKain family, among whom was the kind, generous, and devout John McKain, whom I licensed to exhort, and who became a useful minister of the Gospel in the Central Ohio Conference. I found great pleasure in his company, and hoped that he would make a high mark in his after life; and, praise God, I was not disappointed. There were also the families of Yates, Cunningham, Opdyke, Baird, Dr. Paul, and others. At this last family residence I had the happy privilege of marrying the county representative, Mr. Landis—a young man of superior talents, and a lawyer of great promise—to a Miss Amelia Mallory, a cousin of my distinguished friend, Rev. Dr. William Goodfellow. She was then teaching school in Bryan, and was an accomplished lady in every respect. The blessed Thomas Barkdull was our presiding elder, and by his kind ways, good advice, and

brotherly encouragement, cheered us in our toils and care.

A very amusing instance occurred in his sermon, the year before, as he was preaching in the court-house to a large audience; but the preacher failed to mention it to him at that time. After I heard it, though a year had intervened, I was determined to tell him. We slept together one night, and I said to him, "Brother Barkdull, you made an awful mistake last year, when you spoke in our court-house." He asked, "What was it? I never recognized the mistake, and no one ever told me of it." I said: "It was thus: As you were preaching, you quoted the text, 'You are bringing up your children like the wild ass's colt,' and in your eloquence you reversed the last two words." I never saw or heard any man laugh so heartily as he; and every few moments he would burst forth in hearty laughter in his bed; and he inquired, "Were there many noticed it at the time?" I replied, "I thought but very few;" then he was again almost overcome with the incident; and we never went to sleep until after two o'clock, animadverting on such mistakes, and then again referring to his own miserable blunder.

The Winter glided away rapidly and, to us ministers, successfully, as the Church received about fifty members during the year.

My wife's health was poor, and early in the Spring I took her home, to stay till after conference; but I returned, and would give you a little insight into my long and wearisome travel back

again on horseback. I took the extreme western route, leading through Sidney, Findlay, Auglaise, Lima, Van Wert, Ft. Defiance; but to pass through that country, at that early day, over a hundred and fifty miles, through the real black swamp, and in seas of water and endless mud, over many corduroy bridges, some of which were miles long, was no little matter; and the tall, dense forests, where were but a very few settlements, and where many wild beasts roamed and threatened, created some fear. Had we happened to step or fall off these bridges, we should have struck bottomless mire, and stuck there, both horse and rider, until doomsday; and perhaps gone under the mud and water for petrification, or safe keeping, until "Gabriel's" trumpet sounded.

One long bridge of this kind, a five-miles' stretch, besides others shorter, never left my memory. It was made of large, massive logs, or trees, "felled" along the track designated, and trimmed of all limbs, then pried over in range, each side of the road cut out for the purpose; so that they advanced along the line simply as the corduroy was laid down. Then long and heavy cross-logs were cut and dragged, one by one, and placed on these big layers. Thus for miles it was so constructed as to cross the worst or sinky spots. Over these places I crossed with caution and trembling, lest my horse should stumble and cast me headlong into the swale; though often I had to walk and lead him great distances; but I got through by wading and toiling and plunging.

The last part of the travel was on high, sandy ground, called the "great divide," or "upland," and here I was wonderfully attracted by thousands upon thousands of tall and beautiful poplar-trees, which would cut ten rails without a single limb, measuring from four to six feet in diameter. They presented the most imposing sight, their tops quivering in the winds, glittering in the sunshine, and kissing the passing clouds. I was for half a day traveling, as it were, in admiration, gazing upon those majestic upgrowths of the forest; and I could but think how illustrative this ride was of life and its blessed terminus; first, through the dark, dismal, unpleasant, dangerous swamps; then out upon the beautiful rise, on the highlands of beauty, and amid God's great forest of magnificent trees; so we will soon cross over the last earthly bridge of corduroy trouble, and plunge into the last stream of sorrow, cross over to the bright shore of immortality, and enter in amid the trees of paradise, to go out no more forever!

With all these embarrassments in my travel, I made twenty miles or more each day, resting at some clever little hut for the night, and was almost always thrice welcome. I knew my night destination by previous information; sometimes stopping earlier, as there was no other place within safe reach, ere dark overtook me; and now and then I had to speed my steed more rapidly to reach a good resting-place; or, may be, some old, black bear, or cowardly wolf, or sneaking pan-

ther from some overhanging bough, or a stealthy wild-cat, might come upon me as its own lawful prey. Reaching my mission once more, I ensconced myself at the house of my colleague, as the central point; but I went to all Methodist homes, and, itinerant-like, did my whole duty in God's name; and, with my assistant, did all I could to build up Christ's kingdom. One little act, or misgovernment, of mine was to me a life-long lesson, and fully barricaded me ever afterwards in my safe administration of discipline; for in all my forty-odd years of Church ruling, I was never again caught in an error by my superiors in office.

An unruly member had demanded our attention. We legally cited him to trial, though he refused to be present. All the witnesses were on hand, their testimony given, and written down in order. The committee adjudged him guilty, the offense being such as required his expulsion. I, as chairman, pronounced him expelled from the Church. After I had informed him of the result, he demanded a copy of the trial, with an appeal to the quarterly conference. I refused to furnish him what he required. I was brought up to the proper tribunal, by himself, on a grave complaint of my maladministration. The elder, Rev. Thomas Barkdull, of course, decided that he was entitled to a copy of the proceedings; so I was greatly abashed, realizing my error, and confessed my fault. It was to me, as I said, a wonderful guard in the future against haste and ignorance, and caused me to do,

as nearly as I could, what Rev. Henry Whiteman once advised me while in my earlier ministry—“Read your Discipline through every month, all the year, until it is imbedded fully in your mind.”

This year closed, and, with considerably less quarterage than two hundred dollars, I departed to receive another “work.” At Waterville Circuit, near Maumee City, I found higher privileges, less travel, and fewer appointments; but it was one of physical suffering, for I “enjoyed” the fever and ague at least one-half of the year, and was brought down to a “white gauge” complexion. Dr. Pray, my physician, said, “I never knew any person to shake as hard, and as long, with one attack, as Mr. Burgess did;” for it lasted six and a half hours ere my teeth ceased to chatter, or my frame was not in convulsions.

One Sabbath I can never forget. I was in my bed, shaking most terribly; and, though blankets and quilts and coats were thrown over me, and every few minutes I drank hot ginger and herb teas, I still shook the bed with my trembling; and, even with hot irons at my feet, all failed to soothe or quiet my excited nerves, or to stay my twitching muscles. But just as I was, at ten and a half o’clock A. M., here came two of my Church brethren, and said: “Brother Burgess, the church is full of people, and it will never do to disappoint them. You’ll have to go, if possible, and try to preach to them.” I remarked, “O, I can not preach as I am, as you see me now, in a fit of ague.” But they urged, and offered to assist me to the church,

and into the pulpit. So, with shaking frame and trembling voice, I rose in the pulpit, and said, "Brethren, I have a heavy chill upon me; but let us pray, and try and have a good time." I read my hymn, and offered prayer with chattering sound, and preached with a shaking nature, as fast as I could, and loud as my voice allowed. When about half through my sermon, a perspiration came over me, and my handkerchief was all soaking wet; my weakness somewhat left me, and I was glad it was no worse. But they all said my words did much good, and great religious sympathy was manifested. We then continued the worship with class-meeting, which was a real spiritual feast.

On this field of labor were many precious souls whom I hope to see in glory—such as Father Pray and family, Crosby's Christian household, and Brother and Sister Hain, in a part of whose house we lived most agreeably, during the Winter. Father Kimble's was also a home where Christ dwelt. This old brother was a royal man of the backwoods kind, and of untold value to us and the Church. He made us a split-bottom rocking-chair, of hickory wood, while there, which we enjoy now, and it is almost as good as when given us thirty-eight years ago.

Near this place I witnessed a sight, and the only one of the kind I had ever seen before—a *drunken woman!* We were in our buggy, as she was passing on foot in the highway; but seeing us, she shied off to one side. Over her dress was a short, brown sack, and beneath it she held her jug,



and went tottering along, half stumbling; but appeared to have some little shame, and tried to hide the jug from our sight; but it hung half its length below the sack, quite visible. O, what an object of disgust! and I said then in my heart, "O God, help me to fight forever against the manufacture and sale of the demon of hell, intoxicating drink!"

This portion was one of the greatest fisheries in all the region, in this broad and, at times, turbulent Maumee River. Thousands of sturgeon, from three to five feet long and six to eight inches in thickness, were daily caught, boiled down, and the rich, oily fat procured, which was of much value for various purposes. Some ate the lean parts of this fish, and greatly relished it, while many thought it not at all palatable, being very coarse in its nature, and quite red in color; but it was generally fed to the hogs with all the entrails and heads, which fattened them rapidly. Here, also, multitudes of the "red-horse" were seined, large and fat, which were regarded as an excellent fish. I have had the exciting pleasure of helping to lift up many with dip-nets, in which often, at one haul, we secured from six to twenty, averaging about five pounds each. They were shipped off to the South and to the West, producing a good market; bringing in, in that early day, about all the cash that was then and there circulated, as but few raised grain, more than enough for home consumption.

We also enjoyed that luscious and healthy fruit, the large dark-blue huckleberry, which grew everywhere through the open oak-woods; and we could

pick them up by the handful and secure them by the bushel. Many gathered them to sell in towns and cities—as Toledo, Perrysburg, and Maumee City. An acre of this open, sandy soil, would produce thousands of gallons. No fruit was more pleasant, or relished better by all people.

Near that place was Fort Meigs, where General Winchester and General William Henry Harrison had the successful battles against the British and Indians; and from that side of the Maumee River we could see the historic old tree near by, or in the city, into which the Indian sharp-shooter, or spy, had climbed, to look over to the American works, when General Harrison, by his gunship agility, through a long range, with his old-fashioned, long barrel, flint-lock gun, shot the “red-skin,” and down he tumbled from the crotch of the old oak-tree. It was about three-quarters of a mile shot. Around and over these old war-paths I have ridden and scrambled, and had the great honor to look upon that tree of so much renown; and I often listened to the relation of mighty feats our soldiers performed.

The following few years I traveled in the interior of the conference, and found hundreds of devout and loving friends, whose blessed characteristics and dear names I cherish with fondness. Never in all my ministerial life did one year pass but the blessed Lord gave me a grand revival, and many precious ones for my labor; for which great gratitude is inscribed forever upon my heart.

When I joined the Illinois Annual Conference,

I found acceptable fields, and was ever greeted with warm hearts, with a noble welcome—a welcome at every home. When, the first time going to my appointment, I crossed the vast prairie-land, so beautifully and so magnificently adorned with flowers of every hue, and blushing in the sunlight; and heard the millions of little insects all around me, and in my sight, and could hear them rubbing their wings, but speaking in their simple and indistinguishable song-like intonations; and also the countless birds in their sweetest carols of praise, fluttering in the air, and winging from shrub to shrub, as under the guidance of the eye of the Unseen, doing him honor; then coming to a little elevation, and gazing for miles with unobstructed vision, upon, and over, nature's richness,—my soul leaped within me to glorify God. Dismounting from my horse, I dropped upon my knees, and, with my face heavenward in humble adoration, I literally shouted and clapped my hands before Him “who hath made the heavens and the earth and all things therein,” for his own glory and for the happiness of all his creatures.

For five years I enjoyed the association of the Illinois Conference brethren, and found many royal, kind-hearted, intellectual, and God-fearing men among them; and I was never, once, by bishop, elder, or member, treated amiss, or sent to a poor circuit; but each year sent to a better one than I deserved. The laymen wherever I went, on every work, received me as God's messenger; and, though short of larder comforts at times, yet I never really

suffered for food and clothing, but realized the sacred words, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I must state a little of the joyfulness of my acceptance on Virden Station, by the hand of John Bennyworth, one of the stewards, as an incentive to other Christians toward their incoming preacher, for it did me a world of good, and fired me up to preach with vigor and love. I preached two Sabbaths for them before my family arrived; then preparing to return for them, Brother Bennyworth came to me, wishing me a speedy return; then placed a twenty dollar gold-piece in my hand, saying, "I expect you will need this on your journey." I had never been treated just that way before, and it was a comfort, and a big welcome.

That calls to my mind the peculiar instance of a good minister, who had a rich member in his flock, but who paid but very little for the Gospel. The preacher took a singular plan to touch his pocket. On Sabbath morning, just before preaching, he requested this rich man to step with him in the rear of the church, and asked him to lend him five dollars for only a short time! From his big roll of cash, the rich brother took out the five, and handed it to him. The preacher opened his empty purse and placed it carefully within it, and went in and preached with much enthusiasm. After the service was over, he called the rich man to the same place, and handed the money back to him with many warm thanks. The man said, "Why, brother, you have not used it: why return it so soon?" "O,"

said the good preacher, "you do not know how good it makes a man feel to know he has money in his pocket when he preaches." It was a lesson, and proved effectual. Let me say to all the Church, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

One little episode in our physical relation, however, was rather pressing, and gave us some unpleasantness of living. Appointed agent of Jacksonville Female College, of course, threw me upon my own efforts for a home, as all such agents are forsaken beings; and as thousands were flocking westward, and the State increasing in population, I found it exceedingly hard to obtain quarters in the eastern part of the State, where I was assigned to labor by my superiors in the agency. After much searching, I found, in a small backwoods village, a log cabin of one room, sixteen by sixteen, and in that we spent the Winter. It had no ceiling but rough, split clapboards lapped over each other, and similar ones for the roof nailed on the rafters. The floor was puncheon, and much of it laid on the ground; it had only one small window of six panes of glass, eight by ten, and immovable, unless taken out. There was no chinking between the logs, as it had been used for a long time as a mere lumber-room. It was a "ground-hog case," or else I must board; and that I could not afford with all four of us, as it would consume more than we received, and no private family had sleeping-rooms to spare. Hence I went to work, cut out and split chunks, and jammed them in the cracks, parallel with these coarse logs; and as no plas-

tering could be obtained, I went in the road with stove-shovel and bucket, gathered up the tramped clay, and with my hands, having no trowel, I threw or dashed it in the crevices, then rubbed it smooth as possible, and so hoped to keep my folks warm while I went out to lecture and to sell scholarships, to strengthen the college. Having a little stove, we placed it on the hearth, near the great fire-place, which was five feet high and six feet wide, so that both stove and fire-place kept burning were not sufficient to keep us warm. When preparing to leave, I rolled several great logs inside the house, and piled around the door outside much large and small wood, as wife was sick, and the children too small to handle it. One back-log lasted all day and night, but they had to call in a near neighbor to help roll it in the fire-place. The new home all fixed up as I thought, we concluded some pleasure would obtain; but soon a dashing rain came down, my clay washed out, and I had to renew the daubing. Our cabin was infested by great rats, that troubled our provisions and garments; hence we kept large fires, lest they should draw them under the floor. Then we sought a remedy by tearing up some of the hearth, and putting arsenic and meal under it, which effectually killed them; but the dying and dead rats soon gave out such a dreadful scent that we were compelled to abandon home for a short time, to let the dead freeze out and the living abscond. Our roof was leaky all over, so we stretched a piece of new muslin over our bed, and caught gallons of

rain-water. When the first snow fell, it blew through the roof, and fell on the clapboard ceiling; and when it melted we had streams of water coming down; but I went into the loft, opened a passage, swept bushels of snow down on the table, and thus saved much wetting.

Thus we lived, with terrible privations, half frozen during the "cold spells," and, being sick, our condition was very disagreeable. One exceedingly cold day I rode some fifteen miles without dismounting, and when I arrived at my destination I was so stiff with cold I could not move my limbs, my hands were too numb to open them, and my speech seemed almost inarticulate. The good brother lifted me off my horse, took me to the fire, and, by cold water, warm tea, and great kindness, I was saved from much affliction. A mile or so more I would have been beyond all recovery, and fastened as a little iceberg on my saddle. But though thus unpleasantly situated, I worked about three-fourths of the year, sold several thousand dollars' worth of scholarships for the college, delivered many educational lectures, inspired many young ladies to seek a higher culture, started young men up the hill of science, received most of my own salary by little collections, and I praised God that I passed through the year as well as I did.

I will relate a queer incident that occurred, while college agent, on my return home. I came by cars, and landed at Langford Station, about three miles from our town. It was dark, and a drizzling rain falling, and very muddy roads. With

my satchel over my back, I started on foot, there being no hacks, and after going a few rods I thought I heard a wagon ahead; so I began to run, and after a short distance I stopped to listen; but no sound was heard. I then walked along; "and surely," I said, "that is the sound of a wagon;" and I ran very fast for half a furlong, and, not gaining on its travel, I listened once more; then, starting slowly, it seemed to be but a few steps before me in the dark. Then off I leaped, to catch up for a ride, a mile or so; but all was in vain. Then starting slowly along, I heard the noise in a soft rattle, and, behold! it was the straps of my boots striking against each other, as I had rolled up my pants for the muddy walk to town. I laughed most heartily over my self-deception. So it is often in life with us all: we seek for comfort in mere phantoms, but, like the child charmed with a glittering bubble, we seize the unsubstantial, and all is vapor. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Family sickness prevented my retaining the agency, which was kindly offered me. At the coming annual conference I felt proud to be congratulated as having given our fine institution a better reputation than it had ever gained in the eastern part of the State, as publicly stated by the voice of that grand old hero and successful pioneer of Methodism, the Rev. Peter Cartwright, D. D. The good words from such a blessed source will always be a flattering remembrance to me.



I asked Bishop L. Scott to send me over to the western border of the State, that I might, with little expense at the close of the year, transfer to Iowa. Chili Circuit was assigned me, and to the best of my ability I toiled that year for my Master, formed many hallowed acquaintances, had several good revivals, took about forty souls into the Church, and was happy on the little "field." I found many sinners to lead to the cross, and that was an inspiration to labor, and to preach Christ and him crucified. My home this year was in the beautiful little city of Warsaw. Here, and on the circuit, many noble Methodists were found. Among my special acquaintances were the families of Harris, Hughes, Bolt, Dennis, Fredericks, Beard, Cox, Albers, Walker, and Mrs. Moore, from all of whom I received the greatest kindness, and at whose houses was always a broad welcome.

My health was poor, and I was prompted to cross the great Mississippi, and join the Iowa Conference. Rev Joseph Brooks gave me a glowing recommendation, and the noble brethren of Iowa, with open hands and warm hearts, bade me a happy salutation; and now for over twenty years, on circuits, in stations, and on the district, I have found scores of true ministerial brethren, with them have worked successfully hand to hand, knee to knee, breast to breast, and heart to heart, in gathering the vintage of souls into God's great vineyard. Hundreds of precious souls—praise the God of heaven!—have been led to the "Fountain of Life" through my weak instrumentality. But our con-

ference is being rapidly depleted of many of its noble heroes, who have gone over to the other shore in holy triumph, such as Revs. Samuel Clark, one of our earliest successful pioneers, leaving one son a useful minister, and one a distinguished editor; Simpson, a real Cephas in Christ's cause; Worthington, loving and mild; Hare, the royal man, and sweet singer of Iowa Conference; I. I. Stewart, faithful and brave at all times; Robinson, always like the beloved John; Holland, true as steel for God; Dr. Power, mighty in polemics, a full-fledged disciplinarian, God's own workman; Coddington, studious, and moving toward greatness; Boyles, full of revival spirit; McDowell, young in old age, ripening daily for heaven; Harris, zealous, fearless, and true; Reineek, eloquent, full of love, dying in sight of the cross; Dr. Wheeler, a scholar, and full-grown saint; Friend, a friend to all; Bamford, broad-minded and hopeful; Prather, practical, a noble fellow; Latham, always at the feet of Jesus, viewing Calvary; Donaldson, all life and work for his Master; White, hopeful, and bright as the morning star; J. Q. Hammond, hopeful, cheerful, whose theme was the cross. Hallelujah! we shall meet them, "over there! over there!" But a few of their mates yet remain, and are nearing the "border-land," and looking into the valley, and across to the "highlands" by living faith; such as J. B. Hardy, Dr. Corkhill, Dr. Cowles, O. C. Shelton, B. Mark, E. W. Twining, I. P. Teter, R. B. Allender, J. B. Hill, T. J. Coleman, C. P. Reynolds, J. T. Simmons, A. Robinson, E. H.

Waring, G. M. Tuttle, J. G. Barton, Dr. G. N. Power, Geo. H. Clark, Dr. Spaulding, G. W. Byrket, J. Haynes, E. J. Pike, Jesse Craig, S. Hortwood, S. Brooks, N. Wells, W. H. H. Pillsbury, E. L. Schreiner, J. G. Thompson, Dr. McDonald, M. See, I. O. Kemble, W. G. Thorn, C. W. Shepherd, T. J. Myers, D. C. Smith, W. E. Patterson, C. L. Stafford, Dr. Murphy, Dr. Busby, J. B. Blakeney, Dr. Coxe, S. H. Thomas, H. E. Wing, Dr. McFarland, Dr. Evans, C. Morey, Dr. Hughes, Chaplain C. F. Williams, A. W. Johnson (died since).

After these, more recently in the work, are many noble, aspiring men, who will make their mark of usefulness; as Kendrick, Haines, Montgomery, Pugh, Groom, Wilsons, Davis, King, Waters, Kcnyon, Housel, Bevan, Francis, Corley, Shane, Jones, D. C. Smith, Potter, Nulton, Norton, U. B. Smith, Boatman, Strikers, Hall, King, Holcomb, and others. These last we recognized about ten years ago as evidencing an upward march; and I am ambitious enough to say that our conference will hold a good comparison in devotion to God, and in talent, with any in our great connection.

A few of our brightest talented young men have left us for the broad prairies of Kansas; as S. S. Murphy, Thos. Stephenson, M. Bamford, Robiunson Hunter, and others.

## Chapter XVI.

IOWA CONFERENCE, OUR PRESS—LITERATURE OF OUR CHURCH—GOOD MEN OF IOWA—CHAPLAIN AND PREACHING, PRAYER-MEETINGS, ABRAHAM'S PRAYER—STOLE A GRAVE—OUR DYING BOYS—THE DARKY'S SERMON AND ITS EFFECT—ONLY A BOY—ABOUT GRANT, AND MY RELEASE—ARMY FACTS—OUR MAN JACK AND HIS ESCAPE—STATIONED IN KEOKUK, IOWA, GOOD MEN, OUR GREAT REVIVAL—GOOD LAYMEN WITH ME—HON. SAMUEL M. CLARK—HELPERS—REVS. FERGUSON, S. LIND—I. P. TETER AND WIFE, REV. WILLIAM REINECK AND OUR ESCAPE—MY DISTRICT, AND GOOD OLD HEROES, AND HOPEFUL YOUNG MEN—THE ECLIPSE.

HAVING enjoyed the Christian society of the Iowa Conference, for several years, my appointments were generally acceptable to myself, and I trust profitable to the charges. One thing is certain, that whenever they welcome the newly appointed pastor, as sent of God, they always prosper. I have never known, in all my forty odd years of experience, an exception; but when they want to choose and "log-roll" for this and that man, universally before the year closes, these prominent appointment-makers are the very first to bewray, and wish to get rid of their selected minister. I seriously regret that we have some such among us, who are not Methodists in spirit or practice. It were far better for the Church if she were divested of all that kind of members. Providence has wisely

marked out the true course of the Methodist Church, and as she follows that providential line, and it is not interfered with by miserable, parasitical ones, who disturb our Church policy, she will march to royal success. This has been her history from the early past. We see her vast power in all directions, and especially in that great power, the press; and who can deny that the press of the Methodist Episcopal Church is a mighty force in this nation? It is quite impossible to calculate its vast good. Its gracious influence is permeating all classes of society, and forming a nucleus of power tending to elevate all Churches, as well as to bring the whole nation to a standard of highest intelligence and remarkable spiritual strength. The wonderful circulation of all our denominational periodicals is astonishing, while but a few of the whole Church seem to comprehend its vastness. During the past century its march in this regard has been marvelous, and the good thereby accomplished is unbounded. Eternity alone can measure its triumphs for truth, and God's cause. The hundreds of millions of pages of pure literature, of religious knowledge imparted and scattered abroad upon the wings of the wind, to all points of the compass, going into great cities, towns, palaces, and huts, over vast prairies, through forests, over the Rocky Mountains, to and through the golden coasts, to the Amazon regions, down to Mexico, and everywhere where human feet have trod, captivate the intellect, subdue rebellious hearts, and unite souls to Christ. Thus by their sacred and silent teachings, the working of the

Methodist press is overwhelming, when properly surveyed. Thousands of lost and wretched sinners have, by this means of grace, been led to the fountain of true wisdom.

The parent of all *Advocates*, the *Christian Advocate*, with its sixty thousand issues every week going over its vast territory, has aroused thousands of torpid minds to Christian activity of thought, checked many wandering ones just in the nick of time, when Satan was beguiling them into ruin, and has shown them the open door to Christ, to success, and to happiness. Its stately stepplings have reformed and modified, and blessed in an unmeasured degree, the whole press power throughout the land, and is now the real "*sine qua non*" of Eastern Methodist periodicalism. We venerate its hallowed lines, and shout in our very hearts at its weekly coming. Its columns have ever glowed with purest literature and religion; with sermons and sermon sketches of invulnerable truths, full of tenderest tidings to the human soul; with sublime and touching obituaries of saved saints, who died in the glorious light of God's favor, triumphing in their last hours of life, casting back from death's dark billows cheering reflections of the fullness and merits of Jesus' blood, to save to the uttermost all who come unto him. With great pleasure we can say, to the honor and glory of God, and to the pride of the Church, that its editors, from the beginning even to the present, have been almost prodigies of pure thoughtfulness, with argumentative ability and historical research; men whose devotion to the

Almighty has furnished them spiritual insight and powers, fully to defend and propel its mightiness to the downfall of uprising anarchy, against the oppressiveness of slavery in all forms, against the spread and accursedness of infidelity in all its aspects, against the vagaries of modern spiritualism in its anti-biblical teachings, and against all the late contemptibleness of assumed pessimism that swells only in the heads of a few human lunatics.

Then, again, the *Western Christian Advocate*, the first-born of the former, has boldly taken stand for Christ and truth, on the banks of the sweeping Ohio, to confront every hindrance to the progress of the Savior's kingdom, and it ever sways its colors with unflinching tenacity, accomplishing in the great Porkopolis city, and for hundreds of miles surrounding, the success of Christianity through Methodism, until it has become an avalanche of mighty thoughts, weekly bearing down from the heights of apparent inspiration, inundating by its sacred instructions hosts of human hearts. So far, all its editors have been men of God, of one purpose, fearless to the end of service, in viewing the glory of the Master and the health of the Church. Like the parent paper, its editorials have been speaking trumpets of loftiest sound, with grand conceptions to elevate man above the quagmire of ignorance to the high plains of noble character and sublime morality.

Then, away out West, down in the very heart of our nation's glory, and with strides to wonderful progress, on the western side of the Father of

Waters, in the flourishing city of beauty and wealth—St. Louis—is the *Central Christian Advocate*, sending forth its speech every week with over twenty thousand tongues, in its lively column of white-heated editorials and living lessons of truth, to elevate all intelligences throughout the patronizing conferences of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas. Yearly its words are gaining strength and molding communities of Christians into the service of the Most High.

We also look up towards the lakes, and there in the amazing city of unaccountable growth, Chicago, you find the bold, outspoken, and fearless *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, like the “aurora borealis,” to be the great “northern light” of truth, spanning the moral sky with knowledge, embellishing its paper with rich writings, and scintillating in beautiful order its greedily accepted words by a host of ardent readers, which, like a girdle of steel, bind a multitude of human souls to the cross of our dear Redeemer.

We will go back to the city of coal and smoke and steamboats, and find an issue of Biblical light and instruction from the *Pittsburg Advocate*, staying many a soul from harm; and lifting them upon the royal road of virtue and true righteousness. On its anvil the appointed Smith is constantly hammering out solid thoughts, as a true barricade against all evil, and success attends all its movements.

Away over all the continent, and out to the uttermost verge of our national domain, in the lovely



city of vast dimensions, by the very silvery looking waters of a beautiful bay, standing erect, and towering intellectually high, but very modestly breathing forth golden threads of impressive cogitations, is the *Californiu Advocate*, casting its gold-dust of inspiring sentiments and valuable ideas, all over the magic cities of California, over the mountain ranges, down along the golden gulches, looking into Colorado's advancement, and over to Alaska's summits, and even making its voice to echo away back on the eastern slopes of our nation.

There are also several other conference *Advocates*, and *Advocates* of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, doing similar good and glorious things for fallen man, to the glory of the "Eternal One," for all this periodical advance through our blessed Methodism, from one end of our country to the other; yea, all over the earth! There is not an acre of ground, nor a city, nor a rich country neighborhood, nor even a sparsely-settled portion of our land where a Methodist family lives, but somehow or other from the sanctums of the *Advocate* offices, or through some kindred hand of love, one or many of our goodly papers soon find their way thither to dispense light and love and truth.

When I read from the editor of the *Central Christian Advocate* his mighty and interesting article on the Methodist press, presented before the centennial body, it called forth the deepest thanks of my heart for its importance to our Church demands. The earnest attention of all our members

throughout the entire borders should be called to its rich lessons. If it were read, generally, it would give fresh impulse to radical action, and prompt a greater enlargement of usefulness in this department of our work. Send such lines out in all our papers, and in pamphlet form, that its inspiring facts may be recognized by the whole Church, then the coming century will be fraught with mightier efforts for good, and millions more will be led into a higher education of usefulness, and God's glory will crown our onward movements.

I may ask the question, Is there any better literature in the world than the Methodist Church produces? Its theology is sound, its style high and enchanting, while its effect upon the mind is to graduate all who peruse it to a noble intellectual status, and to present a spiritual and sanctifying caste to the people. But how little is it circulated! How few take such an interest in it as the great matter demands! True, in the Church it may have a good speed in some localities; but, even then, scarcely one-fourth of our people are benefited by its circulation. You may go into a hundred Methodist families, with whole households of children, from the robust girls and boys—yea, even to young men and ladies—and I venture the bold assertion that seventy per cent of these have none of her Church literature available. My experience proves that when going yearly round a large district of country, a sad destitution in this particular was noticed. I seldom saw a Methodist book, unless it were some antiquated one, or such as J. B. Finley's

life, or Peter Cartwright's, or Abbott's; though these were of value, yet they were not enough. Our recent publications should be scattered everywhere, to elevate the youth to a higher standard of influence and power.

Now, who is to blame for this great deficiency, and how can it be remedied?

First, parents are forgetful of their duty to God, to their Church, and especially to their children. If they would take a deeper interest in their mental cultivation and salvation—yea, one-half as much as they do for their financial prosperity—there would be an advance in this regard, and by thus spreading our numerous good and healthful books, they would win their children earlier into our Church, as well as create a mighty influence for our beloved Methodism. A lack upon their part in this matter is the cause of intellectual and moral famine in their children, and they grow untaught in the mighty saving principles as taught by our literature, and are restless and indifferent to our Church, and many of them, I fear, live and die without hope.

What a dreadful responsibility and fearful account they will have to give for such careless neglect! If I could speak, as in thunder tones, I would call out to every Methodist family, "Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge, rather than choice gold." Dr. Franklin said, truly, "Empty your purse in your children's minds, and it will never be taken from them; put it into their pockets, and it will soon be lost."

I could name many choice books printed in our establishment, which, if placed in our households, would be of incalculable and unending benefit to all. Such as emanate from the minds of Bishops Thomson, Peck, Merrill, Foster, Drs. Lowrey, Crane, and the like, would afford rich food. And we find the purest, simplest, grandest teachings for our children in our Sabbath-school department, which will develop true manhood and barricade society.

Even our weekly *Advocates*, teeming with the blessed Gospel teachings and pure original thoughts, with the latest intelligence from all the world, are ignored by three-fourths professing godliness; and secular and unprofitable papers crowd their tables and shelves. I admit that some of our daily and weekly papers are noble and moral in tone; yet our Methodists who refuse to subscribe for our religious periodicals, and buy none of our good books, go to the opposite extreme, and supply their places, almost universally, with the meanest and trashiest publications, and too often obscene literature is sought. What a pernicious influence is created by vile books and papers!

Many of our ministers are to blame for this neglect to recommend and sell our works. This is one cause of so many innovations in our Church, and why we lose so many of our promising youth. Imperceptibly, they are beguiled into wrong thoughts and habits by such false teachings. Other Churches are at work, continually and among our children, and outside ones ever on the alert, sending

out their agents and colporteurs in every part, selling cheap books; others scatter their subtile and unchristian doctrines, which are permeating whole communities, winning our children from the faith and homes of their fathers. This is to our greatest loss, as our children are the foundation of our future strength and glory as a Church. Some preachers are too lazy, and some ashamed to distribute books, when perhaps the sale of a few good books in a community would do more real good than a dozen of their sermons. These volumes prepare the way to the heart for the preaching of the Word. I am always proud to circulate Methodist theology

Our fathers would crowd their saddle-bags with religious literature, and go on horseback and sell hundreds of books to all classes. And what vast good it did! It has really revolutionized our whole land, thrown out a flood of light and valuable information, and spread a pure Christianity; and its sacred effects are seen, and the moral waves thus excited are still moving on in sublime grandeur. Many a simple tract, as a silent preacher, has been the means of the salvation of souls, and thereby set in motion the electrical, religious impulse, that will move on for all time, for the elevation of humanity. What a golden opportunity we have as ministers in this day of easy travel, to carry around to our different appointments, good, wholesome books to young and old, to save the young and comfort the aged and dying! Our people will buy them freely, if we present them aright, and speak of their value.

Our prayers should just as much accompany such efforts as if we were going to preach a sermon. And who dares to preach without asking God for divine aid? It would be abortive. I think that every annual conference should have, at least, one agent in its bounds, and make this matter a specialty, and thousands would be sold, and tens of thousands of tract pages scattered, that would be like heavenly dew in communities, and the whole Church thereby be vastly benefited, and many souls added to the ranks of Israel. That these things may so be, is my prayer.

In looking over my various fields of labor, in stations, circuits and districts—as Bloomfield, Fairfield, Brighton, Pella, Ft. Madison, Keokuk, Albia, Centerville, and others—I find closely wedded to my heart many noble men and their families, never to be forgotten for their Christian regards to me. I can refer to but few; as, A. Gibbons, General Bussy, Dr. Hillis, O. Kisar, Dr. Finley, General J. B. Weaver, General H. H. Trimble, Professor J. McCarty, G. and J. Duffield, J. Ellis, D. Hill, Wm. Johnson, Eichelbarger, Rominger, Hagan, Young, Glenss, Rollins, Ferguson, Millsaps, Collins, Veach, Dnekworths, Captain Evans, W Alexander, B. Barnes, J. F Crawford, Brooks, Mendenhall, George, Fulton, Junkins, Pumphrey, Lynch, Shamp, Byrkitt, Pollock, Fleak, Prizer, Trine, Jordans, Auld, Gibbs, Carey, and others; and, indeed, all over my works were stars of usefulness and brightness in the Church; some scattered over my district, as Judge De Shields,

Love, Kelsey, Wilson, Darrah, George, Judge More, J. Williams, Sargent, Peirson, Bird, Stephensons, Drake, Nye, Phillips, Bryant, Pendegrast, I. Curry, Sampson, J. Rummell (my early and fast friend), and Runyon.

When the Civil War broke out in 1860, I was enlisted as chaplain of the 30th Iowa Infantry Volunteers, and many little scenes occurred worthy of notice, and amusing to recount. We sailed from Keokuk, Iowa, in the Fall of 1862, in the beautiful steamer *Minnehaha*, with the blessed old flag of our country hoisted, and floating in the breeze, with as fine, robust, intellectual, and fearless a regiment of "boys" as ever graced our nation or faced an enemy. Our trip was delightful, with all in animation; and we soon landed in St. Louis, Missouri, and entered the "Benton Barracks," our rendezvous for many weeks. My work was momentous, preaching, advising in spiritual matters, visiting the sick, encouraging the down-hearted, helping to bury the dead, and circulating tracts and religious books, from morning to night. I had no spare moments to waste; neither did I once go out to range over the great city, save visiting my old and distinguished friend, Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, and through his kindness procuring many tracts and papers for our men.

A chaplain's work, if he look to duty, "is enough to fill an angel's heart." The first instance of merriment I met, was as I was in line of dress parade with the officers, all of us on

horseback in the suburbs; and having on my high, black silk hat, passing a crowd of spectators, one fellow inquired, with a loud voice, "Who in the d—l is that man there, with them officers, with that high plug hat on, I'd like to know?" and a good, loud laugh followed.

All our regiment soon became restless to go South, and shortly we took steamer, and after several days we came to Helena, Arkansas, and there abode for weeks, awaiting orders. We built our log cabins and pitched our tents, and the companies made thorough and daily drill for the terrible battles they afterwards encountered. While there many died, and some became prostrated with various diseases, so that numbers were sent North or discharged. A good many were deathly sick with home-sickness, and I really believe some died with it. I mournfully preached at the funeral of many noble, true-hearted boys; held service every Sabbath, and prayer-meeting every Thursday evening, by the light of burning logs and brush, which served as lamps, giving short talks or ten-minute sermons; and I also enlisted others into the work. Rev. John Ford, a local preacher, also Captain Drayer and Colonel Torrence, would assist me in exhortations, and our drum-major, Ogden. Others prayed, and gave in their experiences. These meetings in these war-times had a cheerful and moral effect on the religious men, and, I have no doubt, held others in check as by "bit and bridle."

At one time, after I had preached a short



sermon, recognizing our special obligations to God for past blessings, and that all our talents should be consecrated to him, using as my text the words, "He maketh all his goodness to pass before me," one young man came to me and said, "Chaplain, you touched my heart; I feel that I have neglected my talent; I have greatly forgotten my Heavenly Father," and he asked my prayers. I talked to him very closely, and advised him to give his life to God, and he would become useful; and unless he did, with all the compunctions of conscience that impressed him, he would be lost forever. I learned that, after the war was over, he became a useful minister of our Church.

We had in our regiment several colored folks, some mean, worthless scamps, taught to steal in early life by older ones and slavery surroundings; but some few were good and useful and trustworthy. Among the latter class was a real clever family, consisting of man and woman, named Abraham and Sarah, members of the Baptist Church. They and I formed a strong friendship. He cherished a wonderful attachment for the white "soljars." They both looked to me with unlimited confidence, as he said, "as de chosen ob de Lawd fer de soljars' future good;" and as he often related spiritual things to me, asking my advice, I gave him all proper lessons. At our prayer-meeting, as they were always present, I stated that all were invited to speak or pray. I said, "Now, who will give us a word for Christ, or pray, and I hope all who love the Savior will

improve the time." So old Abraham said, "We will pray," and I afterwards wrote his prayer, as follows: "Our Farder in de hebbens, we bow de knee 'fore dee dis night, for to ask dy blessin' on us all. O Lawd, bess de good dear soljars, what am h'yer for to sabe de country. Day's come far from all ober de Norf, for a good cause; may dair healths be purzerved, an' will dou keep dem all from bein' sick, dat day may do dair duties, an' sabe dair homes. O massa Lawd, let dy rich blessin' be on our good chaplin, for he prays an' works an' toils for de good ob all de soljars, boff day an' night. May all de big men, massa Lawd, what rules, be right an' squar, an' do good for de soljars. No matter who prays to dee, O Lawd, if we's ignorant an' poor, dou will yer all ob us. Now, please let de big crumbs fall off ob dy table for us all to pick dem up, so all ob us may hab life, an' a great joy, an' keep us, O Lawd, in de hollar ob dy hand foreber more. Amen!"

Now, what was more sentimental? And all was from the heart. Numerous and pleasing circumstances might be related, but only a few will be given.

While at Helena a certain regiment lost a soldier by death, and the detailed number went out and dug a grave; and in an hour or two the solemn procession of chaplain, orderly, and privates accompanied the corpse; but when they arrived, they found that another posse of men from another regiment had gone out with one of their dead, and actually stole the new grave from the former, and

buried their soldier, then quickly departed, lest they should be discovered. It appeared they had gone to select a spot, but seeing the others digging a grave, waited in ambush, and then took advantage of the chance of the theft. A few days after this, one or two more of our boys died. One of them had the untold pleasure of his fond mother's company, who lingered with undying love around his couch; but ere he passed away, he said, "Mother, let me offer up a prayer to God;" then, clasping his hands, and raising them up, he said, in a most touching tone, "O Lord, have mercy upon me; take me home to *rest*, I pray thee, for Jesus' sake: amen and amen!" and soon entered the soldiers' eternal home, while all of us were in tears. Another Christian youth, when nearing the tide, raised his head slightly, and with outstretched arms and a faint voice, said, "Lift the flag a little higher, boys; a little hi-gh-er, boys!" and smiled, then closed his eyes to open them in heaven. I preached at their funerals to weeping crowds.

While here I bunked and ate alone, and bought my bread and sauce; but having a little tent, and a ten-pound sheet-iron stove, I made my coffee or tea upon it, and baked my potatoes under a pan. I concluded to make my own bread, so I took some salt and water and mixed up flour with a tin spoon; and it got so very stiff I had to take my hands; but it stuck awfully to and between my fingers, but I scraped it off with a case-knife as best I could; then I used dry flour to rub it off, and at last I conquered the stiffness. I laid my board on the ground, and

tried to roll it out and knead it, as I had seen my wife do, but it kept shoving to the edge of the board, and I had to pull it back often, and the board had to be pushed along while I was moving about on my knees; so I had a long time ere I caught the "hang" of working dough without its getting away from me. But in modest fun I wrote home to tell of my first trial, and to know if they had to spit on their hands so the dough would not stick, but they failed to give me such advice. I then planned a better way to bake my bread and pies. I stewed dried apples, prepared my crust, placed it in shallow iron pans in pie form, but the stove failed to bake it; then came the tug of war; but I dug a narrow hole in the edge of the river bank, about two and a half feet in the ground parallel with the surface, and one foot deep; in the extreme rear of the "dug-out" I made a small hole and inserted a piece of tin pipe for a chimney, filled the "oven" with chips and bark, and fired it up, closing the front with a sheet-iron door, and burned all to ashes. I scraped them out cleanly, put in the pies and dough, and in about one-half hour it was well done. Now, you may ask, Was it at all eatable? Yes, grand and good; and our colonel, C. Abbott, and Mrs. Wittenmyer, our sanitary agent, helped me eat the pies.

Many were the curious talks we had with old plantation "darkies." Major Dewey brought to my tent an old negro, where Professor Gray and I were writing, whose heart was almost broken, desiring us to rescue his family, forty miles off,

whom he expected to be sent to Texas. The professor told him to wait until January, and pray to God for them, and all would be free; and he seemed satisfied. I asked him if he had a soul. He looked at me expressively, and said, "Why, sah, indeed I has." I told him, "Some people say black folks have none; how do you know you have?" Lifting his hand up to his breast quickly, he said, "I feels it in h'yer, sah!" Several were in a group, and a soldier asked them, "Why do you darkies let the white men abuse all of you so much? Why don't you knock them down and kill them?" One spoke instantly, and all concurred by nodding: "Dat nebber do, sah; we's hab to submit, now, for all de gov'ment is agin us, an' yous all be call' to kill us, if we does dat; we's bridged in, sah, by de laws; we's dar not does dat."

One more pleasing incident I recall. A few rods from our camp I heard a loud talking one Sabbath afternoon. I went over, and found about thirty contrabands sitting in a half-circle under the limbs of a large sycamore-tree, and a tall, yellow fellow preaching. He spread himself about the "Souf." Our fifty white soldiers were on the outskirts of "de church," much attracted and smiling. His words were quite disconnected, yet now and then he got up "tip-top," as he called it. About every minute he would stop and spit, spread his big mouth, show his ivory teeth, roll his "majestic" eyes, and light into all about right, giving to white "gen'men," as well as his own people, a

rebuke. I will repeat a few things I then wrote down in my tent. He said:

“ Well, sirs, and bredren, I ’se not got much education. Once I was about as good a scholar as most of folks needs to git along in dis world wid, when I was young; but now I ’se growing old, about forty-five, and has forgot all I did knows, and hardly knows my A B C’s; but, howsomever, I will try and tell yous what is for de good ob each ob yous, for so much knowledge aint good nohow for nobody if day do n’t prictize in dair lives what day gits; for de Lawd Jesus am a great man, and he ’s guaranteed wid all de secrets ob de bossom. I ’se traveled once (as I ’se traveled a great deal in my times) fifteen hundred miles norf-west, and I found, as I went along, an old colored sister dat had read de Bible frew several times, and she said to me, ‘ O, brudder, do pray for mc, kase I ’se got no religion.’ Now dat proves dat de hart must be squar fore de Lawd. Den after while, when de Lawd am comin’, he ’ll call out, ‘ *Gabre-al*, stand up and blow de trumpet—do!’ Den *Gabre-al* will come forf, and blow de trumpet loud. De Lawd den say, ‘ *Gabre-al!* stand up an’ blow dat ar trumpet louder!’ Den he blow dat trumpet louder and louder. Den agin de Lawd say, ‘ *Gabre-al!* *Gabre-al!* wrap de rainbow around de neck and blow dat ar trumpet louder [the preacher standing on his tip-toes]!’ Den *Gabre-al* stand forf, and he blow de trumpet louder and louder, and it ’peared like de sound of ten thousand tunders [turning to the members, they feeling the impulse and twitching]. Dat will be a

terrible 'cashun, and sinners will scatter in all ways; den we will see little angels 'bout so long [measuring from his wrist to his fingers' end], flying in all ways frew de air. After den de judgment comes along, and dar be some ob yous like de turtle-doves what lights upon de limbs ob de tree-tops. Den one ob dem he goes to *sleep*; den one by one day all flies off, and after while *dat sleepy one* he soon wakes up and finds hissself dar *all alone!* So in dat day will it be wid yous, sinners! Better be after 'penting fore de Lawd calls you."

After he was through, another older man rose very solemnly, and talked connectedly. I noticed that several of the blacks turned *pale* under the flaming words of the preacher. Our drum-major, Ogden, asked the audience of blacks how many of them could read or spell, and not one was found that could do either. What an awful curse was American slavery!

Another war instance, but it was one of sadness:

He was only a boy, and went to the war, enlisting in my brother's company. He had not reached the requisite age, but by some strategic movement was enlisted for the war. We were at Helena, Arkansas, and great sickness prevailed in camp, although great care was taken by the officers to avoid it. Fevers of various types, the product of wet feet, damp beds, and the surrounding effluvia of swales, and dead carcasses, loaded with many life-diseases, brought many to an early death. This lad was early attacked. First a little cough and fever, followed by severe pulmonary prostra-

tion, then lingering fever, until we saw his days were numbered. He was the youngest child and son of an aged widow lady, and had from infancy been taught to honor his mother's God. He had become religious, and was an even-tempered, kind-hearted, beardless youth. My entire nature was in sympathy with him, won by his noble character, his promising youthfulness looking toward a good manhood, and for his dear mother, one of my own charge in the ministry; of course I felt a double interest in his recovery.

But gradually he sank away despite good physicians, and the best of nursing by officers, comrades, and chaplain. Often I sat beside him and encouraged him to my utmost; and at times there were hopeful moments that a change for the better was possible. All failed, however, and my heart was burdened; often I wept as an infant to see the coming end of such a blessed boy. His mind, during all this time, was staid on Jesus; and I never more earnestly and devoutly asked God for light on the path of a dying one.

He would often say: "O, Chaplain, if I could only see my dear mother, she would help me. If I could talk to her a little, then I could die easy; she could do me so much good." "My dear boy," I said, "God is very near you, and his Son Jesus, your Savior, will be with you to the last. You are safe in his hands; do not be in trouble." "O yes," he said, "but there is no one like mother, and I would like to see her once more." "You will see her before long, I am sure," I answered



him. "O, will I?" he returned, hardly comprehending me, and wondering whether I meant she was coming, or he would get well and go home.

He then drew from under his rude bunk-pillow, a small Testament, and handing it to me, said: "Chaplain, my mother gave me this. I have often read it; but now you take it;" so I received his mother's last gift. Soon he failed entirely, and we laid him away gently, until the morning of the resurrection, when he, with a host of such noble ones, will come forth to meet the descending Christ.

As many little incidents are now being related about General Grant, and interviews with him, permit me to give one of lasting pleasure and interest to myself. When chaplain of the 30th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, we were camping for a while at "Young's Point," Louisiana. After the first attack at Vicksburg, along the Chickasaw Bayou, when we had been terribly assailed by disease, I was so reduced that I could hardly walk, even assisted by a cane, without great nervousness and trembling. It seemed as if death was very near, and unless granted a quick furlough I should never reach home. At that time our camp was several miles from where General Grant and his great flotilla were launched. Unable to walk so far, and my brother, Captain Burgess, being so sick he could not escort me, I was greatly perplexed how to reach the general. To secure a pass then, in all the great confusion at that time, I must go through several "red tape" rules, to be signed by half a dozen officers, and that would require a long time, besides

vast trouble; and I thought I could never stand such delay.

Getting papers from my colonel, I hired a teamster to take me in his lumber-wagon, five miles to head-quarters, and landed on the shore opposite the boat of General Grant. Being weary and quite overcome, I sat down on a long root projecting from the sand. After awhile I tried to board the boat to see him; but a little captain, with sword in hand, was guarding the gangway, and I was refused admittance. Though weak in body, this made me sicker in heart, and deeply excited my nervous frame, and I thought I might have to tarry there all night, or die on the chilly shore. Soon a nice-looking colonel on the staff came to the front of the boat, and I waved my hand and bid him a salute. He recognized me with apparent sympathy; then giving him a token, to which he responded, and seeing I was in chaplain dress, he said, "Chaplain, what do you wish?" I spoke as loud as possible, saying, "I desire to see General Grant." He went back in the fore-castle of the vessel, and soon returned, calling to the brave little captain, "General Grant's order is to permit that man to enter." I was then taken by the arm and conducted on the boat and up-stairs, and into the general's kindly presence, where sat several other officers. I walked very slowly like a traveling skeleton, for I was down under seventy pounds in weight.

General Grant, eyeing me, and recognizing my condition, and also to be a chaplain, rose up most humbly and met me; then graciously, like a kind

parent, took hold of me with both hands on my shoulders, and set me down easily, in his own chair; then stepped off and got another; taking his seat in an angle position before me, he said, "Well, Chaplain, what is your pleasure? can I do any thing for you?" If I could have been embarrassed, his noble manners banished it forever, and I was quite at home. I remarked, "General, I am so glad to come into your presence; I see you are a younger man than I had expected to see!" He said, "Yes, I am not very old yet." "Well, General," I said, "I thought as I was now so reduced as you see me, I could not be of any service to the men, or the army; perhaps I could procure a furlough home for awhile, to recruit up, and return if necessary!" He asked, "What regiment do you represent, Chaplain?" "I am of the 30th Iowa Volunteer Infantry." He said, "All right, Chaplain, I will fix you out," and calling his secretary, said, "Give this man, as a chaplain, his papers home to Cairo, Illinois." Turning to me, "Then you will see General Tuttle." Bidding me a kindly adieu, with clever shake of the hand, and an expressive look, he said, "I hope you will get along all right, Chaplain." I then saluted him with most ardent thanks, with a full heart, and said, "God bless you, General," and bade him good-bye. I can never forget the circumstances while life continues.

I was taken back to our camp by some army teamster. Many soldiers were astonished at my immediate success. I told them I skipped all the

little red tapes and touched the main spring of power. I soon left for home with my sick brother, the captain, who accompanied me as far as Memphis, Tennessee, where he was to quarter as a sick soldier. Many on board the boat rendered me aid and soldierly kindness. The surgeon, DeBond, said, when I started, "There is a dying chaplain; he will not last two days, but die on his way home." But God, in mercy, kept me through it all. To this speedy release from the army, where many diseases converged, through Providence, I owe General Grant my lasting gratitude for life's continuance.

I stated, as you read above, that the men wondered how I succeeded in getting my release, or pass home, so promptly. I dare not tell the big words some spoke, who were sick and had been for weeks trying to get their papers through; but I, being their chaplain, they were rather soft in their imprecations for my sake; but to hear their words to-day, then uttered, would make our hair stand right up. Poor fellows! I really did pity them; for, for weeks, they had their applications in the mill; but all in that line ground slowly. Some never got their passes; but were buried in the sand, and some of their bodies were washed out of their narrow graves and floated away on the tide. So was war.

At that time our camp was terribly infested with numerous diseases, and my own special comrades will bear me out in saying, that for a short time we saw hundreds a day borne to their silent

homes. The small-pox, measles, quick consumption, or pneumonia, Scotch-fiddle, or more vulgarly the itch, scurvy, and various fevers, seemed for a season to triumph over our army division. Physicians did all they could to alleviate suffering, but they themselves were under the wave of affliction, and we were bitterly discouraged. For myself, my fever was so high, and I was so burning with thirst, that I almost laid my mouth and face in my camp-bucket, and, like a fish, drew in the dirty river water; and so it was with hundreds. Some of our clever boys worked like heroes to keep up the spirits of our men. Lieutenant C. F. Riffley, of Company A, like a noble Spartan, rolled up his sleeves, and the regiment having procured a baking oven, he kneaded the dough, baked the pies, made tea and coffee, cooked potatoes, and sustained the reputation as a baker and cook, for the good of the convalescent soldiers. He should be voted a badge of honor, for his kindness is remembered in the warm hearts of many boys in blue. Captain Thomas Berry was ever moving round in his war-like glory, with voice of "Herculean" sounds, commanding his obstreperous mules, asses, horses, and contrabands to duty; and I tell you it really sounded charmingly to us sick fellows to hear and see him at all hours of the day and night, moving about on duty, in rain and storm, in light or darkness, caring for no trouble. Sometimes he used awful big words to his team; but we said, "Well, it's war times!" He was more worthy to be installed colonel instead of captain.

I seem to hear, even now, at times, his stentorian voice! Ah! the sutlers had us, and we all gathered near their tents, if perchance we might spend our dimes for health's sake. We all had a true friend as the world could offer, and our boys just turned up the whites of their eyes with wishes and sweet looks to Mr. Frank Jones; for he would favor us a wee bit in trade. I stepped in often and aided Frank and Gage, when busy, to sell, and I coaxed him to drop off the "Hale" brackets, and let the poor boys, so hungry, have three little pickles for five cents, instead of only two, as the severe order stood. At first Frank winced a little, and said, "Chaplain, we can hardly stand that; they cost like blazes, you know;" but I said, "O, Frank, we must be good to the needy ones, for their cash is short." Then his big heart was touched and softened under my eloquence, and he said, "O, well then, Chaplain, you may let them have three, but we must be a little careful." And did I not act accordingly? Ah! I once in a while dropped even four very small ones into the emaciated hands. But Frank meant it all right, and will do much better in our next war, if I am along by him. We will all vote him thanks anyhow, for the past favors, as he never charged up the rotten onions the boys ate.

Well, I got away on the boat as I said, and by the help of my brother's noble darky, Jack Burgess, I greatly gained strength as we sailed northward. Something singular about this negro Jack, I state, for my brother secured him when down on the

White River scout. It was thus: When our boat struck shore, he and many others came in a hurry, asking refuge on board. In an instant my brother, the captain, saw such a noble look in Jack, he asked him his name. Jack replied, "My name, sah, is Jack Burgess." It seemed he was owned first in old Virginia; then, as the war waxed hot, he was sent to Mississippi to prevent being taken by the army of the North. His last master's name was Burgess, after whom his name was taken, and we concluded it to be one of our cousins of Maryland. Jack came first from there to Virginia. The colored men were not permitted to go aboard, as the boat was full of soldiers; but Captain Burgess seized hold of Jack's arm and shoved him on the plank into the boat. Then one person said, "Take him off;" but brother said, "No, never; this is my man; I want him." Jack proved to be a grand, good boy; over six feet tall, and of some considerable intellect, so that he entertained lots of the men in his relation of numerous facts in the South.

I will relate a singular incident concerning him. I hoped to have brought him to my home in Iowa, but the unkind captain of the vessel put him off below Memphis, Tennessee, and we never saw him after that. When I reached Memphis, in my weak and sinking condition, General Clark R. Weaver, of the 17th Iowa Infantry, came on our boat; and I can never forget his kindness. He asked: "Chaplain, can you eat any thing? What can I get for you? You look badly." I replied: "General, I have eaten hardly anything for fifteen days but

beef-tea and crackers. I can't tell what I could eat." He went up to the city, and some one, perhaps himself—I was too sick to know—brought me a very large can of rich oysters. It seemed like a God-send of mercy, for after I had swallowed two of them I felt a strange sensation come over my whole body; it went from my heart down to my feet, most peculiarly like warm fingers gliding over the nerves; and then I realized the same feeling move from the heart clear up to the scalp of my head; and from that hour a little strength was gained, and my voice was clearer, though faint. When, however, Cairo, Illinois, was reached, myself and horse were almost gone up, for they had neglected to feed him, except post hay, and he staggered as he left the boat; but kind ones soon fed him, and he was safe. As for myself, I was exhausted with the travel, and lay in the hotel a couple of days. In the evening of the second day, I opened my eyes as I lay on my bed, and a man was standing by me looking at me. I asked, "Who are you?" and he replied, "I am your friend; you are very sick, and I am caring for you." I had been out of my mind, it seemed, for some time, but this clever Yankee friend had watched over me until I came to reason. O, that I had secured his name and residence! By my earnest pleadings I was assisted by two men to the cars for home. For a whole week I lay in Decatur, Illinois, at the home of my sister, Mrs. Reineek, and after feeding on pigeon-broth and light bread several days, I was able to start for Iowa. When Fairfield



was reached I was so thin that my wife said, had she not known I was coming she would have never recognized me, as I was so emaciated, and an hour's rest was necessary ere I could have my coat off; so near the end of existence was I.

But the strange fact about this negro Jack was this: He and others had escaped from their plantation to seek shelter with the Union Army, and were pursued for miles by the overseer and a dozen big hounds. He heard their unearthly bark or howls at a great distance tracking them. To evade them, and disconcert them in their pursuit, they stopped at a graveyard a moment, and getting on their knees and scraping away the dirt of a newly-made grave, for a foot in depth, they gathered up some damp earth and put it in their shoes. This, they said, caused the scent of their persons to be lost, and deceived the bloodthirsty hounds so that they lost the track; then, rushing rapidly onward, they reached the river; then they swam across, a full quarter of a mile, and, finding a skiff chained, they loosened it, and rowed down stream for a mile or so and came to the boats on the side of the river they had first reached. By the time they were on the bank, the sound of the coming hounds was heard, and perhaps in fifteen minutes more they would have been captured.

The army work over in my case, after recovering my health, I received my conference appointment, and was stationed in Keokuk at Exchange Street Church. The house was dilapidated and old, and uncomely in appearance, and many of the

members had gone to Chatham Square, and but few comparatively were left, and they mostly poor in this world's goods, but, thank God, rich in faith in Christ; and there were noble ones enough to claim the promises; such as Thomas Pollard, Henry Polser, Benj. Gaimes, Swanson, Hart, S. Lind, Peterson, Adamson, Hansom, A. Higham, R. and W. Wooster, Fredericks, Hollowell, Wm. Price, and many blessed women with these brethren, who stood by my side, and held up my hands, and gave of their little from time to time for the Gospel. I worked with my hands for a month with shovel and wheelbarrow, to level the ground by the old "Bee-Hive;" then helped to whitewash and paint and brighten up things for God's sake; and many good friends of Keokuk gave me about twelve hundred dollars, and we were well fixed for worship. The Almighty came with us in divine power, and for three years I was unanimously asked to return.

Allow me to introduce to my readers the Hon. Samuel M. Clark, who wishes to speak a word for me:

"In 1863, '64, and '65, Rev. John Burgess was the appointed pastor. During these years Mr. Burgess has been abundant in labors for the building up of the society, and he has been eminently successful. The church building, falling somewhat into decay, has been repaired to the amount of \$1,200 through his vigorous efforts, and is now in a good condition. During each Winter of his administration there have been extensive revivals. He is an untiring worker, a good preacher, searches after knowledge through

all sources; hence has attended medical lectures while here, and become an M. D. This did not prevent his devotion to ministerial duties. The Methodist conference made a good selection in the choice of Mr. Burgess. Under such earnest and vigorous administration the future of 'Old Exchange Street Church' is as full of promise as any of her younger sisters."

I must add, that if our ministers had all followed the old and true landmarks of our Methodism, the Hon. S. M. Clark's closing words would have been a true prophecy, and no Church would have excelled ours. I was blessed with powerful revivals. The first year about one hundred and sixty were saved; the second, over one hundred and fifty more; and the third year, over sixty were added to the fold. During all these years over one hundred and twenty soldiers were converted, most of whom lived out their probation, were received into full connection, and dismissed by letters, went home, and scattered the good seed all over several States. From these meetings several became ministers, to go out and unfold Christ to the world.

My second year I held meetings for fifty-six nights successively, and attended medical lectures six hours each day, and had the delight of receiving my instructions from such mighty and distinguished men as Drs. J. L. McGugin, who was in early life my father's family physician in Ohio; J. C. Hughes, Sen., one of the best surgeons on the continent, clever, unsurpassed in his lectures; Rev. Dr. — Gillett, a man of God, and as true as steel; and Drs.

Cleaver and Taylor, grand scholars. At their feet I sat and embraced knowledge. In those great and powerful Church meetings I was graciously assisted by Revs. John Ferguson, the one-armed soldier preacher, full of life and earnestness, and S. Lind, a Swede local minister. I owe much gratitude to Rev. I. P. Teter and his kind wife, for their constant and unstinted work; for his frequent, earnest, and convincing sermons; and her for toiling with and instructing mourners at the altar. They both were instruments, through God, in aiding me to lead many to the kingdom of our Lord. He was at the time an army chaplain, and his usefulness among soldiers was unmeasured. To the sick, he was tender, affable, joyous; and all appreciated his work.

During this great revival, Rev. Wm. Reineck, my brother-in-law, came over from Jacksonville, Illinois, to assist me for a couple of weeks, and he preached with sublime and touching power, and many more were led to Jesus by his Cephas-like words. But few men, whom I have ever met, excelled him in true amiability of spirit; a man of excellent acquirements, and with a superior natural talent, knowing how to divide the Words of Truth. His business demanded his return home; but the unbridged river was full of ice, and gorged, yet, becoming soft and liable to move at any hour, I told him it would be dangerous to venture over, and desired him to wait a week or two. But go he must; so I proposed to cross with him as guide, he being frail, weak, and nervous. He started on the ice in a quick step, and I called out to him from time to time,

“Come on, come on; step firmly; jump carefully; don’t fall; follow me closely.” Several times he fell, and twice or thrice went in up to his knees, and once deeper; but, by excitement and encouraged energy, we reached the Illinois shore; and though he appeared ready to fall with fatigue, he exclaimed, “Thank God! terra firma! terra firma!” and I, turning quickly round on the ice, cried out, “God bless you, Brother Reineck, good-bye;” and like a deer I bounded back, jumping from cake to cake of ice, with my eyes seemingly larger than ever before, watching lest I should go down. Sometimes I sprang six or eight feet, with all my energies in greatest exercise—for I was very elastic and quick-motivated—and soon bounded to the Iowa shore, with my body in great perspiration, my mind in untold excitement, my heart, as it were, in my mouth, my throat husky, almost choked, so that I could hardly breathe with ease, my hand pressing hard against my side, to suppress the severe thumping of my heart, and my very soul trying to praise God with my voice, in suppressed utterances, that I had made my escape and was safe. After reclining on my elbow on the rocks for half an hour, I was out of misery; yet I felt the shock for many days, and told my wife if any person would lay down a million dollars, I would not make such a foolish venture again, knowing the imminent danger then before me; for my life is more valuable to me than all wealth; for in a very few days the whole mass of ice moved along the channel. I continued my meeting for a few weeks longer, and God gave me several more for

my hire. Praised be his name for his great care, and for "his wonderful goodness to the children of men!"

After this I traveled the Albia District, and my time of service on that work was my heart's delight, and I am bold to believe I brought up my department of the Church not at all behind my elder brothers' In the memory of love linger all those kind and useful ministers of God, then under my administration as elder, who treated me with much respect, and by their abilities and smiles, and many good words of cheer, aided me towards intellectual elevation and spiritual strength; in their hearts I always thought I had a large corner. The old men—noble old heroes of God—fortified me; and the young men inspired me to preach for their future inspiration. These were Revs. J. B. Hardy, R. S. Robinson, G. M. Kirkpatrick, Miltiades Miller, O. C. Shelton, J. H. Hopkins, Jesse Craig, William Reineck, Dr. J. W. McDonald, J. Darrah, O. Burgess; and the younger were E. H. Coddington, C. W. Shephard, W. G. Thorn, J. M. Mann, W. H. H. Smith, Thomas Stephenson, W. J. Miller—all young men of bright promise.

Many pleasing things occurred, which space will not allow me to note, though never to be forgotten. One glorious event I mention, is that of the great eclipse. It was full, complete, perfect, and for a few minutes was wonderfully sublime to our enraptured gaze. The ball of fire at its base, and the bright reflection which surrounded it as melted silver, were as vivid to us as mid-day sunlight.

What a thrill of joy and an unearthly rapture it produced in my mind, as I gazed upon the absorbing sight! I could but exclaim: "O bless God! O glorious scenc! O how wonderful is the Almighty in all his ways!" Nothing ever more grand! These deep things of nature, now unraveled, I may some time more fully understand. Truly,

"God plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

These mysteries will all be made known to me when I pass the river of death, and reach a holier land. I felt just as if, under such a change of nature as that, I could die quite happy, and cross up to the higher heaven, where we will forever see wonders, and engage in praising Him who ruleth the skies, and upholds the universe. This was an exciting scene to thousands; to some unpleasant, and no doubt rather thrilling and fearful; to others pleasant and joyous; but, ah! what is that to the grand and glorious event of the coming of that blessed Savior, who would have all recognize him as their hope and salvation; when he shall come in the clouds of glory, descending in triumphant majesty, surrounded by myriads of angels, with redeemed saints, with songs of heavenly melody, to make up his jewels for the eternal rest promised in his holy Word? I truly wished at that moment, that I had the flight of an eagle—yea, the speed of lightning—to ascend right up, if possible, in the midst of the scene, to witness how it happened, and explain the awful phenomenon. I thought if this grand eclipse so affected many, what will be the

moral relation of each of us, when the last great transaction of God's divine power before the world shall take place; when the heavens shall be rolled together as a parchment scroll; when the moon shall be turned into blood; when the sun shall be blotted out; when the stars shall fade away; when the heavens shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth shall be burned up, and God, the Eternal in truth immortal, shall discover to his elect the bliss he hath prepared for them on high?

The sight referred my mind, instantly after it passed off, to that exciting and eventful period when Jesus upon the cross was crucified for our redemption, to establish the verity of Christianity; to that moment when the Jews stood horrified and affrighted, in dread expectancy that the end of the world was near at hand; when the graves opened and the dead came forth to life, and all nature for three long, dreary hours was draped in darkness. That was not an eclipse; that was the time of full moon; no telescopic preparations or mathematical calculations were made for that occasion: it was unknown, and unexpected to all human wisdom, until the awful moment when our Christ exclaimed, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabaçthani!*" All astronomical views were too finite to comprehend it; it was a divine miracle, an unanswerable argument, that forever hushes infidelity, and has been to all saints, in all ages, a comfort and a grand source of continued rejoicing. We will wonder, and admire all the wonderful works of God, in the material and moral world.



## Chapter XVII.

THE CLOSE—MT. VERNON, OHIO—MANY NOBLE MINISTERS—  
 REVIEW OF LIFE AND LESSONS FOR LIFE, I OWE TO REV. J.  
 H. POWER—BISHOP SCOTT—BISHOP WAUGH AND W. B.  
 CHRISTIE—HENRY B. BASCOM AND NICHOLAS SNETHIEN—MRS.  
 SAMUEL F. VORRHIES—MY MOTHER—HEBER'S PRECIOUS WORDS.

HAVING come to the close of life's history thus far, I feel to rejoice in the mercy of God, for his unbounded goodness and grace, in assisting my mind to recount the past. Many other early scenes still flash before me, but space forbids their notice. I shall now insert some reminiscences which I had previously written and published, and a few may be repeated, in a measure.

As I said, the town of Mt. Vernon was our destination; but in those early days, the distance being several hundred miles, we were at least two months making the journey, which can now be traveled by railroad facilities in two or three days. Here my father brought his religion, and became the central fixedness of Methodist gatherings; and here he spent his days for the Church and God. Our house became the nucleus, the centering point, for all itinerant ministers. At our house Revs. L. L. Hamline and James McMahan dwelt, temporarily; and to a great degree it was the home of thousands of laymen. It was said by Rev. Dr. Adam

Miller, that "Brother Burgess's house was the half-way home between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean, for Methodism."

In those early days I had the opportunity of forming blessed acquaintance with numerous heroes and godly men among the ministry. It used to be said, no Methodist preacher came within twenty miles of my father's house who did not come and spend a day, or stay a night, or even sometimes a week, under his hospitable roof. It would not be extravagant to assert that my dear old mother has given five thousand meals to the people of God. I call to mind one quarterly-meeting in Mt. Vernon, when I counted sixty horses in our barns and yard, fed at our corn-crib and hay-stacks, and the people who were there were treble that number. One or two nights mother gave the beds to the women, and then in two rooms spread coverlets and quilts over the floor for the men.

Five hundred currant-bushes grew in our garden; and all the wine for sacrament at camp and quarterly meetings, and all two-days' meetings, was furnished free by my father, who yearly made barrels of it for that purpose. Each barrel was half filled with sugar, bought then for two or three cents a pound, and the other half was filled with the juice of the berry, boiled down, and it thus kept for a long time without fermentation.

In my boyhood I took great delight in hitching up our horses to the two-seated carryall, and going with my father to distant meetings. I did not care for the service, but the travel and large companies gave

me pleasure. I am now conscious that good and glorious influences then prevailed over me, and saved me from sin, and led me to God. Many of the old preachers of that day linger in my mind, and their good advice, sacred prayers, and smiling faces still flit before me, as if but yesterday. I would call back a few in a kindly representation.

The first in view is Gilbert Blue, called by every body, "Old Daddy Blue." He was rather heavy-set, with sandy complexion, bearing a soft, tender look, with mellow words, gentle in spirit, but of a nervous temperament. He used a "by-word," when talking to father, which I never forgot. When he wished to confirm a matter, he would say, "Now, blame it all, Brother Burgess, that was so and so." I said to father that it was wrong for a preacher to talk so; but he replied, "O, my son, that is his way only of expressing his earnestness, for Brother Blue is a good man." He was a mild preacher, and did much good.

Another was Abner Goff—"Father Goff," as styled; a tall, spare man in form, and he had a holy look. He wore his hair long, and was a man of very winning manners, of deeply earnest address, and practical. He was also a good singer. He always gave us children good advice, never to be forgotten.

Then, again, there was Rev. Jacob Dixon, quite different from either of the above; a very lively and joyful man, full of hearty laughing ability, and of queer anecdotes in conversation. In the pulpit he was tender and soothing, and poetic in style.

He was stalwart in body. He wrote and published a poem of some worth, in book form. His presenting me one in my boyhood causes me to remember him particularly. He spoke golden words of inspiration to me, for my advancement.

Simeon Goddard, a grand man, often came to see us, a man who had God's work in his heart. His manner was pleasing and attractive, his sermons pathetic and full of love, so that often the audience were melted under his persuasive strains.

Another man we may mention, of wonderful sagacity, of untiring zeal, and talented quite beyond the common lot of ministers. He was pleasantly eccentric, but wielded a mighty power over all with whom he mingled. In the pulpit there were but few in his days that were his peers in preaching, in proper sarcasm, in real oratory. He was an honor to all the Church in his sermonizing. In the noble sense, he was a true critic. Methodism always found in him one of her mightiest supporters and defenders. Tall in stature, bald-headed somewhat, of fair complexion, lucid in style of delivery, exceedingly affable about the house, was the venerable Henry O. Sheldon. At the family altar he was pointed and impressive. Once in his prayer he prayed for my elder brother, Oliver, saying, "And now, O Lord, here is little Oliver; forgive him, I pray thee, for that story he told to-day, and make him a better boy." Brother said he could not for his life think of any lie he had told, and he was quite troubled about it. Thus you see the peculiarity of the man. There are but

few men whom I ever respected more, or who did more good than he.

Alfred M. Lorraine I can never forget. He was the old "sailor preacher," a real gust of power in delivery, with extraordinary strength of thought, and by his mighty appeals often carried the whole congregation to great religious excitement. He attracted all classes. His nautical phrases were exceedingly touching, and produced in their pointed illustration electrical effects. He was the author of one or two interesting books, "Helm, Sword, and Cross," a memoir of his life and labors, and "Sea Sermons."

Uncle Jimmy Wilson, the "old Irish preacher," is imbedded in memory. He was a very athletic man, weighing about two hundred; short, but broad. His manner was very energetic, his style of speech voluble and full of pathos. His appeals to the sinner were convicting and clinching by his mighty voice. I remember on one occasion, when greatly excited in his sermon, and quite exhausted after nearly an hour, he suddenly stopped and took his seat, saying, "Just wait a little, brethren, till I take my wind." He thought he needed more wind, or stronger breath, to finish. So after a short rest, the hearers all in suspense, he went along with much power to the conclusion.

Another dear brother rises before me, and one, too, of the best and most devout persons I ever knew. He was all of Christ, and Christ was his sweet theme; holding him up always in every sermon as "the immaculate Son of God." The highest aim of his

life seemed to be to honor God and save souls. His devotion to the cause of his Master made us think of faithful Abraham. I recollect my father once saying of him, "Rev. George Elliott is one of the best men of earth; he is really the salt of the earth." And so all thought. His death was a shock to the conference and to our whole community. When visiting Mount Vernon, Ohio, I look at his tombstone, next to my father's, and think of the two warm friends, and old Brother Young—all three side by side—that they will all come forth together in the morning of the resurrection to meet their blessed Savior in the air. Won't it be grand?

Another is in mind, whose work is still going on; yet he has accomplished, in great labor and toil, mighty things for God's great cause. His blessed and kind spirit I can never forget. And though we have not met for a score or more years, even since he was at my parents' home, I have been delighted to follow his bright career all those years. And no doubt in his crown of rejoicing will be many gems. I cherish his words and good advice, and remember his humble yet lofty prayers around our family altar, his noble mien at our house and in the sacred desk. I do hope to meet Rev. William Herr, D. D., on the high banks of life.

Now I would recount, if possible, the many blessed deeds of another holy man of God, who, long ago, left earth to join the saints beyond the tide. His humble attitude in life; his sweet spirit and unequalled zeal for the Lord's cause; his

winning voice, with such persuasive language; his flowing tears, as he held up the blood-stained cross; his willingness to stoop to the most infamous to lend a helping hand toward eternal life, are all vivid to my mind this moment. That was Rev. James Wheeler, the missionary. Among the Wyandot Indians he was almost supremely adored. It was said of him, when chaplain in the Ohio penitentiary, that the convicts would have died for him rather than have him misused. He would at times march with them, I learned, to meals and from work, with his head bowed down, as if one of their number, and won all their hearts. He was the means of procuring the pardon of Jeff. Bull, the noted counterfeiter, as he was converted in prison under his influence. Jeff. afterwards used to attend my ministry where he lived, and from his words of praise of Brother Wheeler, seemed almost to worship him. No doubt scores of souls saved by his faithful efforts have joined him in everlasting songs in glory.

There also lived in that day one of the mightiest of men, a pure and powerful theologian; and I doubt if in all our Church there was any who lived nearer his God, or dwelt more at the mercy-seat. His address was most manly, his person neat as a pin, his style of delivery rhetorical, and language very chaste and lofty. He was as sociable and amiable a man around the fireside as you could find in a thousand. He abode at my father's house for over six months; had his room and board free; and even at that we felt well paid by his blessed

presence. That was Rev. James McMahan. My mother used to say she and my sisters could seldom fit up his room until near noon, for he spent all his mornings on his knees before his God in prayer. He died in triumph.

I would now speak of my noble and senior colleague, a man of the most wonderful oratorical powers, and gifted with language sublime and fluent. It appeared often to me, as I listened frequently to his beautiful perorations, that sin must be vanquished before his march of eloquence. He always lovingly called me his "son in the Gospel," and I had a love for him like my love to God. That was Rev. Elnathan Raymond, a pure and good man, safely landed on the golden shore.

Another good brother, once my presiding elder, will never be forgotten by me in this world, and surely we will meet in glory, through divine mercy. His hallowed countenance, his rapid but eloquent words, his mighty appeals, his scathing and almost terrible words to the vile sinner, stand out before my mind now, almost as a specter, terrifying in remembrance. His Irish brogue added fire to their severity. How the wicked could hear his denunciations and not fly from sin, when he so graphically pointed to the great remedy for all sin and uncleanness, I could not divine. On the other hand, his words of love and encouragement to saints were lofty, thrilling, sublime, and penetrating to the inmost soul—cheering the great multitudes of the host of God, and barricading them in sacred intrenchments; for he made "the name of the Lord a



strong tower; and the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." No man seemed to live who had a kinder heart and wiser zeal for the good work of our dear Master than Rev. Samuel Lynch. He has crossed over Time's border, and his last hour of life was full of hope; and as the sun goes down in the western sky, cloudless and bright, throwing back his golden beams on the mountain clouds that line the horizon, so may the influence of his long Christian ministry cast back on the life-course to its terminus a mighty impulse of true, Christ-like influences, on the pathway of the thousands to whom he has delivered the words of salvation.

Some of the mightiest men of this day, both for eloquence and theology, are those who have reached their threescore and ten years. Among others I will present one of purest heart, with a sweet spirit, and as noble a character as God ever blessed, whose influence over us was kin to the divine. His sermons were not only persuasive and heart-touching, but lifted us in thought up to the very presence of God, proving to our life a strong barricade against all sinful allurements. All his efforts in the pulpit were elevating, rhetorical, poetical, sometimes electrifying, bordering on true sublimity. When my beloved father died, whose life was characteristic of God's power to save and sanctify and keep, whose faith was fully up to that of faithful Abraham's, this good brother, Rev. L. B. Gurley, preached at his funeral, and said: "Brother Burgess was a man of far more than ordinary natural ability. Having, through faithful reading and prayerful trust in God,

obtained a vast fund of general knowledge, and a complete survey of Methodism in all its departments, he was ever ready to defend our Church against all accusations. As the blood of the human system from the great heart passes through all the body, out to every extremity, then back to the heart, thus keeping up the life of all its parts, so Brother Burgess's mind settled in God, and was fixed upon Christ, the immaculate Son; and his devout soul looked out to the interest of all the Church, then back to God for aid; and by his influence religiously, and his financial support, he kept the machinery in constant motion, and without friction, to the salvation of many precious souls." But this good Brother Gurley passed away in triumphant faith, to join the eternal throng, "over on the other shore." I have no doubt that he and father have met, and talked of their triumphant march through this world, through the merits of their dear Savior.

My third colleague was a true man in the work of the Lord, one of the most free-hearted, earnest, God-fearing men I ever knew. He was supremely conscientious in all he did. If ever any one preached for "Christ's sake," to reconcile the world to God, he did. He traveled a hard circuit on small pay, preaching about twenty times during every four weeks and three times each Sabbath, and leading two class-meetings, traveling at least fifteen miles for the day; also on week-days he preached in the little cabins and log dwelling-houses, often with only ten to twenty hearers, and we had glorious times; and

then, again, at two-days' meetings immense crowds came out in the woods, and we were successful. This good brother seldom said any thing about his support, even too modest to mention it, leaving it all to his elder, Rev. J. H. Power, who was a superior financier, and talked for the preachers' interest. I tarried at this brother's house with a broad welcome when I chose to, yet I felt it my duty not to burden them, for I knew them as a family at one time to be without an ounce of wheat-flour in their house for over three weeks, living on corn-bread and the like. He was one of the best governors at home I ever knew, and, with the aid of his amiable wife, all the children were kept in perfect obedience in the power of love. His look or lifting of his finger silenced all, and all was love. I trust I may meet Rev. John Scoles on the banks of life eternal.

To another brother, who passed over to his better home years ago, I owe much praise and many thanks for his noble traits of character, exemplified in his goodly words of advice, his interest in my youthful advance, and for his instructive sermons at my quarterly-meetings as my elder. He endeared himself to all his preachers, and never permitted one of us to be behind in our dividend of support. Indeed, I have known him to refuse to receive his own stipend because the circuit failed to bring up the preachers' amount. There seldom was found a man whose whole soul and active life and pulpit strength were more powerfully exercised to build up and widen out the "courts of the Lord's

house," than Rev. George W Breckenridge, who now dwells with God in paradise. What a grand range of work will God have for such a noble spirit among the countless worlds in his vast universe!

Rev. Henry E. Pilcher was a man of extraordinary energy, noble in spirit, kind in heart to his own hurt; full of peculiar Christian wit and startling anecdotes; who would almost sacrifice life for a friend. He was a substantial, doctrinal, and lucid preacher, and always had success, leading to Christ such as no other could reach. Blessed be his memory!

The likeness of another dear man I must picture. He was more than an ordinary speaker. His eloquence was superior, and thousands will remember his sermons to the end of their lives. Like the Summer storm, that comes quick and full of thunder and lightning and refreshing rain-fall, to bear off accumulated rubbish, and soften earth, and produce growth in vegetation, his words thus ponderously fell upon gathering multitudes, holding them spell-bound, giving instruction, comfort, Christian energy, infusing light to the inner man, and emboldening the saints to quicker march against the citadel of the foe of truth. No more affable or companionable elder, or brother in Christ, did I ever associate with in labors of love. As a stationed minister he drew full houses everywhere he went; as presiding elder, he made preachers and people love him almost to adoration; as a generous and kind man, he was unsurpassed; as a student, he was intense and assiduous, always gaining

strength as age advanced; and full of hope, full of bright prospects of doing great good. Rather early in his life Rev. Thomas Barkdull went down to the tomb, under the silvery eloud of divine glory, to range the brighter fields on the golden shore. May his early classmates, Breckenridge, Disbro, Goshorn, O. Burgess, and all of us who love our Lord and Master, meet him on the streets of gold! How glorious will be the record of our life's travel, as we reiterate it to each other, under the reflections of the great white throne!

There are many more whom I might mention, worthy of great respect and honor for their work's sake. They have entered into glory! Let us remember the old heroes.

Many years ago, at Griggsville, Illinois, at our conference session, Peter Cartwright was raising a public collection. He was very earnest, rather playful in his words and somewhat vehement in his efforts. He said, "Come, now, brethren, let us have a sweeping contribution to-day; let every body present, old and young, help us." With his witty and delightful remarks he held the audience in a most gracious state of feeling. Placing his corps of collectors in their proper places, the writer among the number, we gathered up the fragments, and I learned it was a noble collection. He kept talking and amusing all as we went around, which no doubt opened many purses. I can see his broad, smiling, and winning countenance now as vividly as at that moment. What a masterpiece of humanity he was! What a wonderful work he wrought for God for

over fifty years on the battle-field! What untold privations and sufferings he underwent to lift a lost world up to heaven! What a great soul he possessed! What a full hope swelled within him, and what an immortal expectancy opened before his eye of faith! He lived as seeing the Invisible.

Henry O. Sheldon, of the North Ohio Conference, was a peculiar yet most excellent man and a grand minister. From early childhood up to manhood I saw him often, and heard his eloquent and logical sermons. He was at times mighty in the truth, and thousands melted under his voice. In reproof and sarcasm he was like the fiery blaze of hickory bark. In a home of a Christian family, where he was visiting, was a servant girl. It was his habit to talk to every one of the household personally about their souls. At prayers, this girl did not kneel, which he observed. He asked her if she ever prayed. She answered, "No, I never do; and I don't know how to, either." "Well," said he, "don't you think you ought to pray?" She answered, "No, and I don't want to." He said, "Well, Miss, you ought to pray; but you say you don't, nor do you even want to pray. Now, could you be hired to pray?" Laughingly she replied, "O yes; I would do 'most any thing that's not wrong, if I am hired." "Well," said he, "I'll hire you to pray, if you will, and I'll pay you." She remarked, "O, but I don't know what to say, if I pray." He said, "I'll teach you a short prayer, and you can easily repeat it." So she agreed to pray that prayer as he bid, once a day

in her room, until he returned, in four weeks; and she was to have five dollars for doing so. The bargain was, that she was to go into her room each day at ten o'clock A. M., lock the door, get down on her knees, and say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." So he went away, and the next day the Christian lady reminded the girl of her agreement. In a merry mood she opened the door, and kneeled down by the bed, saying, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Out she came laughing and saying, "I did my duty." The next day the mistress reminded her of her duty again. She retired and prayed as before; but coming out, she was silent and her face serious. She had thought of what she said on her knees, and whom she was addressing. The third day, when she was on her knees, deep conviction fell upon her, and she came out weeping, saying that she was an awful sinner, and asked the lady to pray for her; and God soon converted her. When Brother Sheldon returned he found her happy, praising and loving Jesus, and waiting in joy to meet the returning minister.

Another old hero is often before me, whose works of love and grace follow him, Rev. James Gilruth. He was physically the largest minister I ever saw. I stood beside him once in a pulpit, and the contrast was interesting, as I came only within three hundred pounds of his weight; yet I was a young man grown to my highest reach. Brother Gilruth's voice was soft and soothing in the pulpit as a mother's; slightly effeminate in tone, but persuasive and melting. He was an instructing and winning preacher, and did

great good in his day. I greatly loved the dear old man. I heard this singular anecdote of him: Being so robust, in Summer he generally traveled in his buggy, with his coat off, his shirt-sleeves open, and the neck-band unbuttoned, wearing a broad-brimmed, snuff-colored hat, yet preserving a ministerial appearance that was the admiration of all. A teamster had thrown down a fence to avoid a swampy place, passing through a private field, and scores had followed his example. Brother Gilruth, passing that way, did the same. When about three-fourths through the field, the owner intercepted him, mad and raving, and ordered him "to go right back." Brother Gilruth said, "Friend, I saw every body had come this way and I followed; but I did not intend to do you any harm, and am sorry I came in your field, if it offends you." But the man persisted, saying, "You must go back; you must go back." "Well, well," said the preacher, "you see I am nearly through, and it would do you more harm to return than to reach the road by going on." But the man insisted, "You shall, you must return." Gilruth looked at him with a stern eye, lifted his great half-bared muscular arm, and said, "My friend, do you see this arm?" The man stood in silence for a moment, then looked at the minister's determined face and said, in a subdued manner "Well, you can pass this time." The itinerant thanked him, and went through in peace.

How delightful it is to call up pleasant incidents of good and great men! Memory is a true book-keeper, and we can unfold its precious leaves, and



bring out treasures of richness and profit. I wish to disembarass young ministers, who, at times, may be confused and worried in their pulpit efforts. Often their concern and tremblings are from fear of people; sometimes, from a diffident spirit, or an excited and nervous temperament. I now offer a good remedy to save such, in the future, from those disagreeable experiences.

I owe this instruction to Rev. John H. Power, D. D., now in glory. Since the day he advised me I have seldom faltered, or been lost, at least to my own mind, in the presentation of the Word, though I realized it to be a weight and responsibility. He said: "When you read the Scripture, do it thoughtfully, not hastily, but as if you knew God was listening to you, for it is his holy will and revelation. When you offer prayer, pray to him only, not to men, and you will enjoy freedom before the mercy-seat. A good prayer, full of faith, is always a precursor to a triumphant sermon. When you take your text, present it distinctly; always having your subject in two or three propositions, each well fixed in your mind. After a brief introduction, never an extended one, present your first main thought; speak to the first subdivision, and if at all embarrassed, say but little, but pass immediately to the second, doing your best to illuminate it. But if still under restraint, take the second general thought of the text: state it slowly, and repeat it more boldly, and you will then gain confidence. If still somewhat troubled, or not clear to your satisfaction, take the next thought as soon as you can, rather

than press the subject to your disadvantage, that the congregation may not know your feelings, and you will find it growing easier, and light will come. By the time you reach the third subdivision, you will nearly always be at yourself. Then, if you have a third general division, come to it strongly; if but the two leading propositions, round up with all your mental force and grace, and you will be master of the hour. This course, practically observed, seldom fails, especially if we add a good exhortation. Remember and do not try to do too much at the first, but swing into the subject naturally, and you will make a good impression on all, and be happy yourself in the effort. Your words will never fall to the ground, if you lean upon your blessed Christ at all times." May I add that we should, at every leading point, be familiar with some suitable passage of Scripture to present, and it will give edge and power to each thought; and conviction will inevitably be wrought in some minds and hearts? As I traveled for six months or more with him around his district, sleeping with him, witnessing his daily walk, and hearing his godly conversation, and felt his holy influence, I treasured up many precious things which I love to remember. They stand as guide-boards, along the lane of life.

Another lesson was in regard to family altar devotions, as we went from house to house. He said: "Let me tell you a matter which may be of practical utility to you, and to those you visit. When you conduct family devotion, never burden the people with long reading or long prayers.

Read ten or fifteen verses; never more, unless the connection demand it. Better ten verses only, than too much. Pray briefly, but in holy earnestness. Try to remember each member of the household, for even little children will recognize our special interest in them, and in after life it will do them good. They never forget the preacher who prays for them." The hallowed prayers I have heard him make around the fireside of saints, can never be forgotten by me, so full of God and Christ and sanctification were these, and souls at the family altars, not a few, have been convicted and saved during his prayers.

These lessons were a great help to me to regulate my conduct, and I praise God for his counsel. Surely I can now corroborate this last instruction; for to this day do I call to mind from early boyhood, the prayers of such men as Hamline, Soule, Herr, Bigelow, Thomson, McMahan, Yocum, Elliott, Gurley, Sheldon, and a host besides who tarried at our house and almost always said, "O Lord, bless little John, and save him from sin."

Another advice of importance he gave me, was this: "Do not spend your time, especially the evening, where you tarry, talking and visiting only. Politely excuse yourself, and ask for a light, if convenient; tell the kind friends you must improve your hours, to be able to preach, by studying God's Word and good books, as the conference requires strict examination; and any reasonable family will esteem you far more for it than if you should appear ever so sociable. They will see that you are

aiming to do your Master's will." This was good advice from one whose life of usefulness, by voice and pen, has lifted up multitudes to the better thought, and true righteousness. Would to God I had observed it, always, as he designed I should, for he manifested a deep interest in my future success! How much farther up the mountain of holiness I might have been, and how many more golden hours might have been saved to my elevation and spiritual influence! But, regarding his advice even partially, I have spent precious evenings in log cabins, beside the old rough tables, with a saucer of lard or racoon-fat, with a slip of muslin in it for my lamp, as I pursued my studies; many nights, until midnight, have I sat with my book by the blazing light of the hickory bark streaming from the big fire-places. I praise God that by the means of study, through his and others' timely instruction, I passed each conference year, and honorably graduated to the eldership of the vast work of the ministry of Jesus Christ. I tell this now, in my older years, to young ministers for their good, hoping they will gladly receive it, follow its line, and profit more by these suggestions than I have. Never disregard wholesome lessons, coming from whom they may. Aim for the topmost roll of integrity and usefulness, and you will touch some luminous summit of rapture and delight, and bring at last, I hope, many sheaves with you, to present before your Lord and Master, receiving his eternal favor.

Many of our noble heroes in the vineyard have

worked hard and long for God's cause, and have gone home in triumph to present their sheaves before their Master, as trophies of divine grace. Fifty years is a long period, and yet how rapidly it passes! and when gone, it is only a microscopic atom in the vast sweeping ages. Thus, for sixty years of his life, our beloved bishop, Levi Scott, moved through this world with an influence for heaven, and for God's glory. Truly his days were spent for unmeasured good, and throughout the cycles of eternity will reverberating praises be poured forth from a multitude of saved souls, whose first thoughts of immortality will be attributed to his hallowed teaching. How many who were on the downward march, daily nearing the untold and awful future, aimless and hopeless in their course, have by his words, his sweet intonations of the divine truth, been halted, arrested in their attention, then impelled to turn face about, then taken the upward steps, entered into peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and in sweet communion with all saints, spent the remainder of their lives doing good; and at last many of them crossed the surging billows of death, and reached the golden shore of life! They have joined the celestial throng, and now, with palms of victory and crowns of glory, amid songs of endless rapture, are marching on with the host of heaven. And what a host is left on earth, to cherish, with sanctified delight, his wise words and kind admonitions; and will, through his godly advice, and by his noble ministerial course, be led on in duty's path, until they

quit the world below, to climb the delectable mountains! Will not all of them be gems to glitter in his diadem, and by their presence enhance his bliss forever?

The writer can never forget, should he live to Methuselah's age, the sweet episode of a closing sermon delivered by our worthy bishop. It gave us all such a view of the hallowed beyond, and so inspired our devotion, and enlarged our faith, that our steps have hastened on more swiftly ever since, to reach that blessed goal, and gain the prize he so splendidly alluded to in his closing remarks. He was referring to his joys in this life, through the blood of the Lamb; what superior bliss accrued to all those who chose Christ as their portion, and walked in his ways. Then, reciting some of their enjoyments and pleasures here below, stating that

“ His willing soul would ever stay,  
In such a frame as this,”

amid such a flood of light and glory that the Christian religion afforded, he then exclaimed: “ Brethren, I have sometimes thought I would love to tarry here on earth always, amid such blessed experiences, with such good people, where every thing is so beautiful and inspiring; and often, as I have passed up and down this earth, along these fertile valleys, and over those far-off mountains, so attractive, here and there I have seen a spot, when I said, ‘ Well! if I had a little cottage right *there*, how happy, O how happy I could be!’ Then, as I passed along some beautiful river, where the sur-

roundings were indescribably rich and enchanting, or along some silvery lake, or out near the ocean beach, I've now and then discovered a *spot*, with such lovely appurtenances all about it, that I have thought to myself, 'Now, that would suit me exactly; and if I had my little family fixed *there*, O how delighted would I be to the end of life!' But O, dear brethren! God never intended me to locate permanently on this poor earth, however richly festooned with flowers of every hue, or with lofty oaks or towering pines, and graced by flowing streams, or mountain heights decorated with herbage green! No, no! but away up yonder, over the river, on the immortal shore, in the land of the blessed, he has a nice home for me, for us all, where we will sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb forever!" Thus, many years ago, he closed that blessed sermon before the Illinois Conference in Decatur, in the midst of tears, and shoutings, and praises, and loud hallelujahs, from Bros. Prentice, Buck, Montgomery, Dimmitt, Rutledge, and from a host of others, ascended to God, while the vast concourse of believers and unbelievers were bathed in tears. He has left this beautiful land, God made so attracting to all the meek, and has reached that heavenly portion, or "*spot*," with his dear companion, and the redeemed hosts, to abide within the smiles of his blessed Savior. Let us all see that our life is rightly spent.

The "sweet long ago" comes back to us often, with great refreshings, and we love to call the past, to our present good. Many years ago, in Ohio, in

the town of Mt. Vernon, a delightful incident occurred, which comes up fresh to memory. In the year 183-, one quiet and beautiful Fall evening, as my father and mother, like Abram and Sarah of old, sat in the front yard, and we children were playing around, there came to our gate a nice little tandem, with two white horses, one hitched before the other, and in it, sat a noble-looking gentleman. Beside the vehicle, rode another person on a horse.

They halted, and the horseback person inquired, "Is this Brother Burgess?" My father answered, "They call me that, sometimes!" He then replied, "My name is Christie, and this is Bishop Waugh, Brother Burgess." My dear father, in his humble style, in holy respect for God's heralds, bowed his head, and walked forth quickly, grasping their hands, saying: "Welcome, brethren, welcome! light off, light off, and come in;" then turning to mother, he called, "Lydia, come and be introduced to Brother Christie and Bishop Waugh."

To us, this was a season of joy, for we "thereby entertained angels" of the Church of the living God.

The bishop was a distant relation of my mother, though they had never met. These men were on their way out to Michigan, to attend conference, and tarried with us over night and most of next day. Their conversation and presence were of the character that gave comfort and delight, as well as an inspiration to seek good; and was "as apples of gold in pictures of silver." Their prayers were as an unction from on high to us all; and as each of the family was mentioned before the mercy-seat,



we realized the falling of the dew of heavenly grace, like to that upon the mountains of Hermon.

Brother Christie was one of the most fervent and devoted men of God, among all I have met in life's journey; walking as if in the immediate presence of the great Invisible, and led by the divine hand. About his visage was a halo of sweetness and devotion to his Master, that drew you to him instantly. In the pulpit he was a natural orator, carrying all the multitude with him in his bold and striking figures; and his hallowed intonations were literally charming. Hundreds were melted into childlike tenderness and to repentance, and were soon directed to the sacred "fountain of life," by his glorious ministry. I have heard and seen him preaching under such sublime excitement, until his voice seemed like the echoes of far-off music, and his whole frame seemed in sympathy.

Bishop Waugh was deeply earnest, explanatory, dignified, beautiful in his appearance, commanding deepest attention, and at times eloquent; always leaving rich food before the altar of his God for the hungry congregations, teaching all Israel that "they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." Being related to my mother, we cherished more fondly, perhaps, his good name and his sublime Christian qualities, though he was truly worthy of the love and highest esteem of all the Church. The impression created by those two mighty workmen in the vast vineyard of our Lord and Christ is stamped forever upon the hearts of thousands, to redound to their bliss throughout

endless ages. Such visits in the households of saints by those men, and by many others like unto them, were to implant immortal principles which would develop in their salvation as well as lay the foundation of sacred truth for rising generations. Such early associations and holy influences were to me an incentive to listen to God's call in early life, to go forth and point a lost world to the blood-stained cross, and to behold the bleeding Lamb. O, may we be so unspeakably happy as to meet them in glory!

Shortly after this we were favored with a visit by that extraordinary and humble man of God, Rev. Russel Bigelow. He much resembled Christie in style and earnestness, for both preached as if the salvation of the world depended on their words. He was full of sympathy, and seemed to love all mankind. The estimation of a soul's value, in his mind, exceeded all else. As he unraveled Scripture after Scripture, and each discourse was full of it, he applied the passages with a peculiar impressiveness. His description of hell, and the sufferings of a lost soul, was terrifying, and hundreds sobbed and cried out, and many fell to the earth in penitence beneath his burning language. But O, what height of eloquence burst out before the enraptured crowd, ascending higher and higher in the realms of divine light! He lifted the troubled Christian out beyond all fear, scattered all dark clouds from doubting minds, turned the double-minded and weak saints to steadfastness, so they fled to the Rock Christ Jesus; and he held out

before the firm and trusting believers the sweet and encouraging promises of the Bible, and called forth from every truthful, loving heart great thanksgiving and abounding praises. For hours he held his thousands of hearers spell-bound; some in fearful expectancy of coming destruction, unless they came to repentance; some in blessed ecstasy and hopefulness of eternal joyousness: and when his closing moments came, a perfect storm of rapture ensued throughout the vast multitude; and a halo of glory appeared to me, though but a boy, to surround his brow. The perspiration fell in rapid drops from his face, and lifting his outstretched arms at full length toward heaven, joy beamed over all his countenance. He lived and died in the sunshine of God's favor. What an infinitude of glory is his!

I will here relate an incident of early times: My dear father, in my youth, related to me a little circumstance that occurred before I was born, in the State of Maryland, over sixty years ago. That mighty man of God, whose pulpit oratory has never been surpassed in any Church, or by any statesman, Rev. Henry B. Bascom, D. D., was preaching in, or near, New Market. A great multitude was assembled, both in and around the church. Among the number was Rev. Nicholas Snethen, another wonderful and influential minister, who sat behind him in the pulpit. Bascom's text was, I believe, these words, "And Satan appeared among them." He described the devil's characteristics, his superior, wily wisdom; his subtilty and power over the

wicked ; his strategy in leading away the weak and doubting followers of the Lord. His eloquence grew awful and grand, and at one or two outbursts of his oratory, the whole audience rose up under intense excitement ; some standing in perfect rapture to the close of the sermon. Many wept in silent fear, and some uttered words of praise. Then, as he portrayed in overwhelming strains and graphic pictures, Satan leading some poor straggling soul away from the fold of Christ, and down the broad way to the pit of ruin, Mr. Snethen sprang to his feet, and to the front of the desk, and cried out with a loud voice, "I never was afraid of the devil before, in all my life," and for a few moments a great tumult of excitement ensued ; some were crying or screaming, and others praising God. Dr. Bascom stopped for a moment, with a sublime pause, then in words of divine inspiration, turned all eyes and hearts to the cross, and the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," whose power would finally destroy Satan's work, and the glorious cause of Christ would triumph, and the Lord God Almighty be glorified by the vast universe. In a little while the place was almost rent by the shouts of all the saints, and a most salutary result followed ; for many from that eventful occasion were led to the Savior.

Several years after her husband's death, the dear lady here named also passed from time to eternity—Mrs. Samuel F. Voorhies. She died in Keokuk, Iowa, February 6, 1878. The following

memorial was prepared upon the occasion, and read at her funeral: Our departed friend, whose obsequies we mournfully celebrate to-day, has long been a person whom we have respected, and almost revered, from our earliest life. Over forty years—yea, even from our boyhood days—I have looked upon her as a lady of unsurpassed merit, of bright intelligence, of highest rank in home culture, sweetness of spirit, and of unceasing affability. When she and her kind husband and only child, Cornelius, now in heaven, moved to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, I was quite a lad, but as in smaller towns acquaintances soon form, through my loving parents I became familiar with her pleasant family. Raised as she was, under the Quaker extraction, as were many of my own people, we soon saw and realized her noble and excellent qualities. The higher and more attracting principles that lift the human up to godlike position in this life, as an ornament, as a way-mark to the humbler class of society, belonged fully to her character. As the light-house upon the shore throws its bright rays away out on the deep sea, to guide the weary mariner safely to his home, so, by her many good and charming characteristics, she impressed many to usefulness and a more elevated life. Not a relative of all her extensive family circle but felt the impulse of her kind nature. Often in my youth have I visited their house, and she always had pleasant smiles and gentle words of kindness—laying her soft hand upon my youthful head, and blessing me ere I departed. My then tender and childlike heart imbedded her blest

nature within the tablet of my memory! I could never forget the first time my good mother, now in years beyond fourscore, visited her in her new home in Mt. Vernon. She said to my father when she returned: "William, I have just called on Mrs. Voorhies, our new-comers, and she is a perfect lady." Of course a mother's words so emphatically uttered, indelibly impressed upon my inward being a fact, which I have never lost, that Mrs. Voorhies was one of God's superior workmanship.

One of the most amiable features of her character was an intuitive refinement, a love of the beautiful, an admiration of God's works, from the tiny flower or shining pebble, to the towering pine or majestic mountain. Who ever visited her in her health, that was not attracted by her very choice selection of plants, blushing flowers, and blooming roses, that always graced her yard and perfumed her sweet home, as the odors of a beautiful meadow; and so many other little articles, all about, that beautified and enhanced the joys and pleasures of a happy, thrice happy home? All of these delights and attractions, with her exalted dignity of manners, bespoke her tender heart; and will we not all say, with all those delectable intuitions of God's creation, and her moral virtues, and her trust in the invisible, will she not be infinitely more capable of enjoying the immortal beauties of that shining shore, which "the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things prepared for those that serve God?" The needy poor she never forgot,

but ever with lavish hand she fed and clothed and warmed and sent them smiling from her door, with light and gladsome hearts.

While I would not utter a single word for mere friendship's sake, I must remark that ever since that day of my early life the family has been to me as if bound by kindred ties. When I came to this beautiful city, over twelve years ago, it was a wonderful pleasure to meet this Ohio family, with that of Dr. Hughes, and our distinguished departed friend, Dr. McGugin, and lady, all of whom had been so sacredly nigh to my fond parents in the social circles of life. I was welcomed to their tables and their happy firesides. Years ago, when my dear mother visited me in this city, her joys were doubly increased to find in this house her dear old friend, Mrs. Voorhies, and for two or three days under their hospitable roof, at the earnest request of this kind family, mingling in old age with our departed friend, to kindle afresh and renew the early friendship that will soon, when mother leaves earth, be rekindled, I trust, amid the courts of glory.\* O, what immeasurable bliss! What height of rapture will be theirs and ours, if we, as they, are ready to meet our blessed Savior! Long years has God permitted her to enjoy the pleasures and sweet associations of this world, which she so highly appreciated; yet many years has she passed beneath the rod of severe trial and bodily affliction; but in it all, amid those deep sorrows, her patience was unsurpassed, and she appeared to be happy and reconciled and full of

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\* She has since died.

hope, complaining not at Heaven's will. Often during those years we have called to see her, and always found the same gentle, meek, and noble heartedness in her. O, how sublime to witness how calmly and uncomplainingly she pressed back the rolling surges of affliction and care, and kept up a cheerful spirit to the end of her life!

The undying devotion and ceaseless attention of her bereaved husband and loving children, and friends who cared for all her wants, was a great support. No wonder her husband said to me, when she closed her eyes in death, "I feel very lonesome." Ah! the loss of such a bosom friend and companion casts a deep shadow over our pathway. Never did I call but she manifested, in those I love, an intensity of interest, as among her old friends, and it abated not to the very last. She would always inquire, "Have you heard from your mother?" I would answer affirmatively, and she would reply: "O, I am so glad to hear. Have you heard from Oliver or Louisa lately?"—my older sister and brother, in whom she took interest in their early life. Yes, to the latest hour of her existence here, she was mindful of all past life and its precious associations. Her heart, so full of true love and deep sympathy, was walled up as with undying affection, so that there was no leakage, but rising up from her bosom and lips and her very soul, were sent out regalings of freshness and comfort to happify her friends and needy ones. When God took away her two noble boys, and friends bore them from this beautiful residence to



their own better and brighter mansion on high, her heart was smitten deeply, yet she expected to have a reunion with them by and by, "in that happy clime." Hope swelled immortal, and cast anchor to settle beyond the river of death. When her dear Hugh died, I wrote her a letter of condolence, which appeared to render her some joy, and her words signified the gratitude of her kind heart. When now and then sitting by her, and talking with her of her afflictions and change for a better world, she was hopeful, and expressed her unbounded trust in the merits of Christ. Always when calling, at her own special request I bowed in prayer by her side, and she would softly and sweetly respond, then say, "Come back again; come often." She seemed to appreciate the value and strength of earnest supplication before the mercy-seat.

Sabbath, one week ago, I looked upon her for the last time, when speech was trembling and voice almost gone, yet I saw in her expressive eye that joy and hope abounded amid her suffering. I told her she would soon pass over the tide, and that Jesus was precious, and was her best friend, to which she assented with a bright countenance. Ere I left, she requested prayer, and in company with her fond companion, dear daughter and others, we offered a petition for her happy exit to the glory land, and she responded, whispering gently, and then brushed away the tears from her eyes. Prayer seemed to be very blessed to her then, and heaven no doubt was in sight. Ah, bless God, she had a

happy departure, calmly and quietly resting on Jesus' bosom, and she passed beyond time's limits to the highlands above. O, I was so glad that I witnessed her triumphant ending! I will remember it while my life continues. May husband and son and daughter and grandchildren, and all her loved ones, and we who are present, meet her beyond the rolling river!

“The wife, the idolizing wife  
Of him who was her all in all on earth—  
The fatal shaft of death  
Hath robbed him of his bosom's fondest prize,  
And left him in the world alone,  
With none (as she) to soothe and calm his troubled soul—  
With none (like her) to cheer him as he journeys on,  
The darksome way of life, alone, alone!”

“Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night:  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.”

I here add the notice of my mother's death, as written by me and published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*: Mrs. Lydia G. Burgess died at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, July 21, 1883, having lived nearly eighty-six years. She realized, for sixty-five years of Christian experience, communion with God, and the power of divine grace to save to the uttermost. Thousands in early life enjoyed her hospitality at the delightful family home, and the faithful itinerant was welcomed always, gladly, for Christ's sake. Scores of the old and useful ministers now living will remember, when reading this notice, the

golden hours they spent with her long since departed husband and herself, at their ever open, welcome home, and in God's temple, with such men as Dr. William Herr, Revs. Samuel Lynch, Chilton Craven, John Quigley, Elmore Yocum, Henry Whiteman, Bishop W. L. Harris, and others; besides Bishop Hamline, who tarried long at our house; Dr. J. H. Power, James McMahan, George Elliott, with a host who have passed over the river and greeted them in the better country. She was an ardent and loving mother, teaching us of Jesus from our infant days; leading us with her in the secret closet, and with sublime and impassioned entreaties, invoking Heaven's blessings upon us. Those prayers linger still upon memory's tablet. As life with us advanced and we left home, her written communications expressed her great desire to "abide at the feet of her divine Lord, and live day by day with the wedding garment on, so that when Jesus called, she would be ready to welcome his appearance." The blessed Bible was her chief solace in all her aged life, and to its sweet promises she clung in living hope, as they kept her every hour in sight of her future home. When the messenger of death came suddenly, she was full of faith and gloriously adorned for the Bridegroom's coming, and gave her children around her her last sweet testimony, that all was well; that her Savior was near and heaven in full view.

I also insert the notice prepared by my brother, Rev. O. Burgess, and published in the *Western Christian Advocate*. "Mrs. Lydia Griffith, widow

of William P. Burgess, of precious memory, died July 21st, near Mount Vernon, Ohio, aged eighty-six. She was born in 1798, near Baltimore, Maryland; married in 1816; removed to Ohio in 1826, and settled in Mount Vernon, and has always lived since in, or near, that city. She was a member of the Church more than sixty years, and for nearly forty years her house was a home for Methodist ministers. She was greatly admired for the beauty of her life and high Christian character. July 20th she rose early, and while dressing to go and visit a friend, she fell suddenly to the floor under a paralytic stroke, and lingered thirty hours. Although she had lost the power of speech, she readily responded to questions by pressure of the hand, and gave comforting assurance that she knew who were about her, and that Jesus was with her while crossing the valley, lighting it with his presence. Her funeral occurred July 24th, and a very appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. E. Persons from the words, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Her remains were placed in a beautiful casket, in a white cashmere shroud, and covered with a sheaf of ripe wheat and appropriate flowers, indicative of the maturity and beauty of her Christian character. She leaves four sons and three daughters, among whom are Rev. Oliver Burgess, of Cleveland, and Rev. John Burgess, of the Iowa Conference."

In closing this volume of incidents, nothing could be more appropriate than the words of the lamented Heber: "Life bears us on like the stream

of a mighty river. Our boat first glides down the broad channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is on a deeper and wider flood, among objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry all around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens on till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and the Eternal." So mote it be.

