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ASBURY

AND

HIS COLLABORERS.

BY

REV. WM. C. LARRABEE, A. M.

EDITED BY

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JESSE LEE.

JESSE LEE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF LEE.

Birth.

Parentage.

OF the worthy men, coadjutors of Asbury—men raised up by Providence for special purposes—men of eminent qualifications for the work of the times—men who placed their mark on the age in which they lived, there were none more distinguished than Jesse Lee. He was a Virginian, born in 1758. His parents were plain, respectable, common-sense people, honest, sincere, intelligent, and hospitable—people in whom the religious sentiment was strong, and eminently developed. They were connected with the Episcopal Church, which in that part of the country was most wonderfully favored at that time with a pious, devout, and efficient minister, Rev. Mr. Jarratt, who became to Asbury and his associates what Grimshaw and Perronnett had been to Wesley and his coadjutors. Through the influ-

Mr. Jarratt.Jesse's Boyhood.

ence of Mr. Jarratt, the mansion of the Lee family became a house of prayer. The parents became devoted, pious, and exemplary Christians. Morning and evening the father would gather about him his children, read to them the lessons of holy inspiration, and bowing humbly before the throne of grace, offer up the fervent prayer of faith.

At the time when the family first became distinguished for its religious character, Jesse was about fourteen years old. He was a sensible, good-humored, and interesting boy. Though he had enjoyed but meager advantages of education, yet his strong good sense, and native energy of mind made him a boy of marked character. His chief accomplishment in education consisted in the knowledge of vocal music, which he learned at the singing schools of olden times. It was a pleasant exercise in those days for the young people to assemble at evening in some country school-house, or private room, and under the direction of some knight of the tuning-fork and gamut, pore over the old note-book, and learn to sing—sometimes most lustily—Wells, and Mear, and China, and Old Hundred. Lee had also been instructed, as was usual in those times,

A Religious Conversation Overheard and its Effect.

in catechism, and had thus picked up many religious notions, which formed a nucleus for the good collection of theological truths, of which he made so effectual use in his public ministry.

When he was about fifteen years old, his attention became more specially directed to personal and experimental religion by a conversation—to which he was listening—between his father and a neighbor. The conversation made a deep impression on his mind. He became thoughtful and anxious. He knew that he was a sinner, and could be saved only by the merits of Jesus Christ through repentance and faith. For some weeks he read the Bible, and spent much time alone, and in prayer. One morning he was in great distress, and was praying earnestly for mercy, when the Lord came to his relief, delivered his soul from the burden and guilt of sin, and poured into his heart the peace and the joy of faith. For a time he refrained from reporting the change he had experienced, and thereby he suffered darkness and doubt to gather over his soul. But when he had openly professed his hope and faith, the light of glorious grace again beamed over his mind.

Jesse Joins the Church.

Goes to North Carolina.

About the time he first became acquainted with the Methodists, Robert Williams, one of the Methodist preachers, visited Virginia, and preached in the Lee neighborhood. The Lee family became constant hearers, and after about one year, the parents and two sons, Jesse and John, joined the society. The Lee house then became a regular preaching-place, and Jesse had favorable opportunities of becoming instructed in all the peculiarities, and of learning to appreciate the excellences of Methodism.

At the age of nineteen it became necessary for him to leave home, and go to North Carolina, to aid a widowed relative in settling and managing the business of her estate. The superintending of a large farm, and of the miscellaneous business of his relative, necessarily occupied largely his time and attention, yet he found means of keeping up his religious habits. He continued devout and prayerful. He openly professed, wherever he went, his religious experience and intentions. He began to be active in advocating among the people, with whom his lot was cast, the doctrines and practices of Christianity, as taught by the Methodists. Methodism was not wholly unknown in that part of the south. A circuit had been

Becomes a Class-Leader and Minister.

Drafted as a Soldier.

formed, and the preacher, hearing of the zeal and talents of Lee, appointed him class-leader. The position of class-leader was one favorable for the development of his talents. He soon began to enlarge the sphere of his labors, and to hold prayer meetings.

From the position of class-leader, the transition was natural and easy to that of exhorter, and from exhortation one of his temperament and talents would easily advance to preaching.

Thus was he led on, step by step, under the influence of the Spirit and the superintendence of the providence of God, from a serious and thoughtful boy, to a regular minister of the Gospel. He was yet, however, only a local preacher. He had not resolved to offer his services to the Methodist conference as an itinerant. Before he should be ready fully to devote himself to the work of the ministry, he was destined to pass through scenes of trial to his grace and faith.

In the summer of 1780, Lee was drafted to serve as a soldier in the North Carolina militia, to repel the invasion of the British army, on their march from the south to the north. He was a friend to his country, a friend to the American Revolution, and willing to do for the

No Disposition to Fight.

cause of patriotism any thing not inconsistent with his views of duty and right. But he was conscientiously opposed to war. He could not, under any circumstances, take the life of a fellow-being. He could not fight with deadly weapons, and he could not even carry a gun. He resolved to go wherever he might be called on the requisition of the law, but to resist openly, and at whatever hazard, all attempts of those in authority to force him to fight or bear arms. Most valiant and highly honorable was his decision. His conscientious scruples he would not yield at the behest of power. The blood of his fellow-man he would not shed, though urged thereto by threats and contumely. He would have felt little respect for the time-serving clergymen of modern days, who apologize for war, and insist on inflicting the penalty of death on human beings. When he became enrolled in the army, he was offered gun and equipments. He refused them. On this he was placed under guard. But he improved the opportunity to pray with the guard, and preach to them. The officers becoming satisfied of the sincerity of his spirit, and of the depth of his conscientious convictions, released him from guard, and offered him facil-

Becomes a Wagoner.

An Incident.

ities for preaching to the soldiers. He went to the commanding officer and told him he could not bear arms, but he was willing to do for the American cause any thing which would not involve the sanctioning, in any way, of the shedding of blood. The officer asked him if he would drive the wagon. "Most cheerfully," answered Lee. So, he became wagoner. In this he succeeded so well as to merit promotion, and was appointed to the command of a corps of pioneers. While the army was marching along, there flocked to its protection from every part of the country, women and children, despoiled of their all, and driven from the desolated home by the revengeful foe, who left along their path only smoking ruins, and ravaged fields. As the poor, distressed, and suffering women and children came rushing in from every by-path and hiding-place, an officer asked Lee if he could not, under such a scene of provocation, lay aside his conscientious scruples, and fight the British. "O yes," said Lee, "I could fight with a hearty good-will, if I only had those here, who have done this thing, and were well supplied with good tough birch switches; but I could not yet use a weapon of death."

Returns to Virginia.A Call to the Ministry.

Soon after this, he received an honorable discharge from the army, and returned to his business. He did not, however, much longer remain in North Carolina, but settled up the business in which he had been engaged, bade his friends good-by, and returned to Virginia. He went to the old homestead. Joyful was the meeting with father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters. God had been, in his absence, gracious to the family, and brought a brother and a sister from the darkness of sin to the glorious light of grace. He was not idle, nor uninterested in the vineyard of the Lord, while enjoying the society of his friends. He met the classes, he exhorted, he preached.

In 1782 he attended the Methodist conference in Virginia. Asbury invited him to take a circuit, but he could not yet consent. He returned to his father's house, where he spent the summer, deliberating on the course he should pursue. He felt inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take on himself the full work and legitimate office of the ministry. In obedience to what he deemed a divine call, he had gone forth preaching and exhorting among the people of his own neighborhood. He thought himself called to give himself up

Peculiar Sacrifices to be Made.

wholly to the work, to leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, for the sake of preaching the Gospel of Christ to sinners. He well knew the sacrifices he must make, the labor he must perform, the toil he must pass through, the weariness he must endure. He could never enjoy the pleasures of home, for the Methodist itinerants of that day could have no continuing home. He could never taste the sweets of domestic bliss, for the itinerant of those times must not be embarrassed by the care of a family. He could expect no reward in gold or silver, or any other earthly estate, for the itinerant having food and raiment must be therewith content. Yet go he must. A voice inaudible to others he constantly heard, calling him away, and a hand unseen by others was constantly beckoning him onward. So he settled up his affairs, equipped himself with horse and saddle-bags, Bible and hymn-book, and started for life on an expedition of laborious benevolence.

The presiding elder of the district—Caleb B. Pedicord, of blessed memory—requested him to accompany Edward Dromgoole, an eminent preacher of that day, to North Carolina, to form a new circuit in the neighborhood of

Admitted to Travel.A Presentiment.

Edenton. He labored with encouraging success, meeting classes, visiting families, and preaching till the spring of 1783, when he attended the conference held in Virginia, and was admitted, in the usual form, to the traveling connection. He was again appointed to North Carolina, where he continued to labor on several circuits, changing, according to the usage of the times, every few months, till the beginning of 1785, when he was invited by Bishop Asbury, who came along through his circuit, to accompany him on a tour to South Carolina. On the journey Lee fell in with a young man from Massachusetts, a clerk in a mercantile establishment in one of the towns of South Carolina, and learned from him many curious particulars respecting the habits, customs, moral condition, and religious notions of New England. He felt a strange presentiment that it would yet be his destiny to become the apostle of Methodism to New England. He mentioned the matter to Asbury. The Bishop did not disapprove the enterprise, but he thought the proper time for making the experiment had not yet fully come. It would seem that for the next four or five years Lee was, by the force of providential circumstances, slowly

Transferred to Maryland.

Sundry Difficulties.

advancing toward New England, and all the while gathering materials, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, for the great and specific enterprise to which God had called him, and in which his success proved great and glorious. From North Carolina he was transferred to Maryland. With spirit and success he labored in the city of Baltimore, and the adjacent country. In the city he had enough to do, preaching in the church, and in the streets, and market-places; visiting from house to house, providing for the poor, nursing the sick, and looking up the forsaken, meeting the classes, and administering discipline, and instructing the children and youth in the elements of morals and religion. Leaving Baltimore at the end of his appointed time, he went to a frontier circuit, lying partly in New Jersey and partly in New York, where he remained one year. On this circuit he fell upon the outposts of the system of Calvinism, which afterward caused him so much annoyance in New England. Predestination, election, reprobation, decrees, final perseverance, and other dogmas were thrown at him from every nook and corner of the country. He was not used to such impediments. Yet his good sense, and sound

His Success.

logic, and ready wit, made him a good match for any antagonist, and he worked his way with good success to New York, where he attended conference in the latter part of May, 1789.

CHAPTER II.

LEE IN CONNECTICUT.

ON a fine morning of early summer, 1789, Lee was leaving New York for the goal on which his eyes had long been fixed. New England, beautiful, romantic, renowned New England, lay in the distance before him. He had never seen that unique country. He had never ranged along the ocean coast, deeply indented by inlets, nor sailed among the thousand islands scattered along the bays. He had never roamed in reverie among the tall pines of the evergreen plains, nor sat thoughtful on the banks of the noble rivers hastening onward to the sea. He had never stood on New England's green hills, and looked over the landscape unequalled on earth for beautiful, romantic, sublime scenery—a landscape of hills rising lofty in the blue sky; of plains extending beyond the reach of vision; of valleys fair and fertile; of rivers rising in the distant mountains, and flowing on, with rapid current, toward the sea; of fairy lakes gleaming in the

Lee a Stranger.

A New England Village

morning sun; of streamlets and brooks, winding amid luxuriant vales; of neat and lovely villages nestled among the hills, or capping some lofty summit, or reposing in some quiet vale, or crowding close on the brink of some busy, bustling river!

Of the thousands of people dwelling in that fair land, Lee had never seen one man, never one woman, never one child. He knew not what reception he should meet, but on he went, trusting in God.

It was a gorgeous summer evening when he crossed the boundary line, and stood in full view of a New England village. The long, wide street was darkly shaded by old elms, entwining their branches over the traveler's head. The neat white cottages stood in ample lots, embowered in shrubbery along the streets. Prominent among the edifices stood the church, with its tall spire and its silver-toned bell. Near the church stood the village school-house, from which were rushing and romping lots of merry children, just released from school. Lee stood still in the road, looking, with feelings that may not be described, on the scene before him. He was actually in New England, and he had been truly informed by his friend, whom he

How New England was laid off.

had met in South Carolina, of the peculiar state of the country, and the condition of the people.

The whole territory of New England was mapped off into areas of six miles square, called towns. Each town was a sovereign corporation. The population of each town might average two thousand persons. They met once every year, and oftener if occasion required, in town meeting, to elect their town officers, and to decide by popular vote any question the people, in their sovereign pleasure, might bring before the town. The whole town was intersected by roads, laid off at right angles, and inclosing squares of some four hundred acres. In addition to the right-angled roads, there were laid off great and leading thoroughfares from the interior country to the large market town. Along these thoroughfares, and also along all the by-roads, the people lived in farm-houses on farms not usually exceeding one hundred acres each. The town was laid off in school-districts, and in every district was a school-house, so located as to fall within convenient distance from the extremes of the district. The school, supported by legal taxation on property, and open equally to the poor and

The Town School.

The Meeting-House.

the rich, was kept up for about three months in winter and three in summer. At the center of every town was the church, or, as it was usually called, the meeting-house. Around it usually clustered a village often of only a few houses, but sometimes enlarging into a prosperous city.

For religious purposes each town constituted a parish. When the town became populous, and several villages sprung up in different sections, the parish might be divided into two or more. Congregationalism was the established religion, supported by law. Over the parish a minister was settled, usually for life, with a liberal salary. To meet the payment of his salary every person in the parish was taxed, and the tax was collected by the same means, and under the same regulations, as the taxes for state, county, and town purposes.

The meeting-house was divided into compartments, or pews, looking like square pens, in which the families of the parish sat facing all manner of ways. Religious services were held only on Sunday, and consisted of two exercises, the first commencing at half-past ten in the forenoon, and the second at about two in the afternoon. The order of exercises was

singing a psalm or hymn of Watts, an unconsciously long prayer, singing again, a dull doctrinal sermon, badly read from a manuscript, prayer, singing, and finally the doxology. The doctrines preached from the pulpit, and believed generally by the Church members, were Calvinian of the unmistakable stamp. Foreordination, predestination, decrees, election, reprobation, effectual calling, and final perseverance were the words and phrases most frequently occurring in the sermon. From hearing so much on these dogmas, the deacons and members, and especially the female portion of the Church, became expert disputants, and were ever ready to pitch a lance with any chance comer who hesitated to cry out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Yet the greater portion of the population, from innate horror of the doctrines of Calvinism, had been driven into the utter rejection of all evangelical truth. The ground had been fully prepared by the advocates of Calvinism for that abundant crop of Unitarianism, Universalism, and Deism, of which modern Calvinists themselves so bitterly complain. Had not Lee and his coadjutors sowed at an early day, in the soil of New England, the living seed of Methodism, which pre-

occupied the vacant interstices, and by its sempervirent power held in check the baleful plants of error, evangelical religion would, before the first quarter of the nineteenth century had passed, have been utterly rooted out of the country. The orthodox Churches owe, though they are reluctant to acknowledge it, and may not all be aware of it, their very being in New England, at this time, to the purifying, regenerating, and enlivening influences of Methodism. Methodism, by her incontrovertible doctrines, has compelled Puritanism to modify its theology. The activity and energy of the Methodist preachers have provoked the standing clergy to new measures. Methodist revivals have furnished an ever-recurring and fresh supply of new recruits to the old and worn-out Churches.

Lee was not ignorant of the difficulties in his way. He was entering an old country under an established order of things. He would be deemed, in whatever parish he might enter, an intruder. "Why come you here," the minister and deacon would say, "why come you here to disturb our order? Your services are neither needed nor desired by us. We have a lawfully-constituted parish, a regularly-settled minister

Objections to Lee.

a fine meeting-house, and an orderly congregation. If you must preach, go where you are wanted. Go to the south and to the west, where they say there are no churches, no ministers, no Bibles, no schools, and where not one in ten can read the alphabet or write his name." From the minister and deacon Lee might turn to the people, but he would find their minds occupied by indislodgeable error, and their hearts closed and bolted by prejudice against him. Unsparing pains had been taken, and unremitting exertions used, to inoculate the whole population with hatred and terror of the false and dangerous doctrines which, as it was unscrupulously averred, the Methodists held and preached. Should Mr. Lee happily succeed in obtaining a hearing, and in making a favorable impression, his friends and admirers would be told that they were exchanging a well-tried and settled ministry for a new and ever-changing system of itineracy. Mr. Lee might be a very good man, and an interesting preacher; but after a few months he would be gone, and his successor might be some ignorant, ranting codger, without talents or taste. The people would then regret their folly in leaving the "standing order for Methodism."

The People Poor.Norwalk.

Mr. Lee knew not what fare he should have in New England. He had little of worldly wealth to take along with him. The people were already disaffected at the grinding oppression of a salaried ministry, often taking the last cow of a poor family to pay the rates. He could not ask them for any contribution to supply his necessities; but he hoped some family in every place might be found ready to give him a frugal dinner, and a night's lodging. So on he went, sustained by the consciousness that he had a mission to perform, and that Providence would provide a way of success and means of support.

The first New England village at which he arrived was Norwalk, in the state of Connecticut. A request had been forwarded through a friend, from New York, to Mr. Rodgers, of Norwalk, for permission for Mr. Lee to preach at his house. Arriving at the house, Mr. Lee was informed by Mrs. Rogers that her husband had left home, but had given orders that there should be no Methodist preaching in his house. Lee then asked permission of an old lady to preach in her orchard, but was refused. He then went into the open street and began to sing. While he was singing about twenty per-

A Street Sermon.

sons gathered about him. After singing he kneeled down on the ground, and prayed in a strain so devotional, so fervent as to excite strongly the attention of the hearers. He then gave out a text, and began to speak, while the people were gathering in multitudes around him, in brief and pointed sentences. He then presented in succession a variety of beautiful images and poetic pictures, so as strongly to arouse the imagination, and vividly excite the attention of the people. When at last a large congregation was collected and intently listening, he proceeded to unfold and enforce his subject in an easy, natural, and truly-eloquent style. The people were deeply affected, and exclaimed, "No such man has visited New England since the days of Whitefield." When he closed the discourse, he gave notice that in two weeks from that day he would preach in that place again. Under the excitement, however, of the occasion, some one was bold enough to invite him to occupy next time the town hall instead of the street; but no man dare invite the weary and hungry traveler home lest he should thereby incur the displeasure of the minister and deacons for harboring a Methodist.

Fairfield.A Powerful Sermon.

The next day he went to Fairfield, and put up at the tavern. He told the landlady he was a preacher, and had come to preach in that village. The good lady asked him if he had a *liberal* education. "Tolerably liberal," he replied, "enough, I think, to carry me through the country." He then went to two of the chief men to obtain permission to preach in the court-house. He was again asked if he had a *liberal* education. He gave the officiators to understand that he did not like to boast of his education, but he trusted he had enough to get along among them. They granted him the court-house, but told him few if any they thought would attend. He then went to the school-house, and desired the teacher to give notice through the scholars to the village, that he would preach at the court-house at six o'clock. At the time appointed he went to the court-house, but found nobody there; so he opened the door, went in, and began to sing. After a while the schoolmaster and three women came in. He kept on singing till thirty or forty persons, attracted by the musical tones of his powerful voice, dropped in. He then arose and preached a sermon, which greatly astonished and pleased the audience.

Mr. Black.

A Large Congregation.

The landlady happened to be among his hearers. On his return to her house she made him welcome, invited him to lead at evening the devotions of her family, and earnestly requested him to call the next day, on his way to New Haven, at the house of her sister, a very religious woman, and preach to that neighborhood. On calling the next day at the place he learned that several years before Mr. Black, a Wesleyan preacher from Nova Scotia, had passed along that neighborhood, and that a band of some half a dozen persons had been, by his preaching, awakened, and had been regularly meeting once a week to pray and sing together, patiently waiting for some messenger of grace to come along and instruct them more fully in the way of godliness. This pious band received Lee gladly, religiously believing God had, by special providence, sent him to them. They spread over the neighborhood the news that a messenger of heaven had come. The people gathered in from every direction, and he had the unbounded satisfaction of preaching to a large, attentive, and serious congregation. Many of the people remained till late at night to talk about experimental religion, and to receive instruction in the way of

New Haven.Reading

righteousness. The heart of Lee was glad, and his soul rejoiced in the Lord.

On the next day he went to New Haven, the City of Elms, famous as the grove of old Academus. On Sunday, at five o'clock, he preached at the court-house to an audience of respectable numbers, considering the desperately-stormy day. Among his hearers were the President of Yale College, several students, and a Congregational clergyman. Not deterred by the eminent standing of some of his hearers, who must have come, as he had reason to think, to carp and to criticise, he spoke as if fully persuaded God would, by the discourse, reach the hearts of the people. He spoke with zeal, with earnestness, with faith.

From New Haven he proceeded to Reading. He took with him, from some friend, a letter of introduction to a gentleman of the village, but finding him not at home he was in doubt whither to direct his steps. As he was conversing with a gentleman whom he met, the Congregational minister of the parish happened along, and learning that Lee was a preacher, invited him to his house. After many inquiries and much discussion on the doctrines of Methodism, the minister told Lee

he could not invite him to preach in the meeting-house, because his doctrines were, as he thought, contrary to the Gospel. Lee told him he did not expect to be permitted to preach in the meeting-house, though he would not refuse if invited. While they were yet conversing, a gentleman who knew Lee's object in visiting Reading, sent him information that he could have the privilege of preaching in the school-house. Accordingly, at six o'clock in the evening, he proceeded to the school-house, where he preached with unusual freedom to a respectable congregation.

Among his hearers that evening were four young men, boon companions, who came either through curiosity or for amusement, to hear what the Methodists had to say. As Lee rose up, one of them said to the others that the Methodist looked like a good-natured fellow, but did not, he guessed, know much. After he had been preaching for a time, another said he did appear to know something. After listening to a few more eloquent passages, the third said he knew as much as their minister. A little while longer, and the fourth affirmed that the Methodist knew more than their preacher. Finally, all came to the conclusion

A Hospitable Citizen.

Fairfield County Explored.

that in comparison with the Methodist their old preacher did not know any thing. When Lee had closed his sermon, he said he would preach in that town again in two weeks, if he could have a place for meeting. On this a worthy and magnanimous citizen arose and said boldly that his house was open for such preachers as he had that evening heard, and that the preacher must go home with him, and enjoy the hospitalities of his family. So a home for himself and a place to preach were provided for Lee in that village. A flourishing society was finally gathered in Reading, and in the process of time all four of the jovial band, who were so free in their comments on the sermon, became Methodist preachers.

In less than three weeks from the time Lee first set foot on New England soil, he had explored nearly the entire county of Fairfield, in south-western Connecticut, having preached in Norwalk, Reading, Fairfield, Danbury, Bridgefield, and several other places, with little apparent success, but in faith and in hope. On the third of July he visited Stratfield, and was permitted to preach in the house of a good deacon of the standing order to a serious and attentive audience. He found, at this place, a

few persons who usually met together every week for social prayer and religious conversation. At their request he met with them in the evening, and conducted the services of the occasion. When he kneeled down to pray, they kneeled with him, though probably few, if any of them, had ever before kneeled in public. He conducted the meeting in the manner of a Methodist class meeting, much to the delight and profit of the devout band. He was informed in the morning by the deacon's lady, that some of the people were talking of joining his society. He told her he came not to persuade the people to join the Methodists, though if any desired to join in society he should make no objection. The next day, July 4th, he proceeded, amid the bustle and excitement of the nation's anniversary, to the village of Stratford. He was unaccountably doubtful of the expediency of preaching in that place. His feelings fluctuated painfully between hesitation and decision, despondency and hope, discouragement and faith. The philosophy of his mental exercises on the subject he could not fathom. At last faith prevailed, hope brightened, and the indomitable energy of his character urged him to the trial of the experi-

A Meeting Advertised.

Treatment at New Haven.

ment. He rode into the village, put up at the tavern, called on the man who had charge of the town-hall, and obtained his consent to preach in the house that evening. He then employed a man to ride over the neighborhood, and inform the people that a *Methodist* would preach that evening at the town-house. At sunset the church-bell was rung, and a large audience assembled. He preached with great freedom, power, and effect. After preaching, he was generously invited by a citizen to accept lodgings and a home at his house.

He had, by this time, formed a circuit embracing within its bounds the whole county of Fairfield, and a part of the county of New Haven. He was about beginning his second round. He went to New Haven again. By the request of the people he occupied the Congregational church. He had for his hearers many influential citizens, who were deeply affected by the sermon, yet not one of them invited him home for entertainment. Were the people of that day so inhospitable, or were they afraid of censure from their ministers for entertaining a *Methodist* preacher? He returned to Reading, where he was promptly met by the minister on whom he had called on his

first visit, and challenged to a discussion of doctrines. Lee did not wish to enter into controversy at that time. He preferred to preach on experimental and practical religion. Finding the polemic divine determined on pitching a lance, Lee appointed a day when he would preach on doctrines and principles. When the day arrived Lee was there, and in the midst of the believers and advocates of Calvinism he stood boldly up, and exposed the results, tendencies, and consequences of the system of German theology in a manner the people had never before seen. He handled the Saybrook platform, which contained the articles of faith of the Connecticut Churches, without mercy. A tinker came along a few days after to get a job of mending ware in the neighborhood. Some one told him he might not find much broken ware in the place, but if he could mend the Saybrook platform, in which a Methodist preacher had knocked a sad hole, he might realize a good price for his services.

He proceeded on his second visit to Fairfield. He called at the tavern, at which he had put up on his first visit, and where he was treated so generously by the lady, who urged him to call on his way and preach at the house

A Strange Sort of Family.

of her sister; but the lady and her husband, having learned he was coming, had left home. He had a tolerable congregation, but many of them seemed afraid to hear him. The minister had expressed disapproval of the people for hearing him, and of the innkeeper for entertaining him. A poor widow woman, however, had enough of Christian sympathy, and of magnanimous heroism to invite him to her house. He went on to Stratford, and called at the house of the citizen, who had, on his first visit, invited him to make his house his home whenever he came to town. He walked into the house, but no one offered him a seat. He, however, having been once invited to the house, helped himself to a chair, and made himself at home. When evening arrived, the family declined to accompany him to meeting. He had to go alone, and light up the room. After meeting, he returned to his lodgings, but the family said little to him. At bed-time the man of the house conducted family prayers, but said nothing to his guest. In the morning the family seemed inclined to sleep against time. After waiting till a late hour, Lee left the house without breakfast. He continued thus to travel around his circuit once in two or

Rude and Inhuman Hospitality.

three weeks, with the exception of a short time occupied in making an exploring excursion into Rhode Island, all through the summer and autumn of 1789.

With very few exceptions, he was treated with most rude and inhuman inhospitality. He would go to his appointment in a village, and preach to people who would seem to hear with attention, with interest, and often with deep feeling, but who would suffer him, late at night, to get on his horse and ride away, none knew where, for entertainment. The ministers, without any exception, and the deacons, with few exceptions, instead of receiving him as a Christian brother, warned the people against him as a pestilent heretic, holding "damnable doctrines." The cry was raised all over the country, that he had come to break up the Congregational churches, and to root out the ministers. The ostensible occasion for the alarm was the acknowledged intention of *three* women in the county of Fairfield, to join the Methodists. There were within the range of Lee's circuit forty-five Congregational ministers, men of liberal education, settled over able congregations, and supported by large salaries secured by law. And Jesse Lee, with the aid

A Crisis Arrived.

of three women, was endangering the stability and the very existence of "standing Orderism." It was, therefore, necessary for the people to close against him their hearts and their houses—to deny him the common rites of hospitality—to chill him to death—to starve him out of the country. Forty-five ministers, ninety deacons, and lots of lay-helpers must unite and repel, even at the sacrifice of common politeness and Christian courtesy, the inroads of an army of one man and three women.

The crisis at last arrived, and the three women actually joined the Methodist Church. The event occurred in Stratfield. After preaching, Lee conducted a kind of class-meeting, composed of about twenty persons. He gave notice that he should, the next day, form a regular Methodist society of such persons as pleased to join. Accordingly, the next day three women came forward, and offered him their names in Church-fellowship. These three ladies constituted the first Methodist class in New England. No record of their names, so far as I know, is left; but their record is on high, among pious, magnanimous, and noble souls, who have dared to bear on earth the cross. Two months after this event,

Aaron Sandford.Continued Hard Treatment

Lee formed a class in Reading, consisting of one man and one woman. The name of the man has come down to us. It was Aaron Sandford, a name highly honorable in the annals of Methodism. One month later he formed, in a place called Limestone, another class, consisting of two men and two women. This, then, was the result of eight months' incessant labor, and toil, and self-denial, and reproach in Connecticut—nine members, all counted, scattered over a large country.

To such a man as Lee the embarrassments under which he labored must have been most perplexing and most distressing. He had been long accustomed to the generous hospitality of Virginia. To him the conduct of the people of Connecticut must have appeared exceedingly rude and offensive. He had led a life of independence. He now must depend on the grudging and stinted ekings at the table of those who deemed his presence intrusion. Yet he had not resources of his own to spend in paying his expenses, and he knew, also, that if he had ever so liberal pecuniary means at his disposal, he could never succeed in his mission by boarding at the hotels and merely preaching to the people. He must visit them at their

Evades Controversy.

His Call to New England.

houses, and eat at their table, in order to become acquainted with them.

He was averse to controversy, yet in every place he was plied with questions on doctrines and principles. He would strive to evade debate. He would call the attention of disputants to the essentials of religion, to repentance, faith, regeneration, and sanctification; but they would construe his reluctance to debate into fear, and would report that his principles were so bad he dare not discuss doctrines.

In his arduous and embarrassing enterprise he was sustained by no worldly motive. If he sought ease, or wealth, or popularity, New England was no place for him; yet sustained he was under all his difficulties—sustained by an unfaltering trust in God. He seemed to feel a species of inspiration. He believed a dispensation of the Gospel for New England was committed to him. He had, as he verily believed, a mission to perform. He was conscious of a special call to New England. He was too faithful a Christian to hesitate to proceed in his work, however discouraging might be the prospect. The believer in Providence will not be slow to concede that he was really raised up for the New England mission, called

Lee as a Self-governor.As a Preacher.

unto the work, and sent forth under Divine auspices to accomplish it. He was peculiarly qualified for the very unique and difficult enterprise. He was naturally of a cheerful, confiding, and hoping temperament. He could bear rebuffs, and insults, and what is equally as trying as either, *neglect*, with the most imperturbable composure. Nothing disconcerted him; nothing threw him off his guard. By no surprise or stratagem could an opponent obtain advantage over him. No hasty word escaped his lips; no imprudent step marked his course; no violation of good taste disfigured the beauty of his intellectual and moral character.

He was a man of peculiar intellectual endowments. He had not a classical, nor scientific, but barely a common education, yet he could, when provoked to it, pitch a lance successfully with the learned and acute theologians of New England.

As a preacher, he excelled. Thomas Ware, who heard him often, and who was an excellent judge of preaching, pronounced him the best every-day preacher he ever heard. He was sometimes surpassingly eloquent. On one occasion, at Wilbraham, in Massachusetts, the people under his overwhelming appeals moved

His Eloquence.His Wit and Satire.

to and fro, like a forest of pines shaken by the tempest. Hard hearts broke under the word, the fountain of tears was opened, cries arose in various parts of the house, till at last the whole assembly burst into simultaneous and uncontrollable exclamations. He had the power both of convincing the judgment and of moving the passions. He gained much in power over the people by his manifestation of deep interest and feeling for them. He would be often himself, in the midst of his discourse, moved to tears, and sometimes his intensity of emotion would arrest his utterance. He would stop and weep over the people as Jesus wept over Jerusalem.

Though a man of ministerial dignity and Christian sedateness, yet he could, when occasion required, deal in satire and measure wit with the keenest Yankee. Those who undertook to rally him and dispute with him often found themselves badly foiled by the reaction of their own weapons. I have heard many anecdotes of his sharp retorts and keen thrusts when pushed to the wall by the impudent and arrogant assailants whom he often encountered. In some places he was subjected to an impertinent examination of his literary qualifications

to preach. On one occasion a conspiracy was formed to test his knowledge of the classics, and to expose him before the congregation. A lawyer was to lead off in the attack. When the people had all collected, the lawyer arose and addressed him in Latin. Lee suspected the stratagem, and returned the compliment by an address in Dutch. The lawyer took the Dutch for Hebrew, and concluded he had caught a Tartar. The discomfiture was evident, and the examination was never resumed.

As he was one day riding along the road, a minister of the standing order and a lawyer overtook him, and riding up, one on each side, they began a rude attack on doctrinal points. Under the well-directed cross-fire of Lee the battle grew warm. The minister became mulish and the lawyer testy. At last the lawyer, in a fit of impatience, exclaimed to Lee, "Are you, sir, a knave or a fool?" "I am," replied Lee, "neither the one nor the other; but"—casting his eye first at the lawyer and then at the minister—"I happen at present to be occupying a position *between the two!*" No more was said on that occasion; but the lawyer and the minister seemed suddenly seized with a

The Two Lawyers.

strange propensity to try the speed of their horses, and Lee was left to jog along alone.

On another occasion two lawyers overtaking him on the road determined, by previous concert, to have some sport with him. "Good morning, Mr. Lee!" says one; "you are a preacher, I think." "Yes," replies Lee, "I pass for a preacher." "Have you a liberal education?" "I have enough to get over the country; but nothing to boast of." "You preach without notes, I understand." "Yes, preaching every day, and riding often a long distance, I have no time to write sermons, and, besides, I do not approve of *reading* sermons." "Are you not liable, in extemporaneous preaching, to make mistakes?" "O yes, I often make mistakes." "Do you correct them as you proceed?" "Why, that depends wholly on the character of the mistake. If the mistake be a bad one, and liable to lead the hearer to any essential error or misconception of the subject, I recall the word and correct the mistake immediately; but if it be only a slip of the tongue, and very near the truth, only a slight variation in phraseology, I let it go. For example, I was about to say the other day, *the devil is a liar and the father of liars*, and

Their Discomfiture.Preaching without Notes.

by a mere slip of the tongue I said, *the devil is a lawyer and the father of lawyers*. But the thing was so near correct, being in fact the truth, but only a little varying in phraseology from what I would have said, that I passed right on, not thinking the mistake worth correcting."

Preaching without notes was a great innovation on New England customs. The established ministers averred that Lee could preach only a few sermons which he had learned by heart. One of those ministers, a sour, morose, and tyrannical bigot, whose oppression in the collection of his salary the people had often felt, gave permission for Lee to preach in his church on condition that he should use a text to be given him after the people had collected, and the introductory services were performed. To this Lee consented. Notice was given of the appointment, and on the arrival of the day the house was densely crowded by an overwhelming multitude, many of them eager to witness the utter discomfiture of Lee, and the ruinous demolition of all his reputation for talent and his popularity in the country. The first hymn was sung, the opening prayer made, and the second hymn sung, when Lee arose

A Hard Text.

and advanced to the minister to receive his text. The passage given was Numbers, 22d chapter, and first part of the 21st verse: "And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass." "Rather a hard text this," thought Lee, though he said nothing, "to preach on at so short a notice." Being well acquainted with the story of Balaam, he proceeded at once to describe his character, descanting largely on his avarice and love of the wages of unrighteousness, denouncing in severe language the baseness of the man who could use the prophetic office as a means of gain, and could endanger the very souls of the people of Israel for the sake of the wages which Balak offered. He then proceeded to describe the oppressed, enslaved, and pitiable condition of the ass. He spoke affectingly of the patience of the creature under burdens, and spurs, and whippings, and abuses. He said the ass usually endured, without complaining, all the abuse heaped on him. Indeed, except the one in the history of Balaam, there had never been known an instance of an ass speaking and expostulating under ill treatment. He then alluded to the saddle, and described how galling and oppressive it might become, especially

under the weight of a large, fat, heavy man. At this point he cast a knowing look to the minister, who happened to be a very large and corpulent person. Having gone through with an exposition of the subject, he proceeded to the application. He said that the idea might be new to them. Indeed, it had never thus struck him till the text was given him; but he thought Balaam might be considered a type and representative of their minister. Balaam's ass, in many respects, reminded him of themselves, the congregation of that town; and the saddle bound on the poor ass by cords and girths evidently represented the minister's salary fastened on them by legal cords. Its galling and oppressive influence they had often felt, inasmuch as, in some instances, as he had been informed, the last and only cow of a poor man with a large family had been taken and sold to pay the tax for the salary of the well-fed incumbent of the saddle.

After this most notable and famous discourse, of which I have often heard floating accounts in New England, though I have not seen the anecdote in any written sketch of Lee, no one chose to try his skill at preaching on random and inappropriate texts with short

A Joyful Meeting.

notice, and under disadvantageous circumstances.

After Lee had labored without counsel or companion for nine months, an event occurred which brought a change over the spirit of his dream, and opened up before his rejoicing eyes a new prospect. He was attending a quarterly meeting on one of his Connecticut appointments. There had reached him a random rumor that a detachment of preachers from Baltimore had been detailed for his aid in the New England service, and were expected to arrive every moment. Lee took his stand on the lookout for them. Soon he saw coming up the road three horsemen, with the well-known saddle-bags, the distinguishing equipage of the Methodist preacher. As they approached, Lee spread out his hands, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Joyful was the meeting. Welcomes were pronounced, congratulations exchanged, and shouts of rejoicing resounded and echoed from the rocks and hills of the stern old land of steady habits. The new recruits were Jacob Brush, George Roberts, and Daniel Smith—glorious names; yet remembered, loved and honored in New England.

CHAPTER III.

JESSE LEE'S EXPLORATIONS.

NO sooner had Brush, Roberts, and Smith arrived, than Lee was planning new incursions into other parts of New England. Leaving his brethren in charge of the lower Connecticut, he started on a tour of exploration up the river to Hartford, and across the country to Farmington. Returning to New Haven, he spent a few weeks in forming the New Haven circuit, extending along the post-road from New Haven to Hartford, and embracing three cities, five thickly-settled towns, and several villages. He then wended his way along the valley of the Connecticut, across Massachusetts into Vermont, from whence he crossed the river into New Hampshire, re-entered Massachusetts east of the Connecticut, and returned along the eastern valley to Middletown. During the excursion, he made all available observations, and preached wherever he could find hearers.

During all this time he was meditating an attack on Boston, the city of the Puritans.

His Route.A Surprise.

The latter part of June, 1790, he was ready to start on his daring and adventurous expedition to the metropolis of the east. He crossed the Connecticut at Middletown, proceeded to Norwich, passed down the Thames to New London, advanced along the coast to Stonington, entered Rhode Island, crossed the Narragansett to Newport, and passed through Bristol and Warren to Providence. All along the route, at all the cities and villages, wherever he could find opportunity, he preached, often with great freedom and cordial acceptance. Rhode Island was not cursed, like Connecticut and Massachusetts, with an established religion. Prejudice and power were, therefore, less available for the defeat of his chivalrous and benevolent mission. From Providence he started for Boston. He had before him a journey of forty miles, through a country in which, though thickly settled, he knew not one man, not one woman, not one child. When he had proceeded about ten miles, he saw a sight that greatly surprised him. At some distance up the road appeared, approaching him on horseback, a man dressed and accoutred in the distinctive style of a Methodist preacher. Lee stood astonished. Had Columbus in his ad-

Freeborn Garrettson.An Interesting Interview.

venturous voyage in search of the new world, met, far in the western Atlantic, even in sight of San Salvador, a ship displaying the flag of his own native country, he could not have been more surprised, than was Lee at this sudden appearance of a Methodist preacher in so strange a place. As soon as he became assured there could be no mistake, he hastened forward, and clasped the hand of the chivalrous and accomplished Freeborn Garrettson, his old friend and fellow-laborer, now on his return south from a missionary tour in Nova Scotia. The meeting was one long to be remembered. Such exhibitions of welcome, of congratulation, of joy, and of fervent affection, as passed between the two travelers, astonished the natives. The neighbors gathered round to inquire what had happened. As soon as the state of the case became understood, a gentleman living near by invited the travelers to his house. The invitation was cheerfully accepted. The two evangelists remained all that day, and a part of the next, talking over the past, communing of the present, and anticipating the future. At night, and in the morning, they preached to their generous host and such of his neighbors as pleased to come together. It

Lee Proceeds to Boston.

Street Peregrinations

was a season of heavenly communings, and refreshing reminiscences.

Lee, on parting from Garrettson, continued on toward Boston. Night overtook him, and he found entertainment at a farm-house. The next morning, after riding a few miles, he came to the summit of a hill, from whence he saw before him the renowned city of the Puritans, with its spires gleaming in the morning sun, and with its suburban villages and appendages, presenting a scence of civic beauty such as he had never seen before. Involuntarily stopping a moment to look on the wondrous scene, he was overwhelmed with the grandeur of the enterprise on which he had ventured. Gathering up his self-possession, he plunged down the hill, and was soon wending his way along the winding streets of Boston. He passed down Washington-street by the old South church, and stopped a moment before the world-renowned Faneuil Hall. He looked about the famous Cornhill, but saw among the prominent signs no ZION'S HERALD, nor METHODIST BOOK-STORE, familiar words, which the visitor at Cornhill can not now fail to observe, as he passes along the street. He passed along Hanover-street, and Bromfield-Lane, but

A Cold Reception.The Old Elm Tree.

no Methodist churches, such as now, by their elegance and costliness, astonish the stranger, were then to be found.

Having made a general survey, and noted the landmarks of the city, he began to inquire for a place to preach the Gospel. Some stared at him in mute astonishment, and some laughed at him outright. "What would this fellow have? He preach in Boston? Have we not settled ministers in every parish in the city? What do we want of his preaching? Sir, you have brought your wares to the wrong market. You will do well to leave the city, or you may find yourself in the wrong pulpit." The day wore away in neglect and insult. The next day was the Sabbath. Lee waited till near evening, when the crowded population of Boston were accustomed to resort to the magnificent park, called the Common, to enjoy its cool breezes and shaded promenades.

In the midst of that paradise of the north stood then, and stands yet at this day, a magnificent elm. Beneath the branches of that gigantic tree, Lee stood up on a bench and began to sing. Four persons, attracted by the musical tones of his voice, came up to the place where he stood. Having sung his hymn, he

A Sermon on the Common.Salem.

kneeled down to pray. His prayer, so free, so fervent, so spiritual, excited the deep attention of the passers-by, accustomed as they had been to hear only the artificial, dull, precise, and long-winded prayers of the Puritan divines. When Lee arose from his knees, he found a large audience assembled. He stood up, opened his pocket Bible, gave out a text, and began to preach. His congregation rapidly increased, and when he concluded there were present not less than three thousand persons. A sermon on the Common had not been heard since the days of Whitefield. The event excited much attention and wonder. Yet when the services were concluded, the people dispersed without any notice of the preacher—none took him by the hand, none bade him welcome to Boston, none invited him home.

Finding little present encouragement in Boston, Lee left the next day, and went to the wealthy mercantile city of Salem, where he was permitted to preach in Rev. Mr. Spalding's meeting-house to a large and attentive audience. Intending to proceed east, he was advised in Salem to call at Newburyport on Rev. Mr. Murray, successor of the venerated Parsons, in whose house the seraphic Whitefield

Preaches Four Times a Day.Whitefield's Tomb.

died, and in whose church he was buried. But the mantle of Parsons had not fallen on Murray. He could give no countenance to Lee, because he had just heard that some Methodist had passed up the Connecticut valley, and had so far violated puritanic order as to preach four times in one day. Lee, however, obtained of the town authorities permission to preach in the town-house, and having made an appointment for a meeting on his return, passed on to Portsmouth, where he was kindly received. On his return to Newburyport, he found the permission to occupy the town-house for preaching had been withdrawn. The house was, nevertheless, opened, and Lee preached to a serious and attentive congregation. Before leaving Newburyport, he visited the tomb of Whitefield. He descended to the vault, and looked on the moldering remains of that remarkable man, whose zeal was a flaming seal, and whose words were burning eloquence, and who, for twenty years, had been sleeping beneath the pulpit, from which he had often thundered the awful denunciations of divine wrath, and proclaimed the melting, moving invitations of mercy. It was to Lee a solemn exhibition, a sad spectacle. "Is this," thought

A Solemn Reflection.

Returns to Boston.

he, "all that remains to earth of that great man, whose voice could once transfix, with emotions of intense excitement, the sixty thousand listeners of Moorfields, who, on a mission of mercy, crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, whose hand could throw over the people a spell which no enchanter's wand might imitate, and whose name, through generations far in the future, will continue but another word for eloquence?"

From Newburyport he returned by Salem and Marblehead to Boston, where he arrived on Saturday, having made in six days a journey of one hundred and thirty miles, and having preached ten sermons.

On Sunday he preached again under the old elm, to about three thousand hearers. The next week he visited some of the villages in the neighborhood of Boston, and on the following Sunday repaired, for the third time, to the Common, and preached to five thousand souls.

Having made a random and experimental survey of the Bostonian regions of Puritandom, he returned over his old stamping-ground in Connecticut to the city of New York, to attend the conference of 1790. At conference he held a confidential interview, of three hours'

Lee and Asbury have an Interview.

duration, with Asbury. He gave the Bishop a general account of his labors, his difficulties, and his success, and explained his plan of operations for the future. Asbury had the judgment to appreciate, and the heart to favor the enterprise. He clothed Lee with plenary power in the New England field, and gave him five men, good and true, for his coadjutors. Marshaling his forces, Lee commenced the countermarch for New England. He posted Bloodgood, a prudent and skillful tactician, at Fairfield; John Lee, his own brother, a chivalrous youth, at New Haven; Mills, a brave and undaunted hero, at Hartford; and took Smith, the popular and eloquent Smith, along with him to Boston.

It was late in the evening of a chilly November day, when Lee, on his second visit, arrived at Boston. He was alone, his colleague—the beloved Smith—having been delayed on the way. Lee rode along the street in the very face of the Boston *east wind*, nearly as formidable as the African sirocco. It was growing dark. The people were hurrying along the side-walk, through the sleet and snow, to their homes; but the weary itinerant had no home to enter. He saw the lights from the cheerful

Lee a Wanderer in Boston.

hearths, streaming out on the misty air through the windows; but at those firesides there was no place for him. He heard, as he passed along the street, cheerful domestic voices; but within those mansions and those cottages, there was no father, nor mother, nor sister, nor companion, nor child, nor welcome for him. He had no place to rest his foot, nor lay his head. But all this mattered little to him. Though darkness was all around him, there was no shadow on his heart. His spirit was basking in perpetual sunshine. The air was cold; but his soul was warmed by divine influences. He paused before the elegant and costly churches, with their towering spires, silver-toned bells, and pealing organs, and felt a presentiment that one day some itinerant brother of his might preach in the most elegant church of that city, to a thousand Methodists. He paused before the tasteful homes of the people, and saw, by faith, the domestic altar raised within, and a pious father just returned from a Methodist class meeting performing his evening family devotions.

After several refusals, he found at last a place of entertainment at a private boarding-house. He retired to rest, and dreamed, for

His Grace and Patience Tested Severely.

ought I know, of the beautiful chapel of Church-street, of the noble edifice of Bromfield-street, and the costly structure of Hanover-street. He awoke in the morning; but the beautiful structure of his dreams had vanished like the fairy palace of Aladin, or, rather, they had not yet appeared, though he believed the wonderful lamp of evangelical truth, which he had come to light up in Boston, would yet produce them.

It was the Sabbath. He had no where to preach. The inclemency of the season rendered the out-door temple on the Common unfit to occupy. The Sabbath, therefore, passed without any satisfaction to him. During the week he tried every means of obtaining a preaching-place; but failed. Another week he resumed his efforts; but again failed. He applied for the court-house; but was refused. He asked for a school-house; but was denied. Four weeks were spent in vexatious and fruitless attempts to secure even a room. Every place was closed against him. He was every-where treated coldly, and often rudely. Those who had been his friends, on his first visit in the summer, seemed now estranged from him. They avoided meeting him, and appeared shy

A Gleam of Light.

Visits Lynn.

of being seen in his company. In the mean time his funds were getting so low, that he doubted whether he should have enough to pay his board-bill up to that time.

In the midst of the deepest darkness a faint gleam of light suddenly shot out from the east. He received a letter from Lynn, a large village some ten miles from Boston, inviting him to visit the place. He did not need much urging. He left Boston about the middle of December, and arrived after dark in Lynn, at the house of Benjamin Johnson, who had been acquainted with Methodism in Maryland, and had written the letter of invitation to Lee. In this family Lee found a welcome and a home. It was cheering to his soul. The next morning the people of the village called in great numbers and bade him welcome to the place, and expressed a strong desire to form a Methodist society. At night he preached to a serious and attentive congregation, in Mr. Johnson's house. He spent several days preaching and visiting among the people.

He then returned to Boston, where Egyptian darkness still brooded over all his prospects. His landlord declined to accommodate him any longer with board. Had Lee not, fortunately,

State of his Funds.Makes Lynn his Head-quarters

replenished his purse at Lynn by selling a copy of the *Arminian Magazine*, which he happened to be reading, and which a gentleman took a notion to buy, he would have been unable to pay the board-bill. As it was he footed the bill, and had two shillings and one penny to spare. With this he felt perfectly satisfied. Could he always pay his debts, and have two shillings left, it would be, he said, enough to satisfy his highest aspirations for money.

He soon returned to Lynn, and made it headquarters, keeping still an eye on Boston, and visiting occasionally Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, Ipswich, and Danvers. He formed a society in Lynn, the first formed east of the Connecticut river. It consisted at first of eight persons; but soon increased to sixty. He was cordially received by the people, and he thought he there had a place to stand, and to apply his lever to move New England.

At the conference of 1791 the New England force was strengthened, by an increase of laborers, from five to twelve. Lee returned to the charge at Boston and the east. He proceeded at once to Lynn, where a meeting-house had been erected, and where he found the society in a state of prosperity truly encourag-

Visits Rhode Island.Conference of 1792.

ing. After remaining a few days in Lynn, he made an excursion north as far as Greenland and Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Returning and preaching a few times, he sallied out south into Rhode Island, and arranged a circuit along the shores of the Narragansett. Scarcely had he returned to Lynn before he started on another tour over the central counties of Massachusetts to the Connecticut river, and down the valley of the Connecticut, and off to the south-west to Fairfield county, where he had first opened, a little more than two years before, the New England campaign. During this excursion, in about thirty days he traveled over five hundred miles and preached forty sermons.

Returning from his tour in Connecticut, Lee spent the remainder of the ecclesiastical year in Lynn and its neighborhood. The conference of 1792 was held, the first of August, at Lynn. It was a memorable occasion. There were present Asbury, the indefatigable—Lee, the indomitable—Hope Hull, the surpassingly eloquent—and six others, mostly youthful heroes, equipped and ready for immediate and tireless action in the cause of truth. The New England preachers were increased at this confer-

Methodism Obtains a Foothold in Boston.

ence from twelve to eighteen. They were divided—one detachment being placed under the command of Brush, in Connecticut, and the other marshalled under Lee, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Lee spent the year in traveling over his district, returning often to Lynn, his head-quarters and favorite home. By determined and persevering efforts he had succeeded in obtaining a foothold in Boston. At first he obtained a place to hold meetings, in a private house, in one of the obscure streets of the city. The meetings were continued in that place till the small society which had been gathered succeeded in obtaining access to a school-house. They were, however, permitted to occupy it but a short time. When that was closed against them they hired a hall in a hotel. After occupying it one Sabbath they were informed by the landlord that they could have it no longer, as the “name of Methodist was too odious” for the credit of the house. The little society, consisting of only twelve persons, then met together, and resolved to adhere and persevere. They obtained a private room in Ann-street; but soon had to give it up. They next hired a hall in the same street, and formally dedicated it to

A Church Building Contemplated.Lee's Success in Lynn.

the service of God. In this hall Asbury himself, the great Asbury, once preached. Stimulated by continual difficulties, they resolved, though only forty-two in number, to build a house of worship. They subscribed what they could. Lee collected for them four hundred dollars among his friends in the south, and finally they succeeded in erecting in Methodist alley, in the north part of the city, the church, in which have been heard, in powerful tones of thrilling eloquence, the voices of Asbury, and Coke, and Whatcoat, and Lee, and Hedding, and Pickering, and Brodhead, and Merritt, and Mudge. By the indomitable perseverance of Lee Methodism was thus established in Boston. From so small beginnings great results have sprung. I need say nothing of the present condition of Boston Methodism. Of the number, intelligence, influence, and power of the Methodist members, and of the beauty, commodiousness, and elegance of the Methodist churches in Boston, the world has heard.

The success of Lee in Lynn was glorious. The place became the metropolis of eastern Methodism. The first Methodist society of Massachusetts was formed there; the first Methodist church was erected there; the first

Methodism in Lynn.

New England conference was held there; and the first native New England preacher was raised there. Lynn is, perhaps, the only large village in New England in which Methodism has acquired a decided ascendancy over all other denominations. The place is but a village, and yet there are probably not less than one thousand members in full communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has maintained, through all changes, its pristine glory. It has enjoyed the pastoral services of men of renown—men who were intellectually and morally giants in their day—men whose names on the roll of Methodism stand above the reach of competition.

And here we must take leave of the city of the Puritans, and of the famous borough of Lynn, and follow Lee in his adventurous expedition to new and unknown regions.

Lee's Appointment to Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

LEE IN MAINE.

AT the conference of 1793, twenty-five preachers were distributed over the New England field. To the adventurous Lee was assigned, probably at his own request, the province of Maine. It was a new country of vast extent. No Methodist itinerant had ever set foot on the soil. Lee, on his visit to Portsmouth, had looked wistfully across the noble Piscataqua, and caught a glimpse of the ever-green plains of Maine. He saw the dark summit of Agamenticus towering in solitary grandeur above the plain, and he longed to stand on its heights, and proclaim the everlasting Gospel to the whole province. When he received at the conference his appointment to Maine, he knew not one human being in the whole territory. What reception he might meet, what fare he should find none could tell. To furnish a fortress on which he might fall back, in case of a reluctant retreat, Lynn, the favorite Lynn, was joined to Maine.

Lee Goes to Maine.Village of Wells.

A few days after the adjournment of the conference, which was held this year in Lynn, Lee took up his line of march for Maine. At Portsmouth he stopped and preached. This place was to him the *ultima thule*. Beyond it all was as little known as was the western Atlantic to Columbus on his first voyage. Leaving Portsmouth, he crossed the Piscataqua, and proceeded along the Atlantic shore. At York he found a village two hundred years old. It was laid out originally for a magnificent city. Thirty years before Lee passed along, Whitefield had visited York, and had been cordially received by the minister and the people. But the liberal and generous Moody was dead, and his successor "knew not Joseph." Lee found no encouragement here. He passed on to Wells. Along the road for nearly ten miles, extended a continuous village of farm-houses. On the right Lee saw the beautiful bay, with its long stretch of sandy beach, and with its placid waters. On the left stretched away to the north a magnificent forest of evergreens. Near the center of the village was the church, in which a learned and stern old Calvinist, of the strictest sect, had been preaching for fifty years. In this town, which had, as early as

Saco.Portland.

the middle of the seventeenth century, been given by Thomas Gorges, the proprietor of all the western part of Maine, to Rev. Mr. Wheelwright, who had been banished from Boston for preaching antinomianism, and had been, for one hundred and fifty years, under the unquestioned influence of the *ne plus ultra* of Calvinism, Lee could expect no favor. He passed on through the village of Kennebunk, and came to Saco, on the banks of a rapid river. The place was then a small village. It is now a large manufacturing town, with immense piles of buildings, and a great and busy population. In the house of a citizen of Saco Lee found hospitable entertainment, and an opportunity to preach the first Methodist sermon ever preached in Maine. The next day he proceeded east, and arrived at Portland, the beautiful city of the east. To the honor of Portland, the church of the second parish, which afterward echoed to the thrilling eloquence of Payson, was opened for the Methodist stranger to preach to the people. Pleased with his reception at Portland, he passed on along the coast to Bath, where he preached several times. Crossing the Kennebec, he proceeded east, through Wiscasset, New Castle,

Still Further East.Lee Offered a Salary.

and Waldoboro, to the Penobscot Bay, at Thomaston. Turning to the north, he passed along the shores of the bay through Belfast, and up the river to Frankfort, where he crossed the Penobscot. He then went down the eastern shore of the Penobscot to Castine. Finding it difficult, on account of the large rivers, and inlets of the sea, to travel farther east on horseback, he retraced his steps up the Penobscot through Bucksport, and Orrington, to the falls of the Penobscot, near the Indian settlement of Old Town. Crossing the river, he passed down on the west side by the plain where now stands the beautiful village of Stillwater, and the mouth of the Kenduskeag, where now rises the populous city of Bangor, to Frankfort. The people proved legitimate descendants of the noble Bereans. They received him gladly, and so highly appreciated his talents and virtues, that they strove hard to retain him among them, and tried to induce him to settle among them at a liberal salary. But Lee could not be hired for money—he labored only for souls.

From Frankfort he crossed the country to the Kennebec. Crossing the Kennebec at Hallowell, he proceeded north-west forty miles, to Farmington on Sandy river. He then

Object of his Tour.Conference of 1794.

returned to Portland, by New Sharon, Mt. Vernon, Readfield, Winthrop, and Monmouth, preaching all along the route. His purpose in this tour of observation was to look out the best territory for a circuit. Taking all circumstances into consideration, he preferred for a circuit the region between the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers.

At the conference of 1794, thirty preachers were appointed to New England. One—Philip Wager—was appointed to the new circuit formed by Lee in Maine, and called Readfield. Lee retained his favorite position of presiding elder over all the eastern domain, and of explorer-general and pioneer-extraordinary. The first of November, 1794, he again crossed the Piscataqua into the province of Maine. He passed along his former route to Portland, and thence diverged to the north-east through New Gloucester, to the Androscoggin, which he crossed at the romantic falls of Lewiston, where then not a house, except the ferryman's, was to be seen, but where now are heard, rising above the roar of the waterfall, the bells of churches and academies, the whizzing of the steam-car rushing over its iron track, and the busy hum of a large manufacturing town.

Monmouth.The Society there.

He stopped at Monmouth, where he found, already organized, a society of Methodists, among whom he was at home. Lee was delighted in heart at meeting, more than two hundred miles east of his favorite Lynn, a devout, happy, and efficient band of Methodists. It was truly a noble society of magnanimous souls. The first of that primitive band of Methodists in Maine, was a man of eminent virtues. Forty years after the autumn evening, when he met Lee in Monmouth, and was announced as the first who had joined the Methodist society in Maine, I knew him well. He was then a fine old man, looking fit for a king, yet strong in health, vigorous in action, and with a heart as young with piety as fervent, and with a soul as happy as when he was first converted. Remaining with the little band in Monmouth a part of two days, a long time for him to say in one place, he proceeded to Readfield, where he found another society organized, and, though consisting of only seventeen members, in the very act of building a meeting-house.

It was now the latter part of November, and in that high northern latitude Winter was fast collecting his forces for a long siege. But Lee,

Yet Further North.A Dreary Time.

undaunted, set his face further north. It was a bitter cold day, yet he was off early in the morning. Arriving on the highlands of Mt. Vernon, he saw at his feet a plain some eight or ten miles across, lying between the hill on which he stood and the Sandy river. Beyond the plain he saw the narrow valley through which the river winds, flanked by rugged hills. At the head of the valley he saw a lofty range of bleak mountains, cold, cheerless, and desolate, where Winter sat enthroned with wreaths of snow around his brow. From that mountain land, down the narrow valley, and over the plain, furiously swept the wintery wind, howling amid the pines, and rudely disputing with the weary traveler every inch of ground. Buttoning his coat tightly about him, and pulling down his hat over his ears, Lee prepared to cross the plain, on which, for ten miles, not a solitary house stood. As he proceeded, the wind blew harder, and the weather grew colder. He could save his feet from freezing only by drawing his mittens over his shoes, though he thereby endangered his fingers. On he urged his horse, often having to hold his breath till the blast swept by. At last, when on the point of freezing, he saw, as he turned an angle of

Farmington.

A Specimen of Hospitality.

the forest, in full view before him, the lovely village of Farmington. To him it appeared fair as might Tadmoor to the traveler of the desert, or the gardens of Damascus to the pilgrim fainting beneath the scorching sun of Syria.

I once, after a weary journey on-foot and alone, came suddenly in full view of that delightful village. It lay spread over the plain, with a lofty hill in the rear, and the river in front, seeming to my admiring eye a thing of beauty and of life, an oasis in the desert, a fairy bower, in which I would dream the summer of life away, and in age lie down to sleep through the winter of death, till the vernal morning of the resurrection should recall me from the grave, to open my eyes on a scene fairer than earth ever presented.

Cheered and quickened by the fair prospect before him, Lee pressed on, and soon stood before a blazing fire, with a copious dinner smoking on the table, in one of the hospitable dwellings of the place. His abounding joy was somewhat restrained when he learned that no appointment had been made for him to preach. He could not afford to lose the day. No sooner, therefore, had he swallowed his

A Cold Ride.

William Read

dinner, and got fairly warm, than he was off again, facing the wind, and struggling against the cold, ten or fifteen miles higher up the river. During this afternoon ride he suffered more severely than in crossing the plain in the morning. He became so chilled that he shook as though he had the ague. His cheeks and chin were so pinched with cold that they felt sore for a week. Some time after dark he arrived at the hospitable dwelling of that glorious man of blessed memory, William Read. Amidst the warmth of affectionate welcomes Lee soon forgot the chilling cold, and heard no longer the wintery blast.

Deeply interesting to the observer must have been the interview between Jesse Lee and William Read. Two more congenial souls might not be found in the whole range of the American states. Read was one of nature's noblemen. He was a man of surpassing intellect, of angelic sympathies, and of inexhaustible good-humor. He was an early settler on the romantic banks of Sandy river, in what is now the town of Strong. For near half a century he was a captain-general of all that region in Church and in state. His influence was extensive and nearly irresistible, and always

Read's Death.

His Grave.

used in a good cause. I remember him well. I have reason to remember him. I have sat before his hospitable hearth, during the long winter evenings, and listened entranced to his stories of early times, of pioneer life, of adventures in the woods, and of remarkable incidents. The good old man outlived Lee for about six years. The manner of his death was remarkable. One day, about noon, his house took fire. He arose suddenly at the alarm, walked rapidly to the door, fainted, and expired. He was followed to the grave by an immense multitude, drawn together from the hills and the valleys, to manifest, by their presence and their tears, the love they bore him, and the regret they felt at his departure. The traveler along that beautiful valley may yet observe, on a gentle hill overlooking the river, and reposing beneath the shadow of a lofty mountain, the grave where the good man sleeps.

It was too late when Lee arrived at Read's to preach that night; but the next morning the people came together from the whole neighborhood, and he preached a moving, melting discourse. "It was," he says, "a most delightful season." Soon after preaching he started

Some Happy Women.

Lee's Heart Cheered.

on his return down the river to Farmington, where he had left, on coming up, an appointment. On his way he overtook a happy company of women, who had been at the meeting. One of them was praising God for his goodness, and the others were weeping and shouting around her. When Lee came up the woman who was so happy, and who, it seems, had been converted during the preaching, seized him by the hand, and told him the story of her conversion. The spirit of rejoicing fell on the whole company, and they made the old hills ring with peans of triumph and shouts of joy. Arriving at Farmington, Lee, full of faith, preached as if endued with power from on high. Tears flowed from eyes unused to weeping, the word reached hearts unused to feeling, and the power of the Most High seemed present to convert the sinner from the error of his way.

It was now December, and the storms of winter were beating in furious whirls around the hills and along the valleys; but the warm hearted evangelist, cheered by the glorious indications of success he had seen in the valley of the Sandy river, determined to advance into new territory. Though the snow was a

Pathless Winter Wanderings.

foot deep, and falling thick and fast around him, he struck off over the hills of Newvineyard, by a route hardly passable at this day even in summer, and after conquering difficulties hardly credible, arrived at the Kennebec, near its confluence with the Sandy river. Wherever he found people along the route he preached. A part of the way there was no road nor sign of a road, except the blazed trees. Following these marks, well understood by the pioneer settlers, he came, after many miles of solitude, to a forest cabin. He stopped and preached to the lonely inmates of the cabin, who had not heard a sermon for two years. How ready to preach the Gospel was the man who, with talents sufficient to stand with honor and fame in any pulpit in the land, could thus cheerfully stop on a winter day to preach to one man and one woman, in a sequestered log-cabin, among the rugged hills of Somerset!

At night he reached a settlement near the mouth of the Sandy river, where he preached to the neighbors, hastily assembled, the first Methodist sermon they ever heard. The next day he rode, through deep snows, up the Kennebec to a new settlement near the present vil-

New Sharon.Readfield.

lage of Anson, where he proclaimed that "God sent into the world his only-begotten Son, that we might live through him," to a deeply-attentive and serious people, who, with tears, besought him to come again, or to send some one to them, for they did not often hear any preaching, much less such as that he had given them. The next day he returned down the Kennebec, crossed the Sandy river on the ice, and proceeded to New Sharon, where he explained how the household of God is "built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus himself being the chief corner-stone," to the people, who heard and wept. The people of the neighborhood, who seldom enjoyed the means of grace, brought to him their children, whom he baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. By the middle of December he arrived at Readfield, where he found the little society awaiting his coming, to receive from his hands the holy communion.

At evening even he met the class, and prepared the minds of the people for the solemn services of the next day. The Sabbath, a bright and bracing winter day, came, and Lee stood up and preached to a large congregation,

Souls Awakened and Converted.

and then administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper to the little society. It was an era for them, an era for Lee, and an era for Methodism. Never before, in the province, had the interesting services of the communion been performed by a Methodist administrator. They had, he says, a happy time together.

Leaving Readfield, he proceeded to the Kennebec, crossed the river on the ice, near Hallowell, and preached to a crowded congregation. Many of the people could hardly refrain from weeping aloud while he was preaching. After he had dismissed the congregation and gone into another room, a man came in to speak to him, and burst into tears. Another came in, and with tears entreated him to preach again at night. He could not refuse. The people went home, but some soon returned again. One man, in deep distress of mind, began to pray aloud. Lee kneeled down and prayed for him. The man arose from his knees rejoicing. Another fell on his knees, and began to pray. Another, and another still followed. In the mean time, the people were assembling for the evening meeting. Lee arose, and began to address them words of consolation from the exhortation of the apostle, "Casting all your

A Time of Power.

Preacher and People in Tears.

care upon him, for he careth for you." While he was speaking, another man, and then another, began to cry aloud and pray. The whole congregation seemed deeply affected. Lee suspended his discourse, prayed for the awakened penitents, and then resumed and finished his sermon. He left the place, hoping the fruits of that meeting might be found after many days, and proceeded to Monmouth, where he preached on Christmas day to an immense congregation, who listened with the most intense interest. In the midst of his discourse he became so deeply moved, that he stopped and wept over the people. All eyes became suffused with tears. He then closed the discourse with one of the most earnest expostulations and powerful appeals ever addressed to human heart. He felt fully persuaded in faith that the people would obey the truth. After the close of the public services, he administered for the first time in that town, and for the second time in Maine, the Lord's supper to the little company of disciples. So cheering was the prospect, so large the congregation, and so strong his faith, that he advised and urged the people to erect a house of worship. Having drawn the plan, and proposed

Another Tour to Maine.Difficult Traveling.

a method of proceeding, he left them and was away over the hills of the Androscoggin, across the plains of the Saco, and through the villages of the Merrimac, to Lynn, New Bedford, and Rhode Island.

After a tour of nearly three months through the southern and western parts of his district, he left Lynn the latter part of March for another tour of visitation and exploration in Maine. His intention in this tour was to explore the country east of the Penobscot, for the purpose of forming another circuit away down east. Crossing the Piscataqua at Portsmouth, he passed on through Kennebunk, Saco, Portland, Monmouth, and Readfield, to Hampden, on the Penobscot. From the Kennebec to the Penobscot the journey, at that season of the year, was difficult and dangerous. The streams were swollen by the spring rains, and the roads were heaving and breaking up from the action of frost. From Hampden he went to Bangor, where he attempted to cross the Penobscot. There was no ferry-boat, and the river was high. He, however, succeeded in getting over by a method that might seem adventurous, even to a Penobscot river-driver. Two small boats were procured, and fastened

His Peregrinations.

together. Lee's horse was placed with his fore feet in one boat and his hind feet in the other. He himself and the boatman stowed themselves as best they could, and all got over in safety.

He proceeded down the east bank of the Penobscot through Orrington, to Bucksport, from whence he struck off east. He crossed the Union river at Ellsworth, wound around the head of Frenchman's Bay, and visited the Peninsula of Gouldsboro. He then passed along as near the coast as the inlets and bays would permit, fording and swimming the Naraguagus, Pleasant river, Indian river, and Chandler's river, till he came to Machias. Leaving his horse at Machias, he went on board a small water craft, and passed along the coast between the continent and the Island of Grand Menan, among the beautiful islands which now compose the flourishing and populous town of Eastport, and up the Bay of Passamaquoddy to St. Andrews, in New Brunswick. From St. Andrews he proceeded in the frail bark along the northern shore of the Bay of Fundy, to the city of St. John. He preached wherever he found opportunity along the route. At St. John he spent a week, visiting the sick,

Duncan M'Call.

A Warm Reception.

meeting classes, holding prayer meetings, and preaching. From St. John he returned to St. Andrews, and from thence embarked for St. Stephens, on the Schoodic river, near the American village of Calais. Being becalmed, he hailed a row-boat that was passing, went on board, and was taken up the river to the house of Duncan M'Call, with whom he had held correspondence for many years, and whom he had long desired to see.

His arrival at eleven o'clock at night must have greatly surprised the family. They had never seen him, but when he announced his name, *Jesse Lee*, it was enough. Doors, and arms, and hearts flew open, and a bounteous repast was spread for the welcome stranger, whose appetite had been greatly sharpened by a smart touch of seasickness. He remained a few days with his friend, preaching both on the British and the American side of the Schoodic, and then proceeded down the river to Eastport, preaching at Robinstown on the way. Having preached again at Eastport, he proceeded, through whirling eddies, to the head of Cobscook Bay. From the head of this bay to Mathias the distance was upward of thirty miles, through woods, and across streams, and

Rough Traveling Again.

A Church Dedicated.

over ponds. He hired a guide and proceeded on the difficult passage. They stumbled along the woods, floundered through the mud, waded the swamps, and crossed the deep waters in birch canoes, experiencing hair-breadth escapes by flood and by mud, till they arrived at Machias, where Lee found his horse, grown fat and spirited from the unusual rest he had enjoyed in his owner's absence.

From Machias Lee retraced his steps to the Kennebec, and on the 21st of June, 1795, he performed, at Readfield, the dedication services of the first Methodist church erected in Maine. The house is yet standing, and in good repair. It is located about half-way between the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill, and the city of Augusta. It stands on a lofty hill, overlooking an extensive and beautiful landscape. On the east flows the Kennebec amidst its fertile vales, and on the west meanders the Androscoggin around romantic hills. On the north appears a mountain-land of lofty height and vast extent, and on the south a varied landscape of hills, vales, and lakes.

As the results of Lee's exploring tour, two new circuits were formed in Maine at the con-

Three Circuits in Maine.

Conference of 1797.

ference of 1795. The three circuits included the whole state. Philip Wager had charge from the Piscataqua to the Androscoggin, with Portland for his headquarters. Joshua Hall was appointed to the charge of all down east, from the Penobscot to Passamaquoddy. The center, with Readfield at the focus, and with the Kennebec, the Androscoggin, and the Sandy river at the circumference, was placed under the charge of Enoch Mudge, of blessed memory. Lee retained his old position of commander-in-chief.

During the year he made two visits to Maine. In the autumn of 1795 he passed along his old route to Readfield, crossed the Kennebec at Hallowell, and visited Bristol, Nobleboro, and other towns along the Damariscotta. In the spring of 1796 he crossed the Penobscot, and proceeded as far as Mount Desert, where he preached to a large multitude who had met for a militia muster.

At the conference of 1797 two new circuits were formed in Maine. One was called Bath, and extended over the eastern part of Lincoln county; the other was called Kennebec, and included all the country above Waterville. Lee unquestionably visited the circuits in

The Year 1798.

Conference held at Readfield.

Maine during the year, but I have been able to find no notice of the matter.

The year 1798 was one memorable for Maine, and a jubilee for the untiring evangelist, who had, a few years before, so boldly adventured into that frontier region. The conference of 1798 was held at Readfield. Beside the apostolic Asbury and the evangelical Lee, there were present nine preachers, and among them were Timothy Merritt, John Brodhead, Enoch Mudge, and Joshua Taylor, all men of God—men of renown—men whose names can never be forgotten while Methodism has a place among the hills and valleys of New England. The conference commenced on Wednesday, the 29th of August. The first day was spent in conference business. On Thursday the conference met early, so as to finish the business by eight o'clock. At nine o'clock they repaired to the new church, where were assembled hundreds of devoted and zealous Methodists, who had come up from the shores of the Casco and from the head waters of the Kennebec, from the valley of the Saco, and from the plains of the Penobscot. They had come together, at that early hour, to hold that most delightful of all meetings, a love-feast. They

A Time of Refreshing.

arose in rapid succession, and gave a brief account of their experience, their joys, and their hopes. Asbury, and Lee, and Merritt, and Mudge, and Brodhead, and Taylor led off in the exercise, and cheered and encouraged the people by words of faith, and of hope, and of love. Then arose in the congregation age with its silvery locks, manhood with its comely form, youth in its beauty, and childhood in its simplicity, and told, in gentle tones, and with deep emotion, what the Lord had done for their souls. In the intervals of speaking they made the rafters of the unfinished temple vibrate, and the roof ring with hymns of praise, chanted by a hundred voices in strains of melody. At eleven o'clock the doors were opened wide, and in rushed a stream of human life till every inch of space within was filled. A thousand were left without the doors. They gathered about the windows, striving eagerly to catch a glimpse of the preacher, and to hear the gracious words he spoke. The venerable Asbury ascended the pulpit, and addressed the preachers and people in words of power and eloquence. After the sermon the deeply-solemn services of ordination were performed. Lee then ascended the pulpit, and preached a dis-

A Sermon by Lee.His Success

course of irresistible pathos and burning eloquence, during which the people wept and shouted. Two hundred then came forward, kneeled before the rustic altar, and received the holy communion.

What a day was this for Maine; what a day for Lee! Five years before that time he had, solitary and unknown, crossed the Piscataqua, and plunged into the unknown depths of the east. He knew nobody, and nobody knew him. From the Piscataqua to the Passamaquoddy, from the Casco to the St. Lawrence, there was not a Methodist church, nor a Methodist class, nor a Methodist member; and now he stood in a Methodist church, on a lofty hill in the center of Maine, with a conference of Methodist preachers before him, and nine hundred and thirty-six Methodist members about him.

The success of Lee in Maine was encouraging from the beginning. He had not to overcome the difficulties which impeded every step in Connecticut, and which were formidable in all places in Massachusetts except Lynn. The clergymen of the standing order had not mapped off Maine into parishes. The country was too new for the ease and profit of the call-

First Planting of Methodism in Maine.

The Change.

hunting and salary-loving clergymen of the Puritan stamp. In scarcely any of the places in Maine where Lee formed Methodist societies, were there any settled ministers of the established order. The people, neglected and left to perish by the legally-constituted ecclesiastical authorities, were ready to receive, without prejudice, the Methodist preachers, and, without disputation, the Methodist doctrine. In no part of New England has Methodism a stronger hold on the affections of the people than in Maine. Half a century from the day Lee entered the territory a lone stranger, there were in the state one hundred and eighty circuits and stations, more than two hundred ministers, and twenty-five thousand members. Natives of Maine, converted and brought into the Church by means of the successors of Lee, were found in every state of the American republic, filling every variety of office, and occupying every grade of position in the Church, from the dignity of senior bishop to the drudgery of humble school-teacher. Maine has paid back to the Methodist Church the outlay of missionary effort bestowed on her in early times. The incessant stream of emigration from her austere latitude to more favored

The Missionary—Cox.

Lee's Name in Maine.

climes has carried the living waters of a pure Christianity to many a plain and valley of the great west. Her sons are found at this day filling the first pulpits of the metropolitan cities of the eastern and middle states. She furnished the first foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cox, the youthful and eloquent Cox, who laid down his life on the plains of Liberia, crying, "Though a thousand fall, yet must not Africa be given up," was born on the circuit which Lee first formed in Maine. Two of the first missionaries to Oregon, a male and a female, were educated at a Methodist seminary within sight of the Readfield Church.

In Maine the memory of Lee is blessed.

"His name is yet a magic spell
By which the heart is bound."

In Methodist families, it is a household word. There are yet living a few, a very few venerable patriarchs and matrons, who remember him as he used to come in the fullness of the Gospel of peace among them. At the mention of his name, their decrepit forms will straighten up, their dim eyes grow bright, their cold hearts grow warm with the memories of other days, and their tongues, breaking loose, run

Reflections and Results.

on in strains of unique eloquence. Were he yet living, and could he visit the cities, and villages, and towns, and rural neighborhoods of that noble state, his journey over the country would be one continued triumphal procession. The old gray rock-capped mountains along the Sandy river would echo louder and longer than once they did, when he overtook, on the road, the happy company of converts returning from meeting.

Half a century from the day that Lee first stepped on New England soil, the territory included in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and the part of Vermont he explored, contained more than six hundred circuits and stations, nearly seven hundred preachers, and nearly ninety thousand members. Nor was this all. On the banks of the Connecticut, within a day's ride of the spot where Lee preached his first New England sermon in the highway, there had arisen a well-endowed and flourishing university, while at Greenwich, Rhode Island, Wilbraham, Massachusetts, Springfield, Vermont, Newbury, Vermont, Northfield, New Hampshire, and Readfield, Maine, were flourishing conference seminaries, of a grade nearly equal to colleges,

Despise not Small Things.

and furnishing abundant opportunities for scientific and classical education to the sons and daughters of Methodist families, who were resorting in thousands, annually, to these consecrated halls of Christian learning.

In his most sanguine moments, when on the wings of faith and hope he highest soared, Lee never did, never could imagine the extent and magnitude of the results of his efforts to introduce and establish Methodism in New England. Let not, therefore, the Christian, the Christian minister, the Christian missionary, despise the day of small things.

Asbury desires Lee as a Coadjutor.

CHAPTER V.

LATTER YEARS OF LEE.

IN the autumn of 1797, Lee was requested by Bishop Asbury, whose health had become, from incessant and severe labor, wholly inadequate to the demands of the general superintendency of a Church, extending from Maine to Florida, and from the Potomac to the St. Lawrence, to travel with him and assist him in preaching and in presiding at the conferences. It is evident that Asbury looked to Lee as the most efficient and proper person, to whom might be committed, should his own death, or failing health, require the appointment of a new bishop, the responsible care of American Methodism. The New England conference of 1797 was held at Wilbraham. At that point Lee expected to meet Asbury, and arrange the plan of travel. But Asbury, through severe sickness, failed to reach the place. At his request—communicated by letter—and by vote of the conference, Lee presided, and performed at the conference all the

Asbury is Respited.

duties of bishop, except those pertaining to ordination. On the adjournment of conference, Lee proceeded to New Rochelle, where Asbury was lying sick. As soon as the Bishop was able to travel, they proceeded to the south, attending, as they went, the Philadelphia and Baltimore conferences. When they arrived in Virginia, the Bishop was advised by the conference to take, on account of his physical infirmities, a respite from preaching till spring. He was obliged to follow the advice, for he was wholly unable to preach. He thought, however, he might be able to attend the southern conferences during the winter, and perform the ordination services. But in a few days he found his health so bad, that he abandoned all hope of performing any service during the winter. Lee, therefore, was dispatched south, commissioned by Asbury to preach at his appointments, strung along a line of five hundred miles, and to do, in all things pertaining to the superintendency, the best he could. He proceeded south to the utmost limits of the American Union.

In the spring he returned northward, and at the Virginia conference met Asbury, whose health was so far restored as to admit of his

Granville Conference.Lee in the South.

proceeding eastward, and attending, with the aid of Lee, the conferences at Baltimore, Philadelphia, Readfield, Maine, and Granville, Massachusetts.

The conference at Granville closed the latter part of September, 1798, and by the first of January, 1799, Lee had been again to the extreme southern limits of Georgia, and returned to Charleston, South Carolina, where he attended, with Asbury, who had been obliged to travel slowly, the conference. From Charleston he again proceeded north, preaching all the way, and attending conferences in Virginia, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

On the first day of January, 1800, he was again in Charleston. On the adjournment of conference at Charleston, he was requested by Asbury to visit Coosawhatchie, Savannah, and St. Marys, making a journey of six hundred miles, and return in thirty days. Accordingly the next morning Lee was away on his excursion. It was winter, and a strange winter for the south. He was out in a storm. The snow fell two and a half feet deep. He lost his way, wandered about all day, and at night was glad to find shelter in an old log-cabin, without

Action of the General Conference of 1800.

doors or windows, and occupied by about fifty hogs. Punctual to a day he returned to Charleston, from whence he proceeded north, preaching and attending conferences, and the first of May arrived in Baltimore, to attend the General conference of 1800.

The health of Asbury had become so prostrated, that he had given up all hope of rendering himself longer useful to the Church as superintendent. He accordingly went to the General conference of 1800, prepared to resign his office. But the conference could not consent to lose the counsels and aid of one so highly esteemed. They passed resolutions highly approving his administration of the superintendency of the Church, and requesting him to retain his office, performing only such labor as he might find consistent with his health. They also resolved to elect an additional and joint superintendent. Asbury having acceded to the request of the conference, arrangements were made to go into the election of the new bishop. Lee and Whatcoat were the two prominent men, to whom all eyes were directed on this occasion. On the first ballot the votes were scattering. On the second there was a tie between Lee and Whatcoat. On the

Whatcoat Elected Bishop.

Lee Defeated

third Whatcoat was elected by a majority of four votes.

To us, who look at the distance of fifty years over the whole ground, it appears plain that the choice of the conference should have fallen on Lee. His marked character, his daring enterprise, his resistless energy, his untiring industry, his indomitable resolution, his available talents, and his great services, all rendered him eminently qualified to become the associate of Asbury in the joint labors and responsibilities of the superintendency. But probably, as often happens, his very qualifications became the causes of his defeat. Men of marked character often unfortunately fail of rising to positions of eminence depending on the suffrages of others. Unavoidable collisions of opinion, and debates on minor questions, often excite prejudices, in the minds of those who may have been defeated in favorite measures, against the strong and influential men who may have taken part in the controversy. The shrewd and ready talents of Lee, which peculiarly qualified him for a pioneer bishop, undoubtedly militated against him in the minds of those who associate with their idea of a bishop a species of unearthly gravity and

Lee's Peculiar Disposition.

Reflections.

assumed dignity. Lee was cheerful, sprightly, and always agreeable. He did not deem a cheerful inconsistent with a devout temper. Some friend suggested to him that probably he was thought too full of wit, and too fond of it for a bishop. Lee replied that it would be unnatural to assume the gravity of the office previous to receiving it. Should he be put in the office he should try to sustain its dignity. It is not probable, however, that a man of so good sense as Lee would ever try to sustain the episcopal office by any assumed and unnatural dignity. Bishop Lee would have been the same cheerful-spirited, jovial-hearted, generous-tempered, whole-souled man as plain Jesse Lee had been. In this he would have exhibited truly-enlightened piety, as well as good taste.

Though a very worthy man was elected bishop in 1800, yet we can but regret that the Church did not secure in that office the services of the enterprising Lee. He would have infused his own indomitable spirit into all the departments of Christian philanthropy, in which the Church ought to engage. The sixteen years which, in the providence of God, he was permitted to live, would have been spent

Lee Visits the East and Canada.

in a field in which his varied acquirements and great talents might have found ample scope. He continued after 1800, as before, to labor diligently and preach zealously; but he by no means accomplished so much during sixteen years in the south, as he did during the ten preceding years in the north.

After the adjournment of the General conference of 1800, Lee, at the request of Bishop Asbury, visited the eastern states, and then turned up through Vermont to Canada, and thence round to New York, where he spent the winter. In the spring of 1801 he returned to his native state, and received an appointment from the Virginia conference as presiding elder of the Norfolk district. In this conference he remained, on various districts and circuits, till the last year of his life.

We need not follow him in the general routine of labor on the circuits and districts of Virginia and North Carolina. Many valuable facts might be gathered up, many interesting incidents noticed, and much useful knowledge obtained, by following him in the details of his travels, excursions, and adventures; but it would expand this sketch beyond convenient limits. We will notice only a few prominent

Goes to Charleston.

Proceeds to Savannah.

events connected with his history during these sixteen years.

So congenial to his taste was pioneering and extensive travel, that he could not long remain contented within the narrow bounds of a single conference, though it included several states. In the spring of 1807 he obtained permission of the conference to visit the extreme south, in order to revisit the scenes of his former labors, and to explore new fields. He went to Charleston, where he made glad the hearts of old friends. He proceeded to Savannah, where he formed a class, the first ever organized in the place. Seventy years had passed since John Wesley had devoted to this place all the zeal of his young heart, and all the power of his talents and acquirements. Little fruit of his labors remained. It devolved on Lee to reconstruct the dilapidated altar, and kindle up the burning flame of a pure Christianity. In the neighborhood of Savannah Whitefield had erected an orphan asylum, and on it expended nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Lee visited the place where stood the decaying monument of Whitefield's eloquence and injudiciousness. Over the spot Ruin had driven her plowshare, and turned up long furrows.

The Summer of 1808.Bids Farewell to New England.

Leaving Savannah Lee pressed on to the utmost limits of Georgia, crossed the St. Marys, rambled, with his heart full of hope in the future, about the woods of Florida, and returned, attending on his way the conference at Charleston, to Virginia in February, 1808.

In the summer of 1808 he made his last visit to New England. He entered the country at Norwalk, the point where, nearly twenty years before, he had opened his mission, and pursued his way through Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine, visiting all the places dear to him from old associations. He was every-where greeted with joyous welcomes. His heart was cheered at indications on every hand of improvement in the physical and moral condition of society.

Having visited his old friends, and preached in nearly all the places frequented by him in former years, he bade farewell forever to New England and returned to his native home.

During these latter years he prepared and published the life of his brother, John Lee, and a history of the Methodists. John Lee was some years younger than Jesse. He entered the ministry in 1788. He visited New England with his brother in 1791. He was a

John Lee.His Last Moments.

lively, animated speaker, with a clear, musical voice, and a heart full of sympathy. But Consumption had marked him for her victim, and he was soon obliged to return home to Virginia. He lingered a few years in feeble health. In the summer of 1801 he took, as a last resort to recover his failing health, a tour among the mountain regions of Virginia. While on his journey he became conscious that the hour of his dissolution was drawing nigh. He called at a house of entertainment, and while his servant was taking care of the horses he walked thoughtfully a few times across the floor. Turning to the family he told them he should die that night. He then went to the barn, and told the servant to take good care of the horses, for he should see them fed no more. He sat down on a log with his faithful servant, and told him an ulcer was breaking on his lungs, and he should die. He gave him some papers of value, with directions what to do with them, talked to him of home, gave directions for his burial, and continued conversing on various matters till nearly dark. He then returned to the house, kneeled down, and prayed. Arising from his knees he said, "My work is done." After a short time he kneeled

Lee becomes Chaplain to the House of Representatives.

and prayed again, then arose and walked about. The third time he kneeled, and would have died on his knees had not the servant perceived him sinking, and taken him up and placed him on the bed, where, without a struggle or a groan, he immediately expired. The memoir of this good young man, prepared and published by his brother, is a worthy tribute of affection.

While Lee was in Baltimore, superintending the publication of his History of the Methodists, in the spring of 1809, an extra session of Congress was called to meet at Washington, on the 22d of May. Lee went to Washington to witness the organization of Congress, and was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives. He held this office, by repeated elections, till 1815, when he declined serving therein any longer.

Exceptions were taken by several members of his conference to his accepting the office of chaplain, and unquestionably he was induced, in 1815, to decline the place on account of the incessant and carping clamor of those who disapproved his course. To us it seems that no valid reasons can be assigned why a minister should not be eligible, as well as any other citi-

Methodists and Offices of Honor and Trust.

zen, to any place of profit or trust in the nation. Ministers should not withdraw themselves from intercourse with their fellow-citizens. They have a right to engage in any enterprise in which any body ought to engage. Whatever is wrong for a minister, is wrong for any other person to do. Politics is but a department of morals, and no minister can, with a good conscience, leave any department of morals out of his jurisdiction. Nor is there any reason why a Methodist minister should decline positions of influence and usefulness, which it may be in his power fairly and honorably to acquire. The time has been, when the Methodists yielded too readily to the arrogant claims of others, whose determination to monopolize all places of public trust, and all offices of emolument, has been indicated by their words and their acts. The Methodists have, without a struggle for equal rights, too often yielded up the control of all literary and benevolent institutions supported by the state, to those whose predominating passion is hatred to the doctrines of John Wesley, and contempt for the usages of Methodism. In many places the Methodists have studiously avoided prominent and responsible positions, and have

Lee's Independent Spirit.

seemed, whenever they happened to meet any of the established and standing orders, as if they felt they ought to ask pardon for being born. Much of this feeling prevailed, and much of such mistaken policy was pursued in the time of Jesse Lee. But he was altogether of another stripe, and was, therefore, liable to be pecked at by inferior birds of the flock. He was of an original mind, of an independent spirit, and of a high-toned opinion of the equal rights and equal dignity of the Methodists with any other body of Christian men in the nation. He thought that the chaplaincy of Congress was a position in which he could be useful, and that it was his duty to accept the office. He did not ask it as a boon. He did not succumb to the footstool of power. He did not, with craven submission, give up his own independence of character for the sake of acquiring and retaining office. But in the halls of Congress, preaching to the representatives of the nation, he was the same Jesse Lee as in a frontier cabin in Maine, leading a Methodist class. In the discharge of the duties of his office, he maintained the independence of the free citizen, the dignity of the minister of God, and the piety of the humble Christian.

An Incident.

A Boor.

The reputation for good-natured shrewdness, which he so well earned in early times, he maintained to the last. While he was preaching one day in Virginia, he observed several gentlemen sitting—contrary to rule—on the seats appropriated to the ladies. Supposing them uninformed of the rules on the subject, Lee explained it, and requested the gentlemen to occupy seats on their own side of the house. All but a few immediately obeyed the request. He again repeated, in respectful terms, the rule and the request, whereupon all but one left the interdicted seats. Perceiving the one disposed—boorishly and doggedly—to retain his place, Lee leaned down over the desk, peered sharply for a moment at the offender, then raised his portly form erect, and looking archly over the congregation, in an assumed drawling and ludicrous tone exclaimed, “Well, I asked the *gentlemen* to leave those seats, and *they* have done it. But *that man* seems determined not to move. We must, therefore, serve him as the little boys say when a marble slips from their fingers—let him go for *slippance*.” The broad laugh which rose all over the house at the fellow’s expense, was more than he could endure, and he *slipped* out of

The Sleepy Congregation.

Boisterous Sailors.

the house in the quickest possible way, feeling pretty considerably less consequential than when he entered.

He once had a sleepy congregation, while at the same time he was annoyed by outsiders, talking in the yard. Stopping in the midst of a sentence, till the congregation, from the ceasing of the lullaby of his musical voice, awoke, he exclaimed in high tone, so that all in the neighborhood might hear, "I will thank the people outdoors not to talk so loud. I fear they will wake up the people in the house."

During the war of 1812, he was attending a camp meeting on the banks of James river. A great number of vessels were lying at anchor in the river, having run up to avoid the British cruisers on the coast. One night, after the services of the evening had been concluded, and the preachers and people had retired to rest, the quiet of the encampment was disturbed by a large party of sailors, who came on the ground full of fun and frolic, and most hopefully drunk. The noise and confusion was becoming excessively annoying, when Lee arose from his bed, and with two or three friends, whom he called to his aid, ascended the pulpit, and in a voice of majesty, rising

A Sleepy Camp Meeting Scene.

high above the din of drunkenness, proclaimed a welcome to the shipmates, and invited them to heave to in the harbor, and hear a sermon. "Agreed," said the captain of the gang. "Agreed," roared the whole crew. So they all came down near the stand, and quietly took their seats. When all was still, Lee called on one of the preachers to give them a sermon. He commenced at once, and proceeded in a deep, sonorous monotone, calculated to lull and soothe the listener. The pitch-pine fires threw a dim and dubious light over the forest encampment, the night was benumbing cold, the monotonous of the preacher somniferous, and the congregation somnolently drunk. Under so many soporific influences, sleep, like an epidemic, swept over the people. One by one they quietly dropped on the ground, till all lay stretched out and snoring. Lee quickly perceived the change that had come over the spirit of the rioters, and at once availed himself of it. "Stop," said he gently to the preacher; "stop a bit." He stopped. Lee listened. There was no stir among the drunken sleepers. "Let us be going now," said Lee. Back they went to their tent, and slept quietly till morning. When the morning

Practical Joking.A City Topsy-turvy.

came the sailors awoke from their sleep, stiff with cold, and heartily sick of such sport. After that they were careful to keep out of Lee's wake.

On one occasion a joke was practically retorted. Lee was attending conference at Newbern, North Carolina, and preached on the memorable words of the mob at Thessalonica: "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." He proceeded to maintain that when God made the world he placed it right side up, that by sin it had been turned upside down, and that it was the business of the ministry to turn it back again to its original position. The next morning the whole city was found turned topsy-turvy. Boats were capsized, carriages overturned, signs reversed, gates inverted, and every movable thing upside down. To crown the joke the perpetrators spread the report that Lee and his brethren, the preachers, had done all the mischief. "Indeed," said they, "did not Lee declare in his sermon yesterday that what to us appears the right is, in fact, the wrong side of things, and that it was the business of the preachers to reverse matters?"

With all his humorous shrewdness Lee was

Lee's Ardent Friendship.

His Missionary Spirit.

a man of delicate sensibilities and refined affection. No man ever loved his friends with a love more pure, more devoted, and more enduring. While he was in New England, on his first missionary excursion, there came to him the melancholy tidings of the death of his mother. He was, at the time when the intelligence arrived, attending conference at New York. For a while it seemed as if his heart would break. He thought at first of proceeding immediately home to weep over her grave, and to sympathize with the bereaved household. But his heart was yet in the missionary work, and dispatching home his brother John, he turned his face again to the north, and wended his way to the land of the Pilgrims. Five years after he had left his father's house for the north he was seen retracing his steps to the home of his childhood. He arrived at the old homestead, but the mother that had borne him, and nursed him on her bosom, and supported his tottering steps in infancy, and taught him to pray, was not there. As he crossed the threshold, and saw not her familiar face, and heard not her well-known voice, he surely felt his heart sink in him; yet he soon rallied, and that very evening

Lee's Remembrance of Friends.

Selects a Home.

preached to the neighbors in his father's house.

Lee never forgot his friends, the living or the dead. In revisiting many of the places where he had formerly labored, he frequently found his acquaintances and friends departed from among the living. On these occasions he would quietly glide from the cheerful intercourse of the living to commune with the dead. He would go to the graveyard, and bow himself before the turfy mound, beneath which was resting, in dreamless sleep, the friend he had loved, and pray and weep. Buoyant as was usually his spirit, he could but feel, on such occasions, pensive and depressed; yet would he, on the strong pinions of faith and of hope, rise again, and go on his way to form new acquaintances, secure new friends, and explore new fields.

Though an itinerant by nature, and by a quarter of a century's habits, yet we find him, when nearly fifty years old, preparing a *home*. He selected a small farm in his native neighborhood, purchased it for a small consideration, and began to project improvements designed to make it an eligible resting-place for age. He had no children, no wife, yet he yielded

An Interesting Picture.

Lee Transferred.

to the soft and endearing charms of home. Though he had wandered far and wide over the American continent, seeming to feel no local attachments, yet still

“His heart was with its early dreams.”

Deeply interesting is the picture of the old man who had passed and repassed from the St. Marys to the St. Croix, and from the Potomac to the St. Lawrence; who had waded through the everglades of the south, and the snows of the north; who had preached in the open highway at Norwalk, and in the Capitol at Washington; and whose mission seemed every-where and abiding place no where, after having looked on nearly every landscape of beauty in America, the sunny plains of the south, the fairy vales of the east, and the green hills of the north, returning to his native land, that age might repose where childhood sported, and that his eyes, in the evening of life, might close on the same landscape on which, in the morning, they opened.

In 1816 Lee was transferred from the Virginia to the Baltimore conference. The transfer was made by episcopal authority without his consent. Some dissatisfaction resulted, but he finally proceeded to the seat of the Balti

The Year 1816.Lee is Taken Sick.

more conference, and received his appointment at Annapolis, the capital of Maryland. During the spring and summer of 1816 he continued to perform all the public and pastoral duties of his ministry with as much zeal and effect as in the palmiest days of his youthful vigor. In September he attended a camp meeting near Hillsboro, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Soon after preaching on the camp-ground he was taken with a chill, succeeded by a high fever. On the next day he was removed to Hillsboro, where every thing that skill could suggest, and care administer, was done for him; but it was all in vain. On the evening of the 12th of September, 1816, he died.

When he first fell sick a cloud passed over his brow—a shadow over his heart. The penumbric darkness of the grave was gathering about his soul. He said but little, and appeared absorbed in deep thought. He was communing with his heart and with his God. Quiet and composed, he waited till the night of dejection and doubt passed away, and the morning of joy and of hope dawned. Then he aroused from his state of suspension, and broke forth in songs of praise and shouts of

Lee's Death.

victory. When his final hour came he was tranquil and peaceful. Gently as an infant sinks to his evening rest he passed away.

Thus lived and thus died Jesse Lee; a man whose compeers are "few and far between;" a man raised up, and specially deputed by Providence for a great work; a man whose talents, and devotion all qualified him for success in the enterprise to which he was called; a man whose name will be respected, particularly in the land of his early labor, long as the Connecticut, and the Merrimac, and the Kennebec, and the Penobscot shall flow onward to the sea.

FREEBORN GARRETTSON.

FREEBORN GARRETTSON.

CHAPTER I.

GARRETTSON IN EARLY LIFE.

Garrettson's Birthplace.

Parentage.

FREEBORN GARRETTSON was born about the middle of the eighteenth century, in the state of Maryland. The place of his birth is one of those delightful spots of earth, on which the poet or painter would long look without tiring. It is the place where the Susquehanna, after winding its devious way for many hundred miles, amid romantic mountains, through beautiful valleys, and over fertile plains, mingles its waters with Chesapeake Bay. The extended plains along the shores of the Chesapeake stretch away in the dim distance, waving in summer with the green grass and the golden grain. The varied landscape of waters, and pastures, and fields, presents a picture of singular cheerfulness and beauty.

The parents of Garrettson were good people, members of the Church of England. They

were intelligent and well educated for the times in which they lived; but they totally mistook the character of their child. They thought him "prone to pride, self-will, and stubbornness." But what they deemed in their child pride, proved only a noble, chivalrous spirit, ready at all times, and in all circumstances, to frown on meanness, and to defend the oppressed. When at school, he was ever the champion of the poor, the feeble, the ill-used. If there was among his school-mates a poor boy, whom others were disposed to pick upon, and to abuse, Garrettson was on hand for protection and defense. He would not only not suffer him to be insulted, but he would divide with him the last morsel of food, or give him his last coat.

What his parents thought "self-will," was only love of freedom and independence, a disposition which God has implanted in all souls of lofty aim and noble aspirations. And "stubbornness," when fully developed, became decision of character; a quality which he possessed in a high degree, and to which he owed much of his success and usefulness in life.

Such a child as was Freeborn Garrettson may be easily led, but can not well be driven.

Parental Injudiciousness.

Garrettson's Mother.

Ill-judged attempts of parents to humble the "pride," to break the "self-will," and to subdue the "stubbornness" of such children often results in ruin. If the attempt prove successful, the child often becomes a poor, tame-spirited, indecisive, inefficient man. God has been pleased to endow every human soul with personality, and to impose on every man responsibilities, which each must meet in his distributive and individual character. Every one, even children, should, after proper instruction and advice, be left free to act for himself.

It does not appear in the case of Garrettson, that his parents resorted to chastisement to correct in him the tempers which they deemed faults, but which were, in reality, virtues. They were too humane to treat their child as they would an unruly animal; but, through misconception of the nature of his temperament, they failed to afford him the education and discipline he needed. He, however, by his indomitable energy of character, made up for all deficiencies in his early education.

His mother was a lady of strong religious tendency. Though there was, at that day, little of vital piety in the Church of England, and the parish priests were but blind guides,

Sabbath-day Instruction.

yet she had heard Tennant, of glorious memory, and other disciples of that seraphic man—George Whitefield—preach, and her heart had been touched, and her soul converted. She would, on the Sabbath, take her son, then a little boy, to her room, and read to him the holy lessons of sacred Scripture, and pray over him. His young heart was deeply affected, while, sitting by her side, he listened to her sweet voice, and looked up at her angelic face. But not long did he enjoy her precious society. Before he had seen his tenth summer, his mother and his sister passed away from earth, leaving him in loneliness and in tears. A melancholy gloom hung over him, and he frequently went alone to weep. He had none to advise him, none to console him, none to read the Scriptures to him, none to pray for him. He obtained a little Testament, which he often read, retiring to some sequestered spot, and weeping over the story of the sufferings and the death of Jesus. He seemed to have obtained from his sainted mother some indistinct and indefinite notion of experimental religion, but he had none to whom he could go for further instruction.

For two years he groped his way along in

Gropes in Darkness.An Incident.

search of what he could not find, mourning over the memory of his mother and sister, when a change of associates dispelled from his mind his serious thoughts. He was placed at school among a class of careless, irreligious, and wild boys. The consequence was as might be expected. He soon imbibed their spirit, and became as careless as they. Most pernicious was the effect on him. He threw off all seriousness, and for several years thought little or nothing of God and of religion. He might have remained through life in his thoughtless state of irreligion, had not Providence sent across his path one of those remarkable men who were raised up to spread "Scriptural holiness over these lands." An Irish immigrant—Mr. Strawbridge—who had been a local preacher in the Wesleyan connection in Ireland, settled in Maryland. Soon after he came to the country, he began to travel occasionally from place to place, and preach. Much interest was excited by him wherever he went. Mr. Garrettson had heard much of him, and out of curiosity embraced the first opportunity that occurred to see him. Mr. Strawbridge came into the neighborhood, and passed the night at the house of a neighbor. Garrettson went over

Mr. Strawbridge.Early Methodist Preaching.

to spend the evening in his company. Mr. Strawbridge was a good-hearted, social, communicative Irishman. He spent the evening expounding Scripture, explaining the principles of the Methodists, and relating curious adventures, and interesting anecdotes of a religious character. Garrettson was deeply interested. He remained, listening to the good-humored Irish preacher, till midnight, and then left, thinking he had never passed an evening so pleasantly.

Not long after this, other Methodist preachers came to the aid of Strawbridge, and excited, by their preaching, and by the revivals of religion which followed, much attention in the neighborhood.

Among the multitudes who went to hear them preach, was Garrettson. Their plain, simple, and earnest mode of preaching commended itself to his heart. He felt in his soul the truth of their doctrines. Yet he would not connect himself with them, resolving to adhere to the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. In this state of mind, he met one day in the road a young man of his acquaintance, whose heart had been deeply affected under Methodist preaching. They entered into

An Accident.Reads Religious Books.

conversation, and the young man began to “talk so sweetly about Jesus,” and to exhort his friend in so “winning a manner,” that Garretson became deeply convinced there was a reality in religion, and that it was time to be thinking seriously of it. His serious impressions were not long after renewed by an accident, which came near costing him his life. As he was riding down a rocky bank, his horse stumbled and threw him on the rocks. Stunned by the fall, he lay a long time insensible. When he came to himself, he kneeled all alone on the rock, raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and promised the Lord, who had, in his good providence, delivered him from death, to serve him all the days of his life.

He procured such religious books as he could obtain—Hervey’s Meditations, Travels of True Godliness, and Alleine’s Alarm—and retired often to the woods to read and pray. The people in the neighborhood began to suspect him of being tinctured with Methodism. Yet he had not read any of the Wesleyan writings, nor held any conversation with any Methodist preacher—except Mr. Strawbridge—nor heard any Methodist preach more than once or twice. Yet was he, by his own convictions

Garrettson hears Asbury Preach.

of truth, under the influence of the Holy Spirit striving with him, led to adopt the doctrines and measures of Methodism.

Those who really love truth for its own sake, who are seriously disposed to be religious, and who have sufficient independence of character to cast in their lot with a people boasting of no extraneous appendages to Christianity, are very apt to become Methodistical.

It was not long before Garrettson had an opportunity to hear the very prince of American Methodism, the veritable Asbury himself, who came along the shores of the Chesapeake, preaching "Jesus and the resurrection." Garrettson went at evening to the house where Asbury had appointed to preach. The house was so crowded he could hardly find a place about the door. Yet, with much difficulty, he wedged himself into a corner, and sat down. He had not listened long before the word touched his heart. He heard him with delight. So sweetly passed the time, he could have remained till the rising of the sun. He was delightfully drawn by sympathy toward the preacher. He admired the fluency with which he spoke, without written notes. His heart was won, his will subdued, his mind convinced,

Garrettson's name cast out as Evil.

and his whole soul interested. Thoughts of deep import passed and repassed through his mind. He returned home with a set of ideas altogether new. He was too deeply affected to speak to any one. He sat down pondering in his heart what he had heard.

He was not permitted quietly to pursue his course of devotion, without suffering the reproach which the worldly-minded and formal usually heap on the serious and earnest. Several native preachers had been raised up. They were itinerating through the country, exhorting, praying, and preaching. The cry of enthusiasm was raised against them, and petty persecution followed them wherever they went. Garrettson had not joined them, nor had he yet any idea of leaving the Episcopal Church. Yet was his "name cast out as evil," and his serious temper and religious habits were made matters of sport and derision. Even his father became greatly troubled about him, though he seems to have been too exemplary a parent to offer any opposition, and much less reproach, to his own child. Under the accumulation of discouragements, Garrettson came near turning back from his religious course. But affliction and bereavement brought him again to a state

Death of his elder Brother and Father.

of anxiety. His elder brother fell desperately sick, and was supposed to be dying. He was greatly concerned, fearing that his beloved brother was unprepared to die. In his extremity of anxiety, he kneeled by the sick-bed, and prayed, earnestly prayed to the Lord to have mercy on his soul. Still remaining on his knees, he placed his ear near the sick man's lips, and heard him also praying for a longer space of life, that he might have time to repent. At one and the same moment the two brothers became conscious of receiving an answer to their united petition. The dying brother was restored, became a Christian, and died—some few years after—in peace. Scarcely had his brother recovered, when he himself fell sick. On his own recovery, he was called to stand by the dying bed of his father, whose death left him in sole charge of the family.

But while these afflictions awakened him to a more lively sense of the need of experimental religion, the cares and perplexities which the settlement of his father's estate brought on him tended to embarrass his religious progress. In this state of mind he had an interview with the parish minister, who used all the influence he could to withdraw him from his affinities

Great Mental Perplexity.

with the Methodists, and to induce him to seek a literary qualification for the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Garrettson did not like to become a Methodist. He would "rather serve God in any other way than among them." Yet could he not help being drawn toward them. Something within him would tell him they were right.

Agitated and perplexed in mind, he finally determined to "give up his former pursuits, bend his mind to the improvement of his worldly property, and serve God in a private manner." He continued for some time in this course, retaining the form of godliness, attending the church constantly, fasting once a week, praying every day in secret places, endeavoring to attend strictly to the Sabbath, reproofing open sin, and denying himself what the world calls pleasure. But all would not do. He had no evidence of sins forgiven, no witness of the Spirit. Under Methodist preaching, which he occasionally heard, his "poor foundation would shake." Still he continued wavering, halting between two opinions, till he was aroused to a more decided course by a remarkable manifestation. As he awoke one morning from sleep, he seemed to hear a voice, speaking in

deep and awful tones, and saying, "Awake, sinner; thou art not prepared to die." He was instantly smitten with conviction more powerful than ever before. Starting from his pillow he cried out, "Lord, have mercy on my soul!" The influence of this solemn warning never departed from him. Wherever he went, and whatever he might be doing, he would still seem to hear the tones of that voice sounding in his ear, "Awake, sinner; thou art not prepared to die." It were vain for philosophy to inquire what might be the physical cause of the impression made on his senses. Whatever it might be, it was used by Providence as the means of bringing him to the knowledge of the truth as it is revealed by Jesus Christ in the Gospel, and of making him a shining light in the galaxy of eminent ministers.

As he was riding along alone through the woods, one day, after this singular manifestation, he seemed to hear the same voice, saying, "These three years have I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree and find none. I have come once more to offer you life and salvation, and it is the last time. Choose or refuse!" Immediately he seemed surrounded by divine power. Heaven and hell were disclosed to his

An Hour of Shouting.Family Prayer.

view, and life and death set before him. He threw the reins on the neck of his horse, put his hands together, and cried out, "Lord, I submit." No sooner had he uttered these words than he felt such power of faith and love that he wanted to take wings and fly away to heaven. He began to shout and praise the Lord. As he drew near his house the servants heard him, and came to meet him at the gate, wondering what could be the matter. It was evening. The stars seemed like so many seraphs going forth in their Maker's praise. He called the family together for evening prayer; but his prayer was turned into praise. He continued in ecstasy till about midnight, when he lay down to rest, and slept, dreaming of Jesus and of heaven, till morning.

The next morning a scene remarkable and deeply interesting occurred in the family. It was the morning of the holy Sabbath. He had called the family together for morning prayer. He was standing with book in hand, in the act of giving out a hymn, when the same blessed voice which he had heard twice before again sounded in his ear, and he heard these words: "It is not right for you to hold your fellow-creatures in bondage; you must

Slaveholding.

Convictions respecting it.

let the oppressed go free." Till then he had never suspected slaveholding wrong. He had never read a book on the subject, nor had he been told so by any one. He paused a moment, and replied, "Lord, the oppressed shall go free." Turning to his slaves he said, "You are no longer mine, you are free. I desire not your services without making you compensation." He then continued his devotions. "Had I," says he, "the tongue of an angel I could not describe what I then felt. A divine sweetness ran through my whole frame."

In speaking of the emancipation of his slaves, he says, "It was the blessed God that taught me the rights of man." He acknowledged, as all right-minded men must, the Divine authority of such instruction. Slaveholding he felt to be contrary to the sentiments of justice, which God had implanted in his renewed heart. He needed no instruction from without, no reasons from the moralist or theologian. He felt and he knew that slavery was wrong, and no arguments of constitutional lawyers, or learned statesmen, or eloquent orators, or Doctors of Divinity, could change his mind. He was one of those men who, of clear head, single heart, and pure

Results of the Meetings held by him.

mind, see the right by intuition, and follow it, regardless of time-serving policy or sophistical reasoning.

Shortly after his conversion he began, under a sense of duty, to open religious meetings for prayer and exhortation at his own house, and at other places of the neighborhood. A work of grace commenced, and many souls were converted. He formed in his neighborhood a society of about thirty persons, whom he consigned to the care of the Methodist circuit preacher whom he invited to the neighborhood. For some days he accompanied the preacher around the circuit, and exhorted after sermons. He continued to hold evening meetings, at which often were witnessed great displays of divine power. Sinners fell to the floor, and cried aloud for mercy. Often the exercises of the evening continued till past midnight, and great was the effect on the community. Some were angry. One man assaulted him at his brother's house with abusive words and blows. Others were seriously affected, and encouraged him in his work of reformation.

Garrettson had soon an opportunity to try his decision of purpose and his independence of character, in an affair both of Church and

of state. The minister of the parish questioned his right to hold meetings in the parish. Garrettson told him plainly he did not hold meetings for money or honor. While there were sinners in the neighborhood, and the Lord impressed on his mind a sense of duty to call them to repentance, he should do it. Having tasted the goodness of the Lord, he had a longing desire to see his neighbors converted. Indeed, the love of Christ constrained him, and he must open his mouth for the Lord. He frankly told the minister what he thought of the evil effect of his doctrine, and of his general course respecting evangelical religion, and then left him. No doubt the English clergyman thought the young American a hard case.

About this time the war of the Revolution commenced. Garrettson was heart and soul on the American side; but he thought war wrong; therefore, he not only refused to fight, but to train. He evidently belonged to the "higher law" order. Being brought before the officers, at a general muster, for refusing to meet with the company of militia in which his name was enrolled, instead of entering into any moral or legal argument in his defense, he told them his religious experience, and declared

Soldiers Exhorted.

His Decision of Character.

his conscientious scruples against militia exercises. While under examination he contrived to make a religious exhortation to the regiment, consisting of more than a thousand soldiers. It was a time of power. The tears flowed down his cheeks, and his words pierced the heart of many a careless sinner. A court-martial was held on his case, and he was condemned to pay a fine for refusing to do military duty. The authorities, however, never called for the fine, nor troubled him again about military affairs.

We can but admire his moral decision and manly independence. He would preach wherever and whenever he thought his duty required, regardless of the anathema of parish priest or the threats of ruffians. He would refuse to perform an act required by law whenever his rights of conscience were invaded. Such are the men for the times—the men whom God loves, and whom humanity honors. To such men the world is indebted for its progress in truth and reform.

All this time he had no idea of becoming a Methodist traveling preacher. All his feelings were against it. He was willing to preach occasionally about home, but to go through the

world, he knew not where, was a burden, as he thought, too heavy for him to endure. Yet he was constantly exercised in his mind on the subject. While riding or walking alone, often his soul would be drawn out on divine subjects. The Bible would seem all open to him. The doctrines of the Gospel would appear clear, beautiful, glorious. He would dream of immense congregations gathered to hear him, and he would preach to them in his sleep, till the family were aroused from their midnight slumbers, wondering what could be the matter. He felt that it was his duty to preach; that God had called him to that work. Yet he felt unworthy of the call, and unqualified for the work. He would beg to be excused, and pray that some one else might be called in his stead. On going to his occasional appointments, he would often mentally promise, that if on that occasion there were great displays of divine power in the conviction of sinners and conversion of mourners, he would consent to give up all and labor for Christ. But though he did often see sinners weeping all around him, yet would he again be overpowered by doubt and reluctance to engage in the work.

After suffering the most severe trials of mind

Yields to the Gospel Call.

Opportunity to Preach.

on the subject of becoming a preacher—being fully convinced the Lord had called him to that work—he yielded to the call, and consented to devote himself to the Gospel ministry. The very next day he received a request by letter, from the Methodist preacher of the circuit, to take his place a few days, while he went to Philadelphia. Garrettson went, and exhorted and preached around the circuit with feelings and success conflicting and various. He, however, held on his way till the preacher returned, and then went out to open a new circuit.

As he was wandering along in search of an opening for the word, in deep thought and prayer that his way might be prosperous, he came to a gate, and felt a strong impression to turn in at it. He obeyed the impulse, and came to a house. He asked the woman if she would like to have preaching at her house. She answered, yes. He told her to invite in her neighbors, and he would preach. A few collected, and he preached with great freedom. So pleased was he with his new place of preaching, that he made another appointment for the next day. On going the next day to his appointment, he found an audience unexpectedly large. The man of the house was a

A Regiment Assembled.

Cooper.

Preaches at Home.

militia colonel. That day was appointed for general muster of the regiment. The colonel, learning that a Methodist preacher had an appointment at his house, marched up his whole regiment to hear. So Garrettson had an opportunity to preach to many hundreds.

But there is another fact of still more interest connected with his visit to this house. There was in the family a boy then some thirteen years old, son of the lady by a former husband. The boy listened to Garrettson's sermon. His heart was deeply affected; he became converted, joined the Methodists, and became a preacher of great eminence. That boy was no other than Ezekiel Cooper, for a long time—even late in the present century—one of the most eminent men in the Methodist ministry.

After this random, yet providential adventure, he returned home. On the Sunday following he had an appointment to preach in his native place. An immense multitude assembled. There were present many of his old acquaintances, and of his family connections. It was a season of deep interest and of great trial. No tongue could express or pen describe what he felt. It seems as if he could have laid down

Intense Feeling for Sinners.

his life for his relatives and neighbors. So affected was he, that he fainted under the excitement, and fell to the ground. Recovering, he proceeded to warn and exhort the people to flee from the wrath to come. The impressions made, for good, on the hearts of the people by that sermon were deep and lasting.

The next day he proceeded to Baltimore to attend the conference, at which his name was regularly enrolled in the ranks of the Methodist itineracy.

Goes forth as an Itinerant.

CHAPTER II.

GARRETTSON DURING THE ERA OF PERSECUTION.

THUS, as we have seen, was this devout and conscientious young man led, through strange and various exercises of mind, to become an itinerant minister of the Gospel. He was divinely called to that work—called by the Spirit and by the providence of God; he had hearkened to the call; he had obeyed; he had left his home, where he might have lived in ease and luxury; he had cast his lot among the “people called Methodists,” to become one of their servants. With his Bible and his hymn-book in his pocket, and a change of apparel in his saddle-bags, he sallied forth “seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

Scarcely had he commenced his itinerant labors, when he was offered, by the people to whom he was preaching on the Roanoke, a settlement for life with a liberal salary. Every inducement, which is usually found available among men, was proffered, and he was urged

Refuses a Good Salary.

A Singular Clergyman.

to accept the call. But he declined, "being convinced he could do more good by wandering up and down the earth." He passed on, rejoicing in the Lord, with the testimony of a good conscience, knowing that the oblation which he was making of himself was for the good of the Church, which Christ had purchased with his own blood.

In a village on the Potomac he attended one Sunday the parish church, where he heard a discourse from the Episcopal clergyman. The sermon surely had one useful quality—brevity. It occupied less than fifteen minutes. Garrettson, having asked and obtained liberty to speak after the minister, went into the pulpit, and gave out for his text, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The minister, being asked what he thought of the stranger's doctrine, answered, "Why, he seems to bring Scripture to prove it. It may be so, but if it is, I know nothing of it." Though a teacher in the Church, he knew nothing of the fall of man, of repentance, of faith, and of salvation. Garrettson continued to preach for several Sabbaths in the church. The congregation became very large. On one occasion, when the house was much crowded, the congregatiou

became deeply affected under his eloquence, and one woman cried aloud for mercy. The people knew not what to make of it, and put out for the door; but the aisles and doorway were too much crowded to admit of egress. In a few minutes the soul of the woman was converted. She clapped her hands in ecstasy, praised the Lord, and then sat quietly down. The people were amazed. They looked about and wondered. Garrettson continued to pour out from his full heart strains of heavenly eloquence till the whole congregation burst into tears.

While he was preaching on the Roanoke circuit, in Virginia, the law requiring all residents to take an oath of allegiance to the state was passed. Garrettson "could by no means be subject to the rules in that respect, for it touched his conscience toward God." He was a friend to the American cause, but he did not like the test-oath law, and absolutely refused obedience. He stood alone. His friends had universally complied with the law. They reasoned with him, and advised to obedience, telling him he could, by complying with the law, be more useful in the community; but they could not move Garrettson one step against his

Test-oath Law.

conscience. The officers of the law ordered him to leave the state. He told them he could not and would not leave the state, for the Methodist conference had appointed him to labor in the state, and Providence had, as he was confident, approved the appointment. "Then," said the magistrate, "you must go to jail." "That matter," said the heroic Garrettson, "I leave to the God of Daniel, assured, as I am, that he is able to defend my cause, whether in jail or out of jail;" so he continued preaching in spite of the law. The magistrates, admiring the undaunted spirit of the hero, let him alone.

The next year he was appointed to the peninsula, a tract of country lying between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and comprehending the whole of Delaware and a small portion of Maryland and of Virginia. In this region, especially in Delaware, his troubles with the law were renewed. The test-oath law had been passed in Delaware as well as in Virginia. Circumstances had occurred to induce the authorities to insist on the execution of the law on all Methodist preachers. The tracts Mr. Wesley had written against the American Revolution had excited suspicions against the

Arrested.

patriotism of the Methodists in America. A renegade Methodist, who had been a man of influence in the society, but had grossly apostatized, had been detected in raising a tory company to aid the British cause. The circuit preacher, Mr. Rodda, an Englishman, had been detected distributing King George's proclamation among the people, and had been chased out of the country. It was therefore maliciously circulated through the country, that the Methodists were enemies to the American cause, and were embodying themselves to meet the English army. Still, Garrettson would not take the oath, nor would he desist traveling wherever his appointments required, though threatened on every hand with arrest and imprisonment. He received notice that in one place they intended to imprison him the first time he dared venture to approach the town. Yet on he went, and preached in spite of the threats. No interruption was offered during preaching, nor indeed while he remained in town; but on the next day after he had left the place, and was on his way to another appointment, a magistrate met him on the road, seized his horse's bridle, and told him he must go to jail. Garrettson told the officer to be careful what

Assaulted by a Magistrate.

he did, for he was on the Lord's errand. The officer then alighted from his horse, seized a large club, and began to beat the unresisting prisoner over the head and shoulders. The chivalrous officer, though he had it all his own way, was afraid of the man who sat so quietly on his horse, looking like a Christian at him, and called aloud for help. Several of his accomplices being near ran toward the place with a rope. Garrettson, thinking they meant to hang him without law or jury, put spurs to his horse, and cleared them at once. His enemy, however, knowing the road better than he, and soon mounting his own horse, cut across by a nearer route, intercepted him, and taking him at surprise knocked him from his horse. Garrettson fell senseless, but was taken up through the influence of a woman, who was passing by, and carried to her house.

By this time the valiant magistrate began to grow uneasy. He had nearly killed his prisoner, and might be called to account. He kept walking to and fro in great agitation. As soon as Garrettson recovered his senses he called his persecutor into the house, and began to exhort him and pray for him. The officer could not stand that operation. "Mr. Garrett-

son," said he, "I will take you in my carriage wherever you want to go."

Not long after this adventure, Garrettson went, for the first time, to Dover, rather a hard place. No sooner had his presence become noised abroad than he was surrounded by hundreds, some crying, "This is one of King George's men, let us hang him!" Others said, "No, he is a good man—let us hear him." In the midst of the uproar a merchant, who had become partial to the Methodists from having, some years before, heard Whitefield, and a busy little alderman of the town, with two or three others, took him under their protection, placed him on a stage at the door of the academy, and told him to preach, and they would stand by him; and he did preach to the utter confusion and profound astonishment of his enemies. The clear tones of his voice were heard a quarter of a mile. The people assembled in the streets, and in their gardens, and about their own doors and windows, listening, in utter amazement, at the words of eloquence that were poured from his lips. Multitudes burst into tears, and wept bitterly. Some of the mob, who had been most outrageous against him, wept, and others hung their heads in shame; and

A Suspicious Pursuer.

thus ended the exploits of the valiant mob of Dover.

At Salisbury, where he had an appointment, his friend who entertained him advised him to leave town as quick as possible, for his enemies had determined to take him and send him to jail. He calmly replied that he had come to Salisbury to preach the Gospel, and he should do it, and trust God for the result. While he was preaching the valiant company of persecutors sent a spy to mingle in the congregation, and give them information of the most convenient time to take the preacher; but while he was preaching the heart of the spy was touched, and he wept bitterly. So he returned to his accomplices, and told them Garrettson was preaching the truth, and he would defend him. The company then sneaked off, and thus ended the exploit of the Salisbury chivalry.

Having preached at one of his appointments, he started for another some few miles distant. He had been informed that several threats of personal violence against him had been made in that neighborhood. He was, therefore, on the look-out for mischief. When he had got a few miles on his way, looking back he saw a man dressed like a soldier, riding at full speed

with a great club in his hand. He, of course, supposed injury was intended, but quietly jogged along, trusting in God. The man, however, as soon as he came up, stretched out his hand, saying, "Mr. Garrettson, how do you do? I heard you was to be abused to-day on this route, and so I equipped myself, as you see, with this club, and have rode twenty miles to defend you, and I will go with you if it is a thousand miles. And now let any man lay hand on you if he dare." "But, my friend," says Garrettson, "the Scriptures say, vengeance belongeth to God. It is wrong for Christians to fight." "I know all that," said the brave fellow, "but I think I should be justifiable in fighting for you."

Having preached to a large and attentive congregation in Dorchester county, Maryland, he was informed, after preaching, that two men wanted to see him. "Let them walk up," said he. One proved a Presbyterian disputant, and the other an Episcopal magistrate. The plan was for the Presbyterian to talk him down if he could. If he failed, the Episcopalian was to send him to jail. The Presbyterian began the dispute, but he soon got inextricably confused in his arguments, so that he

A Sheriff Discomfited.

was glad to give it up. The Churchman, seeing his friend, the logician, utterly used up, interfered by the authority of law, and said to Garrettson, "Sir, do you know the laws of this state? You have not taken the oath, and you have broken the laws by preaching. You must go to jail." "I bless God," replied Garrettson, "that I am not afraid of the jail." He then mounted his horse, and rode leisurely on his way to his next appointment. He had not proceeded far before the sheriff, who had been sent by the Episcopal magistrate, approached, and ordered him to stop. Garrettson looking the sheriff earnestly in the face, said, "Sir, I am on the Lord's errand. I am going to Philadelphia to preach the Gospel of my Redeemer. Hinder me, if you dare." The sheriff, turning all manner of colors, and looking all manner of ways, said, "It is a pity to stop you," and rode back, leaving the brave hero to pursue his way unmolested.

He had another most curious adventure in Dorchester county. As he was returning to a friend's house after preaching in the evening, a company of men rushed from an ambush and seized him as their prisoner. They did a large business at cursing and swearing, and would

A Valiant Guard.

have assaulted him with blows, but not liking to risk such an enterprise, they contented themselves with most unmercifully and valiantly flogging his horse. They then took him before a magistrate, who ordered him to jail for preaching the Gospel contrary to law. To prevent escape or rescue, twelve men were ordered to see him safe in jail. They put him on his horse, and surrounded him, walking before, behind, and on all sides, and holding the horse by the bridle. It was a very dark night. As they were proceeding toward the jail, there occurred a sudden flash of lightning. On this every man of the valiant guard scampered off in consternation, leaving the prisoner to himself. Garrettson stopped, and called them to come back, but not a man of them answered. He then rode on, and soon came to a little cottage, where he found two of the guard, in as great bodily fear as was poor Don Quixote, when he met with the sad catastrophe at the fulling mill. Garrettson, on seeing them, told them if they intended to take him to jail that night, they had better be about it, for it was getting late. "O no, no," said they, "let us wait till morning." He finding them so badly frightened, left them, and rode on toward the

Deliverance.

A New Mob.

house of a friend. He had not proceeded far, when most of the guard ventured—though greatly terrified—to return. The captain, riding close up to Garrettson, said, “Sir, do you think the affair happened on our account?” Garrettson told him he must judge for himself in that matter. One of the men swore. Another said, “How can you swear at such a time?” “Let us go back,” says another. So back they went, and Garrettson rode quietly on. In a few minutes they returned, saying, “We can not give him up.” But it mattered not to him whether they gave him up or not. He quietly jogged along all the time toward the house of his friend. After going a few rods the redoubtable guard again sneaked away, and returned no more. About midnight Garrettson arrived at the house of his friend. And so ended the romantic adventures of that night.

The next day—though it was Sunday—they rallied again with a reinforcement, determined to take him while preaching. As he was standing near the door, giving out his hymn, the captain, at the head of about twenty men, rushed up, presented a pistol at his breast, and laid hold of him. Some of his friends stand-

Detained in Cambridge.

ing near pulled him into the house, thrust the fellow out, and shut the door. He told his friends he did not wish them to make any attempts in his defense. He was perfectly willing to go to jail. He then opened the door, and told the gang he was ready to go to jail if they were inclined to put him there. So they took him to Cambridge. As for some reason they did not choose to put him in the jail till evening, they confined him during the day in a room of the tavern. A friend of his—a brave young fellow—was permitted to occupy the room with him. In the course of the day multitudes of people of the baser sort, kept thronging the tavern, drinking, swearing, and carousing in honor of their successful exploit in arresting the Methodist preacher. They grew rather insolent. One of them, a stout, burly fellow, rushed into the room where Garrettson and his friend were, intending to abuse them. Garrettson remained quiet, but his young friend, seeing the fellow raise a large whip, with the intention of striking, pitched into him with a blow of the fist on his temple, which laid him out flat on the floor. Garrettson, gently, as a Christian should, reproved the young man for fighting, but he says he verily

In Prison.A Suicide Prevented.

believes the fellows behaved a great deal better after they found out the Methodist could fight.

About sunset they thrust him into prison. Thus at last they succeeded, after calling in the aid of the whole state of Maryland, and Delaware, in getting one Methodist preacher in jail. But he did not long remain there. Asbury appealed personally in his behalf to the Governor of Maryland, and he was set at liberty by executive prerogative, in spite of the law of the Legislature.

As he was rambling over the country during those days, he often met incidents curious and interesting. Walking one day in the woods, he saw a man in the top of a tree, preparing to hang himself. Calling out to the deluded man, and inquiring the cause of his strange proceedings, he learned that the poor fellow was in despair, thinking he had sinned away the day of grace, and was just going to commit suicide. By arresting his rash proceedings and giving him encouraging religious instruction, he rescued the man from death. Having lost his way in a swamp, he wandered a long time bewildered. At last he saw a light. Approaching it he found a house, in which he was hospitably entertained. The woman of the

Ignorance of the People.

house had fallen into a most singular state of mind. She had, some time before, become melancholy, and no one could tell what ailed her. For thirteen days she neither ate nor drank. While her friends were standing around her bed, expecting to see her die, she suddenly rose up, and said, "You thought that mine was a bodily disorder, but it is not. Now I know that my Maker loves me." From that time she entertained the notion that she understood all the Scriptures, and no one could teach her any thing. Garrettson visited her often afterward; but she still persisted that she knew all things, and none, however learned, were capable of instructing her.

He found, in the same part of the country, a man who seemed to know much less than this woman. Meeting the man one day, Garrettson asked him if he was acquainted with Jesus Christ. The man replied, "Sir, there is no such person in this neighborhood." Garrettson, thinking he might have misunderstood the question, repeated it. The man, however, still insisted that no person of that name lived in that part of the country.

Calling one day at a house to inquire the road, he found the woman wringing her hands

A Singular Case.

and weeping bitterly. "Good woman," said he, "what is the matter?" "Have you not heard," said she, "what has happened? I have sold my three little children to the devil, and in a few days he is coming after them." He told her it was out of her power to sell her children to the devil. She, however, insisted she had done it, and she dared not leave them a minute lest the devil should come and carry them off in her absence. He, however, persuaded her to go to meeting, and while he was preaching her soul was set at liberty, and she immediately recovered from her insane condition of mind, and became a very pious and sensible woman.

CHAPTER III.

GARRETTSON IN MIDDLE LIFE AND IN AGE.

IN the autumn of 1784 Dr. Coke arrived from England, with authority from Mr. Wesley to organize the Methodist societies of America into an independent Church. In Delaware he met Asbury, Garrettson, and several other preachers. A council being held, it was agreed to hold a General conference at Baltimore, on Christmas day, to agree on the form of Church discipline. The whole number of preachers was about eighty, and they were scattered over all the middle and several of the southern states.

There were, at that time, few if any post-office facilities in the country. Intelligence had to be communicated by private dispatch. Garrettson volunteered as the herald to announce to the preachers, from New York to Carolina, the arrival of Coke, and the call of the conference at Baltimore. He went off "like an arrow," says Dr. Coke, "from north

Mission to Nova Scotia.

to south, sending messengers to the right and left to call the preachers together at the Christmas conference." He traveled, on this expedition, twelve hundred miles in six weeks, and preached every day. The conference assembled, the Church was organized, the Discipline adopted, and the preachers returned to their work. Garrettson, soon after the conference, was appointed, by Asbury and Coke, missionary to Nova Scotia. He embarked on board a vessel at Boston, and after a stormy and dangerous passage he arrived, in February, 1785, at Halifax. Nova Scotia was occupied at this time principally by refugees from the United States, who, having taken the part of the British during the Revolutionary war, were obliged, on the consummation of American independence, to flee from the country. To all such the British Government offered an asylum in Nova Scotia. They were poor, their property in the United States having been confiscated. They were deplorably destitute of religious instruction. To carry the Gospel to them appeared a mission of Christian charity. Garrettson, though he had never sympathized with their political principles, was willing to preach to them the Gospel.

Sufferings in Winter.

In Nova Scotia he spent two years. They were years of severe labor and great exposure. The country was new, the people poor, and the climate rigorous. He went from town to town, from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet. Often in summer he would take his saddle-bags on his arm, and walk through pathless forests, and over miry bogs, where no horse could pass. In winter he had to wade through drifted snows often ten feet deep. Sometimes he would be overtaken by a storm of terrible fury. On one occasion, as he was traveling through an unsettled region, the hail beating for hours in his face, he became so benumbed with cold as to be unable to guide his horse. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, and let him go whither he would. The snow and hail had covered up the track, yet his horse, by instinct, pushed along till he came to a house, where he stopped of his own accord. Garrettson had only life enough left to tumble from his horse into the snow-drift and crawl into the house. There were none at home but the children. They, however, in the native kindness of their innocent hearts, got the stranger into bed, and covered him up bountifully with clothes. He lay nearly insensible for

A Narrow Escape.

nine hours, when he recovered, and after refreshment pursued his journey.

It is well known that in the Bay of Fundy, and in the rivers which fall into it, the tide rises with inconceivable rapidity, rendering it difficult for the fleetest horseman, caught on the flats, to escape the flood. Mr. Garrettson was once crossing one of the estuaries of the Bay at low water. The channel was easily fordable on horseback, and he suspected no danger. The estuary was wide, and he had reached the middle of it, when he was suddenly startled by the roaring of the coming tide. He saw the wave approaching, and he at once knew his danger. Putting spurs to his horse he made for the nearest land. The horse was fleet as a fawn, and swept like a swallow over the flats. Just as the furious wave, several feet in height, came dashing along with a force sufficient to overwhelm an elephant, the noble horse placed his foot on the shore and his rider in safety.

So acceptable and useful had been the labors of Garrettson in Nova Scotia, that Mr. Wesley proposed, through Dr. Coke, to the American General conference of 1787, to make him superintendent of the Methodist societies in Brit-

Proposed Bishop for British America.

ish America, including Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and such other provinces as might need his services. The conference readily acceded to the proposal, and agreed unanimously to the appointment of Garrettson as Bishop of the Methodist Church in British America. Mr. Garrettson, as it would seem, was always inclined to adopt the principles of democracy in Church government, so far as they would apply. In this case he was reluctant to accept the office of superintendent over a people, who had had no voice in choosing him. He agreed, however, that he would "go on a tour, and visit those parts to which he was appointed, for one year, and if there was a cordiality in the appointment with those whom he was requested to serve, he would return to the next conference, and receive ordination as superintendent." On further deliberation, the conference concluded to suspend the consummation of the plan of a separate superintendency for the British provinces, and before the year was out, Mr. Garrettson became convinced that it was his duty to remain in the United States. His subsequent career of eminent usefulness to the Church in the United States proves that he judged correctly of his duty.

Hudson River District.

Having abandoned the idea of leaving the United States, and having spent another year on his old stamping-ground—the scene of his early labors and persecutions, the peninsula—he was appointed presiding elder of the Hudson River district. His district extended from New York city to Lake Champlain, and from the Housatonic river to the Catskill Mountains. The country was, generally, except along the banks of the Hudson, new, and the roads were bad. Like Lee, he was challenged to dispute his way, inch by inch, with Calvinism. He, however, generally managed to terminate the debate by pressing his opponents with questions on personal and experimental religion. This was an argument *ad hominem*, which few of the Calvinists of the times could stand. He chose to preach and to pray, rather than to dispute and to contend.

For a long series of years he served as presiding elder on the Hudson River, the Philadelphia, and the New York districts. In the office of presiding elder he found his appropriate sphere of labor. In his district he had usually eight or ten circuits, with twelve, and sometimes more, preachers. As he went from circuit to circuit, he found both preachers and

people emulous of pre-eminence in the cordiality with which they received him. He was welcome to every fireside, and every heart. The affection existing between him and his preachers on the district was remarkable. Father and son, brother and brother, could not love each other more tenderly than did Garrettson and his sons and brethren in the ministry.

He always came full of the spirit and power of the Gospel. He mingled with the people in the temper of a Christian gentleman; treating all with kindness, politeness, and charity; dealing gently with the imperfections of human nature; instructing the ignorant, correcting the erring, advising the inexperienced, strengthening the weak, confirming the wavering, encouraging the desponding, and comforting the sorrowful.

His quarterly meetings were attended by immense multitudes, gathered from all the surrounding country. Often they had to repair to the forest, and fix up a rude stand for the preacher, from which he might address listening thousands seated around him under the trees in a glorious amphitheater of nature's own forming. Great was often the effect of his discourses on such occasions. He was not

Power of his Preaching.

what the world would call an orator. He had not any peculiar natural genius for speaking. He did not exhibit many of the graces of elocution. But he spoke right on in plain, simple, correct language, in a free and earnest manner. He seldom contended about controversial points, or discussed abstruse doctrines. He fed not the flock with dry and barren theories, but poured out in rich and copious effusions the pure milk of the word. His preaching was thus attended with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. The whole congregation would be melted, by his fervent zeal, to tears. Saints would shout with joy, and sinners would cry for mercy. When he was gone, his voice would still seem, for many a day, ringing in the ear of the sinner. Hundreds, yea, thousands, by that voice have been awakened from sin, called to Jesus, and cheered to heaven.

From 1787 to 1804, a period of seventeen years, he labored incessantly on districts within the bounds of the New York and Philadelphia conferences. His district, at one time, extended over nearly all the territory now included in three conferences. Yet he traveled over it regularly every three months, preaching usually every day.

No mortal may tell the amount of good he did during these seventeen years by his pious example, his amiable spirit, his gentle deportment, and his effective preaching. Not time, but eternity alone, may disclose the results of his untiring labors.

From 1804 till his death, a period of more than twenty years, his appointments were less laborious, and such as to leave him at greater liberty, than Methodist preachers usually enjoy—to travel where he pleased, and preach where he pleased. With the exception of two years on the station at Rhinebeck, two in New York city, and four on the New York district, he stands on the Minutes either as supernumerary or conference missionary. He was thus at liberty either to remain at home, or travel, according to his health and inclination.

In 1793 Mr. Garrettson was married to Miss Catharine Livingston, a lady of wealth, of accomplished and elegant manners, of refined taste, of most amiable disposition, and of devoted and pious spirit. In 1800 he built on the eastern bank of the Hudson, near Rhinebeck, a beautiful dwelling, in which his family, consisting of his wife and an only daughter, with a few pious domestics, continued to reside

His Home.

Wife and Daughter.

while he was traveling and preaching, and in which he himself found delightful rest, when he returned from his expeditions of benevolence and charity. His home was a home indeed; one of those delightful spots which, for a time, makes us forget our unfortunate exile from Paradise. The mansion was furnished and surrounded with all the requisites of comfort, and the accompaniments of taste and refinement. The grounds were laid out in gardens, groves, orchards, and fields. Before the mansion rolled the noble and magnificent river, bearing on its bosom innumerable water craft, spreading their white sails to the wind, or borne smoothly along by the flowing and ebbing tide. Beyond the Hudson appeared the Catskill Mountains, rearing their lofty summits to the clouds, and stretching toward the setting sun, till their dim outlines became lost in the blue distance. It was just such a place as the man of taste and refinement, and devoted to the beauties of nature, and the pleasures of contemplation, would choose for his home. And the family, the noble wife, and the lovely daughter, were just such angelic beings as such a man as Garrettson, so amiable, so generous, so keenly alive to all the delicate sensibilities

and exquisite refinements of affection, would choose for the loved ones of his heart.

Every thing about the establishment—the internal furnishings, the external decorations, and the domestic arrangements—were calculated to meet the wants and gratify the taste of the inmates. System, order, utility, and beauty, were marked on the fixtures of the house, and the arrangements of the family. Here the amiable and accomplished proprietor might lead a life which a king might covet, and a philosopher pronounce his beau ideal. He might spend the day in rambling over his romantic grounds, or reclining beneath the cool shade of some sylvan retreat, or reading, or conversing with his numerous intelligent and pious visitors, or enjoying sweet communion with his devoted wife and lovely daughter. Nor the groves of classic Greece, nor the vales of sunny Italy could ever present a fairer landscape, a scene of more romantic beauty, than that on which Garrettson might look from his lovely dwelling. Not Calypso in her sea-girt isle could offer Ulysses such retentive inducements of domestic bliss, as might the wife and daughter of Garrettson throw around him. Yet, with these inducements of ease, of beauty,

Revisits the Scenes of his Youth.

of home, and of friends to retain him, Garrettson would break away, and travel for months over the cold, rough, and thorny world to preach the Gospel. He longed to be away, calling sinners to repentance. Sometimes he would leave home, even in winter, on a tour three or four months, south as far as Baltimore and Washington, or west as far as Utica, or east to the Connecticut. His coming among any people, where he was known, would be hailed with acclamations of joy. The name of Freeborn Garrettson was sufficient to call out an enthusiastic audience to listen, delighted, to his earnest tones of holy eloquence.

He made, during the latter years of his life, a visit to the Chesapeake peninsula, where he was born, and where he spent the first years of his ministry. A half century had passed since he, a youth, had gone forth on the banks of the Delaware, and along the shores of the Chesapeake, as a herald of the cross. Changes, changes, numerous and great, had passed over the country of his birth and his early home. His early friends were gone, nearly all gone to the grave. What few remained could hardly recognize, in the gray-haired and venerable man, the chivalrous youth who, fifty years

before, used to go about among them preaching the Gospel, defying the penalties of iniquitous law, and subduing by his prayers and exhortations, the hard hearts of his persecutors. When once they became fully aware that it was he, even Freeborn Garrettson himself, who stood before them, they received him as one returned from the spirit-land. They hung on his lips with delight, and could never tire of hearing him tell the story of redemption, and recount the incidents of his early religious and ministerial experience.

So few of his acquaintances in Maryland remained among the living, that he felt little at home, even in the house where he was born. A new generation, unknown to him, had risen up. His taste and susceptibilities had greatly diverged from theirs. The old homestead seemed not the place where he had once lived with his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. The old school-house seemed not the one in which he had, in days of yore, plodded through the elements of letters. The old parish church seemed deserted and drear, and ready to tumble down. The farms seemed smaller, and the streams narrower than their picture, which remained on the tablet of his

Loss of Friends.

Cheerfulness.

soul. Change had indelibly stamped her impress on all he saw. His heart was sad; he turned away, and sought again his home on the banks of the Hudson.

Change still threw her dark shadow along his pathway. His friends of riper years, friends endeared to him by long and intimate acquaintance, were passing, one by one, to the spirit-land. Brethren in the ministry, not only veterans, but men much younger than himself, were dropping away from the ranks of the living, like leaves from a tree shaken by the autumn wind. Members of the families in which he usually found a home, during his itinerant expeditions, were departing to the silent land, over which hang the clouds and darkness of oblivion. He knew that he must soon follow his friends and acquaintances, who had only gone before him to the grave; yet did not his soul repine. He maintained to the last his cheerfulness of temper and buoyancy of spirit. He was a man whose heart was as young at seventy as at seventeen. He continued to take a deep interest in all the benevolent enterprises of the Church. He was not afraid of changes in ecclesiastical economy, if, thereby, good could be secured. In all ques-

tions of reform he was ever on the liberal side. He was ready, not only to co-operate, but to lead off in the missionary, tract, Sunday school, and educational enterprises of the Church. He evidently belonged to the progressive, the movement party. He was ready to make such changes in the prudential economy of Methodism, as would adapt it with efficiency to the wants of the times, and keep up its character as the "child of providence." Because the unhatched chicken needs the protection of the egg-shell, he would not have the full-grown bird carry its shell forever on its back. He would lay aside one usage, and adopt another, whenever he could accomplish good by the change. There are few men who could live forever without retarding, so far as their influence may go, by their antiquated notions, stereotyped by time, the improvement of society. But Garrettson might have lived a thousand years, and yet have so kept up with the spirit of the age, as to continue an effective coadjutor of the young and enterprising.

His death occurred on the 26th of September, 1827, at the age of seventy-six, after a short illness, in the city of New York, whither he had gone from home to spend a few days.

Interment.His Labors all Gratuitous.

His wife and daughter, on learning of his illness, immediately repaired to the city, and remained by him to the last. He died as he had lived—in calm reliance on Providence, in unwavering confidence in the doctrines he had preached, in firm trust in the Savior, and in triumphant hope of heaven. He was taken, after death, to Rhinebeck, and buried with many tears and fond remembrances, in the rural cemetery, on the banks of the Hudson.

Among the coadjutors of Asbury there were none more blameless in spirit, more fervent in zeal, or more devoted in life, than Freeborn Garrettson. Like his Master, he went about doing good. And he did it freely. He went a warfare at his own charges, having never asked any compensation for preaching, nor ever received any, unless forced on him, and then he would, on the first opportunity, give it to some needy brother. In preaching the Gospel, in serving the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in aiding the cause of humanity, he spent all his time, all his patrimony, and all the surplus income of the ample property of his wife.

Blessed be the memory of Freeborn Garrettson, the gentleman, the philanthropist, the Christian!

THOMAS WARE.

THOMAS WARE.

LIFE AND LABORS.

Birth.

Death of his Father.

THOMAS WARE was born in Greenwich, New Jersey, in 1758. His father and his mother were amiable and pious people. The Bible was a family book, and before the domestic altar were offered up morning and evening prayer and praise. In the absence of the father, the mother would gather her children about her, read to them the lessons of holy writing, and kneel before the Lord asking the blessings of Heaven on herself, her little ones, and her absent husband. But after a few years of domestic bliss, a sad change came over the spirit of the happy family. The father died. The widow and the orphan children followed him to the grave, and then returned to their desolate home.

The evening came on, the well-remembered hour of family prayer. The mother called about her the bereaved children—eight in num-

Family Prayer.

Additional Sorrow.

ber, the eldest only seventeen years of age—and began, as had been her usual custom, to read the evening Scripture lesson. But as she commenced, the memory of the past, the realization of the present, and the presentiment of the future rushed simultaneous over her soul, and overwhelmed her with unutterable emotion. “My mother,” said the elder child, “my dear mother, why do you so bitterly weep?” “Alas,” replied the mourner, “alas, death has made me a widow, and you orphans. I can no longer lead, as I once did, the devotions of the family. I am not worthy to supply the place of your noble father. Had I been worthy, and had you been dutiful children, we should not have been all left forlorn. Go, my children, and pray for yourselves.” She then took the younger children with her to her closet, while the elder went to their solitary bower to pray alone.

A short time passed, and the two younger children, innocent and lovely ones, followed their father to the spirit-land. The affliction of the family became overwhelming, and sadness and sorrow took up their abode by the hearth-stone. The family had been educated in the cheerless and hopeless creed of Cal-

Calvinism.Thomas.

vinian predestination, election, and reprobation. The mother, deeply affected by the death of her husband and children, became distracted with doubts of her own election, and with fears for the destiny of her children. She had hope in the death of her husband. But of the fate of her children, though dying in infancy, she could have no assurance. They might be among the reprobates. For them, perhaps, no Savior died. For them no guardian angels waited to bear the ransomed and disembodied spirit to the land of the blessed. But they, poor little ones, passed by of God, having no share in the inheritance of redemption, no part in the electing grace of God, might be lost, hopelessly, irrecoverably lost. Under the baneful influence of such a creed the poor mother was driven nearly to despair, and the surviving children became gloomy and dispirited. The thoughtful and sensitive Thomas, then some ten or twelve years old, affected by despondency and gloom, wandered about the lonely valleys, and sequestered forests, hoping, in accordance with the popular opinions of the day, that the spirit of his departed father might appear to him, and inform him whether his little brother and little sister were in heaven, and

Becomes Reckless.Alarm of War.

whether his own and his mother's name were written in the book of life. Sad and disheartening were the effects of his erroneous creed on him. Sensitive and benevolent natures can never fail to be distressed, and often ruined by the abhorrent dogma of Calvinian predestination.

At the age of sixteen Ware left home to reside with an uncle in Salem, New Jersey. His uncle was irreligious and skeptical. The company resorting to the house was light, gay, and irreligious. Most baleful was the influence of such associates on the mind of the young man. He soon became as thoughtless of God, and as reckless of his soul, as the boon companions of his uncle. He could sing a merry song in derision of Christianity, and smile at the solemnities of divine things.

While in this state of mind, he heard the alarm of war, and listened to the call for volunteers to rescue the American colonies from British oppression. Inspired by patriotism, and urged on by the love of adventure, he enlisted in the service. For some months he remained quartered with several thousand soldiers at Perth Amboy. He then volunteered on a daring expedition, whose purpose was to

Enlists.Defeat.

reinforce Washington on Long Island. He proceeded to Powle's Hook, where he found all access to Long Island intercepted by the British forces. The day had been sultry; the march had been rapid and toilsome; the night was cold and damp, and no shelter for the weary adventurers could be obtained. As a natural consequence of such exposure, disease, in one of its most protracted forms, seized him, and closed his military career. Recovering so far as to be barely able to travel, he started for home in company with several of his comrades, who had obtained their discharge. It was during one of the gloomy periods which occasionally occurred from reverses during the American Revolution. The battle of Long Island had terminated in defeat; New York had been abandoned by the American, and occupied by the British army; many hundreds of brave patriots had fallen at White Plains; Fort Washington, in the neighborhood of New York, had been surrendered to the British with nearly three thousand brave men, who had defended themselves and their position to the last extremity; Fort Lee, on the west shore of the Hudson, had been abandoned; and Washington, with the remains of his little army, had

Sufferings.

Sickness.

been driven from Newark to Brunswick, from Brunswick to Princeton, from Princeton to Trenton, and from Trenton across the Delaware, the enemy keeping constantly at his heels.

The condition of New Jersey, as Ware passed along toward his home, was pitiable and deplorable. Before the foe advancing in triumph the people were fleeing in consternation. Women and children, houseless and homeless, were wandering over the country, not knowing whither they were going. Autumn was passing away, and winter was threatening near, while the poor people were driven about shelterless from the storm, and destitute of food. To make the matter worse, civil discord was horribly braying with her hoarse voice. The Tories—partisans of the British—were heaping reproach and contumely on the heads of the unfortunate patriots, who had put all to hazard for independence. Neighborhoods were divided; families were divided; father was arrayed against son, and brother against brother.

Ware, worn down by disease and exposure, was unable to keep along with his comrades. He therefore turned aside to pass a few days with a cousin. He had never seen his cousin,

Tory Cousin.Disastrous Reverses.

though he had been introduced to his wife and daughter. He called at the house, which he was hardly, through weakness, able to reach. His pallid and woe-begone appearance at once touched the heart of the mother and the daughter. These amiable ladies exerted their utmost power to relieve the distressed condition of the youthful invalid, and by their delicate attentions to make him forget his sorrows. The cousin said little, nor did Ware learn till the next day that he had sought refuge in the house of a most inveterate tory—an enemy to the American cause—an enemy to every patriot soldier, and one who had avowed his readiness to turn royal hangman, and string up with a good will every rebel he met. The ardent royalist, however, could not easily make up his mind “to put a knot about the neck” of his own cousin, especially as he looked so much like the family, and appeared so clever a fellow. By virtue, therefore, of his good and familiar looks, and the influence of the amiable ladies, the interesting invalid was permitted to remain unhung.

A few days after his arrival at his cousin's news arrived of disastrous reverses in American affairs, rendering the cause of the patriots

Dishonorable Proposition Rejected.

apparently hopeless. The army was reported to be destroyed, and Washington to be past escape. His cousin told him it was all over, and advised him to go at once to the nearest British officer and make his peace. Struggling between consternation at the bad news, and contempt at the dishonorable proposition, Ware stood for a time confounded. When patriotism triumphed decision was marked on his brow, and indignation flashed in his eye. His cousin left the room, the lady was absent, and Eliza was in tears. Ware walked a few times across the room, then went to Eliza, took her hand, and bade her an affectionate good-by, saying he never should see her again. If the news were true he must proceed at once home to his mother. He left immediately, nor did he ever again see the man who had so grievously shocked his patriotism by a proposition of surrender, nor the generous lady who had protected him, nor the sweet-tempered girl who, hopeless, wept at his departure. On the success and triumph of the American cause the possessions of the family were confiscated, and they were driven to Nova Scotia, where the fair Eliza soon fell a victim to the relentless climate.

Sufferings.

Relief.

With many a “longing, lingering look” at the gentle being he was leaving in tears, Ware left the house, and went on his weary way toward his home. The day was most dismal, and the sky most inclement. Rain, hail, snow, and wind alternately beat on his defenseless person. At noon he called at a public house for refreshment. Having no hard money, and paper money having become depreciated, he was rudely refused by the landlord, and grossly insulted by the lazy, louting idlers hanging about the bar-room. Hungry and sick he resumed his dreary journey. Night came on, the snow fell thick and fast, and he was fainting under fatigue and exhaustion. In this condition he was overtaken by a young man, who, by his dress, recognized him as a soldier, and fell into conversation with him. Ware told him his history and his suffering condition—how he had traveled all day without food, how he was sick, and knew not where to find shelter. The stranger’s heart was touched. He was a royalist, but he had not ceased to be a man. “There,” said he—pointing to a house, from whose windows the light streamed forth on the dark evening air—“there lives my father. He is a royalist, and no friend to

The Kindness of Woman.

rebels nor the rebel cause; but I know, whatever may be your sentiments, he will treat you kindly. You must go home with me.”

When Ware arrived at the door he could hardly step over the threshold. When he sat down in the warm room he became speechless and deathly pale. Then again woman, with her generous sympathies and reviving attentions, came to his aid. The mother and the sister of his young friend held a cordial to his lips, and stood over him with assiduous attention. All their efforts could not save him from a severe chill, followed by high fever and delirium. The ministering angels of mercy then placed him in a warm bed, and the youthful daughter sat down by his side. In his delirium he mistook her for his cousin, Eliza, whom he had left in tears in the morning. The lovely attendant wisely humored the deception, and soothed him to rest. In the morning she told him what had occurred during his paroxysms of fever.

Most gladly would the invalid have spent several days with this amiable family, and earnestly was he solicited to remain; but the British army, victorious and revengeful, was rapidly approaching. His presence in the

Ware Arrives at Home.

His Religious Anxiety

place might endanger his own safety, and compromise the welfare of the generous family who had entertained him; so, with many hearty thanks, he bade his kind preservers good-by, and proceeded toward his home, which happened to lie beyond the range of the British. In a few days he arrived in safety at his native homestead, much to the joy of his mother and friends.

Amid the quiet of his native home, Ware had favorable opportunity to reflect on religious subjects; but he had no sooner become thoughtful and seriously disposed than the horrid phantoms of Calvinian origin reappeared. Finding it impossible to reconcile the dogmas of the system in which he had been educated with reason, and even with common sense, and knowing nothing of any better system, he began to doubt of all religion. He distrusted Providence, and lost the hope of immortality. He became little better than a maniac. He roamed about alone in the wild woods and among the gloomy ravines, indulging in sad reveries and hopeless despondency. He envied the dead, and coveted the dreamless and wakeless sleep of the grave. As a last resort he had concluded to become a

 He Concludes to become a Sailor.

Caleb B. Pedicord.

sailor, hoping, amid the reckless company of the forecandle, to escape from the spirit that constantly haunted him. He had shipped, and was waiting for notice to go on board, when he walked out into the forest to indulge once more in gloomy reverie. While he was reclining on a mossy bed, in a dark and dense thicket, he heard a sweet, melodious, and plaintive voice singing the following lines:

“Still out of the deepest abyss
 Of trouble I mournfully cry,
 And pine to recover my peace,
 And see my Redeemer and die.

I can not, I can not forbear
 These passionate longings for home;
 O, when shall my spirit be there?
 O, when will the Messenger come?”

Ware looked out from his concealment, and saw passing along a stranger of tall and manly form, and most engaging appearance. He arose from his sequestered bower, and followed the stranger at a distance, till he saw him enter a house in the neighborhood. That stranger was Caleb B. Pedicord, a Methodist preacher—one of the extraordinary men whom God, the Almighty and the Gracious, raised up in those days to “turn many to righteousness.” His personal appearance was of digni-

Ware Hears Pedicord.

fied and noble bearing, and his voice melodious as the lyre of Apollo, and moving as the harp of Orpheus. He was a being of sensitive and delicate nature, of refined and gentle spirit, and of pure and elevated mind. When he stood up before the people, to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ, the listening multitudes, charmed by his voice, and subdued by his eloquence, became like plastic clay in the hands of the potter. Short but brilliant was the career of Pedicord. He fell, early fell, nobly fell, fell in his opening glorious and abundant promise. The grave closed over his body, and his spirit passed to the land where only spirits so refined, so sensitive, so ethereal as his find congenial sympathy and rest.

Ware, on inquiry of an acquaintance whom he met, learned that Pedicord was to preach in the neighborhood that evening. He resolved to be one of the audience. He accordingly went to the room in which the meeting was held, and took a seat among the people. Pedicord arose, and sung like an angel. He then prayed like a saint, and afterward preached like a missionary from heaven. Ware listened in alternate astonishment and delight. He heard, for the first time in his life, of general

He Becomes Serious.

His Conversion.

redemption. He learned that Christ died for all; that all were invited to the Gospel feast, and that all *might*, if they only *would*, be saved. "This," exclaimed Ware, "is the best news I ever heard." To him the sermon seemed like the song of the angels, when they announced to the shepherds of Palestine good tidings of great joy to all people. When the meeting closed, he hastened home, retired to his room, and spent most of the night in prayer.

Having abandoned all thought of going to sea, he gave himself up to reading the Bible. He continued praying and reading till Mr. Pedicord made his next visit to the neighborhood. No sooner was the arrival of that good man known, than Ware hastened to meet him, and to tell him all his heart. Pedicord wept for joy at the story. He then kneeled by the side of Ware and prayed, earnestly and fervently prayed, that God would grant him the evidence of his conversion. It was an occasion of deep and solemn interest. Pedicord was absorbed in prayer, and Ware struggling to emerge from the darkness of doubt to the full light of Gospel truth. At last the clouds broke away, and the full blaze of glorious grace burst on his view. He now saw the character of

He Begins to Preach.

God in a new light. The frowning face, looking out from the dark and dreary cloud of Calvinism, was no more seen. Instead thereof, appeared the mild and lovely face of Jesus, Savior of men. How changed to him—once despairing, now hoping—seemed the plan of salvation! His heart was enlarged. He felt strongly inclined to proclaim to others the way, the glorious way of life, which had so delightfully opened before him. He began to talk to his friends and acquaintances on religious experience. He proceeded then to speak in social meetings. And then when the preacher on the circuit had fallen sick, he went, of his own accord, around the circuit, exhorting the people at each appointment, and persuading them with tears to become reconciled to God. Asbury came along, and hearing of Ware's proceedings, sent for him, and after conversing with him for some time, requested him to go to Delaware and aid the preacher of Dover circuit in exhorting and praying, as he might find opportunity among the people. On arriving at Dover, he found himself among a kind-hearted, intelligent, pious people. He was every-where received cordially, and treated most affectionately. He soon ventured to

advance from a mere exhortation to a sermon, and succeeded much to the satisfaction of his hearers. Having spent about two years in Delaware, and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, he was appointed to Salem circuit in his native state. Within the bounds of this circuit resided his mother, and sisters, and early friends. A great revival spread over the country, and in its glorious influences many of his friends largely shared. He often saw some friend whom he loved weeping in the public congregation, under the influence of divine truth. He often saw his early associates flocking to the altar of prayer, and often heard their songs of victory as they were emerging into the perfect liberty of the children of God. It was to him a year of joy and thanksgiving.

The next year he was appointed to Long Island. He extended his labors across the East river, and up the Hudson, as far as Peekskill. In the region of country east of the Hudson Methodism was then wholly unknown, and he had to contend with the marring influences of Calvinism. On one occasion a Calvinist minister arose in the congregation, interrupted him and charged him with preaching false doctrine. The people, however, were

Ware a Missionary to Holstein.

evidently favorable to the doctrine of general redemption, which Ware was eloquently preaching. One of them arose in the congregation, rebuked the Calvinian minister for his uncharitable spirit, and publicly invited Ware to go home with him, stay as long as he pleased, and preach the doctrine of general redemption and free grace to his neighbors.

Having remained two years on Long Island, he volunteered, at the conference of 1787, to go to the Holstein country. This was an adventurous and perilous expedition. He was accompanied by two other young men, and by John Tunnell, a man who, in those days, stood, in the estimation of the people, next to Asbury himself. No record was kept of the incidents of the long and difficult journey, from the Potomac to the Holstein. We would like, at this day, to trace them across bridgeless rivers, over dreary plains, up rugged mountains, and down dark ravines. When they arrived at Holstein they found a fine country, watered by five noble rivers, and thinly settled by a scattered and rude population. Many of the people were fugitives from the civilized portions of the states, escaping from justice to this sequestered valley. There was very little

Incidents of the Campaign.

religious influence among them, and very little disposition to receive ministers of the Gospel to their confidence. Civil broils were common, and lawless proceedings often went unrestrained. The country was infested by hostile Indians, whose stealthy depredations rendered property and life unsafe. Ware, however, plunged into the unpropitious region, and applied himself diligently to the work which Providence had committed to him. Suffering he endured patiently, and reproach meekly.

Journeying along one day through a dreary region, where not a cabin nor a clearing was to be seen, he fell sick, and had to lie by for a time in the woods. He had reposed but a short time when it began to rain. He arose, and, with difficulty, mounted his horse, and slowly rode along. At night he reached a settlement, and called at the first house for entertainment. He was rudely repelled; he called at another, and was again repelled; he called at a third, and was permitted to remain, and lie on the hard floor, though not a mouthful of food was offered him.

In some parts of the country he had to cross rivers dangerous from floods and ice, and ascend mountains nearly impassable from abrupt-

A Dismal Prospect.

ness, and swept by the wintery wind. Early one morning, late in the year, he started for a distant portion of his circuit. The night had been rainy, but the morning was clear, mild, and beautiful. He had to cross a mountain range. Ascending the first ridge he looked toward the summit of the main range, and saw Winter collecting his howling forces for a furious tempest. A cloud rising in dark columns was rolling in awful majesty along the precipitous sides, threatening ruinous inundation on all below. He directed his steps toward a narrow defile, where he met a violent gale, pelting him at every step with hail and snow, and presenting determined resistance to his progress. With much difficulty he made his way into the valley, and late at night arrived near the hamlet where he expected shelter. But he found crossing his path a stream so swollen by the mountain torrents as to be utterly impassable. He called long and loud, but his voice was lost in the howling wind. Finding it impossible to cross he retired to a cluster of haystacks, where he began to prepare for passing the night. By the time he had got nestled down in the hay the clear, cold evening had become so benumbing that he

A Night Adventure.

Ware Goes to North Carolina

feared, should he venture to sleep there, he might never wake again; so he arose, and retraced his steps again, for a distance of five miles, to a sorry cabin he had seen as he passed. He called at the house, occupied by a young man and wife, with two children, and asked for hospitality. Being so chilled that he could hardly speak, he was mistaken for some drunken man, and told he could not stay there. He, however, was resolute, and entered the house, pleasantly saying he would stay unless put out by force. As soon as the family knew who he was they received him most generously, and in the morning presented their little children to him for baptism. Ware then knew there were some generous hearts in the wilds of Tennessee.

After Ware had spent two years in the Holstein country, Bishop Asbury came along and took him to North Carolina. On his way he crossed the Blue Ridge at a point from which appeared one of the most magnificent prospects in the universe. The world seemed spread out below, extended in one limitless expanse of forest till vision was lost in the blue distance. Ware would have remained for hours gazing on the scene, but Asbury, to whom such scenes

In Pitiabie Circumstances.

A Powerful Meeting.

were all familiar, urged on his way down the steep declivity.

On going to his circuit in North Carolina, Ware found himself in pitiabie circumstances. His noble horse, that had carried him through all kinds of dangers, and with which he had resolved never to part, unfortunately sickened and died. He had worn out his coat and his boots, and had neither money nor credit; but one stranger furnished him a horse, and another gave him an order on a store in Newbern for all the clothing he wanted. Thus supplied he began his work, and soon saw a great and glorious revival among the people. Among the happy converts in the revival was General Bryan, a lawyer of eminent talents. He was a professed Deist, but being persuaded by his wife to accompany her to a quarterly meeting, he became deeply convicted, and at the close of the meeting he arose in the public congregation, renounced his infidel sentiments, and eloquently advocated the doctrines he had that day heard. The effect of this speech was electric and irresistible. One simultaneous cry went up from the assembled multitude, and the power of God seemed to overwhelm the people. Remarkable and glorious was the

Ware Declines a Fortune.

Appointed to Wilmington.

work that followed. At one quarterly meeting the Divine influence among the people was so remarkable that all attempts at preaching were abandoned, and the whole day was spent in prayer, and praise, and weeping, and rejoicing.

Just before Mr. Ware left North Carolina he was offered, by an aged gentleman and lady, who had no children, their whole property, amounting to a large fortune, if he would remain with them. He might thus have exchanged a life of poverty and toil for one of wealth and ease; but he had devoted himself to Christ, and to the Church, and to philanthropy, and he could not be diverted from his purpose by the wealth of "Osmus or of Ind." Thanking his generous friends for their kind regards, he bid adieu to North Carolina and returned to New Jersey.

His next appointment was at Wilmington, in Delaware. He soon found, as have many others, the transition from a country circuit to a city station by no means agreeable. The popular influence of the place was unfavorable to all religion. The sons of Belial would gather in riotous multitudes about the meeting-house to the great annoyance of the

Ware on the Susquehanna.

Incidents.

humble worshipers. The congregations were small, and the whole prospect was discouraging. Ware sighed for the free air and humble denizens of the backwoods.

He was soon gratified, being appointed to the charge of the Susquehanna district, extending from the sea-shore to Tioga. For a long distance between the Atlantic settlements and the vale of Wyoming, the country was a vast and dreary wilderness. From Wyoming to Tioga the passage might be interesting and delightfully romantic in summer, but in winter it was difficult and dangerous in the extreme. The first time he made his tour, when he came to the pass of the river, through a narrow gorge in the mountains, he found the road so completely blocked up by ice as to be utterly impassable. He, therefore, descended to the river bed, and made his way through the dangerous defile on the ice, in some places cracked into chasms, which his horse could scarcely leap, and in other places worn so thin by the current as scarcely to bear the footfall of a fox. How he ever passed in safety such a defile would be inconceivable did we not believe in the protection of Providence.

This country through which Ware then trav-

Great Change.Ware on the Albany District

eled with so much difficulty, has now become one of the most delightful on earth. The district over which he then traveled now forms parts of several conferences, and abounds with preachers, and churches, and seminaries.

From the Susquehanna he went to the Albany district, extending over northern New York, southern Vermont, western Connecticut, and the Berkshire country in Massachusetts. Over this immense territory were scattered, few and far between, a corps of Methodist preachers. They had a hard time to live. Ware found one who was too poor to pay the traveling expenses to his circuit, and another who could furnish for dinner for his presiding elder, himself, his wife, and seven children only a single blackberry pie with rye crust. In the well-settled towns, they were met at the threshold by the determined opposition of the settled minister of the "standing order," with his deacons and parishioners, disputing every inch of ground. In the interior and the backwoods, they found the people wholly neglected, and destitute of all instruction and means of grace. Ware spent three years on the district with glorious success. The quarterly meetings were seasons of great interest. The power of

Large District.

Ware in the Book Concern.

God was often displayed in the conversion of souls.

After leaving the Albany district, he was continued in the office of presiding elder on the Philadelphia, Delaware, and New Jersey districts, so as to make from the time he commenced on the Susquehanna district, sixteen consecutive years, during which he held the responsible office, and performed the laborious duties, and exerted the extensive and beneficial influence of presiding elder. The ground, over which he traveled and preached during these sixteen years, could not be less than one hundred thousand square miles.

From 1808 to 1812 his labors were chiefly devoted to Philadelphia and Lancaster. At the General conference of 1812 he was elected Book Agent. His name, in connection with Daniel Hitt, will at once occur to every reader of Methodist books published in those days. From 1816 to 1825 he labored on stations, circuits, and districts in Delaware, and along the Eastern Shore of Maryland. During this time he traveled over the ground familiar to him in the first years of his ministry. To one of his temperament it must have been deeply interesting to observe the physical and moral changes

Physical and Moral Changes.

Retires from Active Life.

which forty years had produced in the country, and among the people. The old pilgrims of the cross, with whom in his youth he had often met, and to whose lips he had the living waters drawn from the wells of salvation, had long ago

“Laid down the rude staff like one that was weary,
And were sweetly reposing forever.”

As he stood up in the pulpit, and looked over the congregation assembled to hear the Gospel, he missed many a face once familiar. When he perceived the ravages which death had made in forty years among his friends, his heart was sad. But when there came around him, welcoming his arrival, the pious children of those whom he had known in former years, then was his heart glad.

Old age, with rapid strides, was coming on him. Threescore and seven years had he been exposed to the vicissitudes of life. It was time for him to retire from the cares and labors of the itinerant field, and seek some quiet and peaceful home of his last days. He chose for his retirement the village of Salem, New Jersey, where he lived, respected and admired, for nearly twenty years, when, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, he died as the Chris-

Death of Ware.Reflections.

tian minister would die—in peace with all the world, and in hope of heaven.

Thomas Ware was a most estimable man. His character was symmetrical, his mind well stored with useful knowledge, and his heart a fountain of Christian philanthropy. He never seemed to grow old. He always kept fully up with the times. From his retirement he kept a good look-out on the ever-changing and busy world. He was ever alive to the interests of the Church. He seemed to sympathize with the movements of the day, and to favor the reforms which circumstances demanded. His influence to the last was felt in the great and growing enterprises of the wide-spread Methodist connection.

Great were the changes which he witnessed in the condition of the Methodist Church. When he entered the ministry there were in the American connection only eighty-three preachers and fifteen thousand members. When he died there were nearly four thousand preachers and nine hundred thousand members. He had seen the bounds of the Church extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the great Lakes to the Mexican Gulf. His name will long be re-

Name Dear to the Church.

membered by the Methodist Church, and the amount of good he did in his day can never be fully known till the judgment of the great day shall reveal it.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

LIFE AND LABORS.

Lack of Materials for a Biography.

OF the early and efficient coadjutors of Asbury there are some of whom unfortunately little is known to the public of the present generation. Their history has never been written. Any sketch which we may make of them must prove faint and indistinct. Their names loom up dim and distant in the shadowy past. In their day they were stars of the first magnitude. In their course along the track of time they spread all about their path a glorious radiancy. In that brilliant light their cotemporaries walked and rejoiced. But to us is left only a dim, hazy, waning twilight. The generation that shall follow us may know little or nothing of them. Who will rescue their names from the oblivion that threatens to cover them? Are there not materials for the biography of these men of blessed memory? Where are they? and who will weave them into a beautiful, instructive, and entertaining narrative?

Birth.

Parentage.

Becomes Serious.

What few facts we have been able to gather we will use for a slight and temporary sketch, hoping we, or some other, may hereafter find materials for a more extended and interesting biography.

William M'Kendree was born in the state of Virginia, in 1757. His parents were members of the American branch of the Church of England. When very young he became seriously disposed from reading the Bible in the common school. Naturally quick in his perceptions, thoughtful in his habits, and sensitive in his moral nature, he was affected by the simple and evident truths of the Divine revelation. He read the story of Jesus. His highly-sensitive soul was moved at the exhibition which that story presented of love, of mercy, of goodness, of virtue, and of suffering. His clear perceptive power and his strong understanding enabled him to see and to apprehend the nature and the design of the mission of Jesus Christ. He comprehended, so far as youth without personal instruction may do it, the doctrine of depravity, of the atonement, of repentance, of faith, and of regeneration. He became convinced of sin, and earnestly desired to be saved from it, and to flee from the wrath

None to Guide Him.

Hears a Methodist Preacher.

to come. He prayed, he wept, he read, he thought; but he had none to encourage, none to aid, none to guide him. Nor his associates, nor his teacher, nor his parents, nor his parish minister knew any thing of experimental religion. They had never felt the godly sorrow of repentance; they had never exercised the faith that brings justification; they had never passed through struggles of the new birth.

The poor boy, in doubt and in darkness, in suspense and anxiety, wandered alone along the devious way, from childhood to youth, in search of that which he could not find; his soul found no place of rest; his heart found no object to grasp; his mind found nothing on which it could rely.

When he was about nineteen years old he heard, for the first time, a Methodist preacher. We have no means of determining who had, in the providence of God, the honor and the glory of being the first to shed the light of Gospel truth along the dark path of the youthful M'Kendree. What Wesleyan first applied the soothing doctrines of grace to that sensitive mind? Was it Asbury himself? Or was it one of the American worthies of blessed memory, raised up by Providence as heralds

Joins the Methodist Church.

Irreligious Companions.

of salvation in those early days of Methodism? or Watters, or Dromgoole, or Pedicord, or Tunnell? The preaching of that Methodist, whoever it might be, carried conviction, deep and pungent, to the heart of M'Kendree. He yielded to the conviction; he resolved to lead a new life. In accordance with Methodist usage—the usage of receiving as members on trial all such as desire “to flee the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins”—he was admitted to the connection. The scene must surely have been a thrilling one, when the noble, the accomplished, the generous, the buoyant M'Kendree went forward, before the whole congregation, and gave his hand to the minister of God. Little did he then think how glorious a career was before him.

Though he became a member of the society, yet had he no evidence of conversion. He had only the form of godliness; the power he was seeking. Not, however, being yet fully aware of the illusory deceptions of the unregenerate human heart, nor thoroughly instructed in the way of truth and righteousness, he retained his social connections with his irreligious companions. They were civil, respectful, and moral, and he thought no evil would

Advice to the Seeker of Religion.

result from keeping up his intercourse with them. Nor would any evil have thus resulted, had he been fully initiated in the way of holiness. But the seeker of religion should avoid intercourse with the careless and irreligious. Let him retire to the woods and pray alone. Let him wander along by the river side, or ramble over the pastures, where undisturbed he may reflect and pray. Let him pour out his soul in secret prayer before his God alone. Let him not, during the process of conviction, mingle with the world. When, however, he becomes converted, then he may strengthen his brethren; then he may safely mingle, if he but keep up his independence, freely with his former associates; then may he exhort them, pray over them, and exert among them a strong influence for good.

By too free communion, in his yet unregenerate though penitent state of mind, with those who were careless of God and of their own souls, he lost his seriousness, stifled his convictions, and became indifferent to his religious interests. He did not, however, lose his moral standing. He retained the form though he had never yet fully known the spirit of religion. In this state of mind—a state of

The Old Days.M'Kendree's Experience.

moral carelessness, of religious indifference—he remained till he was about thirty years old.

Glorious is the memory of those days, when, perhaps more frequently than in our day, the power and the grace of God were manifested, as on the day of Pentecost, and hundreds, and sometimes thousands, were added to the Church, in a few months, on one circuit, and by the labors of one man. We have heard with our ears, our fathers have told us of such scenes, and we ourselves have seen such glorious displays, and have shared in them. Such a revival occurred in 1787 on the Brunswick circuit, where M'Kendree lived. In the blessings of that revival he largely shared. His convictions were renewed; his heart was deeply affected. After a few days of deep and sincere conviction, of bitter repentance, of fasting and prayer, as he was listening to the man of God, in a large and deeply-affected congregation, he ventured his all on Christ. In a moment his soul was relieved of a burden too heavy to be borne, and joy succeeded sorrow. He spoke not a word, but sat in deep and profound silence, with his eyes closed and his hands uplifted, giving glory to God in his heart. It required no words to inform those

M'Kendree Exhorts his Associates.

His Success.

who saw him of the change that had been wrought in him. His countenance indicated it. Had he seen a vision of angels, or caught a glimpse of the heavenly paradise, he could not have manifested more seraphic joy than beamed from his face.

No sooner had he experienced the joys of religion than he began to feel a deep interest for the salvation of his friends and associates. He went to his companions. He warned them of the danger of sin. He exhorted them, he entreated them to seek salvation. He prayed devoutly and earnestly for them. He exhorted with eloquence, and prayed with power in the public prayer meetings.

Success, abundant and encouraging success, attended his efforts. Sinners were convicted, penitents were converted, and multitudes were added to the Church by his labors. His soul magnified the Lord, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Savior.

Seeing the evident success of his humble labors in exhortation and prayer, and feeling an inclination, which he could not resist, to devote himself to the work of saving souls, he began to think of entering the ministry. His Christian brethren, too, urged him to the work,

Mental Conflicts.

Joins the Virginia Conference.

believing, as they did, that God had called him. But he was destined, before he could fully make up his mind to engage in the ministerial enterprise, to pass through severe trials of faith. He felt reluctant to take on himself so responsible a work, from the deficiency of his education, from his want of knowledge of men and of the world, from his slight acquaintance with theology, and from a fear that he might mistake the influence of his own impressions and of the solicitations of his friends for the call of God. Yet he had a strong conviction of duty, and he dare not disobey. He therefore determined to proceed according to his convictions, and trust Providence to open or to obstruct his way, and thereby make plain his duty. He therefore joined the Virginia conference, and went to the circuit to which he was appointed, determined to labor on, till those who had the charge and ecclesiastical government over him should become convinced he was not called to the office, and should dismiss him. That time, however, never came. He was greatly encouraged by the success with which he met. The presence of God was often manifested in the meetings which he held. Souls were convicted and converted under his

Ministerial Success.O'Kelley's Withdrawal.

preaching. His own soul enjoyed union and communion with his Savior, both in his public preaching and in his private devotions. He soon, therefore, became satisfied of his call to the ministry, and he determined, with a firm faith, a manly heart, and an unwavering trust in Providence, to move on in the line of his duty.

Having joined the Virginia conference in 1788, he spent eight years traveling various circuits, and four as presiding elder on a district extending from the Chesapeake Bay to the Alleghany Mountains. Of the incidents of these twelve years we have no record in our possession. We may trace him on the Minutes from circuit to circuit; but we know nothing of the stirring scenes of revival through which he passed, nor of the lights and shades of itinerancy on which he looked.

He suffered during the time a slight eclipse in the cloud that passed over the sky of Methodism in 1792, when O'Kelley withdrew from the Church. O'Kelley had been for several years M'Kendree's presiding elder, and had, of course, acquired over him much influence, which he failed not to use in procuring disaffection toward the Church. M'Kendree, how-

A Temporary Resignation.Work in the West.

ever, did not become deeply involved. At the conference of 1792, when the difficulties came to a crisis, he declined taking an appointment, and sent Bishop Asbury his "resignation in writing." But a short time after the adjournment of the conference he met the Bishop, withdrew his resignation, and took a regular appointment at Norfolk.

In the autumn of 1800 Bishop Asbury and Bishop Whatcoat, passing through Virginia on their way to the west, took M'Kendree along with them. He was the very man, as the event proved, for a pioneer in the west. They gave him charge of the whole Western conference, including all the state of Ohio, of Kentucky, and of Tennessee, with all that part of Virginia lying west of the Kanawha, and with missions in Illinois and in Mississippi. The district was at least fifteen hundred miles in extent. Every three months he had to travel over it. The country was new, the rivers bridgeless, the woods pathless, and much of the territory houseless. It was his policy to advance with his corps of itinerants as fast and as far as emigration proceeded. Wherever the settler erected his log-cabin there stood M'Kendree to preach to him the Gospel. To reach

Difficult Traveling.

Eight Years in the Western Wilds.

the frontier settlements, and to pass from one settlement to another, he had often long, tedious, and dangerous rides. He must wade through swamps, swim over rivers, and pick his way through the woods. Night often overtook him far from any dwelling. In such emergency he would dismount from his horse at some convenient spot, gather up a lot of fuel, kindle a fire, eat a morsel of food kindly put up for him at the last cabin, lie down under a tree, with the forest leaves for his bed, his saddle-bags for his pillow, and the overhanging foliage for his covering, and soundly sleep till morning.

He spent in these western wilds eight years. And they were years of wonderful interest. But we have no record in detail of the stirring scenes through which he passed. We only know that he preached with extraordinary power and success. He often preached at quarterly meetings and at camp meetings to immense multitudes. Effects followed similar to those which attended the preaching of Wesley at Bristol and at London, and of Whitefield at Kingswood and at Moorfields. Careless ones would be awakened to intense anxiety; hard-hearted veterans in sin would weep bit-

Effects of his Preaching.General Conference of 1808.

terly; athletic men would fall helpless as infants on the ground; deep conviction would seize on the sinner; earnest and fervent prayer would arise from lips from which, but an hour before, had proceeded only curses; then would arise songs of praise and shouts of victory, making the grand old forest ring with peans of triumph.

Fresh from the field of glory and of triumph, where, for eight years, he had been enjoying such success in his ministry as seldom crowns the labors of mortals, M'Kendree proceeded to the city of Baltimore, to attend the General conference of 1808. He was a stranger in the city, having not, as I can learn, ever before visited it. He was a stranger to most of the members of the General conference. Few of the junior preachers of the Eastern and Middle States, or of the Southern Atlantic States, had ever heard even the name of William M'Kendree. At that time mails and post-offices were few, and newspapers had hardly begun to be. There was not in any denomination a religious newspaper in America. The Methodists had no organ whatever of communication. Once in a great while a letter might be conveyed by the mail on some one of

Early Western Life.

M'Kendree Preaches in Baltimore

the great routes, and Bishop Asbury might thus, while in the south, be informed of the state of the Churches north and east. But very few of the preachers knew any thing of what was transpiring in a distant section of the country. Though, therefore, rumors of the wonderful displays of power and grace exhibited in the west might have reached some of the eastern preachers, yet few of them had any distinct information of the events, or any knowledge of the brave and chivalrous man who had so successfully led on the embattled hosts of the Lord.

Among the appointments for preaching on the first Sabbath of the General conference, there was announced for the Light-street church the name of William M'Kendree. When the hour of morning service arrived, there appeared an immense multitude of people, of all ranks and conditions of society congregating in a populous city. The members of the General conference were there, the polished and hospitable citizens were there, and the slaves were there. The house was crowded, positively packed full—full in the main body, full in the first gallery, full in the second gallery, and full in the pulpit. All eyes were

Personal Appearance.

Pulpit Manner

turned to the stranger, as, at the appointed time, he entered the pulpit, and stood before them. He was a man of tall form and commanding appearance; but he was clothed in very coarse and homely garments, and his movements seemed, to the genteel part of his audience, awkward, and his manners rustic.

He read the hymn without much regard to rhythm or melody. He prayed with indistinct and faltering voice. He read his text without any regard to impressiveness. He introduced the main subject of his discourse with a few commonplace and uninteresting remarks. The spirit of the people died within them. Their expectations of an interesting discourse from the western stranger seemed wholly disappointed. They made up their minds, as Christian people should, to bear as patiently as possible the dull and awkward sermon about to be inflicted on them.

But when the discourse was about half finished a "change came over the spirit of their dream." Sampson arose in his might and shook himself. The lion of the west made the walls of the Light-street, as he often had made the forests of Kentucky, ring with his powerful voice. The effect was tremen-

M'Kendree's Eloquence.

Elected Bishop.

dous. An electric impulse thrilled through every heart. The whole congregation seemed overwhelmed. Tears burst from the eye, and sobs and shrieks from the voice. Multitudes fell helpless from their seats, sudden as if shot with a rifle.

The preacher then changed the tone of his voice, and there followed from the enraptured multitude shouts of joy and acclamations of triumph and praise. He changed again, and a sweet and holy influence, like the mellow light of Indian summer floating over the autumn landscape, seemed to invest the assembly.

When he came down from the pulpit, the people gazed at him as they might at some messenger from another world, who had spoken to them in tones such as they had never heard before. The preachers, with one accord, said, "That is the man for a bishop." Accordingly the same week he was elected, with great unanimity, by the General conference, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It might seem inexpedient, as a general rule, for an ecclesiastical body to elect a man to an office so important on an impulse so sudden. Yet in this case the choice was most fortunate.

M'Kendree's Administration.

No man in the American Methodist Church at that time united in his person so many admirable qualifications for the office as did William M'Kendree. As a man, he was single-hearted, magnanimous, generous, and of most refined and exquisite sensibility. As a Christian, he was deeply pious. As a minister, he was, in power and success, a prince among his brethren. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Discipline and government of the Church; probably better versed in ecclesiastical law than any of his cotemporaries, except Asbury. Under the excitement caused by the secession of Mr. O'Kelley, a secession in which M'Kendree himself came near being involved, he thoroughly examined the whole subject of Church government, and became exceedingly attached to the Methodist system. During his administration of the episcopacy the Church passed several crises of agitation respecting ecclesiastical regulations. During those trying seasons the sleepless vigilance and strong personal influence of M'Kendree were exerted to the utmost to preserve the constitution formed by Asbury and the fathers, and now acknowledged by all Methodists as the most efficient system of Church organization known among

General Conference of 1820.

Twenty-seven Years a Bishop.

Protestants. Had it not been for M'Kendree there would have been carried, at the General conference of 1820, some measures which we all would now deprecate as inexpedient and mischievous. In resisting innovations and changes which he thought injurious, he often had to array himself against talented and estimable men. His own measures were often severely criticised, and sometimes censured. But he stood firm and unmoved, asking for nothing but what he deemed right, and submitting to nothing he thought wrong. He often, in the administration of the government confided to him, presented, by his firm and independent course, a specimen of the moral sublime.

He held the office of bishop for twenty-seven years. During the first twelve years he was effective and vigorous, traveling annually from the Mississippi of the west to the Merrimack of the east, and from the St. Lawrence of the north to the St. Marys of the south. For the last fifteen years of his life he was deeply afflicted by disease. He suffered at times intensely. Owing to his severe afflictions, the General conference, by unanimous vote, released him from all obligations to travel at

New England Conference of 1814.

large; yet still he pursued, so far as he possibly could, his usual rounds, often traveling from one end of the continent to the other when he was so infirm as to have to be assisted by his attendants in getting into his carriage or out of it.

He retained, during the twelve years of his effective service, all the energy, the eloquence, and the power of his early days.

I had once, and once only, the good fortune to see him, and to hear him. It was at the session of the New England conference at Durham, in the state of Maine, in the year 1814. I was then a small boy, but I had heard of the fame of Bishop M'Kendree. On Sabbath morning I made my way over the fields and pastures, and through the woods, to the old Methodist church, which stood in a rural region on the hill-side. When I arrived at the house, I found no room—not so much as about the door. Being, however, a little fellow, I contrived to work a tortuous passage through the crowd, and to reach a position near the altar, in full view of the preacher. He was just rising to give out his text. His tall and manly form, his dignified and commanding appearance, struck me with admira-

M'Kendree's Text.

His Sermon.

tion. Distinctly and impressively he read his text: *Deuteronomy xxx*, 19, "*I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.*" Without apology or labored introduction, he proceeded at once to his main subject. His manner of speaking was different from any I had ever heard. He would speak for a few sentences rapidly in a colloquial style. Then he would rise in declamation, and make the old house ring with the powerful tones of his magnificent voice. Suddenly he would descend to a lower key, and utter tones sweet and soft as the Eolian lyre. At times the feelings of the audience would become, under his stirring appeals, most intense, and one simultaneous shout would leap from a hundred tongues. Young as I was, I was deeply affected with wonder and delight at the powerful eloquence and commanding appearance of the distinguished stranger. The man, the manner, the voice, and the discourse, all made on my youthful heart an impression which the long years that are past have failed to wear away.

During the tedious years of his physical

Various Labors and Travels.

decline, from 1820 till his death in 1835, he continued, whenever it was possible for him to move, or be moved to his carriage by friendly hands, to travel over the continent, preaching occasionally, overseeing the interests of the Church, and aiding, by his counsel and advice, his associates and the preachers in the prudent and efficient discharge of their official duties. In the summer of 1824, after having attended the General conference at Baltimore, he made an extensive tour over the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio river, across the country from Wheeling to Sandusky on Lake Erie, thence south through the central portions of Ohio to Shelbyville in Kentucky, and west through Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi, and again south to Nashville. In 1828, after the adjournment of the General conference at Pittsburg, he made an extensive tour through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. Having visited the Churches, so far as his health admitted, all along this western and southern tour, he attended the annual conferences at Baltimore and at Philadelphia, and then returned southwest to Nashville.

In the autumn of 1830 he started from Nash-

Goes South.

Is Prostrated.

Starts West.

ville, with the intention of making a tour through all the southern and most of the northern Atlantic states, and of arriving at Philadelphia in the spring of 1832, to attend the General conference. He succeeded in reaching the seat of the Holstein conference, in East Tennessee, near the North Carolina line, but was so prostrated by the journey as to be wholly unable to attend the conference. Being strongly urged by his friends to abandon his Atlantic tour, and to return by slow and easy stages to Nashville, he submitted, though, it is said, he wept; yes, the great, the good M'Kendree wept, when he found himself compelled by disease to be borne, like a disabled soldier, from the field. He feared that he should become useless, and a burden rather than a blessing to the Church.

Having succeeded, though with many difficulties and much suffering, in crossing the Cumberland Mountains, he spent the winter on the banks of the Cumberland river, near Nashville. In the spring of 1831 he again started for the north. He spent the summer in Kentucky and Ohio. In the autumn he crossed the Alleghanies, and spent the winter in Baltimore. In the spring of 1832 he proceeded to

Philadelphia General Conference.An Affecting Scene.

Philadelphia, to attend the General conference. On his arrival in Philadelphia, he was too feeble to attend regularly the sessions of the conference. Occasionally he would be seen feebly walking up the aisle, and taking a seat by the side of his colleagues; but he could remain in the room only a short time. His last visit to the conference room was made the day before the adjournment. Having remained as long as his strength would admit, he arose to retire to his lodgings. He was but too conscious of his approaching dissolution ever to expect to meet his brethren again in another General conference. Leaning on his staff, his tall and manly form bent with age and infirmity, his eyes suffused with tears, his voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed, "My brethren and children, love one another!" Then spreading forth his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, he pronounced, in impressive accents, the apostolic benediction. Then slowly and sadly he left the house, to return no more.

By slow and wearisome journeys, being obliged, during the latter part of the route, to travel lying on a bed in his carriage, he reached Nashville in the autumn of 1832. During the year 1833 and 1834 he occasionally ventured

Last Sermon.Death Scene.

on short excursions through parts of Western Tennessee, and on one occasion he passed in steamboat down the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, to New Orleans.

On the 23d of November, 1834, he preached, at the Methodist Church in Nashville, his last sermon. From this time he continued to decline till his death, which occurred at the house of his brother, near Nashville, on the 5th of March, 1835.

As this eminent soldier of the cross, this captain of the hosts of the Lord, this leader of the armies of the faithful, was standing, at the age of nearly fourscore years, on the last heights of earth, looking back on his heroic career for half a century, looking around on the spoils he had won from sin, and looking forward along the dark and perilous way to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns," he cried out, in accents of confidence, "*All is well!*" As he descended to the valley of the shadow of death, and stood looking on the "land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the very light is as darkness," he cried again, in tones of faith, "*All is well!*" As he plunged into the deep and dark shad-

Last Words.

ows, and stood by that lethean stream, whose oblivious waters all of earth must cross, his voice again was heard resounding through the gloom, "*All is well!*" When, descending to the brink, he had committed himself to the stream, and the deep, dark, and returnless tide was bearing him on, the words again arose above the roar of the waters, "*All is well!*" Faintly yet sweetly the echo of those words, from the hill of the heavenly Zion, seems yet to come back to the children of earth, "*All is well!*"

ENOCH GEORGE.

ENOCH GEORGE.

LIFE AND LABORS.

Nativity.

IN the north-eastern part of Virginia, on the shores of the Chesapeake, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, was born, in the year 1768, Enoch George. His mother dying when he was yet young, he was brought up to boyhood under the care of his elder sister. His father was a planter, occupying the poor and slave-worn lands of Eastern Virginia, and subject to all the embarrassments and difficulties of maintaining his family in a country rendered, by injudicious cultivation, so sterile as hardly to support a respectable colony of grasshoppers. To better his condition, he was even on the point of emigrating to the more fertile lands of Kentucky, but never accomplished his purpose. He, however, removed frequently short distances, having resided, during the childhood and youth of his son, in the counties of Lancaster, Sussex, Dinwiddie, and Brunswick. The family were members of

George's Parentage.

Rev. Mr. Jarrett.

the Episcopal Church, and were about as religious as Episcopalians of that day usually were—sufficiently religious to go to Church and say prayers on the Sabbath, and to live like people of the world the rest of the week. Mr. George, however, seems to have belonged to the better sort of men, and taught his son to be diligent in business, thereby securing to him stability of constitution, and a love for manly independence.

The young man seems not to have had any correct notions of Christian experience, or to have received any permanent serious impressions till he removed to Dinwiddie county, where he sat under the ministry of Rev. Devereux Jarrett, an evangelical minister of the Church

“Faithful found
Among the faithless; faithful only he
Among innumerable false.”

This gentleman had been awakened to a sense of his lost and guilty condition as a sinner by reading one of Mr. Flavel's sermons, and after a long course of mental discipline, and severe strugglings of spirit, he was converted, and justified by faith. He prepared for the ministry, and went to England for ordination. While in London he preached with such zeal

Jarret is Called a Methodist.

Young George Becomes Serious.

and effect, that they called him a *Methodist*. Returning home to America, he settled in Bath, Virginia, where he soon distinguished himself as a faithful and successful preacher. He traveled into other parishes, and other counties, preaching the word of life. When Asbury and his coadjutors began to travel over Virginia, Mr. Jarrett hospitably received them, kindly aided them, and heroically defended them against persecution. He was made the instrument of turning many to righteousness. He introduced, so far as he could, Methodist usages, particularly class meetings, into his parish. But his efforts to do good were greatly restrained and impeded by the resistive atmosphere of formal ceremony and bigoted opposition with which he had to contend.

Under the ministry of Mr. Jarrett, George became a deeply-serious and anxious inquirer for truth. But removing to another parish, where the people and preachers were equally ignorant of religion, and regardless of morality, he lost his love for evangelical truth, his anxiety for salvation diminished, and his serious impressions wore away. He became gay, thoughtless, fond of fun and frolic, and dis-

Rev. John Easter.

Enoch's Hate of the Methodists.

posed to ridicule all who made religion a matter of serious concern.

But Providence sent to the neighborhood a man, who was appointed the honored instrument of the awakening and converting of George, of M'Kendree, and of thousands more, who lived an honor to humanity, and died in the triumphs of faith. Rev. John Easter, "the son of thunder," came along the plantations of the Old Dominion, and all the world was overwhelmed by his power, and conquered by his eloquence. Among others, the father and step-mother of George went to hear the renowned and eloquent Methodist. But he himself could not descend so greatly as to go to hear a Methodist preacher. He had been taught to believe the Methodists "an idle, lazy, enthusiastic set of tories, whom King George had sent over from England to sow the seeds of discord among the citizens of America." While his father and mother were gone to the Methodist meeting, he spent the time in preparing some biting sarcasms against the preacher, the people, and their practices. He had his satirical epithets all pointed, and his sarcastic thrusts all ready, intending, the moment the family returned, to commence the attack, and demol-

ish at once all the labors of Methodism in that quarter. Attempting to carry out his plan, he was arrested in the very midst of a sarcasm by the earnest look and stern voice of his father, saying to him, with uncommon decision, "Sir, let me never hear any thing of that nature escape your lips again." This reproof, so serious, so unexpected, brought him to a crisis. He perceived his father was in earnest. He concluded something strange must have come over the spirit of the old gentleman. He at once, therefore, resolved to go himself to the Methodist meeting, and see what influences had been brought to bear on the family and the neighborhood. Arriving at the chapel, he found it densely crowded. Having succeeded, with much difficulty, in securing a seat, he prepared to listen and to observe. A stranger conducted the services, and preached a sermon. During singing, prayer, and preaching, George remained careless and unmoved. But no sooner was the sermon finished, than the veritable John Easter himself arose, and began to exhort. "His word was clothed with power, the astonished multitude trembled, and many fell down and cried out aloud." Some who were sitting near George fell from their seats. One

Enoch is Convicted.

came near falling on him. He attempted to escape, but found himself unable. When his consternation had slightly subsided, he gathered all his strength, braced up his nerves, and fled from the house, resolved never again to be caught at a Methodist meeting.

The next day his companions and acquaintance came along, and invited him to go again with them to meeting. He surlily and contemptuously refused. His father, however, interposed his authority, saying, "Go, my son." Parental authority he never hesitated to obey. He went, listened, and was convicted. "It pleased the Lord on that day to open his eyes, and turn him from darkness to light by the ministry of the word." He was unwilling to become a Christian in the way sanctioned by Providence. Day and night he cried to the Lord. He went from meeting to meeting; he wandered over the fields; he rambled in the woods, every-where seeking rest for his soul. One Sabbath, after meeting, he retired all alone to the forests, and there, in humble penitence and deep contrition, kneeled before the Lord, and prayed, earnestly prayed, for peace and for pardon. And there, while on his knees, he received "forgiveness of sins, by

Joins the Methodists.

Becomes an Evangelist.

faith in Jesus Christ, and the witness of the Spirit." There he "tasted that the Lord is gracious." He felt grace in his heart, God in man, heaven on earth. He seemed in a heavenly place. All around him, "each shrub, each leaf, each flower, spoke the praises of the Father, who made them all."

On the first opportunity that occurred he joined the Methodist society, and began in earnest to lead a religious life. His father, though a member of the society, not feeling free to pray in the family, excusing himself on the plea of "want of gifts," Enoch began to lead the family devotions. Visiting from house to house, he would pray wherever invited, not hesitating, though young, and without experience. A revival commenced in the school which he was attending, and he assisted his teacher in conducting prayer meetings during hours of recess. He was also called on to assist in conducting the public prayer meetings. Thus, in a very few days after his conversion, he became an evangelist, going about doing good, and improving the talent which the Lord had given him to aid others in securing the blessings which he had obtained.

A Scheme and a Predicament.

So promising appeared his talents, that his friends began to think he ought to preach. They advised him to begin by exhorting in public after the sermon. But he could not think of this. His friends, therefore, resorted to stratagem to draw him on. They induced the circuit preacher to call on him after sermon at one of his appointments for an exhortation. He got wind of the plot; and though he did not like to absent himself from meeting, yet he thought, by going late, and hiding himself in an obscure corner of the house, to escape notice. The preacher, however, suspecting he might be present, though he could not discern him, as it was evening, called on him by name for an exhortation. No sooner had the poor fellow heard his name called, than, through fright, he slipped from his seat flat on the floor, where he remained, hoping to keep concealed. But the preacher kept calling on "brother George" for an exhortation. "Brother George," however, sat still, till a friend went to him, took him by the hand, and led him to the stand. When once up he ventured to make an exhortation. This was his first effort at public speaking. How he succeeded I have never learned. The story reminds me of some events connected

 Some Personal History.

An Incident

somewhat intimately with my own personal history, or as an old Latin poet very correctly expresses it,

*“Quæque ipse miserrema vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.”*

A young man was in a similar manner entrapped into an attempt to preach. He took a text, and got through, but how he got through he could never tell. He did not stop to learn what the people thought of his first effort. He was standing in a private house, near the door leading up stairs. Seeing that his nearest way of egress from the room, in which the congregation was assembled, was by the stairway, he had no sooner said amen, than he cleared the benches at one leap, rushed up stairs, jumped out of the chamber window, ran to the woods, and hid in a thicket of evergreens. There he remained in blank despair, till his friends hunted him up, dragged him from his concealment, and, by satisfactory arguments, convincing him he was not quite ruined, induced him to go home.

Soon after this first attempt at public speaking, Mr. George, not yet having consented to become a preacher, was about to enter into business. But being requested by a preacher,

Rev. P. Cox.A Hard Question.

who wished to locate, to take his place, and serve out his time on the circuit, he consented, and began to travel with Rev. Philip Cox, a very kind and worthy man. In the course of their travels they met Mr. Asbury. Mr. Cox said to the Bishop, "I have brought you a *boy*, and if you have any thing for him to do, you may set him to work." The Bishop looked at him earnestly for some time, but said little. The next day, however, he told the *boy* he would accept his services. He then told him he might proceed to the head of the Catawba river, and report himself to Daniel Asbury, who was forming a new circuit. George immediately started on his journey. The distance was three hundred miles, over a rough road, and through a strange country. As he journeyed on from day to day, he was subject to many annoyances. People would ask him his name, residence, destination, and the object of his journey. He could get along tolerably well with all but the last question. "To inform those careless people," says he, "that I was a preacher, a Methodist preacher, a heretic and deceiver in their eyes, was to call forth frowns and persecution." When he arrived at the end of his journey, he found a pleasant asylum

in the bosom and houses of friends, and a momentary respite from toil of body and anxiety of mind. When he had rested a few days, he commenced his "regular round on the new-formed circuit, which embraced a vast tract of country, and some of the most stupendous mountains in North America." He soon found his place no sinecure. He had to climb mountains, descend valleys, swim rivers, wade through mud, and find his way through pathless forests. He had to preach to a people confirmed in the principles of Calvinism, the very hardest cases in the whole catalogue of sinners. He had to preach for nothing and find himself, for the people supposed that the honor conferred on the Methodist preachers, by just giving them a hearing, was sufficient compensation. Pay for preaching was never once so much as thought of by them. Under these circumstances, especially the mountains and the Calvinism, for he did not seem to think much about the pay, George became discouraged, and resolved to abandon preaching, at least in that country, and return home to Old Virginia. But how was he to get home? He had worn out all his clothes, and used up all his money. As he had obtained in his younger

Rev. Daniel Asbury.George Encouraged.

days a tolerable common school education, he engaged as teacher of a school, which was to commence as soon as possible. He hoped to earn, by teaching a few months, money enough to carry him home. But when he had gone round the circuit, and reached the neighborhood in which the school was to have been opened, he found his colleague, Rev. Daniel Asbury, who was an experienced Christian, and had preached the Gospel for some years, had pronounced a general anathema on the whole concern, and charged the friend to whom George had intrusted the management of the business, on the peril of his salvation not to encourage or aid in any way his leaving the circuit, and retiring from the work of the Gospel ministry. Mr. Asbury, it seems, placed a much higher value on the talents and services of George than he himself, in his despondency, could entertain. The project of the school therefore being defeated, George gathered up his energies, and climbed on the rugged way over the mountains to usefulness and to eminence. At the close of the year he was regularly admitted as a traveling preacher in the Virginia conference.

For the work of the itinerant ministry he

Mental Characteristics.

Preaching Powers.

had peculiar qualifications. He was a man of zeal, of piety, of prayer, and of faith. He delighted in communion with God. He would arise, wherever he might be, early in the morning, that he might secure an hour for devotion, before the regular duties of the day should commence. Whenever the weather permitted, he would take a morning ramble in the fields or woods, to meditate on the works and the providence of God. He seemed always in the spirit of devotion, always ready to sing, to pray, to exhort, or to preach. He preached with fervor and with power. He was not learned. He knew little of logic, or rhetoric, or history, or philosophy, or poetry. He had not, so far as I have been able to learn, any acquaintance with Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin. But destitute though he was of nearly all literary qualifications above the merest common school education, he could preach like a hero. He was eloquent, really and truly eloquent. His eloquence, however, was unique. It was the eloquence of the heart, of the sentiments. It was the outpouring of the soul. From a full heart he would pour out, in the clear, sweet, and silvery tones of his musical voice, a succession of short, pointed, and effective sen-

Offers Himself as a Missionary to South Carolina.

tences, portraying the love of Christ, and the delights of Christian experience, till his own emotions would be answered by an involuntary shout from the assembled multitude. In the language of the brief sketch of his life in the Minutes of the conference for 1829, he was "a very pathetic, powerful, and successful preacher."

Having traveled some two or three years in the Virginia conference, he volunteered to go as a missionary to South Carolina. The south was, in those days, deemed an undesirable and dangerous post for a Methodist preacher. The state of religion was deplorably low, and the country was exceedingly sickly. Bishop Asbury had called daily for several days during the session of the Virginia conference for volunteers, but none answered. George was grieved to find no preacher of views sufficiently expansive to induce him to go to South Carolina. So he determined to offer himself. His friends dissuaded and remonstrated, but his purpose remained fixed to go, unless some one senior to him should offer. Near the close of the conference Asbury called again, "Who will go to South Carolina?" At that moment George came forward, saying, "Here am I;

A Painful Experience.

His Health Repeatedly Broken.

send me." On arriving in the south, he found his "labors of the most painful kind, in a desert land, among swamps almost impassable, and under bilious diseases of every class." He remained in South Carolina and Georgia for some four or five years, laboring incessantly. Amid the diseases of that sickly climate his health utterly failed, and he was obliged to return north to recruit. Finding on his arrival in Virginia that his health was too precarious to render it expedient for him to take a circuit, he located, and resorted to school-teaching to support himself. Having recovered his health, he was readmitted to the traveling connection in 1800, and appointed presiding elder of the Potomac district, extending from the Alleghany Mountains to Chesapeake Bay. The excessive labors of the district, traveling twelve hundred miles a quarter, preaching every day, and being often out late at meeting in the evening, in an unhealthy climate, again destroyed his health, and he was obliged to retire. He asked of the conference a location. His brethren, thinking him worthy, from his services, to be placed on the list of the superannuated, where he might receive his share of the conference funds, sent

Locates.

Teaches School.

him a messenger, as he had retired from the room, while they were deliberating on his case, to propose to him to withdraw his request for a location. But he had conscientiously determined he would not become a burden to the Church, nor receive support from the resources of the conference, while he could not render effective service. So persisting in his purpose of locating, he found himself "cast on the waves of a disordered world, dependent on his single efforts for support." The flower of his days was past. The season when he might, by profitable business, have accumulated a fortune had gone by, and he was left sick, poor, and comfortless. Yet he remembered that "all things work together for good to them that love God." He trusted Providence, and was cheerful.

For means of support he resorted again to his old alternative—school-teaching. Having abandoned all hope of ever being able again to devote himself to the itinerant ministry, he made arrangements for settling himself for life. He married a lady unsurpassed, by any he had ever known, "for piety, industry, sympathy, and sincere affection." But Providence had other work than school-keeping for him to do.

Re-enters the Itinerancy.

From 1803 to 1816.

At the end of two years he had again recovered his health, and again he was urged by his own zeal for the cause of Christ to return to the work of the Christian ministry. His amiable and magnanimous wife, who had married him with the understanding that his "itinerant course was finished, and that she would not be left alone, while he was running to and fro," said, now when she saw him able to take the field, "Go, my husband, go, and preach the Gospel; go in the name of the Lord. I will take care of the children, and the family concerns."

Of his labors and his success as a preacher and presiding elder, from the time of his readmission to the conference, in 1803, till the General conference of 1816, we have no record. We only know that most of the time he traveled as presiding elder over large districts in Eastern Virginia and in Maryland. We presume he continued as he had ever been, the "pathetic, successful, and powerful preacher." How many thousands were by his moving appeals turned to righteousness, none can now tell. Would that we had an account in detail, or even a sketch, however slight, of the thrilling incidents that occurred in his travels, and

General Conference of 1816. George and Roberts Elected Bishops.

of the interesting scenes through which he passed! But this, all this is lost to the world, nor can it ever be recovered.

At the General conference of 1816 he was present, as one of the delegates of the Baltimore conference. At that conference the members looked in vain for the venerable Asbury, whose place at their head was, for the first time since the organization of the Church, vacant. By the death of Asbury the superintendence of the Church devolved on M'Kendree alone. His feeble health, and the great increase of the itinerant work, rendered the election of additional bishops indispensable. The committee to whom the subject was referred, recommended the appointment of two new superintendents. The election was immediately held, and Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts were elected on the first ballot. This brief record is all we know about the decision of this important question. What were the circumstances which gave George the prominence amid one hundred other men, we have no means of knowing. But probably he attained the high honor and dignity of the episcopal office from the confidence the General conference had in his piety, his generosity, his

Placed in a Strait.

energy, his known attachment to the doctrines and usages of the Church, and his talents and success as a preacher.

When the result of the ballot by the General conference was announced, his mind was "tossed with tempests." Domestic circumstances and personal interest required him to decline the office. His amiable and beloved wife having only a few weeks before been taken away from him by death, he was left with four helpless children, bereaved and sorrowful. Around those dear children his affections clung. For them he could live, for them die. How could he leave them in the care of strangers? How could he be away from them, often two thousand miles distant, for two or three years at a time? They must be wholly deprived of all personal care from him, and they might fall sick and die in his absence. How could he then give them up? And what could he hope personally to gain by accepting the office? He must travel five or six thousand miles a year, in all kinds of weather, over every species of road, and among all sorts of people. He must preach nearly or quite every day, preside in all the conferences, and superintend all the interests of the Church. The responsibili-

Accepts the Office of Bishop.

ties resting on him must be exceedingly oppressive, especially to a mind sensitive as was his. And for all he did he was to receive, in addition to his traveling expenses, only one hundred dollars a year. Who could desire to be a Methodist bishop, with so much work and so little pay?

On the other hand, he was impelled, by a sense of duty, of stern and imperious duty, to accept the office. He considered the voice of the General conference, in electing him to the office, as the voice of God, speaking by his providence. He dare not disregard the call. The interests of the Methodist Church might be compromised, should he decline to serve in the office to which he had been elected. To that Church he owed all the services he could render, and to its interest he would not hesitate to devote his life. He trusted that the Providence who clothes the lilies of the field, and who feeds the sparrows, and in whose eyes we are of much more value than they, would provide for the protection and care of his motherless children. So he determined to accept the office of superintendent. His youngest child, a little daughter, "was nourished and brought up by a special friend of her mother's, who

Provides for his Children.

His Preaching.

treated her with as much tenderness as though she had been her own." The other children, being sons, were boarded "with the teachers to whom their religious and literary education was intrusted." Having thus provided for his children, he "gave himself up wholly to the work," and continued till his death, which occurred in 1828, to travel and labor faithfully and successfully for the Church, in whose service he had embarked all his interest for time and for eternity.

Of his travels and labors during the twelve years intervening between his election as bishop and his death, we have scarcely any record. His parish extended over the United States and the Canadas, and he was found in every part of it as occasion required. He continued the "very pathetic, powerful, and successful preacher." His strong, sweet, musical voice; his wide range of thought; his original and striking conceptions of truth; his apt and beautiful illustrations; his simple and perspicuous style; his energetic and forcible manner, and his deep and irresistible pathos, rendered him one of the most popular preachers that were ever raised up among our fathers. His was the talent to move the heart, to

A Practical Man.Maine Conference of 1825.

awaken the sinner, to arouse the sleeper, to startle apathy, and to arrest the reckless. In presiding in the conferences, and in administering the Discipline of the Church, he was prompt and energetic. Energy, activity, and zeal marked all his movements. He was eminently a practical man. He had no very good opinion of abstract speculations, of fine-spun distinctions, of fruitless theories, and of long-winded speeches. He had little patience with those who, in the annual conferences, delight in quibbles, and objections, and fault-findings on a small scale. He would sometimes cut short a profitless and tedious debate in a way not very complimentary nor pleasant to those whose chief talent consists in talking against time. In every thing he was quick—quick in thought, quick in word, quick in emotion, quick in decision, and quick in action.

I saw him once, and once only. It was at the session of the Maine conference, at Gardiner, in 1825. I was then a young man, not a member of the conference, but, through the courtesy of my friends, I was permitted to be present during the deliberations for several days. When I entered the room I was deeply impressed with the striking appearance of the

A Pen-Portrait of the Bishop.

venerable Bishop. He was then approaching sixty years of age. He was of manly form, large but well proportioned in figure, strong and energetic in appearance. His features indicated independence, resolution, firmness, and activity; yet was his countenance often lighted up by a smile of benignant emotion. His hair, tinged with the frosts of half a century, hung at will in graceful locks about his temples and his neck. He was sitting at ease, regardless of a studied dignity, and conducting the business of the conference with such dispatch and off-hand style, as might serve as a caution to all old hunker parliamentarians. In the course of the deliberations, a question came up involving some matter not appropriate to the jurisdiction of the conference. He endured with evident signs of impatience the discussion, till a dashing, ambitious young man began, in high-flown style, to darken counsel by uttering words without knowledge. The good Bishop could stand this no longer. He gave vent to his pent-up feelings, not in words, but in a series of half-suppressed ejaculations and inimitable gestures. The reproof was decisive, effectual. Never shot was fired with truer aim, or more certain execution. The young,

George's Notions of Dignity.In the Pulpit.

high-flying orator came bounding down to earth again with clipped wing and fallen crest.

The ready, unstudied, every-day style in which the Bishop conducted the business, regardless of what croakers and aristocrats call *dignity*, greatly amused and interested me. It suited my notions of Methodistic simplicity. But when the hour of divine service came, and he stood up in all his manly proportions before an audience of thousands collected from all the villages along the Kennebec, and from far in the interior, and with his clear and pleasant voice, in his earnest, solemn, and pathetic manner, began to utter

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,”

my heart and eyes gave way; I wept, whether for joy or sadness I could not tell; I wept, and could not help it. I had, however, no reason to try to help it, for on looking over the congregation I perceived all others as much affected as myself, and even more, for many of the people were laughing, crying, and shouting, at one and the same time.

There was in this discourse no attempt at logic, none at oratory, none at greatness, none at mere effect. It was a plain, vigorous, simple exhibition of Gospel truth in a manner

Death.

Triumphant Scene.

pointed, earnest, and original, and in a style of whose chaste and natural beauty it may be said, as of the beauty of woman,

“When unadorned adorned the most.”

The death of Bishop George occurred suddenly and unexpectedly at Staunton, in Virginia, on the 23d of August, 1828. He was on his way to the Holstein conference. He arrived at Staunton one evening ill of dysentery. He had been so sick on the road, during the day, as to be often obliged to stop, dismount from his horse, and lie down under the shade of some tree to rest. Not, however, deeming his complaint dangerous, he neglected to call medical aid, till it was too late. When it became evident that he must die, instead of sinking into despondency, his spirit rose triumphant over pain and disease, and he shouted “Glory! glory! I shall soon be in glory!” He seemed to see angels and happy spirits about his bed. “Who are these?” said he, “who are these? Are they not all ministering spirits? My dear departed wife has been with me, and I shall soon be with her in glory.” All day his raptures continued increasing. At evening he clapped his hands and repeated the language of the dying Wesley, “The best of

His Last Night.

all is, God is with us." That he might not be disturbed in his ecstatic communion with heaven and heavenly beings, he requested to be left alone during the night. The night passed away. How it passed with him, what bright visions he saw, what happy spirits were his companions, how deep he drank of heavenly communion, how sweet the notes that fell on his ear from the harp of the angels and the lutes of heaven, no one of earth knows. When the morning came, and the summer sun was shining fair on the landscape, his spirit triumphant departed from earth amid a convoy of angels

"To the land which no mortal may know."

ROBERT R. ROBERTS.

ROBERT R. ROBERTS.

LIFE AND LABORS.

Maryland Scenery.

SOME distance east from the Atlantic base of the Alleghany Mountains, and a little north of the Potomac, lies the county of Frederick, in the state of Maryland. The scenery of the country is peculiarly soft and beautiful. The dispersed and isolated hills over which the traveler by stage, some ten years ago, must pass in going from Cumberland to Baltimore, are all left behind, and there spreads out an undulating region, over which in its season wave glorious fields of wheat.

The whole country is beautiful and peculiarly inviting in appearance. The streams flow rapidly along over their pebbly beds. The course of the Potomac may be traced by the range of romantic hills which accompany it all along this part of its track. Toward the west rise the ranges of the Blue Ridge, and still beyond peer up the huge mass of the Alleghanies. The mountains seen in the west from

Birth and Parentage of Roberts.

Frederick county are just far enough distant to appear tinged with the soft cerulean color, which gives so much beauty to a mountain landscape. There is a sort of dreamy enchantment thrown to the eye of the traveler over the whole scene. Such scenery is calculated to promote a bland and gentle temperament, a sober and tranquil thoughtfulness, and a calm and imperturbable dignity in the people.

Amid such scenery, quiet, beautiful, bordering on the grand, passed the infancy and early boyhood of Robert R. Roberts, who, in manhood and in age, exhibited characteristics of mind not dissimilar, if the spiritual may be compared with the material, to the scenery of the country in which he had his birth. He was born in 1778, of parents in moderate circumstances. He was the ninth of thirteen children, eleven of whom lived to maturity. His parents were people of moral deportment, religiously inclined, though not professedly pious. Their religious preferences were for the Episcopal Church, which in those days made little pretension either in members or ministers to religious experience. They had acquired the common education of the times, and they gave their children, so far as circumstances

Early Instruction.

The "Blue Juniata."

permitted, a passable knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Robert attended school some little time, between the age of five and seven, and advanced so far as to read the New Testament passably. He also learned, as was usual in those times, some portions of the Catechism. He was a quiet, sober, modest, thinking boy, always orderly and obedient.

The traveler from the east to the west, by Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburg, after having made his way along the banks of the "blue Juniata," winding amid romantic hills, and crossed the great Alleghany summit, descends on the western side of the mountains to a fair and sunny land, abounding in gently-rounded hills and basin-shaped valleys. To this region, then new and very thinly settled, the Roberts family removed in 1785. Here Robert R. Roberts passed eleven years, in industrious and laborious toil on his father's farm. The farm had to be made out of the woods. The trees were all cut down in June when in full leaf. In August or September, when the brush and leaves had become dry, the mass was set on fire, which burned off the brush and limbs, leaving the body of the tree to be cut up into convenient lengths, rolled into

But few Privileges Enjoyed.

a heap, and burned. The next spring the ground was planted in corn or sown in grain. Robert, being stout and healthy, was the main dependence of the family for farm labor from the age of fourteen to eighteen. During this time he attended school a few months only, just sufficient to recover what he had learned in childhood on the other side of the mountains, but forgotten in the western woods, and to acquire some slight knowledge of writing and arithmetic.

The family, in removing from the eastern to the western base of the Alleghanies, had left behind not only the school-house, but the church where they worshiped, and their minister. In their new residence they found no Episcopal privileges. There were, however, some Presbyterians and Methodists in the neighborhood; but against these, especially the Methodists, the family had been particularly cautioned by their exclusive and bigoted minister over the mountains. Mrs. Roberts, however, ventured one day, taking with her her son Robert, then about ten years old, to hear a Methodist minister who, in the course of his itinerating, came into the neighborhood. Under the powerful sermon—for the preachers

An Incident.

His Conversion.

of that day were peculiarly men of power—she was much affected, and so was Robert, though the prejudice which had been instilled into his young heart against the Methodists greatly impeded the effect of truth on his mind. Not long afterward three of his sisters joined the Church, but he did not attend the meetings. Returning one day from the field, as he was passing a little thicket of bushes, he heard the voice of prayer. Listening, he recognized the sweet tones and heard the penitent supplications of his favorite sister. At this he was deeply affected, and soon after began himself to attend the meetings, and to pray in secret for pardon and salvation through Christ. On a bright May morning, as he was praying alone, in a quiet and retired place, the light of Divine love, more glorious than the sunlight of morning, broke on his soul, and he arose from his knees with joy of heart and tranquillity of mind, such as he had never felt before. He had suffered no protracted agony of soul, and he now experienced no ecstasy of spirit. Yet nature to his eye seemed to wear a robe of loveliness and beauty he had never seen before. Religious feeling rose up in his soul like the pure waters from a perennial

Call to Preach.Unobtrusive Character.

fountain, and flowed on in a deep and quiet stream.

Soon he began to feel a premonition of duty to preach. He would sometimes go through the ceremony of preaching all alone in the woods, or before his younger brothers and sisters, much to their wonder and edification. He did not, however, join the Church for a long time, being deterred by his uncommon modesty and diffidence from making a public profession of religion. He was always thoughtful, kind, gentle, and unobtrusive. He was ready to aid all others before looking out for himself. He had read considerable of theology, and had acquired correct notions of most matters within the sphere of his observation, and he appeared to those intimately acquainted with him an intelligent and interesting young man. His excessive modesty, however, kept him much in the background, while others less informed and less deserving than he made themselves prominent and conspicuous. Young men of modest merit are seldom understood and appreciated amid the excitement and stir of busy life.

In the north-western part of Pennsylvania, at the head waters of the western branches of

Shenango.A Wilderness Excursion.

the Alleghany, and bordering on Lake Erie, was, in those early times, an unsettled and wild tract of country called Shenango. To promote the settlement of that country the state had offered very fair advantages to those who might open farms in those wild woods. As the Roberts family was large, and not in affluent circumstances, it was thought advisable that some of the boys should go into the wilderness, and secure farms on the easy terms offered by the state. In accordance with this design, Robert R. Roberts, in the spring of 1796, at the age of eighteen, in company with four other young men, left his father's house for an excursion into the pathless wilderness. With what provision they could carry in their knapsacks, and with their guns to serve in time of need to hunt the wild beast for food, the young men bade farewell to home and friends, and sallied forth for a long and dreary journey, and for a summer's labor in the distant forest. Roberts was the youngest of the company, but soon, by his intelligence and prudence, he made himself the leader and guide of the adventurous party. They explored the country now forming the three or four north-western counties of Pennsylvania, subsisting on the provi-

sions carried in their knapsacks, with such additions from game as their guns occasionally secured, sometimes being lost in the woods and swamps, and with difficulty finding their way out, till they concluded to pitch their tents in the valley of the Shenango. It was some twenty miles to the nearest settlements. When their provisions failed they had to go to Cassewago, where Meadville now stands, to purchase supplies, which had to be carried in knapsacks back to the forest encampment. They chose them each a tract of land, erected a rude cabin on it, and commenced clearing for a crop. Their improvements were sufficient to answer the conditions of the law and secure the land; but the crops proved the first year of no account. At the end of summer they returned home to Westmoreland.

The next spring Roberts returned, with several others, to his forest cabin, with a supply of provisions and conveniences for putting in a crop of corn. It was a wild and dreary journey, through tangled forests and over bridgeless streams. By day they traveled diligently, and by night they bivouacked, with a stratum of pine boughs for their bed. Arriving at his desolate cabin, he proceeded dili-

A Joyful Meeting.

Raises a Crop of Corn.

gently to clear the land and plant his corn. Arrangements were made for a new supply of provisions, to be sent from home in a few weeks; but some delay occurring he was reduced to great extremity for food. Being in extreme want he started one morning to go to the settlements for provisions. He had gone but a few miles, when he met his father, sister, and two brothers, with horses, and cows, and abundance of provisions. It was a joyful meeting. The sister sprang from her horse, fell on his neck, and wept in speechless joy. The father and brothers soon returned home, but the sister refused to leave him alone in the woods. He had raised a good crop of corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables, which, with the provisions brought from home, and the venison obtained in the chase, and a plentiful supply of honey from a bee-tree, furnished them abundant supplies for the winter.

It was a wild place and a wild life. He had a passion for hunting, yet being inexperienced in the art, and a very poor shot, he sometimes fell into dangerous emergencies. He would wound a deer or a bear, and forgetting to reload, and attempting rashly to dispatch the infuriated animal with his knife, and having unexpectedly

to engage to disadvantage in single combat, he more than once came near losing his life. Sometimes he would get lost in the woods and swamps. His poor sister, alone and defenseless, would have to ascend to the roof of the cabin, often late of a starless and moonless night, and by frequent shouting guide, by the sound of her voice, her bewildered brother to his home. Cheerless must have passed the long and dreary winter in that northern latitude with the solitary pair, brother and sister, a day's journey from any neighbor, had they not possessed within themselves unusual resources for intellectual entertainment.

One day, the latter part of winter, he wandered into the forest, as usual, and kept on in pursuit of a deer till sunset, when he found himself in an unknown part of the forest, and the hungry wolves howling around him. He made his way in the direction he thought right for home. After a long time he heard his sister's well-known voice, and discharged his gun as a signal to her of his safety. When he arrived it was near midnight. Being weary he laid down before the fire to rest. The dogs beginning soon to bark, the sister peeped out, and saw approaching in the moonlight persons

Sudden Surprise.Goes to Westmoreland.

whom she took to be Indians. Her brother being aroused sprang to the door, with his loaded rifle, prepared to make the best defense he could. Scrutinizing the approaching party, he soon recognized one of his own sisters riding on a horse, with her husband walking by the side, and just behind them appeared his father and two brothers. Great was his surprise, and joyful was the meeting to them all. There was little or no sleep in the log-cabin that night. The night was spent in joy and talk.

As soon as the spring opened Roberts went to Westmoreland, to aid in removing the remainder of his father's family to the new home in the woods. The way was difficult, more so than usual, owing to the high waters in all the streams. Some of the females of the family walked all the way, one actually carrying on her shoulder a spinning-wheel, and another an ax. They all at last arrived in safety, and took up their abode in the rude cabin.

The next summer his favorite sister, who had been the sharer of his loneliness during the winter, was married, his father's family moved into a house of their own, and he was alone again. Being much depressed by his lonely

Becomes Married.Primitive Housekeeping.

condition, he determined to look among the fair daughters yet living near the home of his youth for a companion. Visiting Westmoreland on a trading excursion with furs, he improved the opportunity to do up his wooing and wedding in a short time and a business manner, and then set out on his return to the woods, taking his young bride along with him. She rode on a pack-horse among the packs, and during the perils of the journey, during which they had to remain one night alone in the woods, having lost their way, and the wolves howling around them, she proved herself as bold and heroic a pioneer as her husband. Arriving at their forest home, they commenced housekeeping in primitive style, with primitive furniture and primitive fare.

Could it be supposed that a young man with so few advantages for education and for society, and so laboriously occupied in pioneer labor in support of his own family, and in aiding in the support of his father's family, would be exercised in mind by convictions of duty to become a minister of the Gospel? Yet for many years Robert R. Roberts had been thus exercised. But so great was his diffidence that he could not consent to obey the call. By urgent solici-

Becomes a Class-leader.

Preaches to the Trees.

itation he was induced to become class-leader. He would open and close the class meeting by prayer, but could not be prevailed on to speak in the usual way to the members. After a time he yielded his place as class-leader to one who had the gift of talk; but it running too far into the gift of continuance in talking, the members asked for the reinstating of their former but silent leader. He still remained silent as ever; yet he would sometimes go into the woods, and ascending a stump for a pulpit, and with the trees of the forest for his congregation, preach a very able and edifying sermon. The trees were so quiet and attentive hearers that he could muster courage enough to preach to them. His convictions of duty became at last oppressive, and made him unhappy. Still he could not overcome his excessive diffidence. At last he was induced to make an exhortation after a sermon by another.

Not succeeding in his exhortation so well as he had hoped, he, though often afterward solicited to exhort, always declined, till his convictions of duty being often resisted, but returning with renewed force, made him very unhappy in mind. Finally he determined he would yield the point, and make an attempt to

Barely Licensed.First Circuit.

preach come what would. On his success in this attempt, which was made before the society of which he was a member, depended the license to preach, for which he was about to apply. His success was only tolerable, and he was licensed by the vote of a bare majority. At the same time he was recommended to the Baltimore conference, to which he was admitted in 1802.

One hundred miles or more west of Philadelphia, a little below the mouth of the Juniata, on the west side of the Susquehanna, lies one of the most lovely valleys I have ever seen. In the midst of the valley, surrounded, for many miles, by a smooth, fertile plain, bounded on the north and the south by lines of blue mountains, sits, like a child in a garden, the beautiful village of Carlisle. On the western border of the village is Dickinson College, one of the oldest literary institutions of the middle states. This beautiful valley, together with the rolling country on the south, and the mountain regions of the Juniata, formed the first circuit of Robert R. Roberts. It was three hundred miles from his home. Strong must have been the convictions of duty to induce him to leave his home, though it were in the forest, to

A Hard Struggle.

become an itinerant. He had selected him a place for permanent residence. He had erected his humble dwelling, and gathered about him such articles of convenience and comfort as the times and circumstances afforded. He was the pioneer, and the leader in the settlement. Here he was independent and free. He was the last man to look for happiness among strangers. So diffident, so retiring, so embarrassingly modest, how could he go among strangers, traveling from town to town, and from house to house, abandoning, as he must, all idea of home? He could not be influenced by hope of gain, for his income from his circuit must be much less than from his wild woods farm. He could not hope for a life of ease, for his labor on the circuit must be far more hard, unremitting, and embarrassing, than in clearing land or driving rafts. He could not be prompted by ambition, for he had no predilection for notoriety, or fame, or public applause. The more celebrated he became as a preacher, and the larger the congregations he drew to hear him, the more grievously was he, from his extreme modesty, embarrassed. Never would he have gone a mile from his own cabin door for the sake of popular notice. Why,

Getting to his First Appointment.

then, did he become a Methodist preacher? Surely for no other reason than that such was, as he thought, his duty. God had called him to preach, and preach he must, and preach he would. If the sacrifice was great, he had the moral strength to make it. And it was to him, from his peculiar temperament of mind, much greater than to most other men.

Having received notice of his appointment, his next step was to get to it. But this was no slight matter. The Alleghany Mountains must be crossed. But there was no railroad then by which the traveler might be gently raised up a series of inclined planes to the summit, and as gently let down a similar series of planes, to the sources of the Juniata, where he might enter one of the neat and convenient passage boats of the Pennsylvania canal, and glide along to Harrisburg, and there enter an elegant car, and in an hour reach Carlisle. There was then not even a line of stages in which he might pass, in some three or four days and nights, from the west to the east side of the mountains. There was hardly a road, unless it were a mere bridle path. But go he must, and his wife, too. So he packed up what things were necessary for his traveling equipage, and

Roberts and his Wife Journey Together.

Lonely Traveling.

for means of subsistence by the way, and packed them on a horse, and packed his wife on them. Himself, with as much baggage as was admissible, occupied another horse. Thus provided and equipped they started for a journey over the Alleghanies. A good part of the way lay through a forest unbroken by human cultivation. They left their little home in the morning. At noon they stopped by a little brook in a shady vale, kindled a fire, and cooked and ate their dinner, while the horses cropped pea-vines along the banks. At night they sought a sheltered place in a dense thicket, where, after preparing and eating their backwoods supper, they might make a bed of pine boughs, and, covering themselves with the clothing they had provided for that purpose, sleep in safety from harm, and even from fright, unless the wolves came too near. Rising with the morning twilight, they would boil their coffee in water from the brook, roast their bacon on a sharp stick, eat a hearty and healthy breakfast, pack up their goods and themselves, and begin again to climb the mountains. After some days they reached the summit, the dividing line, separating the east and the west. They might here look back on the distant and

Farewell to Home.Roberts's First Year.

softly-tinted scene of their bridal home, away near the waters of Erie. But to them the future had more of interest than the past. They saw far away toward the rising sun the Atlantic plain, where lay the vineyard of the Lord, awaiting their coming. Yet many a rugged hill must be climbed, many a deep valley descended, many a rapid river forded, and many a weary mile traveled, before they could reach that fair land to which they were going. Patience and perseverance accomplished at last the work. The mountains were left behind, the valley of Cumberland was reached, and the field all white for the harvest lay before the servant of the Lord.

During this, his first year, Robert R. Roberts began to exhibit the characteristics of mind, which became afterward so strongly marked, and for which he was in later life so much distinguished. His discourses were remarkable for deep thought, orderly arrangement, and calm and unimpassioned delivery. He made the people think as he was preaching, and remember after he had closed. The elucidations of religious truth were clear and the impressions deep.

After having served the time usually allowed

Three Difficult Years.

Returned to Shenango.

by the law of the itinerancy, on Carlisle circuit, he was appointed first to Montgomery and afterward to Frederick circuit in Maryland. This circuit covered the ground of his early home, and extended into Virginia. During these three years Roberts labored under many embarrassments and difficulties. He was, a portion of the time, sick; he lost, by accident or disease, both his horses, and he had to live in inconvenient and uncomfortable places. He was embarrassed in his ministerial labors. His diffidence still kept him back, and he often suffered opportunities of usefulness to escape him, lest he, as the junior preacher, should be thought assuming the prerogative of the senior in charge of the circuit. He observed in the habits of the people, in conducting their social religious meetings, many extravagances which greatly annoyed him, but which he knew not how to correct. Still he maintained a high and increasing reputation as a preacher.

The fourth year he was returned to his own stamping-ground, the Shenango. But to get there, the Alleghany Mountains must be again crossed with baggage and wife. Nothing daunted by the tediousness of his journey east, he packed up again and retraced his steps

A Large Circuit.

Has to Visit Baltimore.

west. By slow and toilsome travel they ascended along the mountain banks of the Juniata, stood again on the Alleghanies, saw far below them the misty vale of Shenango, and then plunged down the mountain's western side. The circuit was immensely large, covering nearly all the territory now occupied by the entire Erie conference. Mrs. Roberts went to the old log-cabin in the woods, where she had spent her bridal days, and remained in her own home, while her husband was traveling over the circuit. On this and adjoining circuits in Western Pennsylvania, he spent three years, traveling, and preaching, and visiting the pioneer settlers in their lone cabins. Often had he to pass the night in some hunter's rude hut, without a bed to sleep on, and with nothing but bear meat to eat. Mrs. Roberts still remained in her cabin home in the woods. In 1808 he was appointed to a circuit in the neighborhood of Wheeling.

After he had been once or twice around the circuit he had to go to Baltimore, a distance of at least three hundred miles, to attend the General conference. He had but fifty cents in money, and could, from his own resources, raise no more. He tried to borrow of a brother

Journey to Baltimore.Preaches in Light-Street Church.

preacher, who, however, proved only as rich as himself, having only fifty cents. This, however, added to his own made one dollar, with which he ventured to start on horseback on his long journey. He filled one end of his saddle-bags with oats for his horse, and the other with bread and cheese for himself. At night, if he could not find acquaintances or religious friends to entertain him, he would order at the tavern only hay for his horse, and go himself supperless to bed, and start in the morning breakfastless on his journey. At noon he would stop by some gushing spring or purling brook, let his horse crop the herbage and eat a few oats, while he dined on the bread and cheese. He at length reached Baltimore with five cents of his dollar still left.

During his sojourn in Baltimore, attending the sessions of the General conference, he was appointed, on one occasion, to preach in the Light-Street Church, then, and for many years after, considered the place of worship of the *fashionable* portion of the Baltimore Methodists. Roberts felt embarrassed in exhibiting himself before so distinguished a congregation. His clothes were very coarse and much worn, and his whole appearance very rough and

A Present.Is called to Baltimore.

backwoodsish. However, he ventured to preach, and thinking, as did some others, the people had more fashion than religion, he discoursed plainly and powerfully on the evils of pride and worldly ostentation. Some few days afterward he was waited on at his room by a tailor, his measure taken, and soon a new suit of clothes was presented to him. To whom he was indebted for the favor he never knew.

A few weeks after his return to the west, he received from Bishop Asbury a requisition to leave his circuit at Wheeling and repair to the city of Baltimore. It appears that the people of Baltimore were so well pleased with his preaching, while at the General conference, though he did lecture them severely for their pride, that they induced Bishop Asbury to put another preacher at Wheeling and call Roberts to the city. What to make of this call Roberts knew not. He was most sorely perplexed. It could not be possible, he thought, that the people of Baltimore had desired his services. It must be a hoax. Some wag must have designed to make sport of him. But, then, there was Bishop Asbury's name to the letter. There could be no mistake about that. It was a real signature. How could he get to Baltimore?

Packs up for Baltimore.

Arrives Safely.

He had no money. True, he had traveled there himself on ninety-five cents, but he could not take his wife along for so small a sum. And when he should arrive what could he, a pioneer hunter, a backwoods farmer, do in Baltimore? How could he sustain himself and the ministry of the Gospel in that polite, accomplished, refined, and genteel city? He could not go, and he would not go. He would sooner go back to his farm in the woods and raise potatoes and hunt deer. He, however, consulted his wife, and she said go, and she would go with him. So they packed up again, and started on horseback over the mountains.

The journey was attended with the usual variety of incidents—passing over mountains, down deep valleys, across rivers, and along plains. Sometimes they dined at the house of a friend, and sometimes alone on bread and cheese by the side of a mountain rivulet. Sometimes they slept in a comfortable room and nice bed, and sometimes in the woods by a camp-fire. They, however, safely arrived, and he proceeded to his work, fully meeting the expectations of the people. For the next eight years he was retained in Baltimore, Alexandria, Georgetown, and Philadelphia, constantly

Presides at the Philadelphia Conference of 1816.

gaining in reputation and influence as an able minister of the New Testament.

In 1816, at the session of the Philadelphia conference, of which he was then a member, there was no bishop present. He, though the youngest of the presiding elders, was elected president of the conference. At this conference there were present, as visitors on their way to the General conference, several delegates from New York and New England. So greatly were they pleased with the urbanity and efficiency with which he presided over the deliberations of the Philadelphia conference, that they at once proposed him as candidate for one of the bishops, who, as it was supposed, would have to be elected to fill the place of Asbury, who had just died, and to provide for the increasing number of annual conferences. On arriving at Baltimore they began to talk about the matter. The western preachers, who had known Roberts only as a backwoods pioneer, were greatly surprised to hear his name proposed by Boston, New York, and Philadelphia for the high and honorable office of bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Yet nothing could suit them better; so they all fell in with the

Elected Bishop.

Accepts the Office.

plan, and on the first ballot he was elected by a respectable majority.

Here was a new difficulty for the diffident and retiring Roberts. To preach at all, even in the woods, was as much as he could well stand. To preach in Baltimore and Philadelphia had been a most sore trial; but now to be bishop! This was too much. What could the General conference mean? He was on the point of declining at once; but being never hasty, he took time to gather up his ideas, which were alarmingly dispersed by an event to him so astounding, and after consultation with those on whom he relied, and being affectionately urged, he modestly accepted the important office, and was consecrated by ordination.

Thus we find a man, brought up in the backwoods, on the western slope of the Alleghanies, with very limited advantages of education, with no influence of wealth or friends, rising, by the native energy of his own character, and the power of his mind, to be bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with two hundred thousand members and one thousand preachers, and covering with its conferences, districts, and circuits, the entire domain of the United

Naturally Modest.

Plans Modified.

States. The fact shows how much may be accomplished by industry, energy, discretion, and piety. He had not, however, sought promotion. Honor and dignity of station and office were forced on him. He would have been content to live unknown and unhonored in the woods of Shenango, and never would have aspired to distinction and praise among men. Duty called him into the field of his divine Lord and Master, and personal worth placed him at the head of the corps of laborers.

It became now necessary for him so to modify his plans of life as to meet his new and responsible position. He must travel annually over the greater portion of the United States. His wife must, therefore, be furnished with some permanent home, where she could live in as much comfort as could be accessible during the long absence of her husband. She might reside in Philadelphia or Baltimore, and it seemed fitting that the wife of a bishop should enjoy access to the refined and polished society among which she had lived for the last eight years. But then residence in the eastern cities was expensive, and the salary of a bishop was no more than of a common circuit

Returns to Shenango.

preacher. So it was settled that they should return to their Western Pennsylvania cabin, and would reside among their old friends in the woods.

In making this their fifth journey across the Alleghany Mountains, they undertook to get over in a wagon, a road having been cut out and graded, but not yet Macadamized. They succeeded, but the road was a caution.

The return of Bishop Roberts to his old home was an event of deep and flattering interest to the plain and simple-hearted people of the Shenango valley. He had moved in the polished society of the eastern cities; he had dwelt among palaces; he had eaten at the tables of luxury; he had become a great man, chief of a countless host; yet he had come back to his pioneer associates in the woods to dwell in a primitive and humble log-cabin, to eat ham and hominy on a puncheon table, and to resume, though bishop, the domestic habits of his early life. Of pride of place he had no conception. In the midst of his honors he felt as humble, and behaved as unassuming, as in the days of his youth and obscurity.

In the vale of Shenango he made his home

Removes to Indiana.His White River Home.

for only about two years, when, for several reasons, he determined to remove to Indiana, whither had already gone some of his brothers and friends. His departure from Shenango was deeply grievous to the people of that sequestered valley, for they loved him and were proud of him; but believing it for his interest to go, they gathered around him with many a farewell, and followed him with many a blessing.

Not far from the center of that part of the state of Indiana which lies south of the National Road, near the banks of White river, in one of the most retired and sequestered places in the west—a place as much out of the way as possible, and where no body ever goes unless on purpose—Bishop Roberts fixed his permanent home. In this retired and obscure place he lived nearly a quarter of a century. I can not say that the place has more of natural than of social advantages to recommend it. The country about that portion of the White river is conceded to be the least beautiful, the least fertile, and on the whole the least desirable part of Indiana. There are in Indiana some of the most beautiful spots on earth; but surely the White river knobs is not

Finishes his Cabin.The Winter.

one of them. When, however, Bishop Roberts settled there the resources of Indiana were not developed. The better parts of the state were an unbroken forest. There were few people, fewer villages, and no cities. It was difficult to determine what portion of the country would, on cultivation, prove the most eligible.

On arriving at his new home with his family, the Bishop found the walls of a log house erected for him by his brother, who had removed to the country before him, but there was neither floor, nor chimney, nor hardly roof. The spaces between the logs were so wide, that had there been any children in the family, they could not have been kept at home, there being so many facilities for crawling out between the logs. It was also late in the fall, and winter was hard by. He stripped to it, and went to work with his nephews and roofed the house, and hewed and laid a puncheon floor, and built a rock chimney, and stopped the crevices with plastered mud. He then cleared and sowed with wheat three acres of land. The winter he spent in manufacturing rustic articles of domestic furniture and implements of husbandry. In the spring he left the farm in charge of his nephews, and

No Record kept by Roberts.

proceeded on his pastoral tour over the United States.

His tour was repeated annually, varying usually so as to visit all the conferences in every part of the United States in the course of four years. During the early part of his episcopacy his journeys were made on horseback. During the latter years of his life he traveled sometimes by public and sometimes by private conveyances. How many miles he traveled during the twenty-six years of his general superintendence of the Methodist Episcopal Church can never be known. It is only known that during the last year of his life he traveled more than five thousand miles. He kept no written journal of his travels, and little of incident, therefore, can now be gathered up. But what a variety of odd and interesting incidents must have occurred during his annual journeys! Every section of the Union was brought under his eye—the rocky hills of the east, the pine plains of the south, and the prairies of the west. He stood on the shores of the Atlantic, of the northern lakes, and of the Mexican Gulf. He crossed the Penobscot, the St. Lawrence, the Savannah, the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Arkansas. He

Various Fare.Dr. Elliott's Life of Roberts.

journeyed along the Macadamized turnpikes of New England, lined with continuous villages, and over the corduroys of the west, shaded by unbroken woods. He was entertained in the elegant mansions of highly-civilized life, and in the rude wigwam of the western Indian. He was sometimes treated sumptuously on the delicacies of luxury, and once at least lived three days on blackberries in the woods. He fell into all kinds of circumstances, and met with all kinds of people. What a book might have been written if only some one had listened for a week or two, during the latter part of his life, to his rehearsals of curious incidents, and noted them down as he proceeded! But all this is lost. Dr. Elliott, in his biography of Bishop Roberts, has gathered up a few and only a few of the thousand adventures with which he must have met in the course of his travels; but not a thousandth part of them will ever be known.

He saw during his episcopacy the Church increase in numbers, education, and influence far beyond the most sanguine expectations. When he was born, the Methodist Church consisted of twenty-nine preachers and six thousand members; when he entered the ministry,

Some Statistics.

Indiana.

Education.

there were three hundred and fifty preachers and eighty-six thousand members; when he entered on the episcopacy, there were seven hundred preachers and two hundred thousand members; when he died, there were nearly four thousand preachers and upward of eight hundred thousand members.

He also saw his adopted state increase in population and wealth beyond all example. When he came to Indiana, the population of the state was less than one hundred and fifty thousand. When he died, it was more than five times that number. Accessions of wealth, intelligence, and refinement had kept up with the population. He had seen the members of his Church increase in the state from less than two thousand, to nearly seventy thousand.

He had seen the cause of education, under the patronage of the Methodist Church, make advances of the most extraordinary character. When he was elected bishop, there was not one university, not one college, not one seminary, not one academy, and, probably, not one school of any kind under the patronage and control of the Methodists in the whole of North America. When he died, there were at least twelve colleges and universities, and an unknown num-

Character Unchanged.

His Obscure Home.

ber of academies and higher seminaries in flourishing condition, the resort of thousands of youth—children of the Church.

Yet amid all these changes he was ever the same; the same in the city and in the cabin; the same with the many and with the few. He was remarkable for equanimity and balance of character.

It may be difficult to account for his preference for so obscure and out-of-the-way a place for a home as he chose in Indiana. Some have supposed he was prompted by a spirit of independence of the world. It is known that in the early days of his episcopacy, the salary allowed by the Church was insufficient to support a family, even the smallest possible, as was his, in any other than the most economical manner. He, therefore, as is supposed, chose to make a home in the wilderness, where the expenses of living would be the least possible, that he might, on his small salary, live free from debt. He never studied economy for the sake of laying up money. He always gave away all he could save, sometimes even to the last dollar. During the latter part of his life, the Church would have made any appropriation necessary to support him in any city in

Desire to be Unknown.

which he might choose to reside; and efforts were made to induce him to remove to some more eligible place. He still, however, clung to his obscure home.

To me there seems to have been deeply implanted in his nature a strong constitutional dislike to be brought into public notice. To this I impute his strange choice of a home. When he first began to preach, he was embarrassed because he drew large congregations. When appointed, by Bishop Asbury, to Baltimore, he could not, for a long time, consent to go to so prominent a place. When elected bishop, he could hardly be induced to accept the office. When traveling over the United States to attend the conferences in the discharge of the duties of the episcopal office, he admired to travel unknown and unnoticed. In the indulgence of this native propensity for the incognitum, he fell into many amusing adventures, amusing to him, but embarrassing to the victims. Of this kind was the famous adventure with the young preacher, of which some amusing accounts have found their way into the newspapers. He was on his way to one of the southern conferences. He was unacquainted with the road and unknown in the

A Stop Over Night.The Company.

country. Inquiring, toward night, for some family where he might find entertainment, he was directed to a house, at which he called. The country being sparsely settled, and there being no public houses on the road, it was the usage for travelers to call at any house they pleased for entertainment; nor were they often, if ever, refused. He was, therefore, given to understand, as any other traveler in similar circumstances would have been, that he could stay, and was told where he might put his horse and find feed for him. After having quietly provided for his horse he went into the house, and found himself in the common room appropriated to the family, with such visitors and strangers as might occasionally happen along. No particular notice was taken of him, and he quietly sat down in an obscure corner of the room. Supper was just over, but no one said any thing to him about eating. Carefully observing the company, he perceived that it consisted of the comely matron of the family, two or three daughters, several young ladies of the neighborhood, and the preacher of the circuit, who happened to be passing the night there in his regular round.

The evening passed in cheerful and harmless

The Young Preacher with the "Big-head."

conversation, the preacher joining in the chit-chat, as a social man naturally would, but none spoke to the Bishop. He sat quietly in his obscurity, and seemed not at all in the way of the young people. He saw nothing in the deportment of the young preacher particularly to condemn; but he was greatly amused at the exhibition of pomposity and the sense of importance he manifested. He made up his mind that the young man was troubled with a remarkable disease called, in the west, the *big-head*. After the evening was well spent, the lady proposed, as was proper, that evening prayers should be performed before the company separated. The young preacher officiated, making a wordy, pompous, and rather ambitious prayer. No notice was yet taken of the old man in the corner. At last the company were gone, and the young preacher and the Bishop were shown to the same room and the same bed, there being only that spare bed in the house. The young man was soon in bed, and, as was due to politeness, as he got in first he took the back side. The Bishop soon followed, but not till, as the young man observed, he had kneeled for a moment in silent prayer. This act of devotion revealed to the young

The Bishop Prays.

Interesting Conversation.

man the religious character of his companion, and induced him, after the Bishop had lain down, to make some respectful inquiries of the stranger.

“Have you,” said he, “ever traveled this road before?”

“No; I am wholly a stranger in these parts.”

“Have you much farther to travel?”

“I hope to reach the end of this journey in two or three days more.”

“Have you come from afar?”

“From the western part of Pennsylvania, some distance north of Pittsburg.”

“I have understood that Bishop Roberts resides in that part of Pennsylvania, and we have been expecting him along here for some days on his way to meet our conference. Do you happen to know any thing of him?”

“Yes; he was one of the pioneers of our part of the country.”

“Are you personally acquainted with him?”

“Yes; I know him well.”

“What is your name?”

“My name is Roberts.”

“Roberts? Not Bishop Roberts?”

“Why, they sometimes call me Bishop Roberts.”

Immense Surprise.Confessions and Apologies.

“Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts!” screamed the young man, leaping out of the bed, clear over the Bishop, and alighting bolt upright in the middle of the floor, “Bishop Roberts! and you have had no supper,” and he tore around like a young earthquake.

“Stop, brother,” said the Bishop, “you will alarm the family. Let us not disturb them tonight. No harm is done. Let us rest till morning, and we will then make all right.”

With much persuasion the young man was induced to return to the bed. In the morning explanations were made, and the family and preacher endeavored, by the profusion of their attentions, to atone for the neglect of the preceding evening. The good Bishop took it all in good part, and by his cheerful humor relieved his friends, so far as was possible, from the awkward embarrassment in which they had become entangled. He often told the story to his friends, but he never would reveal the name of the preacher. The farthest he ever went toward identification was to say that the same preacher who was the heroic victim of this adventure, was one of the leading members of the General conference of 1840.

On another occasion, traveling along on a

A Tavern-keeper and his Wife.

A Class Meeting.

road with which he was not acquainted, he stopped at night for entertainment at a neat-looking tavern. After supper the landlord informed him that himself and lady were going out to a meeting that evening, and if he wished to retire before their return he would find lodgings in the adjoining room.

“What kind of a meeting is it?” said the Bishop.

“We Methodists,” said the landlord, “call it a class meeting.”

“If it would be no intrusion I would like to go along with you.”

“No intrusion at all. We admit serious persons to our class meetings a few times.”

They proceeded to the meeting. The Bishop, as usual, took his seat in one corner of the room. The meeting was conducted in the usual manner. The leader was a young man of little experience and less knowledge. After having spoken to all others in the room he came to the Bishop.

“Well, stranger, have you a desire to serve the Lord, and go to heaven?”

“I have such a desire.”

“How long have you had this desire?”

“A great many years.”

The Bishop's Confession.

Asked to Lead Family Devotion.

“Well, do you think, old gentleman, you know any thing about religion?”

“I trust I do, but I have not been so faithful as I should have been, and have made less progress in religion than I might and ought to have made, yet have I a good hope of salvation through faith in Christ.”

After giving the old man an exhortation, as is usual on such occasions, the leader closed the meeting, and all went to their homes. The landlord, being a religious man, usually had prayers in the family. Soon after they arrived home, therefore, the Bible and hymn-book were placed on the table. The landlord studied a while, then looked at the Bible, then at the Bishop, then studied again, then spit, then fell again into deep study. Casting a few more glances with one eye at the Bible, and the other at the Bishop, he arose, approached the table, then stopped, turned about, went to the door, spit out at the darkness, returned again to the table, and, looking at the Bishop, said :

“Old gentleman, you seem to know something about religion. We usually have family worship at evening; perhaps you would be willing to read and pray with us.”

Denouement of the Affair.

“I have no objection,” answered the Bishop, “if you wish it.”

He then read, and sang, and prayed. Those who have ever listened to the fervent, devout, and impressive prayer of that apostolical old man can form some conception of the surprise of the landlord. He stood on his knees entranced. It seemed to him he had never heard such a prayer. Who could the old man be? Was it some angel in disguise? After arising from his knees, he looked, and looked, and looked again at the Bishop, and then, without saying a word, took a candle and lighted him to his room. Being about to leave the room, he stopped at the door, turned about and said, “Old gentleman, if it would be no offense to you, I would like to know your name.”

“No offense at all. My name is Roberts.”

“Any relation to Robert R. Roberts, one of our bishops?”

“I am Robert R. Roberts.”

This was a poser. The humble tavern-keeper was then unconsciously the entertainer of Robert R. Roberts, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There had fallen on his house an unexpected honor of sufficient magnitude to immortalize it and him. He did not

The Bishop in Demand.

General Conference of 1840.

sleep much that night. In the morning he proclaimed it far and near that Bishop Roberts was actually at his house. He contrived to detain the Bishop two days, and kept him preaching to the people.

We are inclined to wonder how a man so modest, so constitutionally retiring, could ever succeed in public life, especially in a life so public as must be that of a bishop of the Methodist Church. But to this extreme constitutional retiracy was united in him a clear perception of right, with a conscientious fearlessness in the performance of duty. He was, therefore, fully equal to any place in which you could put him. In presiding in the annual and General conferences, he was always prompt at decision, and generally correct. In the General conference of 1840 he happened to be in the chair several times when troublesome questions came up. In every case his decision was correct. In one or two cases, however, the conference reversed the decision, and thereby involved themselves in a labyrinth of difficulties, which would have been all avoided had not his decision been overruled. His habit of prompt and correct decision depended on his clear perception of the relations and fitness of

His Clear Perceptions.

Unobtrusive Manner.

things. He made no great pretensions to parliamentary knowledge, but he saw at once the end at which another would arrive by a long course of parliamentary reasoning. He was one of those men who can form a correct opinion more easily than he can give the reasons for it. This often happens with self-made men. They are more used to reasoning than to talking. Those who became acquainted with the character of his mind never would question or doubt the correctness of any decision he might make. As they became familiar with his habits of thought they would be led by induction to rely on his opinion.

He never obtruded his opinions in personal and private matters. It was only in presiding in conferences that he was ready at all times to pronounce by authority the rule and the law. In private intercourse he would not dictate even to a child. He was, therefore, a most agreeable companion. You would at once feel perfectly at ease in his company.

He had one of the kindest hearts ever bestowed on a human being. He would not injure the feelings of the humblest human being that walked the earth. He was ready to sympathize with the suffering every-where, and

A Friend of Education.

As a Public Speaker.

from whatever cause. If he had had a princely revenue, he would have given it all away to the objects of benevolence brought under his notice.

Though he had a very limited literary and scientific education, yet he was ever the friend and the patron of education in the Church. With his clear and far-reaching mind, he saw the advantages and the necessity of a system of academic and collegiate education in the Church, and he often gave liberal subscriptions to their support.

As a public speaker he was not what the world usually calls an orator; yet he was often truly eloquent. His discourses were distinguished for perspicuous and deep thought. His style was smooth, chaste, and often elegant. His manner was earnest, but never boisterous. The impression made by his sermons was not soon erased.

His death was unquestionably hastened by exposure to all kinds of weather and all kinds of climates, during the quarter of a century spent in episcopal labors. A man of his excellent constitution, temperate and active habits, would naturally live longer than sixty-five years. But let him be exposed annually

His Early Death.Last Hours.

to the cold of the north and the heat of the south; let him suffer fatigue and hunger, and drenchings in the rain; let him breathe the miasmatic atmosphere of the south-west, and he can hardly expect to live out half his days.

Though Roberts died earlier than his friends and admirers had reason to hope, yet he had accomplished much for good, and came down to the grave full of honor. He had been in feeble health during the latter part of 1842. In the winter of 1843 he began to fail more rapidly, and on the opening of spring he passed away from earth. He died as he had lived, calm, resigned, in faith, and in hope. His dying hours were marked by no ecstasies. Striking expressions of joy and triumph would not reasonably be expected of him. They would not be in harmony with his character; but firm faith and consoling hope in Christ might be expected of one who had spent forty years in preaching the Gospel.

So distant from all the densely-peopled regions of the country was the place of his death, and so desperately bad were the roads at that season of the year, that few were present at his burial. His neighbors, among whom he had lived for twenty-five years, made him a

Place of his Burial.

Reinterment Contemplated.

grave on his own farm, and quietly laid him to rest. The place of his home was sufficiently obscure, but the place of his grave was more sequestered still. Not even a footpath led to it. There he lay alone in the open field, without a paling or a stone to mark the spot.

But too many gentle hearts fondly cherished the memory of the great and good man to suffer his remains to lie long neglected and un-honored. Baltimore sent a messenger for permission to remove him to the consecrated ground beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw-Street Church, where sleep Asbury and Emory—names highly honored in the annals of American Methodism. Louisville desired to enshrine him among her honored dead in her city cemetery. New Albany asked the privilege of building his sepulcher and raising a monument over him. But the Indiana conference, within whose bounds he had resided so long, claimed the right, which was accorded by common consent, of determining the place of his final burial. To them no place seemed so eligible as Greencastle, the seat of the Indiana Asbury University, an institution which is deservedly the pride, the glory, the honor, and the hope of the Methodists of Indiana. They, there-

Reinterred in Greencastle.

Day of the Funeral.

fore, unanimously directed that Bishop Roberts should be removed from the place where he was temporarily deposited, and reinterred in the University grounds in Greencastle.

On a bright and beautiful winter morning, such a winter morning as occurs no where but in the fair climes of the west, we were assembled in the spacious chapel of the Indiana Asbury University. The students of the University were there, the citizens of Greencastle were there, and the people of the adjacent country, for many a mile, were there. There were seated on the chapel platform some ten or twelve venerable ministers of the Gospel. Before the platform on a bier lay the remains of Roberts. When I entered the chapel the people were all collected, and the room was silent as the house of death. Suddenly one of the venerable men on the platform commenced, in a sweet and full voice, singing a beautiful hymn, in which all the congregation joined. Prayer was then made, and a holy influence rested on the assembly.

After an address, by a gentleman called on unexpectedly, made under the deep excitement of feeling, which the scene was calculated to inspire, a procession was formed, and the body

Buried in the College Grounds.

was borne to the place of its final rest. On a little knoll, within the inclosure of the college grounds, the grave was made, and there pious hands deposited the mortal remains of the good man, to sleep till the night of death shall be passed, and the resurrection morning shall come.

JOHN EMORY.

JOHN EMORY.

LIFE AND LABORS.

Birth.

Parentage.

JOHN EMORY was born in Maryland, on the 11th of April, 1789. His father and mother were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The father was a class-leader in the Church. The mother was a woman of noble heart, of generous spirit, of strong mind, and of sincere piety. Their house had long been the home of the early coadjutors in their itinerant visits to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The children were accustomed from infancy to the company and conversation of these holy men of God, and to the hallowing exercises of family devotion.

Thus early trained in the doctrines and usages, and subjected to the influences of the Church, they were easily susceptible of religious impressions, and exhibited early an affinity for Methodism. They were accustomed to attend, with their parents, class meetings, love-

Curious Notions held by Emory's Father.

feasts, quarterly meetings, and camp meetings. Two of the children were converted at home during family prayer, and others at very early ages were converted at social and public meetings, and became excellent and exemplary Christians.

The father it seems had some notions very common, but altogether erroneous, respecting the education of children. Instead of giving his children a thorough and general education, qualifying them for any business or profession in life, and then leaving them, when they should become of age, to choose for themselves a profession, according to their own taste, inclination, or judgment, he classified his children, when at a very early age, for different pursuits and professions, and then educated each one for the specific department of business to which he had appointed him. One was to be a farmer, one a merchant, one a doctor, one a statesman, and one a lawyer. In this capricious allotment John was set apart for the lawyer. His education, therefore, was directed to this specific end. At the early age of ten years he was sent from home to attend a classical school. Fortunately, though designed for a specific profession, his education was con-

Easton Academy.Studies and Practices Law

ducted by his teachers on a classical and very liberal scale.

He spent four years at a classical academy at Easton, Md.; one year at an academy in Strasburg, Penn.; and two years at Washington College, Eastern Shore of Maryland. During these seven years he was thoroughly trained in a liberal course of study. At the close of his academic course he entered as a student of law in the office of Richard Tilghman Earle, Esq., of Centerville, Md. Having pursued diligently and thoroughly the study of law for three years, he was, at the age of nineteen, admitted to the bar. Immediately he opened an office, business flowed rapidly on him, and he had every prospect of rising to wealth and fame in the profession which his father had chosen for him. But a change came over his spirit, and his whole plan of life was modified.

He had not in his attention to the classics abandoned the Bible, nor in his devotion to the law forgotten the Gospel. His mother at the time of his birth had consecrated him to the Lord. She had hoped he might become a minister at the sanctuary of God. She had constantly prayed for him. The influence of the religious impressions he had received in his

Joins a Methodist Class.An Incident.

childhood had not departed from him. While at school at Easton, when not more than eleven or twelve years old, during a religious excitement, he had become seriously disposed, and had joined a Methodist class, consisting of small boys, led by a faithful and pious man. He might have continued in the path of early piety, without deviation or retardation, had he not been seduced by a classmate to do an act which wounded his tender conscience. The act itself was wholly harmless, merely climbing a tree, in a retired wood, to see a distant horse-race. But he thought it wrong. He, however, did it, and thereby violated the dictates of his conscience. The injury, therefore, to him was as great as though he had committed some act in itself criminal. The effect on his mind was unfortunate. He became discouraged, neglected his class, gave up his religious profession, and returned to a life of worldly ambition.

The good Spirit did not, however, give him up. It followed him still, nor could he forget the prayers and instructions of his pious mother. In August, 1806, while a student at law, he attended a quarterly meeting in the neighborhood of his family home. It was a

*Attends a Quarterly Meeting.**Confession.*

season of gracious revival. His brother and sister had shared in the heavenly visitation. He had been for some time unusually serious, though he had concealed his feelings from the family. The evening before the commencement of the meeting there was a social gathering of several members of the family at the house of an elder brother. The evening was spent in singing, in religious conversation, and in prayer. John took no part in the exercises; but remained a quiet, serious, and respectful spectator. Early on the ensuing Sabbath the family proceeded to love-feast. John, though not yet a member of the Church, accompanied them by invitation, and took a seat in the crowded assembly. In the course of the exercises, Emory, to the surprise of the people, arose from his seat, and in the most solemn manner called God, and angels, and the people there present, to witness that he had that day determined to seek the salvation of his soul. He then fell upon his knees, and remained during the love-feast, silently praying the Lord to pardon his sins. Much interest was excited among the people by the unexpected and interesting circumstances of the occasion. His sisters, who sat near the door, when they heard

A Time of Joy.

Is Appointed a Class-leader.

his voice, and knew it was their brother, were nearly overcome with emotion and joy. A circle of pious, devoted, and praying Christians were formed about him. While they were praying for him, he suddenly arose from his knees, and with indescribable composure declared that he felt peace and comfort. A smile of angelic loveliness was lighted up on his countenance. He was the very personification of peaceful, tranquil bliss. From this happy moment his course was onward and upward. He led ever after a life of piety and of active Christian zeal. He was always in the way of duty, never deviating from the path of righteousness.

Soon after his conversion he was appointed class-leader, an office for which he was peculiarly qualified. Believing it to be his duty to labor still more extensively for the salvation of the people, he obtained license to preach in a local capacity. While yet a student at law, he preached every Sunday, either in the town where he resided or some place in the neighboring country. Continuing his practice of preaching Sunday after he commenced the practice of law, he began soon to feel a desire to devote himself wholly to the work of the

Reputation as a Lawyer.

Sacrifices Cheerfully Made.

Christian ministry. But his course in this direction was encompassed by difficulties. To abandon his legal profession and lucrative practice would subject him to great personal sacrifices. He was in the line of safe precedents, and on the direct road to honor, fame, and fortune. His talents were of the highest order, his reputation unsullied, his popularity rapidly increasing, and his success certain. To become an itinerant Methodist preacher he must abandon his position, with all its advantages and prospects.

All these sacrifices, however, he could cheerfully make. All the privations and inconveniences of an itinerant life he could with fortitude endure. But there was in his way another difficulty of formidable import. His father flatly and plumply refused consent to his becoming a traveling preacher. What could he do? No man held in higher respect than did John Emory parental authority; yet he acknowledged a law higher still—a law emanating from the authority that is over all, and made known to him by the Spirit of God operating on his heart. He had the witness of the divine Spirit testifying through his conscience that he was called to preach. While he con-

Gives Himself to the Ministry.

His Father Displeased.

ceded, according to the established order of civilized authority, the right of his father to control his business pursuits during his minority, he could not acknowledge any such right to form for him any engagements to extend beyond the age of twenty-one years, or to dictate his course of life after he had passed to the age of independent manhood. During his twenty-first year he suffered most intensely from conflicting emotions. He would most willingly do all in his power to gratify the feelings and meet the wishes of his father; but he could not refrain from giving up himself to the work of the ministry. After much "reading, prayer, and meditation, he made a covenant on his knees, wrote, and signed it, to give up the law," and become a preacher. His father was sorely displeased at the decision to which his son had come. He well-nigh for a time disowned him. He would neither hear him preach nor allow him to write to him. The day of reconciliation, however, at last came. Some three years after the son had entered the ministry the father fell sick. No sooner had he ascertained that his end was nigh, than he dispatched a messenger for that son whom he had so obstinately discarded.

Death of his Father.

Joins the Philadelphia Conference.

The son hastened home, sat down by the bed of his dying father, watched assiduously over him, administered to him the consolations of the Gospel, received his last blessing, and saw him depart in peace and in hope of eternal life.

In the spring of 1810, on the very week of his twenty-first birthday, Emory joined the Philadelphia conference. The first two years of his ministry he traveled on the circuits called Caroline and Cambridge, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. For the next twelve years he occupied stations at Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington City, Annapolis, and Hagerstown. Of the incidents of his life during the fourteen years he spent on circuits and stations we have no account; for he kept no journal. The fact that he remained uniformly in each station he occupied the second term allowed by the law of itinerancy, is evidence that he sustained himself well in the work to which he had devoted his life. The fact of his being elected by the Philadelphia conference, when he was barely eligible from age, a member of the General conference of 1816, and of his being appointed by the authority of the General conference of 1820 the delegate of the Meth-

The Mission to England. Separation from the British Methodists.

odist Episcopal Church of America to the British Wesleyan conference, would seem to exhibit the high rank he held among the preachers.

The mission to England was a work of much importance and great delicacy. Originally Methodism had been one in England and in America. The early American conferences placed the name of Wesley on their Minutes, and acknowledged him as their ecclesiastical head, and willingly obeyed his wishes in all matters of Church organization and government. After some few years, conceiving that Mr. Wesley, from his great distance from America, and his want of personal knowledge of the ever-changing circumstances of a new world, like America, could not be qualified to make wise and prudent decisions on various matters relating to American matters, and fearing lest, should they continue to acknowledge his jurisdiction, he might claim the right to recall Mr. Asbury, and appoint to the superintendency some one not agreeable to the American conference, they dropped his name from their Minutes, and so, in effect, dissolved all ecclesiastical connection with the British Methodists. No official intercourse had been held between the British and American connections for many

Serious Difficulty.

Frequent Collisions.

years. In the mean time serious difficulties had occurred between the preachers of the American and those of the British connection in Canada. As early as 1791 missionaries had been sent from the conferences in the United States to Canada. Success had attended their labors, societies had been organized, and circuits and districts formed. In 1820 there was in Upper and Lower Canada two districts, about twenty circuits and stations, nearly thirty preachers, and upward of five thousand members. Yet there was still room in the Canadian provinces for a greater number of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and the Missionary Society of the British connection had, with the best intentions in the world, began, about 1812, to send missionaries to Canada. Unfortunately difficulties soon sprung up between the British missionaries and the American preachers in Canada. The parties often came in ecclesiastical collision. The British missionaries, instead of entering on unoccupied ground, began to interfere with the societies already formed, and occupy the churches already built by the American connection. Each party had its adherents among the people. Some of the Canadians adhered to the British

Policy of the General Conference of 1820.

missionaries on account of political sympathies. Others adhered to the American connection on account of old associations, of gratitude, and of sincere affection. Soon, therefore, a condition of things peculiarly unfortunate, and utterly destructive of all religious prosperity, and uncongenial to Christian feeling, began to exist. To effect a settlement of these difficulties, and to renew the friendly intercourse between the two great sections of the Methodist community, the General conference of 1820 resolved to send a delegate to the British conference, with instructions "to endeavor, by all prudent and practicable means, to effect an amicable and permanent adjustment of the unpleasant difficulties existing in Canada," and to propose, in order to restore and preserve friendly and harmonious relations between the British and American connections, a mutual interchange of delegates every four years. The board of Bishops were authorized to appoint the man who, in their judgment, would be most likely to succeed in accomplishing the objects of this mission. They unanimously selected Emory; and never was a selection more fortunate. He was yet but a young man, hardly passed the age of thirty, yet his talents, his prudence, his learn-

Result of Emory's Labors.

Literary Duties.

ing, and his urbanity marked him as the one most likely of all men in the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a favorable impression on the British conference, and to effect the object of the General conference.

Mr. Emory on his arrival in England held an interview with the Missionary Committee at London, and then proceeded to meet the British conference at Liverpool. His success was triumphant. He obtained of the Missionary Committee and of the conference all he could reasonably ask, and accomplished all the American conference could hope. A settlement of the Canadian difficulties, on the basis proposed by the General conference in their instructions to Mr. Emory was readily effected. The Canadian territory was divided. The British took Lower and the Americans Upper Canada, and the ministers of each connection devoted their services to their own province.

The impression made by Mr. Emory on the British conference was most favorable to himself and to the American Church, whose minister he was. He was treated with uncommon attention and with great consideration. His address before the conference, explaining the objects of his mission, was a masterly exhibi-

Is Highly Complimented.

Elected Principal Book Agent.

tion of the origin, progress, success, and prospects of American Methodism. His sermon before the conference, preached and afterward published at their request, was one of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory ever exhibited in England or America. It received the highest encomiums from Clarke, Watson, Benson, and others, whose names stand highest among the illustrious successors of Wesley.

At the General conference of 1824 Mr. Emory was elected Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and in 1828 he was promoted to the place of Principal Agent. In the office of book agent he exhibited a comprehensiveness of plan and an energy of execution which have never been equaled by any of his predecessors or successors. When he entered the Concern, a common store, with a counting-room in the rear, sufficed for the transaction of all the business in the establishment. The books were printed at other offices, on contract. They were bound in the basement of the Wesleyan Seminary, in Crosby-street, and then conveyed in a wheelbarrow to the Book-Room, in Fulton-street. How many persons were employed about the establishment at that time I know not. There could not, how-

Result of Emory's Labors.

Literary Duties.

ever, have been a very large force; for the Rev. Joshua Soule, on retiring from the office in 1820, reports to the General conference that he and his associate had not only performed the editorial labor and various branches of clerkship, but had actually, with their own hands, done the packing, hooping, and shipping of the boxes. When Mr. Emory retired from the Concern in 1832, it had become the largest book establishment in the United States, employing nearly two hundred persons, and a capital of more than four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Emory introduced an entire new and efficient system of operations. He infused into the Concern an energy which has made it, notwithstanding the immense loss it suffered by the destructive fire in 1836, second to few, if any publishing establishment in the world.

His literary duties in the Book Concern were discharged with great ability and satisfaction. He selected the books for publication with great care and much discrimination. The Methodist Magazine, which had been commenced in 1818, and had been usually made up of extracts from other works, and of miscellaneous articles, he elevated to the dignity of a quarterly review, and occupied its pages

with subjects of general and permanent interest. He employed, so far as could be expected from his multifarious engagements and feeble health, his own pen to enrich its pages. Many of the articles extant from his pen, either in the pages of the Review or in other forms, partake of the character of controversy more largely than is agreeable to most readers. Controversy, however, was not the passion of Emory. He entered the field only to avert or repel the attacks of enemies on the Church, to whose doctrines and Discipline he was most ardently attached. It was his lot to live during the evil days, when excitement in relation to Church government was highly intense. In the contest known in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church as the Radical controversy, which culminated in 1828, and resulted in a large secession from the Church, Emory stood forth in the front ranks as one of the master-spirits in vindication of "our fathers," and in defense of the system of Church government bequeathed to their sons by Asbury and his early coadjutors. The war was waged on the part of the "Reformers," as they chose to style themselves, with the most intense bitterness. The most desperate assaults were

Emory's Defense of the Church.

Triumphant Success.

made on the Church, and the most violent attacks on the good and great men who had founded it, and who had devoted their all to its edification.

Manfully, bold, chivalrously stepped forward Emory in defense. He brought to bear in the contest talents of the highest order, and a temper of the smoothest yet keenest edge. Galantly did he sustain the cause—successfully did he conduct the defense. When the battle was over, he retired from the contest crowned with laurels, and laden with the blessings of those who respect the memory of Asbury, and love the institutions of the Methodist Church. He did not, however, idly repose on his laurels. He was constantly on the watch against either assault or surprise. He was preparing at the time of his death for the defense of the Church against attacks from those who, in their arrogance, please to assume for themselves only the right by “uninterrupted succession from the apostles” to administer the ordinances of God. But his sudden death left this work unfinished.

According to the usage at that time, Mr. Emory could remain in the Book Concern only eight years. As the time of his retiring from

College Presidencies Offered and Declined.

the establishment grew near, the reputation he had acquired for talents and energy caused numerous and vigorous efforts to be made to secure his services in other departments of Christian enterprise. He was offered the Presidency of Madison College at Uniontown, of Alleghany College at Meadville, and of Randolph Macon College in Virginia. But fearing the confinement to the duties of the presidency of a literary institution might utterly prostrate his health, already precarious, he declined to accept any of the positions offered him, with the intention of enjoying a respite from care and labor, till he could recruit his energies, exhausted by too close application to business and to study. But he was not allowed to carry out his purpose of relaxation. At the General conference of 1832 he was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was an office neither to be sought nor declined. An office of so great dignity and of so efficient means of extensive usefulness could only be accepted, and its responsible duties discharged to the best of his physical, moral, and intellectual ability.

It must be conceded that he came into the office of bishop with very superior qualifica-

His Literary Acquirements.Traits of Character.

tions. In literary acquirements he was greatly in advance of all his predecessors and colleagues. He had had the inestimable advantage of thorough training in a full and judicious course of academic education. By classical study he had acquired habits of accuracy, taste, and discrimination. By legal study he had acquired critical and logical acumen. By general reading he had become acquainted with the whole range of science, literature, and art. By his position in the Book Concern he had acquired habits of application to all the details of business. By his controversy with the Radicals he had become acquainted, more fully than any other man in America, with the theory of Church government. He was, therefore, deficient in no branch of knowledge available in his important position. He excelled in compass and comprehensiveness of mind. Standing at the center, he could comprehend at one view all the interests of the Church, diversified by physical and moral circumstances. He could bring his varied acquisitions and his indomitable energy to bear on the cause of missions, of Sunday schools, of education, of the Book Concern, on the best means to secure the property of the Church in

A Progressive.

No Utopian.

meeting-houses and parsonages, and on the efficient administration of Discipline.

He was a man of progressive mind, a movement man, a true reformer. He believed Methodism the "child of Providence," and under obligation to follow wherever Providence might lead. He would not hesitate to change a rule of Church discipline whenever, from a change of circumstances, it might become imperative or expedient. He would advocate such occasional modifications in our economy and usages as would enable us to keep fully up with the spirit of the age and the demands of the times.

While, however, he was for progress, he was also the least possibly disposed to rash, hasty, and ill-advised movements. He was no Utopian theorist, no visionary fanatic, no restless innovator, no random experimenter. All his plans were well matured, feasible, and of evident utility.

He was eminently calculated to become the leading champion of the Church, the master-spirit of the Episcopacy. His positions were so well chosen, his measures so judicious, his expositions so clear, and his reasons so cogent, that he was sure to bring all who would listen to him into coincidence with his views and to

Ever Ready for any Emergency.

Characteristics.

the support of his measures. He would, therefore, have succeeded in stamping all the measures of the Church with the impress of his own power and energy.

Whatever influence he might acquire, he would not fail to maintain. He never would be caught at surprise, and thereby suffer his reputation to be impaired. He was ever ready for any emergency, ever prepared for any exigency. He never would commit blunders, and thereby weaken the confidence others might have in his decisions.

He had the independence, the moral courage to dare where others would recoil, and to decide where others would hesitate. He would not, therefore, like some, suffer the season of successful action to pass while he was hesitating and deliberating. Promptitude, energy, and perseverance were characteristic traits in his mind.

His influence was greatly increased by the confidence which all who knew him entertained in his piety, his sincerity, his devotion to the interest of the Church, and in the purity of his motives. None could suspect him of selfishness in any of his views, or of sinister designs in any of his measures.

The Author's Personal Estimate of Emory.

My personal acquaintance with him was limited. I had, however, the pleasure of meeting him on a few occasions, among which were two affording me an opportunity to observe the nature and extent of his peculiar talents. One was in 1830, at the organization of the Wesleyan University, of whose Board of Trustees he was a member; and the other was in 1835, at the session of the Maine conference, at which he presided.

In the debate on the organization of the University he took an active part, exhibiting very intimate acquaintance with the theory of educational enterprises, but betraying some want of experience in the practical details of college instruction and discipline. At the conference at Bangor, in 1835, he presided in a most masterly manner. Never have I seen the presiding officer of any deliberative body render himself so useful and agreeable. During the proceedings of the conference he gave, on several questions of ecclesiastical law, opinions which, for clearness, accuracy, and precision of application, might stand, with honor, comparison with the matured and carefully-written opinions of Marshall or Story on questions of civil and common law. By the request of the

Bishop Emory's Power of Analysis.

conference, he preached a sermon in memory of his friend and coadjutor, the beloved and venerated M'Kendree. The sermon was one of the best I ever heard. It was a model—a specimen of a chaste, eloquent, evangelical sermon.

In power of analysis Bishop Emory excelled all men whom I ever heard, either in debate or in the pulpit. He would examine a subject in all its parts, bearings, and tendencies. He would hold it up before the mind in every possible light. He would turn it around and around, so as to exhibit every possible face. He would cleave it down, as the geologists would a mineral, to its primitive form. He would melt it in the crucible; he would detect all the elements of its composition, and determine their proportions by weight and by measure. Truth and error could not long remain intertwined in his hand. He would find the thread, disentangle the snarl, and present before you the skein clear, straight, and smooth. The Gordian knot would yield to him without the application of the knife.

While, however, his power of analysis was extraordinary, he did not excel in synthesis. His arguments were not deficient in point; but they had too many points. He was not skilled

Not a Mathematician.

Personal Appearance.

in plain, direct, precise, cogent reasoning to a single point. He introduced too many subjects but indirectly bearing on his main position. Though a fine classical scholar, he was not well trained in mathematics. He had never been drilled in precise and rigid demonstration. His mind had never been molded in the forms of Euclidian geometry. Though, therefore, his arguments were, when taken by parts, fine specimens of analysis, accuracy, and discrimination, yet, as a whole, they were often long, tedious, complicated, and inconclusive. Had his early teachers understood the character of his mind, and trained him as thoroughly and extensively in mathematics as they did in languages, he would have wielded a sword of fewer edges, but heavier and much more effective for execution.

In person Bishop Emory was interesting in appearance. He was small, but straight, neat, and perfectly well proportioned. His features were regular and handsome. His voice was pleasant, but feeble. He could not be heard amid noise and confusion; yet so distinct was his enunciation, and so correct were his sentences, that he could easily be heard and understood by an audience very large, if quiet. His

His Health.

A Peculiar Habit.

manner of preaching was energetic and forcible. His sermons and speeches, though wholly extemporaneous, were sufficiently accurate to be taken down by the stenographer, and published just as they were delivered.

He was a man of slender constitution and feeble health. While in circuits and stations he had occasionally to desist from preaching in order to recruit. While in the Book Agency he had occasionally to retire for relaxation. While traveling on his Episcopal visitation he was often troubled with absolute inability to sleep. On stopping for the night, he would, before retiring, go about his room, and fasten every loose shutter, and rattling window, and creaking door, and even then, perhaps, some slight noise in another room would entail on him for the night hopeless wakefulness. Yet, sick or well, he would keep up, so far as possible, his regular habits, rising, and retiring, and eating, and riding, and walking, and studying, at the same hours, day after day.

He was distinguished for purity and consistency of character. The man who, being acquainted with him, could suspect him of selfish or sinister motive must be deplorably jealous, or very badly depraved. He was firm, perse-

Treatment of an Opponent.

Peculiar Dignity.

vering, and always reliable. To what he deemed right he would adhere; nor could you coax, buy, or drive him, though you might reason him from his position.

Though decided in opinion, firm in purpose, and persevering in execution, yet he was kind, charitable, and benevolent to others. He would rather convert than defeat an opponent. If he must overthrow his adversary, he would never triumph over him. He was too magnanimous to insult the fallen.

He was a man of surpassing dignity. It would seem that he had never been a child, never enjoyed a child's sports, never knew a child's feelings. He would appear to have been in heart and mind a man from his birth. His letters written to his own wife and to his children are as precise, and formal, and dignified, as are his arguments on the constitutional organization of the Church. He seemed the same every-where—in the counting-room, in the pulpit, on the conference floor, in the bishop's chair, and at the fireside. Yet with all this dignity, which he never for a moment laid aside, or in any way compromised, he was a most affectionate husband, provident father, and constantly-reliable friend.

Deep Piety.A Man for the Times.

Amid his multifarious studies, plans, and enterprises, he constantly maintained a high degree of even-tempered, consistent, sincere piety. His letters to his friends and family breathe a spirit of devotion scarcely inferior to that of the pastoral letters of the saintly Fletcher. His sermons were always spiritual and evangelical. His writings, even when controversial, diffuse through the soul of the reader a spirit of elevated piety.

Take him for all in all, he was the very man for the times in which he lived. During the period of his ascendancy, from 1820 to 1835, the Church was passing a crisis in many respects. The old order of things was giving place to a new and improved system. The Methodists were becoming a great people—great in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, and in influence. A new system of operations, involving the enterprises of missions, Sunday schools, Bible societies, the publishing of periodicals and of books, the founding academies, seminaries, and colleges, had become as necessary as was the itinerant ministry itself. All these enterprises had been projected, and most of them commenced by Asbury and his early coadjutors, and they were in operation, most

His Life a Useful One.

Method of Traveling.

of them, however, on a small scale, before Emory's day. Yet just such a mind as his, so comprehensive, so versatile, so discriminating, so liberal, so highly improved by education, was necessary, at that particular time, to mature, perfect, and vivify the plans which the Church was forming. Though he died young, yet he accomplished much, very much during the twenty-five years of his ministry, and particularly during the ten or eleven years of his services in the Book Agency and in the Episcopacy.

Soon after the close of the General conference of 1832, Bishop Emory, having settled his family in Baltimore, proceeded on his first tour of episcopal visitation. He attended, during the summer and autumn of 1832, the conferences of Pittsburg, Ohio, Kentucky, and Holstein. He traveled always on horseback, in a very plain and primitive manner. Whenever he had a day or two of leisure, in any village along his route, he would spend the time in organizing a Sunday school, a missionary society, or in some other way useful to the people and the Church.

The latter part of the year 1833 he started on his second tour. He rode on horseback

Second Episcopal Tour.

Various Labors and Travels.

from Baltimore to the seat of his first conference, at Natchez, a distance of twelve hundred miles, in fifty days. During this tour, which continued six months, and compassed about three thousand miles, he attended the Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina conferences, and made several excursions to places of interest along the line of his regular route.

During the autumn of 1834 he made a pastoral excursion through the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, and through the lower counties of the western shore of Maryland.

In 1835, from February till September, he was employed in attending the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, New Hampshire, Maine, Troy, Oneida, and Genesee conferences.

In the autumn he returned to the residence he had prepared for his family at Reisterstown, a few miles west of Baltimore. On the 16th of December, 1835, he left home early in the morning, in a light, open carriage, for Baltimore. About two miles from his residence he had to descend a hill, nearly a mile in length. The carriage was seen, as it was said, about

His Death.

First and Second Marriage.

daylight, passing rapidly by a tavern near the top of the hill. In about twenty minutes a wagoner, passing down the hill, found, about two hundred yards below the tavern, the Bishop, lying bleeding and insensible by the roadside. It appears that his horse had run away with him, and that he had been thrown from his carriage, and had fallen with the back of his head on a stone, which had fractured his skull. He was taken up and carried to the tavern. Medical aid was called, his family and friends gathered around him, but the injury proved fatal. Lingerins insensible till evening, he expired. On the ensuing Sabbath his funeral was attended at the Eutaw-Street Church in Baltimore, and he was laid to rest in the vault beneath the pulpit, where he yet sleeps by the side of the great and good Asbury.

Bishop Emory was married in 1813 to Miss Caroline Sellers, of Hillsboro, Md. In 1815 she died, leaving an infant son. In 1818 he was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Ann Wright, of Queen Ann's county, Md. Five children, the eldest about twenty-one years, and the youngest only a few weeks old, were left orphans at his death. That eldest—

Robert Emory.

Early Death of Father and Son.

Robert Emory, afterward President of Dickinson College—was a young man of rare promise, fully equal, perhaps superior to his father. After a very brief but most brilliant career, he died, leaving the world wondering why two such men, father and son, so distinguished, so great, so good, should die so soon.

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