



EARLY REMINISCENCES

— OF —

PIONEER LIFE IN KANSAS,

— BY —

REV. JAMES SHAW.

—
INTRODUCTION BY

REV. A. H. TEVIS, M. D., D. D.

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TO
MY BRETHREN OF THE
KANSAS MINISTRY,
WHO HAVE BORNE THE BURDENS WITH
ME, OF EARLY YEARS, AND ARE NOW
WAITING THEIR TRANSFERS TO THE FIELDS OF
HEAVEN; AND, TO THE YOUNGER MEN IN THE RANKS
OF OUR OWN CONFERENCE, WHO HAVE
TAKEN OUR PLACES, AND ARE PUSHING ON
THE VICTORIES OF THE CROSS, THEIR
FACES MADE RADIANT IN THE LIGHT WHICH BEAMS
FROM THE THRONE OF GOD; AND TO
THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD AND TRUE, WHO
OFTEN SHELTERED AND FED ME AND
MINE, IN THE LONG AGO, THIS
VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I am urged to publish this volume of Reminiscences by many friends, whose love I appreciate, and whose opinions I greatly respect. One half of the proceeds from the sale of this volume, after meeting the expense of publication, shall go to the Preachers' Aid Society of the Kansas Conference. Therefore, I hope the members of my Conference will take an interest in the financial success of its publication, and thereby help a noble society in extending aid to an increasing number of most honorable, yet, often, very needy ministers and their families.

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The publication of these Reminiscences has been long delayed for two special reasons: want of confidence by the author, in his ability to write an interesting work, and the want of means to defray the expenses. I do hope for the co-operation of my brethren in its sale.

There will be found, no doubt, many defects, for which I ask great forbearance. I have not aimed to write a history, but a *reminiscence*—or a memory of the past.

Many persons, to whom allusion is made, have long since been dead. I have not always so stated the fact in these pages, however, for the reason that these chapters were first prepared for Ministerial Associations, etc., and now I am too infirm to revise, and make them as correct as I wish they were.

J. S.

Atchison, Kansas, December, 1886.

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INTRODUCTION.

How little we, of the present, know of the heroism of pioneer days! The great improvements of modern civilization—railroads, electric telegraph, telephone, and daily mails—have driven away forever, the *frontier*, as the fathers, in the itinerant ministry, so well understood it; it was no theorizing with them, but a hard, trying, but, withal, a joyous experience.

The christian world gazes at the Methodist organization, as an intelligent traveler, will stand amidst the arches of the world's grandest temple—its marble brought from the richest quarries of foreign lands, and its adornments laid on by masters of the highest arts—wrapped in admiration of the scene, and yet, but little thinking, or caring, of the toils, sacrifices, and sufferings of

those who built the structure, which is the pride of all.

The laity, and the new ranks of the ministry, have too little thought of the hardships of the early pioneers, in laying the foundations of our church, which now reach around the world. It is not too much, perhaps, to say, that they have not been, and will not be, in time to come, sufficiently appreciated. Their toils and sufferings can never be properly told, by tongue or pen. They contended against the ignorance and prejudice of early times; they fought wild beasts, and sometimes, wilder men, and stopped not at floods, or winter's fiercest storms; they often left their loved ones suffering and sick, at their departure, and found them dead, on their return—all, that they might spread a "christianity in earnest" over the world. We, of to-day, build on the foundations which they laid, and cultivate fields which they cleared. We need a broader, deeper sympathy with the few lingering heroes and heroines, who made the present favorable condition of the church possible to us.

The pioneers were not a weak class of men, whose power lay in a fanaticism, which impelled them to work and suffer for a religious idea. Many of them were masters of science, literature,

and theology. Their lessons were, often, not learned in academic halls and universities, but in the saddle. They studied Latin, and mastered Greek, and became scholars, not *with* "ponies," but *on* the horse, as they went from place to place.

These men were not unfeeling, or unrefined; none loved home, its society and comforts more than they. Sad wives and weeping children, as they bid them "good bye," and watched them pass out of sight, as they started on their long, and, often, dangerous journeys, sent a pain to their hearts, which none could feel more sensibly. They did not unfeelingly abandon home, and loved ones, but committing them to HIM who cares for all, yielded to an impelling force coming out of the divine words "GO, *preach my gospel.*"

This volume of Reminiscences is another light which opens up to us the past. The general outline of the history of the last quarter of a century, we, of mature years, of course, know. But how much of the minutia, connected with establishing the Methodist Episcopal Church in Kansas, and the early political history of the State, we never knew, or else have forgotten! Much of it is brought before us here. And it is

hard to realize that this, now, wonderful State, so filled with churches, and earnest church people, is the same that is described in this volume of Reminiscences of twenty-five years ago.

Father Shaw, the author of these Reminiscences, was a very untiring worker in planting Methodism in Kansas. He has known all its history, and been deeply interested in all its movements. Although now feeble by the "burden of years," he is in perfect sympathy with all the work of the church, and concerned in the wonderful growth of the State. Many ministers, after giving their lives to the work of the church, sit down into inactivity and unconcern. And if any one has a right to do so, that right belongs to Rev. James Shaw. *But he does not so act.* While he, because of his age and bad health, rarely preaches, he remembers God's work in other ways. His means are limited, yet his donations to the various enterprises of the church are large.

His book should, and will have, a large sale.

A. H. TEVIS.

Atchison, Kansas, December 24, 1886.

REMINISCENSES

— OF —

PIONEER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

LAKE SUPERIOR DISTRICT.

The hardest field of labor during my ministry was the Lake Superior District. It embraced the whole of the upper peninsula of Michigan, to which I was appointed in 1852. The work was composed of two large Indian Missions, the Sault Ste. Marie's, near the Rapids, and the Ke wa-we-non bay, with all the iron and copper mines scattered along the shore for a hundred miles, and back from the shore some forty or fifty miles in the dense forest. This district had to be traveled in the winter, on snow shoes, and in the summer by steamboats, and other small

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craft or canoes, and on foot from one point to another, from ten to thirty miles distance, through a dense evergreen forest, filled with mosquitoes, "many of which would weigh a pound." They would "light on the trees and bark" as we passed along.

At this time the Indian Missions required more attention than ever before, especially the Sault Ste. Marie. The whites were rapidly settling the country. Quite a village was being built at the Rapids. Traders were coming in, and they were very anxious to secure the trade of the Indians in order to secure their furs, to obtain which, some of them would sell or give the natives whisky, and then rob them of their valuable merchandise. To accomplish their object, they would get the Indians away from the influence of the missionary by sending them into the forest to hunt and trap; and they had so far succeeded as to lead my predecessor to think it advisable to discontinue the mission at the Sault, and follow them to their new camping ground, about thirty miles up the bay. This proved an unfavorable point. Game was not sufficiently abundant for their support. The water was so shallow that steamboats could not come near them, and there was no inducement

to labor, or desire civilization, consequently they were compelled to be absent the greater part of the time in the forest hunting, trapping or fishing, leaving the missionary and interpreter without a congregation to preach to, or children enough for a school.

At my first quarterly meeting I had but a mere handful of women and children to preach to. I soon found one of the chiefs, and in consultation with him I learned that about half way between this point and the Sault, on the river, deep water came so near the shore that by building a dock steamboats could stop and take wood, which the Indians could chop, and after the wood was taken off of the land it could be cultivated for their support.

After consulting with the chiefs and leading men of the band, and their having agreed to move to this point, providing we could purchase the land, and after counseling with the missionary on the Canada side, brother McDougal, we purchased the desired land. We took up every fractional section that bordered on the river from Wayskeys Bay to Iriquois point, about six miles, bringing us to the lower end of the Ye-quam-anaw Bay. Back of this purchase was a large body of excellent farming land, covered with a

heavy growth of sugar maple, birch, pine, and hemlock timber. On this purchase we resolved to establish the Mission. This involved the building of a new mission house, several Indian houses, and a dock ; also the chopping and hauling of several hundred cords of wood to the dock to supply steamboats during the summer. The superintendence of all this work, in addition to the work of this District, so overtaxed my strength that at the close of the third year I went to conference with the purpose of asking a division of the work ; and the appointment of a Presiding Elder for the mining district, and a superintendent to the Indian Missions.

At the conference, at the first meeting with the Bishop, to economize men and money, he proposed to attach all the Indian missions in the lower Peninsula (some two or three,) to the Lake Superior District, and to make the Presiding Elder superintendent of the whole, and also missionary to the Sault Ste. Marie's Mission. To this plan, all the Presiding Elders positively objected ; but the Bishop was sure his plan was right, and no argument could move him. I said to him, "then, of course, you will appoint a new Presiding Elder ; I cannot do the work." The next morning the conference passed a reso-

lution requesting the general conference that would meet the coming spring, that in dividing the conference, the Indian Missions of the lower Peninsula, be retained in the Michigan Conference, and the Indian Missions of the upper Peninsula belong to the Detroit Conference.

In fixing the appointments to the various circuits, stations and missions, no missionary was appointed to the Sault Ste. Marie Mission. A school teacher and an interpreter were appointed.

My plan was to have the teacher do the preaching. A single man was to be employed as teacher. In naming the districts and the presiding elders, when the Bishop came to the Lake Superior District, he announced "*James Shaw*, Presiding Elder." I thought I had made suitable explanation, and although I saw my work double what it was before, and my physical strength half what it had been, and the means to work with greatly diminished, I resolved to make no further objections, but shoulder the burden, face the music, and come life or death, trusting in God, do the best I could. But I said to Dr. Durbin, the Missionary Secretary, after the adjournment of conference, "when I turn my face toward Lake Superior everything looks

dark." He replied, "brother Shaw, you must nerve yourself for the work." This I resolved to do, and instead of stopping to brood over the cost, to commence the ascent, however rough and rugged the way. But difficulties arose mountain high before me. First, the Government had been giving \$1,400 a year to the Sault Mission, for educational purposes. The treaty having expired, this fountain from which to draw, had dried up, and there was no appropriation to furnish supplies for the Indians, and keep them at work at home, in supporting their families, consequently they would have to leave the Mission and go into the forest to hunt and trap, and the Mission be comparatively broken up. This, we resolved, should not be, under our administration.

Secondly, we were required to employ a single man as teacher, with a single man's salary, with which to board and meet other expenses. The single man failed to come, and we had to employ a member of the conference with a wife and two children, on a single man's salary, and be responsible for his support. Truly, this was being required to "make brick without either clay or straw." To save a complete failure, and the breaking up of the Mission, I had to pur-

chase, on my own responsibility, a large bill of supplies and run the risk of reimbursing myself in the operation.

The previous year, a cyclone passed through our village, and leveled our school house to the ground, and took off the roof of every Indian house in the village, leaving us without a place for school or preaching, except as we took it into the mission house. This we did until we could build a church which could serve for school purposes.

As the Indians had abandoned the Mission at the Little Rapids, two miles below the Sault where buildings had been erected for educational purposes, and improvements made on Government lands, with Government appropriation, the conference instructed me to sell what interests we had in the farm, and appropriate the proceeds to the benefit of the Sault Ste. Marie Mission. Having an opportunity, I did so, and contracted with a merchant to build a church at our Mission. The church was up, but not finished, when I ordered supplies for the winter.

I went directly from conference to the Mission, on reaching which I found things more discouraging than I had anticipated. The man who had bought the farm had failed to meet the

obligation promptly ; the merchant to whom the Mission was in debt, wanted his money ; and as the purchaser of the farm had left for Detroit, it was necessary for me to go there too, and settle the matter if possible. It was late in the fall, and the last boats for the season were up the lake. If I went to Detroit I could not return until spring. I concluded to take my family with me, and leave them there for the balance of the year. As ice had already formed along the shore, and fearing the boats might pass in the night, or fail to stop at our dock, I concluded to go to the Sault, where I could not fail to have transportation, and leave the Mission in the hands of the teacher and farmer for the winter. We had a pleasant trip to Detroit, and spent the winter in arranging for and settling up the affairs for the Mission, and preparing for our early return in the spring. We took the first boat for the upper lakes, and after a somewhat rough passage, landed safely at the Sault, and found the Mission in good condition, by the supplies we had forwarded. The Indians had been kept home and employed. The school was in a prosperous condition, and the church being built up and established. Brother Holt, the missionary, was succeeding well, both as preacher and teacher.

Brother Curtis, who had charge of the dock and supplies, had carried things safely through the winter, and all things seemed prosperous and encouraging. After spending a few days at the Mission, we proceeded to visit that part of our district on the Ke-wa-we-non Bay, and at the different mining points.

We took passage on a steamboat that was going up the bay, to the mouth of the Portage River, some twelve miles from the Mission. To reach this, we had to walk about twenty miles on a very rough and crooked shore, or trust to luck to get a passage on some small boat or canoe. Fortunately, on reaching the mouth of the Portage River, we met a sail boat coming down the river with six miners, bound for the Catholic Mission, on the opposite side of the bay from our Mission, where their families were residing, while they were laboring in the mines. We engaged passage. This was late in the afternoon, the sun only about an hour high. We expected to reach the Mission early in the evening, but as the sun went down the wind went with it, and we were left not a mile on our journey, without a breath of wind to raise a ripple on the water. Here our difficulties commenced. The boat was the largest size of small boats, and

they had no oars but the short oars for small boats, and there were no row locks for the oars. I soon discovered that the men knew nothing about managing a boat and did not know what to do. Fortunately they had a rope on board which I cut in pieces, and tied three on each side of the boat for row-locks, and set the six men to rowing, while I seated myself in the stern with an oar to guide. Thus rigged, we proceeded on our journey. The sun was now down, but fortunately we had a good moon. Our progress was very slow, as our oars were so small. It was like dipping the ocean with a teaspoon. The trip was a hazardous one, as the shore was rough and rocky. A wind from the bay would have wrecked us on the rocks. Our only hope was to press on as best we could, trusting in Providence. About midnight, all appearances being favorable, we went ashore, built a fire, and after warming ourselves, proceeded on our way. Just at daylight we reached the Catholic Mission, and found them still asleep. But we aroused them, and the priest soon had us a good cup of coffee and a bountiful breakfast, of which we partook with a relish. We then hired an Indian to take us across the bay to our Mission. I found the Mission in a prosperous

condition. We spent the Sabbath with them, and had lovefeast in the morning. At half past ten o'clock we preached, and administered the Lord's supper at the close. It was truly interesting to worship with these dusky sons of the forest. They were simple and frank in the love feast, and attentive and interested during preaching, solemn, yet joyful at the sacrament. We trust the services were profitable. Learning that some of the Indians were going to the Portage Lake mines, in birch bark canoes, we engaged passage with them.

The Missions raise, annually, large quantities of vegetables of various kinds, and the Indians follow their example, not only for their own use, but to sell to the miners. Here, too, in the marshes, cranberries grow very abundantly in their native state, and the hills and valleys in many places are covered with whortleberries and blueberries. They grow on low bushes and make the country look literally black. The red raspberry grows so abundantly here that they have become an article of commerce. On Sugar Island, twelve miles below the Sault Ste. Marie, one man has been engaged several seasons manufacturing raspberry jam. Employing the steamboats to deliver him jars and sugar, and the

Indians to gather the berries, he has prepared and sold from one to seven tons annually of this delicious article. The Indians also make great use of the berries during their season. White fish and trout are very abundant in the lake and in small streams which empty therein, and they are of the very best quality. God has wonderfully and bountifully provided, in every part of the habitable earth, supplies for his dependent creatures.

In one of the Indian canoes, made alone of birch bark, we took passage to our next appointment. When we were about half way on our trip, one of the canoes began to leak. The Indians at once proceeded to remedy the defect very skillfully. They ran their canoes ashore, and unloading the defective one, turned it over, and finding the leak, with a gum prepared from the balsam tree, they proceeded to stop it by spreading the gum along and over the crack. They melted this with a small torch, thus filling the leak and causing it to adhere to the boat. This soon hardened, making a complete repair. Placing the canoe again in the water, they reloaded it and we proceeded on our journey, and reached our destination without further trouble. This was near the Portage Lake mines. They

are situated on Portage lake, about twelve miles from the mouth of the river of the same name.

The copper mines in this locality were then considered very profitable, and employed a large number of men. There we had a Mission for the miners. Brother L. W. Earl was the preacher. At the Houghton mines we had quite a respectable society of Cornish miners who, in their religious exercises, would often speak of how they would do "at 'ome." They were faithful and true to Methodism.

Our next appointment was at the Cliff mines, three miles from the shore of Lake Superior. To reach this, we had either to travel some twelve miles in small boats, and then go over a vast, mountainous wilderness about thirty or forty miles on foot, following a dim trail, or else cross the Portage to the lake shore, and then down the shore to Eagle River. We chose the former, and hired two Indians to take us up by small boats to the head of Portage River. This brought us within one mile of Lake Superior, which we could reach by carrying our luggage over a high elevation of land. Over this, the Indians in their travels would carry their birch bark canoes and other luggage. The whole route had to be made by rowing up stream and

through small lakes. After we had made about fifteen miles, the water became visibly less, the lakes smaller and the river narrower, until it was barely sufficient to permit our boat to pass. We reached this point near night. Leaving our Indians to return, we took our baggage in hand and addressed ourselves to the task of crossing the Portage. On reaching the lake shore, we found a house and two German families living here; and not another house in twenty miles. I engaged lodging with them for the night, and employed the men to take me, on the next day, by boat to Eagle River, some twenty-five miles. They were very inquisitive as to who I was, and what was my business. I told them that I was a Missionary, and was visiting the missions at the different mines. I soon learned that they were Catholics, but had not seen a priest for several years. One of the women had a small child, she was very much troubled about, because she had not been to confession, or had her child baptized. She wanted to confess to me and have me baptize her child. I told her I would baptize her child, but could not receive confession from her. She must confess to God and trust in Christ for pardon. This seemed to relieve her, and she was greatly comforted in having her

child baptized. The morning was pleasant, and having a fair breeze, we hoped to reach Eagle River before noon. But when we had got about half way, the wind changed and came directly from the lake, and we were obliged to put to shore and wait for the wind either to go down, or change before we could proceed. We had neglected to bring any provisions for the trip, expecting to make it in half a day. How long we would be kept here we could not tell. Having come to the foot of the mountain, I resolved to try to cross it, and leave my trunk with the the men to bring, when the wind would permit.

When we reached Eagle River, we were pretty well used up. When we had rested awhile the men came up with our trunk and we proceeded to the mines, where we received a cordial welcome by the Missionary and his family. On examination we found each foot a solid blister, and our strength pretty nearly exhausted, but after suitable refreshments and resting a few days, we were so far recruited as to buckle on the armor afresh and proceed on our journey. The reader may ask, "Were you not discouraged?" Not a bit. The consciousness that I was in the Master's work, and my suffering nothing, compared with what He had suffered for me,

more than reconciled me to my calling. We next had to visit Ontonagan, some forty miles up the lake. This we did by steamboat.

Spending the Sabbath with them, we returned to Copper Harbor, another station, and then to Carp River. Back some twelve miles are the great iron mountains of this region. They are reached by a railroad, on which the ore is brought to the shore. Marquette is quite a pleasant village. They were building a church there, and we spent the Sabbath with them. This completed our first round of visitation. Our meetings were all seasons of refreshment and comfort. The charges were all prosperous and encouraging; the missionary and family in good health and spirits, and prosecuting their work vigorously and successfully. We now proceeded to the Mission at the Sault to spend a few weeks with them.

This is a fair sample of the work to be done, and hardships to be endured on this district. But the Lord mercifully sustained me, so that I was able to get through the year. At the close of my last round, I was so prostrated that it was with difficulty that I could settle up the affairs of the Mission and get things ready for conference. This being done, I proceeded at

once to Detroit, where I was confined to my room for several days. I went from a sick bed to conference, which met this year at Adrian, Mich. The brethren of the conference greatly sympathized with me in my position, and kindly voted me a superannuated relation.

At the close of the conference I returned to Detroit to recuperate. Being freed from the responsibility and anxiety of the district, and enjoying a season of rest in the society of friends, my health soon began to improve, and in a short time I had gained so much strength as to begin to feel like buckling on the armor afresh and going into the active service. The country had been for some time greatly agitated on account of the passing of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, removing what was called the Missouri compromise. Kansas seemed to be the bone of contention between freedom and slavery.

I was uncompromisingly opposed to slavery. I held that the Missouri compromise was a fraud and a disgrace to humanity, as well as contrary to the laws of God, and the quicker it was annihilated the better. And I claimed, also, that policy pleaded for its removal; that all we wanted was an "open field and a fair fight" and I feared not the result. God was on the side of

freedom, and with him on our side, no matter how strong, or how many were against us, we had a decided majority. The excitement in Kansas greatly interested me. I had been in the General Conference of 1848, when it repudiated the proposed plan of dividing the great Methodist Episcopal Church into North and South. I was on the Committee on Boundaries that recommended the organization of Kansas and Nebraska into a conference, holding that the Methodist Episcopal Church was not confined by lines, but that the "world was her parish," and every open door invited her entrance. It seemed to me that the door was opened wide to enter Kansas, and being at liberty this year, I resolved to visit that State and make a personal examination of matters and things.

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1856 TO 1858.

The Kansas and Nebraska Conference was organized in Lawrence, October 23, 1856, by Bishop Baker. Methodism in Kansas was not inaugurated by general awakenings and conver-

sions, but by its members emigrating from different parts of the country, and settling in different places, thus becoming the foundation of future church organizations. To these, as ever has been the economy of the church, missionaries were sent, who, after the example of their illustrious leader, and in the spirit of their Divine Master, encountered the hardships of a new and sparsely settled country, braved the dangers of a border ruffian war, and with the love of souls at heart, and the glory of God in view, went out, guided by the great Shepherd, to seek and gather up these destitute sheep. Thus these settlers became the nucleus around which their neighbors gathered. To them the word of God was preached, and societies formed, by which, in some instances, churches were erected. In many places these have grown to be large and influential bodies, sending forth a saving, healthful influence over all these lands. With all these points a history is connected which cannot fail to interest and profit all true lovers of our church.

To these reminiscences I desire to call the reader's attention in this volume. To this work I direct my thoughts, not without some hesitation; not but that there is abundant material,

but for lack of ability to make such selections as shall be most interesting and profitable.

I must confine myself to such places and incidents as come under my own observations. First, Leavenworth. Here my acquaintance with Kansas Methodism commenced, and under peculiar circumstances. It was some time in March, 1857, while the whole territory was convulsed with excitement over the Lecompton Constitution, and not long after the Free State men of Leavenworth had been driven by the border ruffian army on to the steamboats and carried down the river. But they had returned and again engaged in business; or, as one of them remarked to me, "They had fought, bled, and run away, and had come back to run some other day." I reached Leavenworth almost penniless, having had my watch, pocket-book, valuable papers, and all my money, except a few shillings, stolen from my state room in St. Louis. But, having "put my hand to the plough," and paid my passage, I resolved to press on, trusting in Providence.

On nearing Leavenworth, I inquired of a passenger on board, who lived in the city, for some Methodist. He directed me to Joseph Evans. When I landed on the shore, though

about 12 o'clock at night, I directed my way to his house, awoke him from his sleep, and told him who I was. He invited me in, entertained me for a few days, and loaned me money to prosecute my journey. This was true Methodist, Christian kindness.

I met here Wm. Butt, who was the preacher for this place, Wyandotte and Quindaro. He related to me some of the incidents of the previous year. When the border ruffian army came into the city, he was at work in his stable. Two of them came to his stable to press his horses, but he resisted, with his pitchfork, and drove them away; but they came back with reinforcements, and took his horses, but he escaped, seeking refuge at the Fort. By his invitation, I preached for him on Sunday. The society was then small, and worshipped in a small box house, located, I should think, about half way from where the present market house stands, and the river. The congregation was not large, but respectable and attentive.

I here made the acquaintance of Brother and Sister McCracken. Brother McC. was not then a member of the church, but was a moral, generous, and noble hearted man, whose house was ever a home for the heralds of the cross.

He was afterwards happily converted to God, joined the church, lived a consistent Christian life, and soon the Lord took him home to glory.

I was soon introduced to Sister Currier, who was then a pious and devoted Christian. She invited me to her house, and though her husband was not a member of the church, he was friendly, sympathetic and liberal. He always made the people feel at home in his house. With gratitude, I still remember how his words thrilled my heart, when his wife introduced me, and with a hearty shake of the hand he exclaimed, "Welcome to my house!"

Brother Evans still lives to bless the church; and nobly has he borne her burdens, and become almost a proverb of liberality and Christian benevolence. I once heard a Presiding Elder say, that Uncle Joe, as he was familiarly called, had grown rich by giving to the church. May he long live, with his hopeful spirit and cheerful countenance, to shout on the hosts of Methodism to victory and glory.

A short time before this a company had laid out a town and commenced to build up Atchison. They had no preaching. A preacher (not a Methodist) had once visited this town, and the rabble caught him, put him on a raft, and sent

him down the river. Six miles above Atchison, a company had laid out and commenced to build the town of Doniphan. Here one of our preachers, A. L. Downey, in fleeing from the border ruffians, took refuge with a colonel of their army, and under his protection had preached once or twice.

This colonel was a lawyer of good ability, kind and noble hearted, but then engaged in a bad cause. I made his acquaintance on my first visit to Kansas, and found him intelligent, frank and friendly, but somewhat intemperate; but when afterwards the truth of God reached his heart, he was too honest to deny its claims, and with a broken and child-like spirit he sought and found the "pearl of great price." He joined the M. E. Church, and has since been a leading, active, and useful member thereof in Troy.

Three miles above Doniphan, a Free State Company had stuck their stakes for a town, and called it Geary City. They were anxious for a preacher who would build a school house, teach their children, and preach for them, and offered me an interest in their town if I would engage with them. I was so favorably impressed with Kansas as to resolve to make it my future home;

so I made but a short stay, and returned to Detroit immediately, for my family.

I shall record here, to the glory of God, His goodness in providing for my wants in my state of destitution, so that I did not suffer in the least, though I had been robbed of my money and valuables. He raised me up friends in time of need. Not only did Brother Evans loan me money, but, on the boat going down the river, a stranger, but a brother Methodist, learning my situation, before leaving the boat handed me a five-dollar gold piece, saying, "You may want this before you get home; if you can ever return it, well; and if not, just as well."

I reached home in safety; about the first of April, 1857, I landed again in Leavenworth with my family. I purchased a team and outfit, and started for Geary City. We stayed the first night with John Rust. He is now a member of the church, and his house is a home for the preachers. The second day, which was Saturday, we camped about noon on Independence Creek. A snow storm coming up, we found shelter for the night, and over Sunday at the house of Daniel Miller. By invitation, we tried to preach on Sunday. His house was well filled, and we trust that good was done. Some who listened

to us that day seemed to be deeply interested for their soul's salvation. I tried to enforce the question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" by showing our obligations to love Christ, and the evidence we were to have, and give, of that love.

At this meeting two young men were present, from Pennsylvania, who were living in a claim shanty not far off—one a Methodist, and the other a Baptist. Brother James Lun, the Methodist, soon after settled in Leavenworth, became a leading official member of the church, and the leading architect and builder of the city; but his place in church and city is now occupied by others, and he has found his home in heaven. The other is still living in Atchison, and often refers to that first meeting with seeming interest and pleasure.

Above Geary City several towns had been commenced, viz.: Palermo, Wathena, Columbus City, Iowa Point, White Cloud, Troy and Highland. In all this territory, from Wyandotte to White Cloud, we had, as I now recollect, about three and a quarter Methodist preachers: Butt, Bowman and Downey, with L. B. Dennis, as Presiding Elder, once a quarter.

The second session of the Kansas and Ne-

braska Conference was being held in Nebraska City, when I reached Kansas with my family, which was about four weeks after my first visit. At this Conference the appointments were : Leavenworth District—William Butt. P. E.; Leavenworth City, M. M. Haun; Wyandotte and Quindaro, R. P. Duvall; White Cloud, A. L. Downey; and all between these points called, I believe, Columbus Mission, B. F. Bowman. At Doniphan, a Brother Snow had built a house, and was keeping boarders while I was after my family. At his house I commenced preaching.

At Geary City, I built a tent and begun preaching in a new hotel. Here, too, Brother Bowman came and preached. His subject was, "The office and agency of the Holy Spirit in man's conversion, and the danger of grieving its influence." This was the first sermon I had heard in Kansas. Soon after this Brother Butt wanted me to supply Atchison and Monrovia, and I consented to do so.

Circumstances by this time had changed considerably. In Atchison, a Free State Company, composed of Pomeroy, McBratney, Swift and Adams, had bought an interest in the town, established a paper, and called for a preacher. They offered Brother Butt a lot if he would

move into town and build a house, which he consented to do, and immediately gave out my appointment for the next Sabbath. On Sunday morning I preached the first Methodist sermon, and perhaps the first sermon ever preached in Atchison. We met in a little store building, on the corner of Commercial and Third streets, where the new hotel now stands. My first congregation was composed of various materials, some genteel in dress and appearance, with a sprinkling of butter-nut and indifference; some were in the house, and some outside. One specimen of Senator Ingalls's "Cattfish Aristocracy," with cadaverous looks and sunburnt face, leaning over a stump near the house, when I was about half-way through, exclaimed with an oath, "He's an abolitionist," and started for the river.

The next Saturday we started for Monrovia. We reached a house where Lancaster now stands, and after inquiring, started in the direction as best we could, but, unfortunately taking the wrong road, brought up at East Grasshopper. After inquiring again, we tacked to the south, and traveling till near sundown, found the place where the town was to be. Seeing a house across the creek, we drove up to it, and were met by a small man with but one eye, who, after

learning who we were, gave us a hearty welcome. This was Mr. Snyder, a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, a noble Christian, whose heart and house were ever open to all true Christians.

Under this hospitable roof we found shelter for the night, and preached Sunday morning under the shade of a tree on the banks of Stranger Creek. Here we met Hon. S. Hipple, who was then exploring to find a site for a steam mill. J. H. Talbot, who has since been Register of Deeds for Atchison County, and now a leading land agent of the city, was present at that meeting. Brother Snyder greatly deceives his first appearance, for though not commanding in size or appearance, he is a man of marked ability, and has figured much in Kansas politics. His voice has always been lifted in favor of purity, and with scathing rebuke to all corruption. We continued service here every other Sabbath during the summer, but confined ourselves exclusively to Atchison during the fall and winter.

A somewhat exciting scene occurred here. It had been announced that General Lane would lecture here on politics, at which some of the rabble in town, headed by a burly blacksmith and some from the Missouri bottoms, resolved that

he should not lecture. So they assembled with various weapons to defend the honor of their cause, but as Lane did not appear (except in disguise), full of whisky, and boiling over with rage, they seized Judge Adams, at whose invitation Lane had come, and dragged him through the streets, flourishing a butcher knife over his head, while the rabble cried, "Kill him! kill him!" The Judge's wife, hearing what was going on, took a loaded revolver in her hand, and with true Spartan bravery, hastened to defend her husband. The leader of the mob hearing of this, exclaimed, "She will shoot," and sloped out of sight, and the mob dispersed.

It is proper to state that the respectable citizens, though many of them differing from Lane in politics, did not countenance these proceedings. I was in town, and preached the next day. Judge Adams was present, looking as mild and serene as though nothing had happened. During this summer, Brother O. F. Short, an exhorter in our church, moved into town, purchased the paper, and continued its publication.

Sometime in January, 1858, we organized the first class in the M. E. Church in Atchison, only two of whom had been members of the Methodist Church before; the rest were from other

churches, who joined for the sake of organization, with the understanding that they would join their respective churches when opportunity should present itself. It has been the policy of the preachers and the church, from the first, to build churches and parsonages as soon as possible. If they could not build as large as they wished, or with as good material as in the older States, they would do the best they could in humble style and of less costly material; and we think they acted wisely in so doing. Those who have since come in have entered into their labors, and reaped the fruits of others sowing.

This was true of Lawrence. Their first church was of a very ordinary character; but it was the best they could do, and they had to send an agent abroad for that, for I met their agent in Detroit, Mich., and introduced him to our members, and assisted him to make collections before I ever thought of coming to Kansas. But they succeeded, built their church, such as it was, and it answered their purpose then. But their strength has increased, and they now occupy a much finer building.

So it was in Atchison. Our first society was very small, with but little Methodism in it. Our first church was unfavorably located, but it was

the best we could do. It was not large, but it answered our purpose then, and though the little one has not literally become a thousand, the society has become numerous and strong, and the present building has taken the place of the first, and the glory of the latter house far exceeds the glory of the former.

During the winter a subscription was circulated to build the first church. Mr. McBratney subscribed \$500; Short, \$500, and Pomeroy, \$500, on the consideration that it should be located at a certain place—with several smaller subscriptions, amounting in all to \$2,000. In this condition we left Atchison for Conference, which was to meet in Topeka.

This was the third session of our Conference. Bishop Janes presided. There were many incidents connected with the Conference. There were present, L. B. Dennis, with his white head, as active and sprightly as a boy; there was W. H. Goode, from Nebraska, with his sage countenance and venerable address; John M. Chivington, big enough and strong enough, in appearance, to grapple with a bear; Father Still, the oldest member of the Conference, yet full of zeal and fire. Ira Blacktord figured considerably in the doings of the Conference. He has since

located, joined the Congregationalists, and the last we heard of him he had left the country for parts unknown.

Brother J. Dennison, modest, grave, and dignified, was there to counsel and direct. Lovejoy, with his snap and bite, was there, but he had his hands full with a Brother Campbell, who had preferred charges against him. He has since transferred east, moved back to Kansas, located, and finally joined the Free Methodists, where he has plenty of elbow room. At this Conference seven new members were added by transfer, viz : N. Taylor, H. H. Moore, G. W. Paddock, C. Graham and James Shaw.

At the Conference much important business was transacted. The plan for Baldwin City and Baker University was adopted, and Brother Butt was made its first agent ; N. Taylor was appointed to the Ottumwa charge, and L. B. Dennis to the Lawrence District ; H. Still to the Manhattan District ; James Shaw to the Leavenworth District. H. D. Fisher was transferred from the Pittsburg Conference and stationed at Leavenworth. J. F. Collins was appointed to Atchison and Doniphan, and B. F. Bowman to Oskaloosa. Brother Munhall went to Columbus ; C. Graham to White Cloud ; H.

L. Downey to Grasshopper Falls; Lovejoy to Sumner, and J. S. Griffin to Indianola.

This began my second year in Kansas.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND YEAR IN KANSAS.

At the third session of the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, held at Topeka, April 15, 1858, Bishop Janes preached on the subject of holiness, and we trust with a salutary influence on the minds and hearts of the preachers, who went to their work with renewed consecration to God and the work of the ministry. For myself, I felt like girding on the armor afresh and going forth with renewed vigor to battle against evil, and gather new trophies to the cause of the Master. And I was encouraged to this when I looked around me and estimated the noble band of laborers with whom I was associated.

At Leavenworth, though there had not been any marked revival during the past year, there had been a gradual increase of wealth in the church, partly by immigration, and partly by those that had been gathered up and into the

church from the city, so that the little box house was found to be too small for them, and they were obliged to rent a hall. Several prominent members had moved in during the year—Weaver, Roberts, Landers, James, Lun, Fairchild, and others, whose names are gone from my memory; but their countenances and kindnesses still remain. Many of these are still in the city doing good work for the cause of Christ, while others have finished up their work and gone to heaven.

At the commencement of this year the society could hardly be said to be well organized, so lately had they been brought together. Such was their condition when Brother Fisher landed among them that it is not to be wondered at that for the moment he was discouraged, and his hands hung down, and he literally wept, which is not very hard for him to do. He had come from an old and well settled country, a sweeping revival of religion, fine churches, some just finished; and when he looked over this valley, he was ready to say, "Can these dry bones live?" But in the name of his Master he went to work, the spirit breathed, and it was soon seen that there was life among the bones. They came together, they rallied around their preacher, gave

him a good Christian welcome, and all said we must have a church.

Measures were at once set on foot to procure a lot, and raise funds for this purpose. So when I met them, at their first quarterly meeting, both preacher and members were greatly encouraged, and we had a refreshing season, and a new impetus was given to the enterprise of church building. Judiciously they planned, vigorously they prosecuted; the materials were gathered together, the foundation was laid, the walls began to rise, and general prosperity seemed to visit them. Business in the city was increasing; the border ruffian wave of persecution had spent its force and rolled past; the dark demon of proslavery had lost its power and seemed ashamed to show its ugly face, but had sneaked across the river, where only he dared to howl. The light, vigor and prosperity of freedom was spreading and leavening the whole city—the leaven of righteousness was working in the entire church, and throughout the town.

This was the state of things when I visited them for their second quarterly meeting. I brought with me, on this occasion, Brother Jonas Dodge. On our way we passed through Doniphan and Atchison. Night overtaking us about

nine miles from Leavenworth, we inquired for Jacob Eiler. A man informed us that he lived about one mile from there, right towards the moon. The full moon was just rising. Following his direction, we were soon at his door, and found a good Christian welcome. After an excellent supper, a pleasant evening chat, and a heavenly communion around the family altar, we retired to rest.

Brother Dodge was enthusiastically enraptured with Kansas, and this was one of Kansas's lovely autumn nights. The zephyrs were mildly moving the tall corn at the back of the house; the grass in front, and the honeysuckle that climbed over the door were gently waving, and all nature seemed to wear a smiling face. After lying in bed some time, Brother Dodge exclaimed, "I cannot sleep amid such heavenly influences; let me up and view beautiful Kansas by moonlight!" He got up, walked out of doors, gazed around him, and so full was his heart with rapture that language failed him to express his admiration of the wonderful work of God. He finally returned, and rested the remainder of the night.

The next morning we drove into Leavenworth. Here we met, for the first time, Prof. (now Dr.)

W. R. Davis, from McKendree College, on his first visit, through an invitation from the trustees of Baker University, to take charge of that new enterprise. Thus we had a strong force for our quarterly meeting, so that the Presiding Elder had but little to do but to fill up the niches or "chuck the wheels" of the gospel car as it was moved by these three yokefellows. Recollection still pleasingly lingers, but language fails to describe the pleasure of that day—suffice it to say, we had a feast of fat things.

In the afternoon we all attended the dedication of the German M. E. Church. It was a time of great refreshing. All hearts seemed glad. I recollect Brother Dodge expressed himself somewhat in the following language: "I cannot conceive that God ever made Kansas for men to live in. It is altogether too good; he must have made it for angels, and we are only permitted to sojourn among them for awhile, preparatory to our final dwelling place in heaven."

On Monday morning we held our quarterly conference, and about noon Brother Dodge and I started for Baldwin City, in a buggy, to attend a camp meeting, and the meeting of the Board of Trustees of Baker University. Brother Fisher and Davis came with a Brother Johnson and

family. Brother Johnson was now a lawyer; he had been a Southern Methodist preacher, but had cast in his lot with us. He took a lively interest in Baker University, and the affairs of the church in general. When the war broke out he responded to the call of his country, raised a regiment, and as colonel led it into the field, where he fell at the head of his regiment, leading on a charge. Poor Johnson, brave and gallant, fell in defense of his country, beloved and lamented by all the friends of freedom who knew him.

We reached Lawrence about dark, and being strangers, we inquired for L. B. Dennis, and learned that he lived about three miles in the country. We drove on through the dark, until we reached his house, and found him watching over a sick wife: but he gave us a hearty welcome.

Next morning we started for Baldwin City, but we had some perplexity in finding the way. After becoming considerably fatigued, we passed a farm house and a farmer-like man. As we approached him we said, "Sir, can you tell us where we are?" He at once straightened himself up, and with much dignity said, "Yes, sir, you are on the great plain rising from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains." This man

proved to be Father Barriclaw, a substantial Methodist, and a firm friend and liberal supporter of Baker University.

This meeting of the trustees was a very important one, and some were somewhat disappointed. We felt, on reaching here, that it was at least fourteen miles out of place, and think so yet; but it had been located here in consideration of the proposition of the Palmyra Town Association to give a military land "float," to cover the section of land which lay adjoining their town. Accordingly the trustees of the Educational Association had commenced, and nearly completed, the first stone building for the Primary Department. But, up to this time, for some reason the Town Association had failed to procure the "float," so that we had no title to the premises. But our agent informed us that a few days before he had visited the man holding the "float," and obtained it by giving his own private note for \$2,000, which we would have to raise. This took some of us aback. A motion was made to appoint a committee to receive propositions to remove the University to some other place. The committee was appointed, but after some of the friends of the measure had

left, the matter was reconsidered and left where it was before.

If this action did no other good it served to wake up the Town Association to pledge themselves to raise the money. Whether they did it, or whether those connected with the University, and whose interest and reputation were connected with its prosperity, had to assist in paying the debt, I do not know, but have heard it hinted in that direction. Suffice it to say, the debt was paid and the property secured. Prof. (now Dr.) Davis was elected President, and the University commenced a career of usefulness, and continued to prosper under the most adverse circumstances—war, famine and pestilence—and is to-day worthy of the confidence of the entire State, and the warmest sympathy of every Methodist heart. About the interest of the camp-meeting we can say nothing, for we know but little, as we had to leave on Saturday. But we left it in full blast.

The brethren at Leavenworth were pressing forward their enterprise in church building with commendable vigor. Brother Fisher was sent abroad to solicit aid during the winter, and met with some success. Brother Dodge supplied his pulpit a part of the time, until a vacancy oc-

enured at Lawrence, when he was employed as their supply. There he labored for a time, with his accustomed ability and success, and was winning glorious victories for Christ, when he sickened and suddenly died, leaving the savor of his piety and virtue behind him, when he went, doubtless, to dwell forever with angels around the throne.

During the time Brother Fisher was abroad soliciting aid, a circumstance occurred that had liked to have proved detrimental to the interest of the church. A "star" preacher appeared among them, and proposed to supply their pulpit. Many of the members were pleased with him, and the official board thought it fortunate for them, and agreed to employ him, so that when I reached the third quarterly meeting I found it announced that the Rev. —— would preach at 11 o'clock on Sunday. I sent a message to him that I wished to see him at my room. He came, and after a short introduction and a few general remarks, I inquired of him where he had formerly labored.

He said near Chicago, but said he, "I was teaching school and preaching in the neighborhood."

I asked him, "Who was the preacher on the charge?"

He replied, "I don't know; he did not come into my neighborhood."

"Who was the Presiding Elder?"

"Well," said he, "I cannot say; I never saw him."

"Have you a certificate?"

"No," said he, "I came off in a hurry, and did not get one."

"Well," said I, "have you your license? You are doubtless aware that we must have some evidence that you are a preacher."

"No," said he, "I put my license in one of my books, and before I left I sold off some of my books and, by mistake, the one that had my license in, so that it went with the book."

"That certainly was a great misfortune," said I, "but as you are announced to preach to-morrow, you will preach at 11 o'clock, and I will occupy the evening," to which he readily assented.

Accordingly, he preached on the subject of LIGHT; and it was a splendid sermon, one that would have done honor to a Bishop, and I had no doubt but that it had long before done honor to some great man. I preached in the

evening, and when the Quarterly Conference came together, I laid before them the conversation I had had with the man, and then said to them that he could not occupy their pulpit with my consent.

They were already "in for" his board, but it was agreed that I should inform him that his services would not be needed, which I did, and that was the last I ever heard of him. This circumstance threw a damper on them for a while, but Brother Fisher soon returned, and matters brightened up again and moved on prosperously to the close of the year.

At Atchison, Brother I. F. Collins, with good judgment, took up the work where I had left it, and immediately commenced to build a church. He was a genial gentleman, a good preacher, and faithful pastor, whose praise is still in the church and city, though he has gone to his reward in heaven. May we all follow him as he followed Christ, till we all meet above to count our conflicts and victories over, and give the glory to God and the Lamb forever.

Several members were added to the church this year. Brother Samuel Gard, who came here a young man and found employment as a clerk, brought his letter, and at once identified himself

with the church, and soon won the confidence of all who knew him. He was modest and retiring in his appearance, but firm and active in his religious character. After continuing in his capacity as a clerk for a few years, he, in company with D. C. Newcomb, opened a dry goods house, which rapidly grew to be one of the leading houses in the city. After a few years of honorable and successful business, his health failed, and in a few short weeks he died, beloved and lamented by all who knew him. Brother Newcomb still survives him, and continues the business, and well has he maintained the reputation, they early gained, of Christian liberality. And I have no doubt but that Christianity in general, and the Methodist Church in particular in Atchison, owes more to these two young men than to any other single human instrumentality, and clearly was it demonstrated in them the truth of the wise man's saying, "There is that giveth, and yet increaseth."

Albert Burr joined the church this year and was licensed to exhort. He afterwards became a preacher, and was admitted on trial in the Conference, and appointed to the Indianola circuit; but before the year closed he became dis-

couraged and left his work. Brother Burr's religious character, as far as I know, was good ; his spirit truly catholic, and his ecclesiastical cloak was rather of the accommodating kind. I believe he has since preached for the Wesleyans in Canada, then again for the Methodists in Michigan, then for the Congregationalists in Missouri, and the Southern Methodists in Kansas. While he has thus been going "in and out," it is doubtful whether he has found much pasture. A single purpose judiciously formed, tenaciously adhered to, and vigorously prosecuted, will assuredly be attended with success and happiness, while indecision is the fatal rock, on which many otherwise good and talented men have been wrecked.

About this time a wealthy firm moved into Kansas and settled in and around Atchison, viz.: Butcher, Auld & Dean. Crookham also, with an interesting young family, located here. He was a master mechanic, and engaged in his business. Thomas Butcher and J. C. Auld moved into the country. Auld and family at once united with our church, and he was made a steward, in which relation he has remained, and been active nearly ever since.

Butcher and Auld have since both moved

into Atchison, and as their families have grown to maturity, they have all manifested an interest in the church, and become members. Crookham's family have all been identified with the church. How potent is parental influence and example. The church building was safely progressing toward completion.

Sumner was laid out for a town three miles below Atchison. It was then small, but made big pretensions. It assumed very soon to become the metropolis of Kansas. It had laid out its streets and avenues; had its business houses and its hotels; its stores and storehouses; groceries and saloons. A very good school had been commenced, and they had splendid churches (on paper). A weekly paper had also been established, through which they heralded abroad their mighty dimensions; spoke of themselves as already quite a town, having two principal landings from the river, the one at the foot of Main street, the other, their upper landing, where a few houses had been built, called Atchison; all, however, would soon be embraced within the city corporation.

A few Methodists had been attracted to this place, and settled in and around it. To such a point the Bishop and his council thought they

must send a strong, full grown man. They selected Brother Lovejoy, with his Yankee look and training. The Town Company gave him a lot, and he built himself a house. In starting for the first quarterly meeting, my horses became unmanageable and threw me from my buggy, and so injured me that I could not reach them.

At their second quarterly meeting, I found Brother Lovejoy living in his own house. He had gathered up the members and organized them into a society. He also took in Monrovia, and a place eight miles from Leavenworth, called the Miser neighborhood. Father Miser had been partially educated for a Baptist preacher, but was then a substantial Methodist, and an excellent man. Also, Eiler's neighborhood, nearer the river. Here Brother David Sprong, from Philadelphia, an old associate of Brother James Linn, had settled. He was an educated lawyer, but has since become a practical and wealthy farmer. This charge also embraced Kickapoo, and some other points on the river, and promised then to become quite an important work.

But Sumner was short lived. The fates seemed against them : the bluffs were too rugged

and the location unfavorable. Some excellent members of our church had settled there. Brother and Sister Newcomb, parents of D. C. Newcomb, had settled there, with their eastern economy and enterprise, and opened their house for the heralds of the cross. Under their hospitable roof, in their pleasant and friendly society, at their liberal board, often have my weary limbs been rested, my sinking spirits revived, and my physical wants supplied. They still live, in Vermont, but are feeble, yet joyfully and hopefully looking across the River of Death to the Better Land.

Several young men of promising ability commenced their career at Sumner, and have, and are, making their mark in the world. The late lamented Richardson, and the present Senator Ingalls, I believe, commenced at Sumner. But, notwithstanding all their ability, the town began to dwindle, the inhabitants began to move away, and finally a tremendous storm blew down several houses, and nearly all the rest was put on wheels and moved to the "upper landing." The charge has since been divided and lost its identity, and has been swallowed up by other charges.

Brother Bowman began his labors at Os-

kaloosa with zeal and usefulness. The town was commenced by members of the church from Iowa. The leading man was a local preacher, and under his leadership they prospered for a time; but there was too much fight in the material of his constitution for these troublous times; so he quit preaching, engaged in the struggle, and was carried away in the excitement; got out of the church and became intemperate. He has once or twice been reclaimed, and the last I heard of him, he was preaching for the United Brethren. May he have strength to triumph over all sin and stand entire at last.

The results of the pastor's labors on this charge, this year, cannot be told in this world, as instrumentalities were set in operation that have, to the present day, been telling to the interest of the cause of Christ, and the salvation of souls. Brother G. R. Houts, who had been partially hiding his light, was hunted up by the pastor, called out, and licensed to preach, and has since been, for several years, an active and useful member of the Kansas Conference.

Indianola was a new work, embracing all the country between Topeka and Grasshopper Falls. It was named after a little town on Soldier Creek, about four miles north of Topeka. Here

Brother Fairchild had been selling goods. With him we had formed a short acquaintance at Conference, and it was he who took care of our horses, as we could not take them across the river at that time. He was one of the first, and remains one of the firmest, Methodists in Kansas. He said to me he esteemed it a great favor even to keep a Methodist preacher's horse. His heart and purse have ever been open, not only to the calls of charity in general, but to the support of the church in particular; and the church in return has shown its confidence in his judgment and ability, by electing him one of their first lay delegates to the General Conference.

Brother J. Griffin, who came to this Territory with W. H. Goode, as one of the first preachers, was appointed to this work. He lived on his farm near Topeka. To reach this quarterly meeting I had to travel over fifty miles. I reached the place the second day, about noon. I inquired for Brother Fairchild, and they told me he had moved to Leavenworth. I then inquired for the Methodist preacher. They said they guessed he was not in town. I inquired if he was expected, and if there was to be meeting that day and the next. They said they

believed so. I inquired where the preacher stopped when he came. A woman replied, "Sometimes here, and sometimes over yonder," pointing to another house. I then thought I would try what good office would do a man while in straits. I told them I was the Presiding Elder; had come to hold their quarterly meeting, but being a stranger, I did not know where to stop. They replied, "Perhaps the preacher is at the other house."

I drove over to that house, and made similar inquiries, with similar results; but, said one, "The preacher stops sometimes at Mr. ——'s, about half a mile out of town."

I concluded to drive to Mr. ——'s. I hitched my horse at the gate, and walked up to the house, and inquired of the woman if they ever entertained preachers there. She seemed a little embarrassed, but said, "Sometimes; we expect Brother Griffin here to-day."

I informed her I had come to hold their quarterly meeting, but did not know where to stop. She replied, "I guess you can stay here; Mr. —— will be home soon and take care of your horse."

The man soon came, and by the time the horse was taken care of, Brother Griffin came.

It was then near two o'clock, the time for meeting to commence, and I had had no dinner, nor had any one asked me to have any; and being a little discouraged, and considerably fatigued, I felt more like resting than eating; and then the time having arrived, we started for the school house. I said to Brother Griffin, on the way, "if it were not for the honor of the church I would hitch up my horse, shake the dust off my feet and leave the place immediately."

On reaching the house, we found a few assembled, and I occupied a short time in inquiring, "What is your life?" by noticing the brevity of human life, the feeble tenure by which it is held, and the important results of its improvement either of happiness or misery; and I think a good impression was made.

We returned to the house, and soon had some refreshments. The man seemed sour, sullen, and unsociable. I endeavored to act the agreeable as best I could, and talked of his farm and farming interests. He brightened up a little, and seemed more friendly.

Next morning, in the lovefeast, the Spirit of God was present to melt all hearts, so that at its close, our host, with some other hard cases, came forward with tears, to unite with the

church as seekers of religion. But a few months after, this man died, a different man from what he had been the most of his life.

How important it is to sow beside all waters, and how true the declaration, that if we sow our seed in the morning and in the evening withhold not our hand, we know not which shall prosper, or whether all will prove good. On us is the obligation; with others, the responsibility; but with God, the final award.

Grasshopper Falls enjoyed some prosperity under the administration of Brother Downey, and has gradually risen ever since. Dr. Cooper then lived there, was one of the stewards, and very active and interested in the affairs of the church. He has since moved to Oskaloosa, and united with the Presbyterian Church; but, wherever he is, he is very friendly, for it is his nature.

White Cloud took permanent ground from the commencement. Brother C. Graham, from the Genesee Conference, was their preacher. He labored with much acceptability, but has since returned to his old Conference. Brother Munhall, a young man received on trial at the Conference, was sent to Columbus City. This work embraced Troy, the county seat of Doni-

phan County, and all the little villages in the bend of the Missouri River, between Doniphan and White Cloud.

In the fall we held a camp meeting, near Columbus City. It was a time of refreshing, awakening, and conversions, and we trust lasting in its results. On Sunday morning we held a general speaking meeting. Several interesting experiences were related. Among them was one rather remarkable. A brother arose and spoke in substance as follows: "Some years ago I was convinced of sin, and earnestly desired pardon and acceptance with God. I did not know what to do, but was anxiously inquiring the way to Zion. A professed friend said to me: 'Why need you be so troubled; the way is easy; all you have to do is to be immersed in water, and you will immediately meet with a change of heart.' I at once consented, went forward, and was immersed. After I had wiped the water out of my eyes and ears, my friend said to me, 'Have you not met with a change in your feelings?' I hesitated for a moment, and then said yes, I have been changed from a dry state to a wet state, and that is all the change that I can see. My heart was still oppressed. I felt the burden of sin still weighing

me down. I heard of a prayer meeting; I went to it, went forward for prayers, and in answer to prayer, God blessed me. My burden fell off; my grief-stricken heart was comforted; then I knew I was changed—changed from darkness to light; from weeping to rejoicing; from an unbelieving, hard, and cold heart, to the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which love I still feel burning in my heart this morning.”

Doniphan was supplied this year by Brother Collins. He succeeded in forming a class and organizing a Sunday School. The land office having been located there, had given it considerable importance. The society has continued to prosper more or less until the present day.

The conference year was drawing to a close, and the church in general was in a healthy and prosperous condition. I was living this year about half way between Atchison and White Cloud. One evening, while quietly seated in my house preparing my papers for Conference, I was saluted by some one from without. On going to the door, a voice inquired, “Can you keep some Methodist preachers over night.” I cheerfully replied in the affirmative, and readily recognized the voice of L. B. Dennis, Presiding

Elder of Lawrence District, accompanied by President Davis, B. C. Dennis, and Brothers Blackford and Lloyd, on their way to Conference, which was to meet in Omaha.

The next morning these brethren started on, and I had to go to Atchison on some Conference matters, and returned at night, and started next morning for White Cloud. I learned at Atchison that a boat had passed up with several of the preachers on board. I reached White Cloud before them. After waiting a short time, the boat came along, and I and Brother Graham went on board, and found Brothers Fisher, Collins, Lovejoy and others, on board, which added to the pleasure of the trip. The boat made slow progress, so that we were out on the Sabbath; but the occasion was improved, by invitation of the Captain, by holding religious service. We reached Omaha, the seat of the Conference, in good time, and found several of the preachers already on hand, and in good spirits, after the toils, conflicts, victories, sufferings and triumphs of the past year.

CHAPTER IV.

OMAHA CONFERENCE.

Bishop Scott was to preside at the Omaha Conference, but he did not reach the place until Thursday evening or Friday morning after the Conference met. W. H. Good was elected President, and I. F. Collins, Secretary.

In the appointment of committees, a motion was made that the Presiding Elders, and one man from each district, be the Mission Committee. One of the Presiding Elders moved to amend by striking out the words, "Presiding Elders," in the first line, and adding, "exclusive of the Presiding Elders," which motion prevailed.

This action proved most beneficial to the Presiding Elders, as the committee wished to show their magnanimity, so that the appropriations to the districts were larger than their delicacy would have allowed them to make for themselves. But in other respects, it operated unfavorably, for both President and Committee had to work in the dark—the one in making the appointments, and the other in making the appropriations. In one case the appropriation was for one man, but two men were appointed

to the work. In other cases, small appropriations were made, and men of large families were appointed to the work.

The practice, that has obtained, of making the Presiding Elders the Mission Committee, has been found to be both wise and just, for so both the men and the money are taken into consideration in making the appropriations and the appointments.

At this Conference, the question of sending preachers to the Rocky Mountains was discussed at length, in the Bishop's Cabinet. It was finally determined that W. H. Good should receive a nominal appointment, and some time during the year, with some young man that he might select, visit the Rocky Mountains, make a thorough exploration, and report at the next Conference. Leavenworth was fixed upon as the place for the next session.

At this Conference, Bishop Scott preached Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, on the "Divinity of the Holy Spirit," and Brothers Dennis and Taylor preached—one in the afternoon, and the other in the evening—and both did well, and doubtless would have done better, had they not had the Bishop and the Conference to carry; for

both appeared as if they were ready to say, "Ye are all spies."

On Monday, at the close of the afternoon session, the 221st hymn was sung, and Prof. Loomis led in prayer; and the Bishop, after some appropriate remarks, read the appointments, and Conference adjourned, and we all prepared to report for our respective division of the work.

H. D. Fisher was returned to Leavenworth for the second year, during which the church was inclosed, and the lecture room opened for service. This made them a comfortable place for worship. The congregation began to increase, and general prosperity attended them.

The Leavenworth mission was connected with Sumner and Lancaster, and supplied by Brothers Lovejoy and Taylor. But little was effected towards a permanent organization. Sumner and Lancaster began to dwindle. This year financial affairs fell fearfully low. At the second quarterly meeting they paid the Presiding Elder *fifty cents, all in cash*. At the fourth quarterly meeting, a collection of some *three dollars and a half was taken up*, and the whole was paid to the Presiding Elder, which constituted the sum total of his receipts, from this charge, *for the entire year*.

Surely much faith was necessary on the part of the preachers, but, "could faith save them?"

Atchison and Doniphan, under the administration of Brother I. F. Collins, continued to prosper. The church at Atchison was completed and dedicated. Brother H. D. Fisher officiated with his accustomed ability and success, yet there was a debt the trustees had to assume.

About this time (August, 1859), Rev. L. D. Price, a transfer from the Detroit Conference, moved into Kansas, and as our Conference met in the spring, he assisted the preachers in filling up the work—preaching occasionally at Leavenworth, Geary City, Doniphan, and Atchison. At the latter place he rendered efficient service, preaching for them while their pastor was abroad soliciting aid, and going abroad himself and raising money, among his old friends, to relieve them of their embarrassments, so that the whole debt was honorably paid during this winter.

A little before this, three young men—brothers—and two sisters, by the name of McCully, moved into Atchison. They were children of religious parents, who had died and gone to glory. The children had doubtless been brought up in "the way they should go." The brothers were not members of the church, but were from the first,

identified with its interests, so much so, that reminiscences of Methodism in Atchison would be seriously defective without reference to this family. One of the sisters has since married, and moved into the country. One of the brothers died, and another has gone to some other parts.

Sister Sally identified herself at once with the church; and in the Sunday school and all the social gatherings, she is an essential part and parcel; while J. C.'s voice has been heard in the choir, and his money and influence felt in all the benevolent enterprises of the church. We wish he possessed as much experimental and vital christianity as he does liberality and friendship.

During this year, J. M. Crowell moved into Atchison, and opened a grocery store. His wife was a member of the church, and a woman of unusual energy, activity, and business qualifications. She could never be inactive any where. She could purchase a bill of goods, and order them on with dispatch, and then go behind the counter and deal them out to customers. She could not only move with ease in the society of the cultured and refined, but her presence was always found at the bedside of the suffering.

She sought out the poor, to administer to them relief, while the claims of the church were always prominent in her plans—but the Master has seen fit to call her away. Thus he takes the workmen home, but carries on the work.

At Doniphan, a good Sunday School had been organized the year before, and continued to prosper. Near the close of last year, two men moved into Doniphan, viz.: Dr. Phelps and J. Hartman. They were both members of the church, and very active, and seemed great friends. One was made a class leader, and the other a steward, and the church felt greatly encouraged. But, unfortunately, during the year some difficulty sprung up between them (the merits of which I never understood), and they quarreled severely, and threatened to shoot each other. Of course, they both blackslid. Phelps withdrew from the church, and Hartman, as he was only on probation, was read off at the quarterly meeting, as discontinued. He came to me soon after, and threatened to whip Collins. I told him he had better “hold his horses,” as he had already sufficient reputation, and that his spirit now convinced me that Brother Collins had done right.

Phelps moved into the country, for about a

year, and then went to Atchison, and opened a drug store. He was afterwards reclaimed, brought into the church, made a class leader, lived a short time, and then died, I think, in the confidence of all who knew him—and, we hope, is safely landed where suffering and sorrow will never come. Hartman, I believe, has since died, but under what circumstances I know not.

Towns had sprung up in Kansas, as mushrooms. One was rising and spreading opposite St. Joe, called Elwood, which was attracting considerable attention. This place, connected with Wathena, was made a charge, and Brother May, who had been stationed at Nebraska City, was appointed to this work, but he chose to transfer to the Missouri Conference.

Soon after my reaching home, I received a letter from Bishop Scott, informing me that Brother May had transferred, and that he had sent me the bearer, Brother Blake, to supply his place at Wathena. Brother Blake, commenced his work with considerable spirit, but failed to make any impression at Elwood. The people at Wathena seemed well pleased. At the first quarterly meeting, they were in good spirits ; at the second, a little lukewarm ; at the

third, chilled ; and at the fourth, dead and ready to be buried. Thus the year closed.

Columbus City was a charge with two preachers—Brothers B. F. Bowman and a single man by the name of J. E. Kline. It extended from Iowa Point to Palermo, leaving Wathena and Elwood out, and west to the Brown County line. It was a year of considerable prosperity, especially with Brother Kline, as he found a good wife in the person of the daughter of the late Rev. Jonas Dodge. A camp meeting was appointed for this work, to be held at Charleston.

Shortly before this time, a man by the name of Lloyd, living in my neighborhood, who had once been a member of the church, and a preacher, had in some way got out of the church, but continued to preach, as the Yankee fought, “on his own hook.” He had become remarkably liberal in one direction, embracing all denominations alike ; but very proscriptive in another, and in his opposition to all organizations, he had waxed warm. He came to me and inquired if he attended the camp meeting, would I permit him to preach. I told him no ; that I was responsible for the proper management of the meeting ; that he was not responsible to any religious denomination ; and, although I

wished to treat him courteously, I could not take the responsibility of permitting an irresponsible person to address a congregation under my supervision. He took it kindly, and was ever after my friend.

Plain, kind, and honest dealing with men, I have always found, to be the best. This man afterwards, in a religious awakening, became revived, joined the church, and under the administration of D. P. Mitchell was licensed to preach. He has since died, and we hope is safe in heaven. The camp meeting was one of interest, and we trust of profit, to many souls.

At White Cloud and Highland, nothing special came under my observation during the year. Grasshopper Falls and Indianola were supplied by Strange Brooks, of the Iowa Conference, with the understanding that he obtain a transfer during the year. This was a heavy charge, and required much travel; and he had his hands full of labor, but not of money, for I believe he claimed to have nearly eaten up a good pair of mules during the year.

At one of his quarterly meetings I employed Rev. L. D. Price to attend in my place. The meeting was to be held at Indianola, near Topeka. A little incident occurred, in making the

trip, which will give some idea of the exposure in a new country. I give his own language :

“I reached the Grasshopper about three o’clock in the afternoon of Friday. I observed that the stream appeared high, but as there were fresh tracks on both sides on the shore, I thought I could go where others went, and without hesitation, pushed on. But before the wagon was in the stream, the horses were swimming, and no chance for retreat. When about midway of the stream, my light wagon uncoupled—the hind wheels and bed, went down stream. I managed to get on the fore axle-tree, and went out with the horses. On reaching the shore, I separated my horses, got on one of them, and rode up to the town, and reported to Brother Brooks, the preacher. He at once comprehended my situation, and without delay, mounted his mule and started to the new mill, which had that day shut up their dam that had caused the rise in the stream. The gate was opened; the next morning we got out the wagon, hired a boy to go in and bring out my satchel, containing my clothing, books and papers. I went to a store and purchased some under clothing, and with Brother Brooks, started for the seat of the quarterly conference.

We had a pleasant time, holding the meeting in a cloth tent, provided for the occasion. On our way home, night overtook us, and as it was difficult to find our way after dark, we halted at a cabin and inquired if we could stay all night. Being answered in the affirmative, we put up our team. The lady of the house prepared supper for us, which consisted of 'slap-jacks' and strong coffee, and when ready, she said to us, 'Now, pitch in.' After some conversation and prayer with the family, we rested upon a bunch of straw. In the morning we arose early, and started before breakfast. Inquiring what the bill was, we were told that it would be 'six bits' apiece. We reached home in good time, with \$2.50 for the Presiding Elder, and about \$5.00 out of pocket, saying nothing about the loss of books and papers by lying in the Grasshopper one night."

At Oskaloosa, during the previous year, under the judicious administration of Brother Bowman, the church had become permanently organized, and blessed with a glorious revival of religion. Some had been reclaimed and others converted and brought into the church; about thirty-five in all. During the present year, under the administration of Brother Downey,

they continued to prosper, although it required much wisdom and attention to build up and establish the members.

In this work, the pastor was greatly assisted by Brother Jacob Boucher, a local elder. Brother Boucher was formerly from Ohio, where he was licensed to preach, and received into the North Ohio Conference. He labored there three years, with great acceptability and usefulness, but for some reason he discontinued, which step he has ever since regretted. He removed to Iowa, and from there to Kansas, in 1856. He was one of the first to settle in Oskaloosa. He was modest, meek, and retiring in his appearance; yet settled, consistent and firm in his religious character; and, although he might assume to lead, he was emphatically the foundation, central pillar, and life of the organization. His cabin was the first preaching place in town, and when the congregation became too large for this, he fitted up another house in town, belonging to him, in which all denominations worshipped, when not occupied by the Methodists. His house has been a home for preachers, and his purse ever opened to the calls of charity in general, and the support of the church in particular. He has since been in the regular work as a supply,

two or three years, and everywhere rendered good service.

Brother Boucher was clear on all the doctrines of the Bible, as set forth in the discipline of the church; warm and ardent in his sympathies; kind and liberal in his feelings; conscientiously exact in all his dealings—consequently a growing christian. The interest of christianity, and the church, seemed to be the ruling motive of his life.

I will relate a little incident to illustrate his character. When their first neat little church was built, he was foremost among the subscribers; and when it was finished, there was a small debt yet remaining, which they proposed to raise at the dedication. Brother Boucher sent for me and the pastor to come and see him. We found him in a dark room, suffering severely from inflammation of the eyes. Said he, "I thought I had paid all I could, but I want to see the church out of debt. I want you to put me down for \$25.00 more." And he wept for joy, and gave glory to God for his abounding grace.

As time moved on, his constitution and his physical energies became feeble. In some respects, his mind seemed to gather new strength and such was his faith, that he appeared to live

in constant communion with God, and ripening for the better land. In his latter days he wrote much—some very excellent poetry for the papers, and an autobiography, which his family still have in their possession.

One day in February, 187—, he met in class, and told them that it would probably be the last time he would meet with them. In a few days he was taken sick, and after lingering a short time, quietly passed away. May we not well say, “Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.”

Jesse Newell was one of the town proprietors. He came here a local preacher; he was ardent and positive in his temperament, and when he went right, he went with railroad speed; but when he stopped, he would not go at all; and when he took the wrong shoot, he went with accelerated motion. I believe, on the whole, he wanted to be good, and do good. He had some ups and downs. We hope, through grace, he will get to heaven at last.

Noah Leverton, a local preacher, was an early settler here, and rendered valuable service in building up the church. He has since died, and gone to his reward. Brothers Fitzsimmons and Shraden were early here, and actively engaged

in the cause of the Master as steward and class leader.

Oskaloosa, this year, had some difficulties, both in town and church. They had resolved from the first to make this a strictly temperance town. But soon it was found that the devil was not willing to acknowledge their right of pre-emption, or give peaceful possession to the principles of right, but through his agent, a hotel keeper, smuggled in a barrel of whisky. The ladies, learning this, organized themselves into a vigilance committee, and under the leadership of Sister Boucher, visited the place, and informed the woman (the man being absent) that they had come to empty out that whisky. She pleaded for her dear idol, and to save it from destruction, being nearly as heavy as the barrel of whisky, threw herself on it and hugged it closely to her bosom, and after some little parleying, she arose to plead her cause, and defend her rights. The ladies took advantage of this opportunity, and one held the woman while the others spilled out the whisky, and thus destroyed the "snakes," that otherwise might have got into the boots of some of their husbands.

The church had some difficulties this year. One that had been reclaimed and brought into

the church, became a little restive ; thought he had not been promoted sufficiently, and complained that while they had been feeding some with a ladle, they had fed him with a spoon, and not being in favor of homœopathic doses, he declared he was starving to death, and got out of the church. He has since gone where, perhaps, they feed him with a shovel. Such is the appetite of some men for flattery, that nothing but scoop-shovel doses can satisfy them.

The time for the fifth session of the Conference drew near, and the preachers prepared to go up to their Jerusalem, not knowing what would befall them there.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVENWORTH CONFERENCE.

March 15, 1860, Conference met in the lecture room of the church. It consisted of thirty-eight members, and all were present except two, Brothers A. Still and C. Ketcham. Bishop Ames, who was to preside, did not reach the Conference at all. It was called to order, and L. B. Dennis elected chairman *pro tem.*, and H. D. Fisher, Secretary. The Conference then

proceeded to elect a permanent President; L. B. Dennis was declared duly elected.

The transfer of L. D. Price from the Detroit Conference, and Strange Brooks, from the Iowa Conference, were read, and they were introduced, and took their seats within the bar. Joseph Brooks, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, was also present, and preached on Sabbath, at eleven o'clock, an able and spiritual sermon. I believe he was more successful as an editor and preacher, than he has *since been as Governor of Arkansas*.

The business of the Conference was transacted with dispatch, and it was practically demonstrated that we had abundant material in the Conference for Bishops, besides what was already worked up into the Existing Board.

Brother Goode made a favorable report of the Rocky Mountain exploration, which he had made during the year. A Rocky Mountain District was formed, and John M. Chivington, appointed Presiding Elder, and J. Adriance stationed at Golden City and Boulder. The rest was to be supplied. Milton Mahan was re-admitted at this Conference, and stationed at Atchison.

Much important business came before this

session. It was the time to elect delegates to the General Conference—L. B. Dennis and W. H. Good were elected said delegates, and W. R. Davis, D. D., and W. Smith, reserves.

A resolution was passed, requesting the General Conference to connect that portion of the German work, known as the Missouri District, of the Illinois Conference, to the Kansas Conference.

A motion was also adopted requesting the General Conference to divide the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, according to the State lines; the Rocky Mountain District to remain in the Kansas Conference.

A motion was also adopted requesting the General Conference to make contingent provision to organize a Rocky Mountain Conference, prior to the General Conference of 1864, and to authorize the Bishop to make such organization, should the continued immigration be such as in their judgment to render the measure necessary.

The place for holding the next Kansas Conference was fixed for Manhattan, and for the Nebraska Conference, at Nebraska City. In case of no division, all were to meet at Manhattan.

J. Paulson, from the New England Confer-

ence, and Wm. Butt, of the Arkansas Conference, were also transferred to Kansas. Brother Butt had been a member of this Conference once before, but had been transferred to Arkansas, and appointed to the Texas District. He took his family in a wagon, and with an ox team, started for his field of labor. On reaching Texas, he found the pro-slavery element so heated up, that silence was indispensable for his safety, and in consultation with a few friends, concluded not to make himself publicly known, but to retrace his steps to where he could breathe more freely.

The business of this Conference having been finished, the appointments were read, we adjourned, and the preachers prepared to engage in the campaign for another year.

The following were the districts and the Presiding Elders for the year: Omaha, W. M. Smith; Nebraska City, Isaac Chivington; Leavenworth, James Shaw; Baldwin City, L. B. Dennis; Ossawatomie, Nathan Taylor; Ottunwa, Mark Robertson; Manhattan, J. Denison; Rock Mountains, J. Chivington.

Brother Fisher's constitutional term having expired at Leavenworth, it was left to be supplied, and he was appointed to the Leavenworth

Mission, in connection with A. L. Downey, with the understanding that he should go abroad as agent to collect funds to finish up the Leavenworth church. The Presiding Elder was to supply the station as best he could.

L. D. Price was stationed at Nebraska City. On reaching his charge, he found to his great discouragement, the church in a state of excitement about the appointment of the new Presiding Elder, he having been stationed there the year before. In some way a difficulty had sprung up between him and some of the leading members of the church, and they absolutely refused to receive him as their Presiding Elder. Charges were preferred by each party against the other, and both were recruiting for a general war. But, by an effort on the part of the pastor, an agreement had been effected. A compromise was proposed, on the part of the church, about to this effect: That if a change of Presiding Elders, between this and the Leavenworth District, could be effected, they would drop the matter and let it rest.

To this, I understood Brother Chivington consented, and Brother Price came to obtain my consent to the arrangement. After looking the matter over I concluded that, at least in some

cases, caution was the better part of valor. I said to him, I think, about in substance, as follows :

“ There is a certain little animal that looks very innocent and pretty at a distance, but facts prove, the further you keep from it the better. If you do not want your alfactories awfully shocked, and you in return shock others, you had better not stir it up, even with a long pole. If this animal has to be skinned, I do not propose to undertake the job.”

Brother Price returned, but did not stay long. His health, poor at best, completely failed, and he had to give up the work.

The political affairs of the nation began to assume a fearfully serious and threatening aspect. The presidential election was drawing near ; the sentiments of the people were clearly and unreconcilably divided on the subject of slavery, and both parties sought to make it a political issue.

The agitation effected all organizations and institutions. The churches all felt its baneful influence. The Methodist Episcopal Church had been racked to her center, and rent in twain by this unfortunate agitation, and now a similar result threatened the nation.

The great majority of the people north were determined on the destruction of slavery, or, at least, to so corner it up, punch, gore, and injure it, that it would die of its wounds.

The south plainly saw that there was no hope for them and this institution, except in its unconditional and universal endorsement, or a destruction of the government. Hence, they sought the control of the nation by nominating a southern man for President. Failing in that, the great Democratic Convention divided—part drew off, and put in nomination one of their own choice. On his election, they staked the stability, and life of the nation, and boldly declared they would accept of no compromise, or submit to any other decision.

Of course, the church could not live in this agitation and strife, and not be effected. The ministers were warned against agitating the question. If they were in favor of the institution of slavery, they were in disfavor with the northern element; if they were opposed to the institution, the south said, "You must keep your mouth shut on the subject, or keep out of our community."

But, eternal honor to the Methodist preachers of Kansas, they proposed, with their illustrious

leader, to be loyal to their government. Though the fierce war cry was ringing through the air, with persevering firmness they lifted up their voices against every thing they conceived to be sinful.

Brother Mahan, in coming to Atchison, was at once admonished to be very cautious on this question. But, whatever he may have thought of the advice, he meekly, yet firmly, ordered the national flag to be hoisted on his church, and under its waving folds, commenced to proclaim, "Peace on earth and good will to all men."

As national affairs were assuming such a serious aspect, it was perhaps best, on the whole, that the lines should be definitely and clearly drawn, that men might understandingly take their position on either side, and wait the arbitrament that was approaching.

The agitation in the country so effected our finances that the trustees of the church, at Leavenworth, found it necessary to move slowly with their church enterprise, and in this they moved safely. They devoted their efforts this year to paying off their debt. They had gotten up and enclosed a good building; a good lecture room to accommodate the congregation and Sabbath School, and good class rooms for the

classes. Thus, they had laid a good foundation. Brother Fisher had fine success abroad in collecting funds.

H. N. Seavor, a superannuated preacher of the Genessee Conference, was living within the bounds of this district, and, as his health was greatly improved, a resolution was passed in the Conference inviting his transfer. But, I believe, the transfer was never effected. I thought it advisable to employ him to supply the pastorate at Leavenworth, which he did, a part of the year, with acceptability.

Brother Seavor was evidently qualified for usefulness. He had been a promising man in his own Conference, and might have been a bright and shining light in this; but in some way, whether justly or unjustly, we know not, a cloud came over him. A difficulty arose between him and his former friend and associate, C. Graham. In the strife, in some way, Seavor got out of the church. I think he withdrew. Although I have not been acquainted with him for several years, I think he is still out of the church.

O, what a solemn responsibility to bury our talents! A great evil existed somewhere, and an awful reckoning awaits in the future. One

thing is certain—however much we may be persecuted, what ever charges of corruption may be made against us ; however fiercely our character may be assailed, we cannot lay down our responsibility with the approval of our God. Nor should we permit ourselves to be driven from our home and the privileges of the church, but, if guilty, we should at once confess, forsake our sins, and seek forgiveness at the mercy seat, as the only safe and honorable course.

At Atchison nothing very special occurred this year. Brother Mahan was well received, and labored faithfully, and looked carefully after all the interests of the church.

J. C. Riesner moved into Atchison, in an early day, and built the Tremont House, which he has kept most of the time. Soon after moving to the town, he and his wife became identified with the church, and all its interests, and have so remained up to the present time. Many preachers have been fed, lodged, and refreshed under their hospitable roof. It is generally understood that the latch string of their door is always out.

At Doniphan, nothing special occurred during this year. The town was on the stand still. The land office had been removed to Kickapoo, and

they were struggling for a mere existence. The church barely held its own. C. Graham was their pastor.

O. B. Gardner had been received on trial, at the Conference, and appointed to Wathena and Elwood. He proved to be a man of sterling worth. He reached his work in good season, but such was the state of affairs, that he met with a cool reception, and some went so far as to say they were afraid of Methodist preachers. Nothing, however, daunted him. He told them he had been sent there by the Bishop, and by the grace of God, he was going to stay and do the best he could.

The first night, he and his family cooked their first meal in the open air, and, I think, slept in his wagon. But some one, out of charity, might have invited them into their house. The next morning he hunted for himself a house, and moved into it. The next Sabbath he preached to them, as though it was all fair sailing. Some would have been discouraged, and abandoned the work, but Brother Gardner was not the man to yield to trifles. He met difficulties, and in the name of his Master, he overcome them.

He visited Elwood, but met, at the first, nothing but discouragement. He looked up a

vacant house, obtained the privilege to preach in it, got some idle young men to arrange some temporary seats, and commenced preaching. God gave him favor, and attended the work with power. Some old backsliders were reclaimed, other converted, and a good thriving class was formed. This class did not, however, continue many years.

The town was built on sand, and the Missouri River laid a claim on the soil, and carried away most of the village. It has never since gained much permanency, and fears are entertained that it will either all go into the river, or that the river will cut a channel across, some two miles back, where, I am told, the land in the bend of the river is only three-quarters of a mile across, and leave Elwood, and the St. Joseph bridge, on dry ground.

Lancaster, a small town ten miles west from Atchison, had been connected with Columbus City. A small church had been built. At Conference it had been made a separate charge, and Brother McNeal appointed as their preacher. He had a pretty good education, but some peculiarities. On the whole, I believe he was a good man. He afterwards moved east, and I believe has since died. Lancaster has never

amounted to much as a town, or church. It is a pity to spoil a good farm, to build up a poor, forsaken town. Lancaster has since shown considerable signs of prosperity.

Brother Bowman was appointed to Columbus City, and labored with his accustomed prudence and success.

Brother Leard was appointed to White Cloud, but when the appointments were read at the Conference, he gave me notice, that on account of his wife's health, he could not go to the work, and the charge was supplied by a Brother Green, from Ohio. He was a man of strong faith, and zealous in his work. A revival commenced at once, and spread like fire all around the circuit. But he continued only a part of the year. Brother Price was employed, though in poor health, to fill out the term.

J. S. Kline was appointed to Grasshopper Falls. At this point, although the growth of the church was slow, it was assuming permanency, and exerting a healthy influence on the community. Brother Vanlon had moved in and bought a farm, about one mile from town. He was an honorable and active member of the church, and rendered good service as a steward. He has since died. So our members come and

go. How important that we work while the day lasts! Brother Vanlon worked faithfully while he was with us, but the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher."

Liberty Prentice, a superannuated preacher, of the North Ohio Conference, moved in and settled a few miles from the town. Although he was not able to preach much, he rendered good service by his counsel, example and advice. Kansas climate proved favorable for his health, so that he soon assumed his usual activity, and preached with great acceptability and usefulness.

Albert Burr was appointed to Indianola. At his first quarterly meeting, I found him and his family comfortably domiciled, with another family, and "with sails all set," sailing with a fair breeze. I feared then that it was too good to last, and advised him to get a house by himself, as it might become burdensome and unpleasant after a while.

The second quarterly meeting, I found him in a house by himself, some difficulty having sprung up between himself and the family with whom I found him so comfortably domiciled at first. He was in the midst of "wars, and rumors of wars." I tried to reconcile matters as best I could, and thought I had succeeded, at least in

effecting a "cessation of hostilities," and hoped things would move on more pleasantly the rest of the year. But not long after this, on my way to Grasshopper, I met Brother Burr with his family, on the prairie, headed toward Atchison. He told me he was bound for Canada, and that I might ask at the next Conference for his discontinuance. I could but think that poor Indianola resembled, in some respects, the horse spoken of in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," under whose saddle the slaves put a large chestnut burr.

Oskaloosa, this year, under the labors of Brother Brooks, had a good revival, and many were converted and brought into the church. They proposed, and at once commenced, to build a house of worship, which they finished and had dedicated before Conference. Their fourth quarterly meeting was to be held in the neighborhood of Moses Akers, about twelve miles from Oskaloosa. Brother Akers was an exhorter, and one of the first settlers in Kansas. His house was a home for all the preachers, and a nucleus around which a good society grew up. Others moved in—the two Brothers Webb and Brother Hart—from whom the Hart's Grove Camp Ground took its name. This was one of the best societies in Kansas, and has held its

own ever since. It belonged to the Oskaloosa charge.

I reached Brother Webb's Friday night, for the fourth quarterly meeting, and there met a message from Brother Brooks, saying they were in the midst of a great revival, and he wished me to remove the quarterly meeting to Oskaloosa. But I had no authority to change the place for a quarterly meeting, and did not think it advisable if I had, as most of the official members lived in the country, and would probably come here for quarterly conference. And so it proved, for early on Saturday morning they began to assemble. So I held the quarterly meeting and conference without the preacher.

Brother Brooks thinking that I had not come, as I did not make my appearance at Oskaloosa, went on with his meeting as a quarterly meeting, and held quarterly conference with what members he had. But, unfortunately, the quarterly conferences did not harmonize in their action. The one that I held refused to renew the license of a certain local preacher; and the one he held renewed his license. We presented the case to Bishop Morris, and he decided that the quarterly conference held by the Presiding Elder was the legitimate one.

This was the year of the great drouth, in which all our people suffered extremely. Had it not been for the liberality of the older States, our sufferings would have been beyond endurance. Mr. Hiatt, an eastern gentleman, made a tour of observation through the country, and sent back a stirring appeal for help. The call was heeded. Relief societies were formed all through the east. Agents were appointed in Kansas to receive and distribute relief. Atchison was made the great emporium of distribution; S. C. Pomeroy was made the general agent. The Presiding Elders of Kansas met, and sent out solicitors to the eastern churches; Milton Mahan was made their agent at Atchison. Provisions, clothing, and money, began to pour in, and were distributed to the needy. Dr. Davis obtained an appropriation, from the Missionary Board, of \$1,000 for the benefit of the preachers.

In view of the newness of the country, and the widespread desolation, it was thought that it would be too much of a burden for Manhattan to entertain the coming session of the conference. The Presiding Elders, after consultation, took the proper steps to change the place for holding the session from Manhattan to Atchison.

During this year Dr. Davis had been devoting

his energies to the building up of Baker University, and nobly had he succeeded, in the midst of diversified and multiplied difficulties.

During all the year the political sky had been growing darker, and we all felt that the irrepressible conflict was upon us. With such feelings we assembled together for our annual convocation, where, with subdued yet trusting spirits we greeted each other, and united in singing,

“And are we yet alive,
And see each others’ face.” etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ATCHISON CONFERENCE.

The Conference met March 21, 1861. Bishop Morris was present at the opening exercises, and presided with his accustomed ability. H. D. Fisher was elected Secretary, and he was appointed to nominate the Standing Committees.

In his report he named the Presiding Elders and one man from each district as the Committee on Missions.

After he had read his report the Bishop remarked, “It seems to me you have got a new

fangled arrangement in your nominations. It is customary to appoint the Presiding Elders alone as the Mission Committee. They only are competent, from their knowledge of the work, to make a just distribution of the money."

Brother Fisher replied, "This is a Kansas arrangement." But said the Bishop, "Kansas is Methodist soil, and I am here to maintain Methodist usages."

Brother Mahan at once moved to strike out all but the Presiding Elders, which motion prevailed.

The General Conference met in May, and the changes asked for had been made. The Kansas Conference was confined to the State, with the German work, known as the Missouri District of the Illinois Conference, and the Rocky Mountain District, attached.

This session was the first at which the German brethren met with us, and they added much to the interest of our deliberation. It was interesting to witness how searching they were in the examination of character; how sharp and cutting in their remarks, pointing out what they considered to be error; and yet how loving and kind, and how carefully and zealously they had carried out all the rules of the church. All the

disciplinary collections had been carefully taken, and distinctly reported, and they were all exceedingly liberal.

The constitutional term of L. B. Dennis, as Presiding Elder of Baldwin City District, having expired, Bishop Morris had considerable difficulty in manning the districts. Many of the late transfers were strong men; some had been Presiding Elders in their old Conferences. Each strong man had his special friends, and they were urging the appointment of their respective favorites.

The Bishop thought best, on the whole, not to make any change in the incumbents, but to "swap" the Presiding Elders of the Leavenworth and Baldwin City Districts. This did not give general satisfaction. The preachers could not see why any class of men should be kept in office for life. But such is human nature. Men are not inclined to give up power voluntarily.

Bishop Hamlin was a noble exception to this rule. When his health failed so that he could not perform the duties of a Bishop, he voluntarily, and against the advice of his friends, resigned the office. Principle and consistency should be carefully guarded, and uncompromisingly maintained at all times, and at all hazards.

Brother H. H. Moore had been transferred from the Erie Conference to the Kansas and Nebraska Conference three years before. He was a strong full grown man. He had been stationed at Lawrence two years, but at this Conference he transferred back to his old home.

G. W. Paddock had been transferred to this Conference three years before. The last year he had been stationed at Wyandotte. He was modest and retiring, but of sterling integrity and ability. He had been appointed to preach the missionary sermon at this Conference, which he did to the admiration of all present. This sermon brought him out and set him so before the people, that the Leavenworth delegation said, "Send us Brother Paddock as our preacher."

At this Conference, among other distinguished guests, was the venerable Charles Elliott, D. D., the veteran editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*. He added much interest to the session by his counsel, sermons and addresses.

The Tract Society, and the Sunday School Union, held their anniversaries in conjunction. H. H. Moore spoke strongly and eloquently in favor of the tract cause, and Dr. Davis in favor of the Sunday School Union. After both had advocated the claims of their respective societies,

Dr. Elliott arose, and with his Irish wit and brogue, said about as follows:

“I have hands, but I cannot walk on my hands; I have feet, but I cannot shake hands with my feet; I have eyes, but I cannot hear with my eyes; I have ears, but I cannot see with ears; I have a head, but I cannot stand on my head. But all these members in their proper place render me excellent service, and I could not well do without either of them. So with these institutions of the church.” He then proceeded to deliver a most powerful and impressive lecture.

Great changes were made in the appointments this year. The Conference was divided into seven Presiding Elders' Districts, and stood as follows: J. Shaw was made Presiding Elder of Baldwin City District; J. Denison, of Manhattan; L. B. Dennis, of Leavenworth; J. Chivington, of Rocky Mountain; N. Taylor, of Wyandotte; James Feisel, of Kansas German; C. Hidle, of St. Joseph German; and Mark Robertson, of Ottumwa District.

Never before did I go to an appointment under the same circumstances, and with the same feelings. The dark war cloud was widening and thickening. The sound of the gathering storm

was borne on every breeze. Scarcely a meeting but some news of startling and thrilling interest was received.

In December, 1860, South Carolina had seceded, and declared herself out of the Union. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana had followed in January, 1861. Missouri, on our east, was nearly equally divided, with her Governor making every effort to take her out of the union. Arkansas was racked to her center, and filled with guerrilla parties. The "jay-hawkers" of Kansas were active, vigilant and bold. The declared followers of Jim Lane said they "did not fear to steal a horse, or blush to ride the same."

The members of the church could not remain calm in the midst of the strife. The preachers caught the spirit, and several of them, in response to the call for volunteers, enlisted and went out as recruiting officers, raised companies or regiments, and led them into the field. Others went as chaplains; almost every family had some representative in the army. Truly these were times which "tried men's souls."

My first quarterly meeting this year was on the Tecumseh work, held near Big Springs. At Tecumseh we had no church building, but a

good thriving society, with several worthy members. Major Martin, who has since been Indian Agent, was then living there, and selling goods. He was the recording steward. Father Jordon, an old local preacher, lived there, but was too feeble to preach. His strong faith and exemplary life were, however, exerting an excellent influence in the community.

Dr. D. Dickinson, from the Iowa Conference, was employed as their supply this year. He afterwards transferred to this Conference.* He was a man of mature judgment and experience, and although feeble in health, was young and buoyant in spirit. He labored with all the vigor of youth. The church gathered permanency under his administration. He afterwards superannuated, and for some time was State Librarian.

Our next quarterly meeting was on the Auburn and Superior circuit. Mr. J. T. Griffin, was their preacher. The quarterly meeting was to be held at Superior. This was one of the towns that "was to be," but was not. The company had built a large house for a hotel, and that was about all that had been done. The hotel has since been converted into a cheese factory, and Burlingame has swallowed up the

* Now dead.

town. Brother Sheldon, a brother of Sister, Paddock, had settled near here on a farm. Brother Griffin was living on his farm, between Tecumseh and Topeka. After a comfortable night's rest at his house, in company with him, we started for the quarterly meeting. We drove to Auburn, and stopped with Dr. Bonebrake for dinner.

This commenced my first acquaintance with the members of the church on the south side of the Kaw River, and I found them an interesting, warm hearted and noble people. We took dinner with Sister Bonebrake, the Doctor being absent from home. We reached Superior that evening, and stopped with Brother Sheldon, and met a most cordial welcome. We readily saw the pastor had the confidence and sympathies of his people. The meeting was held in a house used as the school house. I tried to preach on Saturday, and hold quarterly conference, but was not able to be out Sunday morning on account of a very painful gathering on one side of my face; so Brother Griffin had to hold lovefeast, and preach at eleven o'clock.

Monday morning the stewards met to arrange their finances. They were in the habit of settling with the preachers according to their

respective claims, as the discipline directs. After the collection, and the amount received had been divided, I think the Presiding Elder's share was about thirty-one cents. I told them they had better deposit that in the treasury until it accumulated

I would like to say here that I have always thought this provision of the discipline ought to be amended; that while it was the duty of the Presiding Elder to look over the finances each quarter, to devise means to meet all the claims of the preachers, it was equally the duty of the preachers to see that those measures were timely and properly employed, so that not only their own necessities should be provided for, but the Presiding Elder's claims be promptly met. I always felt when I was a circuit or stationed preacher, that if these claims were not reasonably met, it was either my misfortune or fault; for either of which I should not make my Presiding Elder responsible. But, says some one, "the Presiding Elder's claims are too high." If that be so it is not your fault, nor his, but the fault of the Estimating Committee, which is the place to apply the correction. But, if this is so for a time, it will correct itself; for such things, like water, will "seek their level."

This charge was among the best in the Conference, embracing a good country, settled with intelligent, enterprising and cultured families from the older States. The church gradually spread, and became a power for good in the land.

This year, notwithstanding the many things to distract—the war and strife in the land—was a year of great spiritual prosperity. We had, in the fall, a glorious camp meeting. One conversion at this meeting was so striking that its recollection has never faded from my memory. It was in a family that tented on the ground, consisting of husband and wife and her maiden sister. The husband was a member of the church, but the ladies were not. They had been brought up by pious parents, but neither professed religion. They were talented, kind and amiable. They both came to the altar for prayers, and after a season of earnest, faithful prayer and self consecration, the sister was made happy in a Saviour's love. The married lady continued to pray, struggle, and agonize, until under the power of the Holy Ghost, her strength failed and she swooned away. Her friends became a little alarmed. Her husband and his friends carried her into the tent, and laid her on a bed;

a few of us gathered around her and knelt in silent prayer. A solemn awe rested on all present. Her lips were soon observed to move a little. Soon she opened her eyes and faintly ejaculated, "Sing." There was a moment's hesitation, when she spoke again with a stronger voice, "Sing." There being a little hesitation, she commenced to sing alone those beautiful words, and I thought, with an angelic voice :

"O, happy day that fixed my choice."

The company joined in, but she led through the hymn, and then clapped her hands for joy. The effect was thrilling and overwhelming. All eyes were filled with tears. All hearts beat with joy, and every tongue moved with praise to God and the Lamb. The meeting closed by marching around the ground and shaking hands before parting. Such a halo of glory was shed on all present as is not forgotten in a lifetime.

At Topeka, the church had not grown as might have been expected; I believe this was the case with all the other churches. The Methodists had commenced to build a church, but had not yet inclosed it. They were worshipping in a rented room, and their own building on the stand still. The question of at least trying to inclose the building was brought up

at each quarterly meeting, but each succeeding quarterly meeting found the matter just where it was at the first. It seemed almost impossible to do anything towards church building in these troublesome times. Brother Paulson was their preacher, and he succeeded well in getting a congregation, and holding the church firm in the midst of the national turmoil and strife.

CHAPTER VII.

RUGGED EXPERIENCES.

Centropolis charge had Sheldon Parker as preacher. He lived at Baldwin City. Of course, he could not do as much pastoral work as if he were living among his people, yet he attended to all his regular appointments and looked carefully after all the interests of the church.

Nothing special occurred this year. Father Still lived in the bounds of this circuit. He was one of the first Methodist preachers on Kansas soil. He was first sent as a missionary to the Indians, and afterwards made Presiding Elder. He was abundant in labors—of deep piety and strong faith. This year he was on the superannuated list, and lived on his own farm.

Clinton was one of the oldest charges in Kansas. It had a large and efficient membership, a good force of local preachers, and many old and experienced members. Father Wright, a strong man, with commanding mind, but no education, lived on this charge, and was highly respected for his firmness and christian integrity. I afterwards knew him in Wathena, Doniphan County, where he had settled, and I found him the same warm hearted friend as before. He then told me that he learned to write after he was sixty years old. He has since crossed the stream of death and doubtless is safely harbored on the other shore.

Mace Clow, who had formerly been a member of one of the eastern conferences, but had located, and moved to this section of the country, D. and J. Woodward, Wilkins and McCormick, local preachers, all lived on this circuit, and constituted a strong camp meeting force.

We held a camp meeting this year, and it proved one of great benefit to the community; but it was a little hard to manage at the first. Several of the brethren thought that not to grieve the spirit they must cast off all restraints and follow the impulses of the moment. One brother was a little peculiar in this respect; he

believed in doing with his might what he did. He was warm hearted, and ardent in his temperament, but a little eccentric in his exercises. While all who knew him had confidence in his piety, yet the unconverted were sometimes amused by his actions.

The first evening of the meeting, after preaching, we had an interesting and profitable prayer meeting; and, while there was a good state of interest, we thought best to close for the night. After the congregation had been dismissed and most of them had retired, some did not feel quite satisfied, and commenced singing again. After a while several got quite happy. One brother shouted lustily. After waiting a reasonable time, I went out and told the brethren they had better dismiss and retire for rest; that it was not best to expend all their ammunition in the first charge. They quieted down for a time, and I retired. Again, praying, singing and shouting commenced. I went out again and told they must absolutely quiet down and keep still. If they did not want to sleep themselves, they must not prevent others from sleeping, for I feared that if we were kept awake all night we would have sleepy preaching and a sleepy congregation the next day. I finally succeeded in

obtaining quiet and rest, but some of the brethren were a little tried with me. They thought their new Presiding Elder a little cold hearted, and formal, and feared I was attempting to "steady the ark."

The next day I talked with some of them about properly directing our efforts; that while we labored to get our own souls filled with love, joy and fire, we should not hoist the safety valve and let off steam in the open air, but with warm hearts, and burning zeal, we should work for the Master, and devote our renewed energies, lovingly, to bring sinners to the Saviour. The advice, I think, had a good effect, for henceforth we labored harmoniously and had a pleasant and profitable time. Good order was maintained and faithful service performed. F. J. Ferrill was their pastor. He was early at his work, and faithful in his labor, until he was taken away to supply another charge. Mace Clow filled out the year.

Monday morning we started for home; about seventy miles distant. Two miles from town we had to cross a creek and ascend quite a hill. One of my horses, being balky, refused to go. I gave the lines to my wife, and got out and took hold of the bits to lead them up. The animal backed,

and cramped the buggy, which threw her out, and the buggy turned on top of her. I let go the bits to extricate her, when the horses started up the hill. The buggy righted up, the team taking a turn, leaped down a steep bank, struck into the road and took back for town. My wife was considerably, but not seriously, hurt. After she was sufficiently recovered to think it safe, I left her seated beside the road, on the buffalo robe, and went in pursuit of the team.

I soon met a friend coming back with them. They had kept the road directly for his house. He immediately jumped into the buggy and came in search of us. After he administered soothing medicine, my wife thought she could ride, so we nailed up the buggy where it was broken, and drove on. The next day we reached home, without further mishap. This was one of the memorable incidents of an itinerant's life in Kansas in those days.

Going to another quarterly meeting, about five miles before we reached the place, we had to drive down a steep hill. It had thawed two or three inches deep, was very slippery, and there was a complete slush of mud and water. I feared to sit in the buggy and drive down, so I thought I would get out and walk beside it. I

had but just started at the top of the hill when my feet slipped and I came down into the mud. I did not, as the politician would say, "exactly define my position," for I came down the hill sitting square up, ploughing the mud from top to bottom. Such a looking object could be seldom seen—boots, pants, coat and overcoat *completely covered with mud*. I scraped off the mud as best I could, and rode on. I stopped at a house and inquired of a sister if she could furnish me some dry clothes. She at once brought me a pair of her husband's pants. But here was a difficulty—the husband was a small, short man, and I a six footer; consequently I found it very difficult to obtain admittance. But, after a while, I succeeded in drawing them on, but they were too short at both ends. However, by keeping an upright position, and not attempting to bend, I managed to wait until my own pants were dried, brushed and made ready for use. When I came to make the change again I met with another difficulty that reminded me of the time when I was a boy, and had outgrown my clothes. What work I had to get the shrunken pants over my heels! But by unbuttoning the waistbands and turning them down, I succeeded in getting them off, like skinning a squirrel. I

got my own pants on, and, physically, was ready for quarterly meeting.

Franklin circuit had B. C. Dennis as pastor. The headquarters of this charge were five miles below Lawrence. This was the place where one of the border ruffian battles was fought, between the ruffians and Jim Lane's forces. The bullet holes in an old house were to be seen where one of the armies took shelter. The year before a difficulty sprung up between some local preachers, which operated unfavorably against the interest of the church. One had withdrawn, and another, who was an ordained deacon at the last quarterly conference, was refused the passage of his character. So he stood among them an ordained deacon, without a good character.

I told them, to be consistent, they should prefer charges against him and either prove him guilty or clear him. This they refused to do. I laid the matter before the Bishop, and asked him what should be done in such a case. "Let them suffer the consequences of their own folly," was his reply.

At Franklin we had the shell of an old meeting house—"balloon" frame—sided with cottonwood siding. At one of my quarterly

meetings, in a wind storm, I looked for the old building to go down over our heads. Under the force of the wind the sides sprung in and out, like an old horse with the heaves. But we passed unhurt. Brother Dennis labored faithfully, but little apparent good was effected; the bread was cast upon the water, whether it was ever gathered or not.

Baldwin City was to be supplied by Dr. Davis, which he did, during the summer, in addition to his duties as President of Baker University. But in the fall he was elected to the State Legislature, and Prof. T. A. Parker supplied the rest of the year. In and around Baldwin City many excellent, well tried, and long proved Methodist families had settled. Dennis Willie, who had once been a member of the Ohio Conference, was settled here, and selling goods, and deeply interested in the prosperity of Baker University. Although he was old, he was yet vigorous; age to him had brought wisdom, and an excellent reputation. His mind was stored with interesting anecdotes, and seemed an unfailing fountain of knowledge. The reminiscences of other days seemed fresh in his memory. He could talk from sunrise to sundown, and from sundown to bed time, and

never talk nonsense. Much did I prize his society, and listened to his conversation with great interest. But his venerable form has been laid away in the dust, while his noble spirit is doubtless with the redeemed on high. Dr. Dallas was living near here; a staunch friend, and active member of the church. It would require a volume to write even a brief history of all the excellent members in and around Baldwin City. Suffice it to say, they were a noble people.

We held a camp meeting here this year. It was a time of great quickening, and I trust of lasting benefit to all present. Brother L. B. Dennis, of the Leavenworth District, was here, and labored with all the vigor, and energy of former days. News reached us at this meeting that our army, which had gone south under the command of Colonel Johnson, had been defeated, and the rebels were on their way to Kansas. Colonel Johnson's wife and her sister were at the meeting. Some thought we had better close the meeting and form a regiment, and with hoes, broomsticks, and pitchforks, if we could get no other weapons, go and drive them from our soil. But the news was soon contradicted, and the meeting went on as usual.

Several refugees came in from Missouri;

among them one or two preachers. One related an amusing incident: "Several 'bushwhackers,' who were dressed so as to recognize each other, made a raid on a village for plunder. The inhabitants rallied, and drove them from the town, and so closely did they corner them up, that they were obliged to fly to the woods in every direction. The mark by which they were to know each other, was a blue stripe along the outside seam of their pants. One poor fellow, that he might not be detected by the citizens, took his knife and cut the blue stripe off, not thinking that in so doing he tore open his pants, and with them buttoned around his waist, the legs flying behind, he went leaping through the brush, until overtaken and captured by his pursuers."

It was astonishing what an influence the war spirit had on the community. Brother Steward, one of the preachers, had enlisted and gone into the army as captain. Brother Taylor had been in the army a few days, and was on the point of leaving his work and accepting a chaplain's or colonel's commission. He was at this meeting a short time, but the "king's business required haste," hence he could not stay. The meeting continued several days, and wound up with

glorious results. On the whole, it was a grand success.

Lawrence, being settled with eastern people, and considered a Yankee town, was particularly objectionable to the pro-slavery border ruffians. Early had they visited their wrath upon the town and burned down the fine hotel. Yet Yankee persistence held on, and a finer building was erected on the ground. The church was planted here in an early day, and steps taken to erect a house of worship. An agent had been sent abroad to solicit aid. Funds had been collected, and a church erected. Lovejoy and Blackford had figured in this enterprise. The church was badly located, and nōt very prepossessing in appearance. It was on a back street, in close proximity to a livery stable, and flat and squatty in shape. I never could imagine why a Yankee should build such a church; yet it answered a purpose. H. H. Moore had been stationed here the two preceding years. H. D. Fisher was located here this year, but he had hardly time to get fairly under way, when he took the war fever, and went into the army as chaplain. F. J. Ferrill was taken to fill out the year. Brother Ferrill was a genial, cheerful, and hopeful man, who did not believe

in drying out a gloomy existence with the blues, but that it was best to "laugh and grow fat." May the clouds never darken his cheerful visage.

This was my first acquaintance with Methodism in Lawrence, and there are many pleasant reminiscences connected therewith. I found here many excellent families; the two Duncans—Charles and Wesley—were among my kindest friends, and while I live I shall remember their hospitality and liberality. Their house was freely made my home, and here I found rest and refreshment.

The church here, the present year, did not more than hold its own. Such was the war excitement, that for the present, it absorbed every other interest. Several officers were quartered here during the winter, and recruiting was constantly going on. The roughs who followed the army were gathered here in abundance, so that the floating population was not of a desirable character.

I reached Lawrence for my fourth quarterly meeting Friday night, and drove up to Charles Duncan's. My wife being with me, we stopped for the night, run my buggy up close to the house, put my horses in the barn, and supposing all was safe, at the proper time retired to rest.

Judge of my surprise, to find in the morning, that during the night some one had entered the stable, took one of my horses and Brother Duncan's horse, put my harness on them, hitched to my buggy, and drove off and no trace could be got of them.

We went through the exercises of the meeting as well as we could, and Monday morning began to look about for some mode of reaching home. I was here with my wife, fifty miles from home, and no way of conveyance. Railroads were unknown in Kansas then, and we had only a little pony, with no harness, or buggy, saddle or bridle. By chance, we learned that Brother Moore, chaplain in the army, and home on a furlough, had in his possession a horse that he wished to send to White Cloud. So we arranged to take him, and borrowing a buggy and harness from Brother Ferrill, we were soon rigged out for our journey.

But, here another difficulty met us—the ice in the river was breaking up and not sufficiently strong to cross on. Our only alternative was to go up the river until we reached a point where the ice was stronger. When we reached Tecumseh, we found they had been crossing on the ice. We hired a man to help us, and taking the

horses from the buggy, he leading one and I the other, my wife following on foot, we succeeded in crossing safely. In going out on the north side the ice broke, but we made the shore in safety. The man then went back and drew the buggy over a little further down. We hitched up, paid the man a dollar and went on.

This was our last quarterly meeting for the year, and we were preparing for our Annual Conference, which was to meet at Wyandotte.

By an arrangement between the Presiding Elders of Leavenworth and Baldwin City Districts, each was to attend the Ministerial Associations of the other. One of the associations for Leavenworth District was held at Monrovia.

At this meeting a Brother Campbell, a Presbyterian minister, and agent for the American Bible Society, was present, and read an essay on "Paul's thorn in the flesh," claiming that it was ophthalmia or blindness. This essay was pretty severely criticised, and drew out the opinions of most of the members, and these opinions were about as varied as there were individuals. One brother, who was a dyspeptic, verily thought that Paul's thorn in the flesh was nothing more or less than the dyspepsia.

The writer read an essay on "Ministerial

Zeal." Perhaps this subject was given him to warm up his own energy.

G. W. Paddock served them faithfully and profitably at Leavenworth City. This charge did not suffer by the war, like many other places. Being so near the Fort, where vast armies were gathered, equipped and sent into the field, it made money plenty and business lively. The church shared the general prosperity, and under the faithful labors of its able and zealous pastor, they enjoyed a good degree of prosperity.

B. F. Bowman, one of the first preachers in Kansas, both in respect to time, faithfulness, self denying labor, and usefulness, was appointed to Lancaster. This charge was never very well organized, and it suffered this year greatly by the war. All its societies were weakened, and it required much patience and perseverance to keep up a religious interest.

L. D. Price was appointed to White Cloud and Sabetha, taking in Hiawatha, the county seat of Brown County, where he succeeded in organizing a class and establishing a regular appointment. This place has since grown to considerable importance, and the church has so prospered that they have had a stationed preacher of their own several years.

I. F. Collins was appointed to Oskaloosa. Here, too, the effect of the war was terrible. Many of its citizens had gone into the army, and some had fallen on the field of battle, and others had rallied to fill their places whose blood was calling loudly for vengeance on the rebellion, and general excitement prevailed. Brother Collins, with characteristic judgment, held a steady hand on the helm of the church, counseling and guiding her safely through the storm.

O. B. Gardner was returned the second year to Wathena, but the name of the charge was changed to Elwood and Columbus. An exciting incident occurred this year at Wathena: One night the rebels raised a large pole and hung on it the confederate flag. In the morning the citizens, to their mortification, saw the rebel flag floating over their heads. Quite a company gathered around the pole, on which was written, in large, legible letters, "Death to the man that takes down this flag."

A proposition was made for some one to take it down, but no one seemed willing to undertake the job, fearing they might be shot by some fiend in secret. Brother Gardner remarked, with characteristic firmness: "I am unwilling to sit down under this degrading insult, and if there is

no other man to do it, I will tear down that insulting rag." He laid off his coat and boots, and deliberately ascended the pole, tore the flag from its position, and returned in triumph, without harm, amid the shouts of applause that burst forth from the excited multitude. This was characteristic of the man. He was fearless in the discharge of his duty to his country, and his God.

Brother Makan was returned to Atchison the second year. He stayed but a few weeks, and then transferred to one of the Indiana Conferences. The Presiding Elder supplied the place with Brother Wentz, of the Missouri Conference. He gave general satisfaction, but the church was on the decline. The effect of the war was decreasing its numbers and financial ability. Early in the year a tremendous storm came very near demolishing the church building. It racked it so that the plastering over head, and on the ends was nearly all broken off, and the building so shaken that they had to place four large props on the east side, running from the eaves to the ground, some fifteen feet from the base. This gave it a very awkward appearance, and some said, "the Methodist Church was falling from grace." But, amid all the discouragements,

Brother Wentz labored faithfully during the year, and with some success.

CHAPTER VIII.

WYANDOTTE CONFERENCE.—1862.

Never did I go to Conference under as dark a cloud as I went to this. The year had been one of severe trial and conflict. We had to endure what seemed to us adverse and trying providences, and but for the occasional sunshine of the spirit, the presence of the Master, and the evident success that attended our labor, we would have sunk under the burden. But these were as green spots on the desert. Our only son, Frank, who was barely old enough, had enlisted in the army, and with all my patriotism, I found it exceedingly difficult to yield my consent. When I did, it was like following him to the grave.

When the Conference met, the regiment to which he belonged was camped a short distance above Wyandotte, but had orders to move the next day to Shawneetown. As the army passed by, I went out to bid him a final farewell. I stood until his company passed, but did not

see him. I then inquired of the Captain for him. He told me he was not there, and had not been seen that day, making the impression that he had deserted. This shocked me more than his enlisting. Brother Price, and another brother, followed the army to Shawneetown to ascertain the facts. They found him there, all right. He, with others, had been detailed to guard the baggage wagon. Charity prompts me to think the Captain did not know this.

Bishop Simpson was present at the Conference to preside, but in feeble health. He gave the Committee on Public Worship notice that he could not preach during the Conference. So when the appointment for preaching on Sunday was read, the writer's name stood for eleven o'clock. This was a great surprise to me, but I resolved not to back out, but do the best I could. I selected a subject, and tried to prepare as best I could in the short time left, and thought I had a pretty good skeleton—if I could only put on the flesh, the spirit would breathe life into it.

In making the attempt, the flesh was deficient, and the spirit did not come. I gave but a little more than the outline, and a brief filling up. I never before felt the "weight" of a Bishop, or the close fit of a straight jacket, and

concluded that prudence was the better part of valor, and that it was best to close, and thus secure at least one merit, that of brevity. So I closed in "short meter." This took the Bishop somewhat by surprise, as he was sitting very leisurely and composedly, not just ready to proceed with the further exercises. He soon rallied, however, found his place, and proceeded with the ordination.

A matter came up at this Conference that created a little excitement, as such matters always must do. A resolution was introduced requesting the Bishop not to appoint any man Presiding Elder who had been on a district four years in succession. All the Presiding Elders who came under the rule, voted for the resolution, and all those who wanted to be Presiding Elders, of course, voted for it. So it was passed by a large majority.

This resolution was evidently designed to open the way for certain individuals whose eminent talents and qualification for the office had been overlooked. It is really a pity that the office of Bishop cannot give the man more knowledge in making such appointments, for it must be evident to every discerning mind, that no man, whatever his ability, can be Presiding

Elder for a long number of years in succession without suffering material and lasting loss. First, he becomes disqualified for the regular pastoral work, which is the pleasantest part of a minister's business. Second, he is deprived of the privilege of that regular consecutive study which is necessary for enlarged views and great variety of subjects, and he is almost certain to fall into ruts, and become contracted in his amount of matter, and fail to give interest and effect to his sermons. Third, he always loses, to a greater or less extent, the sympathies of the people and preachers, and never escapes becoming a subject of jealousy, as cruel as death, and will finally end in defeat. This, I believe, the Bishops understand, and they can make the correction with much less friction than if the Annual Conferences elected the Presiding Elders.

Recruiting for the war had been going on all the year. A regiment had been raised in Colorado, and John M. Chivington had gone in as Major. In an engagement between his regiment and the Texas Rangers, the latter were completely defeated, leaving many of their dead on the field, among whom were some of the murderers of Anthony Buley, the Methodist preacher who had been cruelly hung by a Texas mob.

The Conference receiving no communication from Brother Chivington, did not know what disposition to make of his case, so they voted him a location. This was doubtless illegal. It was done, however, without any disrespect for Brother Chivington; the case was new, and they thought they must give him some definite relation.

At the close of the Conference, the districts were manned by Presiding Elders as follows: Leavenworth District, L. D. Rice; Baldwin City, W. R. Davis; Manhattan, J. Dennison; Mound City, Mark Robertson; Rocky Mountain, B. C. Dennis; Kansas German, C. Steinfeld; St. Joseph German, C. Heidel. James Shaw was appointed to Atchison.

As I turned my face towards home, I began to breathe more freely. I felt that a great burden had been rolled from my shoulders—if not the care of all the churches, at least the care of the district. I turned my attention toward Atchison—how best I could serve the Master and build up his cause among the people.

On reaching home I looked around, and now confess, that for a moment I felt a little discouraged, and on going into the church was not very much relieved. My eyes beheld the

bare lathing over head, on either side, and in front, more visible than the ribs of an old superannuated horse, and the building held up by props on the outside. The society was weak in numbers and financial ability; although my predecessor had been able and faithful, he could not build up the walls in these troublesome times. On the church records was written opposite many names, "Enlisted in the army."

Brother S. Gard was here, and soon after I commenced, D. C. Newcomb came, with a letter from Leavenworth. They were both young men, engaged in clerking. Of these young men I have spoken in another chapter. Brother Masters was here, and T. B. Davis came about this time. J. C. Reisner was keeping a hotel, "sleeping and eating" wayworn travelers, and this he did so blandly that no one complained. After counting all we could not find enough male members to form a full Board of Stewards. So we concluded to appoint a committee of the members of the congregation to act with the stewards in looking after the finances. J. C. McCully, David Auld, Ephraim Butcher and A. B. McQueen were appointed on that committee. McQueen was a member of the United Presbyterian Church, but a regular attendant upon our

services, as that denomination had no organization here. He was faithful and efficient in all the interests of the church. When the Presbyterians organized here he went with them, as more congenial with his feelings.

The first service I held this year was a funeral. The son of J. C. Auld, who lived in the country, had died, and they brought him to Atchison for interment. At first view of the condition of things I was almost ready to conclude I might as well preach a funeral sermon for the church ; but, remembering the word of Him who said, “ Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” I resolved to buckle on afresh the armor, and go forth in the cause of the Master.

Although there was occasional sunshine, the clouds did not immediately disperse, and sometimes it grew darker and more threatening. Early in the season, a severe hail storm broke every window on the west side and south end of the house. How to replace them I knew not. But here Brother McQueen came to our aid, and proposed, as he was a painter and glazier, to do the work if we would furnish the material, which I did, with the assistance of a few friends, and

the work of resetting and frosting was done, and we thanked God and took courage.

In the summer, the Thirteenth Regiment of Kansas Volunteers was raised, and Brother Davis enlisted. Weak as the church was, this was felt to be a great loss. But trusting in the strong arm of God for help, I held on. Soon the spiritual interest began to revive. We had a noble "Brotherhood of Sisters," who stood firm, and were active in the cause of the Master. Sister Crookham, who has since died and gone to her home in heaven, although in feeble health and not able to labor much, was very valuable in counsel, deeply interested in the welfare of the church, and liberal in its support. Her sister, Eliza Auld, who lived with her, was always on hand and ready for every good work, and by her presence and prayers held up the hands of the "Heralds of the Cross." Sally McCully was firm, faithful and ever at her post of duty; Sister Milton, patient and prompt; Sister Hews trusting, zealous and hopeful; Sister Crowell warm in her affections for the church, and untiring in her efforts for its welfare; Sister Reisner quiet, yet active, and liberal; Sister Davis buoyant in spirit, energetic and confident in the cause of the Master; Sister Emler, as

regular as the sun at her post of duty. With such a band of Christian laborers, I soon felt that failure was out of the question, and to doubt was sin. Soon the effect of their prayers and faith became visible in the reviving influence in the church.

The Sunday School had been prospering under the superintendency of W. M. Davies. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, but as they had no services, he was acting with us. He, however, desired to be released from the charge of the school, and Brother Gard was appointed Superintendent.

Sister Phelps, who had been absent visiting the hospitals and laboring for the sick and wounded soldiers, returned, and entered with her accustomed zeal and ability, into the service of the Sunday School, for which work she was peculiarly adapted. She rendered valuable service, inspiring new zeal and confidence in all.

About this time, Mr. Parker, with his family, moved into Atchison. He was a member of the Congregational Church, and she of the Methodist Church. I made their acquaintance and found Mrs. Parker a sister of one of my old friends in Michigan, Willard McConnell, of Pontiac. Brother McConnell had helped me to

build the first Methodist Church in Pontiac, before he was a member. He was one of the leading merchants of the place. I knew him until he was soundly converted in heart and a member of the church. He was one of its leading members, and since has been a reserve lay delegate to the General Conference, and I have always been proud to count him among my fast friends. When I learned that Mrs. Parker was a sister of his, I felt as if I had met with an old and familiar friend, and this feeling has continued. Sister Parker has been prominent in the Methodist Church, while Brother Parker has been an active member of the Congregational Church. So harmonious are they in their church relations that one could hardly tell to which church they belonged. They alternately attend each and liberally support both.

The spiritual interests of the Methodist Church being on the rise, I thought it advisable to attempt some repairs on the building. I proposed to tear off the lath on the end of the house, board it up with square edged lumber, and lath and plaster over this. I consulted a mechanic, and he said that could be done, and it would abundantly brace and secure the building. "But," said he, "you cannot raise the

means to do it." I replied, "We can try. How much will you give?" "Fifteen dollars," said he. I circulated a subscription, and secured nearly enough to purchase the material, and then proposed to raise the balance by a fair, after the work was done. In a short time the work was accomplished, the props taken down and made into fire wood to warm the church, and every one seemed to rejoice. The fair came off and was a grand success. More than enough was realized to meet all the expense.

Sister Crowell took it into her head that we needed a new carpet for the aisles and altar, but the committee for the fair feared it would involve too much expense. She proposed to purchase the carpet and put it down without drawing on the fair money, if they would give her the privilege, to which they readily consented. "But," said one, "where will you get the money?" Slapping her hand on her pocket, and with a twinkle of the eye, she replied, "I have got it there, already." In canvassing for the fair, she had presented the matter of the carpet as a separate item, and obtained sufficient for the purpose. So the carpet was put down and all were delighted.

During the winter we had a pleasant time.

The house was comfortable, the congregation respectable, and the membership united and active, and, on the whole, we had a successful year. Although the times were hard, our Missionary Committee succeeded in gathering up quite a respectable sum for the mission cause. The year was drawing to a close, and the war was still raging, with no prospect of an immediate close. I began to feel a strong inclination to enter the army myself. With this view, I requested the Presiding Elder, at the approaching Conference, to give me a less responsible appointment, so that if I should leave during the year the church would not suffer too much.

Dr. Davis commenced his work in the district, but continued only about half the year, when he left and went into the army as chaplain. Strange Brooks filled out the year as Presiding Elder.

G. W. Paddock was returned the second year to Leavenworth, where he succeeded not only in maintaining a large congregation, but in building up the interest of the society, and in collecting a large amount of money to finish the church. The work was completed, and the church dedicated this year, D. P. Mitchell, of the Pittsburg Conference, officiating.

I. F. Collins was returned the second time to Oskaloosa. Early in the year he was called to lay down the christian cross, and take the victor's crown. He was in good health at Conference; active and efficient in all its business. He received his appointment gladly, returned to it cheerfully, and entered upon his duties encouragingly. But the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher!" and he replied feebly, with his dying breath, "near home."

Brother Collins was a paragon of neatness in his person; patient and persevering in his labor; cheerful and hopeful in his spirit; decided and firm in his opinions; ever ready to give a reason for the hope that was in him, and in every way a cultured christian gentleman. Wherever he was appointed, he rendered good service for the church. I knew him long, and knew him well—knew him while in Michigan, labored with him side by side, both in Michigan and Kansas, and never knew him to falter in the cause of the Master. Dr. B. D. Dickinson was employed to fill out the year at Oskaloosa.

B. F. Bowman was appointed to Palermo. This was one of the cities that was to be, but never was. The charge was weak, and the support poor. Surely these were times that

“tried men’s souls,” and showed what kind of stuff they were made of. Methodist preachers then received their appointments as from the hand of God, not stopping to think whether the charge would pay them or not; but relying on God and the liberality of the people, they did their work with singleness of heart, obeying the command, “Trust in the Lord and do good,” and believing the promise, “So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.”

Doniphan does not appear this year in the ministry. Troy had been abandoned as a preaching place, and connected with Doniphan, made a charge; as it was the county seat, the charge took the name of Troy. Abraham Bennett, a local preacher, was employed as their supply. He served them efficiently, and succeeded in making Troy a permanent appointment.

Monrovia appears this year for the first time, on the minutes, as an appointment, with L. F. Walden as their preacher. This took in Sumner. Brother Walden left Missouri the year before on account of the war troubles, and took refuge in Kansas. In many places in Missouri a Methodist preacher’s life was in danger. He was a faithful and successful laborer, and had some revivals this year.

O. B. Gardner was appointed to White Cloud. During the summer a large portion of his members went into the army. Brother Gardner being a favorite with them, they desired that he should go with them as chaplain. They petitioned the Colonel to that effect; but another man had placed the Colonel under obligation, by helping him to his position, so he got the appointment, and Brother Gardner continued his labors faithfully throughout the year.

The time for the meeting of the Conference was drawing near, and I was preparing to go up to our annual convocation, to look over the past and arrange for the future.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFERENCE AT LAWRENCE.

March 11, 1863, Bishop Ames opened the session with the usual religious exercises. The business was conducted in a somewhat novel style. Each preacher, as his name was called for examination of character, was requested to give a representation of his charge, its spiritual and financial condition, its present wants and its future prospects. This gave the Bishop a

clear insight into the state of the church. The business of the Conference was harmonious, and generally pleasant, with but little friction.

A brother, who had been a member of our Conference, but who had transferred away, and located to get back, made application for re-admission. The same brother had been before the Conference a year ago, at Wyandotte, knocking for admission, but Brother Collins raised a little objection, and he was not received. This year, his friends stated that he had been doing well as a local preacher. I felt it my duty to say that we all knew the brother very well, and believed that he had some elements in his character that disqualified him for a successful member of the Conference ; as he had been doing well as a local preacher, we had better let well enough alone. His application was rejected.

On going to my boarding house for dinner, the brother followed me, and seemed considerably excited, and wished to know what I had against him, that I should oppose him in Conference. I replied, in substance, that I did not know that it would be for his benefit, or that it was my duty to explain all my objections to him. I would frankly say, however, that I did not think him a proper person for a traveling

preacher, and, by the vote of the Conference, it appeared that the brethren were of the same opinion. He remarked that God's judgments had been visited on the Conference the past year, for rejecting him, and they would follow the Conference this year. This remark, as I understood it, was in reference to the death of Brother Collins; but it did not alarm me much, as I had acted in good conscience.

It is unpleasant to vote against the reception of a candidate into an Annual Conference. Yet, we cannot shirk the responsibility, without doing injustice to the man, and an injury to the church. I have sometimes thought that there was a laxity in some of the Conferences on this point. I have known candidates presented, and voted in, contrary to the honest judgment of the majority of the ministers, they thinking, perhaps, that they had better err on the side of leniency than otherwise. I have known these same men, thus voted in, to continue from year to year under embarrassment, and their charges, every year suffering, until it became necessary for the Conference to invite them to locate. It would have been better for them to have been rejected at the first, than to have been elevated, and then let down; for the higher you elevate a man, the

further he has to fall, and the greater the shock on landing. It would have been much better for them to have been rejected at the first, that they might engage in some legitimate business, form purposes, and lay plans for future life, and prove a success in the world. It would have been better for the church; for while they were occupying places that from year to year were suffering and running down under them, others, truly called of God to this work, would have filled those places with honor to themselves, profit to the church, and the glory of the Master. Prompt, conscientious action, kindly performed, is better for all concerned.

At this Conference D. P. Mitchell was transferred from the Pittsburg to the Kansas Conference, and stationed at Leavenworth. Under his administration the church increased in numbers, influence and financial ability. After meeting all their expenses, and contributing liberally to all the Conference collections, they sent to Conference one hundred dollars as missionary money.

Brother Denison's time as Presiding Elder on the Manhattan District had expired, and N. Taylor was appointed in his place.

Governor Carney had signified his desire to

have one more chaplain to fill a vacancy in a regiment, and wished the Conference to recommend one of its members. Several consulted with me about accepting the appointment, and after due deliberation and counsel, I consented to do so if the appointment should be made. I received my appointment, by the Bishop, to Hiawatha, with this understanding.

Letting the matter rest here, I went to my work as usual. In a few days I received a commission from the Governor as chaplain of the Ninth Regiment of Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, with a request that I should report to my regiment at my earliest convenience. I wrote at once to the Colonel, inquiring for his headquarters, to which I might report for duty. He replied that he had no headquarters at that time, saying his regiment was on detail duty, and so divided up, that there were no two companies together, consequently there was no special work for a chaplain, but as soon as they were concentrated, he would call me to duty. Not wishing to lay around camp idle, I concluded to continue in pastoral work.

Things thus continued through the summer, and early winter, which brought us near Conference time. I concluded not to go to the army

until after Conference. My field of labor was a very pleasant one, and I made several valuable and interesting acquaintances which I shall never forget.

At Hiawatha, I found Brother Sellog, an exhorter, and a brother capable of being a preacher. He kept the principal hotel in the place, and though engaged in this business, he was not afraid to talk on religious subjects, or slow to manifest a decided interest in the prosperity of the church. He gave liberally of his own means, and labored zealously to induce others to do the same, that the church might become a power in their town. He had the pleasure of witnessing, in this respect, the desire of his heart.

At Robinson, we had a good class of old and well tried Methodists; Brother Chase, one of the first settlers of Kansas; Brother Carroll and his wife, from the factories of Connecticut, with their eastern culture and refinement; Father Slagal, and the Swazies from Ohio—descendants of one of the noblest old Methodist preacher's of Ohio's early day—Elder Swazie. All these united in pushing forward the victories of the cross.

At Kennekuk, I had an appointment, but

not many members. The preaching place was about half a mile out of town. Here I gathered quite a congregation. At this point I made the acquaintance of Dr. Merwin. He was not a member of any church, but a very friendly man, and his wife a superior, christian lady. They made their house my home.

I was called upon, at Kennekuk, to marry a couple, but after we had assembled, and all things seemed ready, the man failed to put in an appearance. So, after waiting some time, I had to retire without performing the ceremony. I learned, afterwards, that unavoidable circumstances had prevented the groom's appearance. He came soon afterwards, and a magistrate performed the service.

A few days after this, I was called upon to marry another party in this town, and this time had better success, for I found two couples to be married. One of the bride groom's was D. W. Wilder, then editor of the Leavenworth *Conservative*, and since State Auditor of Kansas. His bride was the daughter of Dr. Merwin; the names of the other couple I have forgotten. The occasion was a very pleasant one, indeed.

A few miles from here lived Thomas Price. He and his wife were regular church workers.

from the east, and are still exerting an excellent influence in the community. Eternity alone can reveal the good one family can do which consistently and quietly exemplifies in its dealings, temper and spirit, the principles of Christ and his holy religion. May they long live to bless the world and the church, and finally be gathered to their reward in heaven.

When in this neighborhood, I often called on Mr. Pierce. He was not a member of the church, but a jovial, whole souled man, and his wife an excellent christian lady, and church member. I often thought him too good and kind hearted a man to be without a hope in Christ. I have learned that he has since been converted and joined the church.

On Brush Creek, the Southern Methodists had a large and strong society, but the war had nearly broken them up. Such were the prejudices against their ministers that they could not safely preach in Kansas. By invitation, I visited, preached to them, and formed a society, which most of them joined.

Washington Marlatt was stationed at Atchison. I was not in that town often this year, and have no particular reminiscences connected with them. I believe they moved on in their

ordinary way, without any striking events, one way or the other. If they held their own in these times they did well.

O. B. Gardner was returned to White Cloud. As many of his members were in the army, and as the chaplaincy had become vacant, they renewed their request for his appointment. Consequently he was commissioned, and mustered into service as chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment Kansas Volunteer Infantry. Brother Gardner was a good and brave man. He rendered the same efficient service in the army that he had in the church. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and had a well cultivated mind, a warm heart, tender conscience, a firm and unyielding will in maintaining the right. He never shrank from duty, be the danger what it might. He was in the thickest of the battle, bearing off the wounded, and administering comfort to the dying—too valuable a man to be sacrificed on the altar of rebellion. He was detailed to bring a company of refugees from Arkansas to Kansas. On his return, he was intercepted by the rebels and brutally murdered. Surely, the blood of such a man speaketh in the ears of a God of mercy and justice.

During this year one of the ministerial as-

sociations was held at White Cloud. Quite a goodly number attended. D. P. Mitchell, from Leavenworth; Walden and Marlett, from Atchison; Lloyd, from Doniphan, met at my house, and with L. D. Price, the Presiding Elder, we started in our buggies for White Cloud.

We had a pleasant trip, and an interesting meeting. Brother Mitchell read an able essay, which awakened considerable discussion. One essay that was read was very long, but good. When called upon for criticism, I remarked that I admired and commended the merits of the essay, but objected to its length. The author arose, and in a long and strong speech defended his production. I raised the same objection to the defense, when a brother called me to order, with the remark, "If you tap him again he will run two hours longer."

During this session quite an amusing circumstance occurred. After an able paper had been read, and the names of the members were called for criticism, one brother, whose essay had not yet been before the association, was pondering over it, with the paper in his hand. When his name was spoken, thinking that he was called upon to read his essay, he arose and deliberately walked up into the desk. The

President said, "criticism." At the same time one or two voices were heard: "not to read your essay, brother." This brought the gentleman to his senses, and realizing the awkwardness of his position, hesitated for a moment, then rallied, and looking down on them with all the dignity he could command, replied, "Well, I suppose I have a right to take the stand to offer my criticism." Those who had called him to order at once asked pardon. He then said, "I have no objection to the essay, but, on the contrary, think it of sufficient merit to justify me in taking the pulpit from which to offer my hearty commendation." He then as deliberately walked down from the stand to his seat. Taking it all together it created not a little amusement.

Brother Lloyd succeeded, at Doniphan and Troy, in working up his charge to a very respectable position. A camp meeting was held on this work, in connection with Columbus and White Cloud, which resulted in bringing out a number of roughs, from Atchison and other places, who caused considerable excitement and annoyance. They were arrested, and were glad to settle for their misconduct as best they could. The writer attended the meeting at its commencement, but left on Saturday to attend his

own appointment, at Hiawatha, on Sunday. Hence, he did not witness the row.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVENWORTH CONFERENCE.

Conference met March 10, 1864, at Leavenworth, and Bishop Baker presided. On reaching the Conference, we found ourselves agreeably domiciled at Governor Carney's with the Bishop and some book agents. This was the more pleasant for us as it was renewing old acquaintances. Mrs. Thompson, mother of Mrs. Carney, had been a prominent member of my charge in Ohio, the first year of my ministry. Mrs. Carney was then a little girl in the Sunday School. To meet her now, and talk over old times, was exceedingly pleasant.

Mrs. Thompson was living here with her daughter, enjoying a pleasant home, with the same ardent attachment to the church she had in earlier life. Her christian graces had been maturing with years, and her sun of life was gradually sinking towards a luminous setting; she was looking across the stream to a brighter world on high, and for a day that has no night.

Mrs. Carney, although extremely modest, had grown to be a dignified, christian lady, whose house, heart, hand and purse were ever open to relieve the suffering and support the church.

One day, while at the table, in presence of the Bishop, the Governor remarked that he thought it would have been better had I gone to my regiment, as I would have received a better support than on my work, and he hoped that I would do so immediately after Conference. He said he would give me a letter of introduction. I replied that my appointment laid between him and the Bishop, and I did not know into whose hands I would fall; perhaps I had better keep on the good side of both, and I hoped between them, I might fare well.

One day, in the Conference, the Bishop called me to his chair, and said, that in looking over the work, he found he wanted me for a special place, and hoped I would give up the idea of going into the army, and leave my appointment in his hands. I at once wrote a note to the Governor, declining the chaplaincy, and recommended for the place my friend, the bearer, Strange Brooks. The Governor, at once gave him a commission.

At the close of the Conference, when the ap-

pointments were read off, my name stood for Hartford District. At our last meeting at the Governor's house, he manifested his liberality by remarking, that as I had consented to take an appointment that was much harder and less remunerative than the one I had voluntarily declined, I might, at any time, draw on him for one hundred dollars; and that also the Presiding Elders of two other districts, that were poor, might draw on him for one hundred dollars each at their own pleasure.

After the adjournment of Conference, I began to prepare for my new field of labor, and learned that it was on the Neosho River. This was entirely new ground to me, as I had never been south of the Marais des Cygnes. My first quarterly conference was at Hartford; but where was Hartford? I was directed to go to Topeka, and from there to Burlingame, where I would learn the way to Hartford.

When all things were ready, with my wife in a buggy, we started for our work. The second night we stopped with Brother Sheldon, two miles south of Burlingame, near the border of the Indian reservation. He informed me it was thirty miles across the reservation, and but one house on the way. After a comfortable night's

rest, we started out early to cross the "desert."

About half way, we came to the Marais des Cygnes. Here was a cabin, with two old persons, living with a middle aged daughter. Having taken provender and lunch with us, we stopped, fed our team, warmed ourselves by his fire, and eat our lunch. They told us they had been members of the church, and were enjoying a blessed hope of a better world. After praying with them, we drove on, leaving them happy in God, notwithstanding their desolate surroundings. Next night we reached the Neosho River, and traveling down it about eight miles, we stopped at a farm house to inquire the way. This proved to be the house of Brother Vangundy, one of the first settlers of the country, a member of the church, and one of the steward's at Hartford. He invited us to stay with him for the night, but I thought I had better reach the town, and let them know that I was on hand for the quarterly meeting. So I drove on, and reached Hartford about dark, and found Mark Robertson, the stationed preacher, ready for the meeting. Brother Robertson was my predecessor on the district, so that from him I could get all the information necessary to prosecute my work.

I found Hartford to be a small, yet pleasantly located village. The Methodists had obtained a charter for a Collegiate Institute, and begun the erection of a good, substantial stone building, which could be seen for several miles; but it was not finished inside. There was only a temporary floor partition, and seats were put in so that they could occupy it for meetings and school. But in going so far they had incurred a debt that they could not meet, nor had they any money, or subscription to finish up the building; but they had several village lots, that had been donated to the college.

After looking the matter over, we concluded the only way of relief from the embarrassment was to divide these lots into shares, and sell them for one hundred dollars each, to raise money to pay the debts and finish the building. I called the trustees together, laid the proposition before them, and they at once adopted it, and appointed a committee to make the division and sell the shares. This proved a success, enough shares being sold to pay all indebtedness, finish up the building, and have a number of shares left. Things began to look more encouraging, and friends of the institution began to think they could "see daylight out of the

woods." The use of the house was granted, and Matthew Fenimore, a local elder, opened a school at his own risk.

Brother Fenimore had a brilliant mind, and taught a good school. He afterwards joined the Conference, and has since died and gone to his reward. Times being hard, the house was not finished this year.

I found the district to be large, extending from Ft. Scott on the east, to Cottonwood Falls on the west; and from Garnett on the north, to Fall River on the south. The country was generally new, and entirely destitute of railroad facilities, although several roads were in contemplation, and have since been built. The whole region was abundantly watered by many quite important streams—the Neosho, running nearly through the center of the district, with the Marias des Cygnes, Pottawatomie, Osage, Long Creek, Crooked Creek and Deer Creek, on the north side, and the Cottonwood, Eagle Creek, Virdigris and Fall River on the south side, with several smaller, ever living streams.

On all these were extensive bottom land, averaging from two to five miles wide—very rich, and productive, and the banks of the streams skirted with timber. On all these water

courses settlements were made and farms cultivated; the high prairies were not, however, profitable except for pasture.

Through all this region we found many intelligent, enterprising, well educated and cultivated people from the older states, with a sprinkling, all through, of refugees from Arkansas.

On the Neosho there were several flourishing villages. Outside of these the people lived in cabins, some of them barely large enough to hold two beds, a cook stove and a place to set a table. This served for kitchen, dining room, sitting room and parlor. I generally found the people's hearts larger than their houses.

Notwithstanding the field looked hard to cultivate, I had some glorious meetings. The people would come out, worship, get happy and shout glory to God, in hope of a better world on high. I have always found that the greater the sacrifices, the greater the blessing. The promise is ever verified, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Why should we then complain of labor, or seek ease, when such glorious rewards attend the faithful, suffering soldier of the cross?

Several Methodist families had moved to Hartford to enjoy the benefits of the school.

Dr. McGinnis, a local elder, who had been a traveling preacher in the Illinois Conference, was here practicing medicine. He was ardently attached to the church, and unyielding in his opposition to wrong, and zealous to advance every good cause.

Burlington was the next charge, down the river about fifteen miles. This was quite a lively, pleasant village. W. F. Travis was their preacher. Here we found the only church building in the district, and this a mere excuse for a church. It had really "fallen from grace." The society was weak financially, and few in numbers, but true, faithful and spiritual.

Ten miles below this was Leroy, with J. McAnulty preacher in charge. He had labored hard to build a church, and had the frame up and partly inclosed. Near here lived Brother Wheat, formerly from the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. He was known all through this section as an educated, talented, and able preacher—logical in his arguments, sharp in his criticisms, respectful and honorable to an able opponent, but he despised to grapple with an inferior antagonist. Charitable to all, he was liberal, if possible, to a fault. It is said that he had, probably, given away more meals of

victuals than any other man in all the country. He was zealous and active to build up, defend and advance the interests of the church.

Near here lived Sister Robinson, truly a "mother in Israel." She, with her husband and a large family, had moved from Ohio. Her husband soon sickened and died, leaving her in charge of a family of several sons and one daughter. One son they had left in Ohio, a minister in the Ohio Conference. Such was her influence over her family, and in the community, that her sons took honorable positions in society, and some of them, with the daughter, were active members of the church. Under her roof have I often been rested, refreshed and encouraged. To recall these reminiscences is pleasant indeed. Surely there are green spots, pure fountains, and cooling springs, scattered all through the deserts of earth. Why then should a living man complain?

Twelve miles below Leroy was Iola, C. Meadows, preacher in charge. I found him very feeble, suffering from a paralytic stroke, which partially disabled one side. Dr. Kimberlin, a local preacher, who was living in the village and practicing medicine, was employed to sup-

ply for the year. He was a good preacher, and successful as a physician.

The village was pleasantly situated and prosperous. The church had several substantial and influential members, and was in a very healthy condition. Near here I found an old veteran member of the church, a brother of the late Dennis Willie, of Baldwin City, and father of the wife of Wm. Butt, then a member of our Conference.

Here, too, I found Brother Woollains, a local preacher from Arkansas, who had been an officer in the Confederate Army, but only long enough to get a chance to escape, and make his way to Kansas, with his family.

Humboldt, the next village, twelve miles below Iola, was embraced in this work. Belmont laid away off to the south, and took in Verdigris and Fall River. J. S. Payne was their preacher. He was zealous in his labors and attentive to his studies—doing a good work. On the Verdigris and Fall River lived the Craigs—one a local preacher, the other a steward. Belmont was not much of a place; only a few houses standing out on the bleak prairie. A temporary fort had been built and a few soldiers stationed there. It looked lonely in the extreme. Brother

Payne was living here with two or three families as his neighbors.

At one of my quarterly meetings on this work, a lady came forward for baptism. When I read to her the confession of faith, and came to the words, "Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church?" she looked up in my face and said, "Aint you a Methodist preacher?" I said, "Yes." She said, "The old Methodist Church?" I said, "Yes, the old Methodist Episcopal Church. What I mean by the Holy Catholic Church is the church of God in general; composed of all true believers, and not the Roman Catholic Church." This seemed to satisfy her, and we proceeded. I learned afterwards that she was an excellent lady, but her mind was, at times, a little shattered.

I have often thought it would be well to drop off the foot note, and change the language of the discipline so that it could be understood by all, without a comment.

Cottonwood Falls lay away off to the west, on the Cottonwood River, a branch that emptied into the Neosho just below Emporia. This was a small village, but it had a good water power, improved by a good flouring mill. It has since

become quite an important point on the A., T. and S. F. Railroad. Among other advantages, it has an excellent stone quarry, from which the large stone in the Atchison bridge were brought. My work took in a large part of the rich Cottonwood valley. Wm. Robertson was the preacher. Within the bounds of this work we found Father Fairchilds, a venerable local elder, who had once been a traveling preacher in Indiana. He was here familiarly known as Grand Pap Fairchilds, and any man was thought inhuman who did not love him. Every door was open to him; every family made him welcome. May the power of his name long be felt in this valley.

Twin Spring charge is some twenty miles north of the Neosho, in an older part of the country. J. P. McElfresh was their preacher. They had an able body of official members in the quarterly conference, and a large and active membership. Brother McElfresh's labors here were attended with quite a revival. He could exhort and sing nearly all night and not seem tired.

Garnett was the county seat of Anderson County. It was quite a prosperous place. E. H. Robertson was their preacher. This was a large and strong charge, having a large member-

ship of able and influential members. This work embraced Sutton's Valley, a rich section of country, taking its name from a large family of Suttons, who settled in and around it. On this circuit lived Brother Tipton, largely engaged in cultivating an improved stock of cattle. He and his excellent wife were prominent people, and warm hearted members of the church.

Mapleton, a lively and growing village on the road from Lawrence to Ft. Scott, in an excellent section of the country, had a good society and was very prosperous this year under the labors of A. B. Walker, their preacher. He was greatly assisted by the local preachers. Brother Wilson, who had formerly traveled in Illinois, was able, active, and efficient in all the enterprises of the church. Brother Hatler was from Arkansas, where he had suffered and sacrificed in the service of the church, and was active in the cause of his Master. Brother T. Willets was with A. Buley when he was driven from Texas, pursued by the mob, taken back and brutally murdered. The mob was also after Willets, but by dexterity, activity, and perseverance, he eluded them. Willets was naturally a strong minded man, but had few advantages of education. He was naturally constituted to rule.

At any time he could have raised a mob and gone into Texas to avenge the blood of Buley. But he was a christian, and chose rather to employ his talents in building up the cause of Christ where he was. Axley Swagerty was of old Methodist stock in Arkansas. Then there was Young and Walrod—all these brethren were true yokefellows, and aided in building up the cause of the Master.

Here I found a boy studying his arithmetic and grammar, and preparing himself for usefulness. He was soon licensed to exhort, which he did with such good effect, that he was soon licensed to preach. At the last quarterly meeting he was recommended to the Annual Conference, where he was received, and he rendered such good service that he was afterwards selected as a missionary to India. This was P. M. Buck, whose labors in India have demonstrated his ability and the genuineness of his christian character.

During this year we held a camp meeting near Mapleton. It was one of great interest and power. Early in the meeting a peculiar specimen of humanity made his appearance on the ground. My attention was at first called to him by his getting up on a bench and publicly an-

nouncing a political meeting at some time and place. Soon after this, I saw him quite warmly engaged with some others in discussing the mode of christian baptism. Quite a crowd had gathered round them. I walked up to them and said, "Will you please discontinue this discussion, as it is attracting too much attention?" The parties ceased for a time, but soon they met again, and commenced the discussion, with increasing warmth. I went up to them again, and said, "One of the rules of this meeting is that no discussion, or controversy, will be allowed." He replied, directing his remarks to me, "I am ready to discuss this question with any one—with you, if you please." I replied, "Sir, did you hear what I said? If so, you will dismiss this discussion at once, or leave the ground, and save further trouble." This ended the matter. But he hung around the encampment, looking much like some hungry wolf sneaking around a sheep fold.

Mound City was left to be supplied. We found T. J. Cosseboom, an exhorter, near Burlington. Being highly recommended he was licensed to preach, and employed on the work. He rendered good service, and proved an excellent man. On this circuit Brother Mark

Robertson's family were living on a "claim" he had taken some four years before.

The year before a local preacher had been expelled from the church. He appealed the case to the annual conference, which sent the matter back for a new trial, on the grounds that the minutes of the quarterly conference had not been properly signed. He came to me at my first quarterly meeting to explain the case, claiming illegality in the former trial, and wished a decision from me, to prevent further proceedings. I told him that both the quarterly and annual conferences had acted, and it would not be proper for me to go behind their action; and, further, that it was not the time, or place, for me to give a decision; but if the case came properly before me, I should not hesitate to give a decision to the best of my ability. The case, however, was not further prosecuted, and he withdrew from the church.

On this charge lived Brother Fisher and Dr. Ayers, who had been traveling preachers. Dr. Ayers was a venerable man, and a veteran preacher. He had formerly belonged to the Pittsburg Conference, and labored side by side with the eminent Elder Swazie.

At Mound City I put up with Father Reese,

an old, firm and well tried member of the church. He had been in the fiery trials through which the church had passed in Arkansas. He and his wife were living here, examples to the followers of the Saviour.

Brother Sheldon Parker had been a member of the Ohio Conference, but was now a member of the Kansas. The year before he lost his wife. He was appointed to Marmeton. He commenced well, but soon got into trouble because he wanted to get a young wife. Rumor went abroad that his conduct was so imprudent that it amounted to immorality. Charges were preferred against him; nevertheless he got his wife, and, as far as I ever learned, they lived happily together.

At his investigation something occurred that really disturbed the gravity of the court. One item against him was prevarication in regard to his age. In reply to this he said, in substance: "Well, I might not have told the whole truth in regard to my age; I was greatly annoyed. Often, after having preached, and gone home with some dear friend, some old lady would draw up to me, and squinting through her glasses, say, 'Brother Parker how old *mout* you be?' In answer I would say thirty-five, and

give no further explanation. To avoid such attacks, I thought it best to get married, that inquiries in regard to my age might cease."

This was the year of the famous Price raid into Missouri. What could have induced a man of sense to undertake such an enterprise is hard to understand. A more suicidal course could hardly have been adopted. But he was left to make the experiment. When his object was clearly understood, a call was made on the Kansas militia to rally for his defeat; and such rallying was seldom known! Hardly a man was left at home. Even those in their 'teens, together with the "silver grays," turned out *en masse*, and the women were left to take care of home.

Of course, quarterly meetings had to be suspended for a time. But the crisis was soon turned. Rosecrans from St. Louis, and Curtiss from Kansas, were prepared for him. Under Pleasanton and Blunt, our army met him near Independence, and at Lexington defeated Price's forces, and made him retreat. He did so towards the Kansas line. He was pursued by our army, and harrassed all the way. At Mine Creek, two of his Generals—Marmaduke and Cable—were taken prisoners.

In his retreat he camped for the night on Marias des Cygnes, at a place known as the "Trading Post." Here they took possession of the flouring mill, and run it all night, grinding all the grain in it for their supply. Early in the morning they commenced loading up their wagons, but before they got ready to start, our army opened fire on them. They had to retreat in great confusion, leaving their wagons in the road, half loaded. Some cut their horses loose from the wagons and fled precipitately.

Brother Cosseboom, who lived here, had to take shelter that night in a corn field, while two rebel soldiers asked to sleep in his house for the night. Sister Cosseboom put them up stairs. They were so fatigued they did not awake in the morning until the army had passed on, closely pursued by our forces. Sister Cosseboom notified some of the neighbors of their situation, and they were taken prisoners. Price's army passed a little east of Mound City, where Blunt's regiment opened on them a severe fire. They fled precipitately, leaving many of their dead on the field. I have been told that Price had printed on his wagon covers, in large letters, "Coming to stay." After the battle, some one, in passing over the battle field, found a dead

rebel soldier with a paper pinned on his shoulder, which read, "I have come to stay."

I did not succeed in getting a supply for Ft. Scott this year, and it had no organization there. The time drew near to gather up matters for Conference, which was to meet at Topeka. In going to Conference, I went a little out of my way to visit friends at Oskaloosa, and spend the Sabbath.

The Bishop was expected there to preach, but as he did not come, I had to stand in his place. I took for my text, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." The text was so impressive, and the expectation of the people so elevated, in regard to the Bishop, that one old lady remarked, after the sermon, "Did not the Bishop give us a great sermon?" So there is no great loss without some small gain. If I had to bear the responsibility of the Bishop, I had the pleasure of being flattered on his credit. I did hope the old lady would not learn her mistake lest it might alter her opinion in regard to the sermon.

Monday evening Bishop Scott, Dr. Crary, and D. P. Mitchell put in an appearance, but too late to preach. As preaching had been an-

nounced for that evening, the Presiding Elder of this district had to shoulder the burden. But he did not enjoy the advantage that I had had, as they all knew him; but they said he did well, called out as he was on the spur of the moment.

Monday and Monday night it thawed and rained so that the roads were a complete mud hole. In some places it seemed as though the bottom had fallen out. Tuesday morning we all started out—some in buggies and some on horses—Brother Mitchell, with the Bishop and Dr. Crary, taking the lead. We had proceeded but about half a mile when we were passed by some one on horseback, in full speed. It proved to be Brother Joseph Evens, with a basket of lunch, which he was taking to the Bishop's company.

We dragged along our weary way, through the mud and slush, and when about half way, came to a stream too high to ford. We called to a house on the opposite side. They told us the creek was running down, and would soon be so that we could cross. We unhitched and fed our horses, built a fire, and eat our lunch. By this time the water had so far run down that we hitched up and crossed in safety. On inquiring the name of the creek, we were told that it was

Big Muddy. Bishop Scott dryly remarked he thought the whole thing was a "big muddy."

We did not reach Topeka that night, but got within about six miles of the town, where we scattered among the neighbors for the night. In the morning we took an early start and reached Topeka in time for Conference.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TOPEKA CONFERENCE.

Bishop Scott presided. The church building was not yet finished, but sufficiently forward to be occupied. An effort was made, during the Conference, to raise funds to complete it. Several speeches were made. Bishop Scott said they had better knock off the roof, tear down the building and start anew, or finish it, put on a cornice, and give it a respectable appearance. I believe a sufficient sum was subscribed by the preachers to complete the building. J. D. Knox was transferred from the Pittsburg Conference, and made their stationed preacher.

In the case of a member of the Conference, who had been suspended, and whose case was for trial, the committee reported that the charge

of immorality had not been sustained ; but that he was guilty of great imprudence, and should be reprov'd in open Conference by the Bishop. At the close of one of the sessions, the Bishop called the brother to the altar and said, in substance : “ Brother, the committee which has had your case under consideration, have found you guilty of imprudence, and decided that you should be reprov'd in open Conference by the chair. In regard to the merits of the case, of course, I know nothing. The word imprudence is capable of being divided into many degrees. It may be of such a character as to carry with it gross immorality, and it may be of such a character, that although not necessarily immoral, yet strikingly improper. This appears to be the view the committee took of your case. Imprudence should be carefully avoided by all christians ; especially ministers should be above suspicion, and their influence always be for good ; they should be careful at all times to shun the very appearance of evil. I hope in the future you will be more circumspect, and let your conduct and character be worthy of your profession, considering how great a stain a little imprudence can bring upon the cause of the blessed Saviour.” After these impressive remarks, the Bishop

said, "Sing the doxology, and Brother Brooks will pronounce the benediction."

The brother who had been reprov'd raised his head, and led the singing, as if extremely happy. This created a little amusement.

The proceedings of the Conference, on the whole, were conducted with much dignity and dispatch, and were felt by all to be pleasant and profitable. The Bishop preached at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, on "The Upright Walker," describing him as having his feet firmly planted on the rock of everlasting ages, his "body erect before the altar" of God, his head exalted, his heart filled with love, and his mouth speaking the praise and glory of his risen and exalted Savior.

In my report of the Hartford Collegiate Institute a brother objected to calling it a college, or putting forth any effort to build it up as such. I replied that I reported just as I found it. This was the character under which it received its charter, and I did not propose to nick-name it. The Committee on Education, however, in their report, politely let it down by speaking of it as an academy, and complimenting the church in Southern Kansas for seeking to give their children an academic education, and hoped it would

become a feeder to Baker University. Well, I suppose Baker University needed feeding, and Southern Kansas was as able to feed it as any other portion of the State.

The business of the Conference was concluded Monday forenoon; the appointments were announced, and we all prepared to depart, not expecting all ever to meet again on earth. All seemed by the expression of their countenances to say, "I will try to do better this year than in the past." I started for my old field of labor, and in company with brother Sheldon and his wife, drove as far as their house, about twenty miles.

G. W. Williams was appointed to Hartford. He had had some experience in teaching, and was appointed to this work with the understanding that he would teach the "academy" and be pastor of the church. He succeeded in both. This year the college building was finished, the floors laid, stairs put up, and recitation rooms partitioned off, and put in good condition. Several families moved into the place this year. Brother Morgan opened a store, Father Baysinger with three sons moved into the town, and bought property, D. K. Handen a local preacher, Rawson from Mapleton, Kirkpatrick a local preacher

from Iowa, all came this year, so that we had an excellent society, and a good place to worship in—the college building. Sister Williams started a subscription to purchase a bell for the college, and soon its fine tones saluted our ears, and rolled across the prairies. A camp meeting was held near the town, which resulted in great good to the church, and added to its numbers.

J. McAnulty was stationed at Burlington, and put in a good year's labor. A camp meeting near by resulted in much good to the community.

At Leroy, the church was gradually gaining strength. Brother Hatler, their preacher, took hold of their building enterprise, and pushed it towards completion. A. B. Walker was appointed to Iola, and rendered good service. We held a camp meeting on Deer Creek, in the neighborhood of brothers Dolan and Wright, two substantial families. It was a meeting of great interest and profit. At a prayer meeting, in the altar, on Sunday, there was such a spiritual influence that many pressed forward for prayers. One Lieutenant from the army started forward and fell his whole length in the altar. Many were soundly converted, and joined the church.

Humboldt was made a separate charge this year, and J. S. Payne was appointed as their preacher. There were but few members at this point, but five miles down the river was a large class. In this neighborhood was Wesley Garuth who married the daughter of Anthony Buley. Garuth was with Buley making their escape from Texas when the mob overtook them. They hung Buley, but Garuth made his escape by taking refuge in the woods, and eluding his pursuers. Marmaton was a good circuit, and W. F. Travis was their preacher. He bought and finished up a good parsonage this year. When Price's army passed through Marmaton in their retreat, they robbed and set fire to a store, and passed on. Travis was in our army that drove Price from Kansas.

Ft. Scott was taken up as an appointment, and Strange Brooks, who had come out of the army, was appointed their preacher. He commenced well, and succeeded in organizing a class. but staid only about half the year, and then transferred to Iowa. We employed brother Duran, a Southern Methodist preacher who lived here, and had united with our church, to fill out the year. The Presbyterians had a good society here, and a good preacher. They had just fin-

ished a nice church, and invited the Methodists to occupy it half the time, which invitation was accepted. At one of my quarterly meetings I enjoyed the privilege of hearing a good sermon by the Presbyterian preacher in the morning, and I tried to preach in the evening. Major Insley, a local preacher, lived here, but was in the commissary department of the army.

Mark Robertson was appointed to Mound City, his home. At one of my quarterly meetings I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Broadhead, a descendant of Elder Broadhead, one of the earliest and noblest Methodist preachers in an early day, and I believe at one time a Member of Congress. There were two brothers living here who were deeply interested in its welfare, although not members of the church. Their father, a local preacher, was stopping with them. He is now a superannuated preacher of the Southern Kansas Conference, a noble man, and I am told greatly resembles the original Broadhead.

Mapleton was prosperous this year, under the faithful labors of T. J. Cosseboom. E. H. Robertson was returned to Garnett the second year, and J. T. McElfresh the second year to Twin Springs. The principal part of the Bel-

mont work was on the Virdigris. Wm. M. Robertson was their preacher. This was a hard work and poor pay. Eureka, at the head of Fall River, was supplied by J. Hansberry. This circuit took in all the region to the State Line. In much of our traveling in this part, we did not pretend to follow any regular road, but learning the locality we wished to reach, we took our course across the prairies, sometimes traveling twenty miles without seeing a house. I remember my first trip to Eureka was a long and tedious journey, fording creeks, and crossing "divides." Near night, and almost discouraged, I ascended a long and gradual rise to a high elevation. Looking beyond, some five miles, down an equally gradual slope, I discerned a few houses. I was ready to exclaim "I have found it!"

Cottonwood Falls improved this year under the labors of Brother Meadows. It was a year of hard work, long and dreary rides, and sometimes of scanty fare. But I shared the hospitality of frontier settlers, eating at their tables, and sleeping in the same room, talking together of our christian experiences, and mingling around the family altar. Our spirits were often refreshed. Our quarterly meetings were always

profitable, (at least to me) and were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I never got tired of the work, but frequently got weary in it.

I will give some incidents in one of my quarterly meeting trips. It was in the summer. We had planned for a three weeks' trip, in the eastern part of the district, and, as it was vacation of the school, Brother Williams proposed going with me, in the interest of the school. All things being ready, we started out.

Our trip lay down the river to Iola, about thirty miles. Here we took the Military road for Ft. Scott. In crossing Deer Creek, we stuck in the mud, and one of our ponies broke its whippetree. We had to unhitch, tie our lariat to the buggy tongue, and with the other pony on the bank hitched to the other end, draw the buggy out, and up the hill. Here we stopped for the night, with Brother Wright. In the morning we made a new whippetree, hitched up and drove on. We reached Ft. Scott the next night, and received a hearty welcome from Major Insley. Brother Brooks was succeeding well. He had organized a class, and all things were assuming a favorable aspect. The quarterly

meeting was, I trust, profitable. The congregation was large and attentive.

My next meeting was on the Marmaton work, at Petegrem's school house. It had commenced raining, so that when we reached the neighborhood, Mill Creek was so high we could not cross it to the place of meeting. We put up with a brother until the creek ran down, and then crossed and held our meeting without further interruption.

Our next meeting was to be a camp meeting, some eight miles below Humboldt. The rain continued to fall, so that the roads became bad, and the traveling difficult. On reaching Humboldt, we made the acquaintance of Dr. Wakefield, who had been a surgeon in the army. He invited us to stop with him for the night. He said the camp meeting had been abandoned because the streams running into the river could not be forded. The river had overflowed its banks, and the water reached the camp ground. I accepted the invitation, and found him a very intelligent and agreeable man, and his wife a highly cultured christian lady. They were both substantial, active members of the church. We were agreeably and pleasantly entertained for the night.

In the morning we started for Hartford, our home. The water was still rising, and there being several streams to ford, we concluded to press on as far as possible, take an early supper, and then drive as far as we could before dark, and camp on the prairie, so as to take an early start in the morning. We fixed on Brother Miller's, one of the stewards of the Iola work, as our stopping place. He lived between Iola and Leroy, and we knew his heart to be as big as his house, which was ever open to the servants of the church, and his table ever bountifully spread for their comfort and refreshment. We reached his place about three o'clock P. M. He fed our ponies, and his wife prepared an excellent supper, after partaking of which we hitched up and drove on with his "God speed."

We drove through Leroy a little before sunset and pressed on until dark, to within a short distance of Crooked Creek. Here we lariatied our ponies, put down the curtains of our buggy, spread down our buffalo robes, and laid ourselves down to sleep. Soon it commenced raining, and continued to do so all the night. The prairies were literally covered with water. As soon as it was light enough we commenced to hitch up, to cross the creek before it got too

high. One of the ponies broke her lariat, and refused at first to be caught. We succeeded, after a good deal of effort, and drove in haste to the creek, there to learn that it was too high to ford. A man told us there was a ford half a mile above, where we could cross. We drove on rapidly to the crossing. Taking our satchels in our laps, we unceremoniously plunged in. The water came up to the ponies hips, but they took us safely through mud and water.

About noon we came to the banks of Long Creek, there to learn that it was more than thirty feet high. Stopping with Father Landers, who lived on the bank of the creek, for dinner, we learned they were building a bridge about half a mile below, but had only got the abutments up, and the stringers on, so that footman could cross. Getting some young men to assist me, we drove down to the bridge, and finding some plank, we laid them across the stringers, and others over them lengthwise of the bridge, for the buggy wheels to run on. With the harness in the buggy, we drew it across by hand. Then taking my lariat, which was about fifty feet long, and tying one end to one of the pony's bridle bits, one of us taking the other end, and walking across on the stringers, the other driving

the pony into the stream, so that by being "towed," and swimming, it passed safely across. We then took the other across in the same way.

On reaching Ottumwa, they told us the streams between there and Hartford could not be crossed; so, striking out on the high prairie and taking the divide between the Neoshō and Marais des Cygnes, we headed the streams until we came opposite and in sight of Hartford; then descending to the bottoms, we made for the river. Soon we came to what appeared to be a deep slough of water, and fearing it was too deep for safety, I gave the lines to Brother Williams, put my coat, vest, watch and pocket-book into the buggy and waded through, he following in safety.

As it was getting late, I got into the buggy and told him to drive on, and I would put on dry pants, and dress without stopping. On taking up my vest and coat, I saw my watch lying on the seat, the crystal broke, and the watch so smashed as to be of no further account as a time piece.

We reached the river, but could not ford it. So passing up about one mile, we left our buggy and team with Brother Fenimore, went down to a saw mill, and crossing in a small boat, reached

home and found all well. But I was minus a good gold watch. Some might call this hard fare and poor pay, and a great sacrifice of ease, comfort and prosperity ; but I never viewed it in this light. I was in the King's service, and His business was of the first importance, and safe, honorable, and profitable. Nor had I cause to doubt or fear, for all the resources of heaven and earth were at His disposal, and subject to His command, and His promise was " My grace shall be sufficient for you."

I ever found this faithfully verified. One thing I could never understand, how some young preachers could talk of sacrifices in the ministry! If they would look back to the pit from which they were digged, they would see that instead of being hamiliated by the ministry, they had been greatly honored ; instead of making sacrifices in the work, they had been greatly exalted, honored and benefited in every way. With all my weakness, pride, and self importance, and sense of honor, I never thought the ministry lowered me, but greatly lifted me up. With all its deprivations, labor and anxiety, I never considered it harder than the ordinary pursuits of life ; but, in many respects, greatly superior to any other calling, profession, or pursuit.

First, we have the approval of our own conscience in trying to do the will of God and benefiting our fellow men.

Second, the sense of the approbation of God gives satisfaction, resignation, and confidence in the darkest hour, bitterest calumny, fiercest persecution, and most threatening danger.

Third, we have companionship with God. We walk and talk with God; make known our wants in prayer, and receive His answer, "Lo, I am with you always. Fear not, I am with you. Be not dismayed, I am thy God. Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver you, and ye shall glorify me."

These sweet, encouraging answers more than satisfy the soul, and we unite with the poet and exclaim :

"With Thee conversing we forget
All time, and toil and care ;
Labor is rest and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

Oh, how often have these precious promises buoyed up my spirits on these lonely prairies, and enabled me to exclaim :

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other trust is sinking sand."

The year wound up with a good state of

religious interest on all the charges, and we started for Conference, feeling that we had tried to build up the Master's cause, grateful for His support, and hopeful for the future.

CHAPTER XII.

BALDWIN CITY CONFERENCE.

Conference commenced March 15th, 1866, Bishop Kingsley presiding, G. W. Paddock, Secretary, J. D. Knox and L. L. Hartman, Assistant Secretaries. J. M. Trimble, one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society, was present, and added much to the interest of the Conference by his counsel, sermons and addresses.

Business of more than ordinary importance came before the Conference. Baker University attracted much attention. J. W. Locke, Professor of Mathematics in Asbury University, and a man of very superior ministerial and literary ability, had been elected President. He commenced his labors with a good prospect of success, but health failing, he had to resign. The Trustees elected J. W. Horner in his place. Horner had been a Colonel in the army. The

University, after years of toil, beset by almost insurmountable difficulties—poverty, drought, the grasshopper plague, war and famine, want of suitable buildings to accommodate the school, and having as yet a character to establish so as to attract students, had gradually worked its way up, step by step, until all these difficulties, except the buildings, had been overcome, and it was reported free from debt. With an able corps of teachers, and a large number of students, a large, new, substantial and commodious building had been commenced. The foundation was laid, when they had to stop for want of funds. This being the site of the University, the preachers became acquainted with the Faculty, saw for themselves the buildings—and thus an interest was awakened in its prosperity. Almost every session had some action in regard to the University, and many of the evenings were devoted to its interests. It seemed that many of the preachers had Baker University on the brain. The college at Manhattan, that had been patronized by the Conference, had been sold by the Trustees, to the State, for an agricultural college, and Brother Denison made its President. All these matters came before the Conference, and elicited much debate, warm discussion, and sharp

crossfire, among those immediately interested in these institutions. I remember Colonel Horner, President of the University, arose and said, "There has been some pretty sharp skirmishing this morning, but I do not think much damage has been done. It reminds me of something that took place in the army at one time. We were camped for the night, near the enemy; we doubled our pickets, and gave specific orders that if anything appeared they should fire a gun as an alarm. About ten o'clock we were startled by the sound of a gun; then several others in quick succession were heard. The regiment sprang to their feet and formed for battle in quick time. We sent out some scouts to ascertain where and what the danger was. Soon they returned and reported no danger; it was a false alarm. An old cow, feeding in the woods, made some cracking among the brush near one of the guards, who thought the enemy coming, and fired the alarm; the other guards responded in quick succession. No one was hurt except little Johnny A—, who, in his haste to load and fire, shot off the end of his thumb."

At this session the organization of the Conference Church Extension Society was completed, its officers were elected, and it was put in work-

ing order. The discussion of Indian Missions took some time. Major H. W. Martin, agent for the Sac and Fox tribes, was here with the head chiefs, and an interpreter who wished to address the Conference. Permission being given, the chief said, "We wish you to send us a missionary, to live among us, teach our children, and preach for us." The Agency was made an appointment, and Brother Rogers, a local preacher, employed to supply them. The term of L. D. Price, as Presiding Elder of the Leavenworth district, expired at this Conference. The Bishop had some difficulty in selecting a man for the place; not for want of suitable men, for there were several eminently qualified for the position, but to decide between men was the difficulty. The lot finally fell on D. P. Mitchell.

This was the one hundredth year since Methodism was first introduced into this country, and it was decided to celebrate it as the centenary of American Methodism. From 1766 the Methodists existed in the form of societies, or classes, with preachers and preaching places, but without the sacraments. Under the spiritual direction of Mr. Wesley, who felt bound to provide for them the sacraments, and preferred an Episcopal form of church government; he or-

dained Thomas Coke a Bishop for America, and sent him over to the Christmas Conference, 1784. He was to organize them into a METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, and preside over them as their first general superintendent.

At this session G. W. Paddock was made Corresponding Secretary of the Conference Centenary Society. The Ft. Scott district was formed, taking from the east end of the Hartford district, Ft. Scott, Marmaton, Mound City, Mapleton, Garnett, Twin Springs, and New Albany. W. R. Davis was made the Presiding Elder. There was added to the Hartford district the Sac and Fox Indian Mission, Emporia, Americus and Council Grove, so that we had about as much territory as before the division. J. McAnulty was stationed at Hartford, where he labored with his accustomed success. The church grew in numbers and spirituality, and became a very pleasant charge. G. W. Williams was made principal of the school, conducting it with ability and admirable success. The school was large in numbers, and excellent in its influence. On the whole, the church and school were a grand success. Burlington was on the rise; T. McQuiston took hold of the charge with spirit, and succeeded in advancing the interests

of the church, in every direction. By his zeal and energy he succeeded in building a good parsonage, and moved into it. In the fall, we held a camp meeting. It was of more than ordinary interest. Brother Paddock, Secretary of the Centenary Society, was with us, and preached several able sermons, and lectured on the introduction, rise and spread of American Methodism. This lecture made a profound impression on the minds of all present, and opened the eyes of many to the real strength and influence of the church. Leroy prospered this year under the labors of Brother Hatton, who was returned the second year, and succeeded in completing the church. It was a very neat and comfortable house, and was dedicated before Conference—C. R. Rice, from Ft Scott, preaching a very able dedicatory sermon.

All things were pleasant and profitable at Iola, where Brother Walker was on his second year. At Humboldt, J. S. Payne was on his second year. Things had so improved at this place that the Trustees concluded to move the parsonage here, from five miles below. Brother Payne's wife sickened and died, during the year, leaving him with two small children to provide for. Sister Payne was a woman of more than

ordinary ability, and well educated. She had been a member of the Baptist Church, but united with the Methodist Episcopal Church to help her husband in his christian life. When, in obedience to the Master's call, he entered the ministry, she thought she might aid him, hold up his hands, and cheer his heart in his responsible work, she cheerfully sacrificed the comforts of a pleasant home, and, side by side with him, entered the changeful life of an itinerant minister. But, her itineracy has closed, and I trust she is safely located in her heavenly home. Ministers' wives, although they have not the same duties to perform, have vastly more to suffer, and the sacrifices they have to make are far greater; their example and influence are of great importance to the church.

Early in the winter my quarterly meeting came on the Eureka work and Humboldt. My wife accompanied me on this trip. Our first meeting was on the Eureka work. It was held in a private house, which was seated with benches. After preaching, the benches were carried out doors, to give the women a chance to do their cooking and set their tables. The neighbors came in, the house was filled, and they all seemed to enjoy the meeting; I trust it

was profitable to all. We stayed in the neighborhood over Monday, and Tuesday started for my next appointment. It turned cold and commenced snowing; when we reached the river opposite Humboldt, we found it too high to ford, so we had to turn back about a mile to find a place to stop for the night. We stopped with Brother Witten, a local preacher from Arkansas. He had for a residence three log cabins, each about twelve feet square. In one was a loom, bed and fireplace; in another was an old, superannuated cook stove and a bed. In this they put us, after building up a good fire, and hanging some blankets around the outside to keep the wind out. Brother Witten furnished a good supply of wood, by a free use of which we managed to keep from freezing.

The other shanty they used for cooking and eating in. It had no door, but a blanket was hung up to keep out the cold. Here we ate and shivered at the same time. But we thought if they could stand this all the time, we could stand it a short time. They did all they could to make us comfortable and happy, and they did it so cheerfully, that we really enjoyed it and felt grateful.

We stayed here over Wednesday night.

Thursday, after dinner, we concluded to try the river again. Brother Witten got on his horse, and rode down to the river with us. It was so high he decided we could not cross, and would have to return and stay another night. He said there was a ford, about five miles above, which he was sure we could cross the next day, as the water was running down a little. The following day we started in the morning for the ford.

On reaching the river we found it full of running ice, and looked threatening; but a man told us we could cross safely. Just as we were about to enter, a large cake of ice came down, which would have carried us down the stream. We waited a little time, and when it passed we rushed in, and reached the other side in safety. We then drove briskly on, to warm up our team, and reach comfortable quarters for ourselves. Reaching Humboldt, we received a hearty welcome, and most pleasant entertainment during the meeting with Dr. Wakefield.

Emporia, one of the most important, pleasant, and prosperous towns in Kansas, is located on a gently rolling prairie, between the rich, fertile valleys of the Neosho and Cottonwood rivers; it has a rich farming country around it, sufficiently distant from any large town to avoid

competition. Its first settlers were not inferior in judgment, talent, and far reaching sagacity to any in the State. Runald, with fine judicial ability, was one of its first judges. In an early day J. Stotler commenced to publish one of the most popular and able weekly papers in the State.

Emporia was the home of Colonel W. F. Cloud, an excellent christian gentleman, who rendered excellent service in the western army during the war. He was a local preacher of good ability.

Senator Plumb was among the first in every respect, and added much to the prosperity of the place by his counsel and enterprise. He was a major in a regiment of volunteers, and when Quantrell's band made their bloody raid on Lawrence, at the head of a portion of our army, he intercepted, and drove them from the State. There were many others, with whose names I am not now familiar, who were equally prominent in building up the place.

Early in Kansas legislation Emporia secured the location of the State Normal School. The Methodists had a strong society there, embracing some of the leading families: Judge Watson and family; Gillett and wife; Malona and wife;

Murdock, a local preacher ; Father Adams and wife, and many others whose names I cannot now recall. They had a good, substantial stone church, and J. H. Leard was their stationed pastor this year. He sustained himself well, as a preacher, and was especially active and efficient in the Sunday School. In the winter G. W. Paddock held a series of meetings there in connection with his centenary work, that resulted in great good ; many prominent citizens were converted, and added to the church.

I visited the Sac and Fox Mission but once this year, and learned that they did not care much for a preacher, but wanted a teacher to instruct their children.

Council Grove was supplied by a Brother Shockley. He had but a few members in the village, and a small class some four miles west of the town. But the Southern Methodists had a strong society, and the Presbyterians a good preacher. The town was growing into some importance.

Our last quarterly meeting for this year was on the Belmont work, and was held on the Vir-digris. After the meeting closed we started for Hartford.

Traveling up the Virdigris River some ten

miles, we stopped for the night with Brother Gassway, and found his wife suffering with the chills. It had turned cold during the afternoon, and commenced snowing and blowing, which continued all night. The storm was too severe and threatening for us to proceed, as our way led across a houseless desert of some fifteen miles. So we remained another day and night.

The storm raged fearfully all day, but with a rousing fire and a cook stove in the room, by frequent turning, we managed to keep one side warm at a time. The second morning the storm had so far abated that we thought it safe to proceed, and about ten o'clock we resumed our journey.

Traveling up the river some four miles, we left the road and struck for the divide between the Virdigris and Eagle Creek. Following up the divide some ten miles, we came in sight of the timber on the head of Four Mile Creek, a branch that emptied into Eagle Creek, some four miles below. On this creek, two or three families had settled.

Descending from the divide, we followed down the creek, and soon came to a new house. Driving up to the door, we inquired of the woman if we could get a chance to warm. She

replied that we could, but her house was open, and she had only a cook stove to warm it, and green wood to burn. We concluded to drive on.

Reaching Eagle Creek, we stopped for the night with Robert Mahaffey. In the morning we drove into Hartford, about three miles. The next day I started for Conference, by the way of Doniphan County, there to rest a few days with old friends.

Conference was to meet at Manhattan. After a short visit with friends I resumed my journey. On reaching Holton, in Jackson County, I found Brother N. Taylor holding his quarterly meeting, and tarried over Sunday. From the spirit of the meeting I judged the work to be in a healthy and prosperous condition. Wm. Knipe was their preacher.

Monday, in company with Brother Taylor and his wife, and Brother Knipe, I started for Manhattan. It turned cold, and commenced snowing and blowing, and continued so the whole journey.

On reaching Manhattan, I learned that the railroad was blocked with snow; that the cars, with the Bishop, book agents and several preachers on board, could not get through in time for Conference.

CHAPTER XIII.

MANHATTAN CONFERENCE.

Manhattan Conference met March 13, 1867. Bishop Ames not being present, G. W. Paddock called the Conference to order. James Shaw was elected President *pro tem.*, and G. W. Paddock, secretary. Only ten members being present, the session soon adjourned to two o'clock P. M.

The afternoon session was chiefly occupied with religious services. The cars came in at night, so that on Thursday morning Bishop Ames took the chair.

At this Conference G. W. Paddock transferred to the Erie Conference, where he formerly belonged.

My wife's health having been poor for two years, and my own health failing, I thought it advisable to take a supernumerary relation, which the Conference granted me.

After the Conference adjourned I proceeded at once to Doniphan County, where I expected to spend the year. Troy and Wathena were supplied by a transfer from the east, a Brother Brown, but he failed to come. Brother Mitchel, the Presiding Elder, requested me to fill the

place, which I consented to try to do, until he could get a permanent preacher.

Although I had often been in Troy, passed through it, and preached on every side of it, up to this time I had never preached in the village, as we had had no church organization in the place for several years. Who introduced Methodism into Troy, I am unable to say. I think, however, it was Abraham Bennett, a local preacher, while a supply on the Doniphan work, some four years before. Brother J. Lawrence had been stationed here, and was blessed with quite an extensive revival. Numbers united with the church, and it was considered quite an important point, being the county seat.

At my first appointment, I found them worshipping in a school house. The congregation was composed of many old acquaintances and friends. D. M. Johnson, whom I met at Leavenworth the first time I visited Kansas, and had traveled with from Leavenworth to Doniphan, then his home. He was not then a member of their church. He had moved to Troy, and was a lawyer of good ability—kind and true as a friend, but sharp and cutting as an opponent. Under the labors of Brother Lawrence, during the revival, Johnson cast in his lot with the

people of God, was soundly converted, and became an active member of the church.

Here, too, was Peter Smith, whom I had met before at a camp meeting, and had heard him relate a very interesting and somewhat novel experience concerning his conversion.

Charles Rapilee I had known at Columbus, where he had generally acted as Secretary of the Quarterly Conference, and Sunday School Superintendent. He was now County Clerk, and Superintendent of a very flourishing Sunday School, and exerting a most excellent influence in the community. There were other active and influential members of the church and congregation whose names I cannot now recall. They were all well united, and labored harmoniously. The meeting of these long known and well tried friends, under such circumstances, gave great encouragement, and I felt that I must succeed.

But there is another side to the picture. Many unfavorable circumstances surrounded us. There was no building in which to worship, except the school house, and that inconveniently located. The Presbyterians had a good church, favorably located, and pleasant in all its parts. They had a large membership of respectable and influential families. Their pastor was a popular,

able, and active minister. The two societies were on the best of terms, and labored harmoniously, side by side. But we had the short end of the doubletree.

The Methodists had a lot for a church, and rock on the ground for the foundation ; but here they had to stop for want of means. Our first service was pleasant, interesting, and I trust profitable. After the sermon I met the class. The members manifested a good degree of courage and spirituality. They gave me a warm reception and hearty welcome.

Unfavorably located as our place of worship was, and uncomfortable, compared with a good church, we had the satisfaction of knowing that those who came to worship with us, came because they wanted to. Sister Cash, from the Presbyterian Church, often met with us in our social meetings, which were always very interesting. In fact, she was a Methodist, but to help her husband, Dr. Cash, she went with him to the Presbyterian Church.

Our meetings continued interesting and profitable during the year. The members were unanimous in all their efforts. They were growing in grace and favor from day to day. Financially, things began to brighten. Daylight

dawned, and we resolved to proceed and build a brick church. Subscriptions were circulated, and a sufficient amount subscribed to justify the trustees in letting the work for enclosing the building. This was accomplished, and we felt that we had made a little progress. On the whole, this was a very pleasant year, and I parted with them with the best of feelings, greatly encouraged by their prospects.

This was but half my work. Wathena and Troy were connected together, as one charge, and I had to preach once each Sunday at both places, and travel six miles between. Wathena was an old appointment. While on the district I had held quarterly meetings there several times. It is four miles from St. Joseph, situated between the heels of the "horse shoe" bend of the Missouri River. It has passed through various changes, sometimes prosperous and then the reverse. The society was, at first, weak; it had some trouble and a hard struggle for existence. Then, under the labors of Brother Gardner, of precious memory, it revived and became quite prosperous and strong.

When I now visited them, I found but two or three that I had known before; others had taken their places. I met, for the first time, Dr.

Sturgis and his excellent lady. Dr. Sturgis was a skillful and successful physician, and a pillar in the church.

Here, too, I found a Mr. Harden and his amiable family. He was not a member of the church, but his wife and daughters were, and most excellent members. He was a warm friend to the church. To see him act, and hear him talk, one would think that the interest of the church was uppermost in his heart. And then there was Father Wright, nearly eighty years of age, and with very vigorous powers of body and mind, and a will so indomitable that he would stand up for the church although all the world opposed.

Brother Paulson had supplied this place and Troy the previous year. He lived at Wathena, and succeeded in starting a church building, and got it inclosed, the floor laid, and one coat of plaster on the walls. This incurred a debt that embarrassed them for years. With a temporary pulpit and seats, in this house we worshiped during the year. It was the only place of worship in the town, except an old school house. Our congregations were good, and on the whole we had a pleasant year.

One little incident occurred of rather a novel

nature: A man and his wife lived here in a very comfortable home; they were both members of the church; they had no children, and were always in their place at the time of worship. I had known them before, and thought them excellent christians. The man was small in stature, and quiet and meek in his appearance. She was large in stature, commanding in appearance, and of more than ordinary intellect. But, with some peculiarities, she had strong faith as a christian, and was considered by all who knew her a worthy member of the church. She was well posted in general matters, and had for many years taught school. They would come to church and return home together, he walking by her side, with an air which indicated that he realized and appreciated her superiority and goodness. But, somehow or other, a kink got into his head, and without giving any reason, he unceremoniously left his home and went to live with a neighbor. She followed him to learn what the trouble was, and to induce him to return. But he would give no explanation, and positively refused to return, leaving her alone to provide for and defend herself, which she was eminently qualified to do against any ordinary intruders.

This took the whole community by surprise. All who knew them thought that there was not a more pleasant, united, and happy couple in the town. They now came to church and returned, each by themselves. After waiting some time for sober second thought to have its influence, I undertook to labor with him; but it had no effect. He would make no explanations, give no reasons, or make any promises. I brought the case before the church, cited him to appear and answer to the charge of imprudent conduct, and show cause why he did not live with and provide for his wife.

In selecting the committee to try the case, I chose one member from the German Methodist Episcopal Church. I doubted, at the time, the strict legality of this choice, but as the discipline was not designed to be mandatory, but reformatory, I made the choice. He appeared before the committee, but would make no promises of change.

The committee thinking him willful, and stubborn, brought in a verdict of guilty and recommended his expulsion. I did not agree as to the penalty, and referred the case to the quarterly conference.

To the fourth quarterly conference, D. P.

Mitchell, Presiding Elder, I presented the case, and asked a decision on a question of law, viz.: Was it legal, according to our discipline, in selecting a committee to try an accused member, to select one of them from another church? He decided in the negative. This left it just where I wanted it.

Various are the scenes the minister is compelled to witness in his calling. One comes now to my mind that made a deep impression on all who were present at the time: There lived in Doniphan County a man and his wife who had been very unfortunate in rearing their children; all had sickened and died except one. It was a bright and promising child; all their affections clustered around it, and they fondly hoped it would be spared to them. But it took sick; no pains were spared for its recovery; they watched over it day and night, but it died. I was requested to attend its funeral. It was a cold, bleak day; the ground was frozen hard; snow flakes were in the air; the wind was bleak and piercing. The neighbors had gathered in, while the storm was howling without. After praying and making some remarks, we prepared to take the body to its last resting place. One of the neighbors opened the coffin, that all might have

a last look at the remains. The mother bent over it for a moment, then fell upon it, and clasping the coffin in her arms, exclaimed: "How can I permit my darling to be carried out in the storm and buried in the cold ground, never to see it any more?" These parents were without the christian hope. The neighbors had to take her from the coffin, before the solemn ceremony could be concluded.

This brings up another scene, similiar in some respects to the above; in other respects very dissimilar: I was called to attend the funeral of a child, and on reaching the house, I found the mother lying on a cot in the room, wasting away with consumption. After the usual service, the friends took the coffin to the side of her cot, assisted her to turn, so as to take her last view on earth of her darling. With a composed and calm countenance, she looked at it for a moment, then raised her emaciated hand, and laid it on the cold face, and with a sweet and heavenly voice said: "Sleep on my child, your mother will soon be with you in heaven." She was turned back on her cot, while a heavenly glow lighted up her dying brow. She was in the full enjoyment of a christian's hope. In a few days I was called to preach

her funeral sermon, and I had no doubt her spirit was then with her child in glory. How precious and true is the declaration, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come."

The church at Troy had a parsonage in the suburbs of the town. Having a chance this year, they traded it for a lot adjoining the church. There was on this lot a new house, but not completed; when finished, it would be a much more pleasant and valuable property than the old parsonage.

At the approaching Conference, Brother Thornbrue was stationed at Troy and Wathena. During this year, I think, they finished the church at Troy, and had it dedicated.

During this year I moved from my farm in Doniphan County into Atchison. T. F. Houts was stationed at Oskaloosa. His health failing, Brothers Price and Roberts came to Atchison to get me to supply his place. I consented to do so for a time. I found them a very warm hearted and kind people, and the congregation of more than ordinary intelligence. They had some local preachers living there capable of filling any charge in the Conference. We had one

quarterly meeting while I was with them. Brother Leonard was Presiding Elder. It was a time of interest and profit as Brother Leonard's meetings always were.

The more I became acquainted with the charge, the more I was encouraged for its prosperity. But we were soon reminded of the truth of the poet's sentiment, that we could not go to heaven on flowery beds of ease; and, that the christian's path was not always smooth, or uninterrupted; that the atmosphere would not always be calm; but that the road would sometimes be rough and rugged; the sky would not always be clear and serene, but clouds and storms would arise when we least expected it.

The church at Oskaloosa, with all their talent and piety, had become a little divided on the question of instrumental music, causing a slight ripple on the surface. I had no fears but that their good sense and piety, with a little time and the blessing of God, would bring all things right; and I am happy to believe it has.

It is strange what small things will sometimes trouble the child of God. It reminds me of an anecdote I once heard of a church in a certain locality, that had run into the habit of a sort of sing-song tone in their religious exercises.

The preacher prayed and preached in the same kind of a tone. One good brother arose in one of their social meetings and said: "Brethren, I want to be a christian, but there are many difficulties in the way, and I fear I shall never overcome them. I have been trying ever since I united with the church to get the holy tone, but I fear I shall never get it. Pray for me."

What ridiculous and small things sometimes interfere with christian prosperity. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Too often we "Pay tithes of anise, mint, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." A little good, common sense, that very uncommon thing, is all important in all the affairs of the church. Oskaloosa had enough of that, and piety too, with the blessing of God, to overcome the trifles. I spent a few weeks with them very pleasantly, but personal business matters demanded my attention in Detroit, Mich., and I had to part with them. Still they have a warm place in my heart, for it was with my own daughter, and her husband, Rev. L. D. Price, that I had my home at Oskaloosa.

I did not become sufficiently acquainted with the congregation to enable me, at this date, to recall them all by name, but the memory of a

few still pleasantly remains. J. W. Roberts, a local elder, and editor of the paper, was one. He drove a sharp, and strong pen, and was always active in the affairs of the church.

Jacob Boucher, a local elder, was sympathetic, spiritual, and able as a minister, and liberal in the support of the church.

Brother Newhouse was as willful a christian as one often meets. The foundation of religion, with him, was the determination of his will, by the grace of God, to do right and trust in Christ. He would oppose with equal tenacity what he believed to be wrong. He lived in close communion with his God. It was a pleasure to spend a season with him in christian converse.

Joseph Evans was as active and sprightly as a boy, although about my age. He was successful in business, hopeful as a christian, under the darkest cloud. It was almost impossible to have the "blues" in his presence.

John Sinnod was not very emotional in his temperament, but firm and established on principle, and always at his post of duty.

Brother Shrader was an old veteran of the cross, whose face has for many years been fixed toward glory, and whose motto is, "I will fight it out on this line" But the most of those I

have mentioned have passed away. Boucher, Newhouse, Evans and Sinnod have crossed the river, but left a good record behind them.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANGES.

Since my first acquaintance with Kansas, great changes have taken place. It was then but a sparsely settled territory, under a pro-slavery administration, agitated from center to circumference by the contention between slavery and freedom. It was soon admitted into the Union with a free state constitution, and quiet, peace and prosperity was the immediate result. Then came the extensive drought of 1859, that was so protracted as to make it necessary to send abroad for help to save the people from starvation. We had but just recovered from the effects of the droughts, when the grasshoppers came in such numbers as to eat up every green thing. They continued more or less for about three years.

But things have all changed, so that Kansas is no longer considered any more subject to droughts, than most of the older states. Even

the western counties, that were once considered uninhabitable for want of sufficient rain, have so changed that abundant crops have been produced. They stand side by side with the eastern portion of the state in productiveness. The grasshopper is no more known or feared in the land.

An almost unbroken expanse of prairie was presented to the eye, dotted over with "claim" shanties. Now, the spacious farm house and barn have taken their place. The well cultivated field, covered with golden grain, has taken the place of the prairie grass. Where the buffalo and antelope used to roam undisturbed, now the Jersey, the short horn, and all the best improved stock fatten on our own produce, and furnish our milk, butter, cheese and meat, with an abundant supply for other markets.

Railroads were unknown in the territory when I first came to Kansas, but now they are running in almost every direction. Many of the villages have grown into cities, with their manufactories, wholesale houses, and retail trade.

Then, we had but few weekly newspapers, now we have many dailies. I remember when Atchison had but one small weekly. I was boarding with the editor and proprietor when a

man came to buy it out. He was youthful in appearance, and but a short time out of his apprenticeship. The trade was made, and the title of the paper changed. The first number of the new publication came out. When I read the editor's introduction, I said: "If that young man lives, he will make his mark in the world." He is now the Governor of the State—John A. Martin. Atchison now has three dailies, with several printing and book binding establishments.

The little group of christians that numbered at first only eight or nine persons, around whom religious people could cluster, continued their services every Sabbath, although they had no permanent place for meeting, but changed from the office to the school house, and then to an upper room on Commercial street, until the first church was built on Parallel street, opposite the Court House block. This little band continued to increase in numbers and influence until other churches began to talk of organizing.

The Congregationalists were next to the Methodists to commence operations. Then the Baptists, and Protestant Episcopalians gathered up each a small membership and commenced building churches. The Presbyterians followed. Brother Davies and wife, who were of the orig.

inal number of our first society, aided in its organization.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South have built a church in South Atchison. Some prominent citizens have been connected with them; among them Colonel Abel and family. He was one of the original town company, and very active and influential in building up the city. But he has died and gone to his reward. They have had several good preachers, and have done their part in defending and building up the religious interests of the city.

Other churches have been established, so that I counted on September 11, 1886, twelve notices for preaching, in as many different places in the city, on the next day. From this small beginning has grown up, and spread around, all the religious influence in the community. We may well say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Other places have undergone greater changes than Atchison. I remember holding quarterly meetings in Topeka when they had but a hired room in which to worship. The society was small, and not wealthy; they had commenced to build a stone church, had the walls up, but no provision for roof or windows. Four quarterly

conferences, in succession, tried to devise means to supply roof and windows; this we only accomplished after considerable time and effort. Since then, they have not only finished the church occupied for years, but have built a new and more commodious one in its stead, besides organizing some seven or eight different societies, most of which have become self supporting churches. Lawrence had a very ordinary church building, and badly located at that; now they have a fine church. Many other churches have changed in a similar way.

But when we look over the death roll, what changes have been made! We confess that when we look these things over, a sort of joyful sadness comes over us. We are glad we ever made their acquaintance, were benefited by their counsels, and shared their hospitalities. The memory of those who have gone before us, crossed the river of death and left us behind, is both pleasant and sorrowful; the images of these heroes arise up before us as we write.

Father Still, the oldest member of the Conference, when I came, was yet active, zealous, and efficient in the work of a Presiding Elder. But hardships of pioneer life, together with increasing years, soon weighed him down so that

the Conference granted him a superannuated relation; this, instead of comforting the old veteran as the Conference designed it should, rather afflicted him. He had enlisted for life, and could not bear the thought of going out of the ranks. So anxious was he to be in the active work, that the next Conference changed his relation, and gave him work, to which he went with all the courage and determination of youth. But the Master called him, and gave him a transfer to the land of rest.

James S. Griffin was one of the original number who composed the Kansas and Nebraska Conference. He was a young man, with a good mind, well cultured, and had a good education. He was constitutionally diffident, modest, and retiring in his deportment, but firm, and established as a christian; warm and kind as a friend; zealous, and practical as a preacher; faithful, and diligent as a pastor; exact, and conscientious in all his dealings—so easy, pure, and true, that he exerted on all around him a most excellent influence. In short, such a man is worth his weight in gold—a jewel of inestimable value. He had a warm place in every heart that knew him. He never failed to build up the interest of the church where he was stationed. But the

Master has "called him from labor to refreshment." I met him at the first Conference I attended in Kansas, and was associated with him in the Master's work four years in succession, and always found him firm and reliable. I have worshiped with him at quarterly meetings and camp meeting, and was always profited by his society. I am glad I ever made his acquaintance. It is pleasant to call up these recollections; yea! joyful to meditate on those hallowed hours when we took sweet counsel together, and side by side engaged in the work of the Lord with one heart, and one mind, "while glory crowned the mercy seat." But I am sad when I think I shall see his face no more on earth.

D. P. Mitchell was transferred from the Pittsburg Conference in the year 1863. Brother Mitchell had brains enough for an entire Conference, and a determination that knew no bounds, except the limits of possibilities. The service of God, with him, was a matter of principle. He took hold of the work in Leavenworth, where he was first stationed, with a fixed purpose and a strong hand, and dealt out such steady blows that the powers of evil were shaken, the church aroused, encouraged and

quickenened with increasing vigor. He accomplished what will never be forgotten: maintained a large congregation, paid off a heavy church debt, more than doubled the missionary collections, greatly increased the amount of all the benevolent collections, and placed the church on the high way of prosperity. When his term of service as pastor expired, he was made Presiding Elder of the district, which work he performed with equal ability and success.

In after years, in the division of the Conference, he fell into the South Kansas Conference, where he continued his labors with his accustomed zeal and ability. His Conference sent him as their delegate to the General Conference. Unfortunately for him, politicians took him up as their candidate for Governor on the Greenback ticket; this undoubtedly hastened his death, as it increased his labor and anxiety. He had a well organized physical frame, capable of enduring great hardships, but the powers within were so powerful and active as to drive the machinery with such velocity that it literally wrecked the body in the meridian of life. He was on the cars, going from one appointment to another, when the summons came, and he died there, in the midst of his days, and abundance

of his labors. It is pleasant to think of his labors for the church, his success in the ministry, his invincible courage and perseverance in the cause of truth; but it is sad to think that he died so soon, and will be no more with us on earth.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

In the spring of 1868, H. D. Fisher was stationed in Atchison, and found a pretty good working membership. He took hold with a will, as he always does. Things moved prosperously for the year. Brother Adams, who had been a member of the Conference, had located and settled here with his wife, who was a daughter of Father Still, the oldest preacher in the Conference. It was said that when Brother Adams was on a charge, his wife would sometimes preach while he tended the baby. They were both active and useful members. During the year Brother Fisher, Gunn of the Baptist Church, Van Wagner of the Congregational Church, and some other ministers in the place, inaugurated a system of street preaching, on Sabbath afternoons, in the shade of buildings.

Large congregations came out at these meetings. I remember on one occasion, Brother Van Wagner having charge of the meeting, introduced a young man to lead the service, and remarked to the congregation, "A young man from college, who is at home during vacation, will address you on this occasion. He is not accustomed to public speaking, but if he fails I will back him up and help him out." I was standing just behind him at the time, and almost involuntarily remarked, "and if you fail, I will help you out." But the young man did not need any help. He delivered a most interesting and impressive address from the words "For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Those who knew Brother Van Wagner had no fears of his needing any help. A few months after this, Brother Fisher being absent, I was requested to supply his pulpit on Sunday. I preached in the morning. In the evening we assembled again, but I was so exhausted that I did not feel as though I could preach. As the congregation had assembled, I concluded, although trembling, to do the best I could. After singing and prayer, a friend came to the pulpit and informed me that Brother Van Wagner was in the congregation. I said to him, "Tell him to come up

to the pulpit, I want to see him." He came up. I said, "You see there is a large congregation, and I am not able to preach. I wish you would preach for me." He consented; after singing another hymn, he arose, and relating the occurrence mentioned above, said, "as Brother Shaw then kindly agreed, if I failed, to help me out, I am here to-night to help him out." He then went on, and preached one of his excellent sermons, called up as he was without time for preparation. I could not but think of an anecdote of an old negro, whom his master had sent to blast a certain rock; he failed after two or three efforts—the packing every time blowing out, making only a brilliant flame, he said to his master, "Massa, I `spicion that powder's been burnt afore." Be that as it may, Brother Van Wagner's powder was always dry and ready to burn on the touch of fire.

Atchison continued to prosper, and the church shared in its prosperity. Several influential men were connected with the church, and congregation; I will not call names here, as I have mentioned many of them in another chapter. To call the names of all who acted well their part, would swell this volume beyond its design. Such was their prosperity that they

began seriously to talk of building a new church, and all things seemed favorable. The lots on which the church now stands were secured, and a better selection could not have been made. The present building was erected, the basement was finished and dedicated during Brother Fisher's administration. The old church was sold and moved out to Ridge Prairie, about fourteen miles, where it is now occupied as a church.

In 1871, T. J. Leak succeeded Brother Fisher at Atchison. To maintain the interest in a church after such a man as Brother Fisher, is sufficient encouragement for any young man. Brother Leak not only maintained the interest, but in some respects increased it. Several new families were brought into the congregation and church. But some, I fear, were a little *leaky*, as after Brother Leak left, a few *leaked out*. Brother Leak succeeded in finishing up the audience room, and had it dedicated. In doing this, a heavy debt was incurred. Under this burden the true members labored for years; but such burdens are sometimes profitable, as they try men, and show of what material they are made. In many churches there are some, in the days of popularity, prosperity and ease, who are always at the front. They will sing

the sweetest, shout the loudest and pray the longest of all the members. But let misfortune overtake the church; let the foul tongue of slander be employed, and persecutions arise against the church, they will be whist as mice. Let there be responsibilities to be taken, burdens to be borne, they will be found with their backs to the church, making tracks for the world as rats from a burning ship, while the reliable, the true, the genuine child of God, will patiently bear the persecutions of the world; cheerfully meet all the responsibilities of the church; bear all its burdens, and thus carry it on and up to certain victory and triumph! A number of such members and friends Atchison had and has. Brother Leak's three years were pleasant and profitable.

Then came Brother Dearborn, in the very prime of life, with a judgment ripened by rich years of experience. He was a good preacher, a close student, and faithful pastor. Although this was one of Atchison's hard seasons, on account of the debt, and interest to be paid, Brother Dearborn stood firm to his duty, and guided the church safely amid all the storms. The last time I listened to him I thought he preached the best I had ever heard him. May

he have the satisfaction of knowing that his labors were appreciated in Atchison, and that we remember him with gratitude. At the expiration of his services the church was in a healthy condition.

After Brother Dearborn, Brother Friend was stationed here, and he was a "friend" indeed, intellectual, ambitious, industrious, studious, zealous, and true—but so sensitive that to look at him cross would chill him through and through. But he had no need to be sensitive, for he stood six feet high, and commanded the respect and love of all who knew him. He had the burden to bear that Brother Dearborn had borne before him. I think it was during his administration that Brother Newcomb proposed to the church that if they would pay the interest on the church debt, and relieve him from that, he would pay five hundred dollars a year on the principal, to which the church agreed. This was kept up during his administration, and the debt became visibly diminished.

After three laborious, yet pleasant, years, Brother Friend's term expired, and Brother VanDeventer succeeded him. He had a well balanced mind, was calm and calculating in all his movements. He had no particular points

of strength that towered up and made him conspicuous, but he had good, sound judgment, connected with a warm heart, and untiring zeal in the cause of the Master.

The financial plan that had been adopted, was carried out promptly, and was producing good results. All the interests of the church were carefully looked after, and, on the whole, it was a successful and prosperous three years' service, and he left for Conference respected and beloved by all.

Then came Dr. Krohn. We all thought we had got just what we needed—a doctor who would heal all our maladies, administer the right medicine at the right time, and in proper doses to insure perfect health. His first sermon made a good impression, and all his subsequent efforts were of a similiar character. Providence seemed to favor us. There was a growing impression in the minds of the church and community that the time had come to remove our church debt. Dr. Krohn took in the situation, and imbibed the same sentiment. He began to mature his plans, lay off the work, and marshal his forces. The result was far more glorious than the most sanguine dared to hope, for a debt of several thousand dollars was paid off, and a sufficient

amount was raised for improvements, besides fencing in the lot, painting the building, renovating and decorating the interior. All this was accomplished with little or no squealing during Dr. Krohn's administration.

Sister L. O. Robinson came here as an evangelist, and labored several weeks, with great and glorious success in saving souls and building up the church.

Dr. Krohn's three years' services closed profitably and pleasantly, and for the first time in years, the report went up to Conference that the church debt at Atchison was all liquidated and the church on the high tide of prosperity.

At the coming Conference, Dr. Krohn took the appointment of "Temperance lecturer and organizer for the State," and became in some way connected with the publication of a paper. This, his friends regretted, for they all thought his proper place was the pulpit. In the path of duty there are no lions.

Our next pastor was the present one, Dr. A. H. Tevis, and a more faithful and efficient one the church has never had. With him all things have been encouraging from the start. Valuable improvements have been made to the parsonage, the congregations are large and increasing, and

almost every week additions are made to the membership.

Business in the city is on the increase; finances in the church received a new impulse, by the well arranged program of the Missionary Convention that met here last July. Such men as Bishops Bowman and Ninde, Dr. Butler, McCabe, Spencer, Fry and others, right from the fields of labor, gave such an interest to the cause of missions, that Atchison is now shouting "a million for missions." Dr. Tevis is hoping to take to the approaching Conference more than six hundred dollars as missionary money. This is far in advance of any thing the church has ever done.

To me these reminiscences are very interesting; although broken in health and weighed down with years, in calling up these memories, my heart grows young, and I feel like buckling on the armor afresh, and rushing to the front, that I might fall on the field of battle. These jottings remind me of what great things the Lord has done for us. I have been permitted to sit under the instruction of these godly, holy and devoted ministers for years, and from every one I have learned something, and I ought to be very wise by this time. Then we have had a

noble band of Presiding Elders: Marshal, Dr. Davis, venerable with years and abundant in labors, Holman, Wake, and Dr. Denison as generals of the army. Truly, to sit under the instruction of such men, is like "oil upon the head, or wine upon the lees well refined."

THE END.



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