

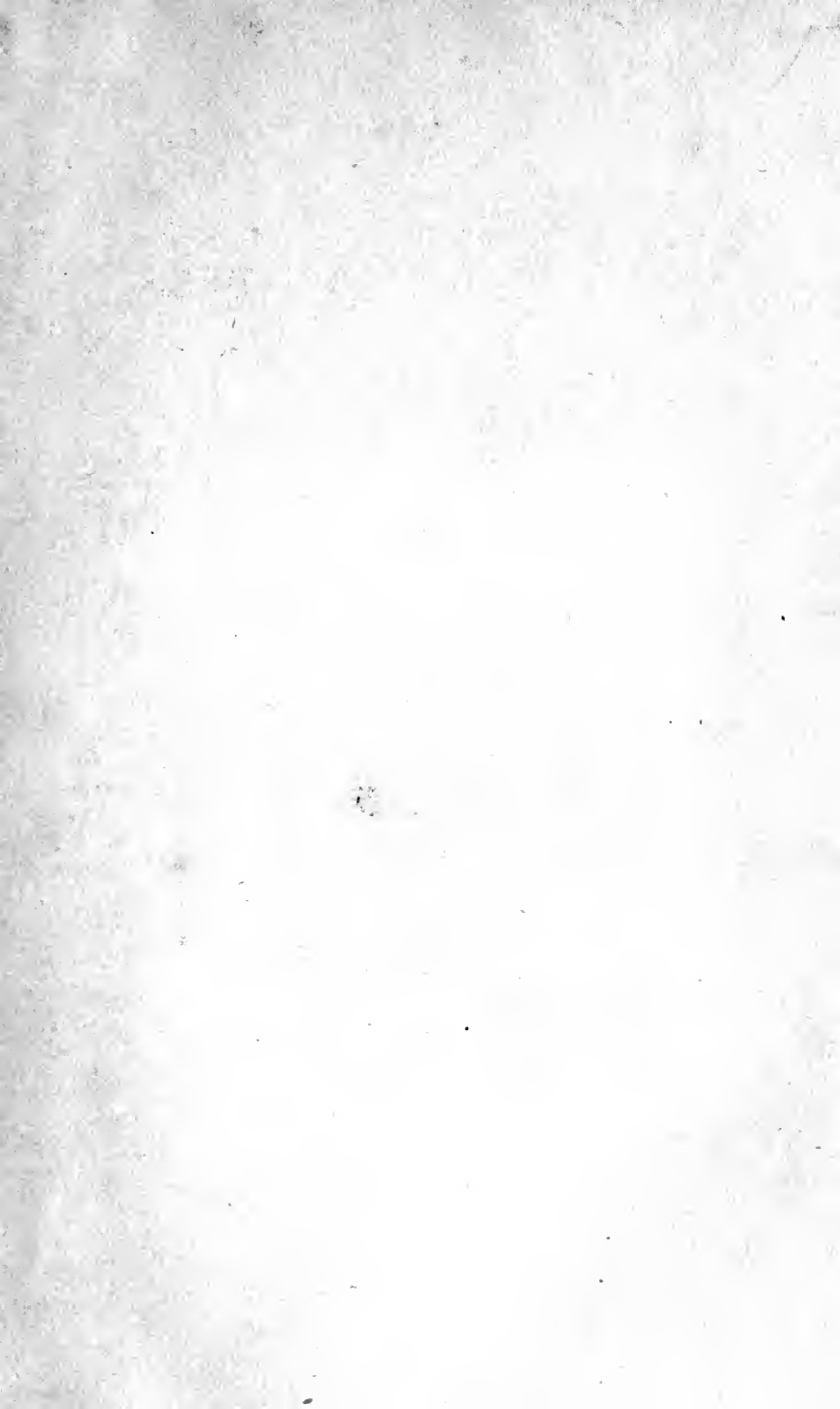
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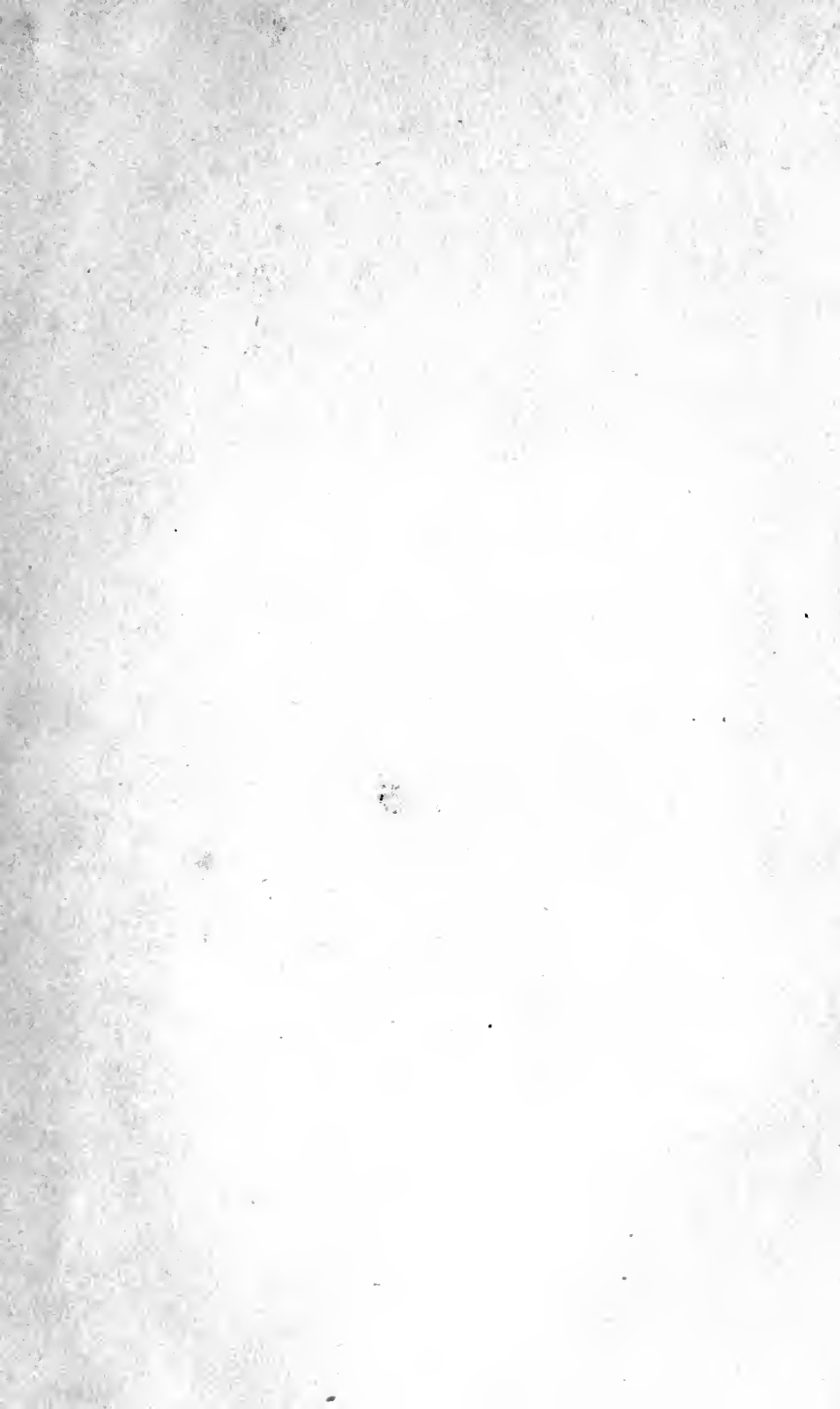
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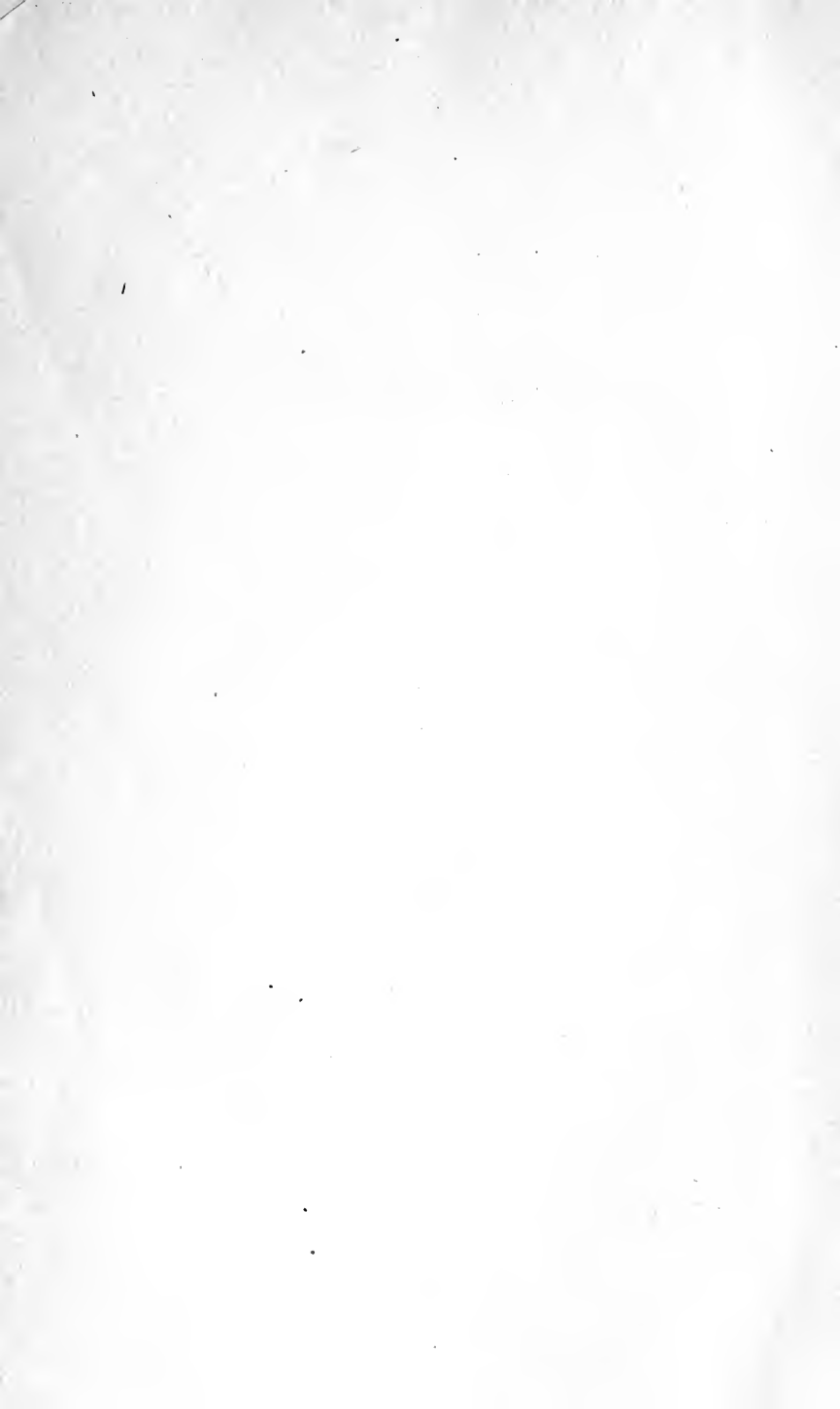
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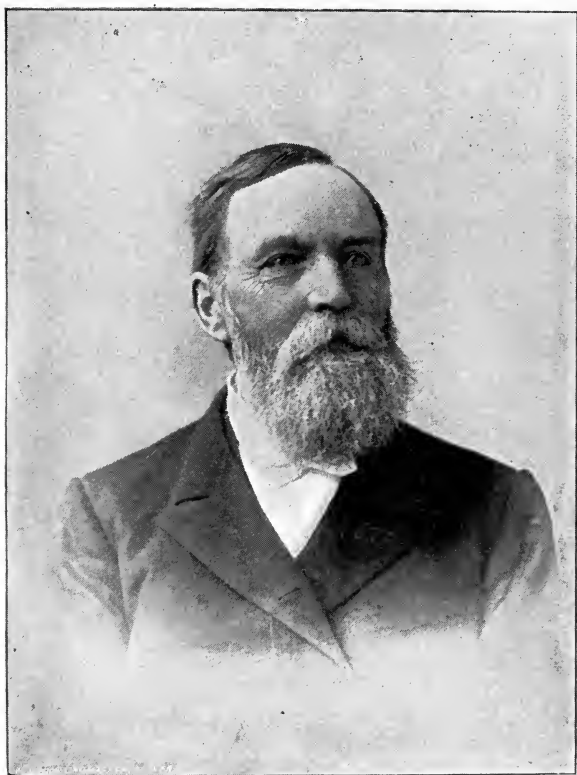
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*Yours in Christ*  
*Isaac H. Beardsley*

# ECHOES FROM PEAK AND PLAIN;

OR,

Tales of Life, War, Travel, and  
Colorado Methodism.

BY

ISAAC HAIGHT BEARDSLEY,

OF THE COLORADO CONFERENCE,

Author of "The True Sabbath," "Genealogical History of the Beardsley  
Family," Etc.

INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. DAVID H. MOORE, D. D.,

*Editor of the Western Christian Advocate.*



CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS.

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS.

1898.

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To the rank and file of the great itinerant host,  
who, in humble positions,  
toil on from year to year on scant pay and with little  
encouragement;

To their devoted wives, cheerful students of  
economy from day to day;

And to all who have been led to Christ, or encouraged on their heavenward  
journey through our ministry,

This volume is sincerely and prayerfully

**Dedicated**

BY THE AUTHOR.





## PREFATORY.

---

THIS book is the outcome of a lifetime of active service, covering more than threescore years. It is not a biography, yet it contains much that is biographic. It is not a history, yet it is full of historical matter. Those reading it will, I trust, be instructed and helped the more bravely to fight the battles of life.

The aim of the writer has been to present facts in a plain way, not to give occasion to the chronic croaker, but to cheer the voyager on life's rough sea. This book has been prepared from the standpoint of the "Rank and File" in the itinerancy, and as a stimulus to all laborers in the Master's vineyard.

Heartfelt gratitude is hereby expressed to those who have aided in the preparation of this volume, either by furnishing facts and sketches, or otherwise—especially to Peter Winnie, Esq., secretary of the Colorado Conference Historical Society, who has cheerfully given access to all its archives; also to my brother, the present well-known secretary of the Colorado Conference, Rev. H. L. Beardsley, for permission to examine every document in the Conference trunk; to Rev. W. F. Steele, D. D., professor in the Iliff School of Theology, for consultations, freely given, and for sundry suggestions while reading the manuscript.

It is my intention that, as soon as the sale of this book shall have met the cost of production and publication, both

book and profits shall then become the property of the "Preachers' Aid Society," for the support of the superannuated members of the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, their widows and orphans.

Craving the Divine blessing upon this volume and its readers, now and through the years to come, I will close with the words of a writer of old:

"If I have done well, and is fitting the story,  
It is that which I desired;  
But if slenderly and meanly,  
It is that which I could attain unto."

I. H. B.

DENVER, COLORADO, 1897.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE volume its author now gives to the public has been in preparation for nearly all the years of his ripe life. What a sensible thing it is to keep a carefully-written diary! Besides training one to habits of methodical perseverance, such a journal becomes a thesaurus of valuable facts, a priceless prompter to memory, and an unfailing solace in loneliness, sorrow, or age. Its manifold usefulness appears when it becomes the anatomy of a biography, whose literary flesh and blood are added in the rounded fullness of a noble career.

Few men have seen more phases of life in more varied fields than has its author. Perhaps none has entered into more intelligent sympathy with all that he has seen. This fact gives a quaint relish to his pages. He sets out to tell a simple tale simply. Therein lies the charm of his book, and its helpfulness as well. He puts his reader in the social environments of a half-century ago, as he describes the characters, customs, and scenes of his childhood. You are there. You touch them. You see them. They fill you. They ensphere you. Then you rub open your

eyes to the dawning Twentieth Century, and set the contrasts, and mark the advancements, and learn the lessons.

His fifteen years of fruitful labor in Ohio links his earlier ministry in New York with his later in Colorado; thus giving the whole broad land an interest in his volume.

Nothing widens a man's life more than the experience of war; and no war of the century compares with our Civil War. In this the author bore an honorable part, as a preacher of good tidings, in the name of the Lord. The incidents of grace abounding, in bivouac and hospital, on the march and on the battle-field, will touch the heart and stimulate the faith of the Christian reader. Those entering their country's service—especially as chaplains or wearers of the Red Cross—could do no better than to ponder these well-told and thrilling experiences. And many an old soldier will light anew the altar-fire of patriotism, as he goes from chapter to chapter that brings up the storied past.

Our brother tells of his travels, abroad and at home, with that same naïvetè that makes his other narrations so attractive. From his own peculiar angles of vision he gives us original impressions and descriptions that one so frequently misses in more pretentious works. An intrusive vein of humor, as charming as Mark Twain's, pushes up among the strata of his observations. It is Beardsleyan throughout; and therefore nothing if not genial, and practical, and helpful.

But the historical value of the work is most evident in

the concluding chapters, which are devoted to the introduction and growth of Methodism in Colorado. Upon this the author has expended much research, and has produced altogether the most comprehensive and complete history of his chosen subject yet published. Doubtless some would have given more prominence to this and less to that personage or event; it may be that some deserving character or achievement has been overlooked; but, all in all, the consensus of opinion will doubtless award Mr. Beardsley great credit and praise for having wrought with such impartial fidelity a work that will be indispensable to all future historians of Colorado or American Methodism.

Ten years of Colorado fellowship gave the writer an interest in the author and his devoted wife, which these "Echoes from Peak and Plain" start into newer and quicker vibrations of sympathy and love. The work not only gracefully rounds out the author's life, but also guarantees the indefinite perpetuation of its benign influences.

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF  
WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,  
JUNE, 1898.

DAVID HASTINGS MOORE.



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N. B.—Over two-thirds of the cuts in this book were made by The Williamson-Haffner Engraving Co., Denver, Colorado.

PART I.

ECHOES FROM HOME AND ITINERANT LIFE.

## Saved Through and Through.



Born of the Spirit! O wondrous new birth!  
Born of the Spirit! O hear, all ye earth!  
Saved evermore, I am saved through and through,  
Saved by the blood of the Faithful and True.

Out of my vileness and hatred within,  
Out of my nakedness, out of my sin,  
Into a kingdom of life and of love,  
Sweetly my soul has been born from above.

Life everlasting my soul has received,  
Life in Christ Jesus on whom I believed;  
Born of the Spirit, created anew,  
Glory to Jesus, I'm saved through and through!

Come, precious soul, and be born from above!  
Jesus is waiting to fill thee with love;  
Come unto him and be saved through and through,  
Saved by the blood shed for me and for you.

—MELVILLE W. MILLER.

## I.

### EARLY LIFE.

BIRTH.—In a lovely valley where two roads meet, forming an acute angle, stands a story-and-a-half frame house, wherein was born, October 1, 1831, a child so frail of body that he “was not considered worth dressing until six weeks old.” That fragile form was laid on the hearth by the fire, wrapped in flannels, the nurse expecting to find him dead each time the cover was lifted. To her utter surprise he kept breathing, and after a time began to grow. His mother often wept over the puny form of this her first-born, fearing that he would never reach a vigorous manhood. No one then thought he would develop into a man of near two hundred pounds, and live to cross the “deadline” of sixty; but such is the fact. That birth occurred in North Harpersfield, Delaware County, New York, before the days of cook-stoves or of lucifer matches in that locality. Large fire-places were then used, in which wood was liberally burned. At night the coals were covered with ashes to preserve them. Did the fire ever go out? If so, a flint was struck; that failing, a fire-brand was secured from a neighbor, with which to ignite the tinder. To sit in front of one of those wide-open fireplaces on a frosty night, and watch the frisky flame ascend the capacious chimney, was a cheerful sight.

What a contrast between life *then* and *now*! Potatoes were baked in the hot ashes on the hearth, and were invariably good. Brick, or stone, or Dutch and tin ovens were in vogue for other baking purposes. The latter was an open reflector set before the fire, in which biscuit were usually baked. The women spun and wove the cloth used, out of material grown on the farm, whether of linen or of flannel. From the wool they carded and spun the yarn for knitting the socks and mittens needed in the family. Out of the flax they also spun thread for sewing purposes. Ofttimes a “hank of flax” was exchanged with a neighbor. The effort then was to see which could make the smoothest and nicest thread therefrom. Their carpetless floors were swept with

splint brooms, made by hand from a small hickory-tree. It was considered extravagant to drink "store coffee," except on Sunday mornings. "Parched-corn coffee" was drunk on other days of the week. Soap was made from hardwood ashes, leached, and scraps of grease, combined in proper proportions. "Store sugar" was seldom used; maple being cheaper; and much preferred. The prevailing light of the family was their own "dipped or molded candles." The custom was for each family, when attending religious services at night, to carry a candle for illuminating purposes. This practice ceased largely in 1861, when kerosene was introduced.

This charming locality, with its modest hills, wooded slopes, maple-groves, apple-orchards, broad meadows, cultivated nooks, crystal springs, rippling rills, neat farmhouses, stone walls, and well-kept roads, form a landscape that a painter might well covet.

The stream that flows down that beautiful valley is known as the Middle Brook, probably so called for a family by that name living in Connecticut, whence most of the original settlers came. It is one of the many rivulets formed by bubbling springs among the northwestern spurs of the Catskill Mountains, the water flowing westward, uniting with other little streams farther down, to form the southern branch of the Susquehanna River.

The farmhouses are more numerous now than then, many of the early structures having given place to those of more modern pretensions. The stone fences remain. The flowing fountains and numerous streamlets are still there.

The red schoolhouse, where the youngsters were flogged into the paths of knowledge, and where the people gathered for religious instruction, is now gone, and a white one takes its place on another site. Two neat churches adorn a slight eminence, where the people gather once a Sabbath to hear that gospel proclaimed, which "is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth" (Romans i, 16), and where the children meet every "First-day Sabbath" afternoon for Bible study.

The people are mostly dairy farmers. Their butter is superior, and cheese excellent. Very little grain is grown. Their market is New York City, or some small town nearer home.

The hills of that charming locality never echoed to the



whistle of the locomotive. The hum of our modern enterprises have scarcely disturbed its quiet slumbers. A railroad now passes six miles north, and one three miles south of it. As it was in the beginning of this narrative, so it is mostly now, thus it will likely remain to the end of time.

Here, amid these rural scenes, far from the contaminating associations of town and of city life, was this unpromising boy raised, and received his early education. This book is largely the story of his somewhat eventful life, as well as that of many others.

PARENTAGE.—His ancestors were of the old Puritan stock. Captain Traveice sailed from London, England, in the ship *Planter*, April 2, 1635, for New England. With him came William B——, from St. Albans, Hertfordshire, aged thirty years, and his wife Mary, aged twenty-six years, with their three children. It is not known when they landed. They resided in Hadley, Massachusetts, until 1639, when he, with others, bought a piece of land of the Indians on Long Island Sound, which was known at the time as "Cupheag."

Four years later the place was called "Stratford," so named by him for Shakespeare's birthplace, near which he and some of his progenitors had at one time resided. The grandparents on the *paternal* side were the descendants of Samuel, the first American-born son of the above-mentioned emigrants, and migrated on horseback, over Indian trails, through wooded wilds, from New Fairfield, Connecticut, in the spring of 1806, settling on a piece of land one mile east of Harpersfield Center, Delaware County, New York. Here they erected a house, cleared off the beech-woods, and in due time opened up a farm. In religion, one was a Presbyterian, and the other a Quaker.

On the *maternal* side, his grandfather was a member of the Friends Society, of the Orthodox School. Their ancestral history is as follows: Robert Titus (husbandman), of St. Katherine's, England, aged thirty-five years, and his wife Hannah, aged thirty-one years, with their two children, sailed from London, England, in the ship *Hopewell*, William Burdick master, April 3, 1635; which was the next day after his paternal ancestor had left.

This family first located near Boston, Massachusetts, but soon moved to Weymouth, then to Rehoboth, where four more children were born to them. About 1654, the entire family, except the eldest son John, moved to Long Island, and took up land in Huntington, Suffolk County. Four years previous to this, Edmond, their second son, had settled at Westbury, Long Island, where he had acquired a large tract of land and erected a house, and where many of his descendants still reside. He and his wife were also Quakers. Most of his lineage hold to that faith.

Jacob Titus, the author's *maternal* grandfather, descended from this branch of the family, and in an early day emigrated from near Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, to a place about three miles north of Harpersfield Center, Delaware County, New York, and improved a farm there.

His parents were not distinctively religious, until he was eight years of age, when they were converted in a Methodist protracted-meeting, held in the old red schoolhouse. His father felt at once that it was his duty to preach the gospel, but conscious of his unfitness, shrank from it, and fell back into a nominal Christian life, never making a public profession of religion. He was through all his life an earnest defender of the orthodox faith against the wildest of foes. Previous to his death, which was at the early age of forty-three, he acknowledged his error to Henry Shears, now a resident of Altoona, Knox County, Illinois, concluding with, "I have shed barrels of tears over the matter of preaching the gospel."

God never makes any mistakes. Why should mortals hesitate as to the lines of moral obligation?

The mother's conversion was an event worthy a more extended notice. The protracted meeting, above alluded to, was in progress, the first one ever held in that immediate vicinity. One night she and Phebe (*née* Wickham) Treadwell, a lifelong friend, went forward to the "mourners' bench," and prayed most earnestly for salvation. They were the only seekers on that occasion. About ten o'clock they gave up all, and accepted Christ as their only Savior by faith. Immediately the evidence of their sins forgiven was received, and the "love of God was shed abroad

in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, which was given unto them." They arose, and sat down on the seat beside which they had kneeled, and began to sing. Hymn after hymn was sung without cessation until two o'clock the next morning. "A solemn awe that dares not move" rested upon the congregation, none leaving their seats until the singing ceased. Some were in tears, others were praising God very softly, while many sat, wondering at what they saw and heard, in perfect silence. During all that time all eyes were fixed on the two singers, and all ears were open to those sweet melodies, so full of pathos and of power. Many years after, witnesses of this joyous scene said to the writer, "Her face shone as that of an angel." While she lived, the great burden of her heart was that her boys might become useful ministers of the gospel. She never lived to see those prayers answered, yet two of her sons have spent unitedly about seventy years in the active work of the ministry of Christ in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Seven years after her remarkable conversion she stood at the crossing. There was light in the valley. Many of her relatives and friends were present. The last afternoon had come. The last farewell had been said. A mother's hand had rested on the head of each of her boys, while giving a mother's counsel and blessing. The younger was but an infant. All were in tears, when in a scarce audible voice she whispered, "Father, can we sing?" The old Quaker, wearing a shadbelly coat and broad-brimmed hat, according to their custom, sat there weeping, and replied, "Ann, thee can sing if thee wishes to." Elder Hays asked, "What shall we sing?" She answered, "Jesus, my all to heaven is gone." He led, others joining; and when they reached the chorus,—

"For it's all glory, glory, hallelujah!  
I am going where pleasures never die,"—

her voice was clearer and louder than any of the rest, and so remained to the end of that long hymn. At the very last she joined with Aunt Jedida T—— in singing those precious lines:

"I'm going home to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more."

These words she repeated several times in a very feeble voice, Then the pulse ceased to beat, breathing stopped, the spirit had taken its flight to the land of the living, and her four boys were motherless!

Previously she had requested that Elder Hays preach her funeral sermon from 2 Timothy iv, 6-8, which was accordingly done, and her body was laid away to await the resurrection morning, only a few steps from where Christ first spoke peace to her soul.

Ofttimes since, the writer has been reminded of the following lines:

“Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
But only one mother the wide world over.”

SCHOOL.—His school-days began at the age of four years, and continued, summer and winter, until about fourteen. After that he only attended during the winter, as his services were needed on the farm in the summer.

The methods of teaching in the district school of that day were such, that books seemed very stupid things (doubtless the fault of the pupil in part). They had not the charm of the ball and the bat, or of the swim in the creek, or coasting on the snow and ice.

Webster's was the first spelling-book, in which, with others, was the picture of a boy in the apple-tree, helping himself without leave, and the owner standing underneath with a tuft of grass in his hand, requests his descent. The boy laughs at him! Throwing down the grass, said he, "I'll try what virtue there is in stones." Then the young culprit begged for mercy. The illustration taught a valuable moral lesson.

Only two Readers were then used in the school—the History of the United States for the smaller scholars, and the New Testament for the larger ones. "Peter Parley's" was the first geography. "Dayball's Arithmetic," which was on the plan of "pounds, shillings, and pence," was placed in the hands of all beginners, and to his young mind was "as clear as mud."

“Kirkham’s” was the only grammar, and Milton’s “Paradise Lost” was the book out of which all parsing had to be done.

“Blackboards” were not introduced until the summer of 1848. The desks ran continuously on three sides of the room, with long, backless seats along the same. Some of these were of slabs, flat side up, with two round legs near each end. The scholars usually sat facing the wall. It was considered very fortunate to sit in front of a window. Yet none were allowed to look out, or to gaze about the room. Their eyes must be on their books constantly. Writing-pens were made of goose-quills. Long, low benches, without backs, were placed on three sides of the stove, which stood in the center of the room.

These were used for class recitations, and for the seating of the smaller scholars. A splint-bottom chair adorned the rear of the teacher’s desk. Occasionally a naughty boy would fasten a pin therein during the teacher’s temporary absence, to see him jump when seated!

Parents patronizing the school had to furnish their quota of wood, which the children of that family chopped, ready to burn. Usually large trees were snaked to the schoolhouse on the snow, and these had to be prepared for the stove out of school hours.

The teachers were paid so much a scholar per month for their services. The rich did not then pay to help educate the children of the poor.

Women teachers were always employed in summer, and men in winter. An idea prevailed that females could not manage the big boys, who only attended during the winter terms. “Boarding around,” from family to family, was the custom, and the coming of the teacher was an event of no small moment to those concerned. For days previous the children were drilled in etiquette.

This reminds me that there was also the itinerant shoemaker, who came once or twice a year to repair and make up the foot-gear of the household. He was a gentleman in whom the youngsters took a deep interest.

At the schoolhouse the girls had a cloak-room, where their wraps and dinners were kept. The boys were not so fortunate,

unless one had a sister in the school; theirs was the entry way, where their caps, comforters, or wraps, if they had any, and dinners were left. Not unfrequently the latter were among the missing when noon came, having been stolen and eaten by some hungry canine that had taken advantage of an open door. The schoolboys of those days wore neither overshoes nor overcoats, for the reason that they had none to wear. In that respect, these "times" are better than those.

Spelling was considered the prime factor of an education. The class were required to stand in line, with their toes to a crack in the floor. The teacher's right, when facing the class, was the head, and his left the foot. The words were pronounced by the teacher, when the spelling began at the head of the class, and was continued down to the foot. Whenever a word was misspelled, it was passed down to each successive speller until correctly spelled, when that one went above all who had missed it. When the lesson closed, whoever was head received a "credit mark," and then went to the foot the next time the class was called, which was usually twice a day, just before school closed at noon, and for the night. The writer was nearly always at, or very near, the foot when the lesson was finished. Often, after missing a word, the teacher would strike the scholar on the knuckles, head, or arm with the ferule. This did not enhance respect for that teacher, or encourage a bashful student.

A fortunate event happened to him in this way. A womanly-grown girl was nearly always at the head of the class, and this dull scholar near the foot, twisting his fingers through each other to keep up his courage. One day a word was missed by the head. "Next!" said the teacher. On and on down the line it came to the diffident one, who, with head aloft, correctly spelled it, for he knew from the very start how it should be spelled. "Go up head," said the pedagogue. This did not have to be repeated the second time. Up he marched for the first time in his life. That was the proudest moment he ever saw. That event became an inspiration to him; though missing the next word, yet ever after he was oftener at the head than the foot.

"Spelling-schools" were common. At these, "spelling down" was practiced. Two of the best spellers would choose sides, se-

lecting their assistants alternately from those present until all were chosen who would spell. All standing, the teacher usually pronounced the words, selecting the most difficult ones in the language. Whoever misspelled a word sat down, and spelled no more during that test. Soon there would be only one or two standing on a side. Then the contest became intensely interesting. The last one standing was the victor—his side had beaten. Sometimes one school challenged another to meet it on a certain evening in a contest of spelling ability. These were great occasions, and called out a crowd.

In school, each lesson had to be mastered, or the scholar must take the consequences, according to the whim or likes and dislikes of the teacher. Corporal punishment was the custom, with scarcely an exception.

The ferule was frequently brought in contact with the palm of the hand so forcibly as to remind the subject of a fiery furnace; or on some other part of the body until stars appeared in the mental horizon. Beech "gads" were favorites with most teachers, and were kept on nails over the door. It sometimes happened that these would be exhausted during one session of the school. Then a boy was sent to the woods near by for a fresh supply. Not unfrequently when trimming the whip, a slight incision was accidentally made, but in such a way that it was scarcely observable. When it came in contact with some one's corporality, it was sure to snap asunder about the second or third blow. Certainly the boy knew nothing of the erasure (?) made in the wood; not he! Often these whips were thrust into the hot stove, and wormed about to toughen them.

Occasionally boys were punished by seating them on the "dunce-block," with a girl's hood on, or a girl with a boy's cap on. Another method was to require a boy to stand on the floor near the teacher's desk, and hold out a stick of wood at arm's length until the teacher said, "Drop it." This was an exceedingly tiresome thing to do for any length of time. If it was allowed to drop, then came a severer chastisement.

Sometimes two boys, each taking the opposite end of a stick in his mouth, were made to remove their coats and drop down on all fours like a couple of dogs, and be driven around the

stove at a lively pace, while the teacher laid on the birch-rod with a thwack, thwack!

Horace Nichols was never a bad boy, but somehow he had incurred the displeasure of J—— M——, the teacher whose methods of torture I have above described. One morning Horace came to school, having a dried sheepskin, with the wool still on, buttoned under his vest and coat. A few of the scholars were let into the secret on their way to school. That underinvestment made it very warm for him in the schoolroom! He managed to provoke the teacher. Immediately he was ordered to stand at the south end of the teacher's desk, and hold out an unusually heavy stick of wood at arm's length. Horace purposely let it fall.

The ire of Mr. M—— was aroused, and then the performance began. Off came Horace's coat as usual. One of the largest gads was taken from its roost. Soon that was used up on his back; but he never flinched. This enraged "Jo," and taking down another, with both hands he applied it with all his strength. His breath was getting short, perspiration flowed freely; but Horace stood there unmoved, as stubborn as a mule. The whole school was in titters, having learned the secret of Horace's stoical indifference. The third whip was brought into requisition, and used up as were the others. The teacher then seated himself with his face in his hands, utterly exhausted. Horace deliberately walked out, never to return while M—— taught. Such was school-life *fifty* years ago.

Near half a century of toil and care had gone by, when one bright summer day Horace and the writer met on the old homestead. The above-described incident was spoken of, and heartily laughed over.

Thus were the writer's winters spent, either in the district or the "select" school, until his eighteenth year. He had mastered all the branches taught, had read all the books of the neighbors, and still sighed for more knowledge. "Why should he not have a higher education?" was the theme discussed in the home and by his acquaintances. His custom was, when tending the old sawmill, to keep some useful book—historical or scientific—close at hand, so as to read a page at odd moments, while the



upright saw was passing slowly through the log. Sometimes he would forget, and read on just a few lines more after the saw had stopped.

In the early spring the maple-trees were tapped, the sap gathered in pails suspended from a neck-yoke, or in barrels placed on a sled and drawn with a team. Then it was boiled down into sugar. Caldron kettles were then in use. These were hung on a pole, between forked posts set in the ground. Great logs were snaked up on either side as back-logs. Smaller wood was placed underneath and around the kettle, which was filled with the sap, fire lighted, then sugar-making began. A smaller kettle came into use when it reached the syrup state.

"Sugaring-off" was always enjoyed by young and old, especially when it took place in the "sap-bush."

Some time during the year of 1849, God put it into the hearts of the good people of Charlotteville and vicinity, in Schoharie County, New York, to erect a large school-building, which was known as "The New York Conference Seminary." This was three miles from father's newly-acquired home, the old one at North Harpersfield having previously been sold.

The seminary was opened the first week in September, 1850, with Rev. Alonzo Flack, A. M., as president, assisted by several other teachers. The first morning found 165 scholars present, and among them this writer. All were gathered in the chapel, devotional exercises were concluded, when the president wished to know what they expected to study. By vote all chose geography, grammar, arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling. Professor Flack and his assistants laughed heartily at this, saying, "You could study these at home just as well. What have you come here for?" It was no laughing matter to the students; for they knew no better. Those studies were all they knew anything about. The professors then spent three days in arranging the classes. The subject of this sketch found himself with Latin, higher arithmetic, grammar and Wayland's Moral Philosophy, for his studies. Three years of close application, boarding at home, and walking three miles morning and evening, often with an open book before him, found him eager for "Union College at Schenectady." Just then death came to our home, and took

from it the loved father. The way to the college was now closed. New plans must be formed if further educational privileges are had. A few months after, a vacancy having occurred on the Windham Circuit, the writer consented to fill out the nine vacant months, when he expected to return to school and complete his education. Once in the work of the ministry, he found it difficult to let go. Contrary to his original plan, it lasted forty years. The four years' Conference course afforded valuable privileges in securing a theological education, and was mastered within the prescribed time. Then came years of careful research and extensive travel at home and abroad, with the sole view of increased knowledge and greater usefulness; finally, graduation in the Chautauqua course of study in the class of 1891.

## II.

### SPIRITUAL LIFE.

CONVERSION.—Very early in life the writer thought much on the subject of religion, and the Holy Spirit strove gently and constantly to bring about a definite experience. The chief instrument was the teaching and example of a godly mother. It was her custom to open the large Family Bible, laying it on her lap, and then, with her little ones about her, she would read the story of creation, or of Joseph, Daniel, the fiery furnace, the mocking children devoured by the bears, the story of Jesus and his sufferings, or other facts and incidents in the Bible interesting to children. These lessons were made practical, and were used to illustrate the needs of every-day life, and applied to their young hearts as a mother's devotion to their interests for time and eternity would prompt. O that every child had such a mother! Their inquiries were always intelligently answered. She was very anxious that the "Golden Rule" should be the "Golden Text" of their lives. That mother's instructions and triumphant death are to-day the most precious of the memories of youth.

He was quite a lad before he had been to any other than "The Friends Meeting," which was held on every first and fourth day of the week, at ten o'clock A. M.

The only Sabbath-school he ever attended before reaching man's estate was one started by Rev. Heman Bangs in the old red schoolhouse. That Sunday-school had neither lesson-leaf, journal, paper, or "help" of any kind. The small children who could not read were taught the letters of the alphabet. The larger scholars were required to commit seven verses of the Gospel according to St. John, beginning with the first verse of the first chapter for a lesson. These were recited in turn by each scholar to the teacher, who made no comments, and that ended the lesson. This youth committed and recited fourteen verses of the chapter, and then suddenly became too large to attend Sunday-school any more.

The Sabbath was usually a dull day when there was no Church, and was spent in roaming through the fields hunting for something to turn up. Every two weeks the itinerant ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church preached in the school-house. These were occasions not to be neglected. Sometimes a two-days' meeting was held in a large barn, when the presiding elder and others would preach.

The quarterly love-feast was held on Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, with closed doors, after the services began. Only those holding "quarterly tickets," or such as were vouched for by a well-known member, were admitted. Here is a sample of one of the tickets:

<i>Member.</i>	
<hr/> <b>METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,</b> FOUNDED A. D. 1784. QUARTERLY TICKET, <span style="float: right;">18</span>	
<i>Minister.</i>	
<p>"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot."—          1 Peter i, 18, 19.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I can not rest till in thy blood          I full redemption have;          For thou, through whom I came to God,          Canst to the utmost save.</p>	

These services made lasting impressions, for good, on the entire community, and were the theme of conversation for days after, and in some instances for years.

One Sabbath morning, Rev. Arad S. Lakin, the pastor, preached from John x, 14. Every seat was occupied. The writer, then a small boy, only eight years old, sat at the end of a low bench, near the speaker, looking him squarely in the face, wondering how it was possible that such words and thoughts could be conceived and spoken by a man. That one discourse made impressions on his mind which have never been erased.

The results of this wayside sowing can never be computed this side of the judgment-day. Shame on those clergymen who

feel it beneath their dignity to preach the gospel in the out-of-the-way places, and point the common people to the Son of God, who "taketh away the sin of the world!" What would have become of that people, but for those faithful, self-sacrificing ministers of God, who were true to their orders, which said, "Go; and, as ye go, preach?" (Matthew x, 6, 7.)

In some way this boy formed the idea that religion was a very unenjoyable thing, and that he never wanted to become a Christian, for he would have to pray so much. After his conversion he found the reverse of this to be true. At manhood's early dawn the allurements of the world seemed to say, "Give loose reins to your appetites and passions. In them ye shall find pleasure. Enjoy yourself. Have a good time while young. Religion is well enough for old people, women, and idiots; but it is not adapted to you. Later on in life you can attend to that matter if you deem it best."

In answer to the above insinuations, a small voice seemed to whisper, ever so gently, and the better judgment coincided, "Take care! Make no mistake in these things. 'All is not gold that glitters.' 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

The mental conflict raged, while the inward conviction deepened as the years advanced. Nearly every phase of unbelief was canvassed, weighed in the balances of human reason, and found wanting, because it did not meet the demands nor satisfy the longings of the soul. Nothing earthly can fill the vacuum within, which God has left for himself.

Rev. Orin P. Matthews, like John, "the beloved disciple," was "a son of thunder." Rev. J. P. Wells, his colleague, like Moses, was one of "the meekest of men." These devoted servants of God, so unlike, held a protracted-meeting, which lasted a month, in the schoolhouse. Three young ladies only were converted. The ungodly and hypocrites cried, "Failure! Failure!" How these people denounced "Matthews" for proclaiming the truth so earnestly, and at times with apparent severity. That effort was no failure. The bread cast upon the waters produced an abundant harvest in after years. The next Sabbath after the meeting closed, some thoughtless boys strolled into the school-

house to hear what the newly-converted would say. A prayer and class meeting was being held. Scarcely were they seated, when the eldest of the young converts arose, and in a firm and clear voice, said, "I have taken more solid comfort in the last three days than in all of my life before." What a revelation that single sentence was to the writer! That was the first time the idea ever crossed his mind that religion produced happiness, and was not an irksome duty.

A few years later, Rev. Noble Lovette was appointed junior preacher on the circuit, and his sermons, exhortations and prayers had a wonderful effect on the writer, and were among the means of leading him to Christ.

January 25, 1851, President Flack addressed the students in the seminary chapel on the importance of Bible study, closing his remarks with the following request: "All of you who will promise to read one chapter a day in the New Testament until you have read it through, please raise your right hand." This writer's went up with many others, and down as quickly, for fear it would be seen. "Conscience makes cowards of us all!" He indeed wanted to be a Christian, but did not wish it to be known. At that time he supposed that Christian people were a set of cowards, and were afraid to die, or they would not profess religion. His idea then was that the only brave ones were on the other side. What a mistaken notion! The truth is directly the reverse. It takes real manly courage to be an out-and-out Christian. Sinners are cowards, because their deeds are evil; "they prefer darkness to light."

In reading the New Testament, the way of life was learned more perfectly. The views of infidels and of the so-called liberal Christians, were as familiar to him as the multiplication-table. But the recollection of that mother's life and triumphant death gave the lie to all such nonsense.

One Sabbath afternoon he called at Lewis Multer's. Dinner was just over, and he was invited to partake. As he sat down at the table, Lewis said, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." It was impossible to eat. "What if that should be true? I shall be lost forever." That one remark was "a nail in a sure place," and never was removed until at the foot of the cross.

Early in that summer a camp-meeting was announced to be held in the grove near the "Morse Church," Jefferson Township, Schoharie County, New York. This resolve was quickly made, "I will go to that meeting, and if there is such a thing as religion, I am going to have it."

All through haying and harvesting he worked hard, early and late, so as to finish before the camp-meeting began. That was before the days of mowers, reapers, and self-binders. The hay had to be cut with a scythe, and grain with a cradle. The steel horserake, on wheels, had not yet been invented. A revolving wooden rake and a coil-wire rake had been in use for three or four years. Either of these had to be lifted by the hands when the driver came to the windrow. They were a great improvement over the "handrake" of the fathers; but not equal to those now used.

Saturday noon the last load was in the barn, and the meeting was to begin on the following Monday afternoon. Dinner over, preferring not to ask for money needed for necessary expenses at the camp-meeting, he walked down to Samuel Martin's, and upon meeting that tall, venerable form in the front yard, gave the usual salutations, when he hesitatingly inquired, "Do you want help for a few days to finish your haying?" The reply was, "Yes, come with your scythe on Monday morning." As he walked homeward, this thought was revolving through his mind, "If you go to God with the same confidence, your sins will be forgiven, and you will get religion." This was quite encouraging to him at the time. That afternoon his scythe was put in order. Sunrise on Monday morning found him in Squire Martin's field, one mile from home, ready for a full day's work. Two days and a half, at one dollar per day, were put in mowing by hand, spreading, raking, and pitching hay, from sunup until after sundown.

Wednesday noon the "Squire's" hay was all under cover, and help paid off. The "Squire" always enjoyed a good joke. Here is one, which occurred not long before. A couple came on a hot summer evening to be married. The family had retired, the "Squire" with the rest. A rap was heard at the door, the "Squire" bade them "Come in." The room was dark. They

stated what they wished. He ordered them to stand at the foot of the bed, and rising on his knees, he made them husband and wife. The groom, after the ceremony was over, wished to know "if his wife might spin some flax to settle the bill." "Certainly," said the Squire; "but shut the door as you go out."

Thursday morning early the writer set out on foot for the camp-grounds, six miles distant. He could have had a horse, but preferred not to be incumbered, as he intended to remain until the matter was settled between God and his soul. He attended all the services of that day, but failed to take a public stand for God.

In the early twilight of Friday morning, August 22, 1851, while out in the woods conversing with German Lasher, in whose tent he had spent the night greatly troubled in mind, he decided to go to the altar that morning after the sermon, and seek salvation. On his way for breakfast, a short distance from the grounds, he stated to a young acquaintance what he had determined to do, and urged his accompaniment. The young man's reply was: "I once enjoyed religion, and wish I did now. I am not quite ready to retrace my steps; I intend to soon; am glad you are going to make a start. Never give it up. I will be with you shortly." Alas for human calculations! Only a few weeks after he was smitten with fever, became delirious, and died. It is never wise to defer until to-morrow what should be done to-day; for the present moment may be the last opportunity we shall ever have. God only knows. It is now or never. To defer, is to fight against God. Submit to his will just as you are, and be saved from all sin.

Rev. Jason Wells preached that morning, at ten o'clock, on Abraham's offering up Isaac in obedience to the Divine command; all of which this penman heard, and yet did not hear; for his mind was debating the question of immediate action one way or the other. Something kept saying to his inner self: "Defer it. You are young yet. There is plenty of time. Why be in a hurry? You can attend to that later on in life, or when you come to die. Will you deny yourself all the pleasures of the world? You can not hold out, and if you should turn back you will disgrace the cause; therefore you had better remain as you



are. The facts are that you have no feeling. The Spirit has left you. There is no hope for you. Give it all up, and do not be so silly. What will your relatives and acquaintances think? Certainly you are not going to that altar to be prayed for alone. Go out into the audience, and get your cousin David to go with you." They were of the same age. David at that time was thoughtless and indifferent. On the following New-Year's eve he was soundly converted, and has spent thirty odd years preaching the gospel in the "Southland," a very popular and useful minister of Jesus Christ.

To all of the enemy's suggestions this answer was given: "Feeling or no feeling, friends or no friends, I am going to that altar as soon as the invitation is given, and I will never leave it until I get religion." The moment the minister said, "Come, ye sinners to the gospel feast," he deliberately, without a particle of feeling, walked down the main aisle, looking neither to the right nor left, to that crude altar, and kneeled at a slab bench on the beech-roots. Only once before had he ever kneeled. His heart seemed as hard as a stone. Knotty roots were not a soft cushion to kneel upon. At first they hurt badly; but he soon forgot them in his struggle for salvation. For a short time his mind wandered. He kept saying to himself, "What will the people think? What will father say? How will those of my relatives, who are so opposed to the Methodist people, act toward me hereafter?" They prayed and sang several times, during which he was wondering why he was not blessed, when some one shouted from the stand, "Mourners" (this was the first he knew that there was any other seeker than himself), "repeat these words over and over again, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner! Lord, I give myself away, 't is all that I can do.'" He began repeating them to himself, for fear of being heard; first in a whisper, then aloud. As soon as his own voice was heard pleading for mercy, the fountain of the great deep of his heart was broken up, and the tears of true penitence flowed freely. He then had all the feeling desired. In a moment he seemed to be on a lonely island, with no earthly inhabitant, and JESUS was there, suspended on the cross, dying for him alone, as if he was the only person in the universe. He believed it with all his heart. He had always believed

it with the head; but now it was with the *heart trusting* for salvation, then and there, through the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ alone. At once he ceased to try to save himself, but accepted Christ as his own personal Savior. The work was instantly and consciously done. The heavy load of guilt, which had so long rested on his conscience, was rolled off. His heart became light and buoyant, a sweet peace dwelt within, of which he had never been conscious before, and these familiar words came trooping through his mind:

“How happy every child of grace  
Who knows

[‘Thinks,’ suggested the enemy; ‘do not be too sure; perhaps you are mistaken!’]  
his sins forgiven!

‘This earth,’ he cries, ‘is not my place,

I seek my place in heaven—

A country far from mortal sight;

Yet O, by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints’ delight,

The heaven prepared for me.’”—Hymnal, 1030.

After repeating them over several times, he arose and sat on the seat beside which he had kneeled. German Lasher, who was standing at the foot of the aisle looking out for him, entered and remained kneeling at his side until “there was a great calm,” when he whispered, “Do you feel better?” “Yes,” was the reply. “Thank God for that,” said he; “and he will give you more.” What an abiding comfort those words have been during all these intervening years! “Thank God for that; and he will give you more.” They have turned many a blessing into a double benediction.

Had his inquiry been, “Are you converted?” the answer would have been, “I am not,” for he supposed that religion was very different from that blissful state into which he had just entered.

He afterward learned that his father was on the grounds that forenoon, and that he was spoken to by one S—— S——, who was a member of the Christian (?) Church, and urged, to use his own words, “Go, and take your son out of that pen, where those Methodists are making a ‘powwow’ over him.” To which father replied: “Religion is a good thing. I wish all my children

enjoyed it. There is one kind that is good for nothing, and that is yours." Mr. S—— had no more to say.

When that morning meeting closed, having obtained that which he came for, he started for home, repeating to himself, as he walked lightly along:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.  
  
It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest."—Hymnal, 316.

The next morning he started out to tell his young associates of this newly-found peace, thinking they would yield at once, and be saved. His success was not equal to his expectations. The next Sabbath he testified, for the first time in public, to his experience, and all he could say was, "I love Jesus, and I think he has forgiven my sins." Then down he sat, weeping that he could say no more, and because of gratitude to the blessed Redeemer, who had been so very merciful to such an unworthy sinner.

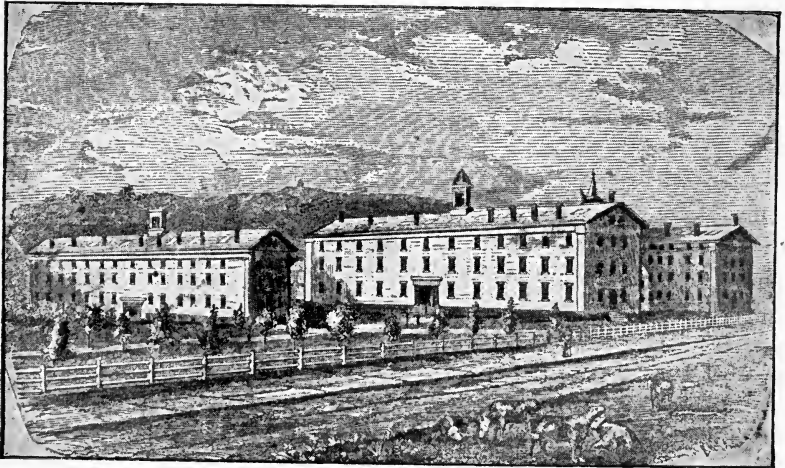
The enemy assailed him constantly; sometimes endeavored to make him believe that no one ever had had such a bright experience, or that he had never been converted; for if he had, he would feel very differently, and would not be tempted. "You had better give up. You do not find what you expected. Religion to you is a failure. You can not hold out over two years at most. You had better give it up at once, and not disgrace the cause. Some other time you can make another start, should you feel like it."

How sorely his soul was tried over these insinuations! Darkness dwelt within. What could he do but look to God for help, as he was not quite ready to give up and surrender to the enemy? Light came into his mind and heart when these words occurred to him:

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here 's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above."—Hymnal, 726.

The tempter fled, never to assail him on those lines again, proving the truth of those words of James, the apostle, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you" (iv, 7, 8).

PERTINENT JOTTINGS.—At Charlotteville, the LaMont family were quite numerous, and very prominent in every good work. Once on a quarterly-meeting occasion, when his house was full of guests as usual, some one inquired of Thomas LaMont: "Why is it that you are prospered so financially? You are always so



NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY, 1854.

hospitable and liberal withal. Some of us have wondered that you were not eaten out of house and home." The answer the writer has never forgotten. Said he, "I do not know why it is, but as I pour out with a teaspoon, God pours in with a scoopshovel."

"There is that scattereth, and it increaseth yet more; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to want. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Proverbs xi, 24, 25.)

A son of the above, Thomas LaMont, Jr., has been a successful minister of the New York Conference for more than thirty

years. An uncle of his was also a member thereof for many years. A daughter of Dr. LaMont, Kate E., became the esteemed wife of John F. Hurst, afterward bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The superior wife of John P. Newman, now bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a student at the seminary also.

April 6, 1853, a Miss Besson, one of the students, died. Just before her spirit took its flight, with her finger pointed upward, she said: "I see that heavenly country and the angels. I shall soon be there. Blessed Jesus! O, how good the Lord is to me!"

Milton S. Terry, of Evanston, Ill., was at one time a student there, and many others scattered here and there over the United States.

On the morning of May 31, 1854, the writer drove up in front of the seminary buildings at Charlotteville, and hitched his horse. On turning around he saw smoke issuing from the roof of the northeast wing. The students were then in chapel. The alarm was quickly given. In two hours time nothing was left of those large buildings but the smoking ruins. Eight hundred students were turned out of doors.

The seminary was rebuilt on another site; but it stood only a few years, when it also was burned. It is believed that these buildings were set on fire by some one envious of the success of the institution.

GERMAN LASHER, like his Master, was a carpenter by trade, and resided at that time in Charlotteville. He was a devout, earnest, consistent, every day, Christian, and was converted at the age of thirty, and maintained his Christian integrity for over fifty-five years.

He entered into the experience of holiness very soon after his conversion. In all the varied changes of life he has been a faithful and useful member of the Church.

His photograph, which appears on the next page, was taken the day he was *eighty* years of age. For many years he has resided at Oak Park, near Chicago, where he has been a prominent factor in Church work, being a charter member of the Methodist

Episcopal Church there, which was organized nearly a quarter of a century ago.

During much of his religious life Father Lasher has been a class-leader and exhorter, or local preacher. At the Desplaines Camp-meeting he has been the leader from its commencement of the six o'clock morning meetings for the promotion of holiness.



GERMAN LASHER.

He was born in 1809; born again, 1839; sanctified wholly, throughout spirit, soul, and body, in April, 1841, which experience he maintained in all its richness and fullness at the age of eighty-six. He was transferred to the upper world, August 31, 1895. To this man of God many are indebted for rich experiences in Divine things. Among them is the writer. His life was "as ointment poured forth," for "he walked with God" constantly.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—Very soon after his conversion, the author be-

came conscious of something wrong within, though he had not for a moment lost "the witness of the Spirit." What could this mean? There had been no known neglect of duty, public or private; yet evil propensities arose: such as anger, pride, malice, evil speaking, etc. Besides all this, he found his religious emotions vacillating; when in meeting he would be exceedingly happy, but much of it would be gone before reaching home. This was the source of no little anxiety; for the enemy whispered: "If you were truly converted, you would not feel these risings of evil, nor these 'ups and downs' in your religious experi-

ence; therefore you are deceiving yourself in supposing that you are a Christian."

Rev. William Hall, then a fellow student and local preacher, and who afterwards was, for nearly thirty years, a faithful minister of the gospel in the New York Conference, going home to glory finally, shouting the praises of God, was, at this period, of great help to him. When with this beloved brother, walking arm in arm on the public highway just west of town, and conversing on Divine things, Hall said, "Live close to the blood of Jesus!" The inquiry was: "What do you mean by this?" Hall replied, "When I lie down to sleep, I fold my hands commending my all to God, feeling if I die before morning I shall be with Jesus. Do you feel thus?" Without waiting for an answer, he dwelt at some length upon the blessedness of that state into which his soul had entered by Divine grace. There was something in the manner of the speaker, and in the expression of his countenance, which carried conviction to his listener's mind, and assured him that there was a blessed verity in what had been spoken. As they continued their walk, this penman said to himself: "I want all there is for me. If there is such an experience as that, I am going to have it." From that moment his soul became athirst for all the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Thus far he had lived up to all the light he had received. Now that a new ray had dawned, he cried day and night, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psalm li, 10.) The more earnestly he sought, the farther away he appeared to get. This seemed passing strange, since he had made a full surrender to God; consecrating soul, body, spirit, all, to him for time and eternity. What was the matter? When he endeavored to believe that the promise was sure, that "the altar sanctifieth the gift" (Matthew xxiii, 19); for "Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy" (Exodus xxix, 37), doubts would arise as to the entireness of the sacrifice. Then Satan would suggest: "You are too sinful to believe now. Wait until you are more holy. Do this or that first, before God will bless you. If God wants to save you completely, he will do it without your believing first." It seemed so difficult to believe a naked promise without some inward assurance. Sometimes the blessing seemed

so near it was almost within his grasp, when the tempter would divert his mind to his unfitness to receive it. Thus the struggle was prolonged for three months, when it could have been settled in a moment of time. Language fails to describe the agony of his soul during that period.

It was Saturday evening, February 8, 1852, when the victory came. Wrestling with God in prayer, he was enabled to lay hold of the promise by faith, and claim the blessing. He was so wonderfully emptied of all opposing influences that he realized, "I do love God with all my heart." The contest was ended, and a complete victory had been won. God said, "Arise and confess it." Once more the enemy whispered: "Do not be too sure. You may be mistaken. What you have received may not be that for which you have been seeking. You have not the witness yet. Wait until you are certain before you testify." These suggestions seemed plausible, and not wishing to be overconfident, he allowed that quarterly-meeting prayer-meeting to close without testifying to what God had done for him.

He left the meeting under a cloud. Two weeks after, being urged by the brother above referred to, he went to the chapel evening services, determined to make a public confession of the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, applying the blood of Christ to the soul, removing the last stain of sin. "Standing by faith alone," without the direct "witness of the Spirit" to the work of full salvation, he arose tremblingly, being exceedingly diffident, to say, "I do love Jesus with all my heart," when the enemy suggested: "Take care. Do not be too sure. You may be mistaken. You had better say, 'I think I love Jesus with all my heart.'" Not wishing to be overconfident, the word "*think*" was inserted, and the testimony given to the glory of God, and the devil was foiled.

This timid acknowledgment of Christ's power to save fully from all sin brought great satisfaction and comfort to his heart. Faith had triumphed. The full witness of the Spirit to this greater work came in upon him like a flood. What peace! what love! what joy! thrilled his whole being! So great was this indwelling Presence, that for days he could scarcely pursue his studies, or recite, without shouting the praises of God. The bap-



tism of the Holy Spirit rested upon him. All evil propensities were taken away. "Perfect love" reigned supreme. God was "all and in all." His peace was like a river. "The joy of the Lord was his strength." It became "a pillar of fire by night," and the indwelling "shekinah" by day.

"Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love."—Hymnal, 442.

To believe then seemed the easiest thing in the world. He wondered that he had not done so before. He did not hesitate to embrace every suitable opportunity to tell what God had done for him. Blissful as was his state, he did not rest there; but pressed on after richer pastures and fuller fountains. His constant experience was:

"Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?"  
—Hymnal, 327.

He saw before him an ocean of love, of which he had barely tasted, his barque having put out only a little from the shore. (The above, in substance, was published in the *Guide to Holiness*, April, 1854.)

A few short extracts from his private journal, illustrating this experience, may not be out of place here:

Under date of January 31, 1853, I find: "All day Jesus has been my joy and my song. I love him with all my heart. I hope to glorify him always with a perfect heart and a willing mind."

"February 1st.—This morning I had a glorious time in secret prayer, and a delightful view of the doctrine of holiness. My soul was perfectly happy in the love of God. This day has been one of constant joy within."

"March 1st.—A good time communing with God in secret. A few students met for prayer. My whole being was charged with Divine power. I was just as happy as I could be, and dwell in the body."

"April 18th.—While engaged in family prayer this morning, my soul was filled with the Spirit, and running over."

"May 11th.—My heart has feasted all day on the love of God, which has filled me."

"June 2d.—A flame of heavenly love burns upon my heart, and the Savior's blood purifies and keeps me clean."

"June 15th.—In answer to fervent prayer the Lord gave a clearer evidence that I was wholly sanctified throughout soul, body, and spirit. (1 Thessalonians v, 23.) I felt the tingle in the very tips of my fingers, and through my whole being."

Less than two years after stepping into the fountain of cleansing—"the Holy of Holies"—he entered the work of the ministry, to which he realized clearly God had called him. For years one continuous sea of glory rolled over his soul, wave on wave, billow on billow. The cleansing stream was a living fountain to his soul. How inadequate is human language to describe the unspeakable peace and joy of those years! Sinners were convicted of sin and converted to God, and believers sanctified on every charge. He aimed at this in every prayer, exhortation, and sermon, and as well in all his conversations with young and old. He was absolutely a man of "one work," and that work was to *save souls*. Many of them have gone home to glory, while others remain firm and true to God to this day (1897), and are living witnesses to this "great salvation." Many of them are preaching the same gospel to others, which so wonderfully saved them.

His "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Corinthians xi, 4), his aim being to feed the soul without starving the intellect, and to feed the intellect without starving the soul.

He was never popular with cold-hearted Church members. Such never liked him until they got in touch with the Holy Spirit, when they became ardent supporters of holiness teaching.

One day it was suggested that, "If he would not preach so definitely on the holiness line, but give the subject a more general treatment, he would evoke less opposition, and accomplish more for the Master." This seemed so plausible, wishing like David, "peace" (Psalm cxx, 7), and anxious to be as useful as possible, he complied, believing it to be for the glory of God and the salvation of men. Holiness was placed in the background, and other subjects brought to the front. What was the result? In a short time he found himself like Samson, "shorn of his

strength." His ministry became comparatively barren. Few were converted, and none sanctified. He loved holiness still, and occasionally preached it; but the jingle was gone. Yet he clung to the Savior as his Redeemer and Sanctifier, though he had not the evidence to the fact. He stood "by faith, and not by sight," not daring to doubt for one moment. Realizing he had been foiled by the devil, he longed for the return of Holy Ghost power. At times he would soar on the pinions of faith and prayer into the very heavens, and seemingly almost grasp the coveted prize, when the enemy would suggest, "If you yield now, your hopes will never be gratified." Thus the struggle went on for thirteen years before the point was given up; then, in the early morning of July 17, 1886, he was enabled, by God's grace, to surrender fully, and claim the promise.

In a moment the chain which had held him so long was severed. Complete victory came to his soul. He felt that he was a free man in Christ Jesus, and so declared to all present in that early Conference prayer-meeting. The light of the Holy Spirit shone through and through his inner being. How the very bells of heaven rang within for weeks and months! Such rapture he had never known before. Returning to his charge filled with the Spirit, he proclaimed a free and a full salvation from all sin, to all. What was the result? Nearly two hundred souls were brought to Christ on his circuit within the next few months. Then, as in other years, like Bishop Asbury, he "felt called of God to preach Christian perfection in every sermon." From that day the prayer of the writer has been:

"My dying Savior, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean."

Bishop R. S. Foster, D. D., has said of holiness: "It breathes in prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in the narrative, whispers in the promises, supplicates in the prayers, sparkles in the poetry, resounds in the songs, speaks in the types, glows in the imagery, voices in the language, and burns in the spirit of its whole scheme, from its Alpha to its Omega, from its beginning to its end. Holiness! holiness needed! holiness required!

holiness offered! holiness attainable! holiness a present duty, a present privilege, a present enjoyment,—is the progress and completeness of its wondrous theme! It is the truth glowing all over, webbing all through revelation; the glorious truth which sparkles, and whispers, and sings, and shouts in all its history, and biography, and poetry, and prophecy, and precept, and promise, and prayer; the great central truth of the system. The wonder is, that all do not see it, that any rise up to question a truth so conspicuous, so glorious, so full of comfort.”

Glory be to God! “The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John i, 7), and “The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” (Philippians iv, 7.) Amen! and Amen!

### III.

## MINISTERIAL LIFE;

THE CALL.—For years the impression rested upon him, “If I am ever converted, I will have to preach.” This conviction deepened as he neared manhood’s estate, and was one of the arguments used by the Holy Spirit that this matter of submission to God should not be deferred. Often he would dream of exhorting people to repent and be saved. The next week after his conversion he learned how fervently his sainted mother had prayed that her boys might become useful ministers of the gospel. An aged Christian gentleman said in a “covenant meeting” one Saturday afternoon, “She would carry a whole audience up to the very throne of God when pleading on this subject.” Yet it seems strange that seven months passed, after he was born of the Spirit, before those early convictions returned. But when they did return, there was no getting rid of them. The more he tried, the deeper they became. It was, “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.” He pleaded unfitness, mental and moral, for such a work. Who ever succeeded when fighting against God? He wept, fasted, and prayed over it for days, weeks, and months. His cry was, “Send by whom thou wilt, but not by me.” “The word of the Lord was in him, like fire shut up in his bones.” (Jeremiah xx, 9.)

A few extracts from his diary of this period will show the character of his convictions:

“February 3, 1853.—Some convictions of its being my duty to travel and proclaim a free and a full salvation.”

“February 4th.—I earnestly desire to be an instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of one soul. Yea; more, if it should please the Lord.”

“April 10th.—Rev. G. B. Crippin, a fellow student, and he were on their way to hold religious services, when he stopped in the road, and said: ‘I am almost persuaded to give up all claims to the Atonement, and let sinners go to hell, and go there myself, rather than try to preach.’ Crippin urged him on to fill their appointment, where they had a good time proclaiming the truth. ‘Souls were blessed.’”

"April 20th.—While going to prayer-meeting my impressions of duty were so great that I could not refrain from weeping along the way. What shall I do? I am not fit for so responsible a work, yet God calls."

"May 8th.—If all the world were mine, I would gladly give it to be freed from ministerial duty. The Lord blessed me much while exhorting the people."

"June 10th.—The burden of souls is upon me. It becomes more and more intolerable, and almost crushes me to the earth."

These show the struggle it cost him to enter the ministry of the Word. He very much preferred a mercantile life. God ordered it otherwise, and he reluctantly complied.

THE WAY OPENS.—His entrance upon what proved to be his life-work occurred in this way. I turn to the old diary, and read under date of June 25, 1853: "While engaged in prayer in my room at noonday, I was led to ask, 'If it be my duty to preach, let the way open to-day.' God was near to me, and I felt a wonderful closeness to him. With the above petition came the impression, 'Go to town, where a letter awaits you, telling you what you are to do.' The enemy whispered: 'It's all a delusion. Do not fool yourself. You can never preach. What could you say? The people would not receive you. You would starve.' The above insinuations were repelled by this promise: 'If you enter the ministry, you shall never want for something to say, or for the necessaries of life.'"

Thus assured, I hastened to the field for my horse; but when I found her, she had lost a shoe. This convinced me that it was of the Lord; for I had an appointment the next day, seven miles distant, and over a very stony road.

At the post-office I found a letter from Rev. Seymour Van Deusen, presiding elder of the Prattsville District, New York Conference, in which he said: "Come on immediately to the Windham Circuit, to fill a vacancy caused by the removal of Brother William Hall to Catskill. Stop at Scienceville [now Ashland] with Brother William S. Bouton."

Here was the direct answer to my prayer, as the Holy Spirit had indicated. That letter was read with indescribable feelings. At its conclusion, I said to Thomas LaMont, Jr.: "I can never preach. Why did he not send for some one else? If it was only

some other place, then I would go; but I can not go there. It is useless; they will not receive me."

He encouraged me to go. I again answered, "No; I can not." The letter was shown to Brother Lasher, who, after reading it, began praising the Lord, and exclaiming, "I told you the way would open, and you must go." I answered, "I can not," and returned home; but said nothing further on the subject.

The conflict raging within was intense during most of the night. All I could think of was, "Windham Circuit!" Near morning a complete willingness to do God's will came over me, and with this decision, this blessed assurance, "Go and do your best; I will be with you." Then I said, "If Jesus is with me, all will be well."

The next day, as I rode along to my appointment, I could but ask: "Why did not the elder send for some one else? Why should I be compelled to go? Why did not the Lord call another, instead of me?"

To these inquiries something seemed to say, "Why do you ask such questions, since God has opened the way, and promised to be with you, and to supply all your needs?"

One expression in the elder's letter was encouraging: "If God has called you into the ministry, he will open the way before you; and he will help you in the use of the means within your reach."

Squire Martin was the executor of father's estate, and to him I went for a small favor, which was cheerfully granted. The "Squire" inquired, "What have you decided upon for your life's work?" Hesitatingly was the answer given. To this he replied: "I thought so. If you follow that calling, you will never secure the applause of the world, nor its honors, nor its wealth; but if you are faithful, *it ends well.*" How often have those three words cheered the heart of the weary itinerant, when discouragements were on every hand! "IT ENDS WELL" served as an inspiration under difficulties, when another effort would be made, and victory secured.

Once more let the old diary speak:

"June 30, 1853.—This morning I set out from home on horseback, as an itinerant preacher, bidding all farewell. While ascending the hill east-

ward, I gave the old fields I had helped to cultivate a long, lingering look. In the vale beneath to my left stood the sawmill, where my tears had so often fallen and prayers ascended over the duty of preaching, on which I was now so reluctantly entering. A tear moistened my eye as I said, 'Must I leave all?' With a heavy heart, onward I slowly wended my way, weeping, pleading for Divine guidance and help. About sunset I reached my destination, with feelings I can not describe. That evening I attended a good prayer-meeting. Wished myself home. Almost decided to go, when these words came to me: 'No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.' (Luke ix, 62.) Here I am. I will make the best of it. 'The Lord is with me.'

WINDHAM CIRCUIT, New York Conference, at that time had ten appointments; namely, Windham Center, Eastkill, Hensonville, Mitchell Hollow, North Settlement, Ashland, West Settlement, Red Falls, West Hollow, and Fuller School-house.

They had preaching at Windham Center, Ashland (Scienceville, as it was sometimes called), and West Settlement once every Sabbath; and at the other places once in two weeks. This necessitated three sermons every Sabbath, and one on Saturday evening every two weeks.

Rev. J. W. Smith was the preacher in charge. He was an earnest, conscientious, and very useful minister of the gospel. In a communication received from him by this penman thirty years after, among other things he wrote: "We had a good revival at old North Settlement, and also at Hensonville. God was with us. But how many of those congregations are gone! A goodly company, I trust, of those departed are with the Church that is without spot before the throne." Brother Smith has joined that throng.

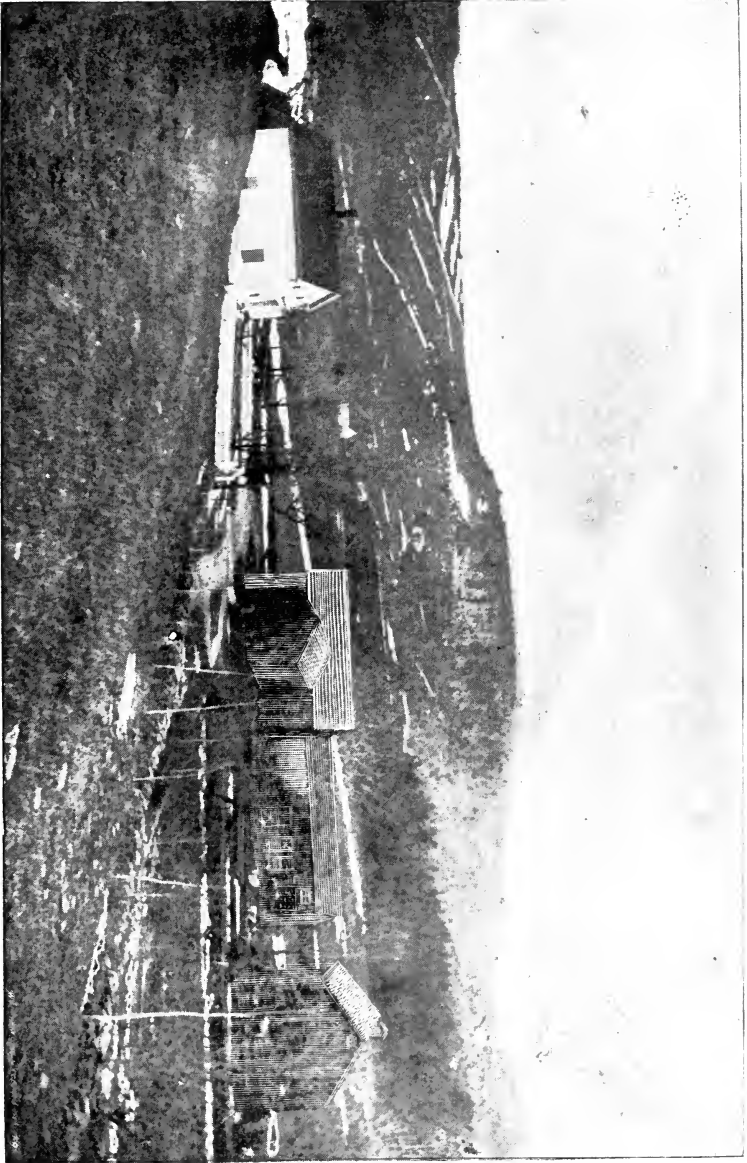
Quarterly-meeting being held on the first Sabbath at Eastkill, my labors did not really begin until the second Sabbath of July.

A few extracts from that old diary show the results of this young pastor's work:

"July 10, 1853.—This morning at ten o'clock I preached my first sermon as an itinerant, at Ashland, from, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.' (Luke ii, 10.) The Lord helped me. I have been happy all day. God is better to me than I deserve."

"July 17th.—An awful weight of responsibility rests upon me. Who is sufficient for these things?"





THE OLD HOME.

An imperfect view of the home left forty-four years ago, with the old church and schoolhouse in the distance. The Charlotte River flows westward to the left, and between the two. This photograph was taken in the early spring before the snow had all disappeared, with no idea of its ever appearing in print. The old sawmill does not show, because it stands to the right in the vale eastward. The house, which is a nine-room dwelling, does not appear to good advantage, for the present owner, Joseph Muller Esq., wished a view of the out-buildings and of the farm as well as the valley, hence the picture was taken from ground higher than the buildings.

"18th.—The Lord blessed me to-day in visiting from house to house, in talking and praying with the people about their soul's salvation."

"August 12th.—My soul is on the stretch after God. Finished reading the 'Life of Bramwell' to-day. Heavenly fire burns on the altar of my heart. The Lord is so good, that I can not praise him enough. I want to sink into all the will of God, and have no will but his. Christ is 'all and in all' to me. I am nothing. To him be all the glory."

"September 23d.—My soul dwells in love. I can not describe the peace I enjoy. I praise God with all my heart. I was made very happy last night while confessing what the Holy Spirit had done for me."

During these three months he had held only an exhorter's license, which was dated June 27, 1853, and signed by (Rev.) D. Gibson. At the second quarterly-meeting he was critically examined, "on Doctrine and Discipline" by the presiding elder. The following is an exact copy of his first license to preach:

*"To All Whom It May Concern:* This certifies that the bearer, Isaac H. Beardsley, is a regularly-authorized preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Examined and approved at a Quarterly Conference for the Windham Circuit, held at North Settlement, September 28, 1853.

"(Signed by) S. VAN DEUSEN, P. E."

The society at this place had been rent asunder by dissensions until there was only a handful left, and they were greatly disheartened. There was no indication of a revival; yet a protracted-meeting was begun by the pastors, October 11, 1853. The third night after the meeting began, three young ladies came to the altar, kneeled for prayers, and were converted. Once more I turn to that old diary for a few extracts:

"October 4th.—Thank God, we walk by faith, and not by sight. I can not recall when the Lord was more precious. I have perfect peace."

"October 16th.—To-day I preached four times. The three usual services and the funeral of an old lady, aged seventy-four years. This was the first funeral service I ever conducted. Text, Revelation xiv, 13."

"October 25th.—Brother Smith preached. Several came forward for prayers, and among them was a young married couple, Enos Trayer and Sarah, his wife. They invited me home with them. After some conversation we knelt in prayer, which lasted for over an hour. His agony became so great that he threw himself on the floor, rolling over and over, crying for mercy. As soon as deliverance came he kneeled beside his wife, and began praying for her. In a few moments her doubts and fears fled, and she was made happy in the pardoning sense of God's love. A visiting brother of his, who had not been at the meeting, was

also happily converted. All acted like little children, shouting and praising God."

"November 6th.—At West Settlement in the class-meeting, held at the close of the sermon, one entered into the experience of perfect love. How she shouted for joy! Our protracted-meeting closed this evening. About fifty conversions; among them were eight or nine entire families. To God be all the glory! I feel like dying for sinners. The Lord is very precious."

I find also this entry:

"A stormy night; not many out. A wicked man, who resided not far from the church, but had not been inside of it for ten years, came over to see what those detested Methodists were doing. Sermon over, the membership were urged to reconsecrate themselves to God, by coming to the altar and engaging in prayer. When the few present stood about the altar waiting for prayers to begin, that wicked onlooker said to himself, 'There you have got the toughest flooring you will have to thrash out this winter.' Before that meeting closed he was struck under conviction; hastened home, but not to sleep. The next morning he went out to chop wood. After a few blows of the ax, he said his mind became so absorbed about his lost condition that he stood on that log for three hours, with his ax elevated ready for a stroke, but forgot to bring it down until his wife called him to dinner. For three days the struggle went on. He could neither eat, drink, sleep, or work. Finally he came to Church, yielded, and at that hated altar was blessedly saved. He went home, hunted up the long-neglected Bible, and started family worship that very night, when his wife was converted. She had not been near the meeting on account of her physical condition. A few days after, he sent this word to his sister in town by the young preacher: 'Tell her that her brother Dan is dead. He don't live up here any more. Another Dan lives here now.'"

Here is another item:

"During the forepart of the meeting, a poor man, in feeble health, having quite a family, and living back in the field, died. One morning early, the nearest neighbor, living a quarter of a mile away, heard shouting at this poor man's dwelling. Over he went to learn what was up. Nearing the house, he heard the sobbing of the little ones about the door; but from within came songs of praise and hallelujahs. Upon entering, he saw, lying on a bed of straw, the emaciated form of the husband and father, and near him the wife and children in tears, while he was shouting and singing,—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
 While on his breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.'

—Hymnal, 976.

This gloriously triumphant death made a profound impression on that community. Each one said in his heart, 'Let me die the death of the righteous. Let my last end be like his.' "

"December 4th.—The Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost while engaged in prayer. The power of God rested upon me. I have that peace which passeth all understanding. My greatest desire is that I may not become spiritually proud."

"December 7th.—We began a meeting at Hensonville, in a school-house. It was war to the hilt. Satan's seat seemed to be here. A goodly number were converted, and joined the Church. This meeting continued for over a month. One day Brother Smith called at a shoemaker's shop. The cobbler was very busy. The preacher abided his time, when he gently hinted the subject of religion, and invited him to the meeting. He gruffly responded, 'I am a Jew;' when Smith replied, 'Are you circumcised?' This broke the shell, and a lengthy religious conversation followed. This man attended the meetings, and, I believe, was converted."

"December 28th.—Rev. Orin P. Matthews, from the Jewett Circuit, preached. He was a large man, with a stentorian voice, and of remarkable pulpit power. Wishing to show the difference between a formal and a real religion, he used the following illustration: 'You go to the woods, fill your caldron kettle with sap, put foxfire under it, pile on the wood; you have no effect. Now put real fire under that kettle, lay on the wood, and what is the result? Soon the water begins to co-whallop, co-whallop.' Several souls were converted that night. That discourse was long remembered."

"December 30th.—I preached in Hunter, on the Jewett Circuit. While engaged in prayer, before the sermon, God so filled me and those about me with the Holy Spirit that they shouted and laughed for joy, and I was compelled to cease praying and join with them. Formality was removed. What mighty power came upon the people! Several were saved."

\* The year wound up May 10, 1854, very pleasantly to all concerned. The New York Conference met that year in Allen Street Church, New York City. Bishop Waugh presided. Bishops Scott, Ames, and Hedding were visitors. On the evening of the 18th inst. the appointments were read out. Rev. J. W. Smith was returned to the Windham Circuit, with Rev. A. M. Hough as junior preacher. Brother H—— afterward married the sister of Jay Gould. For years he has done efficient service on the Pacific Coast. His home is in Los Angeles, California. He and the writer were associates at the New York Conference Seminary for two years.

A mile west of Windham Center lived a prominent family by the name of Steele. Here was born the Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., of the Boston University. His son, Wilbur Fletcher, is now Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Iliff School of Theology, in the University of Denver.

Close to the Center, on the south, was the early home of Rev. William V. O. Brainard, whose itinerant career began in the spring of 1853, under the presiding elder. He joined the New York Conference in 1854.

One stormy Saturday night, while driving slowly through deep snow to an appointment, these words came to the mind of this young preacher with great force, as from the throne of God:

“‘PREACH FOR SOULS.’ Why? Because,—

“1. Mankind are perishing.

“2. Many are hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life.

“Life is uncertain; and what is done, must be done quickly. ‘There is but a step between me and death.’

“4. Eternity is an awful reality; ‘For our God is a consuming fire.’

“5. Jesus is waiting to be gracious. ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life.’”

PREACH FOR SOULS kept ringing in his soul. How? The answer came: “Go preach the preaching that I bid thee.” (Jonah iii, 2.) “Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom: that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” (Colossians i, 28.) “Preach the Word.” (2 Timothy iv, 2.)

## IV.

### ITINERANT LIFE.

TAKING the advice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man," June 29, 1854, found this penman visiting relatives in Penfield, Lorain County, Ohio. Soon after his arrival, he was urged to allow his name to come before the Quarterly Meeting Conference for a recommendation to the Annual Conference. Believing he would not be received, he, at the last moment before it convened, consented. The Quarterly Conference renewed his license, and recommended him to the Annual Conference as a suitable person for the traveling connection. The renewal read:

"The license of I. H. B——, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is renewed by order of the Quarterly Meeting Conference of Wellington Circuit, Elyria District, North Ohio Conference, July 24, 1854.  
(Signed.) HENRY WHITEMAN, P. E."

The Annual Conference met, August 23, 1854, in Tiffin, Ohio. He gave it no attention whatever, as he felt willing to abide the verdict of his ministerial brethren, only five of whom were personally known to him. It was September 1st before he knew the result. On the 8th, the *Western Christian Advocate* came, and announced to him that he had been received, and appointed junior preacher on the "Amherstville and Huron Mission," Rev. F. W. Vertican preacher in charge, and W. B. Disbro presiding elder.

That afternoon he started on horseback for his work, stopping *en route* over night with relatives. The next day, about five o'clock, he reached North Amherst, one hour before his colleague, whom he had never seen. This town was the headquarters of the circuit, and was the place of the financial meeting on that day. They both found a hearty welcome at Brother Jackson's, who was one of the stewards. The next day was the Sabbath, when their year's work began. There were seven appointments on the circuit; namely, North Amherst, Huron, Brownhelm, Wells's Corners, Vermillion, Lake Shore, and Joppa.

At the two first named there was preaching every Sabbath morning; at the others, once in two weeks.

Every other Sabbath we had to preach three times. There were only four church buildings on the work, which were at North Amherst, Brownhelm, Huron, and Joppa. Their architecture was not modern. The entire membership did not exceed one hundred and thirty, and were scattered along the lakeshore for several miles. They were "a feeble folk," with very little courage. Other denominations had the field well in hand, and had no use for Methodist preachers so long as they were true to Methodism.

The law of the Church at that time read: "The annual allowance of the married traveling preachers shall be two hundred dollars and their traveling expenses. Each child under seven years of age, sixteen dollars; over seven and under fourteen, twenty-four dollars."

The fourth Quarterly Conference was required "to appoint a committee to make an estimate of the amount necessary to furnish fuel and table expenses for the family."

The junior preacher's salary was fixed by the law at \$100, and his board by the committee at \$55. On this he must pay his board, clothe himself, keep his horse, buy books, and help the needy on the entire charge. Of the above allowance, \$103.14 was received by the junior preacher. Preaching the gospel was not a paying business in those days; yet there were plenty of people who said, "Preachers preached for salaries alone!"

Not one traveling preacher in the North Ohio Conference, which then included what is now the Central Ohio Conference, received for that year \$600. The salary of Edward Thomson, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, was only \$1,200; and Adam Poe, who was Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern, received \$1,500.

Once more I turn to that old diary, and read under date of

"September 18, 1854. Monday.—My soul is deeply pained. O, my God, what will become of thy Church? Several of our members wear earrings. Some of them finger-rings, etc. Lord, pity them! Give me grace and wisdom!"

"October 17th.—How my heart mourns over the condition of this charge. Membership few and far between. Hundreds of sinners rushing

down to ruin. Religion is a matter of form, largely, in all the Churches. Holiness is never thought of by the great majority. "There are a few names in Sardis whose garments are undefiled." When I see this state of things, like Jeremiah, I feel like exclaiming, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!' God is the same everywhere, and we will hope for the best."

"November 19th.—God gave us a wonderful blessing at Vermillion, in the class-meeting. Our hearts were touched by the Holy Spirit. Father Coppin, a local preacher, of precious memory, was filled with the love of God, with the rest. He attempted to smother it; but it would burst out, in his 'te-hee-ees;' and 'thank the Lord! Glory be to God! te-he-hee!' All joined in praising God 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' There were tears of joy. This was the first shout that this little band of Christians ever had in Vermillion. I see such riches of grace in Jesus. My peace flows as a river. I love God with all my heart. While the longing of my soul is to depart and be with Christ, yet I am perfectly willing to abide God's time, and do his will. I have proved that God is a very present help in every time of need. Never did that promise seem so sweet to me as now, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' The greatest desire of my heart is to be a living epistle read and known of all men.' A true Bible Christian."

"February 18, 1855.—While engaged in prayer at Brother Remington's, the glory of the Lord filled us to overflowing. We wept, adored, and shouted the praises of God. Such precious baptisms of the Holy Spirit strengthen and encourage us in the upward way. I can not describe my enjoyments of late—such heavenly peace, and yet such a sense of helplessness and dependence on God."

"February 22d.—Delightful communion with God in secret prayer this morning. I could hardly cease praying. I have just finished Watson's 'Life of John Wesley.' Thank God that he ever lived!"

"March 19th.—By the urgent request of the brethren, I began a protracted-meeting at Brownhelm to-day. I just learned that four weeks ago, when here, God had used the word spoken in the salvation of one soul. The following is her statement in the class-meeting: 'God drove the words to my heart that I was a barren fig-tree, bringing forth no fruit. I was alarmed, found no sleep that night, prayed until God pardoned my sins. I am now rejoicing in the love of Christ.'"

"April 4th.—I closed the protracted-meeting (my first) last evening. Eight joined on probation. Several went to the Presbyterian Church. This was to all a very profitable meeting. God honored us with his presence at every service. To his name be all the glory!"

"April 21st.—I attended the funeral of Mrs. Murry. She had talked freely of her death, and urged all to meet her in heaven. Gave directions as to her infant, then said, 'I have no more to say.' Closing her eyes,



whispering, 'happy, happy;,' and soon her soul took its flight to the realms of bliss."

"May 15, 1855.—While praying with a seeker of salvation to-day, I felt that God was blessing. He did bless. I was not disappointed. To God be all the praise! Amen."

That young lady afterward became the faithful, devoted, and useful companion of him whom God had used in her immediate conversion. The writer, after a lapse of over forty years, gratefully places the above event on record, to the glory of God, and states that, but for her continued entreaties and help, this volume would never have been written. They were married November 27, 1856, in Vermillion, Erie County, Ohio, by Rev. M. L. Starr, a relative of the groom, and one of the oldest members of the North Ohio Conference.

After May 20th, the entire work was placed in charge of the junior preacher, as the senior had been transferred to the Pittsburg Conference, and entered upon work there.

Again I quote from that old diary:

"June 19, 1855.—Largely through reading the 'Life of John Wesley,' by Richard Watson, Sister Goodrich, the wife of one of our most efficient stewards, but a Presbyterian, has experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. Her soul is perfectly happy. Her testimony was, 'If this is enthusiasm, it is a happy one.' Soon after receiving this wonderful blessing, she left her Church and joined with her husband's. If ever I felt, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' it is now. 'I live, yet not I; Christ liveth in me.' The following words have been of great comfort to me of late:

'Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun;  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for the Master stood;  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.'

—Hymnal, 1066.

"August 25th.—The last Quarterly Conference was held to-day. They unanimously requested my return."

"September 2d.—At our last service in Brownhelm, a sister in class-meeting, after the sermon, addressing the young preacher, said: 'I am glad you ever came here to preach; for it was through you that the Lord

sent the truth to my poor sinful heart. I cried to him, and he heard me. Now I am happy in his love.' O my God, how thankful I am that thou canst use such a feeble worm in the salvation of souls! Keep me humble at Jesus' feet!"

"September 16th.—My Conference year is closed, and I can but ask, Have I done all I could to win souls to Christ? Are my skirts clear? Upon the whole, this has been a profitable year to me and to many. What has been accomplished eternity alone will tell."

"September 19th.—The Annual Conference met to-day in Sandusky City, Bishop E. R. Ames presiding."

One day while the Conference was in session, there was a leakage in the gaspipe, when the bishop laconically remarked, "We usually have plenty of gas at Conference; but not of this kind." This was in many respects a notable Conference. On Sabbath morning, Rev. William Arthur, of England, being in attendance as a visitor, preached a most remarkable sermon, with tremendous power from on high. The entire audience was swept as by a hurricane, rising to its feet with outstretched hands, eyes and mouths wide open, eager to catch every word as uttered. When the climax was reached, each one dropped back into his seat, unconsciously to repeat the same thing later on. Shouts of glory and tears of joy were frequent during the delivery of that wonderful discourse on "Grace: The Source, the Sufficiency."

The justly-renowned Rev. Charles Elliott preached in the afternoon, and Rev. Mr. Collins, of Michigan, at night. Thus ended the writer's first, and a most memorable, Conference Sabbath.

**BRYAN CIRCUIT.**—Conference adjourned September 26, 1855, when this itinerant heard himself announced junior preacher on Bryan Circuit; with Henry Warner in charge, and David Gray presiding elder.

October 10th, he bade the family with whom he had made his home for nearly a year,—Allen H. Atherton, Esq., of Vermillion, Erie County,—"farewell," and started with horse and buggy for his new field of labor.

After crossing the Maumee River at Perrysburg, he found the road much of the way exceedingly rough. For miles through swamps and heavy timber it was corduroyed. The ends of some

of the logs having decayed and broken off, a wheel would drop nearly to the axle, first on one side, then on the other. It was next to impossible to tell where these dip-places were, owing to the water and mud which nearly covered the logs.

About three o'clock of the third day he reached the Church at Evansport, where the financial meeting was being held. The preacher in charge, being engaged at the moment of his entrance, did not notice him. Soon after he said to the brethren, speaking of his colleague: "I do not know why Brother B—— has not come; I suppose he is sick." Several brethren spoke at once, saying, "I guess he is here." Henry Warner, as brotherly a colleague as ever filled the pastorate, looking up, saw him and said, "Yes! yes!" and hastened to greet him, giving him a hearty welcome, and an introduction to those present.

Bryan was the county-seat of Williams, the northwest county of the State of Ohio, and was the headquarters of that large circuit, having fourteen appointments. These were: Bryan, Shaffer's, Lafayette, Leatherwood, Lockport, Thicket, Colgan's, Stryker, Bear Creek, Evansport, Union, Brown's, Mud Creek, and Georgetown. At the first named, there was preaching, morning and evening, every other Sabbath; and at the others once in two weeks, on Sunday or on a weekday. The pastors were compelled to preach three times every Sabbath, and several times during the week, often riding seven or more miles between appointments. Hence, with their visiting, funerals, and extra calls, they were in the saddle nearly every day of the year. The preacher in charge resided in Bryan; while the junior preacher found an excellent home in the family of Rev. Everett W. Fuller, a local preacher of superior ability and a merchant, in the town of Stryker, seven miles east of Bryan, on the Air-line Railroad. In this Christian home he rested for three or four days only of each month, after making the rounds of that large circuit on horseback, which was the only possible method of traveling. The roads in some places were good; but in others were next to impassable. From Georgetown to Bryan the road was a mere trail, indicated by blazed trees through the dense forests, where the foliage was so thick that the sun seldom reached the soil. Ofttimes the saddlebags, in which were Bible, hymn-book,

Discipline, and a few other books, would thump against a tree on the right or left, as the horse slowly picked his way through the swamps and timbered lands.

In those times the Maumee Valley, if so level a country could be called such, was considered the "breaking ground of young preachers." If they endured through one or two years, and came out unscathed, they would do. This whole country, for miles and miles, was nearly level, with a rich soil; but swampy and heavily wooded. The settlers had built log cabins for their homes, and cleared off little patches on which to grow corn and vegetables. Ofttimes cornmeal pancakes were their only food for days and months together. This was not very palatable to a dyspeptic. The people gave their pastors the very best they had; hence there was no reason to complain.

Often some members of the family would shake with the ague nine months of the year; frequently the entire household would be shivering on the same day. Quinine was in great demand.

A few extracts from the old diary will give an idea of the character of society:

"October 31, 1855.—To-day while on a train, occupying the seat with a gentleman, the conversation turned to the subject of religion. This man presented the usual threadbare arguments of infidels generally. They were answered by rebutting statements, to which he was unable to reply. He became furious, drew a dirkknife, brandishing it in a threatening manner within an inch of my breast, declaring that he was tempted to cut out the heart of any one who dared to defend Christianity. During all this furor I felt perfectly safe, for God was with me. Before leaving at a way station this man begged my prayers, and promised to become a Christian."

"November 21st.—I met a gentleman on train to-day, who said, 'My wife is a Christian. I am putting off till the last of life what should be attended to in the beginning.' After a lengthy conversation on the subject, he promised not to defer longer."

"November 30th.—My soul is full of gratitude, because I am so happy in God to-day. How precious Jesus is to me! I could hardly stop praying in secret this morning, so sweet was my communion with him. This world would be a blank were it not for his smile."

December 10th he preached in Georgetown, a small hamlet in the woods, consisting of a blacksmith's shop, a grocery store

where the people got their mail, a schoolhouse, and a few dwelling-houses. That night he stopped with the family where the schoolteacher boarded, occupying the same room and bed. After retiring, the subject of religion came up, when the teacher affirmed that he was an infidel. Said he: "For ten years I was a Christian; three of that time a Methodist exhorter. I went to Angola, Steuben County, Indiana, where I was advised to read certain books. I complied, and became an unbeliever; have been such for the past six years. My parents are Methodists, and I would not have them know where I stand for the world. I am ashamed to be called an infidel. To say I do not believe in the Bible is uttering a big word, and is saying much. Sometimes I think I may be wrong. Not long ago, one Sabbath, while passing through a piece of woods, the thought came to me that I ought to go out one side, kneel down, and pray. I remembered what sweet communion with God I used to have under an old oak-tree, where I went regularly every day. I yielded to the impulse, walked out into the woods, kneeled beside an old log, and prayed to God as fervently as in days past. I left, laughing at my weakness. I am now just as good as Jesus Christ, and stand in his shoes. Perhaps I ought not to say that. It would have been far better for me if I had never heard of these views. When I went to Angola I was worth two thousand dollars. I am a tailor by trade. I work hard summers, and teach winters. Now I am not worth over eight hundred dollars. When I gave up my religion, I fell fast. I went to gambling and into other vices. I must stop. I am saying too much."

The above were his answers to questions propounded and recorded at the time. Christianity is the only system that satisfies the cravings of the immortal mind. It PAYS.

In that Monday night congregation there sat a sandy-complexioned young man, a Universalist, who spoke the evening before from Hebrews xii, 2: "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Twelve years afterward this same man was preaching his very plausible doctrines in New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas County, Ohio. He had quite a following there, and was lauded for his ability. He challenged the entire

ministry of the county to debate the question of future punishment with him.

Bishop Weaver, of the United Brethren Church, though not a resident of the county at the time, accepted the challenge. They met October, 1867, in New Philadelphia, and debated one hour each, for four successive nights, in a crowded hall. The verdict of nearly the entire community was that the Bible did not teach Universalism. Nineteen more years rolled by, when this same man, Sage, bowed the knee at a Methodist altar in Canal Dover, just across the river from where the debate occurred, and was ordained deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Mallalieu, and received on trial in the North Ohio Conference. He said to this penman after his ordination: "Bishop Weaver cleaned me out completely in that debate. I never was satisfied after that, until I gave up Universalism and accepted the orthodox faith."

On his next visit to Georgetown, our young preacher stopped with a family in which the husband was a Universalist, and the wife a Methodist. The next morning the former, when out at the stable looking after the horses, took the liberty to give the young, inexperienced preacher a little advice. In substance, said he: "You are just starting out in the ministry; and of course you wish to be popular. Let me tell you how to become so. Do not say anything about future punishment. You can hold whatever belief you please, but keep it in abeyance. Universalism is such a comfortable doctrine. It sits so easy on the conscience. My advice is for you to preach a liberal gospel, and give up those terrible doctrines of orthodoxy." It need not be said that this advice was never followed.

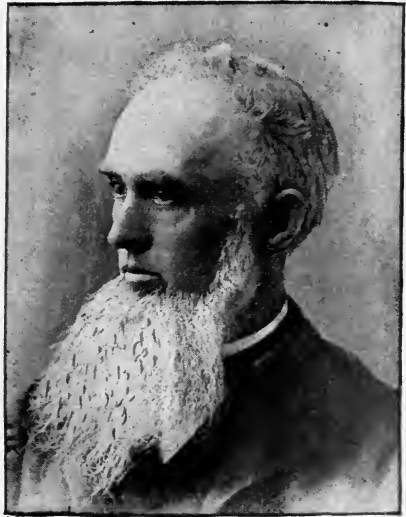
Protracted-meetings were held by the "Boy Preacher," as he was then called, at Colgan's, Evansport, Bryan, Lafayette, and Leatherwood. Brother Warner preached a few times only at two of them. Nearly one hundred souls were converted, and quite a number sanctified.

In these meetings three young men were quickened into a new spiritual life, and afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Central Ohio Conference. John R. Colgan was one of them, and has spent thirty-eight years

in the active work in that Conference. He is an able and successful expositor of the Word, and is the author of several hymns, one of which is sung far and near; namely, "Jesus Lives."

At the "Thicket" lived a family by the name of Boyers. Out of this home went three children into the itinerant ranks; two sons, John and Henry, and a daughter Kate, who became the consort of him whose photograph appears on this page. She was converted in one of the meetings, and has been true to God ever since.

A younger brother of the above was led to Christ in a singular way, and it illustrates what a casual remark may sometimes do in the salvation of a soul. Four years after, at the close of an afternoon service, he addressed the preacher thus: "I want to thank you for a remark you made, which resulted in my conversion. We were at a funeral. The expected preacher did not come. They called on you to officiate. You stepped forward



JOHN R. COLGAN.

to the stand, and said, 'A minister ought always to be ready to preach, to pray, or to die.' That remark was an arrow to my heart; and I never had peace until I found it in Christ."

At several points two-days' meetings were held, at which great good was done, and souls saved. The year was one of incessant toil, many exposures, great sacrifices, and of greater blessings. Receipts for that year's hard work were \$91.61.

On May 15th the young preacher's valuable horse, for which he had refused \$150, died. This was, to him, a great loss, as he had no money with which to buy another. From that time until Conference, about three months, he traveled that great

circuit mostly on foot. Unknown to the young preacher, John R. Colgan, in the nobleness of his benevolent nature, raised by personal solicitation \$55, to assist in purchasing another horse, and presented the money to his pastor before he left for Conference. Such was itinerant life in the Maumee Swamps over forty years ago.



## V.

### ITINERANCY CONTINUED.

THE General Conference of May, 1856, divided the territory of the North Ohio Conference. The western portion is now known as the Central Ohio Conference, and met in Lima, Allen County, September 26, 1856, Bishop Beverly Waugh presiding. Bishop E. R. Ames was a visitor for a day or two.

The examination on the course of study of those to be admitted was thorough and satisfactory. The venerable bishop, whose hair was as white as snow, made one remark to the graduating class, which has never been forgotten. "My young brethren," said he, "never preach without relating something of your own experience." The importance of this was made very emphatic during his excellent address. A class of nineteen was admitted into full connection, and elected to deacons' orders. The following Sabbath, September 28th, after a very practical sermon by the bishop from Romans i, 16, they were ordained. The Conference adjourned about noon of October 1, 1856.

The preachers of that day were never consulted as to their appointments. If they were, the writer never heard of it. They were required to go where they were sent, or retire from the work. If by any means it became known to the appointing power that a brother wished a certain charge, he was most sure to be sent as far the other way as possible.

This young man heard his name read out for Waterville, Maumee District. David Gray was still his presiding elder, and was a very successful minister of the gospel. Waterville was a small town, and stood on the north bank of the Maumee River, six miles above Maumee City. This was a two-weeks' circuit, with the following preaching-places; namely, Waterville, Monclovia, Springfield, White House, Swanton, and Centerville, with occasional services at East Swanton and Allman's. This necessitated three sermons every Sabbath, with several miles ride between them; but the roads were usually good, and the work

a comparatively easy one. His salary, as fixed by the stewards, was: Table expenses, \$65; horse-feed, \$35; Church law, \$200 more (as he was about taking to himself another "rib"); total, \$300.

He held a ten-days' meeting in the Springfield schoolhouse. Very little interest was manifested, though the attendance was good. On the tenth night, February 12, 1857, the outlook was so unpromising the meeting was closed. That last evening a boy only stood up for prayers. He was urged to give his heart to Jesus, prayed with, and the benediction pronounced. On our way home that night, the enemy whispered: "What a fizzle! You have made a failure. There was no good done; never hold another meeting."

For thirteen years the author's moral pulse went below zero whenever he thought of that meeting. One day the following letter was received, since which time he has thanked God unceasingly that he held that meeting:

"EVANSTON, ILL., August 29, 1870.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It may be that you have forgotten me; but I have not forgotten you. No! I can not forget you. At the close of the service, when all seemed so dark, you, *dear brother*, said, 'If there is any one here that feels the need of Christ, remain standing while the rest will be seated after the singing.' I thank God that I remained on my feet; and it was not long after that I found the new life, of which I was an entire stranger before. From that day to this 'goodness and mercy have followed me,' and I am determined 'to dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' I have been preaching over two years, endeavoring to lead souls to Christ. I remain,

Yours in Jesus,  
"(Signed,) NATHAN N. CLARK."

February 23d a protracted-meeting was begun in Waterville, which lasted seventeen days. Twenty souls were converted, and the membership greatly quickened. Two incidents connected with this meeting will be related. On the evening of March 4th, a business man, the head of a family, who had staid away from the meetings for fear of being caught, came in during prayer, and kneeling down beside his wife, said to her, "I am, by the grace of God and your help, determined to lead a different life." They arose, came to the altar, and kneeled side by side, where he was presently converted. This gentleman was a strictly moral

man; yet, like every other sinner who expects to get to heaven, he had to be born again.

Just across the street from the church lived quite a different character. He was profane, and ugly in his family. By trade he was a cabinetmaker and undertaker. His wife dreaded to hear of a death; for she had to trim the coffin. He would give her no directions as to how he wanted it done. If the work did not suit him, he would knock her down. Poor woman! How could she discern what his whims might be? for they were never twice alike. This kind of life had gone on for years unknown to any save themselves. The end was reached in this wise. He came over to the church one night, taking a back seat. God sent the truth to his heart. He was convicted of sin, hastened home before the services closed, to curse this preacher in particular, and Methodists generally. He raved like a madman through that entire night, pacing to and fro, and frothing at the mouth. His family was alarmed for its own safety. For three days he remained away from the church, when curiosity brought him back to see what was going on. Again the truth cut him to the quick. He trembled like Belshazzar of old, feeling that he "was being shaken over hell" (his own words). He left the church in a fury, pronouncing all manner of imprecations upon him who dared to preach the Word so plainly, and upon Christian people universally. These anathemas were poured out without stint until near morning, as he walked the floor in his own house. His wife and children were in terror. Just before dawn he began to pray, and asked his wife to pray for him. When the morning light streaked up over the Eastern sky, light from heaven came into that household. That wretched man, wife, and daughter were happily converted. Until this time they were entirely unknown to him who was conducting the meeting. The lion became a lamb, and that home a paradise.

When that Conference year closed, the people and the entire Official Board, without one exception, desired the return of their pastor. So also did the presiding elder. The result we shall see.

PLYMOUTH CIRCUIT.—The Conference that year convened September 17, 1857, in Toledo, Ohio, Bishop Osman C. Baker

in the chair. The second day of the session, the bishop walked down the aisle, and handed the writer an envelope. On opening it, he found himself transferred to the North Ohio Conference, and appointed junior preacher on Plymouth Circuit, in Richland County. Richard Hager was preacher in charge, and Hiram Humphrey presiding elder. This was a four-weeks' circuit, with nine appointments; namely, Plymouth, McKendree, West Auburn, Goodwell, Ripley, Greenwich, Nineveh, New Haven, and Salem.

He found his colleague a good preacher and superior revivalist; one that God honored with rich and abundant blessings. He has long since gone to his reward.

The junior preacher assisted him in revival work at Plymouth and at Ripley; but held meetings alone at Nineveh Corners (sometimes called East Greenwich), and at Salem, while his colleague conducted meetings elsewhere on the circuit.

It was a most blessed year. Many souls were saved. After all shrinkage, two hundred and twenty-five were taken into the Church in full connection. It was a year of the right hand of God, the like of which was never seen on that circuit before. From those revivals at least two preachers have gone out to bless and save humanity,—Richard Culver, now in the local ranks, and James P. Mills, for many years an effective member of the North Ohio Conference.

Not far north from the "Corners" was a Quaker settlement. These "Friends" often attended the services, and became quite interested in the meetings. One evening the young preacher was riding to Church in a sleigh with Brother Doud, a local preacher, when he asked, "What shall I preach about to-night?" In the back of the sleigh were a number of young people. Among them was a young Quakeress by the name of Sarah Gifford, who was still unsaved. She had been taught that all preachers, but theirs, either memorized or read their sermons. That question, propounded to see what the answer would be as much as anything else, caught the ear of that intelligent young lady. She said to herself, "I will listen to him, for his sermons are not committed." The Holy Spirit sent the word to her heart, and the result was her conversion. The house was

so packed with people that an altar service was impossible. All that could be done was to ask those who desired to start for heaven to rise up, or if standing to raise their hands. Quite a number did so signify. Sarah was among the first to rise. The request was made for all to kneel if they could; if not, to bow the head. Some one led in prayer. Sarah knelt right where she was seated, only a few feet from the stand, and began to pray. Soon her countenance shone with the glow of "the Sun of righteousness." There on the floor she remained, with face upturned, clapping her hands ever so gently, and in the softest of whispers exclaimed, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" until the meeting was dismissed. Her Quaker friends stood with their broad-brimmed hats on, gazing at the scene, while the tears were coursing down their cheeks. Sarah Gifford has ever since been proclaiming that same gospel to others, which so gloriously saved her on that eventful night.

In the back of that sleigh sat Leander L——, a son of Brother Doud, who has since become quite prominent in Church and business affairs. He is secretary and treasurer of the A. B. Chase Company, manufacturers of pianos and organs, at Norwalk, Ohio, and senior superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school at that place.

An old man who had been a Universalist was converted, of which no one had the least doubt, so great was the change. This was shown in all that he said or did. One morning he did not come to his breakfast as usual. His daughter, supposing he had overslept, sent one of the children to call him. He was kneeling by his chair, his Bible lay open before him, and his head leaned forward; he was dead! The spirit had taken its flight to the land of the saved.

Squire S—— and his family were on their way to the services, when his wife said to him in a casual sort of way: "Our neighbors are coming out on the Lord's side. Will they not expect something from you and me?" He responded by taking her hand in his, and giving it a gentle pressure; at the same time the tears were flowing freely. That night the entire family, consisting of several grown-up children and the parents, were brought into the kingdom of grace.

During the progress of this meeting a young doctor, living three miles away, became alarmed about his soul's salvation. He kneeled in his office for prayer, and was soon converted. In one of our day-meetings the fact was related, either by him or some one who knew of it. This was none other than Rev. William Jones, M. D., D. D., LL. D., of the St. Louis Conference. He has been a useful minister of the gospel for over thirty years.

M. M. Burgess was the class-leader. His eldest daughter, Ann, had married Samuel Watson some years before. He requested his father-in-law to invite the young preacher to dinner on a given day, that they might become acquainted. The intervening period he spent in studying infidel works, for he was a pronounced unbeliever, that he might demolish the young strip-ling, and demonstrate the falsity of the Christian system. They were introduced at the home of the class-leader, where they were to dine. The pastor then knew nothing of Watson's preparations. Having decided to have no controversy, he led the conversation on history, science, politics, farming, horses, cattle, etc.; anything and everything, except religion. Each time Watson endeavored to introduce his favorite theme, the conversation was adroitly turned in another direction. The repast over, Watson had to hasten home to do his chores; not in the best of humor, to think he had been outgeneraled. He spent the night boiling in rage over his folly. The next morning he and his family came to the services, the first for him in years. During the brief discourse, this illustration, a flash of the moment, was used: As the iceberg floating down into the Gulf Stream is dissolved by the effect of the water and of the sun's rays, so is unbelief and the hardened character by the influence of the true Christian in the home and in the community.

The speaker somehow felt that the Holy Spirit had sent that thought direct to Watson's heart. His head dropped as if penetrated by a bullet. The services, consisting of singing, prayer, and testimony, went on for nearly two hours; but there sat Watson with his head down. No one went near him. When all had gone save two, they approached him, saying, "Shall we pray

for you?" Watson answered by falling on his knees, and calling upon God for mercy. The struggle went on hour after hour; unbelief was strong; it was difficult for him to grasp the promise and believe. Finally, as the sun was disappearing in the far west, relief came to his sin-burdened soul, and a calm peace dwelt therein. For nearly six hours that meeting lasted; yet we were not tired!

He and his family were at the morning meeting the next day, when he gave a testimony in substance as follows: "For seven years I have tried to be an infidel. I procured and studied all the works on unbelief published. I have talked my infidel views. Because my wife would not give up her religion, I have persecuted her, while by her meek and quiet spirit she was all the time refuting my infidel arguments. I knew that she was right, and I was wrong. That fact maddened me. Yesterday, when the preacher spoke of the dissolving iceberg, it all came home to me, and I had to yield. I prepared a trap for him, intending to clean him out; but I was foiled. Last night, just about sundown, God had mercy on my soul, and from this on I am determined to live a Christian. Pray for me." After the above testimony, the scene can be imagined, but not described. He and his long-suffering wife wept in each other's arms. There were no dry eyes in that house. From that day forward, Watson has been a faithful and consistent Christian.

That meeting lasted only eighteen days. Forty-five were born of the Spirit, and united with the Church; the majority of them were heads of families. About a year after, a neat church was erected and paid for. When this pastor preached therein on a week night the house was filled with attentive listeners. Watson shouted his old pastor down three times during that one short sermon. God be praised!

March 22d, a meeting was commenced at Salem, which continued twenty-two days. Thirty-four were converted, and joined the Church. The farmers, not unfrequently, left their teams standing in the field tied to the fence, and came to Church. Manning Bray, a very promising young man, was converted March 31st, and died happy July 15th.

At Plymouth, a man past middle life, after his conversion, was asked, "How he managed to live in sin so long?" The reply was, "I rushed on from sin to sin so rapidly that I did not take time to think."

W—— S—— had been a very wicked man. At Ripley, February 6, 1858, he came to the altar of prayer with many others. He wept freely as he pleaded for mercy. His whole soul was deeply in earnest. Relief came to his burdened heart. He sprang to his feet, and started down the aisle, exclaiming, "Glory to God! Glory to God! I have found a new Father! I have found a new Father!" With each shout he seized the hair of his head, first with one hand, then with the other, as he marched up and down the aisles of the church. Some of the people wept; others shouted for joy.

These examples are given as samples of God's work among men that year. They could be duplicated over and over again. Only a few instances are presented, to show the character of the work done, and not as a history of the whole.

The junior preacher's table expenses on this charge were fixed at \$115; horse-feed at \$35; Church law, \$200; total salary, \$350. All of which were paid, beside several liberal donations.

Most of that Official Board have gone from the stage of action. Others equally effective have taken their places. Though the workmen fall, the work goes on. Gladly would I sketch their lives had I room; but space forbids. Yet I am tempted to insert two.

J. A. Field and family were active members of the Church in Plymouth. He was engaged in merchandising. Afterward he moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he became prominent in Sunday-school and Church work. He was a lay member of the General Conference at Omaha in 1892. His has been an active and a very useful life.

Another remarkable man on this charge was Samuel Parker. He worked hard every day at his trade as a wagonmaker. He was an earnest, devout Christian man, full of the Spirit, and constantly exemplified this in his life. He shrank from the duty of preaching the gospel, and devoted himself to business. His liberality was proverbial. He gave all his income, save a bare



living. His contributions annually to the general benevolences of the Church were extremely liberal; often as high as \$500 to missions, and \$250 to Church Extension. Other benevolences were never overlooked. He has gone; but a son bearing his name follows in his steps.

SULLIVAN.—A few extracts from the diary of 1858 will be in place here:

“September 21st.—Drove into Wooster this morning with fear and trembling, on account of the Conference examinations, which ended about four o'clock. What a relief to my mind! How exceedingly thankful I am that the four years' course has ended successfully!”

“22d.—The North Ohio Conference opened its Annual Session this morning, with Bishop E. R. Ames in the chair. James Wheeler preached the missionary sermon.”

“23d.—Daniel Wise, D. D., gave an excellent lecture on the Sunday-school Union. F. S. De Hass, D. D., presented the Tract Cause in a glowing speech.”

“24th.—William Taylor, of California (since Bishop of Africa), was introduced, and made a telling speech. At three o'clock he preached a flaming sermon from Hebrews v, 11-14, and vi, 1. I. Spiritual Babes; II. Spiritual Men.”

“Sunday, September 26th.—An excellent love-feast. God's presence was manifest. Bishop Ames preached at eleven o'clock, from 1 Thessalonians i, 5, a sermon of great force and power, after which several were ordained deacons. At three P. M. William L. Harris, afterward bishop, preached. Then nine were ordained elders. It was an epoch to one, who had fasted and prayed much over his ordination, that he might receive all that it meant, and that he might be worthy of the same. The bishop's hands were laid on his head, and those impressive words repeated for the ninth time: ‘The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of an elder in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of his holy sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’ During the utterance of these words there came upon him such a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, that there was scarcely room to receive it. The bishop leaped and shouted. So did ‘Father’ Jacob Young, of the Ohio Conference, who had assisted in the ordination service. They embraced each other, and wept for joy. The fire spread. There were tears of gladness, hallelujahs, shouts, and clapping of hands in various parts of the house, while songs of praise were being sung. When he turned from that sacred altar, one who had been ordained the year before extended both hands,

tears were coursing down his cheeks, exclaimed, 'O, how I wish I had waited another year before being ordained!'

Bishop Ames told the writer, eleven years after, "The like of that ordination service I never witnessed before, or since. The Holy Ghost came upon me with such force, while repeating those words the last time, that I could hardly restrain myself from shouting before they were finished, so great was my joy."

"September 27th.—The Conference adjourned this morning at seven o'clock. My name followed that of SULLIVAN. O, my God, give me success!"

This was a two-weeks' circuit, with five appointments; namely, Sullivan, Homer, North Orange, Troy, and Rochester.

The stewards made the estimate as follows: Table expenses, \$75; horse-feed, \$20; Church law, \$216. A little one had been added to our family. Total, \$341. Of this amount, \$285.65 was received by the close of the Conference year.

The entry of October 14th says: "Almost discouraged, in view of my surroundings. No house can be had in which to live. I have no encouragement from any direction save the grace of God."

"October 27th.—After much prayer, I have determined to raise the money, and buy a parsonage of six rooms in Sullivan. Began soliciting funds to-day."

"October 28th.—Continued the collection. The writings were drawn this evening, and the house is ours. How thankful I am that we have a home once more!"

"October 29th.—Moved in to-day, and began unpacking."

"December 26th.—Filled with Divine glory. Jesus was never more precious. I want to see at least sixty souls converted at North Orange."

"December 27th.—Began a protracted-meeting there this evening. A dull time. Not one sign of a revival in or out of the Church. Only on the pastor's heart does the burden rest."

"January 5th.—The Church has been asleep so long, that it is only beginning to awake. They seem so indifferent, I am tempted to leave them to themselves."

The above was written during the day; but behold what was added before retiring:

"Evening services closed. Eight forward to-night. Six converted. To God be all the glory!"

"January 7th.—Good meeting to-day. Many wept over their shortcomings. Fifteen forward this evening. One made very happy."

“January 12th.—The meeting is sweeping on gloriously. Many forward, morning and evening. One who had been seeking a number of days, when the light broke through the darkness of her soul, praised God with all her might. So did her brother. H. L. B—— was filled with the Spirit, and shouted, ‘Glory to God! Hallelujah!’ and clapped his hands for joy.”

“January 18th.—An interesting meeting this morning. Two hardened sinners forward for prayers. One wore long hair, parted in the middle, and a very long beard. That night he came again. Though he prayed with all his might, he prevailed not.”

“January 19th.—He came again, and presented himself at the altar. His wife had a babe on her arm only three weeks old, and was sitting in the back part of the house, the very picture of despair. The pastor’s wife, who had a nursing child of her own, went to her, saying, ‘Let me take your little one.’ She complied, and hastened to that altar. Soon her husband was converted. Looking round, saw his wife kneeled at his side, threw his arms around her neck, and shouted, ‘Hallelujah! Glory to God! I am saved.’ She was blessed at the same moment. Then for the first time she thought of her babe, and hastened back to get it. The next morning when they came to Church, his hair and beard were neatly trimmed. The former was parted on the side, though not a word had been said to him on the subject. There was a shout in the camp this evening. Ten converted. Glory shone in their very faces. How they praised God! What power was manifest? O Lord! carry on thy work!”

“January 21st.—The Lord helped in preaching the Word in an unusual manner. It was prayer and praise all around the altar. God’s power was manifested to saint and sinner.”

“January 24th.—Twenty-six started to-night. They rushed to the altar like sheep over a wall. The devil is fighting us; but the Lord is on our side, and we shall prevail.”

“January 25th.—Three young men were happily converted while kneeling side by side. Many were prostrated to the floor. The shouting was almost deafening.”

“January 26th.—A precious and solemn meeting. Several conversions. The power of God rested on many. Thirteen at one time lay helpless in different parts of the church. Some came to in a few moments. Others in an hour or more, and one lay for three days, entirely unconscious of all her surroundings. The only evidence of life was her breathing. Some wicked fellows confessed afterward that they stuck pins into the arms and limbs of some of those prostrated, expecting to see them jump; but there was not a flinch of a nerve or muscle.”

The Christian people remained at the Church until three o’clock the next morning, when nearly all had regained their consciousness. Those who had not were taken to their homes,

or to the nearest house. Rachel, the wife of Alexander Phillips, lay helpless for some time before she began to show signs of life. She spoke with a heavenly sweetness that no pen can describe:

“Precious Jesus! Praise the Lord! Glory to Jesus! I saw Jesus. He is so sweet. He says I was converted ten years ago. I will doubt no more. I saw such pretty things there. Jesus stood on the edge of the throne. He smiled so sweetly, saying, if I will be faithful a little longer he will take me home. I saw a great many folks there. They were not angels. There were all sizes of children. No wonder we love Jesus! I long to go and dwell with him. I do love Jesus. They all praise him. No sinners in heaven. There are wonders there which I saw, that I am not permitted to tell. Who is fanning me? I felt a breeze. It is so sweet.”

No one was fanning her. That scene can never be forgotten. Long since Jesus has taken her home. She was true to him to the very last. The above statements were written as they were uttered.

The testimonies of all were very similar. One said: “I saw my brother there,” as she pointed upward; “how sweetly he smiled! Precious Jesus!”

“January 27th.—A meeting of power this morning. The very air seemed impregnated with the Divine presence. No sermon would fit. God was so near. There was weeping, wailing, and prostrations in different parts of the house. How wondrously God did save and bless the people!”

Samuel Smith, out of curiosity, came to Church one night. The pastor, who always kept a supply of religious books for sale at the close of each service during the week, showed him Jesse T. Peck’s little book, entitled, “What Must I Do to Be Saved?” He read the title and shook his head, and walked away, not to return for three days. An arrow, however, had pierced his soul, and he could not extract it.

The diary continues:

“February 2d.—He was converted, and made very happy. His wife found Jesus precious to her in the evening.”

“February 5th.—I preached my fifty-second sermon since these meetings began. Nearly two a day. There have been at least sixty souls converted. My request has been granted. To God be all the praise! Over that number joined the Church.”

"February 7th.—One young man, who had been seeking for four days, became despondent, and was about to give up. On his way to Church, having learned of his intention, the pastor urged him to make one more effort, trusting God alone for the result. The house was very much crowded. He had to take his seat close up to the stand. Just as the text was being announced, that young man was blessed. He sprang to his feet, and told the people what God had done for him. He exhorted with great vehemence the unsaved to seek salvation at once. The power of God descended upon the congregation. There was no need of a sermon. The invitation was given, and the people came rushing to the altar. Many were saved."

"February 10th.—Two were converted. The past six weeks has shown the greatest display of Divine power mine eyes ever witnessed. All the glory belongs to God. Closed the meetings to-night."

A protracted-meeting was held in Homer for twenty-one days. A few were saved. Those of the "baser sort" broke up the meeting. The Church of Christ and the liquor-traffic are antagonistic. Their interests can not be harmonized. The success of the one means the overthrow of the other. Which shall it be? is for the religious people to decide. The good people of Homer were cowed by the whisky element. There was no church-building there then. All meetings were held in the schoolhouse. Nothing but absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants will save this Nation. God hasten the time!

The church in Sullivan was repaired. The year closed pleasantly to all concerned, with a unanimous request for the pastor's return.

ORANGE CIRCUIT\* was his next charge, which called for a move of only seven miles. On this circuit three services were held every Sabbath. Orange, Polk, Hopewell, New Pittsburg, Rousburg, and Lafayette were the names of the several places.

The parsonage was at Orange, and not in a suitable condition for occupancy. It had been rented for several years, and was greatly out of repair and extremely filthy. The cistern had caved in, and there was no well. The barn had been used for a hog-pen. No one volunteered to help renovate things, or to repair that which was needful. The pastor had no money with which to hire it done. He and his wife had all this cleaning and repairing to do before they could go to housekeeping. The people

were indifferent. Anything was good enough for a poor itinerant; while they lived in good comfortable homes, and were well-to-do.

A sixteen-days' meeting was held in Rousburg, with little apparent results. During the month of February a meeting was commenced in Orange. The Church was greatly benefited, and about forty souls converted. One incident is worth mentioning:

There lived two doors north of the parsonage a man having a wife and two small children. She was convicted of sin, and felt that if she did not start for the kingdom that night, she would be lost forever. Consulted her husband on the subject of duty. He, being a bitter opponent of religion, replied: "If you go to that Methodist altar to-night, I will drag you out by the hair of your head." After conversing with some of her friends, she decided to "obey God rather than man;" came to the Church, and, after the sermon, kneeled, with many others, at the altar of prayer. While the congregation was standing to sing, and the invitation was being urged, the above-mentioned gentleman was seen elbowing his way up through the crowded aisle. The pastor, having learned his intent, met him just before he reached the altar, and placing one hand on his shoulder, called on Jacob Fluke to pray. The singing ceased. All went down on their knees, the enraged man with the rest, who trembled from head to foot, as if shaken by the power of God. Brother Fluke prayed as never before. The Holy Ghost power came down on the people. That man's wife knew not that her incensed husband was within arm's-length of her as she prayed and when she was converted. After two or three prayers, they arose to sing, when the infuriated man fled from the church, as if shot out of a gun. The next morning early he endeavored to hang himself to spite his wife. She intercepted this little scheme. He next got a razor, declaring he would cut the preacher's throat, and then his own. For this purpose he secreted himself in the parsonage barn, where he was found by some men, called in by his wife, who took the razor from him, and conveyed him home. For some unknown cause the pastor was prevented from going to the stable as early as usual that morning; or he would not, in all probability, write these lines. Soon after being conveyed to his house, he clan-

destinely took a big dose of "corrosive sublimate," which caused his death. Though medical aid was secured, it failed to counteract the effects of the poison.

The pastor labored against odds all that year, because he was not the choice of the people, they having expected another. On account of this, he asked to be removed when Conference came, and his request was granted.

DOVER, on the lakeshore, west of Cleveland, was his next appointment. This was a half-station, with preaching at Dover every Sabbath morning, and at Rockport or Dover lakeshore on the alternate afternoons. On Monday evenings, once in two weeks, at Brigg's. He had some good meetings at Dover and at the other points, but no sweeping revivals. Only a few conversions. The year was, in some particulars, a hard one. He received very little pay. Once his family supplies were reduced to a handful of flour and a few potatoes.

Just as these were being consumed, God sent a wagon-load of supplies. Ofttimes was the bottom of the flour-barrel reached, but somehow or in some way, just before it was scraped clean, needed aid always came. God knew all about it.

The last of February (1861), Abraham Lincoln, on his way to be inaugurated President of the United States, halted in Cleveland long enough to witness a procession in his honor, and to address, from the balcony of the Lindel Hotel, the thousands who listened with closest attention to this most remarkable man. That tall form, intelligent face, and benevolent features impressed every onlooker with the goodness and sincerity of his heart, which was so often exhibited in after years. His were words of wisdom and of intense earnestness. The large majority of his listeners felt that he, who had requested the prayers of the Nation, was the sent of God, and they were willing to grant his wish.

In the following April the tocsin of war was sounded through all our land. Drums were beating, fifes playing, martial music sounding everywhere. The flag had been fired upon, and something had to be done. The Government of the fathers was in danger. Men and women were ready to sacrifice the comforts of home—yea, even life itself—for their country's sake. The Gov-

ernment can never repay the Nation's defenders, no matter what they may do. Justice demands that they be rewarded according to his, or her, necessities. The years spent in the service would have been used in laying up a competence, instead of standing in the ranks to be shot at by an enemy. Niggardly is the policy that begrudges to the old veteran the little pittance which he receives from the Government.

Once more this penman said to his presiding elder, though the year had been an harmonious one, "Send me somewhere else; I can do nothing here."

DALTON CIRCUIT came next, with John McNabb preacher in charge, and Joseph Kennedy presiding elder. Brother McNabb was a superior sermonizer, but a very poor conversationalist. Out of the pulpit he never seemed to know what to say; but in it, that often "unruly member" hung on a swivel, and swung both ways. His sermons were masterly efforts, and were delivered with great force. John McNabb was a good man, and had few equals as a preacher. He rests from his labors.

In the spring of 1862, his eldest son, Joseph, enlisted in the Union army. His colleague hastened to extend his sympathies to the family. With a deep sigh, Brother McNabb replied: "It is much easier to send other people's sons to the army than your own."

This was a four-weeks' circuit, with nine appointments; namely, Dalton, Greenville, Canal Fulton, Clinton, Doylestown, Brookfield, Union Chapel, Bristol, and Orrville. McNabb lived at Dalton in the parsonage. His colleague resided "in his own hired house" in Doylestown. They were about fifteen miles apart. At the latter place a new church was dedicated, December 15, 1861, by W. B. Disbro. McNabb decided, in January, 1862, to hold a protracted-meeting there, where it was greatly needed, but was not even desired by the people in, or out of, the Church. On Sunday, January 12th, "the little preacher," as they then called him, preached; the preacher in charge on Monday evening. Tuesday morning he said to the junior preacher: "I am going home; you preach to-night and to-morrow night. I will be back on Thursday night, and will preach and close the



meeting, if you do not close it before. Nothing can be done with such a quarrelsome set. I can see no signs of a revival."

His orders were obeyed to the letter. Thursday he preached at ten and one-half o'clock A. M., when *three* out of the few present agreed to pray three times a day until a revival came. That evening, no McNabb. The junior preacher had to conduct the services. All but those three members advised "that the meetings close. Nothing can be done without McNabb. There has not been a revival here for twenty years. Greater men have tried it, and always failed."

God had laid on that young pastor's heart such a burden for souls that he could not rest. He was assured, when pleading in secret, that a glorious revival was impending. Of this he was just as certain as if he saw it. This is what gave him the courage to continue the meetings, though the entire officary, save one, opposed their continuance. God had anointed him afresh for this special work. Thus equipped, he neither feared men nor devils.

There were two other Protestant Churches and a Roman Catholic Church in town, with large audiences, but with a membership as cold as ribbed ice. These bitterly opposed efforts of this kind. "Learn the Catechism," "join the Church, and do the best you can," was all that they required. "Live your religion," said those leaders of the "blind;" "but keep away from all those Methodist fanatics." Our people had largely come into sympathy with these views.

Notwithstanding all of this persistent opposition from our own and other Churches, the meetings went steadily on for six consecutive weeks, with unabated interest. In two services a day, except on Mondays and Saturdays, that servant of God thundered forth the words of life and of death for thirty days, before hearing one solitary word from his colleague. Then a letter came, saying: "I have been very sick. Am convalescent. Will come up as soon as able."

Ten days more that meeting swept on, removing all opposition, like the Johnstown flood. There had come to that Church and community a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, so that over two hundred souls had been saved and blessed. The other min-

isters in the town did all they could against the meetings, endeavoring to keep their people away. Many of them were converted at our altars. As a last resort, they held opposition meetings during the last two weeks. Not one word or hint was given in public or in private during those forty days that could be construed into a desire to proselyte by the leader of these meetings.

Yet the other ministers were at it from morning to night during the last weeks of the meeting. They did everything in their power to keep their people from attending the services. The result was, that one of the Churches took in eighty-five members, and the other quite a number. Methodist converts were good enough for them.

This is usually the case. The conductor of the meeting adopted his usual practice, saying: "I am not here to make sectarians of you. I do not ask you to join any Church. Settle that between God and your own conscience. After you are converted, go where you can get the most good."

From Brother McNabb himself the following facts were learned. Said he: "I had fully made up my mind to close the meeting on Thursday night, if you had not; and to forbid you going on with it. Joseph brought out my horse. Roy [who has since been a missionary in Central China, and is now a pastor in the Colorado Conference, doing good work] got in to go with me. I was feeling as well as ever in my life, and told my wife I would be home the next morning. When I put my foot on the step of the buggy, something seemed to seize my throat on the inside. I thought it would pass away in a few minutes. The farther I drove toward Doylestown, the worse I became. As I crossed the bridge over the creek below town, I was taken with a chill. My throat had become so swollen that I could scarcely speak. The town was in sight. The church steeples were in full view. I turned my horse around, and hastened home, went to bed, and did not get out for four weeks. It came very near costing me my life. God set his seal on me, that I should not interfere with you in conducting the meeting." "God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

In these jottings I can give only three incidents of this most wonderful work of grace, the effects of which remain to this

day. To God be all the praise! The power of God so rested on the entire community that many were convicted of sin and converted who had not been near the meetings, some while in their homes, and others on the public highways. Of the former was a man by the name of Siberlain, the inventor of the "Drop Reaper." He afterward moved to Akron, and became famous as a reaper manufacturer. Did he in the days of great financial prosperity forget "the Christ?"

One day a man past middle life, moral and a Universalist, who had not been near the meetings, was driving down to his coal-bank for a load of coal, when he was so convicted of sin that he cried aloud for mercy. The wagon-seat became his "mourners' bench," the altar of God to his soul. His prayer was answered, and he was born of God. Like the woman at Jacob's well, who came to draw water, after finding the Messiah, forgot her errand, and hastened to tell the glad news to her friends (John iv, 28), so this man turned his team around in front of his coal-bank, forgetting what he had come for, and hurried back to town to tell of his new-found joy. The first man he saw was the preacher who was conducting the meeting, and as they met in the public square he declared to him the glorious news of his conversion. That very night this dignified man sat on the front seat of the church, and after bowing the knee at the altar of prayer with many others, stood before the amazed audience of nearly five hundred people, and told how remarkably God had converted him that day. Many wept for joy while listening to the recital of his experience. He told how he had staid away from the meetings, because of his hatred for the Methodists, and how he had fought against them. But now God had had mercy on his soul, etc. He had no further use for Universalism since he had found salvation. Neither has any one else under a like experience.

On one side of the public square was a carpenter-shop, and on the opposite a place where intoxicating drinks were sold. A well-beaten path led across the green sward from one to the other. That mechanic worked early and late all the time; yet somehow he did not get on very well. He went shabbily dressed. His family lived just at the east edge of town. The house needed

paint. The rooms were few and sparsely furnished. Where many of the window-panes once were, were now rags or old hats, which did not add to the comfort of the inmates or to the appearance from the outside. The gate was off its hinges, and the barn-door gone. The cow stood lowing for the food which seldom came. The garden was unkept. Everything about the place had a slovenly look. His wife and children were scantily clad, even in winter, and were very poorly fed. They were the pictures of despair. The husband and father was never known to get drunk. Yet the first thing in the early morning was an "eye-opener;" then after his scanty breakfast, "a digester;" before dinner, "an appetizer;" and after it a drink to "aid the digestion." His supper was washed down by an "eye-shutter." Oft-times between meals, when a customer paid a bill, they stepped over to the saloon for a drink. This man considered himself only a moderate drinker. He could quit any time if he would. He was no drunkard! His wife and children were too meanly clad to attend Church or Sunday-school. The dispenser of beverages and his family lived in very comfortable quarters, and were well-dressed; the latter in their silks and satins. They considered themselves very respectable people, and far above the unfortunate family above-mentioned.

A month or so passes quickly by after the above-mentioned observations were made; and what a change in that drinking man's family! They occupy the front seat in the church, plainly but neatly clad. Cheerfulness marks every feature of their faces. They, with many others, are admitted into the Church on probation. The pastor calls on them once more. What a transformation! The gate is on its hinges. The barn-door is in place. The cow has plenty of feed. The window stuffings have disappeared, and glass takes their places. The rooms are carpeted, and needed furniture added; wife and children contented and happy. Summer comes, the dust lies undisturbed, and the grass is growing in the untrodden path over to the saloon, which is now closed for the want of patronage.

What made the change? The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, which came into that home, converting husband and wife. Their children saw and felt the difference, and as well the dumb

animal. The money now earned goes to add comforts to his own home, and not to that of the man who is too indolent to earn an honest living so long as he can catch in his trap the unwary, and fill his till with their hard earnings.

A man by the name of P—, living next door to the pastor, was soundly converted, and joined the Church on a Sabbath morning. His wife and two children accompanied him the next time he went. She had been "confirmed" at the age of fourteen years, and supposed herself a Christian; but no one else, not even her own husband, entertained such a thought. She was convicted of sin; but would not go to the altar or join the Church on probation. She searched the house from garret to cellar, emptied drawers, took up carpets; all to find the evidence of her Christian character. The missing confirmation certificate could not be found. Her convictions deepened; still she would not yield. One night, after reaching home from the services, her husband proposed family worship. She said as she dropped on her knees, "Pray for me." That prayer was not answered until near midnight, when she was joyously saved. The blessing did not come, however, until she was willing to go to the altar, or to any place God might require; then the victory came. The next Sabbath she, with many others, joined the Church on probation. How the Holy Spirit can mellow the pride of the human heart!

Meetings were held at several points and in Canal Fulton, with good results to many in and out of the Church. Dr. L. A. Markham was a practicing physician there, and an active member of the Church. The "regulars" called him a "quack," but he was more successful in his practice than the best of them. He afterward entered the ministry. His labors therein have also been remarkably successful. In the North Ohio, Missouri, and the Kansas Conferences, he has proven himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Brother Markham joined the redeemed on the other shore August 27, 1893. His three sons stand high where they are known. One is a professor in Baldwin University, Kansas, where his mother resides.

When that Conference year closed, the presiding elder said to the junior pastor: "You have had a most successful year. There is a place to which I would like to send you, and where

you can do a great deal of good." This was the first time, in eight successive years, that he was consulted about his appointment. As to his conferring with the authorities, that was never thought of. Every charge was received as direct from the hand of God. All the reply he made to the above was, "Do with me as you please." As usual, he did not know where he was going until the bishop read the appointments at the close of the Conference.

NASHVILLE CIRCUIT, our next appointment, had eight preaching-places; namely, Nashville, Temple, Mashman's, Loudonville, Drake's Valley, Newkirk's, and Bigelow Chapel.

Charles D. Lakey was preacher in charge. He was a good preacher and genial associate. Some way, preaching and he were not a fit. After three months he gave up the work, and entered upon other employment. His home for years has been in New York City, where the writer met him while at the session of the General Conference in 1888.

The junior preacher had a long move with wagons, which was no small task, since the "olive plants" around his table had increased to the number of three. Two sons and a daughter had been gladly received as gifts of God, and were the joy of the household.

Protracted-meetings were held during the months of January, February, and March, as follows: Napoleon, fourteen days; Nashville, eleven days; Bigelow Chapel, seven days; Newkirk's, twelve days; Temple, two days; Loudonville, three days; Drake's Valley, six days. During these meetings the Church was greatly strengthened, and nearly one hundred souls saved.

"Father" Jacob, a colored man, was sexton of the church at Nashville. He was a Christian gentleman, and greatly beloved. He entered by faith during the meeting into the "Holy of Holies," and was as happy as a mortal could well be and live. pastor walked into the church one morning when Jacob was ringing the bell. Every time he pulled the rope there came bubbling up from within the shout of "Glory! Glory!" His upturned face fairly shone with the light from heaven's own altar. He has long since joined the blood-washed before the throne.

Lewis Everly, a merchant, was the leading man of the Church, who, with his excellent family, royally supported the pastor in his work.

John Knox was a mechanic, quaint, devout, and an able defender of the Word.

James Johnson was a local preacher, and resided at Newkirk's. The meetings helped him into a richer experience. He soon after entered the Conference, and became a useful minister of the gospel.

Near Bigelow Chapel lived a superior young man by the name of B——, who has been for years a missionary in China, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church.

There were many excellent men and women on this charge, as there were on all of the charges served.

These were war times, and the excitement ran high. Holmes County was no exception to the rule, especially the southwestern portion, which was full of "Copperheads," as they were then called. Several hundred of this class gathered on a hill, just south of Napoleon, built a sort of fort, and stored supplies. Guns of every description were brought together for use. The town of Napoleon was under guard. No one not loyal to the rebel cause was permitted to pass in or out.

Just what they expected to accomplish no one knew. They probably did not know themselves. But for the strategy of a woman, no one can predict what this little rebellion might have led to. Mrs. Beaty, with a large family, lived just east of the town. She determined that the authorities should know what was going on. So she put a small boy on a horse, with a basket of cabbage-plants for a sick woman, who lived on the road to Nashville. The boy rode slowly along through the lines, dropped the basket where it was designed, and then ran his horse into Nashville, giving the alarm. Word was immediately telegraphed to the governor, and the next day four hundred "Boys in Blue" marched into Nashville. The town of Napoleon was taken by surprise. The enemy never stopped to fire a gun, but fled precipitately. Their fort was taken, with all its contents, by the firing of only one volley over their heads, when every man "skedaddled!"

The Beaty family afterward sold out, and moved to North-eastern Missouri, where many of them still reside.

Between Newkirk's and Bigelow's, off a little to the left, stood on a knoll in a grove the Ellsworth schoolhouse. Here was a "Butternut" neighborhood. They threatened the life of any man who dared to defend the prosecution of the war in their midst. The junior preacher, who had charge of the circuit after his colleague quit, heard of this, and announced that he would speak there at four o'clock P. M. of June 28, 1863. When he reached Newkirk's that Sabbath morning, his brethren begged of him not to go, fearing that they would egg and hang him. When the brethren learned that the appointment would be met, one of them said, "I will go with you." The pastor preached that morning and afternoon, riding several miles between, and drove up to the designated place for the four o'clock service. A crowd of people had gathered. In front stood a man with a coil of rope on his arm, and beside him another with a basket of eggs. This looked like business. They all seemed determined and defiant; as much as to say, "How dare you to come here and defend the Government?" The horse was hitched to a tree beside an up-raised window. The man with the coil of rope and the one with the eggs on his lap were as calm as a May morning, after taking their seats within. A few verses were sung, prayer offered for the support and maintenance of the Government, and for mercy on all those who were in arms against the same. The speaker's text was Leviticus xxv, 44-46. From this he endeavored to show that human slavery was not sustained by a correct interpretation of the Bible, and that those in authority were there by Divine appointment, and therefore should be sustained. For over two hours he addressed that audience on these vital questions. After a time the egg man slipped his basket under his seat. The rope man did the same. Some wept and others cheered as the discourse proceeded. So great did the enthusiasm become that they would allow no halt until the sun was sinking out of sight. Rebellion was never heard of in that community again.

Aaron Y—— kept a saloon in Nashville, and did a thriving business. His home was diagonally across the street from the parsonage. Just below town resided a drinking man having a



family. The wife and mother worked hard for their support, while the father spent all he earned for drink, often stealing her little savings and spending them; then coming home, would abuse his family shamefully, and smash up things generally. This kind of conduct had gone on for a long time, until, in fact, patience had ceased to be a virtue. One evening his wife came home from doing a hard day's work, weary and tired, to find what little money she had laid by was gone. Her husband returned earlier than usual, and was more abusive to her and the children than ever before, turning them all out of doors. She became desperate, borrowed a revolver for self-protection, and hastened to the saloon. It was near midnight. Aaron was cleaning up for the night. She begged of him not to sell her husband any more liquor. He ordered her to shut up, or he would put her out. He was a strong man and she a slender woman; but she drew the revolver, and pointing it toward him, said, "You lay your hand on me, and I will kill you." Y—— retreated behind the bar, retorting, "I will sell liquor, so long as God gives me breath;" when she exclaimed, "May God not give you breath long!" The cowardly cur fled out of the back door, when the fun began. The wronged woman smashed every bottle, decanter, and showcase in the establishment before she left for her home. It was a sorry-looking place the next morning. The consensus of the community was that she did right. About two months after, word came to the parsonage that Aaron Y—— was dying. His wife sent for the preacher to come over and do something for him. He went, and commended him to Christ and prayed with him; but the heavens were as brass. Y——, turning his head away, said, "I have no time now, wait until I get better." His wife stood at the foot of the elegant bed on which he lay, wringing her hands in deep concern; but it was of no use. Her prayers and tears effected nothing. He died that evening in great agony. It was too late!

Late in the summer of 1863 an epidemic raged in and about Nashville, in the form of a bloody flux. People died off like sheep. Not unfrequently three funerals a day. This lasted for six long weeks. The physicians did all in their power to retard its progress. The pastor's wife lay for weeks with the disease,

not expected to live from day to day. During the time of her illness the Conference met in Mt. Vernon. This penman was appointed to New Comerstown Circuit; but could not leave, for some time after, the bedside of his sick wife. Their three children had been sent to their grandparents on the lakeshore, near Vermillion, to keep them from the disease. His wife was a little better on Friday. In the afternoon he decided to start for his new field of labor, stay at Millersburg that night, and proceed the rest of the way on the next day; after spending the Sabbath, return on Monday.

At Millersburg he stopped with David McDowell, a leading merchant of the place. A goodly-sized boy accompanied him to put out his horse; and a smaller lad, about five years old, walked by his side. He appeared to be very much interested, and was exceedingly considerate to the weary itinerant. That little boy is to-day the Rev. W. F. McDowell, Ph. D., S. T. D., the honored chancellor of the University of Denver, Colorado.

The evening was spent in religious conversation with the family; the boys were attentive listeners. After prayers had been said, the clock struck nine, when Brother McDowell picked up a lighted candle, and said, "I will light you to bed." They stepped into the hall, leading to the stairway, when a rap was heard at the front door. The door was opened, a telegram was handed to Brother McDowell, who looked at it, and said, "This is for you." It was from Vermillion, and read, "Your child is dead." That sad message reached Nashville, just after the father had started. They did not dare to show it to the mother, for fear of serious results. It was sent on by a courier. Immediately the tired horse was hitched up, and the backward journey began. The night was dark and chilly. Who can describe the feelings of the father's heart, on that lonely drive of eighteen miles, not knowing how he might find his loving companion? The serious question was, How can I impart the sad intelligence to her, and what would be the result? Where shall our precious one of only two summers be buried? The fact of his unexpected return, at such an hour, suggested something wrong. That helped him out of the difficulty very much. At four o'clock A. M. he was off to

catch an early train at Loudonville, not having had a wink of sleep, that he might go and attend to the burial of that dear little one. No one can tell what this means until he has had a similar experience. At Mansfield an almost insurmountable difficulty arose in making the connections. It was Saturday. There would be no passenger trains on the Sabbath, and he must get through that day, or be delayed until Monday; but he can not, unless the freight train, standing on the track, can get him to Shelby, nine miles distant, in time for the Cleveland express on another road. There was only ten minutes in which to do this. The conductor replied, "It can not be done, as we have one stop to make between the points."

On the platform of the depot he met a former acquaintance, to whom the telegram was shown. This gentleman spoke a few words to the conductor, when the train pulled out quickly, and pushed on at a furious rate, reaching Shelby in time for the other train, which, fortunately, had been delayed a few minutes.

Who was that gentleman whose magical words produced such a wonderful effect? He was D. R. Locke, at that time editor of a local paper in Plymouth, Ohio, and afterward better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," associate editor of the *Toledo Blade*. This enabled me to reach the point of destination that day, and complete the arrangement for the sad burial service. The next day our darling one was laid to rest in Maple Grove Cemetery, and oftentimes have we been impressed with the following lines:

"A gracious one from us has gone,  
A voice we loved is stilled;  
A place is vacant in our home,  
Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled  
The boon his love has given;  
And though the body slumbers here,  
The soul is safe in heaven.

Farewell, dear one, but not forever;  
There will be a glorious dawn;  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn.

The little crib is empty now,  
 The little clothes laid by;  
 A mother's hope, a father's joy,  
 In death's cold arm doth lie.

Go, little pilgrim, to thy home,  
 On yonder blessed shore;  
 We miss thee here, but soon will come  
 Where thou hast gone before."

NEW COMERSTOWN was a four-weeks' charge, of ten appointments: Bakersville, Taylor's, Wesley Chapel, Union, Salem, New Comerstown, Mt. Zion, Hopewell, White Eyes, and Kimball's. These were filled every two weeks, by the two preachers, alternately.

George W. Pepper, a popular preacher, an Irish orator of no ordinary ability, and a grand, good colleague, was in charge. He remained on the work only for a short time, when he accepted the chaplaincy of the 40th United States Infantry, General Miles's regiment. Previous to this he had been, for a time, a captain in the 80th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The Emerald Isle was his birthplace. He emigrated to this country in 1851; spent a year in Kenyon College; entered the North Ohio Conference in 1853. After the war closed he was the superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, and at the same time edited the *North Carolina Standard*. He was subsequently United States consul at Milan, Italy, for five years. He has visited Egypt, Palestine, and portions of Turkey, and yet remains in the pastorate in his old Conference.

The junior preacher, after the departure of his colleague, became preacher in charge. He held protracted-meetings as follows: Eleven days at Kimball's; twenty-five days at Bakersville, where he resided; fourteen days at Union, ten days at Wesley Chapel. The result was one hundred conversions, with many sanctified. While the meeting was in progress at Bakersville, Henry P——, one of the stewards, came to the parsonage, of his own free will, and made the following offer: "If you can get my son Joseph converted, I will give you fifty dollars." This proposition was repeated at his own home a day or two after. Before that meeting closed Joseph was brought into the kingdom, joined

the Church, and has been a useful member thereof ever since. That fifty dollars was never paid, though often greatly needed.

Andy Y—— was a drunkard. His house stood within a few feet of the back door of the parsonage, on lower ground, but fronted on another street. His family consisted of a wife and two daughters. Their drunken brawls were very annoying to the pastor's family. The end came in this way. Andy died a horrible death, calling for "Whisky! Whisky!" His groans were distinctly heard in the parsonage and on the street. So horrible was his agony, that he was left almost to die alone. His body turned black in large spots a full half-day before the grim messenger gave him relief.

The Conference year passed quickly, and on the whole pleasantly; when, strange as it then seemed, without consultation he was returned in charge for the second year, which was as long as the law of the Church then allowed any pastor to remain. The year started in very agreeably to all concerned, and without a particle of friction anywhere on the charge.

By the wish and consent of his Official Board, on December 8, 1864, the pastor left for a six weeks' work in the Union army, under the authority of the United States Christian Commission. There he remained for four months, when he was appointed chaplain of the 188th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was not mustered out for more than five months after Lee surrendered.

(For an account of Army Life, see Part II.)

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.—While yet a chaplain in the army he was sent to Bolivar, a two-weeks' circuit. The appointments were: Bolivar, Milton (afterward changed to Wilmot), Ragersville, Shanesville, and Dundee.

Shanesville was the native place and early home of Adam Miller, D. D., M. D., who was justly celebrated, for many years, in the German work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some of his relatives resided there at the time.

During his pastorate of two years the old parsonage in Bolivar was sold, and a better one bought and paid for, near the church.

The society in Milton was weak and very much disheartened.

The other two Churches there were in the ascendancy in numbers. A blatant infidel living there, with less sense than brains, had terrorized the people, and poisoned the minds of the young. "One sinner destroyeth much good." (Ecclesiastes ix, 18.) One day a terrific thunderstorm came up, and this boasting, God-defying unbeliever hastened from the field to the house. Once there, so great was his terror he crept between two feather beds, without waiting to disrobe, not even to remove his soiled boots, and remained there until the storm had abated. This was too good a joke for his wife to keep. His power over the community, from that time, was broken, which prepared the way for a wonderful work of grace.

The Lord put it into the pastor's heart to hold a protracted-meeting, though there was no sign of a revival, not even one as "large as a man's hand." The outward look was dark and unpromising; yet the meetings were begun on the 10th of December, 1865, and continued for twenty days, without intermission, with two sermons a day, excepting on Mondays and Saturdays. Large audiences greeted the pastor at almost every service. Never did he have more liberty in preaching the gospel than here. Thirteen souls claimed to be converted. The society took a new lease of life, and became strong in God.

Meetings were begun in Ragersville January 15, 1866, with only twelve present. These lasted for twenty-six days. Among the many incidents which might be related of this meeting are the following: The class-leader of the United Brethren Church, in which the services were held, came one night when the meetings first began, and saw that the preacher wore a full beard, the like of which he had never seen in the pulpit before; this was contrary to his views of propriety in a minister of the gospel. He tucked his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, and remained as quiet as a church-mouse. At the close of the service he notified the pastor, through another, that "that beard must come off, especially the mustache, or he would not attend. No good could be done by a minister wearing such a beard as that." He was a man in good circumstances and of great influence in the community. The few Methodist brethren were alarmed at the state of affairs, and urged their pastor to

comply with the old gentleman's request. This, to him, was a poser. He took it to the Lord in prayer, and very soon decided not to comply with such an unreasonable and unscriptural demand. The morning he started to the army he shaved for the last time. He found his beard a great protection to the throat and lungs, and therefore determined to wear it full. When this writer reached the seat of the next Conference he was the only minister wearing a full beard. One year after, there were several others with beards. God never designed that men should shave their faces, any more than their heads.

But to return to the meeting. The brother who had objected to the beard, learning that his wise (?) counsel had not been followed, left his home Church in disgust, to attend meetings elsewhere, where the "minister had sense enough to shave." The meetings increased in interest from day to day. About two weeks had passed, when lo! our disgusted brother returned, to find several of his grown-up children had been converted, with many others. His youngest daughter was now a seeker. In the congregation he sat with head up, and tears flowing freely, while joy beamed from his clean-shaved face as the sermon was being delivered. When the invitation was given, his only unsaved child came to the altar of united prayer. He was invited within to converse and pray with the seekers. The Lord blessed his daughter and him so powerfully that he fell on the altar floor, and, rolling from side to side, praised the Lord. Seizing the bearded man, he pulled him down as if he had been the merest child. Beards were all proper now, for such a meeting had never been witnessed there before. There is a Christian lady now living in a fine residence on Capitol Hill, Denver, Colorado, who was converted in that meeting.

One incident further must suffice: On the hill just south of town there lived a tanner in easy circumstances, by the name of James Stout, whose family consisted of a wife and one child. This daughter is now grown, and her husband is one of the professors in Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio.

Stout's father had given him a good start in the world. His wife had been taught to disbelieve the Bible, and that all professors of religion were hypocrites. Their religious views were

in harmony, as these suited their kind of life best. They seldom went to Church; but for some cause they attended two or three of these services, and became uneasy. The pastor sought an interview; but they avoided him. They were the leaders of "society," and fond of music and dancing. He played the fiddle for all of their gatherings. She had the reputation of being a very fine dancer. To avoid the meetings, and to stifle their convictions, they went off on a frolicsome tour for about two weeks, thinking by that time the meetings would be closed. Some way they did not enjoy themselves in these diversions as formerly; yet they had not the remotest idea of ever becoming Christians. They were too strong-minded for that. As soon as they returned, however, learning that several of their neighbors had been converted, and that the meetings were still going on, Mrs. S—— went around from house to house, working up a dance, with the hope of breaking up the meetings. She had never failed before. Why should she this time? And yet she did. Just then a question arose in their minds, If religion was as false as it had been represented to them, why had it gotten such a hold on this community? They determined to go and see for themselves. Something was wrong with them. They could not tell what. Every sermon seemed aimed at them alone! The preacher read their hearts as he would a book, they thought. One night Mr. S—— said to the minister: "You have knocked out the last prop to-night; go home with us." The invitation was gladly accepted. Very little was said to them on the subject of religion that night, as it was quite late. Mr. S—— remarked, with a deepdrawn sigh, on lighting his guest to bed, as he closed the door behind him, "O that this thing was over! My wife has no feeling on the subject of religion. I do not want her to know that I have." A few encouraging words were uttered. How that preacher wrestled with God that night before retiring, that salvation might come to that house immediately! He was assured that it would, when he turned in and rested sweetly till morning. They were keeping their convictions from each other, each one ashamed to let the other know that there had been a weakening on former views and practices. The Spirit was at work in their hearts, and very little was said to them, except to pray with them.



Under date of February 5, 1866, I read from the old diary: "James W. S—— and wife were converted to-day, while kneeling side by side at the altar of prayer, though neither knew that the other was there."

The next morning Mrs. S—— handed the pastor Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," saying: "This was our Bible; we have no use for it now, having found something better." That morning at the breakfast table, Mr. S—— said: "We have always gotten along very nicely in married life. Better than most persons. Now it seems as if we had been married over, so great is our happiness." The religion of Christ sweetens the domestic relation. Her testimony in public a few days after was: "They need tell me no more that Christianity is untrue. I know for myself that it is true. Who would have thought that such a dancer as I was would ever bow at a mourners' bench or altar? No more dancing for me. As much as I have loved it, it is no longer a temptation to me. I have found something better. I find more solid comfort in religion in one short hour than in all of my life before." The concluding record is: "Forty-five conversions. This was one of the best meetings of my life."

From the diary I read again: "February 13th.—Meetings were begun in Bolivar." Seven days later, the entry says: "Meetings drag. Good attendance. Very quiet. O for more power!" "March 9th.—Closed in Bolivar. Nearly fifty saved. A very pleasant and profitable meeting."

From March 12th to April 4th, meetings were conducted in Shanesville. Of this, the record says: "Over thirty conversions. A blessed meeting. Fourteen weeks of continuous revival effort." There were during these meetings about 140 conversions, mostly young or middle-aged people. The large majority remain steadfast to this day.

A meeting of one week was held in Dundee, with no apparent results. Here the "Disciples" had, for some years, had things their own way. One of this sect had drawn a former Methodist pastor into a controversy on the subject of immersion. The community thought the result was unfavorable to the latter gentleman. This gave the first-named society quite a "boost."

One Sabbath as the present pastor was leaving the pulpit,

some one handed him a slip of paper on which was written, "Please preach from Romans x, 14, 15, at your earliest convenience." The request was complied with October 7, 1866. There was no service at the "Disciple Church." The Methodist church was packed from door to pulpit. Subject of the discussion was: "A call to the ministry, as taught in the Holy Scriptures and believed by the Methodist Episcopal Church." The following application sent the shaft home: "There are those who claim to preach a whole gospel, and yet declare they were never called of God to preach the Word. If God did not call them, who did? There are but two powers in the world influencing men, the good and the evil. Jesus taught his disciples to pray that the Lord of the harvest send forth more laborers into his vineyard. If God does not send them, who does?" That was the clincher. The "Disciples Church" in that community has not prospered from that day to this, while the Methodist Church has steadily grown.

January 10, 1867, another protracted-meeting was started in Dundee, which lasted for twenty-eight days. Deep conviction rested on the entire community. Two wicked men, during a Sabbath morning service, were so smitten by the truth that they fled from the house. They started from opposite sides of the church, and at the door ran against each other. Both fell flat to the floor; but, scrambling up, they managed to get out of the house. Both of these men afterward embraced the religion of Christ. A son of one of them accepted the Savior of sinners soon after the meeting closed, and has been preaching the gospel for over twenty-five years in the local ranks. The record says: "Eight souls were saved."

A report reached the pastor that four physicians had decided that one of his members, who was seriously sick, could not live. She was the mother of a large family. He drove out to see her at once. The husband had just gone to town for medicine, which had been recommended, as the last resort. When the pastor entered the sick-room, she requested the attendants to leave the room for a few moments. They did so; but left the door ajar. In a feeble voice she said: "I want you to pray with me." He kneeled by her bedside, with no thought for what he should pray. The sight of those soon to be motherless children touched

his heart. He was led to ask for her recovery, if it was God's will. The burden became heavier. He then pleaded that she might be restored to health this moment; that God would now say to her, "Be ye healed." His faith grasped the promise, and held on until the assurance came that the request was granted. When the "Amen" was reached, she called those in the adjoining room, who had been listening at the door, to come in, and told them God had healed her. Now she said: "Put up your horse and stay for supper. I will get up and prepare it for you." She would allow no assistance in dressing, or in getting the meal ready. She prepared the entire meal by herself, making biscuit and cooking other things. That was truly a joyous occasion. When her husband returned, he found his companion well and hearty. Many years after, she sent word to the writer that she was well, and still happy in God. Praise the Lord for his goodness to the children of men! To him be all the glory! Amen!

A year and three days after the close of the first meeting in Wilmot, as it was now called, a second meeting was begun. This one began February 13th, and ran for one month. This meeting was remarkable; not for the numbers, but for the class of persons reached. The wives of the leading business men first started out to seek God. They filled the large altar. Within a week they were saved, and boldly testified to all what a dear Savior they had found. Then every one of their husbands came to that same altar. One by one they accepted Christ. This went on until there was not an unsaved man in town outside of the Churches.

Space forbids a lengthy description of the thrilling incidents of this revival. One day, while walking down street with a merchant who had been raised an unbeliever and appeared utterly indifferent to the subject of religion, the writer remarked, "I wish you enjoyed what we enjoy." "Jake" replied, "I do n't believe in those things." "*You do n't!*" was uttered very slowly, but emphatically. These were the only words that ever passed between the two on the subject of religion. The Sabbath before he had refused to go to Church with his wife and daughters. He shut himself in his room, and would scarcely speak to any of them. Such conduct alarmed his wife, who became very anxious

about his soul's salvation. Consulting her pastor, they agreed to pray three times a day, in secret, until he should be converted. J. W—— was a tall, dignified, fine-appearing man, who lacked only the "one thing needful." A few nights after the above-mentioned agreement, he bowed at the altar with others and wept, as he earnestly prayed like any other sinner seeking his soul's salvation. After a short prayer service, the seekers were requested to occupy the front seats next the altar, which had been vacated for them. While the congregation was singing, the pastor, beginning on the right, conversed a moment with each seeker to ascertain where he stood religiously, and to suggest what was then most needful for him.

J. W—— was the last one on the left of the altar. Just before coming to him the pastor noticed that he straightened himself up, wiped his eyes, and assumed a peculiar fixedness of countenance. That pastor's heart sank for a moment, saying to himself: "He has not got through. I fear he has given it up." With such thoughts in mind, he stooped to speak a few encouraging words to him, intending to place one hand on his knee. Just as the longest finger of his right hand touched the cloth of J. W——'s pants there descended upon each of them such a baptism of Divine power that J. W—— could not hold himself in check, but leaped as high as the bench, exclaiming: "I have got it! I have got it! Glory to God! My sins are forgiven! My sins are forgiven!" The dry eyes in that crowded church were very few. Afterward he said, "When I wiped my eyes I decided never to give up until I got it." That was why the blessing came. God always answers the prayer of faith, "and don't you forget it!"

On God's appointed Sabbath, which, under the Christian dispensation, is Sunday, after the sermon, a recently-converted woman, who was a member of another Church, arose in the class-meeting, and spake in substance as follows:

"God has blessed my soul. I am happy in him. I never knew this before. My husband opposes me. He threatens to turn me out of doors, and lock the door against me, so I shall not even see my children, if I continue to attend Methodist meetings. He suggested that if I did not desist, he would burn me alive."

She was in great distress as to the proper line of duty, and had come to the Church for sympathy and help.

The class-leader, a man in quite moderate circumstances, and with a very large family, arose, and, addressing the weeping woman, said: "Sister M——, come to my house. You are welcome. As long as we have a loaf of bread, we will share it with you."

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."—Hymnal, 797.

was sung, when all joined in earnest prayer for the sobbing one, and prayed especially that God would intervene in her behalf, by converting her husband. It was thought advisable that she go first to her home, from which she supposed she had been thrust out forever. Two brethren followed close behind, to see that no bodily harm came to her. The front door was unlocked. She stepped quietly into the hall, the sitting-room door stood ajar, and looking through this she saw her husband kneeling by a chair, with the open Bible before him, praying for mercy. Quickly she dropped by his side, when he cried out, "Pray for me! God have mercy on my soul!" That little prayer service lasted until J. M—— was blessedly saved. She had no need now of the new home so generously offered her. They both became faithful members of the Church, which, under God, had been the means of their salvation.

Two more incidents of God's work at Wilmot; and recollect, it *was* God's work. Man had very little to do with it. The meetings closed March 13, 1867. The preacher had spoken with much freedom from, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Romans x, 10.)

J. H—— was a member of a manufacturing firm. The last one unsaved. He had bolstered himself up on his honesty and morality. He was a superior man every way, quiet and undemonstrative. For several days he had been confined at home with rheumatism. His wife had been a faithful Christian for years. When this service closed, he urged the preacher to go home with

him, and would take no refusal. That pastor saw that there was a meaning to this, and therefore went. Seated by the fire, H—— said: "That sermon was for me alone. I see my difficulty." The preacher replied: "Then govern yourself accordingly. Let us pray." The prayer ended, being wearied with mental anxiety and the exhausting labors of the previous weeks, he asked "to be permitted to retire." He soon fell into a sweet slumber, and had a most delightful dream; namely, "that J. H—— was converted, and was the happiest man he ever saw."

When consciousness returned, J. H—— had his arm around his neck, shaking him, and exclaiming: "Wake up! Wake up! God has blessed me. I wanted to tell you. I could not wait till morning. I must tell it. I can not keep it to myself." Then H—— paced the floor, to and fro, in the dark, praising the Lord with all his might.

The next morning the pastor was informed that H——, upon retiring, uttered this prayer, believing that God would hear and answer: "God, be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake!" The next moment, like the lame man at the beautiful gate of the Temple who was healed, he went leaping and praising God from room to room through the house. His wife kept him from going upstairs until about midnight, when the pressure became so strong that he went. His joy was so great that it knew no bounds. Did his experience soon pass away? No! No! The exultant spirit quieted down into a tranquil state of mind, which became permanent. John H—— praised God that whole night. The next morning he went down town telling every one whom he met what God had done for him. He became a useful and active member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and so remains.

In one of the day meetings, when all were on their knees during a season of prayer, there was a good deal of shouting among the sisters. It was impossible for the pastor to determine who had been distinctively blessed. This continued until the meeting for that day was closed. As the pastor walked down the aisle, he was greeted by Sister W——, a modest, quiet widow lady, who had that day been sanctified wholly. Her face was radiant with joy. Said she: "I did not shout. It shouted itself." When God fills the heart, do not "quench the Spirit."

There are those—some ministers even—in the Church who claim that such experiences, as above described, are ephemeral. These persons, though often high in authority, oppose the presenting of the altar. Some say: "That is well enough for the weak-minded; but the strong do not need it: they go to their closets, and there determine to serve God from that time forward."

Other ministers feel called to show people their sins, and to point them to the remedy for sin, Jesus Christ; then urge an immediate decision, by coming out on the Lord's side, just as publicly as they have sinned.

Which method is the most successful in leading men to Christ? Let the results answer. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The great majority of the *active* men and women in the Church to-day are those who were brought to Christ in revival effort. They are not the drones of the Church. Would that all of God's servants were flaming revivalists. May kind Heaven speed the day!

The county paper of that date said: "Twenty-eight heads of families have been saved, the family altar erected, thirty sets of Whedon's Commentary introduced, besides an *Advocate* in nearly every family. Their experiences have the gospel ring to them. (1 Peter i, 8.) Church debts have been liquidated. The finances of the charge have all been met."

Half-way between Bolivar and Wilmot was Sugar Creek Falls; which had become quite a place of resort in summer. This place had only a large hotel, schoolhouse, blacksmith-shop, and a few dwelling-houses. There were no religious services of any kind. So indifferent were the people, they would neither allow religious services to be held in the schoolhouse or in the hotel. An announcement was made for this writer to preach in the covered bridge, October 28, 1866, at half-past two P. M. The day was beautiful. The people came from far and near to hear that gospeler proclaim the truth, from Daniel v, 27. The line of argument was largely that of Butler's "Analogy," comparing the religion of nature with that of revelation. Among the hundreds present were a number of unbelievers, for whose benefit the discourse was especially delivered. After a full dis-

cussion of the theme, an opportunity was given for any one to refute what had been said. The doubters and quibblers who were gathered in the far end of the bridge slunk away out of sight as soon as possible, and made no attempt to defend their negations. They were never heard of afterward.

May 1, 1867, closed a discussion had by the author with a Universalist preacher of Bolivar, who had made all the arrangements for the debate before his opponent knew a word of it, announcing even time, place, and subject! This man had poisoned the minds of the people, young and old, by his preaching against the orthodox faith as to future rewards and punishments.

Drawn into the controversy through such methods, the writer felt, to back out would be cowardice; and it would look to those outside of the Church that Universalism was in the right. Much as he disliked discussion, there seemed no alternative but to go ahead. For two nights they debated the question, "Does the Bible teach the doctrine of endless future punishment?" Mr. C—— denied, while the other affirmed. The speeches were each a half-hour long, and each debate lasted two hours. The house was very much crowded. Mr. C—— was a pleasant talker and an adept controversialist, while his opponent had never discussed the subject before, and was also very much the younger man. It is enough to say that the last word was scarcely uttered, when C—— and his adherents fled from the house. Two weeks after, when the pastor returned from holding a protracted-meeting elsewhere, he learned that C—— had been very sick, having been taken ill the evening the debate closed. So far as the writer knows, C—— was never known to preach Universalism afterward; their society was entirely broken up in Bolivar, and orthodoxy had a clear field afterward. There is nothing like "bearding the lion in his den," and "defending the faith once delivered to the saints."

There lived near W——, David D——, a man owning four farms, well stocked with horses, sheep, cattle, and with money at interest. He lived a miserly life, excluding himself from the society of his fellows, went ragged and slovenly in appearance. Had no family. One day he returned from town with a new suit of clothes, saying to his neighbors, "Now I am going to quit



work and enjoy life." Alas! how frail are human calculations! In less than two months after, he was thrown from a mowing-machine (July 1, 1867), and had an arm and leg severed. He lived only a half-hour. The first time he wore that new suit of clothes was when he was buried!

Near S—— lived P—— K——, talented and wealthy; but a hater of God, of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Bible. He talked, lectured, wrote and published books and tracts against the Savior and the Sacred Scriptures, circulating them freely wherever he could. His influence for evil had been very great in all that country for years. The writer passed his residence the third day after his decease. From a near neighbor, and from members of his household, he learned facts concerning his death as given below. His death-bed beggars description. He clinched his teeth, blood spurted from each nostril, while he cried, "*Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell!*" with a terror that no pen can describe. A neighbor declared that he heard him a quarter of a mile away. His family could not endure the agony of that death-scene. They fled to an adjoining wood across the road, and there remained among the trees until all became quiet at home. One by one they ventured back, to find husband and father cold in death. He literally had been left to die alone, abandoned of God and of man.

Some members of his family were converted before that "death-bed scene," and the remainder have been since. They felt that "if that is the way infidels die, we want none of it in ours." One grandson has been preaching and singing the gospel for a quarter of a century.

The second Conference year closed auspiciously, and the unanimous request of all, in and out of the Church, was that their pastor be returned for the third year, as the law of the Church had now been extended to three years. The pastor was equally anxious to be returned. At the Conference, his presiding elder requested that he consent to be removed to an adjoining charge, which had asked for him. He found it hard to give up his spiritual children, and not be permitted to give them nourishing food, best calculated to make "stalwart" Christians. After due deliberation and much prayer, he said to his elder, "Do with me as

you deem wise and best for the glory of God." This was the second time in fourteen years that he had been consulted on that subject.

No more was known until the bishop announced his name after that of his next appointment.

CANAL DOVER was a half-station, with preaching there every Sabbath morning. One afternoon, services were held at Old-town, and the next at Goshen and Trenton.

This was an exceedingly pleasant charge every way. Salary and perquisites amounted to about one thousand a year. It had a good seven-room parsonage in which to live, and a most hospitable people to serve. Is it any wonder that the pastor and his family felt at home from the very start?

After getting moved and settled, on the third Sabbath afternoon, September 22, 1867, a son one year old, the youngest of the family, who bore the name of Dempsey Dempster, passed away. From two weeks old he had been a sufferer. On account of this, he was very near to his parents' hearts. His remains were interred beside his brother and sister in "The Maple Grove Cemetery," near Vermillion, Erie County, Ohio. God's grace alone is sufficient in an hour like this. Mere words are empty things, for none can know what it means to bury their offspring, until they have passed through a like experience.

"One by one the stars were lighted;  
 'One by one the roses fall;'  
 One by one our prayers indited;  
 Only one God over all.

One by one we lose our jewels;  
 One by one have spirits flown;  
 One by one bright crowns are gathered  
 By the just before the throne.

One by one bright angel singers  
 Thrill their music in my ear;  
 And, in dreams of yonder city,  
 Well-known voices oft I hear.

One by one my days are gliding  
 Toward an unknown, boundless sea;  
 Angel bands I see up yonder:  
 Lo! their white hands beckon me."

—J. W. Carhart, D. D.

Rev. Joseph Kennedy, presiding elder, dedicated a new neat church, free of debt, at Oldtown, November 10, 1867. This church was largely due to the labors of Rev. G. W. Ball, my predecessor, who always did superior work wherever he was sent.

Protracted-meetings were begun December 26, 1867, and ended March 15, 1868: Upper Oldtown, two weeks; Lower Oldtown, two weeks; Goshen, two and one-half weeks; Trenton, two weeks; and Canal Dover, eleven days. As a part of the visible results, twenty-three were added to the Church.

About this time A. M. Collins lectured in Canal Dover on the temperance question for several nights. The rum power was thoroughly aroused. He must be put out of the way. At the midnight hour he was dragged from his room, beaten over the head, and hustled off for the canal. A terrific thunderstorm was raging at the time. The lightning flashes were appalling. By some "hook or crook," as they ran in the darkness between the flashes, they struck a tree, their grip was loosened, and he escaped to a place of safety.

The next evening a county temperance convention met in Union Hall, New Philadelphia. Collins was to speak; but his bruises and nervous condition were such that he could say but a few words. The pastor at Canal Dover was called upon to take his place. This was the beginning of a quarter of a century of solid temperance work.

At the dawn of the second year a new church was dedicated on Goshen Hill. The apparent results of this year's labor were seventy additions to the Church, including the members of the new society organized at Lockport. In Dover the meeting lasted for nearly two months, and at Lockport for twenty-five days. Lockport was a small town on the canal between New Philadelphia and Oldtown, without Church or Sunday-school of any denomination, and given up to all manner of vice.

The Dover pastor, having to pass through that place every Sabbath afternoon, determined to hold a protracted-meeting in the schoolhouse, if it could be had. His request was granted; about thirty were converted, a class organized, a Sunday-school started, and a church-building erected during the next year.

Near the last night of the meeting, a little girl ten years old and a man seventy-four bowed at the "mourners' bench," side by side. They were there but a short time when the pastor asked each how it was with them. The younger replied: "I have peace within. I do love Jesus."

The other had been a Universalist all his life, and had delved in nearly all manner of vice. His reply was: "I am too great a sinner to be saved. Do you think Jesus will have mercy on my soul? The gospel never got hold of me before." He was encouraged to believe in the Divine promise then and there, for a present salvation. In a moment he took hold of God in Jesus Christ, when he declared to all "that his sins had been forgiven." The next morning the pastor called at his home, and found him praising God, using expressions like this: "I am so happy." He was instructed and prayed with. That old man's "joy was unspeakable and full of glory." We have no room to insert any more incidents of these meetings.

Upton C. Deardorff was the recording steward, and a better one a Church never need to have. Daniel Hildt made an efficient Sunday-school superintendent. His daughter Fidelia, a graduate of the Female College of Delaware, was the organist, and had charge of the music. For years she has been Mrs. W. H. DeWitt, M. D., of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Rev. Wesley B. Farrah, when on this charge, received Jonas Warner, wife, and some of their children into the Church. This meant for Methodism a great deal more than either of them knew, or suspected, at the time.

Jonas Warner was the class-leader at Goshen Hill, but lived nearer Trenton. Before his conversion he was a firm believer in the doctrine of universal salvation. God permitted affliction to enter his home. Below is given a brief statement of its result, as related by him in June, 1868, and then recorded: "My girl, five years old, was taken ill. Two weeks of watching and of

anxiety followed. My heart sank when we laid her body in the grave. I then looked down, without hope; not up, as I do now. Then I turned to God full of skepticism. He took another before I yielded to be saved." He became an earnest, conscientious Christian, as did his entire family. Neither he nor his eldest son Jesse believed in shouting. It was a senseless enthusiasm, that should be kept under control like they did. In one of the day-meetings in Trenton the Holy Spirit came upon them in a mighty shower. O! what a change there was! They praised the Lord with all their might. Such shouting, clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and parading up and down the aisles, and from one side of the church to the other, the people had never witnessed before. The gust of praise lasted for fully an hour. Brother Warner became very hoarse, while his son literally stamped the soles off his boots. His father had to purchase him a new pair before going home. They were never afterward heard to utter a word against shouting. Brother Warner, after equipping each of his sons with a liberal education, gave them to the ministry of the Church of his choice. Jesse went early from labor to reward. Millard, his second son, after years in the pastorate, is now president of Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio. The other two are doing pastoral work in the North Ohio Conference.

Thomas J. Frazier, for many years steward, class-leader, and trustee, was one of God's noblemen; died in great triumph, singing near the last,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

## When the Mists Have Cleared Away.



“When the mists have rolled in splendor  
From the beauty of the hills,  
And the sunshine, warm and tender,  
Falls in kisses on the rills,  
We may read love’s shining letter  
In the rainbow of the spray,—  
We shall know each other better  
When the mists have cleared away :  
We shall know as we are known,  
Nevermore to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have passed away.

If we err in human blindness,  
And forget that we are dust,  
If we miss the law of kindness,  
When we struggle to be just,  
Snowy wings of peace shall cover  
All the pains that cloud our day,  
When the weary watch is over  
And the mists have cleared away :  
We shall know as we are known,  
Nevermore to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us  
From the faces of our own,  
Oft we deem their love has failed us,  
And we tread our path alone ;  
We should see them near and truly,  
We should trust them day by day,  
Neither love nor blame unduly,  
If the mists were cleared away :  
We shall know as we are known,  
Nevermore to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away.”

PART II.

ECHOES FROM ARMY LIFE.

115

## A Kind of Man.



I like a man who all mean things despises,  
A man who has a purpose firm and true ;  
Who faces every doubt as it arises,  
And murmurs not at what he finds to do.

I like a man who shows the noble spirit  
Displayed by knights of Arthur's table round ;  
Who, face to face with life, proves his real merit,  
Who has a soul that dwells above the ground.

And yet, one who can understand the worry  
Of some chance brother fallen in the road,  
And speaks to him a kind word 'mid the hurry,  
Or lays an easing hand upon his load.

Large-hearted, brave-souled men to-day are needed,  
Men ready when occasion's doors swing wide ;  
Grand men, to speak the counsel that is heeded,  
And men in whom a nation may confide.

The world is wide, and broad its starry arches,  
But lagging malcontents it can not hold ;  
The way of life to him who upright marches  
Has ending in a far-off street of gold.

—MEREDITH NICHOLSON



## I

### OFF TO THE ARMY.\*

ONE day, while conversing with a Christian gentleman at his own home, he inquired: "Why do you not go to the army, and labor for the sick and wounded soldiers? You are the very man for the position." The matter was urged until I consented to write and ascertain if my services were needed. In a few days the reply came from the secretary of the United States Christian Commission, at Cincinnati, Ohio: "Come at once, and we will send you forward to the army."

The necessary arrangements were quickly made, and farewells said. December 8, 1864, found me on train *en route* for the front. On the cars were soldiers going to and coming from the army. Some had been home on sick-leave, and were returning to their regiments; while others were being transferred from one portion of the army to another. The depot floor at Columbus, Ohio, was covered with soldiers sleeping on the hard plank, with their knapsacks for pillows, and with their guns beside them.

Cincinnati was reached in the early morning of the 9th. At the office of the United States Christian Commission I received my "commission" and badge. This last was in form not unlike a breastpin, tinged with silver, and inscribed, "U. S. Christian Commission." This badge enabled the wearer to pass guards, enter hospitals, barracks, and prisons. Should any question the right, "the commission" was to be shown. The side book was for noting facts and incidents. If anything shall be said to profit or please in these jottings, it will, in the main, be due to the scribblings in this book. The evening boat was taken for Louisville, Ky., one hundred and fifty miles below on the Ohio River.

On board were men representing all classes, conditions, business, and divisions of human society; as judges, lawyers, phy-

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\* These jottings are mostly selected from published correspondence just after the war closed, which will exhibit more clearly the character of the work, and the need as well, for the helpful presence of this organization. The incidents, conflicts, and sufferings are described as seen at the time.

sicians, divines, farmers, mechanics, merchants, speculators, soldiers, citizens, sailors, landsmen, refined and unrefined, moral and immoral, gentlemen and loafers. Cards were plenty, and, I am sorry to state, were freely used by the fairer sex. From the piles of money, I should judge that gambling formed a part of the program. Profanity and drinking were indulged in by not a few; they usually go together, and are the handmaidens of the same destiny, which is hell. This motley group did not retire until a late hour of night.

The morning light found me, with valise in hand, seeking the Commission rooms in Louisville, to secure assignment for the special duty awaiting me. The Christian Commission work consisted in visiting barracks, camps, prisons, and hospitals; distributing small books, papers, tracts, Testaments; caring for the sick and wounded, and preaching to the boys as opportunity offered.

As a rule, delegates remained six weeks, without fee or reward, except the consciousness of having done their duty, and the "God bless you" of grateful men. A few remained longer, and received a small salary.

New Albany, Indiana, is on the opposite side of the river, just below the falls or rapids of the Ohio, and about four miles from Louisville, which is at the head of the rapids. Here there were a number of hospitals located. I was assigned to them, and entered on my labor at once. In company with another delegate, having filled our haversacks with Testaments, hymn-books, papers, etc., we set out for Hospital No. 4, which was a large brick building, formerly used as a female seminary. What scenes of suffering met our gaze! We go from ward to ward, conversing briefly with each, learning his wants, and supplying them as far as we were able. One said, "The Commission did much for me in New Orleans." One man was wounded in the thigh and arm. In sympathy, I remarked, "The Johnnies served you rather meanly." The answer exhibited the pluck of most wounded men: "I'll give it to them again when I get well." Before we get near through, a messenger calls us to the cot of one who is dying. Counsel is given, prayer offered, and we hasten to the cots of others who need our instructions and ask our aid.

At noon our supply is gone, but we go to Hospital No. 6, where nearly six hundred badly wounded men demand our attention. We took separate wards, and passed through them. From my side book I select the following, which will give some idea of the needs and wants of the soldiers at that time and place: L. W—— wanted a pair of crutches; one would do W. H. H——; M. G—— desired a blanket, as his had been stolen; S. B. G—— wished a bottle of blackberry brandy and a can of peaches; J. W. S—— would be suited with blackberry syrup; another desires something that he can eat; No. 964 (the number on his card being at the head of his bed) wants pen, pencil, postage stamps, and a French Testament; another desires a transfer to Columbus, Ohio; D. A. M—— thinks port-wine and a can of peaches would do him good; while G. M—— is satisfied if he gets a German Testament; H. R—— wants a pair of mittens; C. D. G—— a handkerchief and gloves; J. J—— is almost dead for the want of some tobacco; J. B—— calls for a Testament, and others ask for paper and envelopes. Many desired the same thing; all desired something to read. I have given a variety, so that the reader may see the amount and kind of work the Commission had to do in meeting and supplying their demands.

Sabbath morning came. I went to the Soldiers' Home,—a long, narrow room, in which were three stoves, with little fire in either, and a cold, piercing wind without. In this uncomfortable and unpleasant room, I found nearly two hundred mechanics, who were on their way to Nashville, kept back under guard, to send forward more soldiers. Some were playing cards; a few were quietly reading their Testaments, or humming some familiar hymn; while the rest amused themselves in other ways. Few seemed to notice me, and those who did said nothing. I quietly studied the men and their methods of amusement for a half-hour or more, when I summoned courage to speak to a clever-looking fellow from the north of Michigan, or some other place in that region, who went to the different squads huddled around the stoves, and announced that a "U. S. C." man had come to preach to them. Said they, "Is it possible that any one thinks enough of us to hunt us up in this God-forsaken place." I mounted an old, greasy cracker-box, midway between the stoves, and

announced that I would preach and give them something good to read, that would remind them of loved ones at home. I gave out some soldiers' hymn-books. The services consisted (the organ was the cold wind whistling through the crevices of the building) of singing, prayer, text, sermon, and benediction. They sang "Am I a soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb?" with a will. Tears fell from many eyes. Papers were distributed, and a hearty shake of the hand, responded to with a "God bless you for conducting these services."

I then returned to the United States Commission rooms for refreshments. Dinner was scarcely over when in came the hospital steward of the *R. C. Wood*, a steamboat which had just arrived, and reported that it had on board three hundred sick and wounded men in great need of supplies. They also desired religious services. In company with a gentleman from Boston, I hastened to the river, went on board, saw the captain, and got permission to preach in the center of the boat, the soldiers mostly lying on their cots. When the short services were over, we went from cot to cot, distributing reading-matter and conversing with the men. Here lies a poor fellow, nearly gone, with a family far away. I asked, "How are you to-day?" "No better," was his reply. "Do you love Jesus? Is he precious to your soul?" The tears started as he answered, "Yes." O how my heart yearned over him! In my note-book, at the close of that day's work, I read these words: "A glorious Sabbath. At home in my work. Hallelujah, praise God!"

December 12th and 13th visited the hospitals in New Albany, the floating hospital, and the hospital boat, where were similar scenes to those described above. Just as I was becoming habituated to my work, and attached to the "boys," an order came for me to report without delay at Nashville, Tennessee.

On the morning of December 14th, long before light, all were astir at the Commission rooms. The cold, chilly blasts of winter were whirling without. The snow lay in heaps along the streets. In the early morning, I bade adieu to my new-made friends, and started for the Nashville Depot, seeking transportation to the "Rock City" of the South, which, by the way, was no easy task at the time. A battle was impending. Thousands were eager to

go. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and friends were anxious to reach the front, that they might see their loved ones, care for them as no others could, or wipe the cold, damp sweat from their brow before they were mustered out of the service and discharged "from this war."

To secure a seat in the cars each must have a pass from the commandant of the post certifying to his loyalty, and a permit to pass the guards without arrest. Each car was guarded, with from two to five soldiers at the door, and an officer to examine the passes. If memory serves me correctly, three cars were allotted to officers, soldiers, and civilians. The rear car was reserved exclusively for ladies and officers who had their wives or sisters with them; the second for officers and gentlemen not immediately connected with the army, and perhaps a few laborers were allowed in this car; but the third was packed with officers returning to their regiments, with two exceptions. When each seat became filled, no more were allowed to enter, no matter how urgent the case.

Unfortunately for us, the cars were full, or nearly so, when we reached them. I use the term "we" to include a Congregational minister from Western Ohio, who was my associate. We presented ourselves to the guard of the rear car. With the bayonet at our breast, he replied, "This car is full; no admittance, sir!" At the second, "Not an empty seat, sir; pass on!" At the third, the same repulse met us; but the guard seeing our badges, and knowing who we were and what our mission was, remarked in a low tone, "See the officer in command of this car; perhaps he will admit you; there is one vacant seat." A moment before the train was leaving, the officer was found, our passes examined, and there being no mistake, the guard conducted us to the vacant seat in the forward end of the third car. Scarcely were we seated when the long train began slowly to move, while hundreds were left disappointed, having failed to get on board. As we left the depot our cogitations were not of the most pleasant kind. The prospect was dark before us; we were to pass through an enemy's country; guerrilla bands were numerous; the enemy had Nashville by the throat, gloating over their victory at Franklin.

He may have crossed the Cumberland River either above or

below Nashville, where our forces lay, and hurried northward to intercept our trip, cut off our retreat, tear up the railroad track, capture us as prisoners of war, and convey us to some filthy den of the South, there to starve and die. Then, again, our loved ones were all behind us, far away among the rural hills of Ohio. We might see them no more. These were some of our thoughts as we journeyed southward. Yet we did not forget that there was One who neither slumbers nor sleeps, in whom we could and did confide all our interests for time and eternity, believing that "He doeth all things well."

As the rising sun pushed back the gloom of night, I took a survey of those who were to be our associates for the entire day. What an appalling scene met my gaze! From what I had read in history, I thought and imagined that army officers were always perfect gentlemen. Here were large and small men—from colonels down to second lieutenants—the most of them in all shades of drunkenness. A few continued their drinking, having brought bottles with them. One would judge, from their low slang, that they had come from the most abandoned places of the city, where debauchery reigned supreme. Their faces were red and bloated, eyes inflamed; while many could scarcely sit, much less stand. Their minds were so bethrottled with rum that their tongues moved just about as glibly as an army wagon after a defeat. They spent all the former part of the day—when they were not sleeping and snoring like a steam-engine on an upgrade with a heavy train—playing cards, passing their bottles, and puffing cigars to keep up their spirits, and make them courageous. I said, Can it be possible that these are the men that govern our forces, on whose word the lives and destinies of our boys hang? A little time in the service soon convinced me, however, that these were no fair representation of the army. In soldier parlance, they and all like them were called "*bummers*," drones and leeches upon the Government; caring mostly for their fat salaries and the continuance of the war.

For thirty-four miles we pass over what is called the lowlands of Kentucky. At Colesburg we arrive at the foot of Muldraugh's Hill. Here we begin to ascend the ranges of hills which bring us to the highlands of Kentucky. The ascent of the railroad

is up a grade of eighty feet to the mile for a distance of nearly five miles, thus giving an aggregate rise of about three hundred and fifty feet. The first object of interest in the ascent is the large trestle which crosses the ravine through which flows the principal branch of Clear Creek. This can be seen from the train as it winds around a few more sharp curves; a second trestle-work is thrown across a second ravine of great depth. Both of these were totally destroyed by John Morgan in December, 1862. Almost before we have finished our observations of these works, with their military defenses, the train enters a tunnel, which extends 1,500 feet through the heart of Muldraugh's Hill. Emerging from the darkness of the tunnel, the traveler finds himself in a new country. Instead of the bleak, bald knobs, which a moment before surrounded him, he is now on the table-land of the State, and in as rich a district as the State can boast. The plain stretches out right and left in magnificent proportions. With an occasional hill, these undulating, beautiful plains extend southward for one hundred and thirteen miles, until we cross the State-line of Tennessee. After passing through two small tunnels, we descended to the Valley of the Cumberland, thirty-three miles from the capital of Tennessee. From the foot of these hills we pass over a most delightful, rolling country. John Morgan nearly destroyed these tunnels by running into them a train of cars loaded with wood, setting the whole on fire, and so heating the rocks that large masses fell upon the track. It took over three months of incessant labor to repair the damages. The scarrings of battle mark every step of our progress. The scarcity of houses, houseless chimneys, deserted fields, deep trenches, and elevated breastworks frequently meet the gaze as we rush on to our destined place, one hundred and eighty-five miles distant. The rebels at one time, September 7, 1861, made a raid on Shepardsville, and captured eighty-five men belonging to a home guard regiment from Indiana. Salt River bridge, close by, was destroyed by John Morgan in one of his raids. At Bardstown Junction a skirmish occurred in the afternoon of September 19, 1861. At Long Lick, a small stream crossing the railroad a few yards south of the Junction, John Morgan captured a two days' mail and a heavy train of passengers, on July 6th, previous to his

disastrous invasion of Indiana and Ohio. The rebels destroyed the Rolling Fork bridge, and retreated to Muldraugh's Hills on the opposite side. General Sherman determined to dispossess them. At sunrise on September 22d, he addressed the troops, saying: "We cross this ford, never to return. Our course lies straight before us, and our duty is to press forward." On the command to advance being given, Colonel Rousseau rose in his saddle, and crying to his men, the 5th Kentucky, "Follow me, boys! I expect no soldiers to undergo any hardships that I will not share," he sprang from his horse, and waded to the other shore. His men followed with cheers. The battle of Elizabethtown occurred on December 27, 1862, between Morgan's cavalry and the 91st Illinois Infantry, in which the latter surrendered after two hours' fighting. At Munfordville, the rifle-pits, once occupied by our forces, were seen. After a hard fought battle in September, 1862, they surrendered to General Bragg. At Rowlett's Station another battle was fought in December, 1861. Our forces were victorious.

At Cave City, a city only in name, for it has only a tavern and two or three eating-houses, we stop a half-hour for dinner. This place is eighty-four miles from Louisville. As we leave Cave City, for a few miles the country is a little hilly; but long before we reach Bowling Green it assumes its wonted loveliness. This place was evacuated on the fall of Fort Donelson, and occupied by General Mitchell, of the Union army, February 15th. We had only left Bowling Green when the conductor came to me, and said, in a low tone of voice: "Hood's cavalry are making for this train; we are liable to be thrown from the track any moment, fired upon, and captured. Forty miles, and we are safe. If it is possible to head them, it will be done; lay low." He had scarcely left when an officer stepped up—while the train swept on at almost lightning speed—and wished to know if there was any danger. After a moment's hesitation, I replied as above, when all swearing ceased, cards were thrown out of the window, bottles were dispensed with, conversation stopped, and such squatting, twisting, and turning, coiling up in every possible shape so as to avoid the range of the windows, no man ever saw before! The cars would occasionally jostle some fellow out of his seat, and



then came a nice adjusting of affairs. Many countenances hitherto very flushed, turned deathly pale. On reaching Gallatin, Tennessee, thirty-nine miles from Bowling Green and twenty-six from Nashville, the conductor came back, and said, "Thank God, we are safe; the gauntlet has been run at a fearful rate!" Here several battles have been fought. Just as night encircled us, we entered the Union Depot at Nashville. In the darkness we are passing through the narrow, crowded streets of the capital of Tennessee, hunting the rooms of the United States Christian Commission, where we are welcomed to a hearty supper of mush and molasses. There were present at our evening devotions twenty-five or more delegates. At the close an officer entered, and handed Brother Smith, the field agent in charge, a letter, and retired: "The battle will open to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, unless Hood attacks us before. Send all your men to the field to assist in caring for the wounded." This was heard with feelings that were indescribable. I wrapped up in a blanket, and lay down upon the floor to rest as best I could. Long before day all were astir, preparing to do their part in the impending conflict. The streets were crowded the latter part of the night with men, horses, ambulances, caissons, and wagons, all moving on to unknown destiny.

## II.

### THE BATTLE IN FRONT OF NASHVILLE.

FIRST DAY.—As we journeyed southward, the icy grasp of winter was gradually unloosing its hold, so that when we reached the city it seemed more like spring than winter. The streets and ground everywhere were covered with mud, which was more like a mortar-bed than anything we can think of.

Nashville stands on the south bank of the Cumberland River, which, in passing the city, runs from east to west, making a little to the southward as it winds on its course. The river is a very deep, ugly stream to cross. The banks are so steep and high that it is not unlike a canal.

Halve an apple, lay the flat surface downward, and you have a correct idea of the ground, or limestone rock, on which Nashville stands. Encircling the city, like a horseshoe, is a low hollow. The ground, when there is any, or rock, gradually rises from this ravine and from the river until it culminates in a bald knob. On this summit the capitol stands. Its base is above the cone of the roofs of most of the surrounding buildings. Its size is 240 by 135 feet, and is built of fine limestone, much like marble, which was quarried on the spot. Its cost was about \$1,000,000. It can be seen at many miles distance on all approaches to the city, and from any part of Rock City itself.

Beyond this ravine the ground gradually rises, until it forms a range of hills, on the east about one-half a mile, on the south and west three miles, from the city. On this broad plateau of ground the army of General Thomas lay previous to the battle of Nashville. Between these hills, roads—or pikes, as they are called—lead out of the city. On their highest points forts were erected, and along their entire length of about seven miles were breastworks and rifle-pits. On the east, between Murfreesboro and Franklin pikes, and nearest the city, Fort Negley was erected on the most prominent one. This hill was once covered with a beautiful forest; now hardly a tree is left standing, and only the

heavy earthwork of the great fort is visible, covering the summit. The fort is a huge bastion, faced with stone, and looks invulnerable.

To the right of the Franklin Pike is Fort Confiscation, a smaller work of similar make. Fort Emancipation is to the south and west of the above, and to the left of Hardin Pike. The three forts, thus connected, form a large triangle, and with their huge guns were prepared to defend the cause of the Union. On other elevations batteries were placed. From these hills the ground breaks off abruptly in many places, and in others slopes off gradually, forming an extended valley and rolling country in most directions for four or five miles in extent; when on the south and to the right and west of the Franklin Pike, another range of hills is encountered, higher than those already described.

On these hills and valleys the battle was fought. The Union forces with their base on the first; while the Rebels rested on the second, and the uneven ground between was the scene of the struggle.

Patches of woodland and cultivated fields, meadows, and pastures were interspersed over this area. An occasional brook meandered along its useful course, its crystal waters unbroken, except by sporting trout.

The morning of December 15, 1864, was warm, calm, and balmy. Clouds obscured the sun, except at times, when it shone only for a moment; then hiding itself, refused to look upon the dreadful scenes of the approaching day. In the early morning I was wondering how and where the battle would commence. Our haversacks were packed with lint, bandages, dried beef and crackers, etc. About six o'clock I stood on the porch of one of the elegant residences, three squares southeast of the Capitol, waiting for my companions, when suddenly I exclaimed, "What sound is that I hear?" The earth fairly trembled, the houses shook, the glass rattled in the windows; and stepping into the yard, I saw columns of smoke rising from Fort Negley. The booming of cannon was so incessant, for one-half hour that we could not distinguish the sounds. "Ah!" said I, "she is uttering the notes of freedom, and no compromise with traitors."

Each one seized his hat, swung his haversack over his shoul-

der, and was off, through mud over ankle-deep, to hunt up the Second Division, to which we were assigned. My first effort was to find the 51st Ohio Regiment, as I had special messages from fathers, mothers, sisters, and wives, to several of our boys. After the battle might be too late. We passed up close to the guns of Negley, and then crossed over to the "Ackland Place"—a magnificent residence, formerly occupied as the headquarters of the 4th Corps—hoping there to learn where we could find the object of our search.

Infantry cover the left as far as we can see. In our front, facing the west, the whole valley is covered with cavalry just commencing to move out around yonder mound to the westward, to turn the left flank of the enemy. Acres on acres are covered with men, horses, wagons, caissons, and ambulances. An hour after, scarcely a man or horse is to be seen. They have passed beyond the breastworks, and are engaging the enemy. About seven o'clock I found the 51st. I pass along the line, and take each of my acquaintances by the hand, conveying words of sympathy from their loved ones at home. They were just ready to move out on the field of carnage. I walked with them until we came to a narrow gap in the breastworks, which had been built of logs and dirt. At this point the works were about eight feet high. The opening was so narrow that a man could barely squeeze through. The commanding officer forbade my going any further; but I wanted to see which way the boys went, and what they did; so I mounted the breastworks, and saw them file a little to the left and lie flat on the ground, awaiting further orders. While standing there on the topmost log the enemies' bullets whizzed thick and fast around me. I had not the remotest idea they were firing at me; yet I could see men, here and there, in the distance leaning against trees firing in my direction. Why should they shoot me? I had never done them any harm. I had no thought of danger as I stood there, and watched the movements of troops getting ready for the encounter. Suddenly I felt some one tugging away at my coat-tail, and looking down I saw an orderly, who said: "Chaplain, you had better get down from there; the enemy's sharpshooters will pick you off." I replied: "I guess not. They are not shooting at me." In a firm

voice he responded, "General Cox says you must come down." "If that is the order, I suppose I must comply," when I clambered down. Then it was I noticed, in the rear a short distance, a squad of horsemen, dismounted, with no insignia of rank about them. They wore the simple uniform of the common soldier. The orderly took me back, and introduced me to General Cox, who was in command of that division.

He held in his hand a field-glass, by the aid of which we could see the movements of the colored troops far to our left. Look yonder! the enemy has just run a battery upon a knoll near a brick house right in our front, and are throwing shells at us! The first one falls short. The next one passes over our heads, and bursts in our rear. The scream is like to what we can easily imagine to be the cry of lost souls flying through the regions of the damned, exclaiming, "Lost! Lost!" When this last shell passed over us, General Cox remarked: "The Johnnies shoot well this morning. We had better move down on lower ground. Here we are a rather prominent mark. The next time they will get the range more accurately." The group of six or eight horsemen walked down a short distance to the left. A little way off I saw a short, heavy-set man, unattended, walking slowly toward our lines, looking carefully in every direction. He was plainly dressed, wearing a sack coat and a broad-brimmed planter's hat. Turning to the general, I said, "What business has that old planter within our lines?" To my astonishment, he replied, "That is Pap Thomas," and, taking out his watch, he added: "You will see in about three minutes what he is here for." Just as the pointer indicated eight o'clock that old sombrero was swung three times around his head at arm's-length, as he stood looking toward the fort in front of him. Immediately "Fort Emancipation," only a short distance from us, opened a most terrific fire, which lasted for fifteen minutes. Every fort and battery along the whole line then followed suit. The roar was almost deafening. When that ceased, our men, lying on the ground in front of the breastworks, arose and charged the enemy's lines with a terrific yell, that made everything quail before them. The enemy's intrenchments were in the woods, so we could not see all that was accomplished by this movement; but

this much was certain, our boys did not return to the breast-works. General Cox and his aids mounted, and rode quickly away. Some years after, when the general was running for Governor of Ohio, I met him on a railway train, and renewed the acquaintance, when the above events were recalled and laughed over.

In this charge some of the boys were wounded, others killed. Several prisoners were also taken. The ambulances began to move out to bring back the wounded to the field hospital. This was usually established in the rear of the fighting line, and not always out of range of the enemy's guns. Having been assigned to the 4th Corps, Second Division, in caring for the wounded, I sought at once my proper place of work, when through that narrow passageway I saw a man coming along, bleeding and faint. I assisted him to the hospital, that his shivered hand might be dressed. The hospital consisted of tents. The wounded were laid on blankets on the ground in the tent, that they might be cared for, and protected from the sun and wet. It is impossible for me to describe all the scenes of that dreadful day. Men were brought in, wounded in every possible manner; while some were stunned with shells.

Near night I heard some one singing one of the sweet songs of Zion:

“There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:  
And sinners plunged beneath the flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.”

I hastened to him, and found that he was badly wounded through the thigh, and suffering intensely. He had embraced religion since joining the army. I gave him such encouragement and comfort as was in my power, and left to look after the wants of others. Hark! What beautiful strains are those I hear? Again that voice is heard, above the din of battle. My heart grows warm as I listen:

“Streaming mercy, how it flows!  
Now I know I feel it.  
The half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it.

Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,  
O, the wondrous story!  
I was lost, but now I'm found,  
Glory, glory!"

This man was a native of the State of Mississippi, and until now had fought against the Union cause. The last I saw of him was about nine o'clock at night, when he was lying on the amputation-table. The surgeons had just taken off his leg above the knee.

Wearied and tired, about ten o'clock we left the field, and walked through deep mud to the Commission Rooms, and after some refreshments, wrapped up in a blanket, and lay down on the floor, and tried to rest. It was utterly impossible. I thought of home—of the many other homes made vacant to-day—and of the long nights and days of waiting, and yet "father does not return." Those ghastly wounds and piles of amputated limbs outside the surgeon's tent kept staring me in the face.

Then the battle was undecided; another day of blood and thunder was upon us. Who would be the victors? True, our forces had been successful thus far; but some adverse wind might blow and turn the tide of war.

SECOND DAY.—At about two and a half o'clock in the morning the delegates were up, and commenced writing to friends at home the requests of wounded men. As each finished, he would turn to a comrade and relate the scenes of the previous day. The recitals were extremely interesting. "Did you see our forces when they swept across the cornfield and up that hill, right in the face of shot and shell which flew like hail, and captured those guns and took some prisoners?" Many similar questions were asked, and answered as the experience of each happened to be.

After partaking of mush and molasses, without either tea or coffee, at early dawn we are wading through the mud on the hunt for the 4th Corps, carrying our well-filled haversacks of needed supplies. We first went to where we left the field hospital tents the night before. They were not there. They had been moved; but none could tell us where. We marched around for

an hour or more. Finally, some one said our forces had moved out in the night some two or three miles beyond the breastworks. We started for the Franklin Pike, as we saw the 4th Corps wagons and ambulances moving in that direction. "Halt!" cries the picket, as we approach the place of exit through the breastworks. Our badges are seen and passes exhibited, when we were allowed to proceed. The soil was all pulverized by the ploddings of horses, mules, cattle, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. After four or five miles of such walking, we at last find them driving stakes and putting up their hospital tents near a spring of excellent water, on a once grassy plot, sloping a little to the pike southward and to the spring eastward, and in sight of those "Overton hills" where the rebels had made their final stand. These hills were covered with woods. All along up their sides masked batteries had been placed, and from these, volumes of fire, smoke, and shells were issuing every moment of time. Our batteries were on the plain below, and were replying in a most gallant manner, making the very heavens ring with their awful fire. This lasted for nearly the whole day. Add to this the constant clatter of musketry, which was as incessant as hailstones in a thunderstorm, especially when the several charges were made, in order to capture one point after another along that frowning hillside. Until about four o'clock, when the last charge was made, the volleys of musketry were enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. Frequently, bullets whizzed past our heads, or dropped at our feet, as we hurried along caring for the needy. Several crashed through the surgeon's tent, where they were dressing wounds and amputating limbs. Add to this the yell with which charges are made, and you can have a faint idea of the terror and storm of battle. Never did I know what *excitement* meant until I stood amid scenes like the above,—every pale face as death, and every nerve strung to its highest pitch, and nearly every one feeling as if the issues of the battle depended on his individual exertion. A braver, nobler set of men never drew the sword, or shouldered the musket, than those engaged in this battle for the right and the true.

With a gentleman from Pennsylvania as my associate, we commenced to look after and care for the wounded as best we



were able. We assisted in handling them, dressing their wounds, giving them drink, and noting down in the meantime any communication for friends, and in imparting religious counsel. Few were despondent, however badly they were wounded; all expected to get well. Here lay a man, formerly from the "Emerald Isle," wounded in both legs below the knees. One is literally pulverized, pants, drawers, bootleg, bones, and flesh all smashed into a common jelly. As I approach him, he exclaims: "O chaplain, can't you help me; won't you ease that foot?" I change it as he requests. But the pain will not cease. "I wish you would write to my friends at Louisville, Kentucky." His wife had died six months previous, leaving him six small children. He says: "Tell them I will soon be able to get a furlough, and come home." Alas! how frail are human hopes and calculations! An hour after I return. His place is vacant. The life-blood has fled. Death has mustered him out of the service. They have borne his mangled body away for burial.

So very busy were we all day, relieving the wants of others, that we never so much as thought of food or drink for ourselves, until invited to partake of some refreshments by an orderly, at the direction of a surgeon. This surgeon's tent was an awning stretched over a pole against a tree.

We soaked the "hardtack" in coffee, nibbled off the corners, ate some dried apple-sauce, and hastened to our work.

Many touching incidents were recorded as we hurried from one sufferer to another.

One soldier requested a sheet of paper and an envelope, saying, "I just got a letter that my father is dead, and I wish to write home." The tears were coursing down his sunburnt cheeks.

While down at the spring for water, two colored soldiers, having two guns each, passed in single file, with a captured rebel between them, marching him to headquarters, amid the cheers of our brave defenders of the old flag. The "Johnnie's" eyes were front, and hands down at the side. This was probably the most humiliating position of his life. I could but pity him. He knew what an attempt to escape or to retreat meant; for the colored troops never called "Halt" three times, as the army instructions required; but with them it was, "Halt, Bang!"—death.

One of the soldiers had been stunned by a ball. On regaining his senses he found the ball had penetrated and lodged in a Testament which he carried in the side-pocket of his blouse, over the heart. As he approached me, face all aglow, holding out the little volume, he said: "This Book has saved my life. See, the ball nearly passed through it; but for this it would have gone through my heart." I looked, and found it as stated. He refused to part with that precious treasure. Ofttimes have I wondered, What has become of that little Testament, and of him so wondrously saved? That little Book accepted, studied, becomes a "savor of life unto life" to all who obey its precepts: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." It will never lose its power to save men, for "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

A rebel captain received a flesh wound in the leg, which bled freely. This weakened him very much. He was brought to the surgeon's tent in an ambulance, placed on the ground near a stump, against which he was leaning when I saw him, pale as death from the loss of blood. I spoke kindly to him, as I did to all who wore either the blue or gray, "What can I do for you?" for we were no longer enemies, now that he was a needy prisoner of war. His reply to my inquiry was, "Will you give me a chew of tobacker?" "I never use it, and hence have none." Just then an officer passed, and I said: "Hello, lieutenant; this man wants some tobacco. Have you any?" Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he threw me nearly a whole plug, and then rushed on. I gave it to the rebel captain, who eagerly bit off a good-sized hunk, and offered it to me. I said, "No! it's yours; keep it." The tears started as he replied, "I never expected such kind treatment." To this I stated, "We claim to be civilized, and treat prisoners of war as our own friends." Said he, as the tears continued to flow: "For years I have fought against the flag. I will never do so again. We were repeatedly told if we surrendered we would be ill treated." He was borne into the surgeon's tent, and I saw him no more.

On a small hill northwest of the spring, in a grove stood a large mansion, now vacated by its owner and his family, which was used as a hospital. The bare floors were literally covered

with the worst wounded, lying in swathes, with just room enough to walk between the feet of one row and the head of the next. What a sight! I shrink from the task, and yet I must describe it, if I can. Here is a man with an arm and shoulder smashed to pieces. There is another with one or both legs shattered. Over yonder is one with one side of his jaw and head gone. His brains are oozing out on the floor. Farther on lies a poor fellow with his bowels partly on the floor beside him, and yet he is breathing.

Such scenes as these few pens can describe, or imaginations picture. So intent were we in doing something for these suffering men that we never thought of the flight of the hours, or of weariness, until two o'clock in the morning, when slowly we plodded through mud and rain to the Christian Commission Rooms in the city, and lay down on a cot to rest. Be it recorded that, among all of those wounded men, not one did we hear expressing a regret that he had enlisted.

THIRD DAY.—Before light we ate a little mush and molasses, and started off for the field of battle. The walking was horrible, owing to the passing of so many men, horses, and wagons. The road did not seem nearly so long as the night before; though if memory serves me correctly, it was about five miles. On reaching the scenes of the previous day, we found that the firing had almost ceased at the front, there being only now and then a volley. Hood, with his broken, scattered, vanquished forces, was on the retreat, and ours, flushed with victory, were in hot pursuit. How changed their feelings since they vacated Franklin only a short time before! While we would gladly have gone with them, our plain duty was to remain and care for the wounded and dying, so we repair to the house left only a few hours before. Many had been borne away to their last resting-place. Some were then dying, while others by their side were calling for wife, sister, mother, or friend to come and ease their sufferings—“for God’s sake to give them water to drink.”

The most heart-rending scenes, if there was any difference, were in the rooms filled with the colored wounded, who had been mowed down the day before when charging one of the masked

batteries of the Overton hills. Their piteous cries for assistance still ring in our ears. The spirit of these men may be shown by one incident: An unfortunate fellow, whose limbs had been taken off below the knee by a cannon-ball, as I began to extend to him my sympathy, exclaimed: "Massa, I would rather have both legs and hands off and be *free*, than to have them on and be a slave."

We go, as we did the evening before, from one to another, giving them water and such other refreshments as we carried in our haversacks. What were a few crackers and two cans of oysters among so many?

The dead were buried, without shroud or coffin, in trenches side by side, as close as they could lie, wrapped in their blankets or overcoats. If their name, regiment, and company were known, a little board or shingle told the fact. There were many "unknown" graves.

Some time during the day we came across Captain Anderson, from Indiana, who was wounded through the small of the back, and unable to move. "It is only a flesh wound," he said; "I shall be all right if I can get to the officers' hospital in the city." He was very weak from the loss of blood, and from having neither water nor food for nearly two days. We hailed a passing ambulance, lifted him in, and started him for the city; but he insisted on my accompanying him, because he was so faint; besides, he wished me to telegraph for his wife to come to him immediately. About six months later, the writer saw the captain in Rushville, Indiana, moving around on crutches.

After three days and nights of such nervous strain, tired nature gave out. We wended our way to the Commission Rooms for a little rest, and to send the sad messages to waiting ones in the distant homes.

HOSPITAL WORK began the next day after the battle. Store-buildings, residences, halls, hotels, and churches were used for hospitals. These were numbered as wards; several of them under one management.

The nervous strain of the battle, as well as gunshot wounds, had sent many to the hospitals for treatment. This made a great

deal of work for the voluntary agents of the United States Christian Commission, who were expected to visit all the wards, and furnish reading-matter, write letters, converse with the sick and the dying; also to preach in all the wards as often as circumstances would admit. These services, as conducted by the writer, never exceeded half an hour. Those in charge of the ward were always consulted as to the best time and place for holding the services. The "boys" remained on their cots, either sitting or reclining, as they were able. They always did the singing. Often prayer and speaking meetings were held among the convalescent.

From eight to ten hours were spent every day by the writer in this blessed work. A few extracts from that old memorandum will give a better idea of what was done than could otherwise be obtained:

"A wicked man was lying on his cot, nearing the end of his career; but in despair. That passage which is the sheet anchor of the Christian faith was quoted to him: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Is that true?' inquired the dying man. Being assured that it was, 'Thank God,' said he, 'that whosoever includes me. I trust that promise.' He died in peace."

"December 20, 1864, in Ward 3, one said: 'Jesus has blessed me. He has removed my burden. I am happy.'"

"Another: 'Tell my mother that I am determined to be a Christian. I will cleave to God.'"

"At midnight, December 29th, word comes that Rolla S. Sherman is dying, and wishes to see me. I hasten to his ward. He whispers in my ear: 'O chaplain, I am so glad to see you! I was afraid you would not come. I want you to talk about those good things I have heard you speak of so much; then sing and pray with me.' His wishes were complied with. When assured that he could not recover, Rolla said: 'Thank the Lord. He knows it is all for the best, or he would not take me.' He then threw his arms around the neck of a comrade, exclaiming, 'He is a strong tower in the day of trouble,' and fell asleep in Jesus.

"'Let me get hold of him,' said one on an adjoining cot, just before he expired."

When I contemplate these scenes on battlefield and in hospitals, I seem to hear the deep sigh of that stricken mother and lonely widow when the fatherless ask: "When will father come

home? Why does he tarry so long? Mother, will he ever come?" I hear the tearful reply: "Ah! my child, your father sleeps in the 'Southland.' He gave his life for the defense of the old flag. His voice you will hear no more. The coming generations will strew his grave with flowers on each Decoration-day."

To return to my "jottings." One day as I was distributing papers in the Zollicoffer Barracks, I happened to inquire of a soldier, who was waiting for orders to join his regiment, "Where are you from?" "New York." "What county?" "Schoharie." "Excuse me, sir; but what township?" "Summit." My heart beat quickly as I looked on his noble, manly form, "What part?" "Charlotteville." "Can it be?" I said; "that is where I attended school." He quickly grasped my hand, and inquired, "Who are you?" "They used to call me I. H. B——." "Is this Isaac?" On being told that it was, he said: "I have been to your father's house. Philip Multer has a son upstairs." In the fifth story we find a tall, pale-faced young man, just out of the hospital, who did not much favor the little Joseph we knew years before.

Some months after, when visiting Hospital No. 4, at New Albany, Indiana, a soldier, noticing me as I walked through the ward, accosted me with, "You took my name on the battlefield of Nashville, and gave me my first drink of water. I never shall forget you."

The same day, in Hospital No. 6, a similar scene occurred, when another said: "You took my name, and gave me my first drink of water. I shall never forget your voice. You were so kind to us who were wounded."

In 1869, as our train was speeding through Indiana on toward the mountains, a gentleman in the car, hearing me speak, threw his arms around my neck and wept, saying: "I shall always remember you. You gave me my first drink of water after I was wounded in front of Nashville. That voice I shall never forget."

These personal references are inserted to show that the brave defenders of the flag appreciated what was done for them in the day of their necessity.

### III.

## ON TO MURFREESBORO.

DECEMBER 28TH, the soldier in charge of the United States Christian Commission Rooms in Murfreesboro arrived in Nashville, having walked the entire distance seeking supplies for the sick and wounded in their hospitals. Their communications having been cut off for several weeks, no assistance had reached them. The railroad had been torn up by Hood's cavalry.

The method they used in destroying the railroad was this: the rails were laid across log-heaps, which were set on fire; and when the iron was hot it was bent and warped out of shape, so as to render it unfit for use again; which made it difficult to repair the road.

This call for help was immediately responded to, with two six-mule teams hauling Government wagons loaded to the very top of the covers. The drivers of such teams always rode the rear near mule, and drove with a "jerk-rein." Two soldiers were sent along as guards. The man wanted two assistants to return with him. The Nashville agent appointed the writer and W. J. Breed, Esq., who had just arrived from Cincinnati, Ohio, to accompany him. The early morning of December 30th found us on our march southward. To ride was impossible. All except the drivers had to walk. The two soldiers only were armed. That old pike, once smooth, was now out of repair, and quite rough. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, which made the walking none of the best.

Near a large closed mansion we saw a small flock of geese. I begged the soldiers not to shoot them, as probably they were all that the family had left from the ravages of war. One of the boys sauntered behind for a little and killed one of them, and threw it into the feed-box. Night found us fifteen miles from Murfreesboro, at Ashley Rozzell's. Here was a planter's house surrounded by tall trees. The rain made it unpleasant camping. We told them who we were, what our mission was, and asked if we could stay in the house over night. This was cheerfully

granted, though the men folks were away. The evening was spent in religious conversation. Prayers were said with the family, when we retired, feeling safe under God's protecting care.

They were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and were hospitable. That night, Mr. Breed and the writer slept on the only feather-bed they ever saw in the army. An old colored uncle and aunt, for a small gratuity, had our goose roasted for breakfast, which was relished far more than "sowbelly" would have been. The cooks were given what was left.

At seven o'clock we pulled out. The morning was cold and raw. The rain of the day before having turned to snow, which, with the mud, was about three inches deep, after seven hours of hard walking we reached the Christian Commission Rooms in Murfreesboro, Tenn., the last day of the old year of 1864.

One incident on the way might have cost us our lives, but for a little forethought. We were passing through a pine forest, when two armed men stepped into the road by our side, and demanded to know who we were, where we were going, and what we were loaded with. We frankly told them that we were United States Christian Commission men with supplies for the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Murfreesboro, who were suffering for the want of them. This last expression was made very emphatic. They looked us over sharply, and passed on in advance. Soon we came to a log cabin in a little clearing, where several horses were tied to branches of trees, and as we drove past a number of men watched us closely. We then thought that they were a "guerrilla band," whose outer guard had reported who we were, when they allowed us to pass unmolested. I confess that we felt no small relief when out of range of their guns; but we knew not what awaited us.

Before contending armies had devastated the town and its surroundings and scattered its inhabitants, Murfreesboro was the third city in size in Tennessee. It was the center of trade for a large area, with a wealthy and enterprising people. Here two seminaries were located, and six church-spires pointed heavenward. There were many beautiful residences and many large store-buildings, while hundreds daily crowded its paved streets.



Yet here secession fermented and foamed defiance to the Government.

The colored population predominated; black they could not be called, for they were of all shades. Two large schools were carried on successfully among them by Northern lady teachers, who felt called to this work. One of them afterward became the wife of Dr. Palmer, a returned missionary of the Presbyterian Board, who for years has resided in Trinidad, Colorado.

Two miles west of the city was fought the battle of Stone River. Here is a Government cemetery, and a large stone monument commemorating the event. There is a long row of graves marked "unknown." When looking at these, we wondered who they were, and where they were from. What desolations are wrought by war!

January 4, 1865, Mr. Breed and the writer visited the contraband camp. What a sight! There was a woman said to be a hundred years old, by the name of Fanny Jordan, the mother of ten children, five of whom had been taken from her and sold. Her religious experience was wonderful, and her testimony unique. Here are a few of the expressions she used in conversing with us: "I would be mighty glad to get off. Sometimes I am up, and sometimes down. I love the Church and all of God's people. My Bible is within. I have the living witness in my heart. I am bound for the kingdom. My Master has given me a free pass. I am moving rootlike, inch at a time, toward glory. I am freely sprinkled with the Holy Ghost. He promises me a bounty. My soul is full of glory. Been praying all my life to get the yoke off my neck." Here Brother Breed mentioned the name of Lincoln. The old veteran asked to see his likeness. He showed her a greenback on which it was. She covered it with kisses, and pressed it to her bosom, declaring that "he was the handsomest man she had ever seen; the next friend to God, for he is doing his will." Then she called in her daughter and numbers of her friends to see his picture.

Soon after the above event, Mr. Breed, although a Congregationalist, made the following proposition to me, saying: "You are better adapted to this work than I am. If you will remain after your six weeks are up, I will go home, attend to my busi-

ness, make the money, and pay you the same salary you are getting at home." The arrangements were accordingly made satisfactorily to all concerned, and I remained in charge of the United States Christian Commission Rooms in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

My work consisted, as heretofore, in distributing reading-matter in the camps, hospitals, and prisons during the week, conversing with the sick and dying, holding prayer-meetings, and preaching three and four times on the Sabbath.

From the old memorandum-book I take the following entries:

"February 26th.—I preached to the 8th Wisconsin Battery in Fortress Hospital and in Hospital No. 4, Wards 7 and 10. That evening I also heard Captain Turner preach from, 'Your sins will find you out.'

"March 12th.—I preached at the Battery, at Fortress Hospital, and for the 143d Indiana Infantry. The colonel said: 'Come again. Religious men are more easily governed, and make better soldiers.'"

"John W. Sharp, of the 3d Michigan, who was dying, said: 'I want to go where angels live. There is such a load on my heart. I have told the doctors about it; but they do not help me.' I replied: 'If you will go to Jesus by faith, and ask him to take it away, he will do it. I will pray for you.' Great was my agony before God that night for that dear boy. Early the next morning I went into the ward, to learn how Johnny was. As I approached his cot, I saw that his face was shining. With animation, he said: 'Last night when the ward got quiet, I told Jesus all about it; and asked him to help me, and he has. The load is all gone, and I am so happy.' Three days after we buried his body in a soldier's grave."

"Another in the body here below, but with a soul longing for another clime, said in a scarce audible voice: 'I am so sorry I did not go last night. I want to be off.' His earthly career soon came to an end."

"Another poor boy, when dying, said: 'O, that I had been a praying man before I came to this critical moment! I have kind friends at home; but I have no hope beyond the grave;' and passed away."

"Another, who was very sick, when I urged him to look to Jesus at once, and make no delay, replied: 'I can not see it as you do. I have been so wicked.'"

"I approached a little fellow, lying on his cot, with this inquiry: 'Are you trusting in Jesus?' 'Yes,' was his answer, with a sweet smile. Just then his brother-in-law arrived, who had been sent for, and they kissed each other. A few moments after, with a halo of glory resting on his face, his redeemed spirit took its flight."

"To one I said, 'My good fellow, you ought to be a Christian.' His reply was, 'I am determined to get religion if it is to be had.'"

"Of another, I inquired, 'What is your hope?' He answered, 'My mind is made up to seek Jesus.'"

"John Mecham, of the 8th Minnesota, had a wife and seven children at home. In answer to my first question, he said: 'If it were not for my prospects beyond, I do not know what I would do. I hope to reign on the blessed fields of glory before long. I am almost home.' After prayer, he said: 'I wish I was there now.' He died at 'high-noon' the next day."

"During prayer-meeting one night a soldier boy arose, and said: 'I have been very wicked. The ringleader of all vice. My wife prays for me. I am determined to change my course. Pray for me.' The above statements were made amid many sobs and tears. All kneeled in prayer for the returning prodigal."

"One day another showed me a picture of his wife and three little ones. I said, 'Does she pray for you?' The tears started. 'Yes, she prays for me.' 'Do you pray for yourself?' 'No; I have been very wicked. I have decided to yield, and be saved.'"

"Chauncey Cree died in peace and in hope, while his wife's last letter was being read to him. Ere it was half finished, he was gone."

"February 20th.—We had an unusually interesting prayer-meeting. Several decided to become Christians. One arose, and said of his own free will and accord: 'I never took a stand for God before. I have been wicked. Pray for me.' This was said with much feeling."

"Another spoke as follows: 'I desire to serve God. Last Saturday I received the intelligence that my father had gone to heaven. He used to lead me to places like this. I want to see him above.'"

"Immediately another testified: 'I never enjoyed such peace as since last Thursday night. I have been very wicked, a frequenter of the halls of vice, billiards, cards, etc., when my good old mother was at home praying for me. I have a praying wife. How they will rejoice when they learn that I have started for glory! O that I may be faithful, and if we never meet here below, that we may meet over there!'"

When Hood's army retreated from before Nashville, they carried away as prisoners two Union men from near Murfreesboro. General Thomas at once arrested four rebels, and put them in prison as hostages, notifying Hood that if the Union men were not returned to their homes immediately, these men would be shot. Weeks passed; one of the two died in prison, and the other finally returned, when the four were released. It was my privilege, during the imprisonment of these four men, to visit them often, give them reading-matter, and preach to them and others in the prison on the Sabbath. Thus we became quite well acquainted. One of the men bore the name of Crockett, a relative

of the celebrated David Crockett, of Almanac fame. We had many a pleasant chat before the large, open, wood fire-place, sitting side by side on a backless bench. They were rebels to the backbone. There was not a particle of milk and water about them. I liked them for that. One day the question of the Bible view of slavery came up. Crockett presented his understanding of the subject frankly. Now said he: "Tell us how you Northerners interpret the Bible on the question of slavery." After their promising not to interrupt nor to become angry, I proceeded to give our understanding of the Scriptures on that line. He and his companions listened very attentively for an hour or more, while the unfolding was going on. The discussion ended, Crockett, slapping me on the knee, said: "I'll stake the issues of this war on the slavery question. If our interpretation of the Bible is right, we shall win; if yours is right, you will." "Agreed," said I, and we parted good friends.

The day they were discharged, I happened to go up to the room in the courthouse where they were confined, when they made me this proposition: "Chaplain, if you will come and live with us and preach for us, you shall never want for any good thing in this life. We have an abundance, and to spare!"

## IV.

### THE CHAPLAINCY.

SOME time in the early part of March, 1865, the 188th Ohio Volunteer Infantry came to the fort, which stood on the opposite side of Stone River from the city, and only a short distance from where the battle was fought, December 31, 1862, and January 2, 1863.

I visited this regiment frequently in my rounds, and preached for them March 26th and April 2d, when, unsought, they tendered me the chaplaincy of the same. I accepted the position, and was mustered into the United States service on the 5th of April, 1865, at Columbus, Ohio, whither I had been sent for that purpose.

On a lovely May morning, one of the company officers invited me to walk with him over the battlefield of Stone River. The marks of that hard-contested battle were plainly visible on rocks, trees, and soil. Scarred bullets, bits of clothing, pieces of shell, broken caissons, and gunstocks were scattered about promiscuously. In one or two localities large trees were literally riddled with bullets. Some of them were cut off six or eight feet above the ground by the shot or shell. Many of the limbs were severed from the trunk. How the leaden hail must have driven! After wandering about for awhile, we stood on an elevation north of the monument, from which we could get a good view of the whole field. Here was a long row of graves marked "unknown." We had picked up the visor of a soldier's cap, and, while standing under the shade of a small tree, were wondering whose head it had adorned, when "zip" came a bullet, cutting off a small twig within an inch of my forehead. I stepped a little to one side, and on lower ground, to see if possible where it came from. The captain remained stationary, when, in just about the time it would take to reload a muzzle-loader, "zip" came another, cutting off a leaf close to his head. What appeared remarkable about this affair was, neither heard the report nor saw the smoke of a gun. The whizzing of those bullets recalled the

warning Colonel Taylor gave us before leaving camp, "Look out for bushwhackers." So interested had we been in our surroundings, that we had not thought of it before. Leaving the knoll, we crossed over near to the monument, and bore off to the right for camp, keeping all the time a sharp lookout for that unseen and unknown marksman; not that we cared for him, but he seemed to want us. The guards at the fort heard the two shots in the direction we had gone, and had reported to the colonel, who was about to send a squad of men after our bodies, supposing we had been killed or wounded. Ofttimes do I wonder who that man was, and what became of him. He came very near getting our scalps.

That was our last and only visit to the battlefield of Stone River, though we had been to see the monument before.

May 10th, S—— B——, of Company E, went out with a canteen and gun, lay down with his head against a stump, and there shot himself. His body was found two days after, and was buried inside Fortress Rosecrans. He left a wife and two children.

May 13th the regiment was ordered to Tullahoma, Tenn.; left Murfreesboro at seven o'clock in the morning, marched nine miles, and lunched on hardtack and coffee. About two o'clock, as we passed a church, I inquired of a grinning darkey, "What church is that?" His answer was, "A shouting Methodist church; preacher and all in the rebel army." That night we rested on the bare ground, covered only with a rubber blanket.

May 14th, the stillness of the Sabbath morn was broken by "reveille" at four o'clock; breakfasted on hardtack, cold meat, and coffee. At eleven we halted at "War-trace," weary, tired, and footsore, having marched eleven miles; twenty miles more marching, and we "bivouac" in an orchard, on the south bank of Duck River; broke camp at two-fifteen the next morning, and marched by moonlight nine miles, reaching Tullahoma at five and one-half o'clock.

Our regiment is stationed in an orchard southwest of town, on a table-land, where our tents were soon pitched "in due form." The colonel had a nice little cabin, eight feet by ten feet, built for the chaplain.

The most of the regiment remained here for two months. Several of the companies were on detached duty part of the time, guarding railroad bridges. These exchanged posts several times.

May 21st, Sidney Weston died of heart disease. He left a wife and four children. May 22d, in company with Brother Blackburn, of the Pittsburg Conference, I visited Chattanooga. Here we clambered up the abrupt face of Lookout Mountain. On Point Lookout were the rifle-pits and breastworks which our forces captured. Visited also Hospital No. 3, where were sick men whom we had come to see. Here we held services, and remained all night. The next day we visited three camps of regulars, distributing papers and tracts; also the prison in the city. Of this trip, I find this record under date of May 25th: "During the past three days I have conversed with many about Jesus and his salvation; preached the gospel on Lookout Mountain; read and prayed with one family, who gave us a drink of water. That morning a young lady of the household was happily converted while at the washtub. Truly my soul is greatly blessed while engaged in such work. Kindness beamed from every brow, throbbled in every heart, wherever we went. Thank God for his goodness!"

About two P. M. of June 18th there came up a thunderstorm. A young man of the 152d Illinois Volunteer Infantry had said, "That he hoped the Almighty would strike him dead, if he ever went on dress parade again." A squad was ordered out just as the storm came up, and as they brought their guns to "present arms," a flash came and played along the polished bayonets. While all were stunned for a few minutes, only that young man was killed. I was standing only a short distance away when it occurred, and saw the flash and saw the man fall.

Word was brought in to headquarters that the people living seven miles east of Tullahoma desired an army chaplain to come out and preach at the Carrol schoolhouse July 8th. My colonel asked if I would go, saying, "They will guarantee your safety." I replied, "I will, if Chaplain Cooly, of the 47th Wisconsin, will go with me." We were directed to go unarmed and unguarded. The arrangements were accordingly made. The escort was to come for us on the Saturday previous. Our guide, when he

came, was a twelve-year-old boy, with an old mule. How were three of us to ride that pile of bones at the same time? The boy walked. Chaplain Cooly "rode and tied." Then I "rode and tied." Thus we alternated. That night we staid with a family whose house stood on the bank of a stream in a glen, surrounded by woods. They showed us a cave in the side of a bluff, where they had, at times, hidden from friend and foe for years. Here they slept when danger was near, coming forth only when convinced by their lookout that all danger had passed. They were careful not to make a path leading thereto.

In a tree on the top of the bluff a vigilant watch was kept, so as not to be caught unawares. The only "sweetening" the family had used since the war began was honey gathered from the trees and rocks. This family was heartily sick of war, and wanted the "olive-branch" of peace to come quickly.

The schoolhouse, which was quite a rude affair, stood in a grove on a hill. The only windows were where the chinks had been left out from between the logs. The seats were made of slabs and "puncheons." The people had not been to a religious service of any kind for three years. Not one of them had ever heard a "Yank" preach. The crowd of old men, women, and children that greeted us that lovely Sabbath morning was a large one. Chaplain Cooly preached the first sermon. Services had hardly begun when a squad of armed men rode up with a look that seemed to say, "We are here to clean you fellows out." Two or three old gentlemen stepped out to them, quietly explaining who we were, and why we were there, when they all dismounted, tied their horses, came in, and listened attentively to the excellent discourse the chaplain was delivering.

A neatly, but plainly, dressed lady invited us home for dinner. At the house she informed us that her husband was a captain in the rebel army, that he had been in hiding since the battle in front of Nashville, and that, if we would not betray him, she would like us to meet him. We assured her that we would be happy to see him, and that her secret would be safe with us. She then gave a few raps on a board partition, when two of the boards moved to one side (there was no evidence of a door), and out walked the husband, who was a medium-sized man, and had



spent three years in the rebel army, without once seeing his family. When Hood was whipped, he and others decided it was useless to fight longer; so he hied away home. None of his neighbors, not even his own children, knew that he was there. Only the faithful wife and an aged mother were possessed of his secret. It was a surprise to the little ones when they saw their "papa" step out so unexpectedly. The conversation was about the war and its issues, which was conducted in a free and friendly manner, until the hour for the afternoon service. Our host accompanied us to the meeting, which was held in the grove adjoining the schoolhouse. Many were the thanks the chaplains received for their sermons. They were urged to return and preach again. A week after we were ordered away, and saw them no more. From entries made at the time, I select the following:

"July 12th.—James Butcher, of Company F, was drowned while bathing in the creek near camp. He leaves a wife and seven children."

"July 14th.—Word comes that we are to move. The boys are jubilant, jumping, cheering, and shouting, 'Anywhere but here.' The next day we leave for Nashville by rail. Our regiment, after three days, occupied the Cumberland Barracks, and guarded Government property for over two months."

"July 29th.—J. N. B—— got drunk, was arrested, and, attempting to escape, was shot. He was the most troublesome man in the regiment."

"August 3d.—F. R——, of Company H, was shot when drunk, and trying to get away from his guard. A wife and four children mourn his death."

"August 6th.—Seth Chatfield died in peace, declaring that all was well; only sick a few hours. He leaves five small children in destitute circumstances."

"August 9th.—A telegram calls me home; sickness in the family. General Thomas grants me a leave of absence the next day. The 14th I was taken down with bilious fever; after which jaundice. Thus I was held at home for over four weeks; but in the person of my dear wife I had one of the best of nurses. Returning to my regiment, I reached Nashville in a convalescent state, September 16th. Five days later our regiment was mustered out of the United States service, and ordered home to Columbus, Ohio, to be discharged. The next morning at four we are on the train *en route* to Louisville, Ky., where we take the boat *St. Nicholas*, bound for Cincinnati, Ohio. Here we transfer to freight-cars, and are off for Camp Chase at half-past eight on Sabbath morning. The 'boys' were all over the cars, inside and out, as the notion took

them. I was standing between two brothers, one a captain and the other a lieutenant, when I noticed a small group of women on a slope, scarcely a hundred feet away, which was a little higher than the top of the cars on which we were riding. One of them when she saw us began to weep, and then to alternately wipe her eyes with a handkerchief, and wave it at us. Just then I noticed that one of the brothers, between whom I was standing on the top of the box-car, was wiping his eyes. I inquired of the other why that was, when he replied, 'That weeping lady is his wife.' By some means she had learned that our regiment was to pass that Sabbath morning, and was on the lookout. So, thought I, it will be when we approach the Celestial City, our loved ones will be looking out for us, and will recognize us when we come."

"September 28th.—Our regiment was paid off, and the men received their discharges to-day. I took the night-train for home, which I reached at Bakersville, Coshocton County, Ohio, the next afternoon. I found my second son, Noble Lovett, five years of age, very sick with bloody flux. After ten days of illness he breathed his last, at four A. M., October 5th. Our hearts bleed over the loss of this most precious one. The vacuum can never be filled. We 'shall go to him, but he will not return to us.' It is difficult not to feel that there is a mistake. He wept tears of joy when he learned that his 'papa' had returned from the war to stay. How can we give thee up? Yet thy suffering time is over, and angels have welcomed thee home. Why do we weep and mourn thy loss? This we can not very well help since we are human. God sustains. His remains were interred, on the 7th, beside his sister in the 'Maple Grove Cemetery,' three miles south of Vermillion, Erie County, Ohio."

"Through this toilsome world, alas!

Once and only once I pass.

If a kindness I may show,

If a good deed I may do

To my suffering fellow-men,

Let me do it while I can,

Nor delay it; for 't is plain

I shall not pass this way again."

—Joseph A. Torrey.

PART III.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

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## Breast the Tide.



When the storms of life o'ertake you,  
Let not courage e'er forsake you;  
Yield not to the tempest tamely,  
Battle with it firmly, gamely—  
Breast the tide.

What a spectacle ignoble  
Is the man who, when in trouble,  
Folds his hands with looks despairing,  
When he should with high-souled daring  
Breast the tide!

Tho' the winds should fiercely bluster,  
Clouds of inky blackness muster,  
Winds ere long will be declining,  
Clouds display a silv'ry lining,—  
Breast the tide.

Folly 't is to let disaster  
Energy and pluck o'er master;  
Fortune will show less of rigor,  
If you ply the oar with vigor,  
Breast the tide.

Courage only can avail you  
When the winds and waves assail you.  
Onward! onward! or be driven  
On the rocks, your boat all riven!  
Breast the tide.

—W. R. BARBER.

## I.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A BRIEF synopsis of that foreign tour will only be given, as we can not spare the room for an extended account. This would not be inserted, but for the urgent request of numerous friends. We left Denver, Colorado, on the evening of September 10, 1872, by the Kansas Pacific Railroad. When out on the Plains our train had a race with a herd of antelope. The scene was exciting; but the iron horse won. Muscle is no match for steam.

We sailed October 5, 1872, from pier 20, Hudson River, New York, on the *Australia*, Anchor Line steamer, for Glasgow, Scotland. Eight months and five days later, on our return, we stepped from the steamer *Victoria*, of the same line, onto the same pier, thankful that we were a "free-born" American citizen.

Ten missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, outward bound, were associate passengers. The passage was rough, stormy, and foggy. We ran along the north coast of Ireland, close to the shore; dropped anchor in the harbor of Lough Foyle, opposite Moville. October 17th, we landed at Glasgow, having been twelve days *en route*. We hurriedly look the city over, then visit Edinburgh Castle, John Knox's residence, Calton Hill, Holyrood Palace, and other points of interest. Then we are off to London, England, where three weeks were spent in sight-seeing; heard Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Joseph Parker, Dr. Cummings, and several others preach; visited the museums, art-galleries, Tower of London, Madam Tussaud's wax-figures and Chamber of Horrors, where stands the French Guillotine, on which twenty-one thousand persons were beheaded by the French in 1793-4; saw the inside of Newgate, Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, City Road Chapel, etc.

November 7th, at eight P. M., we leave for France, by the way of New Haven and Dieppe. Paris, the magnificent—who can describe it? Fifteen days were spent in visiting the various places of interest here. One day at Versailles. Grand! Churches and art-galleries were viewed.

Next we took a look at Strassburg, clock and tower. Then up the Rhine Valley to Basle by rail; thence to Neuhausen and the falls of the Rhine. Next came Constance and the Council-chamber, where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were tried for their devotion to Christ. The former was burned July 6, 1415, and the latter, May 30, 1416. A large rock, inclosed by an iron fence, marks the spot. Soon we are at Zurich, the seat of learning. Here Zwingli began the Reformation. In the old arsenal they showed the bow of William Tell.

Lucerne stands at the mouth of the lake of the same name, and is walled in. Of deep interest were the Rigi and other sights: Berne and the Bear Pits; queer old clock; Freyburg, suspension bridges, and great organ; Lausanne, where Gibbon wrote the last pages of the "History of Rome," with Lake Geneva in full view; Vevay and Castle of Chillon. Geneva stands at the mouth of the lake, on the banks of the arrowy Rhone and the muddy Arve, whose waters refuse to unite for a long distance below the city. Their chief industry is the manufacturing of watches. This was the home of John Calvin. His church and grave are visited; also the Chamounix Valley and the Chateau of Voltaire, containing his bedroom, pictures, and the urn which holds his heart.

Another work of great attraction is the "Mont Cenis Tunnel," which is seven miles and a half in length, and cost \$13,000,000. It was finished in 1871, and was thirteen years in building. There are two railroad tracks through it. Each end is forty-three feet lower than the middle. This is to give it drainage. It was lighted with gas when we were there. December 12, 1872, we left Geneva. The day was chilly, rainy, snowy, cloudy, and every way disagreeable; no fire in the compartment cars; overcoats and wraps were necessary; seven o'clock at Chambery we ate our suppers, and changed cars; tall mountains were about us; the snow was a foot deep. "When shall we get to Mont Cenis Tunnel?" None could tell us. For strange sounds greet our ears. Their language was not ours; nor ours theirs.

The cars move slowly, the engine labors heavily, and the snow deepens as we ascend the heavy grades. The air becomes

very cold; the lamps are lighted; we pass quickly through several short tunnels, and as the shadows lengthen over "peak," valley, and "plain," lakelets, streamlets, and cascades, we enter the Mont Cenis Tunnel, to emerge therefrom on the Italian side in just thirty minutes. The train stopped, and I leaped therefrom. What a change! What a scene! A few inches of snow lay on the ground. Here and there were standing evergreen trees along the mountain sides. Peak, crag, and gorge were lighted up with the silvery brightness of an Alpine moon. The few light, fleecy clouds only added enchantment and beauty to the scene. For a moment it seemed that I stood in the very vestibule of Paradise, and shouted, "Glory to God in the highest!" Instinctively, placing my hand to my ear to catch, if possible, the strain of some angelic harper, "Whispering, Sister spirit come away," I exclaimed:

"Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly.  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?"

Turin, Italy; antiquities, museum. From the bluffs, on the south side of that city of one hundred and ten churches, one gets a magnificent view of the Alps, which Byron thus describes:

"Who first beholds the Alps, that mighty chain  
Of mountains stretching on from east to west;  
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,  
As to belong rather to heaven than to earth,  
But instantly receives into his soul  
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,  
A something that informs him 't is a moment  
Whence he may date henceforward and forever."

Genoa: its streets are narrow and houses high, its harbor filled with the ships of all nations. Ancient relics are numerous.

Milan has the grand cathedral, and the immortal painting of the Last Supper. The museum is visited. The city is walled in, and has ten gates.

Venice is situated upon seventy-two islands. The grand canal meanders through the city like a big letter S; which is inter-

sected by one hundred and forty-six smaller canals. No coaches or carriages are used. Horseback riding is out of the question. The gondola supplies the place. They ride to funerals, to weddings, and to prison in the gondola. The streets are usually not over four or five feet wide. The Rialto over the Grand Canal is the finest bridge in the city. We visited St. Mark, Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, and gazed upon the matchless paintings of Titian and of Tintoretto with admiration. When the great clock strikes *two* in the Campanile a large flock of pigeons fly to one spot, where an upper window is raised, and corn is fed to them every day. There is a wonderful scramble, pigeon falling over pigeon, as each seeks to get his share of the corn falling on the pavement.

At Bologna we had the pleasure of meeting Leroy M. Vernon, D. D. (whom we had met at Genoa a few weeks before), the founder of our Italian Mission, and Philip Phillips, the world-renowned "Singing Pilgrim." Each having faithfully represented the Master here, has gone on to enjoy his reward.

We found much of interest in Florence, where sculpture and art abound. There are miles of paintings in her galleries, and almost numberless pieces of statuary. Many students are here from all parts of the world studying art. It is a charming city to visit, and is considered by many the most beautiful city of Italy. There is in the "Uffizi Gallery" a beautiful statue of "Apollo," and a painting which attracted me very much. The infant JESUS is lying on a pallet; straw underneath. The Magi have come to make their offerings. Mary lifts one corner of the covering, that they may behold the features of her first-born, when there beams forth such a halo of glory that they are compelled to shade their eyes, in order that they may gaze upon the face of the child. In the background stands Joseph and the donkey, only dimly seen, while, from above, angels are peering through the clouds upon the scene, whose faces would not be noticed but for the effulgence coming from the face below.

Pisa has four attractions. These are: "The Campo Santo," an oblong inclosure. The soil for this was brought from Palestine in A. D. 1228. The dead had formerly to pay to get in; now the living to get out.



"The Duomo," within which stands an altar cased with silver, that cost about \$180,000. Here is also a many-pronged bronze lamp, which, by its motion, first suggested to Galileo the measuring of time by the pendulum.

"The Baptistry," which is an octagon building, 150 feet in diameter and 160 feet high, beautifully ornamented within and without with marble, celebrated for its inward echo.

"The Leaning Tower," 50 feet in diameter and 190 feet high, which leans fifteen feet from the perpendicular. You ascend this by two hundred and ninety-five steps, leading up a circular stairway within. The top is inclosed by a light iron railing. One look off the leaning side is sufficient; it is simply terrific.

Some one has said, "See Rome and die." January 1, 1873, after dark, we entered the ancient city of Rome. What a welcome sound to hear the guard cry out, as he opened the compartment-car doors, "R-O-M-A, P-A-R-T-A!" Here we spent a month and four days, with Byron frequently exclaiming:

"Am I in Rome! Oft as the morning ray  
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,  
Whence this excess of joy! What has befallen me?  
And from within a thrilling voice replies,  
'Thou art in Rome! the city that so long  
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world.'"

Again and again, in spite of resolution to the contrary, I would repeat to myself:

"And am I there?  
Ah! little thought I, when in school I sat,  
A schoolboy on his bench, at early dawn  
Glowing with Roman story, I should live  
To tread the Appian, once an avenue  
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,  
Their doors sealed up, and silent as the night;  
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn  
Toward the Tiber, or climb the Palatine."

"I stood within the Coliseum wall,  
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome."

ROME! How much of ancient and modern history, sacred and profane, clusters around that word of only four letters! It stands on the banks of the Tiber, thirteen miles from the Mediterranean seacoast, and only twenty feet higher, and overlaps seven hills. The city has a population of about three hundred thousand.

The next morning I made my first visit to "San Pietro" (St. Peter's), the grandest church in the world. What an exterior! In front is an open space, paved with flat stone, 787 feet in diameter, with an obelisk in the center, and a fountain on either side. What colonnades! On the right and left, as you enter, stand four rows of colonnades, forty-eight feet high, with a semicircular setting, forty-five feet from the inner to the outer row. Between the middle rows is the driveway to the end of the porch of the church on the left, and to the entrance of the Vatican on the right.

A mass of ungainly buildings stands before us, surmounted by an immense dome, which when seen from afar looks like a huge haystack, with four smaller ones around it.

What views one gets from the "ball" above the dome of St. Peter's! The magnificent landscape of the Eternal City, the Campagna, the Apennines, the Albanian hills, and the distant Mediterranean Sea, lie in entrancing beauty before the eyes. What a façade! Three hundred and seventy-nine feet long, fifty feet wide, and one hundred and forty-eight feet high. The porch is ninety-two and one-half feet high, supported by columns eight and three-quarter feet in diameter.

It took three hundred and fifty years, extending through the reign of forty-three Popes, to build St. Peter's. The building was begun in 1450, and completed in 1800. It cost \$60,000,000. The expense was met by the sale of "Sinful Indulgences."

It seems remarkable that the erection of a church called St. Peter's should give Protestantism to the world; but such is the fact.

Everything about it is massive. It is almost one-half larger than St. Paul's, in London. It has 290 windows, 748 columns, 47 altars, 380 statues. The floors are of the finest of variegated marble, beautifully designed. The decorations are of choice

stone and marble. What an interior! One hesitates to enter, and halts on the threshold. Lord Byron wrote:

“Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.”

What magnificence! The gilding of the high altar under the dome cost \$100,000.

On a platform breast high, just to the right of this altar, sitting in a chair, is the bronze statue of St. Peter, with the right leg crossed over the other and foot extended, the toes of which have been renewed three times; yet were nearly worn away by the continual friction from the personal contact of visitors. The devotee kneels before the image, makes a cross on his breast, then rises and wipes the foot with his handkerchief, sleeve, or hand; then touches the forehead, kisses the foot, and walks away. This has been going on for ages. One continual stream of people from day to day, week to week, month to month, year after year, has thus paid its respects to St. Peter.

I saw cardinals, bishops, priests, laymen, all classes of society, and of either sex and of every nationality, connected with the Roman Catholic Church, bow before the ugly image of St. Peter.

One day an old lady, very much bent with age, after bowing and counting her beads for an unusual length of time, took hold of the foot, and endeavored to pull herself up so as to kiss it; but could not. Her tears were flowing freely. I wanted to give her a “boost;” but dared not.

The Catacombs are the burial-places of the early Christians, and consist of an immense network of subterranean passages, intersecting each other at all angles. These begin about three miles beyond the walls of the city, on either side, and underlie a large area. Sixty have been discovered, whose passages are believed to be nearly six hundred miles long. These passage-

ways are from three to five feet wide and eight feet high, with an average of from three to five graves, one above the other, on each side, with the front closed with a marble slab, or tile. On most of them were appropriate inscriptions.

It is estimated that six millions of people were interred in the Catacombs before the close of the sixth century, after which Christians were allowed to bury above ground.

There are numerous rooms, twelve by fourteen, or larger, on whose walls are fresco paintings of Scriptural scenes, and practices of the early Church; such as teaching the Catechumens, preaching the Word, administering the Lord's Supper, baptizing converts and children.

My second day in Rome was spent in visiting the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. A party of seven procured carriages, and drove out the "Via Appia" for three miles, passing numerous mausoleums, mostly in ruins.

This "Via Appia" was paved with flat stone, with gutters on either side, and closed with stone set on the outer edge. The road was commenced 312 B. C., one mile within the ancient wall, and ran to Brundisium, with a branch to Puteoli.

Our guide through the tombs seemed to be out of humor, and rushed along so rapidly that we saw very little to satisfaction.

My second visit was made February 4, 1873, with a solitary companion. We secured a different guide, and with lighted candles descended a long flight of wooden stairs, the door having been locked behind us. Passage after passage was gone through, room after room visited, following this way and that way, a labyrinth of streets cut in the tufa rock. The air was good and walks dry. We are weary and hungry with these hours of walking, and ask each other: "Suppose our guide gets lost? How will we ever get out?" At last we ascend a long stairway; not the same that we descended. The guide unlocks a rude door, and extends an open palm; we drop our loose change therein, ascend a short flight of stairs, and step out into the sunlight, thankful that we live in an age of civil and religious liberty.

Among the scenes illustrated on those catacomb walls were: Daniel in the lion's den; Jonah leaping to land from the fish's mouth; Jesus, the great Shepherd, carrying a lamb on his shoul-

der; a minister, with a small babe on his left arm, with his right hand extended toward a bowl of water held by his assistant, and the parents standing before him; John the Baptist, standing in water ankle-deep, and with a branch in his right hand, baptizing the people who are standing along the shore. Another scene is pictured on those walls, of deep interest. Sky, land, and water is portrayed, with John the Baptist standing in the water a little above the ankle, with Jesus beside him not quite to the ankle. John is baptizing him with "the hyssop branch," according to the Jewish custom, by sprinkling the water over him. A dove descends upon him, and a voice from heaven says, "This is," etc.

Nowhere in the illustrations of the Catacombs can there be found any allusion to baptism by immersion. If this was the practice of the early Church, it is strange that we find no reference thereto on these underground walls.

The third day I visited the Vatican, which stands on the north side of St. Peter's, and is said to contain 4,422 rooms; quite enough for one single gentleman to occupy! This mass of buildings inclose a garden, in which are flowers, a fountain, and sunny walks. The Vatican galleries contain some of the finest paintings and statuary in the world. These are thrown open to the public on certain days of the week. The Vatican library has a rare collection of valuable manuscripts, reaching back to the earlier times before the days of printing. In the picture gallery are two masterpieces; that of "St. Jerome," by Guido, and the "Transfiguration," by Raphael. One never tires looking at these. In the Vatican chapel is a very much smoked painting of the "Day of Judgment."

Byron pictures a group that, once seen, can never be forgotten:

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending; vain  
 The struggle; vain against the coiling strain,  
 And grip, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain  
 Rivets the living links—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

A father attempts to rescue his two sons from the coils of a serpent, becomes entangled therewith, and perishes with them.

The Castle of St. Angelo stands on the west bank of the Tiber, and is connected with the Vatican by an elevated but covered passageway.

"The Roman Forum," a paved, open court, where the questions of the day were discussed and decided, was at the south-eastern base of "Mons Capitolinus." The "Via Sacra" led therefrom in a southeasterly and southerly direction until it intersected the "Via Appia."

On a slight elevation, the "Sacred Way" is spanned by the "Arch of Titus," which commemorates his conquest and victory over the Jews at Jerusalem. This "Arch" has stood for over eighteen hundred years, a monument to the truthfulness of the Christian records.

Jesus predicted that Jerusalem would be overthrown, and the Temple demolished; all of which was fulfilled through the agency of the Roman General Titus, though he knew nothing of the prediction. Then the Roman Senate erected this "Arch," or monument, to commemorate the event. Underneath the arch are engraved, in bas-relief, a seven-branched candlestick, table, and trumpets, all borne on the shoulders of captives.

A little farther on, where the "Via Sacra" turns to the south, there stands the "Arch of Constantine," and to the left of this the Coliseum. The whole superficial area covered by this last is six acres. There are three orders of architecture in the four stories: the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The two upper are alike. In each of the lower tiers were eighty arches. The arena was 278 feet long and 177 feet wide. Here thousands of Christians were torn to pieces by wild beasts, and the gladiatorial combats took place to amuse the eighty-seven thousand spectators. The statue of the Dying Gladiator is thus pictured by Byron:

"I see before me the gladiator lie;  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him: he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were the young barbarians all at play,  
 There were their Dacian mother—he their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

In the very heart of modern Rome stands one of the most interesting edifices of the ancient city, almost as perfect as when built nineteen hundred years ago. The Pantheon, which was built by Agrippa twenty-seven years before Christ, is round, one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, and the same in height. It is lighted by an aperture through the center of the dome, twenty-eight feet across. It was used as a heathen temple until A. D. 608, when it was consecrated as a Christian church. Six hundred and thirty-five years of its existence it was devoted to heathen worship, and for one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine years to professedly Christian. And yet this magnificent temple bids defiance to the ravages of war, the vandalism of man, the destructive power of the elements, and retains its original appearance, thus forming a link between that which is past, present, and to come. When shall its sacred walls resound to a pure gospel, and from its consecrated altars go forth new-born souls?

The Aurora, by Guido, Byron says,

“Alone  
 “Is worth a tour to Rome.”

Aurora is represented scattering flowers before the chariot of the sun, drawn by four horses. Seven female figures, in the most graceful action, surround the chariot, and typify the advance of the Hours. The composition is extremely beautiful, and the coloring brilliant.

One day as I was crossing the Capitoline Hill Square, I saw a crowd of people looking toward the front entrance of a large church. The door soon opened, when out marched gilded-robed priests, carrying crucifixes and burning candles. The

middle one bore a large wax "Doll," with sandy hair and gorgeous decorations.

This mass of people then fell on their knees, and crossed themselves, almost touching the pavement with their foreheads. Not knowing what it all meant, and not wishing to be disrespectful, I removed my hat, and stood erect viewing the scene. Just then some acquaintances came up, who understood it all. They said, "Follow us." We hastened through a side-door of the church, and were standing within touching distance of the "Doll," when the procession returned, chanting doleful music. This "Doll" is believed to possess healing qualities of no ordinary character, and this was the anniversary of its exhibition. "*Santissimo Bambino.*"

I have often been asked, "Did you see the Pope?" I saw him, as I looked down from one of the upper windows into the Vatican garden, passing from one entrance to another. I could have been introduced to him had I signed a card, on which were printed, as near as I can now recall, the following words:

"You (do) hereby acknowledge Pope Pius the IX to be the Viceregent of Almighty God, both of the Catholic and of the Protestant Churches; if a Catholic, when introduced you must bow before him and kiss his foot; if a Protestant, kneel and kiss his hand." I said at once, "I will never do it, as I acknowledge no such authority."

In the twilight of the early morning of February 5, 1873, I left the Imperial City of Rome, bound for Naples and its matchless surroundings.

The long line of brick arches that bestride the "Campagna" were soon passed. Before the Romans learned that water would seek its own level, they conveyed water to the city along the tops of these arches, from the upper valley of the "Anio." Six miles of these arches are still standing.

The day was balmy, scenery varied and beautiful. The ride was a charming one, through wooded hills, narrow vales, cultivated fields, and lovely landscapes. Hill, valley and plain, air and sunshine, seemed to combine to make the trip enjoyable.

Naples is delightfully situated on a semicircular bay of the same name, and has a population of over six hundred thousand.



The city was founded by a Greek colony one thousand years before Christ. The streets are paved with square blocks of lava-stone laid in mortar, and are said to resemble the roads of the ancient Romans. The buildings are mostly of stone, large, and several stories high. They resemble those of Paris in architecture. The ground floors are used for stores, and the upper ones for the homes of families. Owing to the mildness of the climate, a great deal of the business is transacted in the street. The "coral" trade is a specialty of Naples.

The "Villa Reale," which stretches along the bay, is the great promenade on a sunny afternoon. Here are walks and drives, lined with exquisite statuary, shady trees, attractive shrubbery, and blooming flowers. The *élite* of Naples may here be seen in all their gay attire, especially when the band plays, which it usually does two or three times a week.

Orange and lemon trees are quite common in and about the city, in the gardens, yards, groves, and often on the tops of the houses. The fruit can be seen in all stages of advancement, from the blossom to the ripened fruit. Peas, lettuce, and fresh vegetables of all kinds were plentiful.

Naples has three hundred churches, some of which are remarkable for their architecture and works of art; but travelers who have "done" the three hundred and sixty-five churches of Rome will not care to spend much time on those of Naples. The Italians generally make the outside of their churches unattractive, while the inside is finished and ornamented to suit the most exquisite taste and culture.

"Santa Maria Della Pistra di Sangri" is a private chapel, belonging to a family of the nobility, and stands in an out-of-the-way place, which is difficult to find.

The approach is by a narrow back street. The building looks more like a barn than a church. Beside a small door hangs a wire; pull it, and patiently wait. When the custodian appears, fee him, and he will admit you and retire.

This chapel has many objects of interest. I will mention only three. "Vice Conceived," or "Man escaping from the meshes of sin." The marble statue represents a man entangled in a large net, which encircles him. Beside him stands a bony old man,

who is aiding him to escape. The net and statue are sculptured from the same piece of marble, yet scarcely touch. The work was done by Queirolo.

On the opposite side of the room stands "Modesty Veiled." The statue is that of a beautiful woman, from real life; the wife of the man endeavoring to escape from the meshes of sin. A thin marble veil covers the statue, which is in full dress, and yet the form is distinct in all its outlines. This work of art is by Corodini.

On a lower floor, in a small room with skylight, lies the marble statue of "The Dead Christ Veiled," resting on a couch of marble. The pillow is of exquisite workmanship, fringed with beautiful lace. Near the foot is a crown of thorns, a broken sword, and three nails carved out of the same material. The entire body is covered with a veil of marble, which appears slightly moistened by the perspiration of death. Through the veil there may be distinguished the form and even the muscles of the body. The simplicity, beauty, and naturalness of the whole seems so real, that one finds it difficult to control the emotions—a tear unbidden is quite sure to fall. This statue was designed and begun by Corodini in 1751, but was completed by Joseph Sammartino.

Whoever gazes upon these statues with a devout heart, will never forget them. The impression for good is lasting.

"The Museo Internazionale" contains much that is interesting and instructive; but space forbids an attempt at description. In one room are several loaves of bread, four inches thick and the size of a pieplate, burned to a crisp. The Pompeian baker left them in the oven too long—seventeen hundred years was entirely too long!

A visit is made to Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of Paul's day, and mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. We pass the mouth of "Virgil's Tomb," and enter the "Grotto of Posilippo," which is a tunnel cut through a rocky ridge, twenty-five feet wide, seventy-five feet high, and one-half mile long. On our way out we met a cart, on which were riding seventeen men, women, and children, all drawn by one horse, and he not a large one at that! They were a jolly crowd.

Puteoli, once the commercial harbor of Rome, was one

hundred and thirty-seven miles distant, and the terminus of one branch of the "Via Appia," some of which may there be seen. Here was then a large city; only a few hundred inhabitants remain. Earthquakes have so often rocked its foundations that most people prefer a place of more secure foundations for an abode.

Paul tarried here "seven days," to instruct and encourage the brethren before starting for Rome.

A portion of the old "Roman Pier," and of the "Temple of Jupiter Serapis" remain. The Amphitheater is well preserved. There are the ruins of public baths, temples, and piles of stone and brick, covered with dirt or overrun with ivy, the remains of fallen greatness.

"Solfaterra" is a half-extinct volcano, once active, but comparatively quiet since 79 A. D. A portion of the rim has fallen across the mouth of the crater, and from a crack steam is issuing as from a boiler. Small trees and bushes are growing thereon. We gathered our arms full of twigs and leaves as we walked across the crater to the small opening, near that portion which was standing upright. Here we deposited them, about two feet from the opening, and set them on fire with a match. Quickly the smoke and steam issued from porous places in the highest cliff. All around the ground seemed spongy. Midway across the crater lay a round stone. We raised this, and dropped it with all possible force a few times, when the ground began to quiver, showing that it was hollow underneath. The sensation produced was not the most pleasant, and made one feel like escaping for his life.

"Grotto Del Cani" looks like a prospect hole, in the side of a hill, four feet wide, eight feet high, and ten feet long, the bottom of which is porous, and through which carbonic-acid gas escapes at the rate of two hundred thousand pounds annually. No animal can live any length of time within this "Grotto." A dog placed there dies; but removed soon to the open air, recovers. A lighted torch is quickly extinguished by the gas. Powder will not explode therein. A pistol can not be fired within its influence. When standing in the tunnel, a sleepy stupor comes over you. It is called "The Tunnel of the Dog."

In the morning, February 11, 1873, we left by rail for Pompeii. The day was all that could be desired. The distance from Naples is fourteen and one-quarter miles. The ride is delightful, through cultivated fields and gardens along the bay. Mr. Robinson, of Oswego, N. Y., was my associate. This was his third visit. At 9.30 A. M., we stepped from the train, and hastened up an incline to the entrance, and paid two francs each. The Italian Government furnished a guard to conduct us through the city, and to see that we did not carry it or any of its contents away.

From the hour of entrance, until we were driven out by a squad of soldiers late in the afternoon, we were without food or drink, yet were on the move all the time, going from one point of interest to another.

Pompeii is about one mile east of the Bay of Naples, on a slight elevation. Of its early history little is known. It once was a place of resort for the wealthy Romans, and a city, in its day, of considerable importance. It was encircled by a wall two miles in circumference. This wall was twenty feet thick and twenty feet high, faced with lava-stone. There were six gates, and the same number of watch-towers on the wall.

An earthquake damaged the city very much on February 5, A. D. 63. On August 24, A. D. 79, a terrific eruption of Vesuvius occurred, and buried Pompeii thirty feet deep with hot ashes, blown from the crater. It now looks to the observer like it was done on purpose. The site of the place was unknown for more than sixteen hundred years. Fields were cultivated, crops grown, orchards and vineyards planted, and houses built over it. In 1755 excavations began, and when I was there about one-third of the city had been uncovered. In the autumn of 1864 upwards of two hundred skeletons were found in the Temple of Juno. Quite a number have been found in other parts of the city. Most of the inhabitants were at the Amphitheater, witnessing a performance when the calamity began; hence escaped with their lives. The plan of Pompeii was regular. The streets were narrow, not more than eight feet across, but mostly at right angles, and were paved with large, flat lava-stone. The sidewalks were on an average three feet wide and one foot high, with stepping-stones set on edge at the crossings. There were no gutters, or

means of drainage. In the main streets ruts were worn in the hard pavement, two or more inches deep, by their chariot-wheels. At some of the street-corners there were wells, with large flagging-stone set on edge for the curbing. Deep creases were worn in these by the cord used in drawing water.

The old gate was strong and massive, arched overhead, and had a stone set on edge across it, to step over. A small museum at the right, on the inside, contained objects of real interest. Among these were several bodies of men and women, covered with gray ashes, burnt into the flesh. These lay on iron frames. One was so arranged that you could walk underneath it. In size they appeared about the average of people of to-day. On one woman's uplifted hand was a gold ring. She had good teeth. The mills for grinding grain were cut out of granite, like huge coffee-cups, one turned over the other. The top one had a hole in the bottom, into which the grain was fed. In the sides of the upper one were two holes, through which sticks were thrust, by which the stone was turned for grinding purposes. They had no means of separating the bran from the flour. The oven, when discovered, was full of burnt bread.

The houses were built of stone or brick, plastered with a very hard cement, which was ornamented on the inside with various styles of paintings, in harmony, no doubt, with the custom of the age and the taste of the occupant. Some of these would hardly be "in style" in our day.

Their houses were plain, seldom more than two stories high, and had all their good apartments on the ground floor. The best houses were built around an open court, or hollow square, which was laid out with beautiful patterns of mosaics. Usually in the center was a fountain, with trees and flowers growing by it. As a rule, the rooms all opened into this court, and not into each other.

The public bath-house is preserved entire; even the walls, ceilings, floor, and the lead-pipes that let the water in and out.

The Temple of Augustus was decorated with fresco paintings. There is one of Ulysses in disguise, meeting Penelope on his return from Ithaca.

One public house was closed by a rough, modern door, and had no occupants. The guard unlocked the door, and bade us

enter, locking it behind us. Here was a narrow hall, with three rooms on a side, and a larger one at the far end. These rooms were perhaps a little over six feet square, with an elevation three feet high and three feet wide, at one end of which was a pillow six inches high, like a stovepipe. All of the inside was plastered over with cement, on which were painted the forms of nude persons in various attitudes.

In the house of "Pansa" four female bodies were found. In the soldiers' barracks sixty-three bodies and numerous military relics were uncovered.

The Herculaneum gate has a central archway, fifteen feet wide and twenty feet high, with alternate layers of brick and lava-stone. Over the-top, on the outside, is a marble sun-dial. The stone sentinel-box still stands where the sentinel was on duty for over seventeen hundred years, before he was relieved! Beside the street leading northward were many tombs and monuments. In a garden was found Diomedes, the owner of the villa, and his attendant; one holding the keys, and the other a bag of gold coins. On these can be seen the names of Nero, Vitellius, Vespasian, and Titus.

Amulets, true to nature, made out of burnt clay, were worn by some of the women of Pompeii. I do not like to think that all females wore them.

They believed in advertising their business, no matter what it was; and placed their advertisements often beside the doorway, or in the pavement before the entrance. Some of these remain to this day. In a few instances the name of some former occupant may be seen in the sidewalk in front of the building. As we pass through the paved streets of Pompeii we see shops, where the mechanic applied his art; stores, where goods and oils were sold; bakeries, with their mills, ovens, and kneading-troughs of stone, where the flour was made and bread baked; forums, where the populace gathered for news and discussions; temples, where they made their offerings and paid their devotions to some deity. The amphitheater, open to the sky, has fifty-five rows of seats, one rising above and back of the other. This building is more ancient than the Coliseum at Rome, and better preserved. It is said to have seated ten thousand persons.

In these descriptions here given we have a picture of a Roman city as it was eighteen hundred years ago, minus the inhabitants. So real does it seem that you can hardly imagine why the people do not step out and greet you as you walk along. One is strongly impressed as he strolls through these streets that human nature has been the same in all ages; only some a little more so.

The customs of this country, as well as the personal habits of the people, differ widely from those with which we are acquainted here.



FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Funerals are not conducted in Italy as they are with us. The bier is borne on the shoulders of four masked men, followed by, perhaps, thirty more, wearing masks. The covering consists of white cotton cloth placed over the entire body, with round holes cut out for the eyes and mouth, in order to see and breathe through. These men go to the house, if in Florence, at one o'clock A. M.; if in Naples, at one o'clock P. M. (that being the hour set). In the former I was often awakened by their chants as they marched slowly through the streets, with lighted candles. In the latter I have frequently seen them by daylight. These

ghostly-looking men are unknown to the relatives of the deceased. All eyes are upon them as they go marching slowly along the center of the street to the place of burial.

The volcano of Vesuvius stands about ten miles southeast of Naples. Solitary and alone, it rises with a gentle slope upward to the base of the "cone," which is without a tree or shrub; a dark mass of lava-stone and ashes, not unlike the "scoria" of an iron furnace. Its height is 3,400 feet above the bay. The circumference of the base is about thirty miles. The mountain divides at a certain elevation into two summits, Somma and Vesuvius proper. The "cone" rises fourteen hundred feet, and is three-fourths of a mile across, and about three miles around the base. The basin is not less than two hundred feet deep. Smoke always arises therefrom.

Its first eruption occurred August 24, A. D. 79. In the morning it was in comparative repose, but during the day a huge black cloud rose from the mountain; stones, ashes, and pumice were poured down from it on all sides. Pompeii, four miles south, was buried thirty feet deep with hot, loose ashes. Herculaneum, at its northwestern base, was covered with a torrent of mud, which hardened into rock, with subsequent additions, eighty to one hundred feet deep. It is said that the elder Pliny lost his life in endeavoring to rescue the inhabitants. There have been sixty great, and numerous smaller, eruptions since A. D. 472, when the eruption was so great that the ashes fell even at Constantinople, and caused great alarm there. In 1777 jets of liquid lava were thrown to the height of ten thousand feet, presenting the appearance of a column of fire. Sixteen years after, millions of hot stone were shot up into the air, and then fell, covering half the cone with fire.

My associate saw the eruption of April 25 to May 2, 1872. All business in Naples was suspended for seven days. Ashes fell everywhere. People were out watching the sight with umbrellas over their heads. The sun seemed in an eclipse. Columns of dense, white smoke, like fleeces of wool, ascended to the height of five thousand feet, attended by earthquake shocks and a deafening roar like millions of claps of thunder; while clouds of ashes, dust, and stones were carried the distance of ten miles,



and a broad stream of red-hot lava ran down on the north side of the mountain, miles in length, about one-fourth of a mile wide, and of unknown depth. It swept through a village, leaving a few houses on one side of the stream, and not many on the other. This was still hot and steaming, with great cracks in the surface.

February 12th, with Mr. Hunter, a bright young Scotchman, who was teaching in Naples and spoke the Italian fluently, as my guide, I started out to explore Vesuvius. Fifteen minutes ride on the cars brought us to Portici, a village of two thousand people, at the base of Vesuvius. We needed no guide, as Mr. H—— had been there twice before. We determined to ascend on foot. Yet we were thronged with beggars and would-be guides, which increased at every corner. It seemed to me that no man ever saw the like. To give to each was to give all we had. They would not be shaken off, until Mr. H—— happened to think of one Italian word, which, when pronounced with a sharp accent, sent them adrift. "Ridicelo" was the magic word. I always found it effectual afterward. One, however, staid with us until we descended from the cone. The ascent is gradual, through cultivated fields and vineyards, for about three miles. The soil here produces three crops a year. Passing the cultivated portion, we come to the lava-beds, black, rough, and forbidding, cracked and smoking. On a ridge stands the "Hermitage," where the weary traveler may rest and be refreshed. A good wagon-road leads thus far; but we did not follow it only a small part of the way. Here is also an observatory and a telegraph office to report the doings of Vesuvius. Above the lava-fields the surface is extremely rough to the base of the "cone," which rises fourteen hundred feet, and very steep, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Its sides are covered with burnt cinders and crumbling ashes. The ascent is very tiresome and difficult.

Men were there with long straps around the waist for others to hold to; others with splint-bottom chairs, with arm-rests, and three men to carry you up for a consideration. Spurning all aids, being the first to reach this elevation, we began slowly to ascend, resting every few steps. It took us just one hour and ten minutes to reach the top, or edge, of that smoking caldron. The sides of the cone were quite warm, but not hot enough to

burn. In a crevice, near the top, paper took fire and burned. Four feet below the crater's edge is a sort of path worn by pilgrims. We attempted to go around the crater, but failed on account of the sulphurous smoke, which nearly suffocated us. A stone thrown in increased the volume of smoke, and caused pulsations to be visibly felt; especially when repeated several times.

The view was grand. Northward the eye followed the stream of lava, still smoking, out through fields and vineyards; beyond stands the city of Naples; southward, Pompeii and the region round about; westward, the bay and distant islands; eastward, Mount Somma and a sterile waste of lava matter.

Sitting close to the edge of the cone, we saw a little tunnel-shaped whirl start way out on the Bay of Naples, and determined to see what it would amount to. Round and round the cloud went. Soon it started toward Vesuvius, where we sat watching it. It moved rapidly, increasing in size with its spiral motion, up the slope, covering the mountain with a sprinkle of snow, and crossed the crater before us, emptying it of its smoke, when we were able to look to the very depths thereof. The slope on the inside was gentle, and covered with white ashes. The commotion at the bottom was like molten metal boiling, and was perhaps one hundred feet across. We said, "What a good place to commit suicide!" We did not do it, however.

The descent was made along the bed of gray ashes, in five or seven minutes, to the base of the cone. Between that and the Hermitage we met several parties toiling slowly upward.

All traces of Herculaneum were lost for centuries. A city of three thousand people had been built over its buried site. One day an energetic man determined to dig a well, and down through the lava-rock he went for one hundred feet, when he came upon the stone seats of a theater. Then he and others recollected that Herculaneum was buried somewhere near, and this must be it. Then excavations began, which were expensive and difficult, owing to the solidity of the rock. A portion of the theater and one or two of the streets have been uncovered. We stood on the rostrum, where the actors performed for the amusement of the populace eighteen centuries ago, and sat on the stone seats where their hearers listened; also walked along the few uncovered

streets, when we took the train for Naples, weary and tired with our day's exertions.

Some one has well said :

“This region, surely, is not of earth.  
Was it not dropped from heaven? Not a grove,  
Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,  
Seaworn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings  
On the clear wave some image of delight,  
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,  
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,  
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.

Yet here methinks

Truth wants no ornament in her own shape,  
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,  
By turns inclining to wild ecstasy  
And soberest meditation.”

ORIENT.—From Naples to Brindisi is about twelve hours' ride. The country most of the way is well cultivated, and dotted with olive, fig, peach, and a few apple trees. Though it was on the 13th of February, many of the trees were in bloom. Much of the way the land was rolling, and in some places quite stony. The people had a woe-begone look.

We sailed from Brindisi, Italy, February 14, 1873, for the Island of Corfu, where we spent the afternoon of the 15th and 16th. The island is wooded, and makes a charming spot to live. It is quite a place of resort for Europeans during the winter. We found excellent accommodations at Hotel St. George. At one o'clock A. M. of the 17th, we stepped on board one of the Austin Lloyd steamers for Alexandria, Egypt. For two days we sailed along the coast of Greece and the Island of Crete, where Paul once desired to winter. After an exceedingly rough passage,—how the ship *Minerva* did rock, pitch, and tumble!—we reached the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria on the morning of the 20th, where a number of steamships and sailing-vessels were riding at anchor. For three days the sea had been so rough that none had entered the harbor. Ours, coming up under a full head of steam, was in the advance. The pilot-boat passed us to conduct one of Her Majesty's ships into port, before accommo-

dating us, when our German captain gave the order to go ahead.

The view, on approaching the level shores of Egypt, from the sea, is unique. Gradually a column seems to rise out of the water, then the wind-mills emerge from the same watery bed; on the extreme left rises the Pasha's palace and harem, while gleaming sandbanks fill up the intervals.

We had scarcely dropped anchor when Arab boatmen came rushing on board like a swarm of bees. Each wore a turban, but the balance of his clothing was not overly abundant. Rain was falling, but they did not mind that. Three of us engaged our passage to the shore for three francs (sixty cents). On the dock we presented our passports to the officials. The custom-house officers examined our luggage, when we were allowed to pass through a great iron gate into a muddy street, where we engaged a carriage, and were conveyed to our hotel for two francs.

Alexandria has a population of nearly three hundred thousand souls. Its inhabitants are a mixture of all nationalities. The streets of the older portion are extremely filthy, while the newer are more cleanly. English merchants do most of the trade of Alexandria. The Orient is a fruitful field for English enterprise. An Arab salesman is the very picture of resignation, as he awaits his customers in a sitting posture.

We stand under the shadow of Pompey's Pillar, which rises one hundred feet high. This is a monolith, ten feet in diameter, of red granite, round and polished, where it has stood for over sixteen hundred years.

Cleopatra's Needle is a solid obelisk of red granite, cut from top to bottom with symbolic characters. Its mate was discovered about fifty years ago, and both brought over one hundred miles from the city of On, where Moses was educated. How such masses were transported from their original bed can not be explained; yet Pharaonic engineers accomplished the feat. One was presented by Mohammed Ali to the English Government, and the other to the United States of America. Hence one stands in London, England, and the other in Central Park, New York. These monoliths are seventy feet long, seven feet six

inches square at the base, and are more than three thousand years old.

In the center of the city is an oblong public square, surrounded by trees and posts connected by an endless chain. At either extremity is a fountain of water. Here Arabs perform their ablutions at sunrise or sundown. Modesty is an unknown quality in their personality!

The Arabs bury their dead at almost any hour of the day. The body is placed in a rough box, with an upright post at one end, on which hangs the red fez, or veil, to distinguish the sex. This box is borne on a bier, carried on the shoulders of four stout men, who are surrounded by a motley group chanting a wail of some kind, without any solemnity whatever. They hurry through the street rapidly to the vault, where the body is deposited without any coffin. These arched graves are covered on the outside with a white cement. At early dawn groups may be seen weeping and wailing over the graves of the recently departed.

In the shop windows may be seen any article of attire, for male or female, known to Occidental or Oriental nations, on sale.

Alexandria was the birthplace of Apollos, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, unto whom "Aquila and Priscilla expounded the way of God more perfectly" (Acts xviii, 24, 26), when at Ephesus.

Here the most celebrated library of the world was destroyed by fire, December 22, A. D. 640, under the direction of the Arab General Amron. Seven hundred thousand volumes were consumed.

For three afternoons we witnessed a Roman carnival. Masked men, women, and children paraded the streets, wearing every conceivable costume; some on foot, others on horseback or in buggies, pelting each other and the many onlookers with peas and beans as they passed along the line of march. All business was suspended after three P. M. When the carnival was over, the streets were literally covered with peas and beans. This was a harvest for the poor, who soon gathered and saved every one. Surely there was enough to keep them in soup for a year!

CAIRO is one hundred and thirty miles from Alexandria by rail. The soil is a black loam, and nearly level. There are here three seasons, vegetation, harvest, and waters. Wheat matures in three and one-half months; corn in ninety days. Clover is cut from six to eight times a year, and is carried to market on the backs of camels, tied on with long ropes.

On our way to Cairo we were reminded of that passage of Scripture, "Be ye not unequally yoked together," by seeing an ox and camel yoked together, plowing.

The houses were built of mud, and stood in clusters, some with oval roofs, and others flat. People were thinly clad. Before reaching Cairo we beheld the Pyramids, appearing like they were set against the sky, as we were on lower ground.

Cairo has a mixed population of Moors, Greeks, Turks, Jews, Armenians, and Copts. The city is divided into five quarters,—the Jewish, the Armenian, the Arabic, the Coptic, and Frank, or European.

The streets in the old part are crooked, narrow, unpaved, covered, and filthy. In the newer parts they are wide, straight, or circular, shaded and airy. In making these changes in the streets, if the Pasha took over one-half of a house he paid for it; if less, the owner must suffer the loss.

A bazar is given up wholly to the manufacture and sale of one kind of goods; hence the silk bazar, the leather bazar, etc. These are very busy places from morning to night. It is next to impossible to get through them. A runner precedes the carriage, calling out, like John the Baptist, to "Prepare the way of the Lord." Donkey-riding, with a boy trotting along behind, is exceedingly common. Some of these little fellows have a bad habit. They will be jogging along ever so nicely, when suddenly they have stopped, that they may see their faces reflected in a pool of water. The rider, unfortunately, goes on, and finds himself smeared with water and mud! The donkey never smiles at the mishap, though others do. The women carry their babies nearly naked when old enough to ride, sitting astride the shoulder with their little hands on the mother's head. Many of the streets and ordinary roads are watered by men with goatskins. Women carry water in jars on their heads; hence are as straight as arrows.

The Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and have a corrupt form of Christianity. We attended one of their Church services in St. Mark's Church. The building is very old, the floors carpeted; but has no seats. The men squatted like tailors on the floor, sandals off, but "fezes" on. The women were in the gallery, which was screened from the view of the men. All listened attentively to the reading of the lecture, or sermon. Two interesting young men spoke to us in fairly good English, and interpreted to us. After their services were over, we recommended a personal Christ to them. Before leaving we offered to pay them for their kindness, when one of them said, "*I no take money when I talk God with you.*" This was the only time I ever knew "*backsheesh*" to be refused.

The Presbyterian Church is doing a noble work among this people and others in Egypt. We attended one of their services in a neat chapel. The regular missionary in charge was absent, but a native, with a red fez on his head, preached. The seventy who were present, like the preacher, wore the inseparable "red fez." The whole services were in Arabic. The only familiar thing were the tunes they sang, one of which was "Dundee." Their faces were sunny, and the service was cheerful. I still have one of the papers which they distributed.

We visited the Nilometer, at the head of the Island of Rhoda, by which they determine in advance whether there is to be an abundant or a defective harvest. Anything under an eighteen-foot rise means famine; over twenty-four feet brings pestilence. The museum has many curios and some mummies. We made hurried visits to the Citadel and several mosques; the Shoobra Gardens, where is the beautiful palace of the Khedive, the chief functionary of Egypt. The surroundings transcend anything of the kind we had ever seen. There was a veritable forest of orange-trees, all laden with ripe fruit, and around this grove ran a hedge of roses in full blossom, exhaling a delightful fragrance. There were fountains and statues of the rarest marble; in short, everything that ornamental luxuriousness and prodigality could devise. The old sycamore-tree, where tradition says that Joseph and Mary rested with the infant Jesus; Heliopolis, once the educational center of Egypt, where Plato graduated

and Joseph obtained his wife. Nothing remains of its ancient grandeur but mounds of earth and one obelisk, which is six feet two inches in diameter and seventy feet high. The base is twenty-five feet below the surrounding ground. Here it has stood for over thirty-six hundred years. It was there when Abraham went down into Egypt, when Joseph was taken there a captive, when Jacob and his family arrived, when the Babe of Bethlehem played near its base, when Job superintended the erection of the Pyramid of Cheops. Only a short distance from the obelisk we looked inside the dwelling-place of an Arab family. The mother, with a babe on her arm, stood in the doorway; but no door was there. For a small consideration she permitted us to look inside. The entrance hall was four feet wide, and perhaps ten feet long. On the left, four feet above the ground, was an elevated platform, partially inclosed. This was their sleeping apartments, without a window, door, or rag of bedding of any kind. At the end of the passage-way was a room, perhaps fourteen feet square, in which was a small fireplace, where a hen had just deposited an egg, and came off cackling. Not a chair, stool, table, cooking utensil, or a piece of furniture was in sight. This was a fair sample of an Arab's dwelling-place, which I learned from our dragoman and from other observations which I made at Bethel. The dragoman said that the whole family occupied the elevated platform at night for sleeping purposes, lying upon the smooth, hard surface, the only covering being the clothing of the day. Some of these platforms were arched underneath, so as to give a place for storing provisions and cooking utensils.

The excursion to the site of old "Memphis," the "Noph" of Scripture, was a novel one. There were six of us in the party, one of whom was guide, and three were donkeys. We rode four miles to Gaza, where we buy six tickets, all get on the cars, and ride nine miles; then we three rode the donkeys six miles to the bluffs, the site of old Memphis, where we found many mounds of earth, on which large palm-trees were growing. Not a building was left standing. We rode over the mounds and around among the palms, then to the tombs of the sacred ox. These are excavated out of the limestone rock. We descended a long incline



to the entrance hall, on either side of which are stalls, not unlike those of a livery stable, in which are the granite sarcophagi, polished inside and out, in which the sacred animals were deposited after being embalmed. One of these, which I measured, was five feet wide, ten feet long, and five and one-half feet high. There were twenty-three vaults, and each held one of these granite chests. Whence came they? How were they transported here? The dead tell no secrets, and we pass on and visit old temples in ruins, whose walls were covered with rude paintings of rural scenes, customs, and practices of early times.

On our return across the country, we rode through miles of palms. We saw a man picking dates, perhaps fifty feet from the ground. A hoop encircled both his body and the tree. With that he ascended or descends, and held himself in place, while he cut off the branches or leaves and let them fall. His feet rested against the body of the tree, and his body against the inside of the hoop. We passed a number of small villages, in which the houses were elevated six feet above the ground about them; so also were the passage-ways from one to the other. Beside one of these stood a woman, with a dusky infant babe on her arm. The child, a tiny thing, could not have been many days old. She held out its little hand, and said, "Hawaggah backsheesh." The guide, who was in the lead, shook his head, and said, "La, la, la." Next followed my traveling associate, the Rev. A. L. P. Loomis, a tall man, who also shook his head. Then came my turn, when to get rid of her I placed a small copper coin in its little hand. The mother at once lifted its nude form toward my mouth for a kiss. It is useless to say I was not in a kissing mood just then.

As we were following a path across a field where grain had been sown on the subsiding waters, and trodden by driving cattle over it, we were reminded of that Scripture which reads, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." The path was rough, my donkey stumbled and fell, then rolled over on one side, bruising my knee badly. He would not get up, but held me fast with one leg under him, until the guide returned and helped him. That day we rode thirty-eight miles, and were very tired.

The great Pyramid of Cheops stands on a bluff fourteen miles

from, and a little to the southwest of, Cairo. A dike has been constructed above high-water mark, with acacia-trees set along the edges, whose tops interlock and form an arbor most of the way.

The largest pyramid is said to cover thirteen acres of ground, and is 746 feet along one side, and 450 feet high. Travelers are assisted in the ascent by Arabs, furnished by the "sheik" who is in charge of the pyramids. These assistants wear long, white frocks, like a night-shirt, with a turban on the head and a belt around the waist, into which the shirt is tucked when they get to the base of the pyramid, so as not to interfere with their climbing. The tiers of stone are, on an average, about waist-high, and the edges are very much crumbled off. The two assistants mount the first tier, and take the traveler by the hands; then, with his foot or knee raised to the edge of the stone on which they stand, they pull him up and land him there; then they mount the next tier, and so on up, step by step. The descent is made by the assistants going down one step in advance, when the traveler places one hand on each of their shoulders, and drops down to where they stand, and so on down all the way to the base. They are very careful that no accident shall happen. I asked one of my guides, whose muscles were like iron, how long he had been climbing the pyramids. Referring to a lad, perhaps ten years old, he said, "Since I was the size of that boy."

The view from the top is superb; westward is the Libyan Desert, where sky and sand seem to meet; southward are the "Sphinx," "Tombs," "Temples," and the "Pyramids" of Sakara; eastward can be seen a carpet of green, with here and there a mud village, which looks like the print of a soiled foot on a rich carpet. The meandering Nile stretches on from south to north. In the far distance stands the Citadel, on a hill, and old Cairo at its base, and the long dike over which we had just driven, which looks like a white thread across a carpet of green. What a landscape view!

The Pyramid is entered from the east face, nearly a hundred feet from its base. We descend, going inward a hundred feet or more, at an angle of twenty-eight degrees; then climb over a large rock which lies across our path, and ascend 274 feet, at an angle of twenty-six degrees, to the "King's Chamber," which is

thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. The passage-way was as slippery as glass, and for several feet very narrow along the top of the entrance to the Queen's Chamber. Here, for perhaps twenty or more feet, the guide threw his arm around my body, and carried me up and down the ascent, over that yawning abyss of darkness (for we could not see how deep the chasm was), as if I had been a child. The air within was stifling.

During our ascent and descent, both without and within, the guides repeated over and over again the following: "You good man, good muscle; you Yankee; we deliver you safely. You satisfy us. Give us what you like. Some give us one pound, others a napoleon. No let sheik see. He take it from us. Yankees are always liberal!" etc. When we sat down to rest they began again. I gave them all the loose change I had with me, and wished for more. Mr. Cook, Sr., on whose tickets we were traveling, was our associate; had told us how they would do, and had advised us to leave much of our change behind us, or they would get most of it, if not all we had. The sheik was liberally paid for furnishing the guides. We next visited the Sphinx and some tombs. Before the former stood an Arab, who charged ten cents for the privilege of shaking hands with him, who said he was ninety-eight years old, and claimed to have seen the first Napoleon when he invaded Egypt.

That day all enjoyed a first-class lunch, sent out from the city by Mr. Cook, in the sheik's quarters.

Suez is ninety miles from Cairo in a direct line, and has a population of six thousand. My associate and I determined to visit Suez. Taking the train, we passed through the rich and fertile lands of Goshen to Ismailia, on the Suez Canal; thence to Suez on the shores of the Red Sea. Here, no doubt, is where the Israelites became "entangled" in the wilderness. They had passed the upper end of the sea, before which they could have crossed into Arabia on dry land. On their right rose the precipitous mountain ridge of Jebel Atahah, eight miles long, projecting to a sharp point out into the Red Sea. Retreat was cut off by the sea eastward, and westward by the impassable mountains, while the mouth of the vortex was closed in by the ad-

vancing armies of Egypt. Thus surrounded, they were forced to trust God for deliverance, or be captured by their enemies. No wonder Pharaoh thought he had them secure! But God came to their rescue. From this point across the sea is from five to seven miles. These waters float the largest vessels. After a seven-o'clock dinner, four of us hired two stout boatmen for a moonlight ride to where, in all probability, the waters were separated, and where the Israelites crossed on dry ground, and where they were baptized without being immersed. From near that point of land our boatmen rowed us across close to the opposite shore, where Israel landed. The tall palms of "Ayun Musa" (or "The Wells of Moses"), were in sight.

It was late in the night when we returned to our hotel. We slept a little, but were on the housetop by daybreak, taking in our surroundings, aided by a strong opera-glass. The ride of the evening before, and the associations of the place, were very enjoyable, and can never be forgotten. Thence we went by an early train to Ismailia, where we meet our traveling associates, and transfer to a small steamer for "Port Said." Thus we get a ride of fifty-six miles on the Suez Canal. Here we transfer to another steamer bound for Joppa in Palestine. The sea was rough. At early dawn I was on deck to get a view of the land of promise. Presently a dark cloud seemed to rise in the south-east. With my glass I saw that it was land, when I exclaimed, "There it is!" Joy filled all our hearts. Soon a city appeared to arise out of the water. It is Jaffa, or rather the ancient Joppa. Our anchor is dropped. The surf breaks on the rocks like white foam on the distant shore. Will it be possible to land? is the question that all are considering, when suddenly out darts a boat from behind the surf, then another and another, until the waters seemed covered with them. The boats soon surround our ship. The sea was so rough that it was with great difficulty that we were transferred to the boats. On nearing the shore we found that there was a break between an outer and inner tier of rocks, so that we passed between them with safety. Two strong Arabs reached down from the place of landing, took us by the hands, and lifted us on shore. Then, in single file, we walked through a filthy street, dodging mud-holes here and there, meeting pedes-

trians on every side, on through a crowded gateway to our tents, pitched on a grassy plot outside of the city. Here we partook of a hearty breakfast. As our eyes turned eastward, we beheld the mountains of Israel, and our feet pressed for the first time the soil of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the Son of God.

RAMBLES ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE.—Before my visit to this land it seemed to exist largely in the fancy. What strikes the traveler with greatest force is, that it is so earthly and real. Yet this fact detracts not an iota from one's interest in the Bible narratives, but adds thereto.

It was nine o'clock A. M. of March 9, 1873, when we landed. Our tents were of double canvas, circular, with an upright pole in the center, and capable of accommodating three persons. The bedsteads were single, and made of iron, with mattresses and clean bedding. The other furniture consisted of one stand, three wash-bowls and pitchers, and camp-stools. The tents were always carpeted. Our food consisted of good bread, chickens, mutton, eggs, dates, figs, raisins, lemons, oranges, and jellies of various kinds; always cold chicken, an egg, an orange, and a hunk of bread for lunch at noon, which was eaten beside some spring or brook. Thus it was for nearly thirty days. Besides, at every breakfast we had chicken, and either boiled or fried eggs. There were a great variety of the former. Some were lean, others fat; some tough, others tender; some old, others young; some dark, and others yellow-legged.

Several of the American gentlemen decided, long before reaching Beyrout, never to engage in the poultry business. The "Stars and Stripes" floated over one end of the dining-tent, and the "Union Jack" over the other, wherever we were camped. Our party consisted of thirty-five persons; seven clergymen, seven ladies, six Americans, and the rest were from England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some were botanists; others were geologists, or specialists in science; some philosophers; a few were gentlemen and ladies of leisure, traveling for pleasure, or to kill time, or possibly to annoy others with their ceaseless fault-findings.

Our steeds were sleek and fat, and always ready for a race.

It required one hundred and twenty animals to carry our tents, food, servants, and party, and we made quite an imposing appearance when on the march. The people were often greatly excited on seeing us pass, particularly at Nazareth, when the word was passed from mouth to mouth, "General Howard Cook has come!"

At the outset the experienced riders were few. There were but two days out of twenty, when we were in the saddle, that some one or more was not unhorsed. Some had the faculty of tumbling off at every out-of-the-way place, and often in so ridiculous a manner that one had to laugh in spite of himself. Those who were not thrown were in the minority, and for once minorities were in the right!

At that time there were no good wagon-roads in Palestine. One had been built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which was scarcely passable for carriages. The other, from Jericho to Jerusalem, though excellent for horseback-riding, would admit of no other conveyance. Only persons in robust health and good riders should ever think of making the tour of Palestine.

Recently a railroad has been constructed from Jaffa to Jerusalem; but this is the easiest part of the whole journey.

Jaffa is situated on an oval-shaped, rocky eminence overlooking the sea. From this place Jonah set sail on his perilous voyage. Here Peter was stopping in the house of one Simon, a tanner, where, while on the housetop at prayer, he saw a vision of a sheet let down filled with all manner of four-footed beasts. This house was shown us, and we, too, stood upon its roof. In this place Peter raised Dorcas to life, and from here he set out upon his mission to the Gentiles.

On Monday morning, March 10th, the time of starting had come; men and beasts are excited, all is bustle and confusion; several riders, if men and women never in the saddle before can be called such, are thrown. Off go the horses, exciting all the rest. Finally, all is righted. We move forward on the road to Jerusalem. Our route lies across the Plains of Sharon to the Valley of Aijalon. On either side as we pass out of the city are extensive groves of ripening oranges. During the most of the day we saw broad fields of waving wheat and barley. We

lunch at Ramleh, near an old tower, from which we get a fine view of the country. An olive-grove is at our feet, the mountains of Israel on the east, the Mediterranean on the west, and north and south the Plains of Sharon stretch away in the distance, dotted with groves and cultivated fields. Three miles north and ten from Jaffa stands the little town of Lydia, where Peter was stopping when sent for from Joppa to restore Dorcas. We made our camp in the Valley of Ajalon a little before sunset. My horse lost a shoe, and it was with difficulty that I got him to camp at all. It was over this valley that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. The sunset here was glorious. That night the moon shone brightly, but the frogs made lively music, to the great annoyance of some of the party.

Near camp, two Arabs were plowing early in the morning, each with a "goad" in his hand. The plows were shaped like a letter Y, with the left arm extended for a tongue, the lower point in the ground, and the right arm for the handle. The oxen were about the size of an average yearling. I went out and offered my services. The Arab objected; I persisted, and he finally consented. I did so nicely the Arab was pleased, and said, "Tibe" (Good). I said "Tibe," and quit, for just then I noticed that my comrades were mounting their horses for the day's journey.

The path from here led up a narrow valley, cultivated on either side, where it was possible, to the main road leading toward Jerusalem. From a high point we had a good view of the rolling Plain of Sharon, and of the Mediterranean Sea beyond. We soon reached the small village of Kirjath Jearim, where the ark rested in the house of Abinadab for twenty years, and from which it was conveyed to Jerusalem. We descended a long hill to the Valley of Elim, and lunched in an olive-grove, near a small brook, where David selected the five smooth stones, with one of which he slew the giant Goliath.

Against the hillside near by is a small village, said to be the "Emmaus" of Scripture, where Christ made himself known to his traveling companions on the evening of his resurrection.

In less than an hour after mounting, we reached an elevation overlooking a vast expanse of country. Before us can be seen the tops of buildings and massive walls. Not a word is spoken.

Mr. Howard, our dragoman, removed his hat, and so did we. Each was busy with his own thoughts. We are treading on holy ground. The eye rests upon an extended landscape often seen by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, David, Solomon, and the Son of God. The cities they built are gone; but the features of nature remain unchanged. The hills, valleys, fountains, rocks, and caves are there. This is what gives such an abiding interest to Palestine. The earthly Jerusalem is before us.

That was a moment never to be forgotten. We are approaching the Christian's "Mecca." As we proceed, our guide turned to the right before entering the Jaffa gate, crossed the Valley of Hinnom and an elevated ridge, where, seated on a stone, we saw a shepherd playing on his harp, while caring for his sheep, as David did, when tending his father's flocks near this place. Deep emotions stir our hearts as we read the Scripture narrative when we halted at the tomb of Rachel. A stone structure has been erected over the tomb by the Moslems. Leaving Bethlehem on our left, we followed a rocky trail to our tents pitched at Solomon's Pools. There are here three great tanks called the "Pools of Solomon." The lower one is six hundred feet long, two hundred feet broad, and fifty feet deep. The others are smaller, one rising above the other on the side of a gentle slope. These were partly excavated out of the solid rock, and partly built of masonry. Much of the masonry stands now as it stood two thousand years ago. The cemented covering of the inside remains almost unbroken. A common reservoir was supplied with water from springs found deep in the hillsides, and thence by aqueduct was conveyed to and under the temple at Jerusalem. If the supply was greater than the eight-inch pipes could carry, the surplus was conveyed to these reservoirs, or pools.

From these an aqueduct joined the other farther on, so that the city could have an unfailing supply. The most of our party rested here one day; but a few of us rode down to Hebron and back again. The road, if such it could be called, led over rocky ridges and across several small valleys, until we reached the Vale of Eshcol, where the spies procured the sample grapes. The valley is still noted for the rich quality of its grapes. Down at the extremity of this valley we found Hebron, celebrated in patriarchal



history. Here is the cave where Abraham buried Sarah, and where he rests himself, with Isaac and Jacob, Rebecca and Leah. Over this cave the Mohammedans have erected a mosque, and no Frank is allowed to enter on pain of death. We had to be content with a survey of the surroundings.

Our return was by an old oak, near which Abraham's tent is said to have been pitched when the angel informed him of the destruction of the cities of the plain. It is, without doubt, of great age. It is now surrounded by a wall, filled in with dirt to support and preserve it, and is jealously guarded by Arabs to prevent the numerous pilgrims from carrying it off by pieces.

On our return, as we were encompassing a rocky point, when there were but three of us together, there came bounding down over the rocks toward us a dozen half-clad Arabs, gesticulating and hallooing like fiends. What did this mean? All stood appalled. A bold front and firm look into the eye of the leader, caused him to quail, when he passed by, followed by his crowd. Perhaps they only meant to scare us.

At seven next morning we were in the saddle, following the line of the aqueduct of Solomon. In an hour we came to Bethlehem, situated on the summit and slope of an oval-shaped hill. A large church has been built over the grotto where Christ is said to have been born. Greek, Roman, and Armenian, each has a chapel, and each claims the sole right of the grotto underneath, and as this contains a large number of gold and silver lamps, the gifts of nations, a guard is necessary to preserve peace and prevent theft.

The reputed place of the Savior's birth is marked with a silver star, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Here Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." I would not be incredulous, and so said he was born in Bethlehem; why not here? But it was in an "inn." True, but grottoes were used then, as now, for that purpose. People, to this day, live in grottoes or caves. Palestine might be called the land of caves, so very numerous are they.

Before reaching Bethlehem we passed the mouth of the cave where Sampson hid himself after the slaughter of the Philistines. Adjoining the place where Jesus was born, is the cave where St. Jerome spent most of his life.

From here we descended a long, narrow, crooked, and, in some places, steep lane, to the Shepherd's Plain, where, tradition informs us, the shepherds were watching their flocks when the angels announced the birth of the Messiah. Here, perhaps, David was keeping his father's flocks when called and anointed by Samuel, king of Israel. Almost in sight yonder is the Cave of Adullam, where David hid from the wrath of Saul.

This plain is not large; perhaps about one hundred acres of ground, surrounded by hills. Sitting on a tumbled-down wall, we lunch, and then read with renewed interest the story of the angelic choir.

From here we crossed rocky ridges and barren wastes, through the wilderness of Judea, to our tents pitched in the deep, narrow valley of the Kidron, just above the convent of Mar-Saba.

This convent, built in the side of a precipice, looks like a prison inclosed by a high wall on the upper side, which has but one place of entrance, and that is by a low doorway, so that one has to crouch to get through. Our ladies were not permitted to enter. As our guide had previously procured an order from the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, we were shown through the establishment, which has been standing for over twelve hundred years. The monks were quite extensively patronized by purchases from our party of various curiosities. The only green things to be seen here were a small garden and a palm-tree.

Led by a guard of seven Arabs, armed with old flint-lock guns, we commenced the next day's march. Our trail led along narrow ravines, and up and down rocky mountain paths. In one half hour we secured our first sight of the Dead Sea, below us, and apparently, as one said, "only a little way off."

In a neat, little, saucer-like valley, our dragoman and the sheik gave us an exhibition of their horsemanship, which nearly cost the life of the latter. Up and down they dashed at each other, round and round they went at full speed, when, as they approached within a few inches of each other, intending to pass, the sheik fell from his horse unconscious. All were alarmed, as none were armed, and were at the mercy of the armed Arabs, who could easily have killed us, and fled to the hills. Fortu-

nately a physician with us had some restoratives with him, and, applying them, soon brought him back to consciousness. He was unable to proceed with us farther. One of his men took charge of him, and the rest went on with us.

On and on we rode, down this hill and up that, round this curve and that, through ravine after ravine, until all of a sudden we beheld before us the broad plain of the Jordan. Here we met a shepherd driving his flock, and, sure enough, he carried a lamb in his bosom.

After five hours of hard riding, we dismounted on the banks of the Dead Sea, where the waters were rolling on the beach like waves of oil. To the taste the water is like aloes, with a slight mixture of salt. When in the eyes, the sensation produced is similar to that caused by cayenne pepper. Do our very best when in bathing, we could not sink, but bobbed about in the water like corks.

This body of water is about four thousand feet lower than Jerusalem, and thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean Sea. It is forty-six miles long and eleven wide in its widest place. Its medium depth is one thousand feet, its greatest thirteen hundred. On either side precipitous mountains, or bluffs, rise two thousand feet above the water.

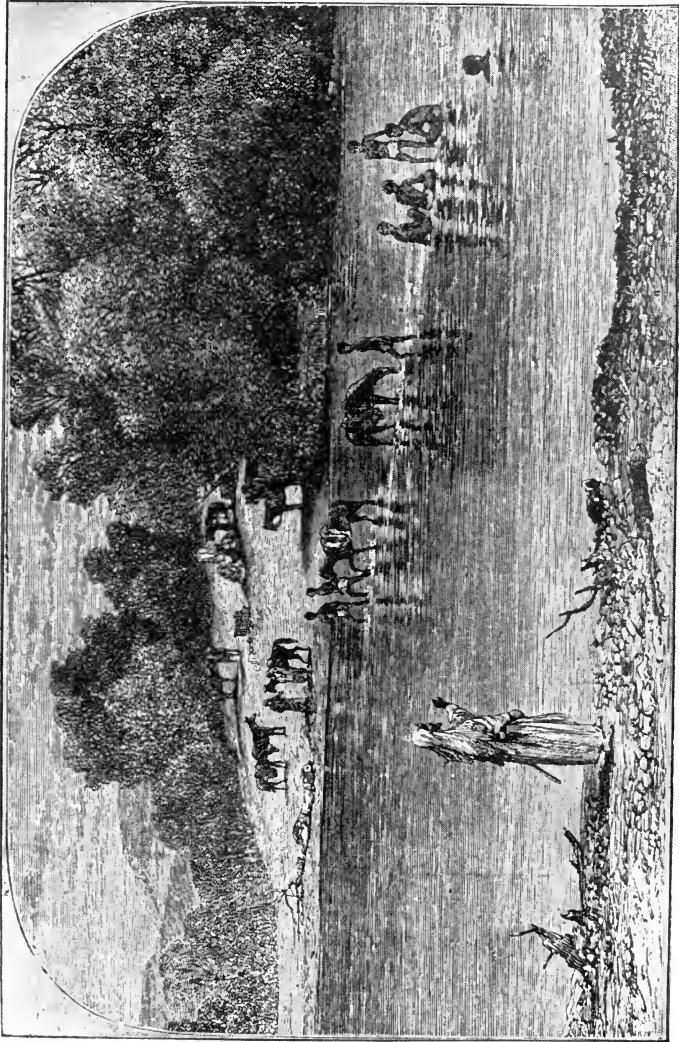
From here, an hour and a half's ride brought us to the ford of the Jordan, endeavoring to find a *dry* spot on which to eat our lunch. With us it was literally true:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

A heavy shower of rain poured down upon us as we left the Dead Sea, and another as we were leaving the Jordan. It sprinkled most of the time while we were there.

At this ford, or near it, is where the Israelites crossed, under the leadership of Joshua, after their forty years of wandering in the wilderness. Here Elijah crossed with Elisha just before his ascension, and on his return divided the waters with his mantle. Here John the Baptist was baptizing the people when Jesus came to be set apart for his priestly mission.

The accompanying cut gives a good view of the Jordan, and shows the place where several of our party enjoyed a much-



VIEW OF THE JORDAN.

needed bath, that they might get rid of the saline incrustations covering their bodies, after their plunge in the Dead Sea. The limbs of the dead tree, shown in the background, served as a rack to hang clothing upon.

The water below the ford, where natives are crossing, was not less than six feet deep, and flows to the left with a strong current.

Two hours farther ride brought us to the site of ancient Jericho, where we found our tents pitched near the Fountain of Elisha, whose waters were healed by the prophet, and which remain good and sweet to this day. These waters are used not only for drinking, but also for irrigation. The Valley of Jordan here is a broad and mostly uncultivated plain. The soil is a rich loam, and all it needs is to have the waters of the Jordan spread over it to make it very productive. All is barren now, save a few fields adjoining the fountain, where excellent crops of wheat and barley were ripening. Fig-trees were in leaf, and young figs were forming. A bushy thorn-tree, called by the Arabs *nubk*, grows quite large here. These are used for fencing around the dilapidated old town. On the hills about Jerusalem it grows no larger than a currant-bush. It is believed that the crown of thorns, which adorned the Savior's brow, was made of this ugly thorn-bush. The thorns thereon are similar in shape to a fish-hook.

The inhabitants of the place turned out, came to our camp, and gave us a wild barbarian entertainment, consisting of swinging to and fro of the body, clapping of hands, and singing. We were obliged to *backsheesh* them liberally to get rid of them.

Jericho has a most remarkable history. It was the first city captured by Joshua under the Lord's direction. At one time here was the school of the prophets. By their request, Elijah, on his last visit to them, healed the waters which flowed from their only spring.

Christ brought salvation to the home of Zaccheus, where he was being entertained. Here, on another occasion, he healed two or three blind men.

Remnants of arches, which were viaducts for conveying water, and old ruins, indicate the site of this ancient city. A filthy village, a mile or two away, of about forty squalid huts, with per-

haps two hundred inhabitants, is all there is there now. Ancient Jericho stood about twenty miles northeast of Jerusalem, and nearly four thousand feet lower.

The morning of March 15, 1873, dawned upon us bright and clear. The clouds were gone. All was excitement in our camp. We are "going up to Jerusalem." We ride between piles of *débris* and under old archways, crossing the site of the destroyed city, and enter the steep, narrow, rugged, rocky defile which leads upward toward our destination.

The road starts up on the left side of the cañon, and is good for horseback riding. A Russian lady, some two years before, met with an accident on the old trail. She resolved that if she recovered, a good road should be built at her expense; and it was. This is the queerest roadway known to the writer. It is paved with stones, flat and cobble, and so laid as to form a stairlike ascent. The steps are on a slight incline, about five feet wide and six to eight inches high. Three horsemen can ride abreast easily. As we slowly ascended this steep but well-built roadway, and compared it with the old, dilapidated trail on the opposite side of the gorge, oftentimes the prayer was heard, "May the Lord take a liking to her, and reward her a thousand-fold!" It was in this very cañon where the man, described by the Master, "fell among thieves." One could "pass by on the other side," and not be fifty feet away from the unfortunate one. Probably there were trails on either side of the little stream, the waters of which leap "topsy-turvy" down its uneven bed.

At Bethany we looked into the so-called tomb of Lazarus, and then ascended a narrow but much worn path, to the summit of Olivet. From this elevation we got our first view of Jerusalem, and what a view that was! "We were quite unprepared for this. Seen under any circumstances, it is one long to be remembered. The deep ravine of the Kidron below us, the city across on the opposite hill, with its gray walls, its broad-paved platform, on the center of which stands the exquisite dome of the Mosque of Omar, with the picturesque mass of cupolas and minarets just beyond, and the hills and valleys in the distance, formed a landscape picture that needed no aid from the associations of the spot to make it strikingly attractive. But

when we add to these the associations of the past,—so sacred, so tender, so sublime,—it is not to be wondered that every visitor feels himself drawn to it, and once there, is at a loss to express the emotions which it awakens. Nothing, however, which had been told me, or which I had read, had prepared me for the view which then broke upon us from the summit of Olivet. The vast platform of the temple, the dome of the mosque, the roofs of 'El-Aksa,' the innumerable cupolas and flat roofs of the city, were all running with water from the heavy shower. Through the rifts in the clouds long slanting beams of sunlight fell upon them with dazzling splendor. The city flashed and shone like molten silver." (Condensed from Rev. Samuel Manning's description in "Those Holy Fields." He was one of our party.)

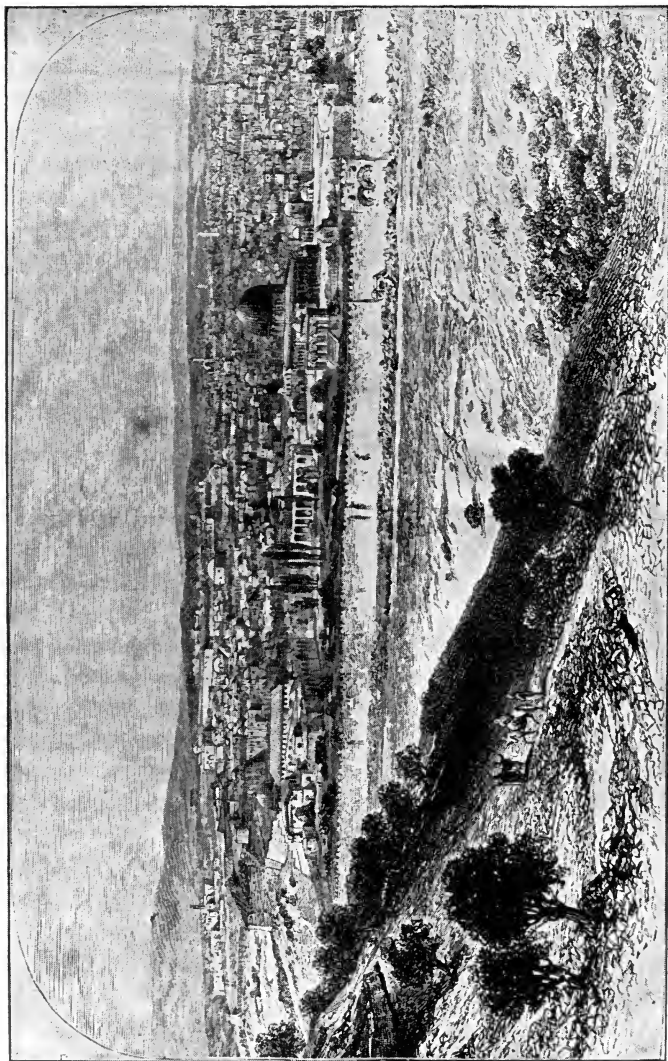
The scattering raindrops were crystallized into seeming diamonds, and through these we could see the outlines of the city. So, thought I, through our tears, by faith we see the "Jerusalem which is above."

What must have been this view in Solomon's day! The Temple itself was a marvel of splendor and beauty. Built of costly marbles, overlaid with gold, it shone resplendently when the light of the rising or setting sun fell upon it. Of all this magnificence, nothing remains save the vast platform upon which it stood. Well might the disciples listen with incredulity as our Lord foretold the impending destruction of a city "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."

The path, in the accompanying cut, where the men and horse are standing, leading off to the right, is the one over which we rode. Passing the Garden of Gethsemane, and crossing the Kidron, we skirted the city wall to the right, and found our camp pitched on the edge of the Valley of Hinnom, just outside of the Jaffa Gate.

Rome gave the world law; Greece, art; Jerusalem, religion. The student of law examines carefully the Roman code; the artist, the models of Greece; the theologian, the higher law and higher art as revealed to the inhabitants in and about Jerusalem.

The traveler finds great pleasure in visiting the decayed monuments of ancient Rome, but greater pleasure in visiting Greece. Her marble temples and broken statuary command his admira-



JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.



tion, wonder, and pity,—“wonder,” that such a nation ever existed; “pity,” that their works of art could not have come down to the present unmutilated; “admiration,” at what is left of her renowned temples, grand columns, unsurpassed statuary, of the purest marble and most exquisite workmanship,—often with only a hand, an arm, a head, a trunk, a foot or leg, and yet with outlines and drapery perfect. What must they have been in the days of Grecian fame and glory!

But the devout Christian traveler finds the *greatest* pleasure and satisfaction in visiting the scenes of his Lord’s earthly pilgrimage, and in looking upon the hills, dales, streams, fountains, lakes, plains, ruins, and cities of the Holy Land. Among the cities, Jerusalem stands prominent. There are associations connected with this city that are connected with no other.

On the afternoon of March 15, 1873, this unspeakable privilege was enjoyed by the writer, and the cherished hope of years was realized, for with the psalmist I had said, “Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!” Drawn by irresistible attraction, pilgrims flock thither from the very ends of the earth. The crumbling walls, the squalid streets, the moldering ruins, are regarded with a profound and reverential interest by the millions of mankind, as of no other spot on earth.

On a broad ridge, between the Valley of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, stands Jerusalem. A much smaller valley, called the “Tyropeon,” divides the city from north to south, thus separating between the “Mt. Zion” of Scripture and “Mt. Moriah” on which King Solomon’s Temple stood.

The best and perhaps the only satisfactory view of the city may be had from the triple-topped summit of Olivet, which is one-half of a mile eastward.

This view is seen from the east wall of Jerusalem, and shows the central and highest point of Olivet. The road to the left is the one down which we rode, and is very steep. The one in front is the one up which we walked, a few days later. There is another to the right coming in at the inclosure, which is “the Garden of Gethsemane.” This last is the one over which Christ rode in his triumphant march to the city; but is not shown in

this picture, except where a broad white space appears, near the trees in the front, where it crosses the Kidron.

From the narrow balcony of yonder minaret on Olivet let us glance at the surroundings. Eastward, on much lower ground, is "Bethany," where can be seen a number of fig-trees. Between that and the Jordan Valley is the "Wilderness of Judea," and a barren, rugged, rocky piece of country it is. Beyond the valley rises the mountain wall of Moab, the highest peak of which is



OLIVET FROM JERUSALEM.

believed to be the "Pisgah" from which Moses viewed the Promised Land, and where he was buried, probably by a landslide.

Northward can be seen the hill "Scopus," a northwestward projection of Olivet. The top of this hill was leveled off for a camp by Titus, the Roman general, when he besieged the city. Farther on rise higher hills.

Southward is the Valley of the Kidron, leading off toward the Dead Sea; "the hill of evil council," on which Pompey encamped when he besieged the city. Below is the "King's gar-

den," "Joab's well," and "the field of blood." Farther on are the hills and vales which surround Bethlehem.

Westward we look down the steep, shelving, terraced sides of Olivet into the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the little "Brook Kidron," over which is an arched stone bridge. To the left is "the Garden of Gethsemane," surrounded by a high stone wall, inclosing eight old olive-trees, supported by loose stones, and several cypress-trees. Beyond, to the left, is the Tomb of Absalom, and of St. James, Zechariah, and thousands of others.

Beyond the ravine, directly in front, is the beautiful inclosure of the so-called "Haram," which is about 1,000 by 1,600 feet, being nearly one-fourth of the entire city. This area is surrounded by high and massive walls. In the center stands the mosque of Omar, with its noble dome, sixty-six feet in diameter, surmounted by a gilded crescent. The mosque is surrounded by a flagged platform; then a grassy area, with olive and cypress trees encircling the whole. In the southern wall stands the mosque of El-Aksa, once a Christian church, in which stand two columns, only a few inches apart; of which it is said, that if you can pass between them, you are sure of heaven. I did it; but it was a very tight squeeze.

At the right of the northwest corner of the "Haram" stands the Tower of Antonio, where Pilate's house once stood; north is "St. Stephen's" gate; farther on is a broad, irregular ridge, thinly inhabited, interspersed with gardens, and crowned with a mosque and minaret. This is the "Bezetha" of Josephus. The low ridge of "Ophel" is on the opposite side of the "Haram," sinking down rapidly into the Kidron, thickly studded with young olives. Hid by "Bezetha" is the "Damascus gate." In the northwestern portion is the hill of "Akra," rising to an angle, which is the highest point of the modern city. At the southwest corner is "Mt. Zion," on which stands, within the walls, an Episcopal church, a Gothic structure, the Armenian convent, and the Tower of David, which is close to the Jaffa gate. Beyond the walls, on "Zion," stands the mosque of David. This is said to occupy the site of the tomb of David and other kings. In this mosque is the "large upper room," "a vaulted Gothic chamber," fifty feet long by thirty wide, with grated windows. Here, tra-

dition says, the Last Supper was instituted, where the disciples met after the resurrection, and where they were assembled when the Holy Spirit was poured upon them.

Near these buildings we saw grain growing, according to the prophecy of Micah, "Zion shall be plowed like a field." (Jeremiah xxvi, 18.)

Beyond the city westward the ground slopes gradually upward for two miles. The words of the psalmist are literally true, "The mountains are round about Jerusalem," and from that he drew the comforting thought, "So the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever." (Psalm cxxv, 2.)

The city is, in a direct line, thirty-three miles east of the Mediterranean Sea, and at an average of a little over 2,500 feet higher. It is fifteen miles west of the "Dead Sea," and 3,870 feet higher. "Zion" is 115 feet higher than the "Temple area," which is 230 feet higher than the bed of the Kidron, below it. Olivet is 208 feet higher than Mt. Moriah, on which the Temple stood.

Jerusalem is surrounded by walls, high and imposing, two and one-half miles in length, with watch-towers distributed along the top. This wall is pierced by five open and two closed gates. These gates are arched passage-ways through the walls, built in the form of a tri-square. You enter at the long end, turn to the right or left, and pass on into the city. Between the hours of twelve and one, that being the hour of prayer, the gates are closed; also at sundown. A liberal "*backsheesh*" will open the "Jaffa" gate after that hour. The city is divided into four quarters,—the Mohammedan, the Armenian, the Jewish, and Christian. It has a population of over twenty thousand souls. The condition of the majority of the inhabitants is wretched beyond description. One is oft reminded of the prophetic words of the Master, as he was led forth to be crucified: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." (Luke xxiii, 28.)

We visited the Temple area, and the arches underneath supporting the Temple platform. These are built of hewn stone, about five feet on each side, and placed singly one over the other. The spaces between the rows are irregular, varying from ten to twenty-three feet, and there are fifteen rows of these square

pillars, so far as has been discovered. These were set so that each four formed an arch, with a keystone in the center. Some of the pillars are sixty feet high, others only a few feet, according to the slope of the hill. The roots of the trees are often seen extending through the crevices. How these "vaulted substructions" take one back into the misty past!

The highest point of "Mt. Moriah" is crowned with a large limestone flat rock, sixty feet across and five feet thick, encircled by a high iron railing, over which stands the Mosque of Omer.

It is believed that this rock was "the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite," over which the destroying angel was suspended. Here David "offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings," and called upon God, who "answered him by fire." When the Temple was built, this rock, in all probability, was the site of "the great altar" of burnt-offerings. The cave and well underneath are believed to have been the cesspool into which the blood of the victims escaped.

The "quarries" underneath the city were discovered by Dr. Barclay. These are five hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad. Abutments have been left standing to support the roof. The workmen left stone, partially cut, hanging in the wall; some blocks were nearly finished, others were only just begun. The descent leading to the quarries is one hundred and thirteen feet long. Stone clippings, which were made nearly three thousand years ago, cover the bottom.

Under the old olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, at the hour of sunset, we read with increased interest the narrative of the betrayal of Christ, and in our silent meditations could almost hear the touching prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, but thine be done."

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is claimed to stand over the place of the crucifixion and interment of our Lord; but our faith in the claim is so weak that we take little interest in it.

A stroll from the "upper Pool of Gihon" down the Valley of Hinnom, and up that of Jehoshaphat, or Kidron, to the Damascus gate, revealed to us many places of interest. Among these, only one can be noticed. Pausing to dip our hands in "cool Siloam's shady rill," we were reminded of the command given by our

Lord to the blind man, "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam." He went, "and came seeing." Thus, if we accept him as our Savior and believe his promise, we, too, shall be able to see; shall be saved.

From Jerusalem to Bethel is a bleak, wind-swept series of rounded hills, where gray limestone comes to, or covers the surface, with only little patches of a meager vegetation on the shallow soil to make up the uninviting scene. At Bethel, now called "Beitin," Jacob had his mysterious vision as he slept. Here, beside a spring of excellent water, we ate our noon lunch. That afternoon, on our journey northward, we were detained nearly three hours, in a narrow passage-way between high walls, by Armenian pilgrims, who were going up to Jerusalem to celebrate Easter. They were a motley set. Some were on foot; others were mounted on donkeys, mules, or horses, carrying with them all the equipments of camp-life. A few of the men carried antique guns. The women rode astride on the luggage, wearing pantaloons and boots, with iron plates on the heels, like the men. The children were carried in boxes tied to each side of an animal, which was led by some member of the party. Some of the little ones were asleep, others were crying, and others were gazing indifferently about, as the animals slowly jogged along. Persons of all ages were there, from the gray-haired sire to the infant at the breast. On and on they came, single file, up through that narrow, crooked passage-way, hour after hour, while we were compelled to sit on our horses and wait, in the hot Syrian sun, without umbrella or shade of any kind. This was one of the pleasant (?) experiences of traveling in the far East. Because of this hindrance, we were forced to camp that night in "Robbers' Glen," near "Robbers' Fountain."

This vale, not over a hundred yards wide, with not an over-assuring name, was shut in by high hills on either side, which had been terraced to the top, and set out with olive-trees. No human habitation could be seen. Not a footfall broke the stillness during the whole night.

A detour to the right the next forenoon took us to Shiloh, where the Tabernacle stood so long, and where Eli ministered therein. Only an old ruin now remains. From there to Jacob's

well our route was mostly over a hilly, rocky road. Beside this historic spot we partook of our noon lunch, drawing water from the well, which, according to our measurement, was seventy-eight feet deep. Near by is Joseph's tomb. We recalled the conversation between Jesus and the Samaritan woman, as we sat there by the well, and his assurance, that "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give, shall never thirst." How Jacob ever dug so deeply in the solid rock, was a question that interested us; but remained unsolved.

Individuals have often wondered how it was that the law could have been read so as to be heard between the two mountains of Ebal and Gerizim. Infidels have scoffed at the idea. A few hundred feet up on the sides of the mountains are depressions, which indent the sides of the opposing mountains. Here two level plateaus confront each other on a cliff of rocks. This spot seems to have been created for this purpose. The reading of the law unquestionably took place here, the priests standing on the cliff on either side, with the people below, hearing distinctly every word read.

We tried the experiment under the most unfavorable circumstances. A very high wind was blowing down the valley, carrying the sounds away from us. Neither of the readers had strong voices; yet not only could we who remained in the valley hear them, but they heard each other with sufficient distinctness to read alternate verses, each beginning where the other left off. This, doubtless, is due to the conformation of the hillsides, forming, as it were, a double amphitheater. Our observation demonstrated the truthfulness of the historical data.

We next visited Nablus, and then ascended to the summit of Gerizim, and "viewed the landscape o'er." Our party were shown the "Samaritan Manuscript," usually exhibited to travelers; but we demanded to see the original, and for a consideration were gratified.

The next day we visited Samaria, the ancient capital of the Ten Tribes. The prophecy of Micah has literally become true: "I will make Samaria as an heap in the field, and as the planting of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof" (i, 6).

Sever a pear lengthwise, turn the flat side down, and you have the exact shape of the hill on which Samaria stood, which was about three hundred feet above the valley on either side. A few standing and broken columns, several piles of stone, once used in buildings, and the walls of an old church, are all that is left of this once magnificent city. On the north side many of the hewn stone have been rolled down into the valley. The whole hill is now cultivated. In one part we saw a man plowing, and in another grain was growing.

That afternoon our guide halted us on the summit of a rocky ridge, and pointing northward to a white-capped mountain, said, "That is Mt. Hermon." After we had had time to take in that grand view, he pointed to a lovely, saucer-like valley, off to our left, covered with an emerald of green, and said, "That is Dothan." Once more we were enamored with the scene. How the history of Joseph rose before us! And when we saw the hills on every side of this beautiful spot, we remembered the hosts which surrounded Elijah, and how astonished his servant was when he beheld the same. That night, after being eight hours in the saddle, we found our tents pitched at Jenin, on the south border of the Plain of Esdraelon.

The next morning, from a hill adjacent to our camp, we secured a good view of the plain, eighteen miles long by fifteen wide, which lay at our feet like a variegated colored map. To our right, northeastward, were the mountains of Gilboa; to our left, northwestward, were the mountains of Carmel, where Elijah prayed for the rain, and where he had his contest with the priests of Baal. In front of us, to the north, rise the mountains of Galilee, and nestling against the hillside over there was Nazareth, where we were to spend the next day, the Sabbath.

We crossed the plain to Jezreel; then visited the fountain of "Ein-Jalude," which flows from an alcove in a cliff of rocks under the north point of Gilboa. This is supposed to be the place where Gideon's band lapped the water before the battle of the Midianites, when their cry was, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." This large fountain, at its mouth, is perhaps twenty feet across, and three feet deep. A number of young turtles were sporting about in the water close up to the rocks. Two of us



in the advance had ridden up to near the source, when our English friend, not noticing the depth of the water, leaped from his horse to catch one of the turtles. He was a six-footer; yet the water took him well above the knees. He got "nary" turtle. The others, riding up at that moment, had a hearty laugh at his expense. His "Wellingtons" (high-topped boots) were full of water. For the rest of the day he had the pleasure of riding with wet feet.

The Valley of "Jezreel" is broad and beautiful, like an English pasture-field. Up this valley from the spring we rode to its head, where we lunched at Shunem, in a lemon-grove, near the base of Little Hermon. Here was the home of the family in which the prophet Elijah was entertained.

As we passed over a spur of Little Hermon, we saw to our right, on the north slope of this cone-shaped hill, in the distance, the site of the city of Nain, where our Lord restored the widow's son, as the body was being borne to burial. Thence onward our course led us up the steep hills of Galilee to Nazareth, where Christ grew to man's estate.

A wedding procession, attended with a fine tournament display, greeted our approach to the city. Here we remained over the Sabbath, and attended a Church of England service, conducted by Dr. Manning, of the London Tract Society, who gave a most interesting discourse. Our camp was but a short distance from the only spring of water in Nazareth. From this fountain, unquestionably, our Savior often drank.

Monday morning we proceeded on our journey. On our left was Cana of Galilee, and a little beyond the "Horns of Hattin," where the Crusaders were defeated by the Turks, in 1187 A. D., while below us, nestled in the hills like a mirror, lay the beautiful Sea of Galilee. This is fourteen miles long and seven wide, and six hundred and twenty feet lower than the ocean. The descent was so steep that I dismounted and led my horse. Tiberias is now a dilapidated town, having about three thousand inhabitants. Here we had our noonday lunch, and enjoyed a sea bath.

The path, over which we rode in single file, leads northward close to the shore, with hills rising abruptly nearly two thousand

feet on the left. An hour's ride brought us to Magdala, the home of Mary, out of whom Jesus cast seven devils.

There opens out, from this point northwestward, a plain, extending three miles along the shore and one mile back. We rode across this now-neglected spot, once an agricultural paradise, and found our pathway girded with the thorny "nubk," oleanders, and a great variety of beautiful flowers, with an occasional stunted palm. At one point, beside that path, there gurgled forth a spring of pure, cold water, at which nearly all slaked their thirst.

In one hour's ride from Magdala we reached "Khan Minyeh," the site of ancient Capernium, where we found our tents pitched near "Ain et Tim," the Fountain of the Fig.

Here we rested for a day. The heat was intense, the thermometer standing at 84 degrees F. at ten o'clock P. M. That night, March 24th, the wind came driving down from the lofty heights above us in fearful gusts, upsetting some of our tents, scattering the loose camp articles, and lashing the lake into a rolling, seething, furious torrent, reminding us of that other night when our Lord said to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still." Here, in this place, was the adopted home of our Savior, where much of his teaching was given and many of his miracles performed.

Palestine, at this season of the year, is a land of lovely, blooming flowers. The traveler, starting in at Joppa the second week in March, enjoys them all the way through that historic land.

While camped here, several of our party were taken very sick. They laid it to the water, of which they had drunk very little. Their drink at dinners had been largely wine, ale, beer, brandy, or whisky, and their time during the meal was mostly spent in discussing the quality of each. Several of the party carried flasks to refresh themselves along the way. If, for any cause, they took water, "somethin'" was added to "prevent sickness." Yet these were always the ailing ones. Some of them became so bad that for several days they had to be carried in a kind of hammock swung between two poles, the ends of which were fastened to the sides of a mule in front, and to another in the rear. The head mule was led by an Arab, walking. Of our party of thirty-five

through Palestine, all except three drank intoxicants of some kind, at their meals mostly. The exceptions were the Rev. Mr. Loomis, a London gentleman, and the writer. Each of us took water "straight" wherever found, and plenty of it, and never enjoyed better health.

Moral.—When traveling in the Holy Land, or elsewhere, leave intoxicants behind. You will be better off at all times without these so-called stimulants.

Our course the next day was northward, over a very stony, rough trail to our evening camp at "Ain Belat," where flows a fountain of clear, cool water. Lake Hulah, or the waters of Merom, which is four and one-half miles long and three and one-half wide, is on a level with the ocean. We lunched that day at "Nahr Handij," near a spring, after two hours' ride in rain and mud.

Thursday, the 27th, we skirted the Plain of Hulah, passing a camp of Bedouins, whose black tents numbered one hundred and twenty. Numerous herds of cattle belonging to the band were grazing on the hillsides. Here we saw two women churning cream in a swinging churn made of an uncut goatskin, which was hung in a kind of derrick, made with three poles tied together at the top and spread out at the base. The churning was done by swinging this leather churn back and forth between them.

That day we ate our lunch at "Tell-el-Kady," the Dan of Scripture. This was on a knoll, which is eighty feet above the plain, and one-half of a mile in diameter. Here is the main fountain or source of the Jordan, which bursts out with great force, sending forth a stream of pure, cool water. That night we camped at "Banias," or Cesarea Philippi, which stands at the southern base of Mt. Hermon, whose snow-capped summit pierces the very clouds. From one of its shoulders, in all probability, the transfiguration of Christ occurred. Here we spent a part of one day and a night. Quite a stream flowed out from the mouth of a cave in the side of this mountain.

On March 28th we started at an early hour for Damascus. For three hours we climbed the ridge extending south of Hermon. Just before noon we crossed lava-fields at an altitude of six thousand feet, and ate our lunch near "Beit Jann"—the house

of "Paradise." The inhabitants would hardly pass for celestials! We spent the night, which proved to be very windy, at "Kefr Hawar." Several tents were blown down, leaving their occupants in a sad predicament.

From a ridge, the next forenoon, we had our first view of Damascus, the oldest city in the world,—over four thousand years old,—which was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. Where we stood when eating our noon lunch, tradition fixes as the spot of Saul's conversion. That afternoon we camped near the entrance of the city.

Over the south door of a mosque, the greatest in the city, we read the following inscription in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." This building was once a Christian church, hence the above. This famous mosque was destroyed by fire in 1894. The street called "Strait" is still there. The place where Paul was let down in a basket is shown. On Tuesday morning, April 1, 1873, we leaped into our saddles with glad hearts, for every step forward now is one toward home.

From the ridge Salihneh, north of the city, we had an indescribable view of Damascus and the irrigated plains around it, covered, as they were, with cultivated fields and groves of apricots, almonds, pomegranates, figs, olive, peach, apple, quince, mulberry, walnut, poplar, willow, hawthorn, and trees of many other varieties intermingled. The city, with its great mosque, in the center, surrounded by these groves. Is it any wonder that Mohammed refused to enter this earthly paradise, since he claimed that his was "above." We had our lunch at the fountain of "Fijeh," the chief source of the "Abana" of Scripture. This fountain flows, four feet deep and eighteen feet wide, from underneath an overhanging cliff. At night we found our camp at "Suk Wady Barada," the ancient Abila, "a day's march nearer home."

The next day we lunched at a spring, half an hour's ride beyond "Zabdany." That afternoon we crossed the second and third spurs of Anti-Lebanon, which rose on our right to an altitude of seven thousand feet, and on which were small patches

of snow. We found our camp prepared at "Surghaya," a small village, at an altitude of four thousand feet. Our road from Damascus, if such it could be called, was most of the way exceedingly rocky, steep, and rough; up one hill and down another. The next morning was quite cool, and we were in the saddle at six o'clock. Before noon, just after ascending a long ridge, one of the party, who happened to be in the lead, shouted, "Baalbek." There, in the center of a broad plain, lay the ruins of the once famous "Heliopolis," City of the Sun. The temples stood on an artificial platform of masonry thirty feet high, nine hundred feet long, and five hundred feet wide, with extensive vaults underneath. Three of the stones in this elevation were sixty feet long, thirteen feet wide, and the same in height. Nine were thirty feet long, thirteen feet high, and fifteen wide. We reached this large platform by means of an archway, on an incline two hundred and ninety feet long. Six standing columns, seven feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high, formerly belonged to the Temple of Jupiter. The walls of the Temple of the Sun are nearly perfect. In the niches a great number of swallows had their nests, and did not like to be disturbed. Little remains of the circular temple. Three hundred yards away stood the semicircular Temple of Venus, well preserved and beautiful in architecture.

A ride of one-half mile brought us to the quarries whence these vast stones came. There were quite a number of blocks, wholly or partially cut, left unused. One of these was sixty-six feet long, thirteen and one-half feet wide, and sixteen feet high, squared and nearly ready for use.

From here we proceeded down the valley, halting at the tomb of Noah, which looks like an old aqueduct, seventy-five feet long, covered with old cloths. That day we called at the village of "Zaghlah," which has ten thousand inhabitants, where the words, "Hawaggah backsheesh," are never heard. Why? The inhabitants have accepted the Christ, and become Christian.

That night we found our tents pitched above the town of Meehleh, with Mt. Hermon on the southeast, standing nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level.

The day following we crossed the Lebanon range, at an alti-

tude of five thousand six hundred feet, and descended by the French road to Beyrout. Here we stopped at the "Hotel Belle View," where we had excellent accommodations.

Late in the afternoon, on April the 6th, we visited the Prussian Cemetery, where Bishop Kingsley is buried. Nearly four years before, when leaving us, at the close of the Conference session at Central City, Colorado, he gave us his hand, and, as tears moistened his eyes, said, "I leave you here to work for the Master; I go, perhaps never to return." Prophetic words! He has gone; but his works remain. On April the 8th, at six and a half o'clock P. M., we stepped on board the steamship *Saturno*, bound for Constantinople. The next morning our vessel anchored before "Larnica," on the Island of Cyprus, which we visited during the day, and procured some valuable relics. On our onward journey we passed in full view of Rhodes and the Island of Patmos, where John had those marvelous revelations recorded in the Apocalypse.

Our ship stopped at Smyrna. The interest here centered in and old castle on the hill, and the grave of Polycarp on its slope. Thence we sailed in sight of Mount Ida, where iron is said to have been discovered by its burning, fourteen hundred and six years before Christ, and near which was the siege of Troy. Next we passed the Island of Samothracia, and then on through the Hellespont, across which Byron swam, and caught the ague for so doing.

On Monday, April 14th, we dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, Constantinople. Many objects of interest were found here; such as the bridge of boats; the numerous bazars; the streets lined with dogs; the Turkish bath; the Bosphorus; and Roberts College, an American institution; the Mosque of St. Sophia, once a Christian church; the armory and the Caique; the sultan riding on horseback to prayers, between two lines of soldiers, wearing a red fez. The Dervishes have many orders, distinguished by peculiarities of faith, ceremony, and costume. Some live in monasteries, others dwell in villages; but all profess poverty and humility, and some chastity. Their religion prescribes mortification; but their practices are very often inconsistent with their professed standard. Many of them lead a

vagrant life, traveling all over the countries of the East, and being supported by convents of their order. The Mevlevis are the most numerous. They indulge in fantastic dances, in which they whirl around with great rapidity to the music of a flute, generally not ceasing until they are overcome by exhaustion, and drop on the ground. This ceremony we witnessed until our very brains seemed to whirl round and round.

We left here on Saturday, the 19th, at ten and a half o'clock A. M., on the *Saturno*; passed through the Sea of Marmora by daylight, entering the Dardanelles about dark, and changed steamers the next evening at the Island of Syra for Athens, Greece.

April 21st we sailed through the Gulf of Athens, with the Island of Egina on our left, and the mountains of Attica on our right, and landed at Pierus, and then took carriages to Athens. A busy week was spent in visiting here the many points of interest. Among them were Mars' Hill, Parthenon, Acropolis, Lycabettus, Mt. Pentelicus, site of the Olympic games, tower of the ancient sundial, Bema of Demosthenes, prison of Socrates, and various ruins of theaters and temples; also the king's palace.

One day a small party of us were standing beside the deeply-worn path south of the Acropolis, when the king, queen, and two small children came slowly up the grade, driving two horses before an open, two-seated spring-wagon. I said to my associates in travel, "Yonder comes the king and his family; let us give them three cheers." "Agreed," said they. When passing, I said in a strong voice, "The United States of America gives three cheers to the king of Greece." The king removed his hat, and smilingly bowed his appreciation.

On Saturday evening we returned, by steamer, to the Island of Syra, and changed to the steamer *Hungarian*. On Tuesday following, our steamer dropped anchor in the bay adjoining the Island of Corfu, where most of our party left us. For nearly three months we had journeyed pleasantly together, and became much attached to each other; but now our ways diverge, never to meet again on earth.

Our vessel steamed on up the Adriatic, and on May 1, 1873, we landed at Trieste, Austria. That evening we took a steamer to

Venice, Italy; thence by rail to Verona, where we had an excellent moonlight view of the Amphitheater. The next day we were in the Tyrol Alps, and crossed at the "Brenner Pass," halting at Innsbruck over the Sabbath. We next stopped at Munich, and visited the famous art-gallery there.

On Thursday, May 8th, we reached Salzburg, where we paid a visit to the famous salt-mines of Austria, which have been worked for over three hundred years, and produced twenty-five thousand tons of salt annually. The Rev. Mr. Loomis and the writer visited Hallein. Here we ascended a long hill, on foot, to the Duremberg mine, paid a fee, donned miners' suits, and entered a long tunnel, so low in places that we could not walk erect. The levels in this mine were about one hundred feet apart, and the method of descent from one to the next was by a toboggan-slide nine inches wide, having a smooth pole on each side, and a rope on the right, by which to regulate the speed. Before plunging into the depths below, a leather apron is attached to the seat of the pants for a protection. The guide then sits in front, holding the rope with his gloved right hand; the next man sits close up, with his feet thrown around into the lap of the guide, and all the others seated in like manner, one behind the other. When all is ready, the word is given, and away they go, like a dart from a gun. As they near the end, the speed is slackened by a tighter grip on the rope. We enjoyed six of these rides, and they were not at all unpleasant. On one of the levels there was a salt lake, perhaps a hundred feet across, over which we rode in a boat. This lake, in the very heart of the mountain, when lighted up, was like an amphitheater. We emerged from the mountain at its base, through a long tunnel, on a car, such as miners use.

The salt water is conveyed in four large pipes to the town below, where the process of evaporation, by boiling, goes on day and night.

Hastening to the town, we entered a restaurant, where a neatly-dressed German girl took our orders; we could not speak German, nor she English. Some way we made her to understand that we wanted bread, butter, and tea; but we could go no further. She helped us out by saying, "Steak mit-ei?" "Ya, ya,"



we said, wondering what she would bring us. Imagine our agreeable surprise, when she returned with a nice thick piece of broiled steak, cooked "rare," with a fresh egg in the center. Ever after, when in a German restaurant, we always ordered, "Steak mit-ei."

From here we went by rail to Lenz on the Danube, and down that river to Wien (Vienna), and visited the International Exposition; then on to Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Worms, Mayence, and thence, by steamer, down the Rhine to Cologne, where we spent the Sabbath. Then on to Rotterdam, and across the North Sea, by steamer, to London, England, where we landed, after a stormy passage, on the morning of May 20, 1873. On the following Sabbath we heard Spurgeon twice, and, after the evening service, joined with him and his people in partaking of the Holy Communion, at the close of which Rev. J. Brown, the successor of John Bunyan, introduced the writer to Mr. Spurgeon, who seemed very much exhausted. Holding my hand, he said, "Was not the congregation an inspiration to-night? I feel completely pumped out." He remained seated during the whole sacrament and the interviews afterward.

On our way back to Scotland we touched at the following points: Bedford, where John Bunyan was confined in prison so long, and where he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress;" Elstow, where he married and went to housekeeping; Leeds; New Castle; Edinburgh; Glasgow; thence down the Clyde, by small steamer, to Greenock, where we stepped on board the steamship *Victoria*, of the Anchor Line, and sailed on the evening of May 31st, landing in New York at five and a half P. M. of June 10th, thankful for God's preserving care over us. One seldom appreciates fully his own country, until he has visited other lands and climes.

## Happy Clime.



Have you heard, have you heard of that sunbright clime,  
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,  
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,  
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—  
Have you heard of that sunbright clime?

A river of water gushes there,  
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er  
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,  
That are seen in that sunbright clime.

Millions of forms, all clothed in white,  
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,  
There dwell in their own immortal bowers,  
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,  
That bloom in that sunbright clime.

Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,  
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen;  
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,  
O'er the jasper wall and gates of pearl,  
That are fixed in that sunbright clime.

But far, far away in that sinless clime,  
Undimmed by sorrow and unhurt by time,  
Where, amid all things bright and fair is given,  
The home of the just, and its name is heaven—  
The name of that sunbright clime.

PART IV.

ECHOES FROM COLORADO METHODISM.

## Itinerant Life.



My lot has been to sow the seeds of friendship here and there,  
And see them grow to firm-laced vines, with flowers sweet and fair;  
And then to loose these clinging stems, these tendrils strong and true,  
And change, with many sad regrets, the old friends for the new.

Thus have I gathered, here and there, my choicest friends on earth,  
And, but for my itinerant ways, I ne'er had known their worth;  
And so what seems a wandering life, freighted with sad good-byes,  
Like many other seeming ills, is blessing in disguise.

—MRS. M. M. H.

## I.

### COLORADO.

THE beginnings of history are usually difficult to trace. Colorado is no exception to this rule. It has seemed proper to insert the following historic facts from authentic sources:

“Although the first white settlement was made in Colorado but forty years ago, there is no other State in the Union with a history so replete with thrilling interest and adventure.

“Its northern half was a portion of the territory belonging to France, and purchased from Napoleon the Great in 1803 by the United States—being part of what is popularly known as the Louisiana Purchase. The southeast quarter of it formerly belonged to Mexico, was a part of the Republic of Texas, and was admitted into the Union as a part of Texas in 1845. Texas subsequently sold it to the United States for the sum of \$5,000,000, when it was merged into the unoccupied and unorganized territory of the General Government. The southwest one-quarter indisputably belonged to Mexico until ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, at the close of the Mexican War. Thus the territory that now comprises the State of Colorado has, part of it belonged to France, part to the Republic and State of Texas, and part to Mexico. It involved in its acquisition the far-seeing statesmanship of Jefferson; the Spartan-like struggle of Houston, Bowie, and Crockett for Texan independence; the heroic battle-fields of Goliad, San Jacinto, San Antonio, and the Alamo; the generalship of Scott and Taylor, and the heroic victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista.

“It was in 1838—but sixty years ago—that Daniel Webster, upon the floor of the Senate, in referring to the then unexplored and unknown country between the Missouri and the Pacific, spoke thus contemptuously of what now constitutes more than a dozen States and three Territories: ‘What do we want with this vast worthless area—this region of savages and wild beasts,

of deserts, shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impregnable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What use have we for such a country? . . . Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer to Boston than it now is.' Colorado was the very center of this bleak, hostile, and repellent picture. If Webster could but return to this mundane sphere, what would be his wonder and astonishment!

"Three hundred and fifty years ago, the Spanish, under Vasquez Coronado, started an expedition from Mexico in search of gold. They reached the latitude of Denver, and doubtless halted in their march not far from its site; for being in search of gold in the sands of the streams, they would naturally keep near to the mountains. Lewis and Clark in 1803, Captain Pike in 1807, Major Long in 1820, were the first American explorers to reach the mountains. They all found gold, but gave gloomy pictures of the land and its dangers. In 1858, Green Russell and his Georgian followers penetrated to where Black Hawk and Central now are, and there found gold in such quantities that the fame of the country spread abroad, and its history has been one of continuous growth and prosperity ever since.

"It is not unusual to regard Colorado as a State whose products are almost exclusively gold and silver. It is true, its output of the precious metals is greater than that of any other like area of country in the world. Last year, 1897, it reached the magnificent sum of, gold, \$22,000,000, silver, \$15,000,000; and since the discovery of gold in 1858 its total yield of gold and silver has been more than \$400,000,000. But its manufacturing and agricultural productions, each far exceeds that of its precious metals. The value of its manufactured articles reached the sum of \$51,000,000 in 1891 alone. The grain, hay, and vegetables raised upon its soil in 1897 amounted to \$23,000,000. Its fruit was of the value of \$5,000,000. There were mined in a single year more than \$12,000,000 worth of coal, and of paving and building stone nearly 13,000 car-loads were taken from the quarries, and distributed over the continent.

"We blush to speak of its climate. So much has been said in praise of it, that to say more puts modesty itself to the blush. Sometimes warm, but never hot; sometimes cold, but always bracing; sometimes rainy, but never loaded with enervating vapors—for weather, it is a paradise; for health, a sanitarium.

"And what incomparable pleasure resorts! Manitou Springs, Glenwood Springs, Poncha Hot Sulphur Springs, Idaho, Liberty and Mount Princeton Springs—all nestled in the vast network of peaks, valleys, ravines, and cañons—affording luxurious ease to the dilettante, vigorous health to the invalid, game and fish to the mightiest devotees of the rod and gun, and scenery that is without a parallel in the world."

The first Fourth of July celebration in Colorado was held, in 1843, by Colonel John C. Fremont, William Gilpin, Kit Carson, Lucian Maxwell, Jim Baker, and others, at Fort St. Vrain, which was built by Colonel Bent for a trading-post, opposite the mouth of the creek of the same name, on the east bank of the Platte River, and about four miles below where Platteville now stands. This fort was one hundred and fifty feet square, adobe walls, with port-holes along the sides for observation and defense. The Stars and Stripes floated proudly over its walls, when Fremont's old howitzer rang out its salute at daylight, and was answered back by the echoes from the distant mountains.

A company of men from Kansas and Missouri celebrated the "Fourth" where Pueblo now stands, July, 1858.

The next Fourth of July celebration was after the regulation style of the East, and was held under the cottonwood-trees of the Platte River in Auraria, now West Denver, in 1859. Rev. W. H. Goode, superintendent of the "Pike's Peak Mission," of the Methodist Episcopal Church, offered the prayer.

The whisperings of gold-finds had reached the ears of the inhabitants of the border States, and awakened much interest in this mountain country. As a sample of how things were done in those early days in this region, I give the following reliable account:

September 15, 1858, A. G. Barnes, Esq., and his brother-in-law, Joseph Brockett, started westward from their homes in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, in search of hidden treasure. Their con-

ception of the Rocky Mountains was very vague indeed. "They pushed on, picking out their own route, and breaking the road for their mules and wagon. They experienced much trouble in traveling; but not once did they lose heart, or think of returning home. After a while they fell in with a party of fifteen men from Brownsville, Nebraska, under the leadership of Captain Aikens. From that time on their labors were easier, and they made good time across the plains. Strange as it appeared to them, they had no trouble with the Indians, although numerous bands were met. It was a year when the savages were more inclined to beg and steal than fight.

"After a weary march of thirty-five days, the party arrived at Fort Lupton. There Mr. Barnes learned that an old acquaintance, named Slawter, who had been at the fort, had started up the Platte with a few men on a gold-hunting expedition. He determined to follow him; alone and afoot he took up the trail. On the way he met a man who was going to the fort in quest of supplies. This stranger exhibited a small quantity of gold in a goosequill, which he said he had picked out of the sand in the Platte at a point about three miles above where Denver now stands. This was the first gold discovery made in this locality. The sight of gold in the hands of the stranger quickened Barnes's steps, and he lost no time in joining Slawter and his men. Others followed him, and in a few days about one hundred men were scattered up and down the Platte and Cherry Creek.

"Soon the cold winds began to blow from the mountains, and preparations for the winter were made. The well-known Russell and his men, Slawter and Barnes and Brockett, erected eight or ten log-cabins, from small cottonwood-trees, in what is now known as West Denver, not far from the intersection of Holladay (now Market) and Twelfth Streets.

"One evening, while a dozen men were enjoying their pipes around a roaring, crackling log fire, one of the pioneers, with an eye to business, made a proposition. 'Boys,' he said suddenly, after a long reverie, 'let's start a town.' The idea was thought to be a good one, and the very next day a meeting was called in one of the largest cabins. About twenty men were present. A president was elected, and a young man named Blake, pre-



sumably the same one whose name was given to Blake Street, was made secretary. The organization was very simple. The president of the meeting was given control of things, and empowered to deal out justice, while Blake was to handle the funds and keep a record. By-laws were adopted, the greater portion of which went to show that every man who erected a house or cabin was entitled to a share of the joint property of the little commonwealth. Some one suggested that the town be called Auraria, and that name was unanimously adopted." This meeting was held October 25, 1858.

About this time, or perhaps a little later, a small party of men camped on the east side of Cherry Creek. They decided that there was the place for a city. "Coming events cast their shadows before." One of the number told the writer in 1869, that they found themselves "broke," with nothing else to do; and having a surveyor and his instruments with them, they laid out a town, naming it after the then Governor of Kansas Territory—  
DENVER.

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for the above information, afterward traded his interest in the town-site for a span of mules, harness, wagon, and "grub" enough to get back to the States, thinking that he made a good bargain.

A. H. Barker built the first cabin in Auraria, after the town was named, at the corner of Wynkoop and Twelfth Streets, he having arrived, October 28, 1858. About two hundred men wintered in the vicinity of the "Spanish Diggings." These were where the bridge crosses the Platte River at Valverde.

In the spring of 1859 the "Jackson Diggings," now Idaho Springs, and the Gregory Lode, near Central City, were uncovered.

In June, 1859, each town had about one hundred and fifty houses and shanties of different grades. Lots then sold at from twenty to four hundred dollars each.

One can hardly conceive the state of things here thirty-seven years ago (1860). Then there was only one small brick house in Denver, owned by John H. Keeler. A few adobes made up Pueblo. A few cabins at Golden City, Boulder, and Colorado City. Mountain City was the principal mining town, next in

population to Denver. The country was without even a Territorial government. Said Jerome B. Chafee in 1883: "It was in appearance a wilderness of waste; the western part rugged, inhospitable mountains; the whole skirted and in some degree traversed by Indians, upon whose lands we were necessarily trespassers. The principal farmer was Rufus Clark, better known as 'Potato Clark.' Only one rudely-constructed 'six-stamp mill' near Mountain City. There were few roads, no bridges, and only one stage-line, which connected Denver with the Missouri River on the east, and California on the Pacific. There were no rich men to grind the faces of the poor; for all were poor alike, brave and honest. The Pike's Peak country did not then inspire the newcomer with much hope for the bright future, which we now see. Then it took ten days, night and day, to reach Denver. I invited my comrade to take a drink. I laid down a twenty-dollar gold-piece, waited some time for change, finally spoke to the clerk about it, when he said, 'That was all right.' That transaction made *one* temperance man! The first woman to reach these diggings was Mrs. Roker. The next was Aunt Clara Brown, black of skin, but white of heart. Mrs. Murat was the most patriotic lady; she made a flag of her red, white, and blue petticoat."

Think of flour, by the wagon-load, at thirty dollars per sack; blasting-powder twenty-five dollars a keg; everything else in proportion. Those were brave hearts that struggled on through every conceivable and inconceivable difficulty. As a result, behold the marvel of the world—the Colorado of to-day; the Centennial State!

In those early days, Bishop Machebeuf, of the Roman Catholic Church, says he met an Indian, who handed him a note of recommendation, which read: "The bearer is the greatest thief and rascal to be found on the Plains."

At a meeting of the citizens of the two towns in 1863, it was decided to consolidate under the common name of DENVER. At this time the usually dry bed of Cherry Creek was nearly built over. A flood in the early morning of May 20, 1864, swept the buildings all away; in one of which was the printing-office of the *Rocky Mountain News*, the city safe and records. These

have never been found. The building used as a Methodist church, where the Conference had been organized the year previous, was also carried away. Since that time there has been no interference with Cherry Creek's right of way through the city of Denver.

The Centennial State, on its eastern boundary-line, extends from north to south 276 miles and a fraction; the western is the same in length; the northern line, east and west, is 367 miles and a fraction; the southern boundary-line is 386 miles. Colorado



THE SPANISH PEAKS.

contains 103,563,638 square miles. In area, it is equal to the six New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia thrown in, and with still nearly 20,000 square miles to spare.

About two-thirds of the State are mountains, hills, valleys, and "Parks." One-third is slightly undulating plains. Colorado is said to have forty peaks which are over fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. Her farming lands are rich and very productive. Irrigation is necessary in most localities. Cereals and vegetables do well. Stock and fruit raising is a success. Dairying pays. Mountains and hills are fairly covered with pine and other timber. Mineral wealth is inexhaustible, both in the baser and precious metals. Superior stone and marble exist in large quantities. Colorado people could almost live independent of all other sections, and be happy.

## II.

### METHODIST BEGINNINGS.

BEFORE there was an organized government of any kind in this Rocky Mountain region, the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Mississippi Valley became deeply interested in providing for the spiritual welfare of the people who had crossed the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, headed for "Pike's Peak," to better their financial condition. Many of these, failing to pick up the "gold nuggets" which they expected, squatted here and there along the streams issuing from the mountains, and went to work making hay, growing stock, gardening, and farming by irrigation as soon as they learned how.

The Kansas and Nebraska Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church began its fourth session in Omaha, Nebraska, April 14, 1859. Bishop Scott not having arrived, a president *pro tem.* was elected. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and the Conference proceeded to business. On the morning of the second day the bishop took the chair. The attendance was full, representing sixty-nine fields of labor, inclusive of districts. Sixty-one preachers received their appointments from this Conference. The aggregate lay membership was 3,636.

A new subject of interest presented itself to the minds of the Conference and of the "cabinet." The emigration to the gold-fields of the Rocky Mountains had begun the year previous. The numbers were increasing from day to day. It is estimated that one hundred thousand persons crossed the Missouri River in April and May of that year, bound for the mountains. Many of our members were being attracted thither. The Church, faithful to her pioneer calling, said, "The gospel must be sent there," and sounded the cry, "Who will go for us?"

When the subject was considered in the "cabinet," the bishop intimated to W. H. Goode, who had organized the work west of the Missouri River five years previous, and had superintended it since, that he would like to have him explore that "unknown quantity" in the western mining regions. At first he refused.

After deliberating over the matter a few days, Brother Goode visited the Missouri Conference, then in session, and said to the bishop by his presence, "Here am I, send me." This was accordingly done, and Jacob Adriance, just appointed to the Rock Bluffs Mission, below Omaha, was designated as his associate.

A four-mule team, stout wagon, and suitable outfit were purchased at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the use of the intrepid missionaries.

Rev. Jacob Adriance, now of Jamestown, Nebraska, thus describes the journey:

"A little more than two weeks were spent in getting ready for this trip of six hundred miles across the Plains. It was arranged that we should go together, Brother Goode furnishing conveyance and supplies, I paying him, in part, for my passage, doing my share of the work and watching nights. We also had a young man to drive for us, making three in our party. By the time we were ready to start, hundreds had reached Cherry Creek. Many, not finding things as they expected, "stampeded" for the States. In their flight property was destroyed, lives threatened, all along the way."

Rev. W. H. Goode, in his "Outposts of Zion," says of the excited throngs, going and returning: "Some were thoughtful and considerate; others were of a class that float banners, flourish revolvers, and ostentatiously display the 'pick and pan.' Some had wheelbarrows, others handcarts, still others on foot carrying their tents and scanty supplies, having nearly six hundred miles to go across an uninhabited plain. Some went through, others half-way; but by far the larger number only a short distance. Enough reached Cherry Creek to produce a heavy pres-



J. ADRIANCE.

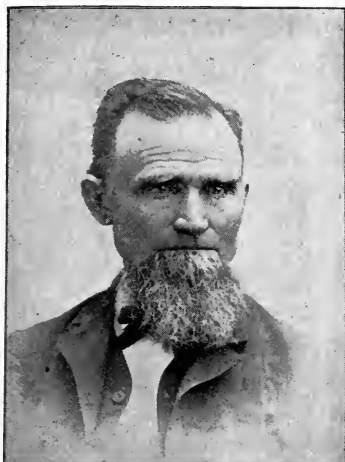
sure on their scanty supplies of provisions, became restless, and back they rushed, carrying the most doleful reports. 'No gold! Humbug! Famine! Murder!' etc. Party after party were turned back. Those who did go through were compelled to take down their banner for 'Pike's Peak,' and say they were going to California. Men were told of their own death by those who averred that they themselves had done the deed, or participated in it. One saw his own grave and epitaph in several different places."

Amid such scenes and in such times did Goode and Adriance start for and press on to this unpromising field of labor; leaving Goode's home, three miles southeast of Glenwood, Iowa, at ten A. M. of May 30, 1859, and crossing the Missouri River at Plattsmouth, Nebraska. The next morning they pulled out for their trip across the plains. Though meeting the returning throngs, they pursued their way steadily onward, spending the last Sabbath before reaching their destination, near Fort St. Vrain, which stood just below where Platteville is now situated.

Brother Goode drove his four-mule team into Denver at half-past two P. M., on Tuesday, June 28, 1859; Brother Adriance following on his pony. They had six months' provisions for two. Their trip had been one of great fatigue and exposure during the twenty-eight days *en route*. After putting up notices for preaching on the following Sabbath, they drove four miles up the Platte to get feed for their animals.

Allen Wiley's motto was theirs, "Methodist preachers are in a pushing world, and they must push also." Experience soon taught them that the best way to get a crowd was to sing it up. Their first service was held July 3, 1859, in Pollock's Hotel. This was a frame building, one of the three or four only in the two towns of Auraria, now West Denver, and Denver City. This house stood on the east side of Eleventh Street, between Wazee and Market Streets. Brother Goode preached at eleven A. M., and Brother Adriance at three P. M. The congregations were small, the people not caring for these things. They found, however, two men who had been Methodists; Henry Reitze and Alexander Carter. The latter gentleman resides in Nebraska, but the former still lives in the city, and has been a standard-bearer for the Church during all these thirty-nine years. In 1872 he helped

to organize the California Street, now Christ Church; also, at a later date, the German Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born December 18, 1830, in Kuhr, Hessen, Germany. In 1848 he went to London, England, where he learned the baker's trade. From there he emigrated to the United States, in November, 1854. He was converted in the spring of 1855, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Here he learned the painter's trade. In the spring of 1856 he came to Omaha, Nebraska. There John M. Chivington received him into the Methodist Episcopal Church. He started, October 1, 1858, for "Pike's Peak," reaching Fort Lupton, twenty-five miles northeast of where Denver now stands, on the 30th of the same month, stopping there in an adobe building for about a month. He then came up to Auraria, and started the "City Bakery," with only six cents capital, it being all the money he had in the world. Eight months afterward he sold out to his partner for \$3,500, and returned to Omaha, where he was



H. REITZE.

married to Miss Matilda Schlessinger. He and his bride came to Denver, where they have resided, either in or near the city, ever since. Upon his return he engaged in the painting business, which his sons now continue. Eight children have graced their home. One has gone hence, dying young. The others live in the city of their birth. They have a very pleasant home at the corner of Marion and Twenty-third Avenue. He was the first Methodist to join the Church in Denver, and was one of the first Board of Stewards. This society afterwards became Lawrence Street, now Trinity. Brothers Goode and Adriance took their first meal in Denver at Henry Reitze's table. He at that time kept a bakery and lunch-room on Eleventh Street, between Wazee and Market Streets, fronting southwest.

July 4th they started for the "Gregory Diggings," discovered by Green Russell and the Georgians in June, 1858, now better known as Black Hawk, Central City, and Nevada. They halted long enough in Golden City to hold religious services in a "round tent," the gamblers stopping their games for one hour to let Goode preach, but claiming the next hour.

They attempted to drive into the mountains through the "Golden Gate," which is a little north of Golden City. The trail was so rough that they were compelled to "about face," and camp in a little park outside of the mountains, where the wagon, driver, and three mules were left.

Then they proceeded on pony and mule back, "packed to the full measure of comfort," to the "Gregory Diggings," where they arrived on Friday, July 8th. Immediately they announced preaching on the next Sabbath, at ten A. M.

The streets of Mountain City were dusty. The congregation was large and attentive; all men. Goode preached on the street to that mass of humanity with great power. That afternoon at two P. M. he held an experience-meeting in a retired place on the rocky seats of a mountain spur. Oft has the writer heard that "love-feast" described by those who were present. Here were men gathered from nearly all lands and climes. This was the first meeting of the kind ever held in the Rocky Mountain region. They sang the old hymns, wept over their shortcomings, and shouted for joy as they related their experiences of a personal salvation. So great was their "refreshing," that those who were present have never forgotten it. Sad the thought, the great majority has "crossed the range" to that land "whence no traveler returns."

At its close Brother Goode received thirty-five members into the Church. The next day, Monday, at ten o'clock, he organized a Quarterly-meeting Conference at the same place, formed a charge, embracing the mining camps in that region and engaged G. W. Fisher, a local elder, to supply the work. This man Fisher had preached the first gospel sermon in Denver, and had also preached on this identical spot on a preceding Sabbath.



The first\* service, the first experience-meeting, and the first Quarterly Conference, at Central City, were each held on the site where the Methodist Episcopal church now stands.

(David S. Green, Esq., subscribed \$250, which was by far the largest contribution. The result of that effort, after years of heroic struggle, may be seen in the accompanying cut. The



CHURCH IN CENTRAL CITY.

subscription-paper was drawn January 1, 1863, to secure funds for building a church in Central City, Colorado, and was to be paid in three installments; namely, one-third in February, one-third in April, and the last in June, 1863.)

They visited the mining-camps along the valley of Clear Creek, returning to the camp they had left by that route, which at that time was an exceedingly rough one. They suffered no little from the want of proper covering at night, as they had to sleep under the pine-trees on the bare ground.

Sunday, July 17th, Brother Goode preached morning and evening at Golden City in the "round tent." Four persons joined

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\* A. H. Barker's private diary says that Rev. Mr. Porter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from Georgia, preached the first sermon in Central City, June, 1859, from Deut. v, 29, on the above mentioned locality.

the Church. Adriance preached at five o'clock in Arapahoe. Three united with the Church there. This town was located on the farm, since occupied by George Allen, about a mile east of North Table Mountain, on the "mesa," where a stone house now stands, just south of the railroad track, and west of Mt. Olivet Cemetery. On Sunday, July 24th, Goode preached at Arapahoe, morning and evening.

Their camp at this time was on Ralston Creek. Monday, the 25th, they moved over on the north side of the Platte River, two miles below Denver, just above where Globeville is now located.

Sunday, July 31st, Dr. Goode preached in Denver City, in the house of a Mr. Doleman, on the north side of Lawrence Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. At three P. M. a Brother Monholland, a local preacher from Iowa, preached in Auraria.

On Friday their camp was moved to the southeast side of the river, about four miles north of Denver City. This was not far from where the Riverside Cemetery now is.

Rev. W. H. Goode wrote to Dr. Durbin, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society: "We have divided the work into two districts, as follows: 1. Denver City and Auraria Mission; embracing the two places named in the above, with the country along the Platte on both sides, the country up Cherry Creek, the towns at the base of the mountains, and 'Boulder Diggings' in the mountains (probably the region of Gold Hill). We have organized in this field a Quarterly-meeting Conference, consisting of the preacher in charge, three stewards, and one leader. The membership so far ascertained and enrolled is twenty-two. The mission is under the charge of Rev. Jacob Adriance, appointed by Bishop Scott. His post-office address is Denver, Kansas Territory. The Rocky Mountain Mission embraces all the mining regions in the mountains, except 'Boulder Diggings.' Here we have organized a Quarterly Conference, consisting of two local preachers, an exhorter, three stewards, and have a society of fifty-one members, including probationers just received. I have employed Rev. G. W. Fisher to take charge of this mission. The principal seat of our permanent labors will be

in Denver and Auraria." These words are rather prophetic, when we recollect that most people then thought that Golden City would be by far the larger place.

During Dr. Goode's second visit to Denver, the meeting of one hundred and twenty delegates to petition Congress to form a Territory of this Rocky Mountain region was held. He was their chaplain. Again he writes: "A momentary leisure in the midst of many engagements enables me to sketch another letter while seated in the room of the Convention, now in session for the purpose of forming a constitution for the 'State of Jefferson.' I necessarily pass by incidental details—such as removal to the Platte, Sabbath labors, the organization of several societies and Quarterly Conferences. Arrangements are made for receiving lots in both Denver and Auraria, on which it is hoped temporary houses of worship will be erected before winter."

The memorial to Congress was passed on the sixth day of the Convention's session. Alexander Carter was selected as their representative to Congress.

August 7th, Brother Goode preached in Auraria at eleven o'clock, and at three P. M. in Denver City. At the close of the last sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, the first time in this region.

Having accomplished that for which he was sent, the next thing to do was to report personally to the General Missionary Committee, of which he was a member. This was to meet in New York City November 1st, and he was eight hundred miles from the nearest railroad station in Iowa.

On Monday, August 8, 1859, at ten A. M., he and his teamster broke camp, and pulled out down the Platte River, with two passengers, for "the States," leaving Brother A—— "on the old camp-ground," by the river bank, who felt like singing,

"No foot of land do I possess," etc.

That afternoon Henry Reitze came down with a wagon, and conveyed Brother A——, with his little effects, up to his cabin in Auraria. Prior to this, owing to the high price of board and lodging, Adriance had rented a log-cabin, 12 x 14, for ten dollars a month. It stood on Twelfth Street, between Larimer and Law-

rence. Brother A——, twenty-seven years afterward, describes his cabin and surroundings at that time, thus: "The logs were hewn, corners trimmed, no chimney, fronted west, a double-sash window in the east, which had been imported from New Mexico. The roof was clapboarded with split shingles, not unlike barrel-staves, then covered with dirt, through which the stove-pipe extended, from the little sheet-iron stove in the southeast corner; dirt floor; rough boards for a door. I covered the ground with hay, made a table, bedstead, two stools, and, with a little camp-stove, a tin plate, cup, knife and fork, two blankets, and a buffalo-robe, I commenced housekeeping. I felt like a stranger in a strange land; more strange among a still stranger people, surrounded with circumstances and conditions still more strange; for none of them cared for religious things. Trading, traffick-ing, drinking, and gambling were the order of the day, seven days in the week, interspersed with the occasional shooting of a man.

"A white woman or a child was a curiosity. Men would leave their glasses and cards, and rush frantically to the door, exclaiming: 'A woman! a woman! a child! a child! as either appeared coming into town. I do not forget the loneliness experienced, following Brother Goode's departure, as I traveled in that unorganized society. My custom was to hold class-meeting after each service.

"During the summer my congregations were nearly all newcomers, every time. In many respects it was a pleasant year, though one of hard work and many privations, often sleeping on the ground, or in wagons, or anywhere that I could straighten out and keep warm. I felt it was for the Master, and that nothing that could be endured was too hard. I knew that I was a poor stick for such a work; yet I did seek to lay good foundations upon which others should build. How I longed for the society of ministers and of pious people! For a time Brother Reitze was the only religious man in the two towns, with whom I could converse."

Who wonders at his being lonesome? Previously he had taken time by the forelock, mowed with a scythe, and put up three tons of hay on Ralston Creek. He borrowed two yoke of oxen and a wagon, hired a man to help, hauled it to Arapahoe,

and stacked it for safe keeping. After building himself a log stable and yard to put the hay in, he hauled it with the same team to Auraria.

On Friday, August 11th, Brother A—— started for Boulder, by the way of Arapahoe and Golden, arriving at the former place the next day. At Boulder he stopped with a family by the name of Fay, and preached, from John iii, 16, in the log house of a Mr. Moore, which stood near, if not upon, the present site of the court-house. This is said to have been the first sermon in Boulder County, and was delivered on the 13th of August, 1859. He took dinner with a Mr. Williams. At four o'clock that afternoon he preached in the same place from Matthew xiii, 23, and received one member into the Church.

On Monday night, the 14th, he preached ten miles north of Boulder, at the foot of the mountains, at a place called Springville, to a large and attentive congregation, from Isaiah lv, 6. There was only one house in the place, and that was occupied by a family by the name of McClain.

As near as can now be ascertained, this was on Left Hand, a little northwest of Haystack Mountain.

Wednesday, the 15th, he visited "the Boulder Diggings," now Gold Hill; but, owing to rain, held no service. Returned to Auraria on the 19th. His second visit to Boulder was on the 3d of September, when he preached in the upper room of a saloon. His third visit was on the 25th, when, on the 27th, he preached at "Gold Hill."

Of his return from this trip, Brother A—— says: "On the night of September 28th, I was on my way from Boulder to Auraria, on the old 'Cherokee Trail.' At Clear Creek, being belated, I had camped for the night by a haystack. A cold rain setting in about midnight, my pony being poor and in danger of becoming chilled, I started for home; became lost on the south side of the creek. The rain turned to snow about two o'clock. I kept warm by walking forward and back for about four rods, one blanket on pony and one on self. In the morning the snow was four inches deep, and I was four miles from town, which I was glad to reach about sunrise. This snow brought most of the miners out of the mountains, where the snow was much deeper,

wintering there being supposed impracticable. They mostly returned to the 'States.' Many, however, stopped in the valley, at different places outside of the mountains."

Rev. G. W. Fisher, in charge of the mountain appointments, found the miners going, or gone, so he came to Auraria, and



NO. 1465 ELEVENTH STREET.  
(Probably the oldest house in Denver.)

"bached" with Brother A— during the winter. Likewise did a local preacher by the name of Abraham Huette. Brother F— was a carpenter by trade, and during the winter he built a house for Brother Reitze on Eleventh Street, which is yet standing at No. 1465.

There was no religious organization of any kind when Brothers Goode and Adriance reached Denver. Methodism had been first on the ground to supply the agencies of the Church to these bold pioneers.

Late in the fall of 1859, an old gentleman, Rev. J. H. Kehler, an Episcopal clergyman, with his two daughters, came to the city, and their first service was held January 20, 1860. The result was "St. John's Church in the Wilderness," on the corner of Arapahoe and Fourteenth Streets, where the Haish Manual Training-school building, of the University of Denver, now stands. His successor is Dean Hart and the Protestant Episcopal cathedral.

November 27, 1859, Brother A—— organized a class of six members in Boulder, consisting of Brothers McLeod and wife, Becker and wife, Mitchel and wife.

February 6, 1860, he organized a class of ten members in Golden, with James W. Stanton leader. In the list of names is that of Abraham Slater, now a member of the Church at Wheat-ridge.

The Kansas and Nebraska Conference met in Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, March 15, 1860. Brother A—— started for that Conference on February 16th, by the Jones and Russell's stage-line, Major R. B. Bradford, agent, having furnished him a "pass" to Fort Kearney. It took four days to reach that point, traveling day and night. Then he had one hundred and eighty miles to go in private conveyance to reach Omaha, taking six days more. One very cold night he was compelled to lie out on the plains without fire. From Omaha he proceeded by stage to St. Joseph, Missouri, one hundred and ten miles. Then by boat to Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Conference recognized the importance of this work by inserting in its Minutes statistical returns from "Pike's Peak," and by creating a "Rocky Mountain District." The following resolution was also passed:

*"Resolved,* That the General Conference be requested to make contingent provision for the organization of an Annual Conference, to embrace the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, at a period prior to the session of the General Conference of 1864, by authorizing the bishop to make such organization, should the continued emigration be such as, in their judgment, to render the measure necessary.

"(Signed,)

WILLIAM H. GOODE,  
ISAAC F. COLLINS."

Again I quote from Brother A——'s letters to the writer and others: "How glad I was to meet the brethren, and have some ministerial society. It was like an oasis in the desert. I was nearly overcome with joy. After Conference I went back to New York, to visit my parents and friends. There I found a girl willing to become a missionary's wife." (There is a slight touch of romance and of heroism about this match. She was Miss Fanny A., daughter of Rev. L. C. Rogers, of the Central New York Conference. Just seventeen days after their first meeting, they were married, and started for the "Pike's Peak" country.) "On our return we crossed the Plains at the rate of twenty-eight to thirty miles a day, reaching Golden about the 1st of July, and began housekeeping in a little cabin 12 x 14, with no floor, one door, half a window on each side, slab roof, eaves about five feet high, three stools, and a little sheet-iron stove. Kept house three months without a chair.

"When Presiding Elder Chivington came to stop over night, he had a much better bed than I had a number of times, the year before, in the same place; for I had previously, with a pick and sledge-hammer, broken off, pounded down, or dug up some of the stones among which I had wriggled myself down so that I could rest a little and sleep. Further, I had covered the ground with sawdust, then with hay, upon which we had put a carpet of gunny-sacks, tacked down with wooden pegs driven into the ground. So, with a few blankets, a pair of nice white cotton or linen sheets, and a big feather-bed, we made him quite comfortable. But wife had to wait in the morning until he got up before breakfast could be started. A wedding party of four came to stop over night. We bunked on the ground with a part of them, giving the newly-married pair the bedstead with one leg, of my own make.

"When wife and I visited on the circuit, she rode the pony and I took it afoot. I carried my revolver and knife in my belt. On the whole, we had a good year; some souls converted."

The General Conference of 1860 divided the Kansas and Nebraska Conference. The Rocky Mountain District, lying adjacent to Kansas, was placed in that Conference.

September 4, 1860, Rev. J. M. Chivington, presiding elder,



held the first quarterly-meeting services in Boulder, Brother Adriance having held the Quarterly Conference the previous day, as the elder was not present.

The Kansas Conference of 1861 convened in Atchison, Kansas Territory, March 21st. The Colorado work was recognized, as had been done the year previous. Once more I quote from Brother A——: "In 1861 I did not go to Conference. I was appointed to Central City, Russel Gulch, and other points. We lived in Eureka Gulch. I traveled this work on foot, as it was too expensive to keep a pony, with corn at twelve cents per pound and hay at six cents. When potatoes and squashes *came down* to four and five cents per pound, we thought we could afford the luxury. Here wife had to foot it, as I did, when she went with me. Sometimes she would walk as much as six miles in half a day over the mountains. It was on this charge that the first\* church in Colorado was built, of hewed logs, shingle roof, puncheon seats, in the fall of 1860, and was a Methodist Episcopal church. It stood on the divide between Eureka and Nevada Gulches, about half a mile from Central City. It was burned in the winter of 1861. The key happened to be at my house, and I have it now. The original was lost, and this one was made by Father Rowen, a blacksmith, a good man, a local preacher. We had a hard year. Some good done. Not feeling myself adapted to that rough-and-tumble work, I determined to locate. We came down out of the mountains in February, 1862, by wagon, and were eighteen days getting to Fremont, Nebraska. In the Nebraska Conference I worked hard for sixteen years. Much exposure had broken my health; though laid on the shelf, hearing gone, but, thank the good Lord, enjoying the blessedness of our holy Christianity. If it was not wrong, I would like to be young again, and go out on the frontier and lay foundations. I do love to see the structures rise. My daily prayer used to be when in Colorado: 'O that God will bless the planting of his Church here!' To God belongs the praise. Yours for the prosperity of Zion, Jacob Adriance."

\*Brother Adriance had not heard of the church-building begun in Hamilton, nor of the one erected in California Gulch, and occupied in October for a quarterly-meeting. The church at Central City was not finished until December 25, 1860, when it was dedicated. (See next chapter.)

The Kansas Conference of 1862 met in Wyandotte (now West Kansas City), Kansas, March 12th. The interests of the Rocky Mountain country were carefully looked after and provided for. The same was true of the session in 1863, which met in Lawrence, March 11th. Bishop Ames presided.

I now give the appointments, taken from the "Kansas and Nebraska" and from the "Kansas Conference Minutes," for the years indicated. The names of the supplies are from the *Denver News* of the same dates:

1860.—ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT—JOHN M. CHIVINGTON, *P. E.*

Denver and Auraria.....Supplied by A. P. Allen.  
 Golden City and Boulder.....Jacob Adriaance.  
 Mountain City.....Supplied by Joseph T. Canon.  
 Clear Creek, Blue River, and Colorado City...All to be supplied.

1861.—ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT—JOHN M. CHIVINGTON, *P. E.*

Denver City.....W. A. Kenney.  
 Golden City and Boulder.....J. W. Caughlin.  
 Central City.....J. Adriaance.  
 Colorado City.....W. S. Lloyd.  
 Tarryall.....William Howbert.  
 Gold Dirt, Mountain City, Nevada and Eureka, Missouri City,  
 South Clear Creek, Platte River and Plumb Creek, Cañon  
 City, Blue River, and San Juan City.....To be supplied.

1862.—ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT—B. C. DENNIS, *P. E.*

Denver.....W. A. Kenney.  
 Golden City and Boulder.....Charles King.  
 Cañon and Colorado Cities.....William Howbert.  
 South Park.....W. S. Lloyd.  
 Central City, California Gulch, South Clear Creek, and Blue  
 River.....To be supplied.

1863.—ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT—B. C. DENNIS, *P. E.*

Denver City.....O. A. Willard.  
 Golden City.....D. M. Petifish.  
 Central City.....W. H. Fisher.  
 South Park.....John L. Dyer.  
 Black Hawk.....Charles King.  
 Pueblo.....William Howbert.  
 Boulder, South Clear Creek, Blue River, California Gulch, and  
 Colorado City.....To be supplied.

STATISTICS.—The stewards' report shows that the salaries were very meager, running all the way from \$37.50 up to \$350, received from the charges. There was reported from "Pike's Peak" in 1860, 27 members, 35 probationers, and 1 local preacher; in 1861, 384 members, 43 probationers, and 17 local preachers; three churches, valued at \$1,800. The benevolences were: \$7.50 for missions; \$1 for Church Extension, \$1 for Tracts, and \$1.50 for Sunday-school Union. There were seven Sunday-schools, with 59 officers and teachers, 212 scholars of all ages, and 610 books in their libraries.

In 1862, they reported 131 members, 32 probationers, and 14 local preachers, and one church-building worth \$200. They had raised \$19 for missions. The six Sunday-schools had 42 officers and teachers, 233 scholars of all ages, and 830 volumes in libraries.

There was no financial report in the Kansas Conference Minutes for the Rocky Mountain work in 1863. Four months later, the Rocky Mountain Conference was organized.

### III.

#### FOUNDATION BUILDERS.

SOME years ago, Rev. John M. Chivington furnished sketches of the early times in Colorado for the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, from which I make the following selections:

“On May 8, 1860, I arrived at Denver, published an appointment, and preached the following Sunday in the Masonic Hall, and also on the next Sunday, morning and evening. During the next week I succeeded in securing the services of Rev. A. P. Allen, a supernumerary of the Wisconsin Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a supply for Denver. Mr. Allen was an able preacher, and filled the pulpit with great acceptability; but as he was engaged in secular pursuits, he did but little Church-work, except to preach, and consequently his success was not what it otherwise might have been. Adriance and Canon were at their posts in due time, and heartily engaged in the work. At California Gulch I found H. H. Johnson, a local preacher from Kansas, who had been preaching there, and seemed to be greatly in favor with the people. I employed him as a supply, organized a society, held Quarterly Conference, and set matters to work in good shape. As a result, when I visited them on my next round, they had a round-log church up, and while I was there we occupied it to hold quarterly-meeting in. This was the first place of worship, erected for that specific purpose, which we had in the country. When cold weather set in, which was early, Johnson and most of the people left the Gulch for different places in the valley and the States. I returned to Denver, *via* Colorado City, spent the Sabbath there, and had services Saturday night and Sunday morning and night. After preaching at night I baptized by immersion, in Fountain-qui-Bouille, a Mr. Meek, a Seventh-day Baptist, a man of correct life, very conscientious, and who proved himself every way worthy as a Christian man. The preachers were alert, diligent, devoted, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was in a forward state of organization

at all points where we had been able to occupy the field, and our Church afforded the only religious services they had except for a very short time. In June and July, 1860, Rev. William Bradford, of the Kansas Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached and set up the banner of his Church; but he soon became discouraged, and quit the field.

"The first quarterly-meeting held at Mountain City was one of the most extraordinary ever held in this, or any other country. There were present thousands upon thousands of people from every State and Territory in the Union, and from almost every country of Europe, declaring the wonderful works of God. Nearly a thousand communed at the Lord's Supper. Speaking of this meeting recently, an old saint of God said: 'It was the most remarkable meeting I have witnessed in seventy years.' Mr. Canon labored faithfully and successfully until about the middle of September, and then suddenly, without notice to the presiding elder, he and family left for his former home in Nebraska. Rev. Mr. Watson, a local preacher from Iowa, and brother of Dr. J. V. Watson, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, was then employed as a supply on Mountain City charge. He served a short time, when he also left for his home 'in the States,' and Charlie Johnson, a local preacher from Illinois, was employed to finish out the Conference year, which he did with eminent success. The brethren erected a good hewed-log church on the ridge between Nevada and Eureka Gulches, and it was opened with appropriate services December 25, 1860. Rev. John Cree, John W. Stanton, John Reed, J. C. Anderson, D. S. Green, and others, were prominent in the construction and furnishing of this place of worship. In July and August I visited and held services in Hamilton, Fairplay, and Buckskin Joe in South Park, and on French and Georgia Gulches, over the Range, on the headwaters of the Blue River; also on California and McNulty's Gulches, on the Arkansas River.

"Late in the fall Father Machebeuf, of the Roman Catholic Church, came to Denver, and at once began and, until very recently, carried on and forwarded the operations of his Church.

"In March, 1861, I left by overland coach for Conference at Atchison, Kansas. The latter part of this Conference year was one

of great unrest in the Territory, within the bounds of the Rocky Mountain District; grave threats of secession and fiery speeches in both Houses of Congress were the order of the times, and the inhabitants of this region were very much divided in their opinions and sympathies on the National issue; each was a stranger to almost every other person in the Territory, and each looked upon the other with a shade of suspicion. Still, to the credit of all the people be it said, at all times and places our ministers were treated with the greatest respect and consideration.

“On my way home from Conference in 1861 I was thrown from the step of the coach, and run over by the hind wheel, and was so badly crippled that, for a time, I had to go on two crutches. The first Sabbath at home I preached in our place of worship, and having ‘just arrived from the States,’ there was a very large attendance. During the sermon, and by way of illustration, I spoke of the National troubles, and quoted the words of Stephen A. Douglas: ‘Henceforth, until the National authority is restored, let there be but two parties—patriots and traitors.’ This utterance caused a very decided sensation in the audience, and resulted in a visit by a committee of gentlemen, who earnestly protested against having their secession friends characterized as ‘traitors,’ ‘rebels,’ etc.

“A few weeks after my return from Conference I was called on to preach the funeral of one of Captain (afterwards Colonel) Slauch’s recruits, who had been shot dead by a saloon-keeper, because he wanted more drinks than he had money to pay for. During that sermon I told the excited multitude that I was God’s free man, and did not intend to speak any doubtful words on the great question at issue; nor yet to hold my peace. That I was a man of lawful age and full size (six feet four and a half inches, and well-proportioned), and an American citizen before I became a minister, and that if the Church had required me to renounce any of my rights of manhood or American citizenship before I could become her minister, I should have very respectfully declined.

“My readers will see that our position as a Church in this region was pretty clearly defined, and I am glad to say that, so far as I learned, there was but one man and one woman, his wife,

who took umbrage at the position taken. He was not in full accord with us, as well, on the temperance question. And we were then, and would be now, and will be in all future time, better off without any who are tipplers in the Church. No pretext, in my judgment, is sufficient to justify the use of intoxicants by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; better, far better, die by the hand of a just God than be cured by the devil. Excuse this digression. Early in the Conference year I accepted a commission as major of the 1st Colorado Infantry Volunteers, from the far-seeing though eccentric Governor Gilpin. It was the busiest year of my life. I held quarterly-meetings on Saturdays and Sundays, and then made recruiting speeches and drilled the battalion during the other four days and nights of each week.

“Walter A. Kenney, appointed to Denver, arrived at his post of duty in good time, and entered upon his work with zeal and energy. He was a young man of far more than average ability and good acquirements. He gave entire satisfaction to our people, and was quite a favorite with the public in general.

“W. S. Lloyd was sent to Colorado City; soon after, I requested him to take in Cañon City, which had forged to the front rapidly. He was received with hearty greeting, and did a good work; but owing to the poor health and dissatisfaction of his wife, who was a good woman, but wholly unfit for the wife of an itinerant Methodist minister at the front, he did not long remain in the active work here.

“Rev. Jacob Adriaance (born October 22, 1835, in New York), was in due time on hand at Central City, and unfurled the banner of the Cross in the name of the Lord of Hosts. Faithfully, diligently, and untiringly did he pursue the even tenor of his way, and care for the work committed to him.

“Gladly and with willing hearts did he and his noble wife go forward on their mission of love, foregoing a thousand and more comforts that they might have enjoyed. He was a good singer, powerful in prayer, thoroughly Methodistic in all his ways, and strong in faith, giving glory to God. He was pre-eminently ‘a man of one work.’ The writer of these lines recollects the day that this faithful servant of God and the Church came to his ‘hired house’ at Omaha, in April, 1857, seeking a place to work

for the Master. Have known him ever since, and can not now remember an act, or indiscretion that could be censured, except this, his leaving Colorado. I have purposely said more about Mr. Adriance than others, because he may fairly be said to be the founder of Methodism in Colorado. It is true Dr. Goode came on the ground at the same time he did; but the Doctor returned to Iowa in six weeks, and never saw this work again. Indeed, it was not intended, or expected, that he should. He simply came on a reconnoitering expedition, and that accomplished, his work here ended; while Mr. Adriance remained, formed a mission circuit, organized societies, appointed class-leaders, held Quarterly Conferences, and started the first Sunday-school ever organized in Colorado. He is, indeed, the father of Methodism in Colorado.

“Rev. William Howbert was promptly on hand at Fairplay, and did remarkably well under the circumstances. Besides the difficulties and hindrances growing out of the disturbed state of the country, the population of the whole Territory was transient. I do not now recall any who expected to make this country their permanent home. All were on the lookout for fortunes, which they hoped to obtain speedily, and then return to their former place of residence to enjoy it. Hence, as at Tarryall, Hamilton, Breckenridge, and other ‘camps’ within the bounds of Mr. Howbert’s charge, at the beginning of the year, matters were lively and prosperous; before the year was half gone, some of them were almost depopulated, and all of them greatly reduced in the number and condition of their inhabitants. It, perhaps, ought to be stated here that, during this year, more than twelve hundred men enlisted from the Territory in the Union army, and hundreds hastened South and joined their fortunes with the Confederacy; so that the depletion of our population from these and other causes was very great, and the effect on our Church enterprises was very damaging throughout the district, especially in Mr. Howbert’s field of labor and the adjacent camps.

“This year, 1861, Rev. A. S. Billingsly, a Presbyterian minister, came out, under the auspices of the Mission Board of his Church, to plant a mission in Denver. He was a man of considerable ability, and a zealous worker for the cause of the Master and in the interests of his Church. He left the pastorate of the



Church at Brownsville, Nebraska, to come to this new field. I had known him there, and he came out in the coach with me on my return from Conference. He took me to task, on the way out, for using slang words and phrases, as, 'skedaddle,' 'get up and dust,' 'go along and brindle,' and then used one or more of these same expressions in the first sermon he preached in the place; which shows how true it is that 'evil communications corrupt good manners!' Mr. Billingsly said he came with ample means, and full authority from his Mission Board to establish a permanent Church into which might be gathered both the Presbyterian and Congregational people, who had ventured out here in quest of gold. He only staid a few months, and left in disgust for the East, where he dealt out to the people of Colorado some left-handed compliments, saying the Territory would be entirely depopulated in less than five years.

"John L. Dyer came to the Territory June 22, 1861, and the first time I met him was at Buckskin Joe, July 18, 1861, at a quarterly-meeting held near the cabin of Stansel, Bond, and Harris. This firm took gold in fabulous amounts from their claim.

"He had been a traveling preacher in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, but afterwards located and sought recuperated health and fortune in Colorado; and we are rejoiced to state here that he found both. He found even more, an 'open door' to preach the gospel, which is more to him than 'meat and drink.' If I have ever known a man anywhere who enjoyed preaching more than does Mr. Dyer, I am at a loss to name him, and this is as it should be. Paul gloried in it, and why not all his successors? Mr. Reid, Mr. Rice, Mr. Lincoln, Colonel Grant, and others are honored in being ambassadors of our Government at the courts of France, England, Austria, Germany, etc., and how much greater the honor of being an ambassador of Christ? Every conceivable earthly honor pales before this heaven-conferred distinction. Mr. Dyer did not wait to rest from his long journey, nor to replenish his depleted empty purse, nor to take his bearings, that he might find out which way the popular breeze was blowing; but at once drew the gospel bow at a venture, and let the arrows fly thick and fast. He never so much as said, 'Sinners, if you

do not want to get wounded, look a little out,' but drew the sword of the Spirit, throwing the scabbard away; and it has been flashing in the sunlight of peak, valley, and plain ever since. As I write, I hear him shouting as he goes on his snowshoes:

“‘See on the mountain-top  
The standard of your God;  
In Jesus' name 't is lifted up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.

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

“Rev. Walter A. Kenney went to the Conference at Wyandotte, Kansas, in 1862, and was reappointed to the Church in Denver; but was taken violently ill, and died before he could return to his field of labor.

“After a time the place was filled by the transfer of Rev. O. A. Willard, a brother of Miss Frances E. Willard, of National fame. This young man was of very frail physique, but of giant intellect and most remarkable gifts. His young wife, the daughter of a Methodist minister (Dr. Bannister, of Garrett Biblical Institute), was a great help in our Church work in Denver. Mr. Willard could preach equal to any young man I ever heard. His wife was a gifted pianist and organist, an excellent singer, a fine conversationalist, and could and did pray well. The Church was greatly encouraged by this appointment. What will my readers say when they read that Mr. Willard paid \$40 per week for room and board at the hotel, where I found him when I returned from the campaign with my regiment through New Mexico? Our congregations were now as large as we could find a building to hold, and Church prosperity had fairly set in. Dr. John Evans, of Chicago, Ill., had been appointed governor, *vice* Gilpin, removed, and he, with his estimable family, made a valuable addition to our Church forces. So also did S. H. Elbert, just appointed secretary of the Territory, *vice* Weld, removed. Mr. Elbert was not at that time a member of any Church; but being the son of Dr. Elbert, of Iowa, one of the staunchest of Churchmen, he naturally leaned

that way, and was a regular attendant at public worship and a liberal patron of the Church of his parents. Still, we had no settled place of worship, and those who have closely observed these things have discovered that, in order to permanent and steady growth, a religious society must have a regular place of meeting, and a place set apart exclusively for the service of God.

"I remember going to a prominent mining-camp to preach one Thursday night. It seemed as if there was no place to be had that was large enough to hold the people who wished to attend the services, and it was decidedly too cold for an outdoor meeting. When about to abandon the thought of service, a gentlemanly saloon-keeper came and offered his saloon and gambling-hall for our use, only requiring that we give him back his place in ninety minutes. In doing this, he said to me, 'I do not expect you to go out of your way to abuse my business; but I do not wish you to soften your words nor smooth your tongue to spare me or my business.' We went in, occupied his place for seventy minutes, and then retired as gracefully as we knew how. Six years ago I met a lady here, in Denver, who asked me if I remembered that night and service. She said that she 'was awakened and converted as the result of that meeting held in a saloon.'

"Charles King, whose name is for the first time mentioned in the Minutes of the Conference, was appointed to Golden and Boulder, and was the product of Colorado Methodism. During the autumn of 1860 he was the 'hired man' of Rev. A. P. Allen, on his ranch seven miles west of Denver. One Thursday he walked in to town, from the ranch, and was to meet Mr. Allen at prayer-meeting, and they were to return to the ranch together after service. For some cause Mr. Allen did not come; the writer and King were all who did attend that evening. After we had waited till it was clear that no one else would put in an appearance, I said, 'Mr. King, suppose we go to the house, say our prayers, and go to bed.' King replied, 'Had we not better pray here, and now?' I told him, 'If he would pray I would kneel with him.' He replied by kneeling down and engaging in prayer, and *pray he did!* Such a prayer! Such confession of sin, such pleadings for forgiveness, such promises of obedience in the future, such agonizing for deliverance from sin, and for present salvation

through the blood of the Lamb! In turn, I prayed, and he was converted. The following Sunday he came to church, and, as it was quarterly-meeting, he spoke in love-feast, telling how he had been an unbeliever, how he had been deeply convicted, how he had tried to throw off all restraint by telling the elder hard things against Brother Allen, how sorry he was that he had sinned so grievously, and how happy he was that all had been pardoned. This was the first well-defined conversion I witnessed in Colorado. It could easily be seen from the night of his conversion that he was called to preach. He was a young man of good ability, natural and acquired. After nearly ten years in the ministry and in teaching, he died in September, 1874, at Little Butte on the Fountain, where his body awaits the resurrection morning.

“Rev. David Petifish organized the first class at Black Hawk, in 1862. His wife was a consumptive, and died in Denver that fall or winter. The balance of the year was filled out by Charles King.

“Central City was left to be supplied. Presiding Elder Dennis, before he left Kansas, secured Rev. W. H. Fisher, a deacon of the second year, and member of the Kansas Conference, for this place. Mr. Fisher accompanied Mr. Dennis to Denver, bringing his family with him; and, after a full consultation with brethren on the ground, he was assigned to the Church at Central. That being at that time the center of population in the Territory, was a charge of much importance. It must have been near the middle of June when he arrived and began his work. In the first sermon Mr. Fisher preached at Central, he created a buzz about his case by making some unfavorable allusion to the subject of salary; but this blew over after a time, and he became quite popular. His labors were very helpful as well as abundant, for during this entire year he preached three times each Sabbath, as follows: eleven A. M. at Central, two-thirty P. M. at Nevada, and seven-thirty P. M. again at Central. He had a very prosperous Sunday-school at Central, which was under the superintendence of David S. Green.

“Brother Howbert, never pretentious, but always faithful, diligent, and conscientious, was early on hand at Cañon and

Colorado Cities, and all through the year did good service amidst great discouragement, growing out of a multiplicity of causes, such as a want of sufficient support, long distances between appointments, removals, and changed location of the capital of the Territory, the shifting or migratory character of the population, etc.; still he was fairly successful; a good man, true to God, his Church, and his Government.

"In 1862, W. S. Lloyd was appointed to South Park, but did not go to his work at all. He was greatly affected by the death of Brother Kenney, and became so much discouraged that he severed his connection with the Rocky Mountain District, and returned to Kansas, and soon after to Ohio.

The principal attention given to our Church work in South Park, Blue River, and California Gulch this year, was by Rev. John L. Dyer, who never missed an opportunity to do good, by affording the people religious privileges. Many men, away from home and home restraints, discouraged and more or less reckless, were in those days greatly benefited by the services of these servants of God, and have had cause for gratitude to God and the Church which sent them to minister unto them in their wanderings. A Church with less zeal, less complete in its organization, less elastic in its operations, and less adapted to such changing circumstances and conditions, could not have rendered the needed services. At any rate, none essayed to do it in this case. Mr. Dennis, the new presiding elder, was a young man, smooth-faced, closely shaven, and scrupulously neat in his dress, was ruddy in complexion, somewhat diffident, though of good address, slightly deaf, which made him appear to disadvantage. He had fair abilities as a preacher, was punctual in all his appointments, was deeply pious; but did not appear sufficiently forceful and aggressive for the position of a leader in this region at that time. In the early sixties no half-way measures or doubtful positions were of avail in Colorado. We were respectful enough of each others' opinions and feelings; but at the same time every man was expected to show his hand. His individuality must be clear and distinct in order to command respect."

Since the above was written, the writer thereof has gone to his reward; hence the following memoir:

JOHN MILTON CHIVINGTON was born near Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio. His mother was of Irish descent, and his father Scotch. He was converted in October, 1842; licensed to preach at Zoar Church, Goshen Circuit, Ohio Conference, by Michael Marley, presiding elder, September, 1844. The same Quarterly Conference recommended him to the Annual Conference three years later.

This recommendation was sent, by the proper authority, to the Illinois Conference, which met that year in Jacksonville. He was received on probation, and appointed to Payson Circuit. On the trip from Ohio to Illinois, by the way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, he contracted smallpox. This detained him at Quincy, Illinois, until after the Conference adjourned. As soon as able he went to his work, and had a prosperous year. At the next session of the Illinois Conference, he was induced to cross over into Missouri, and labor there. This was in the fall of 1848. He served the following charges: Lagrange, Hannibal, Shelbyville, St. Joseph, and Fillmore; also the Wyandotte and Delaware Indian Mission and Hedding Chapel, St. Louis; then presiding elder of St. Joseph District. November, 1856, he was transferred to the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, and was stationed at Omaha until March, 1857, when he was appointed to the Omaha District as presiding elder. The year after, he was sent to the Nebraska City District; two years after, 1860, to the Rocky Mountain District. He traveled this district two years, and then left it to enter the army of the United States, as major of the 1st Colorado Cavalry.

He was, for a time, in command of Fort Weld, which stood where Elijah Millison's house, front yard, and grounds now are, extending east to the "mesa." Here were the barracks and parade-grounds, one-half a mile west of the Rio Grande repair-shops at Burnham. The Confederate General Sibley was over-running New Mexico with his Texas Rangers, at the same time endangering the peace of Colorado.

The Colorado troops were sent to re-enforce General Canby, at Fort Union, in New Mexico, Colonel Slauch in command. At Burnell Springs, about twenty miles from Apache Cañon, they learned that General Sibley was advancing from Santa Fé, with about 3,500 men to capture Colorado for the Confederacy. March 25, 1862, Major Chivington, with four hundred men, was sent from Burnell Springs to Pigeon Ranch on a reconnoitering expedition. The next day, about two o'clock, they met the advance guard, eight hundred in number, of the Texans in the Apache Cañon, where a skirmish occurred, which lasted until dark.

On the 28th, the major was ordered to the rear of the enemy with five hundred men, with two days' rations, over a difficult and winding mountain trail. Once they were lost, when a kind-hearted Mexican piloted them to the right, but dim path, which led in the proper direction. Colonel Slauch, with the balance of his command, engaged the enemy in the front. The major and his men reached a high ridge, overlooking the enemy's rear camp, about fifteen miles from the main body, just as they were sitting down to dinner. Immediately forming his men in line, he addressed them in the following language: "Now, boys, yonder is the rebel camp, and we are going to take it. I do not know how many men are there; but I will lead you, and if I fall do not stop to pick me up, **BUT TAKE THE CAMP.**"

The hill was so steep and rocky that the major deemed it unsafe to ride his horse. This was left tied to a rock. On foot, in two columns, down that mountain side they went at "double quick" for half a mile, while two cannon were blazing away at them. These were quickly captured and spiked. The guards, taken by surprise, fired only a few volleys, and then fled, dinnerless. His men burned eighty-one wagons, large quantities of ammunition, and supplies of all kinds; captured and scattered three hundred mules, having accomplished all this without the loss of a man. Then they returned by the rough trail to the camp they left in the morning. Here they learned of the celebrated Apache Cañon fight, known in history as the battle of "Glorietta," in which the victory was on the side of the Union.

For the account of this trip and skirmish with the rear portion of Sibley's army, I am indebted to William and James Lycans, of Platteville, Colorado, who were participants therein.

General Sibley, learning that his supplies were destroyed, fell back to Santa Fé, and from there to the place whence he had come.

At Galisteo, N. M., General Canby promoted Major Chivington, for his bravery, to the rank of Colonel, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Colonel Slaughter.

Colonel Chivington subsequently fought the battle of "Sand Creek," in which several hundred Indians were killed, and the death of one hundred and seventy-four white men, women, and children, who had been massacred, was avenged.

The Indian depredations were effectually stopped. The General Government, hearing of this, as it was then sometimes called, "Indian Massacre," sent Schuyler Colfax and Governor Bross to investigate, and report to the proper authorities as to the truth of the charges. These gentlemen, after hearing all the evidence in the case, exonerated the colonel and all others connected with the "Sand Creek" affair. In the fall of 1865 he resigned his commission, and engaged in the freighting business for the next two years. In the spring of 1867, he went East, not to return until January 1, 1883.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1873, he married, for his second wife, Mrs. Isabel Arnzen, a soldier's widow, who shared his fortunes for twenty years, and tenderly cared for him during his last illness.

Having been thrown out of the Conference because he entered the army, the whole trend of his life was changed. He often wondered what it would have been had this not occurred. The colonel committed not a few mistakes. He was a man with clear convictions and an iron will, that quailed not in the face of any danger; but he had a noble heart, and was generous to a fault. He never lost interest in the Church of his early choice. After the session of one of our Conferences, he sent for the writer to come and relate to him its doings. He was only able to sit in a rocker on the porch. During the conversation something was said that touched his heart, when he shouted "Glory to God!"



several times, and the tears coursed freely down his cheeks. This penman visited him often while sick, and conversed with him freely. Two hours before the very last he asked: "Colonel, how is it? Is Jesus precious to you?" With a smile, he answered: "His presence dwells within. It's all around me. It fills the room." He stated almost the same to his companion only a moment before he ceased to breathe.

The colonel unquestionably got right with God ere he went hence, as all nearest him verily believe. He fell asleep about three o'clock in the afternoon, October 4, 1894. After religious services at Trinity Church, his body was laid away to rest on Sunday, October 7th, in the Fairmount Cemetery, by the Grand Lodge of the A. F. & A. M. of Colorado.

THE people of Colorado will never know how much they owe to these faithful pioneer preachers, who, braving the dangers of Indian massacres, floods and privations of various kinds, proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God all over this Rocky Mountain region; often without fee or reward; frequently where they were not wanted; always to the farthest pioneer settlement or mining-camp. As they declared a free and a full salvation, many hearts were caused, under God's benedictions, "to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

## IV.

### PICKET-LINE EXTENDED.

REV. WILLIAM HOWBERT, of the Iowa Conference, accompanied by his son Irving, now a resident of Colorado Springs, reached Denver City, June 14, 1860. Three days after, they heard Presiding Elder Chivington preach in a hall over "The City Drugstore."

Early on Monday morning, June 18th, Brother H—— left for the "South Park Mission," to which the presiding elder had sent him, reaching Hamilton on the 25th instant. Here, near the northeastern upper end of the Park, a town with about one hundred log houses, with dirt roofs, had been built. It stood a short distance above where Como now stands. This region was then an unexplored field religiously.

On Friday, the 29th, he visited "Tarryall Diggings," preaching there on Sunday morning of July 1st, and in Hamilton at night. At the latter place he organized a class of twenty-one members. These were the first religious services ever held in South Park.

July 3d, plans were inaugurated to build a church in Hamilton. Lots were selected on the 4th, and two hundred dollars subscribed towards the erection of the building.

Of his farther explorations, which began on Friday, July 6th, he says in his diary: "With a shirt in one pocket, a Testament and hymn-book in another, bread and beef in a third, I started out on foot for Blue River, crossing the Snowy Range at what is now called "Boreas Pass," about one o'clock, arriving at Breckenridge at night, stopping with Brother Oldham. On Saturday I found some Methodists. I left an appointment to preach on Sunday at four P. M., then went to Gold Run, where I put up with Brother Onis for the night. Sunday morning I preached at Blue River, organizing a class of six members, and at Breckenridge in the afternoon, forming a class of seven. The Lord was with us to bless."

This was the beginning of Methodism on the Pacific Slope in Colorado. The next day he returned to Hamilton. Here the trustees decided to build a log church, 30 x 40, and let the contract for \$450. This was the first attempt at church erection in all the Rocky Mountain region. (See Chapters II and III for further account of first efforts in this direction.)

To William Howbert belongs the honor of preaching the first gospel sermons in each one of the above-mentioned localities, so far as is now known.

July 15th, the Rev. H. H. Johnson, a local deacon, appeared on the scene, claiming to have been sent by the presiding elder as an assistant. He preached in the morning at Hamilton, and Howbert in the evening, when six more members joined the Church. Howbert's circuit embraced the whole of Southern and Southwestern Colorado, or, rather, wherever men could be found in all the region named.

His next trip was in company with Revs. Johnson and Mann, another local preacher from Iowa. They started for the "Upper Arkansas Diggings," and camped, on the 18th, about three miles southeast of the present site of Leadville. There was at that time a large crowd of men in the "California Diggings." Brother Johnson preached to a large and orderly congregation in a saloon, and organized a class of twenty members. That summer, in this Gulch, the first church-building in Colorado was erected. It was built of logs, had a dirt floor, clapboard shingles, and seated two hundred persons. It stood one and one-half miles below the present site of Oro City, and one-half mile east of the south end of Harrison Avenue in Leadville. It has long since ceased to exist, its site having been washed away by water.

On the 23d they started for Denver. Here Major Bradford promised them glass for the church at Hamilton; but this was never called for.

At Denver Brother Howbert purchased a mule, saddle, and bridle, and started for Colorado City. As he rode into that town Sunday morning, July 29th, at ten A. M., he found the people excited over a Mexican horse-thief, whom they had just sentenced to be hanged, and were then on their way to execute. He advised the people to postpone the execution until after preach-

ing; but his counsel was not heeded. After the Mexican was disposed of, the people returned, and listened most respectfully to the sermon. When he arrived at Hamilton, on the following Thursday, he found the log church about two-thirds completed. The building was never finished, owing to the abandonment of the town because of a later mining excitement.

August 5th, Brother H—— preached at Fairplay at ten A. M., and a funeral sermon at "Buckskin Joe" in the afternoon. These were the first services held at either of these places. The latter was named after a man by the name of Joseph Grover, who wore a buckskin suit when in that locality. He was from and returned to Vermillion, Erie County, Ohio, where the writer knew him in after years.

On the 11th and 12th of August, Presiding Elder Chivington held a quarterly-meeting on Blue River. This was his first visit to this region, and was the first meeting of the kind held beyond the range.

On Brother H——'s next visit to California Gulch, circumstances compelled him to camp and sleep on the rocks. September 30, 1860, he performed, possibly, the first Methodist marriage ceremony in what is now Colorado, uniting Oliver Richpatrick and Sarah Hammel in the bonds of holy matrimony.

His next trip was to Fairplay, where he left a Sunday-school library, obtained in Denver.

In the spring of 1861, Brother H—— was sent to "Tarryall," which included the South Park and the Upper Arkansas River Valley. Much work had to be done, with small pay. Like the great apostle, he "counted not his life dear unto him so he might save some."

In the spring of 1862 he was sent to the Arkansas River Valley and its tributaries, outside of the mountains. This meant Cañon City, Colorado City, and a point twenty miles east of Pueblo. No small circuit for a man to travel on mule-back in those times! He was a man of God, and preached with power. The people were poor, and the settlements widely separated; but they heard him gladly, while their "hearts burned within them as he talked to them by the way." He continued a few months on this work, became discouraged, and retired to private life.

His health was poor at the very best. He has long since ceased from earthly labors.

W. R. FOWLER was converted in 1858, and joined the Presbyterian Church in Chicago soon afterward. He and family were forty days *en route* to Denver from the Missouri River, with an ox-team. He had family worship, morning and evening, all the way across the Plains. With his family around him, seated on the bare ground, he would sing a hymn, read from the Scriptures, and lead in prayer. What an object-lesson of true piety for the onlookers, camped near! Indians often came into their camp; but were docile.

They remained ten days in Denver, attended the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, and heard a good sermon from A. P. Allen, who was then the pastor. The rougher element seemed to rule the town. Cañon City, which stands on the north bank of the Arkansas River, at the base of the mountains and the natural gateway thereto, was just coming into notice. It seemed to offer more inducements than any other point, so he decided to make that his home. He reached there August 10, 1860, a stranger in a strange land.

He found a few hundred men busy laying the foundations of a city, and working with pistols and long knives attached to their belts, knowing no law or order, except such as each chose to observe. All was confusion. Every man was a law unto himself. The Rocky Mountain region at that time was not even organized into a Territory. Each one hoped to improve his financial condition, then return to "God's country" in the East, as it was then called. Few then, or for years afterward, expected to make Colorado a permanent home.

The great majority left their religion, if they ever had any, on the other side of the Missouri River. When Brother Fowler reached Cañon City, he found no ministers, no churches, no Bibles, no Sunday-schools, no religious books, or periodicals. Not one, however, had forgotten guns, pistols, or bowie-knives.

Before leaving the East he had supplied himself with tracts, hymn-books, Sunday-school books, printed sermons, and a few Bibles. On Sunday morning, August 12, 1860, he distributed

tracts at every camp, tent, and cabin, and invited each occupant to a religious service, to be held in an unfinished log building, at eleven o'clock A. M., when a sermon would be read; and, strange to say, a good-sized audience listened attentively. Services of this character were continued for some time. September 2d, a Sunday-school was organized by Brother Fowler. A Mrs. McPherson, with her daughter Belle and son Henry, came, offering her services as teacher.

In October of that year, Brother F—— was elected magistrate at a mass-meeting of the citizens, which position he filled, without pay, for about six months. Late in the fall, many miners came down to that place from the high altitudes to a more congenial clime, among whom was a local preacher, H. H. Johnson, who arrived in November, 1860.

The population of Cañon City at that time was about fifteen hundred. H. H. Johnson preached to them during the winter, organized a class of seven members, and appointed W. R. Fowler class-leader. Presiding Elder Chivington held one quarterly-meeting service during that winter.

In the spring of 1861 there was a general exodus for the gold-fields and for the war. Cañon City was practically depopulated. The minister left for Kansas, and most of the membership for the mountains.

Brother F—— moved to Pueblo, to engage in farming. There he found an abandoned set of Mexicans and renegade whites, and attempted to establish religious services with them, as he had done at Cañon; but without success. Not wishing to cast pearls before swine, the matter was given up.

Rev. W. S. Lloyd, with his wife, came into the Arkansas Valley during the summer of 1861, and preached a few times at Cañon and Pueblo; but met with very little encouragement.

Late in the fall of 1863, Presiding Elder Slaughter preached one sermon in Cañon City, to a congregation of only four persons; namely, Lieutenant-Governor Rudd, wife, baby, and an insane woman. These persons comprised the whole population of the place at that time.

In the fall of 1862, Brother F—— moved to Montgomery, in

the South Park, a rapidly-growing mining town. Here he found a small society of Methodists, and at once became their leader, with B. C. Dennis as presiding elder, and William Antes, a good and true man, as pastor.

Next came John L. Dyer, who never knew discouragement, failure, or defeat, preaching everywhere, whether audiences were large or small. Prayer and class meetings and Sunday-schools were held regularly at Montgomery. The best substitute that could be found for a bell was a tin horn, which was drafted into immediate service, and its notes echoed from mountain to mountain, calling the people to worship. Here was gathered a noble little band of Christian workers, with four of whom this penman became intimately acquainted in 1869-70,—Peter J. Smith, a local preacher of Georgetown; Brother and Sister Girten, of Colorado City; and W. R. Fowler, of Cañon City, constituting that company.

The people were from different localities, as there was no written law, each followed his own inclinations. Stores, saloons, and bowling-alleys were in full blast on the Sabbath-day. No services, no matter how sacred, could gain their attention. The miners leaving, the town was deserted. In November, 1864, Brother F—— returned to Cañon City to reside. He found that a colony of Baptists, from Iowa, had located here during his absence, with Rev. B. M. Adams as their pastor.

Rev. John Gilliland, a local deacon, preached there a few months, and a few years later retired to farm life in Texas.

By the above account, which has been abbreviated from W. R. Fowler's sketch, we see that Cañon City, from 1860 to 1866, had an occasional preaching service, besides the sermons read and prayer-meetings held by Brother F——, who was appointed leader January 17, 1866, when the society was regularly and permanently organized by George Murray, preacher in charge. Its membership consisted of Charlotte J. Fowler, Elizabeth Frazier, T. M. Richardson, and thirteen others, besides eight probationers. Presiding Elder Dyer held the second quarterly-meeting in the county, five miles below the town.

The first camp-meeting in Colorado was held this year under

a large cottonwood-tree at Pueblo. There were no conversions.

June 27, 1867, the pastor, Brother Murray, moved to Cañon City, where he was met by Presiding Elder Dyer and Bishop Ames, who decided that Cañon must have a church-building. Steps were taken to buy a substantial stone building, 70 x 22 feet, one story high, with a frame attached in the rear, which was used for a parsonage. This property was purchased, repaired, supplied with seats, desk, and altar. Bishop Ames gave \$500 to the enterprise. This building was dedicated by George Murray, the pastor, March 8, 1868.

This was Cañon's first church, and the first dedication of a place of worship south of Denver. The following April a log church, costing \$200, paid for by the Cañon City society, was dedicated in the Frazier neighborhood, near where Florence now stands.

June, 1868, W. M. Smith was appointed presiding elder and pastor at Cañon City; but, owing to Indian troubles, did not deem it safe to move his family there. He engaged William Shepherd, a local preacher and a blacksmith, to fill the pulpit. The following year Brother Smith became the pastor, and moved to Cañon. From November 10, 1870, to February, 1871, R. A. Hoffman served the charge; from April 19th until Conference, N. S. Buckner; E. C. Brooks, 1871-2; J. H. Merritt, 1873-5; H. C. King, 1876; John E. Rickards, 1877, served them until January, 1879, when E. L. Allen was transferred from New Jersey, March 18, 1879, to fill the vacancy; E. C. Dodge, 1879-81. In 1878 the stone building was sold, and a neat brick church erected on another site, which was dedicated by Chaplain C. C. McCabe, assisted by J. H. Merritt, August 7, 1879. The parsonage was built in 1880. The later pastors have been: N. A. Chamberlain, in 1882; L. J. Hall, 1883-5; C. W. Brewer, 1886; A. A. Kidder, 1887; C. H. Koyl, 1888-90; J. F. Harris, 1891-2, when he was transferred to the Southern California Conference. Returned to Cañon in 1894-5. N. H. Lee filled out the year of 1892 after Brother H—— left. M. D. Hornbeck, 1893-5; R. A. Chase, 1896.

The Sunday-school greatly prospered for ten years under the superintendency of E. T. Alling.



OF the introduction of Methodism into the San Luis Valley (Father Dyer had preached there, once or twice, previous to this), Dr. Crary, presiding elder, afterward wrote:

“The journey was made in the month of May, 1873. John E. Rickards was a young local preacher. He accompanied us from Pueblo. We had no way to go, but to drive a team of our own. The road was almost directly up the Arkansas River to Cañon City, just below the Royal Gorge or Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, one of the most wonderful scenes in the world. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad now runs through this cañon, and is a surprising feat of engineering. We generally stopped with that most excellent, intelligent, devoted, hospitable gentleman, W. R. Fowler, near Cañon City. There we always had a Christian welcome and royal cheer. It was twelve miles by the road from Cañon City to the bridge over the Arkansas above the Royal Gorge. We had to drive over a mountain to that point. With good company, it was a romantic and delightful journey. We camped near the bridge, lunched, and then drove up the road toward Wet Mountain Valley, through Webster Cañon.

“It was rather late in the afternoon when we started, and, fearing that we might have to camp where water could not be found, we took as much water from the Arkansas River as we could conveniently carry in our coffee-pot, bucket, etc. The road was good for a mountain pass, and we were enraptured by the magnificent scenery, and so went along slowly. We came to a clean, sandy plot of ground, and camped on it, though it had been the bed of a torrent at some time. Had a cloud burst at the top of the cañon, we should have been swept through the Royal Gorge. As it was, we unhitched and picketed our ponies, built a good fire, and prepared supper, and were sitting by the fire chatting, when a strange man came through the darkness and shadows to our fire. We were startled; but found that the man was camped near us, and came simply to inquire about getting water, and about the road. Rickards undertook to make a bed in the wagon, and it was a pretty good model of a section of the Rocky Mountains. The fact is, we always preferred to make our bed on the ground; sometimes, when stormy, under the wagon. The earth is a good, warm place to sleep on. In the morning we used up

every particle of water in making our coffee and attending to our elaborate toilet, and we had not a drop to wash our tin plates with. Luckily, some recollections of similar exigencies came to mind; we washed all of our dishes, knives, forks, and spoons in the clean sand. That was a success. We were well up in the culinary art, and could cook an excellent meal in a frying-pan and a coffee-pot. We usually camped near a stream of water, where we had plenty of wood, and then it was delightful. The scent of pines, the pure mountain air, and the exercise made us strong and hungry.

“Rickards and the writer went over into San Luis Valley, and had various experiences going down to the Rio Grande River and Del Norte. It had been raining in that region, and the streams and sloughs were full. One day we came to a cross-road and saw a peeled cottonwood pole stuck in the ground, and something written on it. Rickards got out and went to the pole, and burst out into convulsive laughter. The sign on the pole read: ‘No bottom! Keep to the right! To the left goes to hell, sure pop!’ We kept to the right!

“The mirage in the San Luis Valley excelled anything that we had ever seen of the kind. We approached what seemed to be a lake, with small islands here and there, with trees upon them, birds flying over, and with cattle wading in the water’s edge. The lake, trees, birds, and cattle receded as we drove nearer. Then sometimes cattle would seem to be lifted in the air, and loom up amid the mists like ghosts of ancient and monstrous buffaloes. This and the magnificent and ever-varying scenery kept up the interest all the day.

“We got to the Rio Grande River Saturday evening, and found the top of the bridge washed away, only the stringers left, upon which men could walk across; but it was impossible to take teams over. Del Norte was on the other side of the river. It was late, and something had to be done quickly. Driving up the river a short distance we came to a cabin, and found two men there. We stated our case, and invited ourselves to stop. We did not know the men; but hoped to be able, at least, to camp with them.

“They were not ideal Christian citizens; but the welcome they

gave us, their kindness and even reverence, made an impression on us we can never forget. Their hospitality and deference were embarrassing. They took care of our ponies, got the best supper they could, then invited us to eat, and did not seem willing to sit at the table with us. We had to beg them to sit down and eat with us. We asked a blessing upon the meal, and had prayers before going to bed. We had plenty of blankets with us, and had a good night's rest.

"These men went over to Del Norte with us, and assisted in drumming up a congregation, and staid to meeting themselves, to the surprise of the town. We preached in the 'Court House,' which had just been put up, and had no floor but the earth. Seats were improvised, and we had a good congregation of men and one Mexican woman. That was the first Protestant service ever held there. The people were very kind. The question of trying to organize a Methodist society was discussed, and some of the gentlemen favored it. All wanted a preacher and a church 'to help the town.' We staid Sunday night with our two friends across the river, and were entertained just as well as the poor fellows were able to do it. We fear the Sabbath service was not the kind they had been used to; but felt grateful to them and to God, who opened their hearts to us. They were afterwards devoted friends to Rickards, and would have fought to protect him.

"Monday morning we had to part. Rickards was to stay, and try to build a church. It was necessary for me to return by way of Fort Garland, which was the first stopping-place, sixty-five miles away. Bidding our kind hosts good-bye, and taking Rickards out a little way, we found it hard to part. Just think of it! A young and inexperienced local preacher was to be put down in a new frontier town without a cent of missionary money, without a member of the Church to help him, without a place to lay his head. He rode with us a mile or more, and then we prayed together there in the wagon; he walked back to the cabin we had left, and we pushed ahead. That was a lonesome day crossing the San Luis Valley alone, and hurrying to get somewhere by night. Getting confused by cross-roads, we drove out of the way four or five miles; but finally reached a small stream on which was living a man named Tobin, who sometimes enter-

tained people. We tried to reach his house; but night came on so quickly that we could not see the way to get across the creek, and finally came to a cabin where some Mexicans lived. We inquired the way to Mr. Tobin's; but not being able to understand what was said, drove on, determined to camp as soon as we could find a suitable place. We soon came to a grassy opening, stopped, picketed the ponies, ate supper, and went to bed, and slept soundly until morning, and then got up and found that Mr. Tobin's house was across the creek about a hundred yards off.

"Disgusted at a situation so ridiculous, we never made a motion toward the house; but started for Fort Garland as soon as possible. The first soldier we met greeted us cordially, supposing that we ran a blacksmith shop at some frontier place he had visited. Flattered by that recognition, we soon managed to get inside of the fort to the meat-shop. The man in charge offered us a rump steak, and we then said: 'See here, my friend, that is pretty hard fare for an old chaplain in the army.' 'Well,' said he, 'I have better steak; but I was ordered to keep it for the officers.' 'That is all right,' we said; 'but we are an officer.' He laughed, and gave us a rich, fine porterhouse-steak. We went on our way rejoicing, and drove up the Sangre de Christo Pass, amid enchanting scenery.

"We had learned that there was a first-rate country hotel near the top of the Pass, but grew tired and hungry. Toward noon stopped, cooked the steak, and had a good dinner; but after starting we found that we had lunched but a short distance from the house that had been commended to us. Driving on over the range and down the Veta Pass, toward night we met a man riding rapidly, and stopped him to inquire about the road. He said that he was hunting some cattle, and that he lived about two miles below. He had come up into the mountains for his cows. He invited us to stop at his house, which we did, and had a pleasant time. The family were Baptists. They lived in a log cabin, which had the earth for a floor. The kind lady apologized for the scarcity of bedding; but when she found we had enough seemed quite happy. She was a devoted Christian woman, and

seemed to feel that it was an honor to receive a visit from a minister in that wild country.

"We had splendid entertainment, and prayed night and morning with our friends, and offered to pay them; but they would not hear to that, and were profuse in apologies, which were unnecessary, and thanks which went to our heart. We prayed and cried every time we thought of Rickards; but he went to work bravely, organized a Church with five members, of whom he wrote: 'One is in San Juan, another gone to Denver, two are here, and I do n't know where the other is.' He made it go, however, and gained friends. He organized a society at Saguache, thirty-five miles up the valley, and walked regularly to his appointment until he overcame prejudices and gained the confidence of the people, when they loaned him a horse, believing that he would not run away with it. He 'bached it,' cooking his meals in an open fireplace, had a candle-box for a chair, and his trunk for a table. His cabin had a dirt floor and a dirt roof, and in hard rains the roof would become soaked through, and the water would run down on his bed.

"In our trips here and there we camped out whenever night overtook us. We often stopped, going over to San Luis Valley with a Mr. McPherson, at the foot of the Poncha Pass, on the South Arkansas. Mrs. McPherson was a member of the Presbyterian Church, an excellent Christian lady, and first-rate housekeeper. She was always kind and hospitable. McPherson was inclined to be an infidel, and loved to get into a debate. The first time we staid at his house he began to ask questions which he supposed to be hard. We were sitting by a table on which was a Family Bible, and said quietly, after answering his first question: 'We suppose that you are all tired; perhaps we better have prayers and go to bed.' So, taking the Bible, we read a passage of Scripture, and prayed as well as we could for all, and especially for that family. McPherson never afterwards tried to debate the question of religion with us. He was always kind and liberal; but when our successor, Dr. J. H. Merritt, came to his place, he said: 'No, I can not entertain him; I took care of Dr. Crary for four years, and think that is enough.' It is worth a journey

of a hundred miles to hear Brother Merritt tell that, and laugh over it.

“We used to stop at Saguache, at the hospitable home of an aged Baptist couple named Ashley. The old gentleman was a very kind, generous man; his wife was a warm-hearted, happy Christian, and paid but little attention to ‘keeping silence in the churches;’ but told her experience, sometimes shouted, and went round the house begging her friends to give their hearts to God. She was a true-blue, deep-water Baptist; but utterly despised all narrowness, and was always at home in a Methodist meeting. We generally drove from McPherson’s to Round Mountain, a perfectly ideal camping-place, a paradise of bronchos, and a delight to the eyes. At last a friend of ours took up a claim there, and made a home, where we received princely welcome. Our acquaintance with him opens up a case good enough for a novel; but we can not tell it now. Then we stopped at a Brother Foster’s, on a small creek some twelve or fifteen miles up the valley from Saguache, that was a paradise to a weary itinerant, who was welcome always to all they could give. For eight years, from 1872 to 1880, we traversed the Rocky Mountains, trying to build up God’s Church. It was a period of almost unalloyed pleasure. We passed through ridiculous and perilous, joyous and trying experiences; but—

‘Out of them all the Lord  
Hath brought us on our way.’

We staid with all sorts of people, and with some of very doubtful business; but always prayed with them morning and evening, and often at noon, when we stopped with frontiersmen. Our only regret was, all the time, that we could not plant more churches and send out more preachers. No more heroic men ever lived than our glorious cohort of frontier preachers. They deserve immortality and eternal life. Five churches and five Methodist preachers in San Luis Valley seems like a dream. God bless them!”—*Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate, June 18, 1891.*

PLATTE RIVER CIRCUIT.—The first minister of any denomination known to have preached along the Valley of the South

Platte River below Denver, was the Rev. L. B. Stateler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who was freighting with a six-ox team from the Missouri River. As he journeyed up and down, he stopped and preached to the scattered settlers near Fort Lupton.

April 19, 1863, was a red-letter day on the Lupton Bottoms. Rev. Stateler preached, morning and evening, in Mr. Stover's kitchen, which was on the west side of the Platte River, nearly opposite the fort. The settlers gathered from far and near; some on horseback, others with ox-teams. All carried their guns for fear of the Indians.

The evening services were concluded by the marriage of the daughter of Mr. Stover and Richard Shaw. Twenty-three years from that time the writer was permitted to unite Richard Shaw's daughter in marriage with William Hamilton, of Lower St. Vrain; now of Broadway Heights, Denver.

Great credit is due these pioneers, who freely opened their homes for religious services. Father Stover lived to see the whole face of the country changed, and in his last days became a humble penitent at the foot of the cross, dying in hope of eternal life beyond. Mother Stover lived till past fourscore years, and departed this life, April, 1895, with a hope full of immortality.

Early in the spring of 1863, Rev. Charles King came over from Boulder, where he was the pastor, preached and organized the first society, below Denver in the South Platte Valley, in Judge Hammitt's residence. This was a log cabin of two rooms, and stood on the east side of the river, two miles south of the present site of Platteville. Old Fort St. Vasquez was half-way between the two localities.

The class consisted of Mrs. Lucinda M. Raney, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Ephraim and W. W. Nottingham, Mrs. and F. W. Hammitt. The latter was appointed class-leader. He has held that position ever since. That little society, organized with the sacred number of *seven*, still exists, and has developed into two Churches with their pastors—one at Fort Lupton and one at Platteville. Two of the original seven, Mrs. L. M. Raney and Hon. F. W. Hammitt, still hold their membership, and have their residence there.

The Conference of 1863 announced a Denver Circuit. This is now supposed to have embraced all of the Platte Valley, above and below Denver. The valleys of Clear Creek, Ralston, and Boulder were in a separate charge.

William Antes was engaged to supply this work. He came from Pennsylvania early in 1861, holding an exhorter's license. He frequently held services at "Buckskin Joe," where he was licensed to preach in July, 1862.

After this he preached in the South Park and in California Gulch, near what is now known as Leadville; then on Cherry Creek until the Conference of 1863, when he was engaged to supply the Denver Circuit.

For some cause he spent most of his time that fall and winter in the valley above Denver. In April, 1864, he explored the northern portion of his work, starting down the Platte Valley, and preaching wherever he could find an opening. At Fort Lupton he heard of a religious family over on the Big Thompson, two miles east of the present site of Loveland. He hastened across the country northward, and late in the afternoon rode up to the door of W. B. Osborn, Esq., and rapped with his riding whip without alighting. To the lady who answered the knock, he said: "I am a Methodist preacher. My name is Antes. Can I stay with you over night?" That evening he preached to an audience composed of the entire population, consisting of thirteen persons, including three children, in a rude schoolhouse, near what has since been known as St. Louis. A year later he organized here a class of three members—W. B. Osborn and wife, and David Hershman. This society still exists in the beautiful town of Loveland (and Brother Osborn and wife are still connected with it), where they own a neat church and parsonage.

Brother A—— returned to the South Platte River Valley, and proceeded eastward. After zigzagging about for a time, he established preaching regularly once a month at or near the following points: Henderson's Island; Fort Lupton, or Ireland's; Fort Vasquez, or Hammitt's; Ennice's, or LaSalle; and at Island Grove, now included in the town site of Greeley; then he passed up the valley of the Cache La Poudre, preaching near where



Windsor now stands; on above, where Fort Collins is situated; and then turned southward to the Big and Little Thompson, St. Vrain, Left Hand, and other points, where he could get a few people together. It took him four weeks to make the rounds as he rode here and there over the valleys. He not only preached on the Sabbath, but oftentimes during the week. Whenever he arrived the neighbors were notified, and a service was held, at the close of which he would announce, "I will preach again on my next round."

Peter Winne writes: "A short time after Brother A——'s visit in April, which was the first sermon known to have been preached in the Poudre Valley, the Indian war of 1864 broke out. The first conflict occurred about thirty miles below Island Grove, where I resided; but faithful to his work, he came on his appointed round in the month of May.

"A sub-chief of the Arapahoes, named Friday, with quite a number of squaws, papooses, and a few aged male Indians, had camped within a short distance of my house, only a few days after hostilities began. This man Friday had spent some time in St. Louis, Mo., with some traders, when young, and understood English very well. I invited him to my house to church. He and his daughter, aged twenty, came. The girl was dressed in her Sunday best, having on a new suit of buckskin, beaded and fringed in the highest style of Indian art. All listened attentively, none more so than Friday and his daughter. Services over, Brother A——'s horse was saddled, unnoticed by Friday, who, as soon as he observed it, rushed up to him, exclaiming, 'Hold on! Hold on! Wait Wait! I have sent for my horses, and we will have a horse-race with you.' Antes declined the invitation, and the horse-race was indefinitely postponed."

He was returned the second year to the "Platte River Circuit," as it was now called. He traversed the same valleys as the year previous, hunting up "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," preaching, wherever an opportunity offered, in such rude schoolhouses and private dwellings as then existed.

In June, 1865, owing to the serious Indian troubles that then prevailed, he felt compelled to give up the work, very much to

the regret of the people. No one was appointed at the Conference of that year for all this region, doubtless because of the state of things.

On his last round, when at Father Coffman's, where Longmont now stands, young Arthur heard him say, as he pointed to his saddled pony, ready to start, "The fleetness of that horse has saved my life several times when the Indians were after me."

BOULDER AND CLEAR CREEK VALLEYS.—Revs. Goode and Adriance were the first regular preachers of any denomination in these valleys. They preached at Golden City and Arapahoe, a small town just east of North Table Mountain, on the "mesa." Brother Adriance preached in the valley of the Boulder and on Left Hand in 1859-60. On the first page of an old class-book I read:

"Golden City Class was formed February 6, 1860. John W. Stanton was appointed class-leader. Remember the Quarterly Fast on Friday preceding each quarterly-meeting.

"(Signed,) JACOB ADRIANCE,  
"P. C. of Auraria and Denver City Mission,  
"Kansas and Nebraska Conference."

This class-book was revised by Brother Adriance five months after, with the same leader and seventeen members enrolled. In this list we find the name of the pastor's bride, Fanny A., with whom he had been acquainted less than three weeks before marriage. She was the daughter of Rev. L. C. Rogers, of the Central New York Conference.

The next revision of the old class-book was made December 1, 1860, when there were but ten members. Among them stands the name of Nelson H. Virden. This time he signs his name in charge of "Golden City and Boulder Mission." April 15, 1861, he had but six members left. The next pastor was J. W. Caughlan; class-leader, James Stickle, who has been a member of the society at Arvada for several years. Charles King in 1862, B. C. Dennis in 1863, and A. J. Severts leader of fifteen members. There is no record of any pastor in 1864. The circuit was divided in 1865, Presiding Elder Willard supplying Golden City in connection with the district, and C. H. Kirkbride preaching at Boulder. The next revision of the Golden class-book was made

in 1866, with D. W. Scott preacher in charge, and Franklin Howard class-leader. The society now numbered twenty-four, five of whom bore the name of "Starr." John Cree, a local elder, preached at Ralston Crossing, and organized a class there in 1866.

The next revision of the Golden class-book is in the handwriting of Rev. B. T. Vincent, who served Golden, in connection with the district (1868), of which he was presiding elder. In the list of forty-three names we read the name of his devoted wife, M. Ella Vincent, and that of his eldest son, Leon H. William M. Smith served Golden, in connection with the district, in 1867. The next year Jesse Smith supplied the charge, having quite an ingathering at Ralston Crossing, where a small church was built. The following year the Ralston society became divided, and the church-building some years after was sold to the school district. That money, in 1890, went into the Arvada Methodist Episcopal Church. The first religious service in the vicinity of Arvada was held by Rev. D. W. Scott, pastor at Golden City, in the summer of 1866. He preached in Oliver Graves's new log house, which is yet standing on the bottoms, a mile southeast of the town. The next Fourth of July a Sunday-school picnic was held in the grove near his house. This is where several camp-meetings were held in later years.

The first society was formed by William M. Smith, presiding elder, in a small schoolhouse which stood on the brow of the hill, a little west of the railroad depot, in Arvada. Daniel Ross was leader. Oliver and Lucy Graves, B. F. Wadsworth and wife, and several others, were members of that class. A Union Sunday-school had previously been organized, with Simeon Cort for superintendent. This school was changed to a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, January 3, 1875, and so continues.

In 1870, Golden City was made a separate charge, with F. C. Millington pastor. Other pastors are: G. W. Swift, 1871; H. C. Waltz, 1872-3; B. F. Taylor, 1874; W. L. Slutz, 1875-6-7; J. R. Eads, 1878-9; C. S. Uzzell, after Brother Eads left, in 1879-80; W. H. Greene, 1881-2; W. H. Gillam, 1883; J. F. White, 1884-5-6; W. M. Bewley, 1887-8; L. Wright, 1889-90-91; O. J. Moore, 1892; S. W. Thornton, 1893; C. A. Brooks, 1894-5; J. R. Rader, 1896.

## V.

### THE CONFERENCE ORGANIZED.

THE ministers of the Colorado Territory met in the city of Denver, July 10, 1863, at nine o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop E. R. Ames conducted the opening religious exercises, reading the 133d Psalm and the first part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and then led in prayer, after which he read the action of the General Conference and of the Bishops' Meeting, in reference to the formation of the "Rocky Mountain Conference."

The ministers present were: Oliver A. Willard, John L. Dyer, William H. Fisher, Charles King, B. C. Dennis, W. B. Slaughter, G. S. Allen, A. P. Allen, William Antes, J. M. Chivington, William Howbert, T. R. Kendall.

The following committees were appointed:

1. Public Worship.—O. A. Willard and B. C. Dennis.
2. Conference Stewards.—W. H. Fisher, William Howbert, John L. Dyer.
3. Education.—O. A. Willard, B. C. Dennis, Charles King.
4. Sabbath-schools.—Charles King.
5. State of the Country.—W. H. Fisher, W. Howbert.
6. Publishing Minutes.—O. A. Willard, W. H. Fisher.
7. Missions.—B. C. Dennis, with the request that Colonel Chivington co-operate.
8. Temperance.—O. A. Willard, C. King.
9. Auditing Committee.—C. King, with the request that Governor Evans co-operate.
10. Churches and Parsonages.—J. L. Dyer, W. H. Fisher.
11. Bible and Tract Cause.—O. A. Willard.

William B. Slaughter was announced as transferred to the Rocky Mountain Conference. John L. Dyer reported "that the prospects of picking is very poor for ministerial support in the South Park." William Howbert, whose work the previous year had extended from Cañon City to twenty miles east of Pueblo,

said: "The thing in general looks dubious. No Sunday-schools." W. H. Fisher reported from Central City: "Salary, \$1,000. People liberal." He was elected to elder's orders. Charles King, from Black Hawk, said: "Everything moving finely. A good Sunday-school. A hallelujah time may be looked for next year." O. A. Willard reported his work in Denver City: "The work in good condition. Have had a good time generally." G. S. Allen, Boulder Circuit: "Doing finely. People religiously disposed. A large amount of material to build upon." William Antes, Cherry Creek Circuit: "The way clear. The sun bright. Think if the enemy's works were properly stormed, great spoils would fall into our hands." A. P. Allen, Golden Circuit: "Two appointments, Golden and Mt. Vernon; ten members at the latter." T. R. Kendall, St. Vrain: "A good support can be expected by any good preacher sent them." B. C. Dennis stated that "A. P. Allen had organized a class of twenty-five members of colored persons, who wished a preacher." Oliver A. Willard and Charles King were admitted into full connection.

SECOND DAY.—D. H. Petifish, not having been on his work, nor in the Territory, was located. William Howbert was granted a location at his own request. W. B. Slaughter was introduced on the third day. The report of the Committee on Education, was adopted.

The Rocky Mountain Conference adjourned on Sunday evening, the 13th instant. After some encouraging words by the presiding officer, he read the following appointments:

COLORADO DISTRICT—W. B. SLAUGHTER, *P. E.*  
 Pueblo and Cañon City.....W. H. Fisher.  
 South Park.....John L. Dyer.  
 Blue River (now Breckenridge), and California Gulch (now  
 Leadville), were left to be supplied.

DENVER DISTRICT—OLIVER A. WILLARD, *P. E.*  
 "He will officiate as pastor of Denver City until one can be se-  
 cured," said the bishop.  
 Denver Circuit.....Supplied by William Antes.  
 Golden City.....B. C. Dennis.  
 Boulder.....Charles King.

St. Vrain.....Supplied by T. R. Kendall.  
 Nevada.....Supplied by G. S. Allen.  
 Denver City, Black Hawk, Central City, Empire City, were to be  
 supplied, as soon as the bishop could go East and arrange  
 therefor.

The only difference between this list of appointments and those in the General Minutes is, that the "supplies" are here added.

Reported at the organization, 241 members, 33 probationers, and 13 local preachers; 10 Sunday-schools, with 71 officers and teachers, and 449 scholars of all ages; one church on the South Park Circuit, valued at \$300; and one parsonage in Central City, valued at \$400.

1864.—THE General Conference in May changed the name to that of the Colorado Conference, which held its second session in Central City, Colorado Territory, beginning Thursday, October 20, 1864.

The following letter will explain why Bishop Clark did not preside:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 1, 1864.

"REV. B. T. VINCENT:

"*Dear Brother*,—I had the question of attempting to return by the Overland route open till to-day, hoping to hear from you and others to whom I have written and telegraphed.

"But failing to hear from you, and being assured here that the route continues to be impracticable, I have now concluded to take steamer, and not attempt the Overland route. I hear that no preachers have come on, and that Brother Willard has not and can not yet return. Still, I would say, hold the Conference and make out the appointments, sending to me at Cincinnati the result, also a description of the places left to be supplied, and the kind of men needed to supply them. No special number are required to make a quorum in an Annual Conference. By all means hold a Conference. I inclose Brother W. B. Slaughter's report of his district. The amount of missionary money appropriated to the Colorado Conference is \$3,000. Make the distribution of it, through your Missionary Committee. In great haste. Truly yours,

"(Signed,) D. W. CLARK."

John L. Dyer was elected president, and B. T. Vincent secretary. Rev. John Cree, a local elder, opened the session with

singing and prayer. They then adjourned until the next day. A sermon was delivered by J. L. Dyer.

SECOND DAY.—William Antes led in prayer. Present: Colonel J. M. Chivington, C. H. Kirkbride, H. J. Kimball, John Cree, C. W. Johnson, B. T. Vincent, Charles King, John Adkinson, L. G. H. Green, W. H. Fisher, who was granted a location. The usual Conference committees were appointed.

THIRD DAY.—Brother Ely led in prayer. B. C. Dennis was granted a certificate of location. W. B. Slaughter was superannuated. Conference adjourned, when John L. Dyer read the appointments, as follows:

DENVER DISTRICT—O. A. WILLARD, *P. E.*

Denver.....	George Richardson.
Platte River Circuit.....	Supplied by William Antes.
Central City.....	B. T. Vincent.
Black Hawk.....	O. P. McMains.
Nevada.....	C. H. Kirkbride.
Empire.....	Charles King.

G. L. Phillips, President of the Colorado Seminary, and member of the Denver Quarterly Conference.

SOUTH PARK DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Colorado City.

Cañon City.....Supplied by P. J. Smith.

Brothers Willard, Phillips, Richardson, and McMains arrived after the Conference adjourned.

1865.—BISHOP CALVIN KINGSLEY held the third session of the Colorado Conference in Lawrence Street Church, Denver, beginning June 22, 1865.

B. T. Vincent was elected secretary, and W. W. Baldwin assistant. O. A. Willard, J. L. Dyer, Charles King, and B. T. Vincent answered to their names when the roll was called. The bishop then announced the transfer of O. P. McMains, from the Illinois Conference; George Richardson, from the Rock River Conference; William W. Baldwin, from the Maine Conference;

William M. Smith, from the Nebraska Conference; and George Murray, from the Ohio Conference.

Charles King, George Richardson, Charles H. Kirkbride, and Bethuel T. Vincent were ordained elders. W. B. Slaughter was granted a location.

At the close of the session the bishop announced the following appointments:

DENVER DISTRICT—O. A. WILLARD, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Golden City.

Denver.....	W. M. Smith.
Burlington (now Longmont).....	O. P. McMains.
Boulder Circuit.....	C. H. Kirkbride.
Central and Nevada.....	B. T. Vincent.
Black Hawk.....	William W. Baldwin.
Empire City.....	Charles King.
President of Colorado Seminary,	George Richardson.

SOUTH PARK DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Laurette and Lincoln.

Colorado and Cañon Cities.....	George Murray.
Oro City.....	Supplied by John Gilliland.

George S. Phillips had died during the year. He was admitted on trial in the North Ohio Conference in 1841, and appointed to Richwood Circuit as junior preacher. He held the same relation at Bellefontaine, 1842, and at Kenton in 1843, when he was ordained deacon by Bishop Soule. He was also junior preacher at West Liberty in 1844. His other appointments were: Greenville, 1845-6, in charge the last date, when he was ordained elder by Bishop Hamline; Western Star, 1847; Brunswick in 1852.

He and his wife crossed the Isthmus of Panama on horseback, she riding a man's saddle. "For a time he was editor of the *California Christian Advocate*; but for the most part was president of the Young Ladies' Department of the University of the Pacific."

While on a visit to his Ohio friends in 1861, the tocsin of war was sounded. That year and the following he was sent to Tiffin, Ohio; but before the Conference year of 1862 closed he was





This Group composed the Colorado Conference at the beginning of the session of 1865: 1. C. H. Kirkbride; 2. George Richardson; 3. Wm. Artes, the second man licensed to preach in Colorado; 4. W. W. Baldwin; 5. B. T. Vincent; 6. John Gilliland, a local deacon; 7. O. P. McHains; 8. O. A. Willard; 9. J. L. Dyer; 10. Bishop Galvin Kinsley; 11. Charles King, the first man licensed to preach in Colorado, and also to enter the traveling connection. Numbers 3 and 6 were suppliants, and not members of the Conference.

P. S.—I am indebted to "Father" Dyer for the photograph, which cost him \$22, from which the above cut was made.

appointed chaplain of the 49th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Health failed him in the army, and in 1864 he was transferred to the Colorado Conference, and appointed first president of the "Colorado Seminary," now "the University of Denver," which position he held about three months, when, on account of continued failing health, he returned to Ohio, and died near Wooster soon after.

JOHN COLLOM went to Empire City in July, 1864. Here he found a large three-story building standing in the side of a bluff. The third story was used for a dance hall, and was entered from the upper and town side. The lower story was on a level with the base of the ridge on the opposite side, where was an entrance. The writer has often preached in the above-mentioned hall.

This building Brother Collom bought, and fitted up the hall for a church. Then he organized a small class, and applied to the Conference for a preacher, which was granted in the person of Charles King in October of that year, Brother Collom paying \$500 per year on the pastor's salary. Two years after the Conference met in his house, and was mostly entertained by him and his excellent wife, who did her own work.

1866.—THE fourth session of the Colorado Conference was held in Empire City, beginning June 20th, Bishop Baker presiding. The devotional exercises were conducted by John L. Dyer. Present: W. M. Smith, George Richardson, B. T. Vincent, John L. Dyer, O. P. McMains, Charles King, George Murray, and W. W. Baldwin, who was elected secretary. The usual Conference committees were appointed.

O. A. Willard was located at his own request. The Conference collected for missions, \$15.10. On the third day, owing to the illness of the bishop, John L. Dyer was elected to preside. Resolutions of sympathy for the bishop were passed. The Conference voted that the Church Extension contribution be distributed as follows: To the Church at North Empire, \$1,000; at Central City, \$1,000; at Boulder, \$500. W. W. Baldwin was ordained elder by the bishop in his sick-room.

Conference adjourned. The appointments were announced by J. L. Dyer:

DENVER DISTRICT—WILLIAM M. SMITH, *P. E.*

Denver.....	B. T. Vincent.
Burlington.....	O. P. McMains.
Boulder.....	Charles King.
Platte River.....	To be supplied.
Central City and Nevada.....	To be supplied.
Black Hawk.....	W. W. Baldwin.
Empire.....	George Richardson.
Golden City.....	To be supplied.
Colorado Seminary.....	To be supplied.

SOUTH PARK DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, *P. E.*

Colorado and Cañon Cities.....	George Murray.
Pueblo.....	C. H. Kirkbride.
Buckskin and Summit.....	To be supplied.

1867.—JUNE 20TH found the Conference in its fifth session near Colorado City, with Bishop E. R. Ames in the chair. He conducted the devotional exercises.

The trip from Denver to the seat of Conference was a memorable one. The distance was seventy-five miles. The journey had to be made over a trail, across a high divide covered with scattering timber and often infested by savages, with only here and there a settler. There were eleven in the party, nine of whom were on horseback. O. P. McMains drove a horse to an open buggy, in which the bishop rode. At the request of Rev. George Richardson, Governor Hunt furnished the party with guns and ammunition, with which to defend themselves in case of an Indian attack.

At one point on Plumb Creek the bishop sent R. J. Van Valkenburg and George Richardson on ahead to make arrangements for dinner. They soon found a lonely cabin, in which was a mother and two children. The husband had gone for a load of wood to sell in Denver and buy flour. So scanty were her supplies she at first declined to prepare any dinner for them; but when told who the party was, and that there was a live bishop

among them, she said: "I have a little flour, bacon, and buttermilk. You shall have the best we have."

The horses were picketed out on grass, and the dinner was gotten in short order; which was greatly relished by all, especially the buttermilk, of which the bishop was very fond. The meal over, the bishop led in prayer, and the party hastened on its journey. The lady of the house refused any compensation; yet each man, as he left the table, laid a silver dollar on his plate. When the good woman saw their liberality, she wept for joy.

This was a remarkable Conference session, in that a camp-meeting was held in connection with it, in a grove, on an island, in the "Fountain," just south of Colorado City. It was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. For years afterward it was a subject of conversation by those who attended.

In crossing over to the island, Brother McMains drove too low down, was upset, and came near losing his life. Though the horse and buggy were rescued, his grip, in which was a new suit of clothes, clean linen, and other valuables, was carried away by the swift current. The valise was afterward found. Seven members responded to their names. B. T. Vincent and Charles King were absent. John Gilliland, a local deacon, who had supplied Dayton the previous year, was ordained elder.

W. A. Amsbury was announced transferred from the Nebraska Conference. John L. Dyer was elected delegate to the General Conference, and William M. Smith alternate. The appointments were:

DENVER DISTRICT—WILLIAM M. SMITH, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Golden City.

Denver.....	B. T. Vincent.
Valmont and Burlington.....	William W. Baldwin.
Central and Nevada.....	O. P. McMains.
Georgetown and Empire.....	William A. Amsbury.
Black Hawk.....	To be supplied.

SOUTH PARK DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, *P. E.*

Fairplay and Dayton, the Presiding Elder, and one to be supplied.	
Colorado and Cañon Cities.....	George Murray.
Pueblo.....	C. H. Kirkbride.

GEORGE RICHARDSON was transferred to the Wisconsin Conference, and afterward re-transferred to the Rock River Conference, which he had joined in 1861. Brother Richardson was born July 21, 1838, in Vermont; educated at Evanston, Illinois. In 1871, after ten years of hard service in Illinois and Colorado, on account of failing health, he was superannuated, which relation he still retains. As an active worker he remained in Colorado only three years. He was the first pastor of Lawrence Street Church, and second president of Colorado Seminary; at Empire also in 1866; each of these places a year.

During his pastorate of Lawrence Street, after Phillips left the Seminary, he acted as president of that institution, leaving it without a dollar of indebtedness against it. While pastor at Empire, he organized a class of twelve members, and built a small church at Mill City, now Dumont.

In the summer of 1866 he organized a class in Georgetown, in Rev. John Cree's house, appointing him leader. This class continues to this day. Having been away four years, he returned in July, 1871, to his old stamping-ground, to recuperate his wasted energies.

In 1880 he moved with his family to the vicinity of Denver, to make this his permanent home, locating on a piece of land at Argo, a suburb of Denver. In his own house a prayer-meeting was soon started, out of which has grown, largely through his influence and liberality, the Argo Methodist Episcopal Church.

His devoted wife, the mother of four sons and one daughter, died in holy triumph March 20, 1884. Her mortal remains await the resurrection of the just, at "Riverside Cemetery." In June,



G. RICHARDSON.

1885, he was united in marriage, by Rev. D. H. Moore, D. D., to Miss Martha F. Franks, formerly of Doylestown, Ohio. She died May, 1894. He is now president of the Central Savings Bank, of Denver, Colorado.

1868.—THE sixth session of the Conference met in Golden City, June 19th, Matthew Simpson, president. Six answered to their names: John L. Dyer, B. T. Vincent, George Murray, William M. Smith, O. P. McMains, and W. W. Baldwin, who was elected secretary. George H. Adams was announced transferred from the Illinois Conference, and introduced. The Conference took action, recommending the establishment of a depository in Denver for our Book Room supplies and publications for this Western country.

Charles King was requested to surrender his parchments. W. F. Warren was recommended from Fair Play, and was admitted on trial; though his name had been signed to the document as secretary of the Quarterly Conference, *the first-born of the Colorado Conference*.

Trustees for the Colorado Seminary were elected for four years. William W. Baldwin was located at his own request. He served the Church faithfully for two years in Black Hawk, and one year in Valmont, which then included Boulder and Burlington, now Longmont. After leaving Colorado he entered one of the Eastern Conferences, where he has been doing excellent work.

This year closed the effective relation of Charles H. Kirkbride, who was made supernumerary. He was at Boulder one year; Pueblo, two years. He homesteaded a piece of land near that town, and was located at his own request in 1870. Soon after, he took refuge in California's salubrious clime. William A. Amsbury was granted a location. It is said the bishop had great difficulty in adjusting the appointments. Here they are:

DENVER DISTRICT—B. T. VINCENT, P. E.

Central City.....G. H. Adams.  
Georgetown.....George Murray.  
Valmont and Burlington, Denver, Clear Creek, Golden City,  
Black Hawk, and Nevada, were left to be supplied.

SOUTH PARK DISTRICT—WILLIAM M. SMITH, P. E.

Colorado City and Pueblo.....O. P. McMains.  
Fair Play.....W. F. Warren.  
Trinidad.....Supplied by E. J. Rice.  
Cañon City.....To be supplied.

RIO GRANDE DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, P. E.

Cimarron, Elizabethtown, and San Luis Valley, each to be supplied.

DAKOTA DISTRICT—To be supplied.

Cheyenne and Laramie City.....To be supplied.

## VI.

### HOW WE CAME TO GO TO COLORADO.

OFTTIMES have I been asked, "How did you come to go to Colorado?" In brief, I answer here. Few were happier or more contented in the regular Ohio pastorate than myself; yet for a long time I had felt there was work for me to do in the far West; but why should I worry about it, so long as the way did not open.

The Pittsburg, now East Ohio, Conference met March 24, 1869, in New Philadelphia, the county-seat of Tuscarawas County, Ohio. I was then closing my second year at Canal Dover, which stood just above, on the opposite side of the river. One morning Bishop Ames, who presided, sent word for me to dine with him that day at Brother McClain's. Never suspecting the bishop's motive, the invitation was accepted. At the dinner-table I was seated at the bishop's right, and he was describing a recent trip to Omaha and beyond, far out on the Plains, over the newly-constructed Union Pacific Railroad, when I innocently inquired as to the needs of the work in the far West. Turning his face towards me, he asked, "Young man, have you not had impressions that you ought to go West?" "I can not say that I have not, bishop," was the reply.

Dinner over, the bishop said, "Come with me to my room." Seated, he continued, "I want you to go to Colorado." "Where is Colorado, bishop?" "You know where Denver is, on the map?" "Yes." "Well, Denver is Colorado." "But I can not go, bishop. My wife is an invalid, and has been under the physician's care for six months." Speaking then with great emphasis, he said: "That delightful climate will prolong her life. The beautiful valleys, hills, and mountains will charm her. I am now convinced that it is your duty to go. I give you *two weeks* to get ready. Write to Bishop Kingsley, who presides at that Conference in June, that I have found him a man, as I have not the time, and tell him I say you must go. Ask Bishop Thomson to transfer you to the Colorado Conference." "Hold, bishop!" I answered,



"I have no money to defray the expense of moving so far." I thought this would block the bishop's scheme. But, no! Listen to his reply. "We have a fund for that purpose, and I will pay them." In consulting with my wife, she said: "To stay here is death. I can but die if I go, and it may prolong my life."

In two weeks, library and household goods, except furniture, were packed, farewells said, and this writer, with his family, was *en route* for Central City, Colorado. The following note accompanied his transfer:

"DELAWARE, OHIO, May 8, 1869.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Yours received. Although we need you in the North Ohio Conference, yet the necessities of the work in the far West are so great that I do not hesitate to comply with your request for a transfer to the Colorado Conference, which you will find on the opposite page. Yours truly, (Signed,) E. THOMSON."

The last good-bye was said, in Ohio, at Norwalk, Huron County, on the morning of May 24, 1869, when we stepped on board the train for Colorado Territory, which seemed, at that time, so far away. We halted in Iowa and Missouri to visit friends and relatives. As this was our first trip West, much was new and novel, and was greatly enjoyed.

Soon after passing Springfield, Illinois, at about seven o'clock A. M., the sleeper, in which we were riding, jumped the track, thumped along on the ties for a short distance, careened over to the right against a bank of earth, and smashed in the windows on that side of the car. While all were badly shaken up, no bones were broken, though some carried bruises for weeks afterward.

The conductor's wife was going to her father's with her first-born, a mere babe. A moment before the accident the writer suggested that she lay the little one, wrapped in a shawl, on a seat to sleep, as the mother seemed very weary and needed rest.

That darling child of only a month was found after the wreck in the *débris*, covered with black soil and broken glass, unawakened and unharmed, while the mother was considerably bruised.

A large, fleshy woman, gasping for breath, was, with difficulty, carried out and laid on the ground. When she was asked by a

lady passenger, whose head had been bumped severely, if she was hurt, she replied, in a scarcely audible voice, "Yes, and that bad, too." After the excitement was over, she could not find a scratch.

A family from West Virginia was on a visiting tour of inspection. As soon as the car tipped over, the wife, a tall, lank woman, went down on her knees, and prayed vehemently for several minutes. Rising to her feet, swinging her sunbonnet around her head vigorously, in a sharp, shrill voice, she exclaimed: "I knowed it! I knowed it! I told my old man we would all be killed if we went on the cars. I am not a-going to ride another step! I shall walk," and out of the wrecked car she crept, starting off on foot. A number of the passengers got around her, and intercepted her progress, finally inducing her to return to the train, when she found that no one was killed or seriously injured.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa, on a steamer, and the Missouri River at Omaha on a ferry-boat. There were no bridges at the time across those streams.

At Omaha, in the hotel where we spent the night, a lady was robbed of her pocket-book. She could neither go back or forward. What was she to do? The thief did not leave her a copper to pay her hotel bill, or to buy her ticket to Cheyenne, where she had been summoned to care for a sick sister, who was the wife of one of the editors of the leading paper published there at that time. We found her in tears, listened to her story, pitied her, paid her hotel bill, bought her ticket, took her into the sleeper with us, and brought her to her destination. Her brother-in-law made it all right with us.

Our train left Omaha on the morning of June 22d, reaching Cheyenne the next morning. This was then a typical border town, where the rougher element greatly predominated. The buildings were mostly one-story board shanties. Since then large brick and stone blocks and elegant residences have taken their places. Cheyenne now is a model city of neatness and thrift, the capital of the State of Wyoming.

There was quite a variety of passengers in the sleeper. Among them were several dignitaries of an unmentioned Church. Although the water-tanks were filled at the river, yet as soon

as we were well out on the Plains, the water became dangerous to health, and therefore, when drank, "somethin'" must be put therein to prevent sickness. "A change of water is very bad, you know," remarked one of the gentlemen above referred to, as an excuse for visiting the tank so often. It was remarkable how thirsty those men became! The writer always takes water straight, and plenty of it, without injury, no matter where he is.

The coach was to leave at nine; but for some reason did not get off until ten A. M. For my son, a lad of eleven years, and small of his age, the cost of a seat to Denver, one hundred and ten miles, was \$18.

There were seventeen passengers, not counting the baby, with baggage and express matter enough to fill a lumber-wagon; yet four horses managed to pull it all through, by exchanging every twelve or fifteen miles.

The streams crossed after nightfall were bank-full, in places covering the low bottoms. The bridges were mostly rickety concerns, made of round poles or of puncheons, not especially inviting as crossings, with the raging torrent underneath. The driver required the drowsy passengers to walk over before he would cross with the coach. One was considered so unsafe that he forded the stream with his team after the passengers had crossed the tottering concern. These walks relieved the monotony of the ride several times during the night.

On the coach was Mr. A. J. Gill, a realty agent, and one of the first Sunday-school superintendents in Denver. He entertained us "tender-feet" with thrilling incidents of hairbreadth escapes from Indian depredations, along the way. Another, on the middle seat of the coach, was John R. Hanna, Esq., for years a leading banker in Denver, and an active worker in the First Congregational Church. Our first view of Denver was from the bluff on the "north side," and was anything but inspiring. On that side of the Platte River there was but one dwelling-house, some powder-houses, and the Masonic cemetery, with a board fence. F Street, now Fifteenth, was the main business street, and that morning was lined with "prairie schooners," each one of which was drawn by from four to twelve yoke of oxen. If not on the move, these were lying down, chewing their cuds.

Most of the business-houses were one-story frames. Many of the dwellings were no better. There were a few brick buildings; such as the United States Mint, and the store north of it; the Lawrence Street Church, corner of Fourteenth and Lawrence Streets; Ex-Governor Evans's residence, on the corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, where he died, and the Colorado Seminary opposite; the American House, also, which was first opened that morning for business, and a few others, which I can not now recall. Denver then claimed a population of four thousand souls. Although we reached the city at eight o'clock A. M., June 24, 1869, the coach for Central City had been gone an hour. The Conference met there that morning, and we had promised to be present on that day. What shall we do? became an important inquiry. There seemed no other alternative than to hire a rig to convey us thither. After canvassing the livery stables, the best terms for a good team, driver, and a two-seated carriage, leaving our trunks to be forwarded by freight, was \$35, to convey us thirty-five miles.

The mountains appeared to our unpracticed eyes only half a mile distant, certainly not over a mile away at the farthest. We thought, with our spanking team of strawberry roans—and there are few better—we shall reach the mountains in fifteen or twenty minutes, and be way beyond their snowy summits long before arriving at our destination. After an hour's driving at a good gait they seemed no nearer than when we first started. The writer said to the driver, a nice young man of nearly twenty years, who a few weeks after was drowned while bathing in Twin Lakes: "What is the matter? Are the mountains receding, or are we trotting in a half-bushel?" We halted by the wayside, and refreshed ourselves and horses at a spring of water, flowing from under a bank. Still, another hour or more passed before we reached Golden City at the foothills, entered the narrow, rocky gorge of the "Golden Gate," and began the ascent of the mountains.

Rev. Stevens, of the Kansas Conference, occupied one of the seats of the carriage with us.

As we slowly ascended along the gravelly bed of an ephemeral stream, with towering rocks on either hand, expressing our sur-

prise at their dimensions, the driver remarked, "The Rocky Mountains are rightly named."

Surely, thought we, after an hour or more of such climbing, we shall soon reach the top, touch the snow, and look off on the other side. We halted at the stage station, near the foot of "Guy Hill," for a late dinner. The ride and the mountain air sharpened our appetites, so that we did ample justice to the sumptuous repast; for which the charge was one dollar each. Several times during the day we were compelled to take the roadside, in very dangerous nooks to make way for those long ox-freight-teams to pass. Just before the sun sank behind the snow-bedecked peaks, we alighted in front of the pleasant home of Henry M. Teller, Esq., for years United States senator from Colorado, where Bishop Kingsley and others gave us a hearty welcome. Yet the snowcapped summits were far beyond us, and really seemed no nearer than in the morning.

All the way up we were awed and amazed at the grandeur and sublimity of the mountains, rising, as they do, peak on peak, higher and higher, until their lofty summits seemed to pierce the very clouds, and inaccessible; reminding us of Pope's sublime words,—

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

## VII.

### THE COLORADO CONFERENCE AS WE FOUND IT IN 1869.

CENTRAL CITY was, at that time, the headquarters of gold-lode mining on the eastern face of the Rocky Mountains, and claimed a population, with its adjuncts, of six thousand, subject to fluctuations. It is the county-seat of Gilpin County, stands at the mouth of two gulches, and is far from level. Moving or lounging about the narrow streets (the gulches will admit of no other) were the inevitable ox-teams. The stamp-mills kept up a continuous "Thump! thump!" day and night, Sunday and week-day alike. Numerous quartz teams were hauling ore from the mines to the mills. Judging from appearances, business houses, saloons, gambling-houses, brothels, and theaters did a thriving business on Saturday nights and Sundays. The only exception to this was the absence of work *in* the mines; for, as a rule, Cornish miners will not work on the Sabbath-day. To us, just arrived from the East, it seemed exceedingly queer, and we felt we had reached a world where pandemonium was turned loose.

The Conference had only *six* members in the active work in full connection, viz.: John L. Dyer, B. T. Vincent, George H. Adams, William M. Smith, George Murray, O. P. McMains, and two supernumeraries, C. H. Kirkbride and Charles King. There was also one probationer, W. F. Warren, and two local preachers, who had supplied charges the year previous. These were excellent men, and did a good work; but others have entered into their labors.

Bishop Kingsley ordained to local deacon's orders D. T. Griffith and William Shepherd, who had supplied Cañon City; to local elder's orders, P. Peterson, who had the preceding year been on the Valmont and Burlington work. These latter places have been superseded by Boulder and Longmont. J. L. Peck had served Lawrence Street Church; A. Cather had been on the Dakota District, preaching at Cheyenne and Laramie City; Jesse

Smith had filled the Clear Creek Charge, now Arvada; these were transferred into the Conference. G. W. Swift, who had preached at Black Hawk and Nevada, was admitted on trial.

George Wallace was received by transfer from the Rock River Conference in Illinois, and Isaac H. Beardsley from the North Ohio. A. Cather was transferred back to the Philadelphia Conference.

The statistical report showed that there were, in the Colorado Conference, 498 members, 847 probationers; 21 Sunday-schools, with 487 scholars; 3 parsonages, valued at \$1,300; 12 churches, valued at \$65,900; received for benevolences of the Church, \$683; total salaries paid, \$14,453; twelve men received appointments from the bishop, nine to charges and three on districts, namely:

DENVER DISTRICT—B. T. VINCENT, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Golden.

Denver.....	J. L. Peck.
Boulder and Burlington.....	Supplied by R. J. Van Valkenberg.
Big Thompson and La Poudre (now Fort Collins, Windsor, Greeley, Evans, and Loveland).....	G. W. Swift.
Ralston and Clear Creek (now Arvada).....	Jesse Smith.
Central City.....	G. H. Adams.
Black Hawk and Nevada.....	George Wallace.
Georgetown.....	Isaac H. Beardsley.

ARKANSAS DISTRICT—GEORGE MURRAY, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Colorado City.

Cañon City.....	William M. Smith.
Pueblo.....	O. P. McMains.
Fair Play.....	W. F. Warren.

SANTA FE DISTRICT—JOHN L. DYER, *P. E.*

Without a member or a solitary assistant, not even a wife, he was not only presiding elder, but pastor for all New Mexico and the San Luis Valley in Colorado.

JOHN L. DYER was born March 16, 1812, near Columbus, Ohio. His sole object, entering the ministry at a rather advanced age in life, was to so preach the gospel as to save souls. June 20, 1861, found him walking into Denver City penniless, having been robbed the night before.

In 1868, when the bishop proposed that he go to New Mexico the coming year, he objected, on the ground of non-adaptability. Succeeding events have shown that there was no mistake in that appointment. "He was the right man in the right place." On his way southward, to the vast "regions beyond," on horseback, if a pony can be called a horse, he preached to the soldiers at

Fort Garland, which stood at the southern base of Sierra Blanca, the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, on the eastern edge of the San Luis Valley. This was probably the first sermon ever preached in that valley.

"Father" Dyer was never particular where he preached, whether in the street, saloon, cabin, school-room, church, on mountain, valley, or plain, so he delivered the message of salvation to dying men. In his preaching he never once considered ease, popularity, or salary. When taking a collection, he was



FATHER DYER,  
"The Snow-shoe Itinerant."

always glad to get his hat back, if perchance there should be nothing of value in it, for he had spoken the truth to sinful men. What cared he whether he traveled on foot, horseback, or "snow-shoes!" The one burning desire was, that he "might not build upon another man's foundation."

John L. Dyer has preached the gospel in more out-of-the-way places, and in more new towns, for *the first time*, than any other man, living or dead, within the bounds of the Colorado Confer-



ence. Often working with his own hands for his support on the week-days, yet when the Sabbath came he blew the gospel trumpet with no uncertain sound. He has been a "True Sir Knight" of the gospel throughout this region for thirty-six years. His sermons always had the true gospel ring in them. Everywhere he proclaimed a free salvation; yet in his denunciations of wrong he spared neither friend nor foe.

His ready wit and religious enthusiasm carried him through, winning the respect of saint and sinner. A few sallies of his wit, not in his "Snow-shoe Itinerant," published in 1890 by the Western Methodist Book Concern, will be enjoyed.

Some time during the early spring of 1868, one Sabbath afternoon, weary and dusty from a walk of over a hundred miles, he met with the old Lawrence Street Sunday-school, when the pastor made the following announcement: "Children, Old Father Dyer is in the audience, and after singing this hymn he will make a short talk." The hymn was sung, and the pastor invited "Old Father Dyer" forward to the altar to address the school.

This reference quickened his pulse, as he walked upon the platform with a firm and elastic step, and with a peculiar twinkle in one corner of his eye, in a drawling tone of voice, he began with: "O-l-d F-a-t-h-e-r D-y-e-r; yes, children, O-l-d F-a-t-h-e-r D-y-e-r. I may be old; but I am not barefoot on the top of my head, neither do I wear store teeth tied into my mouth with a string!"

The point of the joke will readily be seen, when we recollect that, though their pastor was about twenty-two years younger than he, yet the top of his head was "above timber-line," and he wore false teeth.

At the session of the Conference held in Colorado Springs in 1874, "Father Dyer" had been on the "Outposts" during the year previous, and had taken no collections, though a few had been converted. Bishop Bowman thought it best to remind him and others how important it was to take all the collections at every appointment, no matter where he preached, and by way of illustration told of a circuit he once traveled, and how carefully he attended to all the financial matters. Every eye was on Father Dyer, to see how he was taking it, every ear open for his response.

When the bishop had finished, Father Dyer slowly arose, addressing the chair, said, "Bishop, you did WELL." The whole audience were convulsed with laughter.

At the Golden Session in 1878, a new constitution for the "Preachers' Aid Society" was before the body for consideration. A tall, dark-complexioned brother arose, and made a telling, tearful speech against the adoption of one of the by-laws, closing with, "If that becomes the rule of this Conference, and I should die before the year is out, then my wife and children could get no help from this fund for the next four years." The speech was scarcely ended and the speaker seated, when Father Dyer, with his hands on the back of the seat in front of him, half arose and addressed the chair, quoting, in a drawling tone of voice, the following lines:

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!  
Mine ears attend the cry."

The effect was electrical and ludicrous in the extreme.

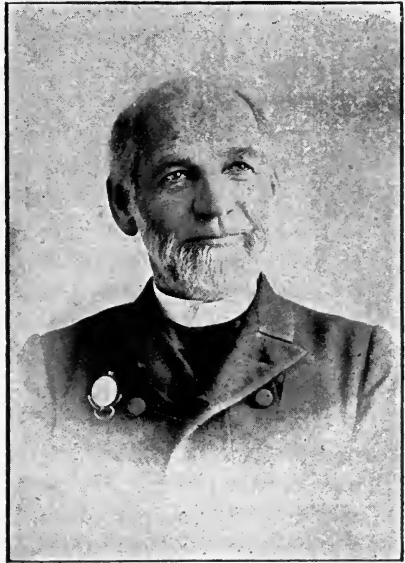
One day at the same session, a young brother, whose hearing was rather dull, and who used a tin ear-trumpet, made himself quite conspicuous by declaring that some remarks Father Dyer had made were rather personal, and demanded to know to whom he had reference. Father Dyer responded quickly with, "I meant it for any one whom the coat might fit; especially the young brother over there with the tin horn." This brought down the house in roars of laughter. Bishop Simpson, occupying the chair, failed to maintain his usual gravity.

Father Dyer was visiting an old acquaintance in the mountains, on the South Park Road, in 1893, and his friend invited him to tarry for dinner. After the blessing was asked, a half-grown son nudged his father in the side, inquiring, "Dad, who was ne talking to?"

There are those who look down upon, and speak in derision of so-called "circuit-riders." Father Dyer says, "I never rode a circuit; I always rode a horse!"

BETHUEL T. VINCENT was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, August 9, 1834. His father moved North when he was two and

a half years old, settling in Central Pennsylvania, where, with the opportunities of the public school only, he was enabled to lay a foundation in common English branches for studies that ever since he has been compelled to follow in the midst of business and clerical duties. He spent two years in clerking in Erie, Pa., and six in Chicago. He was a short time at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.; entered the ministry in 1860, in the Rock River Conference. His appointments have been: Lamont, two years; Lockport, one year; transferred to the Colorado Conference, September 28, 1863, and was at Central City, including Black Hawk and Nevada, a part of the time, for three years; Denver, two years; four years on the *then* Denver District, including the pastoral oversight of Golden City one year; Lawrence Street, Denver, three years more; Colorado Springs, eight months; transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and was stationed at Mauch Chunk; Park Avenue, Philadelphia; Pottsville; Fortieth Street, Philadelphia; three years each. He and Mrs. Vincent then spent three months in Europe, and on his return was pastor two years at First Church, Akron, Ohio; making fourteen years in the East. He was then transferred back to Colorado in 1889, and served the Church in Greeley something less than a year; then First Church, Pueblo, two years. When Bishop Hurst wisely formed the New Denver District, in 1892, he was appointed thereto. He is an entertaining talker; an instructive preacher, earnest and energetic in all his movements. He is attentive to all the *minutiae* of the work committed to him,



REV. B. T. VINCENT, D. D.

whether in the pastorate or on the district. As a Sunday-school teacher and organizer and normal class-leader, he has few superiors. He is in great demand as a teacher and lecturer at the Chautauqua Assemblies. He has builded largely in the temple of the living God in Colorado.

O. P. McMains was transferred to the Colorado Conference in 1865. He served Black Hawk, one year; Burlington, one year—this work then embraced the valleys of Boulder, Left Hand, Saint Vrain, Little and Big Thompson, Cache La Poudre, and the Platte River to Denver. In 1867, he was sent to Central City. During that year he made a trip to California; but returned in time to be appointed to Colorado City and Pueblo, in 1868.

At the latter place he secured lots, and built an adobe church; the whole property valued at \$2,500. In this unfinished building the Conference was held in 1870. He remained here three years, Colorado City having been taken off at the end of the first year. In 1871 he was granted a location at his own request, and settled on a piece of land near Raton, N. M.

In 1875-6 he was imprisoned in and out for over a year in that Territory, it was thought through spite, on account of his zeal in ferreting out the assassin of Rev. F. J. Tolby, who was assassinated in 1875 while returning to Cimarron, from filling an appointment in Elizabethtown. The citizens of Colorado sent a petition to the President of the United States in his behalf, signed by hundreds of names. Soon after, he was tried, and finally discharged. He has made a most desperate fight in the courts for the settlers against the Maxwell Land Grant monopoly, which he and others believe to be a most gigantic fraud. He now resides at Stonewall, Las Animas County, Colorado.

WILLIAM M. SMITH came to Colorado by transfer in 1865, and was appointed to Denver City, where he served one year; then two years on the Denver District; one year on the South Park District; and one year at Cañon City; withdrew from the connection in 1873, and united with the Methodist Episcopal

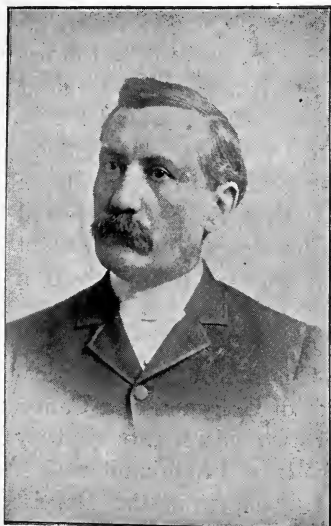
Church, South, and became their organizer in the Rocky Mountain region.

W. F. WARREN was admitted on trial, June 20, 1868, at the first session held in Golden City; was ordained deacon at Pueblo in 1870, and elder at Georgetown in 1872. He served the following charges, each two years: Fairplay; Colorado City; Boulder and Valmont, building a church at the former place, and Cheyenne; he was then three years in Greeley; one year at Evanston and Rock Springs, Wyoming. At the session in Leadville in 1881, he was made a supernumerary. In 1883 he transferred to the California Conference, where he has been doing excellent work for the Master, preaching always a free and a full salvation from all sin. (See I John i, 7.)

GEORGE MURRAY found himself in Colorado by ecclesiastical authority in 1866, serving the Churches of Colorado and Cañon Cities, where he did faithful work for two years, though they were forty miles apart, and almost without an inhabitant between. In 1867, he and Rev. B. M. Adams, of the Baptist Church, of Cañon City, had a blessed revival; about one hundred were added to their Churches. In 1868, he was sent to Georgetown. Here he superintended the building of the church, which was dedicated by Bishop Kingsley in June of 1869. Then he was presiding elder of the Arkansas (now Pueblo) District for three years. On account of injuries received by being thrown from a buggy, he was superannuated in 1872. He was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1874. For some years he has resided at College Mound, Mo.

GEORGE H. ADAMS joined the Illinois Conference on trial, 1859; admitted to full connection, 1861; transferred to Colorado in 1867, and was appointed to Central City, where he remained three years. In 1870 he became preacher in charge of the newly-formed work of Laramie City, Cheyenne, and Greeley, with E. C. Brooks as his colleague. Brooks spent most of his time at Laramie City, and Adams the most of his at the two last-

named places, starting a Church enterprise at Greeley, which he succeeded in pushing to a successful completion in 1871. Bishop Foster made him presiding elder of the Greeley District in 1872, on which he remained four years. The next two years he was financial agent for the Central City Church, which he succeeded in saving, at great sacrifice to himself. He became superintendent of Missions in Arizona in 1879, which position he held for twelve years. The Conference of 1891 granted him a superannuated relation, on account of the partial loss of his eyesight. His home is in Phoenix, Arizona.



GEO. H. ADAMS.

Brother Adams is a man of no mean ability, and has wrought earnestly in the work of the Church of his choice.

The Ohio State University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1889.

JESSE SMITH was transferred from the Maine Conference in 1868, and sent to "Ralston Crossing and Clear Creek," now Arvada, which he served two years; then to Fairplay and Granite, one year; and Monument, one year; transferred to the Central Illinois Conference in 1872.

JOHN LEVI PECK, born November 26, 1828. Entered the ministry in the New York Conference in 1852. Having subsequently retired from the active work, he graduated from the Homeopathic Medical College of New York City in 1866, and located in Bridgeport, Conn. The conviction that he ought to preach the gospel still pressed upon him. He re-entered the work, and was appointed to Second Street Church, New York

City, from which he transferred to Lawrence Street, Denver, in 1868, where he remained three years; then was transferred back to his old Conference, where he has filled important stations for years. He is now on the retired list, living a green and happy old age.

GEORGE WALLACE was transferred from the Rock River Conference in 1869, and appointed to Black Hawk and Nevada, where he remained two years; then to Platte River Circuit (now Fort Lupton, Platteville, and Evans Charges); Erie and Valmont, and Pueblo, one year each; located in 1878. His home is in Boulder, Colorado, where his devoted wife died, April, 1893. He married again in June, 1894. Brother Wallace is a clear thinker, superior Bible-class teacher, and an able preacher.

GEORGE W. SWIFT came into the Conference on trial in 1869, having served Black Hawk part of the previous year. He was then sent to Big Thompson and La Poudre; Ralston and Clear Creek, 1870; Golden, 1871; Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1872; transferred to the Pittsburg Conference in 1873.

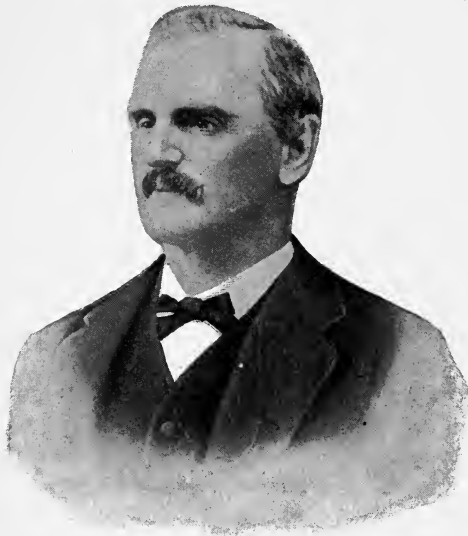
R. J. VAN VALKENBERG was born, August 6, 1823, in Schoharie County, New York; converted December 28, 1841; licensed to preach in 1845; admitted into the Wyoming Conference, 1850, at its first session.

"In 1862, while preaching one Sunday morning at Montrose, Pa., a telegram came from Governor Curtin for help, as the rebels were preparing to bombard Harrisburg. 'Van' left the pulpit, and raised a company of one hundred and eight men, of which he was elected captain. After the battle of Antietam he, with his company, returned home; but they were held as a reserve, and were on the picket-line at Carlisle, Pa., the entire night before the commencement of the battle of Gettysburg.

"He soon after volunteered as chaplain of the Pioneer Corps, going with Sherman 'through Georgia.' He was sick, nigh unto death, and for two months lay in the hospital at Atlanta, Ga. In January, 1865, he was honorably discharged at Nashville, Tenn.,

and returned to his old home in Oswego, N. Y.; but in April of that year came to Colorado in search of health."

He went to work in the mines near Central City at four dollars a day. In 1867 he supplied the Church in Central for about



R. J. VAN VALKENBERG.

six months. The court-house was their place of meeting. He, in 1869-70, supplied the Boulder and Burlington Circuit, preaching regularly at Boulder, Valmont, Burlington, Hager's, Upper St. Vrain, Porter's, Baily's and at Way's on Left Hand. The second year, Boulder and Valmont were made a separate charge. In the spring of 1871 the Chicago Colony laid out the town of Longmont. "Van" at once moved up the Church

and Sunday-school, preaching the first sermon and conducting the first Sunday-school in that town. He built the first house in Erie, May, 1872, where he preached the first sermon and organized the first Sunday-school. "He is kept in civic office almost constantly, having served as postmaster, justice of the peace, mayor, president of School Board, representative from Weld County in the Legislature in 1883, notwithstanding the fact that he has fought whisky, beer, and the devil, and is still on the war-path."

March 1, 1893, he and his good wife celebrated their golden wedding. Many were the guests, and valuable were their presents. They are enjoying a happy old age in the smile of God and love of their children, grand and great-grandchildren, and the confidence of the community. "Van" is a genial companion, good singer, and, when at his best, a strong preacher.



## VIII.

### GEORGETOWN.

GEORGETOWN stands close up under the range, in a small "Park," half a mile wide and a mile long, surrounded by precipitous mountains, which rise from two to three thousand feet above the town. In 1869, of which time I write, its buildings were entirely of wood. A population was claimed of four thousand souls. Nearly all were engaged in mining, or in supplying them. It was then the center of silver-mining in Colorado, and the headquarters for an unusually rough element of society. Saturday evening the men came down off the mountains to get their mail, and supplies for the coming week. There seemed to be more business done on the Sabbath than any other day. The male population greatly predominated. The church, which seated about three hundred and fifty, would often be filled with men, not over a dozen women being present.

On reaching Georgetown, in a hack from Central City, we found comfortable lodgings at "The Legget House," where we remained for two days. The bill, after making some reduction, was \$18!

Peter J. Smith, a large-hearted local preacher, called on Friday evening, and, without an apology, invited us to his home. This we found to be a house of three small rooms, with only one bed, a lounge, and a cot. His family consisted of himself, wife, child, and mother. Now he had taken in three more, myself, wife, and son, until we could do better. Surely this humble abode seemed to us weary travelers a veritable paradise. The bed was divided, one part placed on the floor, and we were made very comfortable; but that most appreciated was the hearty welcome with which we were entertained.

We afterward learned that there were several families who could have kept their pastor and his family over the Sabbath much more conveniently; but they were too busy, or too indifferent, to think of it.

The next week we secured board in a private family, for two, at \$18 per week, our son remaining at Brother Smith's.

Charles King was sent to Empire City in October, 1864, where he remained two years. The charge was a two-weeks' circuit, with four regular appointments: Upper and Lower Empire; Mill City, now Dumont; and Idaho Springs. At Empire he married Miss Mary E. Royce, with whom he lived happily till his departure. After his death she was subsequently married to Albert Wolff, of Arvada.

In the evening of July 25, 1864, B. T. Vincent preached the first sermon in Georgetown, in the dining-room of J. E. Plummer's boarding-house, which was built of logs, and stood just below Tucker Brothers' store, on the east side of the creek. Thirty-five were present at this first service. The town then had about one hundred inhabitants. He organized a class of seven, with Brother Plummer leader. They held weekly prayer-meetings, and a Sunday-school on the Sabbath in his dining-room. A year after, the town became so near depopulated that Brother P—— left, and the Sunday-school and class went down. Charles King preached there a few times on week-nights. He started a church in Upper Empire, upon which George Reynolds loaned some money. In 1869, Reynolds took the building for the debt, and moved it to Georgetown, and fitted it up for a saloon and billiard-hall. It stood next door to Tucker Brothers' grocery-store, near which, in a quarrel, a man shot another "to start a graveyard," as he declared; but was himself hung to a tree before morning, while the wounded man recovered.

The following year things began to brighten up. George Richardson was appointed to Empire Circuit in July, 1866. He began preaching regularly in Georgetown in Rev. John Cree's house, which stood in the lower town, where he organized a class appointing him the leader. Six months after, services were held in a hall in the upper town. Peter J. Smith, who was tall and slender, used to stand on the front steps of the hall, and call the people together for worship, blowing a "conch-shell," which gave forth unearthly sounds, filling all the valley and echoing from mountain to mountain with increasing reverberations.

The Sunday-school, which continues, was organized in Mr. Wood's log cabin in the spring of 1867 by P. J. Smith, James Reed, and James Kempton. In June following they moved into a hall, where the school was reorganized, John S. Reed assisting, when each contributed *ten* dollars for supplies.

William A. Amsbury became pastor in 1867. George Murray in 1868. He superintended the erection of the first church edifice, which cost about \$8,000. This was dedicated by Bishop Kingsley, June 20, 1869.

The writer, as stated above, came to Colorado in June, 1869, and was at the session of the Conference held in Central City. The first intimation he had of where he was to go was when his name was announced for Georgetown. On reaching the field he was greatly disappointed, in that it was a much better appointment than he had expected. The "good" appointments at that time were few and far between.

For the sixteen years that he had been in the ministry he had known little else than revival work. His whole being was full of it, and he found it quite difficult to adapt himself to any other.

There was a membership, then, of only forty-six, with four probationers and four local preachers. The congregation was an exacting one, many of them collegiates. The church-building had a heavy debt hanging over it.

God gave him a message, and he delivered it to the best of his ability without fear or favor, looking only for Divine approval. That first Sabbath in Georgetown! Will it ever be forgotten? How his soul agonized before God in prayer for hours before the time of service to begin! The sweet assurance came, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The victory that day was on the "Lord's side," and was accepted as a pledge of what was yet to come. The next Tuesday's daily had the following notice of this first service:

"The new pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church preached his first sermon in Georgetown on Sunday last. The audience was large, and perhaps a little critical; but the reverend gentleman talked so easily and argued so clearly that the critical were

nonplused, and all departed favorably impressed with what they had heard." (*Colorado Miner*, July 6, 1869.)

The trustees and officers of the Church were: H. C. Chapin, Esq., whose home has been in Denver for years; Fred A. Clark, Esq., who was killed near Fair Play by a falling derrick in 1874; Gotlieb Kienzle, who has been a resident of Helena, Montana, many years; David T. Griffith, after whose brother Georgetown was named. He was a local deacon of fine preaching ability; afterward entered the traveling connection in Kansas; but soon retired to a business life, dying in Georgetown in 1880.

Peter J. Smith, a local preacher, who was always loyal to God and the Church at all times, had a warm heart and sympathetic nature. He was actively in the Lord's work until his decease, early in 1882. His body and that of his wife lie in the Fort Lupton Cemetery.

William Light was a faithful steward. He and his companion rest at the Riverside Cemetery, Denver.

Carver J. Goss has also gone on before. He was, for a time, superintendent of the American Tunnel Company. One day he had a little difficulty with one of his men, who drew a revolver and fired at him, but missed his mark. Goss, being on horseback, escaped before the fellow could fire again.

Just before dark I heard of the shooting, and hastened to his residence to learn the particulars, and render assistance if necessary. As I approached in the twilight, I noticed his two sons, Chet and Carver, mere lads, standing at the corner of the house with guns in their hands, but thought nothing of that, until one of them leveled his gun at me, saying to his brother as he did so, "Shall I shoot?" For a second I was dazed, and almost seemed to feel the shot penetrating my breast; when consciousness returned, I answered, "I guess not." The gun dropped, and the boys have always been glad that they did not shoot,—and so have I! They were standing guard to protect their father, and when they saw me coming, supposing it was their father's assailant, were ready to act on the defensive.

Easton Tindal, a class-leader, walked with God day by day, and, like Stephen, was "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." A crown adorns his brow.

James Kempton was a steward. He feared the face of no man, was exceedingly fond of controversy, though a good Bible-class teacher. He now has a charming home at Pleasant View, near Longmont, Colorado.

James Stanton, a local preacher, was born in Liskard, Cornwall, England, December 18, 1847. He came to America in April, 1869, and to Georgetown in July of the same year. He was converted at the age of fourteen, and licensed to preach two years after. He was a man of more than average natural ability, and was always ready to do any work assigned him. For years subsequently he resided at Platteville, and was engaged in merchandising. He has still here his family home. He retired from business a few years since, and has been preaching for the Congregationalists at Eaton, and near Cripple Creek, Colorado. A very useful man, indeed.

John Cree, a local elder, was a superior class-leader, and was always at his post, ready for duty. He was born in Belmont County, Ohio, October 31, 1810, and departed this life in Denver, Colorado, January 7, 1893. His death-chamber was as the ante-room to the King's palace. Such joyous expressions as the following fell from his lips from time to time: "I feel the fanning of the angels' wings." To his wife: "We are not our own, we belong to Jesus; do not grieve: I belong to him, and you belong to him, and in his own good time he will bring us both home." "I want all my friends to know that *all is well*."

With much feeling he dedicated his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to God, saying, "Jesus, they all belong to thee."

He often tried to sing; but, his voice failing, he would finish the stanza by repeating the remainder. The following are from these selections of song:

"Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee."

"What is this that steals across my breast? Is it death?  
If this be death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free;  
I shall the King of Glory see,—  
All is well, all is well."

At the very last he said: "It is growing lighter and more light. Glory to God, I feel the breezes from the heavenly land! It is just a step over."

William A. Amsbury, a local elder of good preaching ability, was formerly a member of the Nebraska Conference, where he had done effective work for several years. In 1866-7, he preached at Central City; was transferred to the Colorado Conference in 1867, and appointed to Georgetown; located in 1868, and engaged in mining enterprises at Georgetown. A few years after, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and traveled in the active work there until 1885, when he returned to his mother Church, entering the West Nebraska Conference, where he was engaged in the pastorate two years, when he was placed on the Sidney, afterward North Platte, District. As he was closing a term of six successful years he was killed by the accidental discharge of his revolver, on a train, September 11, 1893.

AFTER six weeks' study of the situation in this new pastorate, the writer decided it was his duty to speak on "The Proper Observance of the Sabbath." There was no uncertain sound about that message. Things were called by their right names. There was no mincing of matters in any of his declarations. A few were displeased, while many others were greatly delighted. The gospel preached from a warm heart becomes "a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death," depending upon how it is received. God gave his servant favor in the sight of the people, on account of his fidelity to the truth. The people knew just where he stood on all vital questions relating to their eternal interests. The following winter the pastor held a protracted-meeting for two months, preaching every night but seven. A gracious revival was the result; nearly forty souls converted, and quite a number entering the rest of faith—the haven of "perfect love."

A few incidents illustrative of pastoral work at that time may not be out of place. One Sabbath evening after Church I was invited to go down into the lower part of the town to marry a couple. Taking James McLaughlin, one of my stewards, with me, we proceeded to the designated locality. The house was a two-room board cabin. A keg of beer, surmounted by a tin

dipper, stood on a chair behind the door. The guests were requested to help themselves freely, which, judging from their looks and actions, they had done. We were urged to participate, but politely and firmly refused. The lady, about to be married, had just arrived on the evening coach, having come from Cornwall, England. When the bride and groom appeared, she was neatly attired, while his *trousseau* consisted simply of a white shirt, pants, belt, and slippers.

On another occasion I married a couple of elderly people. They were two hundred miles from their contemplated home, and their funds were low. They must have a sack of flour, some bacon, and other necessary articles to begin housekeeping. He could not spare one cent for the preacher; but would pay him some time. Two years afterward he returned, and gave me a handsome fee.

By an explosion in a tunnel two men were killed, and their bodies, badly bruised, were brought to the church for a joint funeral service. One of these left a widow and three boys to mourn his loss. After a time she married again, which resulted unhappily, when she sought and obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty. Six months or more had passed away, when this divorced husband came for me to remarry them. After consulting with her, in his presence, I found she had agreed to marry him again only on one condition, that I thought it best and would perform the ceremony. Instantly I replied, "If you throw the responsibility on me, I will never marry you to any man," and I did not. He was very angry, and said some unpleasant things. Twenty-one years afterward I met him on the street in Denver, when he, recalling the incident, which had slipped out of my mind, thanked me with tears in his eyes for not complying with his wishes on that uneventful night.

One morning three men came staggering up to my door. The spokesman, though his tongue was thick and heavy, stammered out in broken accents: "When we came from the 'Isle of Man' there were four of us; one is dead, and we wish to give him a 'decent put-in-way,' so we can write it 'ome." Which meant a Christian burial.

Just four weeks from that day two of the same company re-

turned for me to attend the funeral of the one who had done the talking before. They were well under the influence of liquor. Some time afterward the fourth one came nineteen miles for me to preach the funeral sermon of the third man in that group of four. Who attended the fourth man's funeral, if dead, I never knew.

One stormy night I was called to see a man dying with the "black tongue"—bad whisky. The physician told them he would die before morning. At once they sent for the preacher to get him ready for eternity. I read many of the precious promises of the Bible to him, pointed him to Christ, the Savior of sinners, and prayed with him. An hour after, his body lay stiff in death. The dying hour is a poor time to prepare for eternity; the best time to begin is *now*, without a moment's delay.

To be routed out during the hours of the night to visit the sick and the dying, was no unusual thing. Men and women, who never thought of the minister, or of the future, except to curse the one and make light of the other, finding themselves standing on the threshold of eternity, would become alarmed at their moral condition, and immediately send for the preacher to come and pray for them. It is a great satisfaction now, after more than a quarter of a century has rolled away, to think that I never refused one of these calls, no matter when or where. The latter was not always in the most reputable localities.

The church stood about three hundred feet from the base of the nearly perpendicular mountain, and the preacher's residence was about half-way between them.

At that time cord-wood was bringing five dollars for a small load. The times were hard, for "Burlah had not yet struck it." We could not afford to buy at such prices. Fuel was needed at both places. There was plenty up yonder on the mountain in sight. How to get it down, was the question. Some one said, "Let us make a wood-bee, and invite everybody to come." It was accordingly done. A goodly number came with their axes, clambered up the steep mountain side, felled the trees, and sent them down the natural wood-slide, of a thousand feet or more. Before night there was wood enough to supply the church and parsonage for over two years.



One wintry, windy night the Barton House, the leading hotel, was burned. Many laughable incidents occurred. The writer saw a guest, in feeble health, sitting on a rock watching the burning building, with a pair of drawers wrapped tightly around his neck to prevent taking cold, having left his pantaloons, with all his valuables, in his room to be consumed by the fire.

Forest fires were quite common, and would burn for days, unless put out by the rain, or stopped because that particular piece of timber had been burned over. Such a fire was consuming the forest on both sides of the road, above where Silver Plume now stands. A teamster was caught in this, as the fire swept down the mountains on either side of him. What was to be done? He did not dare to go ahead, for his wagon was loaded with powder; and he could not retreat, as the flame had closed in behind him. To remain in that little open place in the timber would be death in a few minutes, for the heat was becoming intense. He unhitched his team, jumped astride one of them, led the other, abandoned his load, and fled through the tongues of flame to a place of safety. Soon there was an explosion that shook the mountains. Not a vestige of that wagon was ever found, save a few scraps of iron.

On Thanksgiving-day, 1869, a terrific wind-storm swept the mountain heights, and tore down through the cañons with great force, uprooting trees, unroofing buildings, and carrying others entirely away. It was not a steady blow, but came in gusts and whirls a minute or two apart, so strong that a man could not stand without holding to something, or falling on the ground and clinging to a stump or rock. The gentlemen who lived next to us discovered that his house was weaving, and hastened out just in time to see the dwelling lifted from its foundation and vanish. An hour or more after, having another small house across the gulch, he concluded to go over to it, nail up the doors and windows, and make it secure. This done, he stepped out to the gate, and seized hold of a post just as one of those terrific whirls came, and picked up that house as if it had been a feather, carrying it away, so that not a fragment was ever found.

A nine-year-old girl was killed by a piece of timber, which struck her on the head as she was fleeing for safety.

A colporteur, who was selling religious books and Bibles, called at one of the best-looking houses in town, without knowing the character of its inmates. He learned that they had no Bible, and, as they refused to buy, he offered to give them one. Then said the well-dressed lady of the house: "The Bible would destroy my business. I could not permit it to lie on my stand." He bade them "good-day," and left.

For a time I preached at Empire on Tuesday evenings. It was six miles around the road; but only two over the "Pass," which was crossed by a mere Indian trail, very narrow and dangerous. It led along the steep sides of a mountain, over the top of a precipice, and under shelving rocks. In some places, if a misstep was made, a plunge of hundreds of feet would follow, resulting in certain death on the sharp, craggy rocks below. This had been demonstrated several times by animals, as their mangled bodies, lying at the base of the mountain, silently affirmed.

A young man, who was happily converted ten years before in one of my meetings, presented me with a hickory cane of his own make, with a bent handle, not unlike a shepherd's crook. This I usually carried when tramping about the mountains. After preaching at Lower Empire one wintry night, on my return by starlight, when in the scattering timber on the top of the "Pass" I lost the trail. Loose snow had blown in and hardened into quite a crust after I passed over in the afternoon. I became somewhat bewildered, and, before I was aware of any danger, my feet flew from under me, and I slid toward the edge of a cliff over which the snow was hanging. For a moment or two I thought my time had come. Just before I reached that fearful precipice I thrust my cane through the crust. It held, and that alone saved me from making the awful leap. The edge of the cliff was not my length away. After gathering strength I dug places for my hands and feet in the crust, crept back, found the trail, and reached home safely about midnight, thankful that things had been no worse. Never after did I attempt to cross that pass by starlight. A good wagon road has been built at great expense over it since that time.

During the last Conference year the Church debt was nearly

wiped out, a new organ procured, and a thousand-pound bell secured and hung in the belfry, January 13, 1872. This was to have been rung the following morning for the first time, to summon the people to church. It was rung; but at a much earlier hour than was anticipated, and for a different purpose: its tones rang out to call the people to witness the destruction by fire of the "Stuart Reduction Works."

Thomas R. Slicer, son of Henry Slicer, of the Baltimore Conference, became their pastor in 1872; but remained only three months. R. L. Harford supplied the Church until Conference of 1874. C. W. Blodgett, 1874-5. In 1876 W. A. Dotson was appointed, but remained only a short time—D. H. Snowden filled the vacancy. O. L. Fisher, 1877-9. While he was pastor the church-building was enlarged. John Wilson, 1880; H. S. Hilton, 1881; C. L. Libby, 1882; T. A. Uzzell, 1883-4. During his pastorate the church was removed to a new site, on account of the railroad crossing the lot. John Harrington, 1885; S. A. Winsor, 1886 and 1888; D. W. Calfee, 1887, who remained but a little while—the year was filled out by H. C. Scripps; W. P. Rhodes, 1889-90; William Osburn, 1891; W. L. Bailey, 1892-4; W. I. Taylor, 1895; I. F. McKay, 1896.



The Railroad Loop above Georgetown, and Torry's Peak in the distance.

## IX.

### HOW WE WENT TO CONFERENCE AT PUEBLO IN 1870.

OUR "outfit" consisted of an old canvas-covered wagon, that had crossed the Plains nearly ten years before, and was drawn by two of the long-eared tribe, small of stature. "Bet" was the freest. "Ned" had to be encouraged a little, now and then, with a whip, except at about meal-time; yet he was a *mule* for all that.

In the culinary department was a camp-kettle, coffee and tea pots, tin plates, cups and saucers, canned fruits, lobsters, oysters, jellies, and a supply of staple groceries. A Sibley tent and suitable bedding completed our living equipment. Our armament consisted of a Henry rifle, a double-barreled shotgun, and two of Colt's navy revolvers, with the necessary ammunition. There were two objects in thus arming ourselves: first, to procure our meat along the way; second, and by no means least, to defend ourselves against an Indian attack, to which we were liable; for we were determined to sell our lives, if need be, as dearly as possible. Thus equipped, we started for a Methodist Annual Conference in the Territory of Colorado, June 14, 1870. Our party consisted of W. B. Case, owner and driver of the team, now residing at Grand Junction, Colorado; P. C. Castle, now living in a desirable home at "Pleasant View," near Longmont, Colorado; the writer, wife and son.

We had been unavoidably delayed, and did not get off until two o'clock P. M., on Tuesday. We halted long enough at Idaho Springs to take a bath at the Soda Springs. Two miles farther we camped for the night, having made fifteen miles that afternoon. Two of the company slept in the wagon, and the others in a board shanty, without windows. All arose early the next morning, and, squatted on the rocks near the camp-fire, partook of a hastily-prepared breakfast. At seven o'clock we start again. The road takes us, as on yesterday, along the banks of Clear Creek, whose foaming, sparkling waters go dashing by, with

towering mountains on either side. About ten o'clock we leave the narrow valley of the creek, and ascend Floyd Hill, which is four miles long. A short distance beyond the summit we camp in a cottonwood grove for our noon lunch.

Down this Floyd Hill the writer once rode, beside the driver, at a furious rate. On the top of the coach were three or four portly English gentlemen, who complained of the slow speed of the coach all the way up from Golden City. This continuous fault-finding had become quite monotonous; but the driver paid no attention to them.

On reaching the top of that steep, four-mile hill, the driver halted, got down and examined every buckle, the bits, lines, traces, collars, and then looked the coach over, particularly the bolts of the brakes. It took him several minutes to do all this; but he seemed in no hurry, though the Eastern passengers were grumbling about the delay. When all was ready, with his right foot on the brake, and the ribbons properly adjusted, he gave one crack of the whip, when his four horses started on a keen run down the long hill. The road was good; but there were curves, and several cuts where, on the right side, the ground was level with, or a little above, the top of the coach. Our English cousins were alarmed, and begged the driver to slow up; but he heeded not their entreaties. On and on, down and down, we go at breakneck speed. In rounding some of the curves the coach half careened over. The passengers were wild with fear. As the coach passed close to a high bank, one of the gentlemen on top leaped off, fell, rolled over and over; at the next bank the others jumped, and such an upsetting as those men received, falling over and upon each other; the driver never stopped to pick up his stray passengers, until the foot of the hill had been reached. Here he waited a half hour or more for the gentlemen to overtake us. When they hobbled down to the coach, the perspiration was flowing freely, and their bruises needed some attention. The grumblers were all dead; yet we had not lost a passenger! Moral: Coach-drivers know their own business, and it is best never to find fault with them.

At the head of Mt. Vernon Cañon we have a good view of the Plains. Land and sky seemed to kiss each other in the far

east. Down this gradual slope of seven miles the author once rode at a rapid gait. It was almost impossible to breathe on account of the dust, which filled the coach as well as the lungs, eyes, and ears of the passengers. The driver was making good time. The occupants of the coach were complaining, when Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who gave to the town of Longmont the use of "Library Hall," sang that familiar verse:

"This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not."

The surroundings were such that all were convulsed with laughter. There were no more complaints.

At the bottom of the cañon was the little town of Mt. Vernon. Here the road turns southward behind the "Hogback," crosses Bear Creek on a straw-covered pole bridge, just below where Morrison now stands, and on over the present site of Fort Logan. We crossed the Platte River on what was then known as Brown's Bridge. From one of the stringers of this bridge was hung a man the day before for horse-stealing.

That evening we camped eight miles south of Denver, at the mouth of a little creek, near which gold was found in 1859-60. The next forenoon we drove down to Denver for some necessary articles, including a spring seat, which cost \$8. Returning to camp, we lunch, pack, and are off southward, passing up the Platte Valley, along which cultivated farms and beautiful groves abound. Having taken a short cut for Plumb Creek over a dim track, we got lost, and wandered about on the open prairie for a while; but finally reached the junction of East and West Plumb Creeks at dusk, where we pitched our tent in a secluded willow-grove under a bluff. What added not a little to our anxiety, when picketing out the mules, was the finding of a tent-pole which had lately been used by the bloodthirsty Indians, for whom we had no use just then. Not daring to build a fire for fear of discovery, we partook of a cold lunch, and slept soundly, notwithstanding our little surprise. The next day our trail led up the valley of West Plumb Creek, near the base of the mountains. That afternoon we drove under a tree, to which a criminal had

been hung not long before. All day we kept a sharp lookout for Indians, carrying our weapons in hand ready to fire; for near this route they had recently raided the country, burning houses, scalping innocent women and children, spoiling their goods, and stealing the stock.

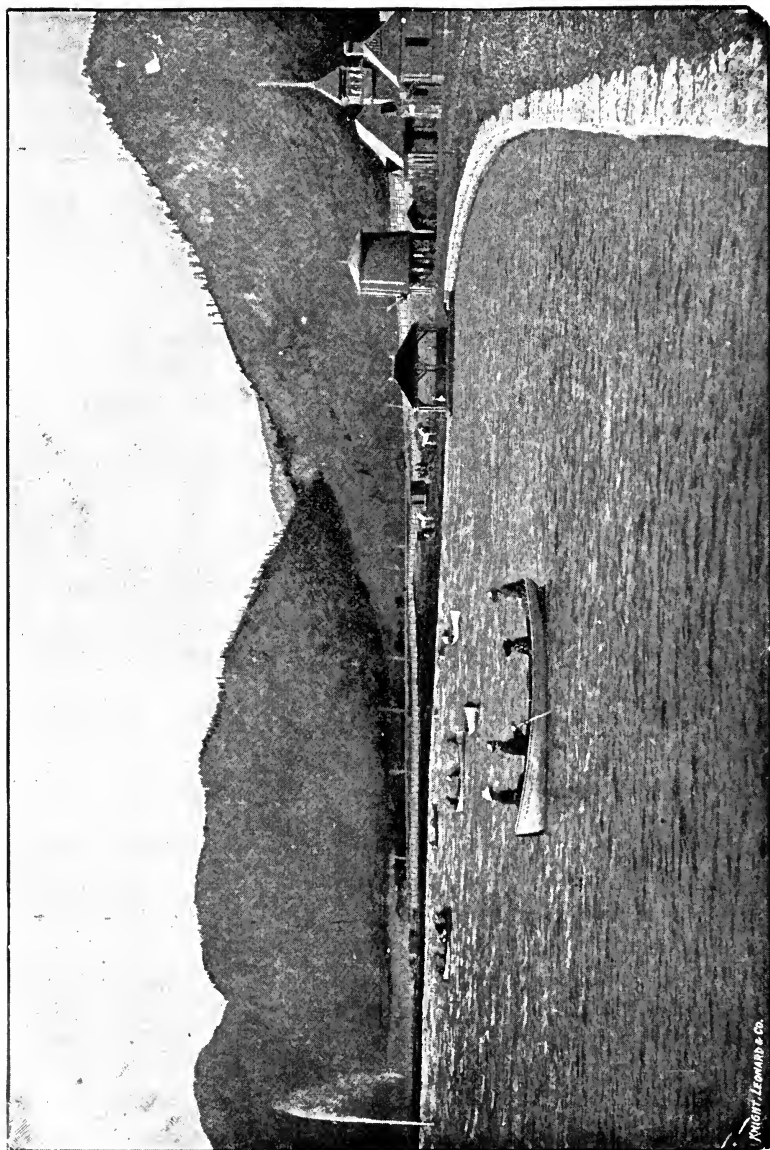
On the summit of the watershed, between the Platte and Arkansas Rivers, was a beautiful lake, now named for General Palmer, on the bosom of which several dozen wild ducks were floating. We drove along the west side of it, where the railway station appears in the accompanying cut.

The lake then had two outlets, one at the north and the other at the south, just east of where "Glen Park," the Rocky Mountain Chautauqua Assembly grounds, are now located.

Here we strike Monument Creek, down which we drove for seven miles, and spent the night with Levi Welty, Esq., who, at that time, was a dairyman. Promising to stop on our return, we left early the next morning, and reached Colorado City just at the close of the four o'clock service, conducted by the bishop. They had worried no little over our delay, fearing that we had been scalped by some wandering band of Indians. As we drove up, the bishop came out to the wagon, and, with tears in his eyes, declared he "never was so glad to see anybody in his life."

The majority of the preachers were then living north of the Divide. No railroad had yet reached Denver, and none had started thither in any direction. The journey from Denver to Pueblo had to be made by team.

The bishop's party had preceded us, and consisted of B. T. Vincent and wife, G. H. Adams and wife, R. J. Van Valkenberg and wife, G. S. Allen, J. L. Dyer,—each with his own conveyance. Besides these was an ambulance, furnished by Ex-Governor Elbert, drawn by a team from the livery-stable, for which they jointly paid five dollars per day. In this rode the bishop, Chaplain McCabe, his wife, and son John, a mere lad, who is now a member of the New Jersey Conference; H. D. Carroll and wife, from Baltimore, Md.; George Wallace, J. L. Peck; and E. C. Brooks, who drove the team. The bishop and others declared that he managed to hit the roughest places in the road. "Father" Dyer secured quarters for the whole party over night at a farm-



PALMER LAKE.



house. Reports of hostile Indians near were numerous. Every man looked well that night after his fire-arms. The second day out from Denver this party reached the summit of the Divide. G. H. Adams and wife were in the lead. Just as they came to the top, a cinnamon bear crossed the road a few steps in front of them. His business was so urgent that he did not stop to make a meal on human flesh. Here the bishop ordered a halt, had the teams ranged abreast, and called attention to the grandeur of the scenery, as they looked off down the valley of the Monument to that of the Fountain, and eastward; then westward, where mountain on mountain piled, rising into the very clouds.

When all were filled with the beauty and grandeur of the scene, the bishop said, "Now, Brother 'Van,' lead us in singing,

'Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain,' etc.

After that was sung, Chaplain McCabe, now Bishop, with his melodious voice, led off with that grand old hymn of Charles Wesley:

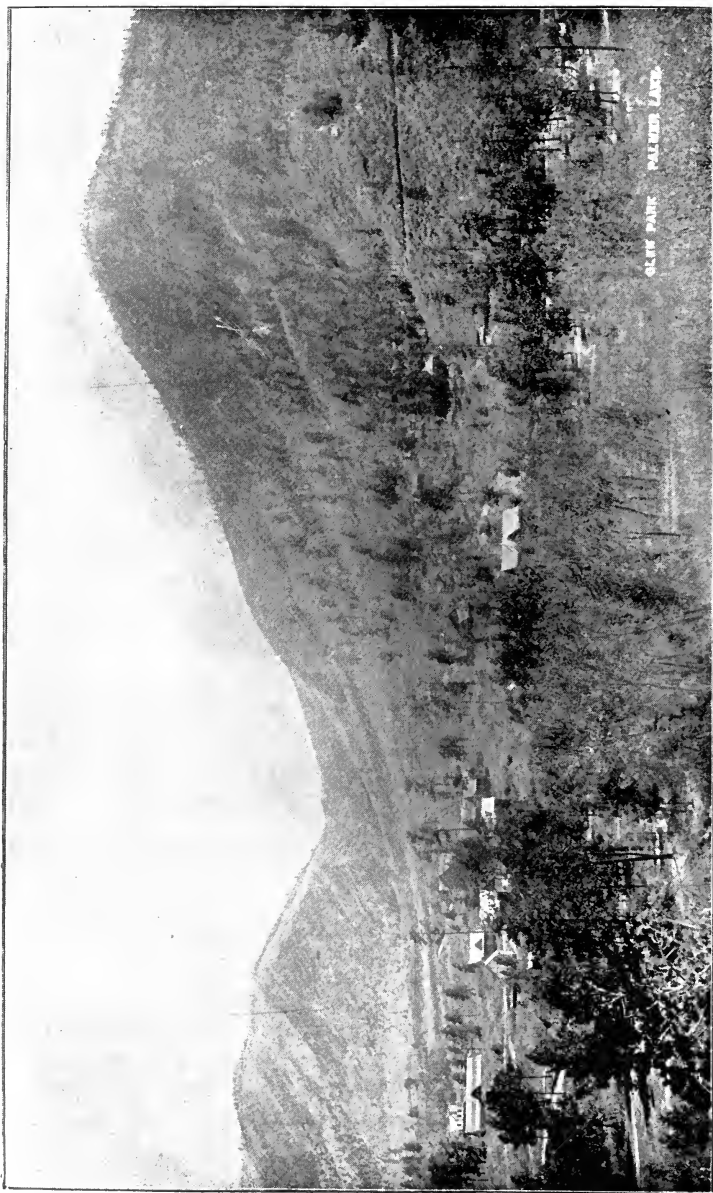
"And can it be that I should gain .

An interest in the Savior's blood?"—Hymnal, 422.

We expected to join them *en route*; but they went up Cherry Creek and we up Plumb, hence did not meet until as above stated. Our home over the Sabbath was with T. Girton, Esq., who resided in a three-room log house, two miles northeast of the town. His herd of cattle roamed over the ground where the beautiful city of Colorado Springs now stands. Little did we think that such a charming town would ever adorn the locality where prairie-dogs then sported at will.

B. T. Vincent preached on Sabbath morning, and L. Hart-sough at night. J. L. Peck, Chaplain McCabe, Gay S. Allen, B. T. Vincent, G. H. Adams, George Murray, and Bishop Ames addressed the Sunday-school in the afternoon.

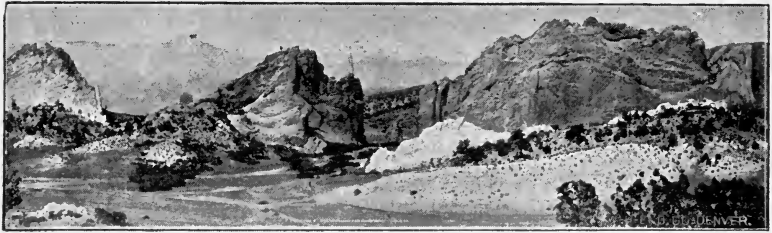
Monday morning all were off to see the sights, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, and Soda Springs, now Manitou. The only sign of civilization was one unoccupied log cabin, with a dirt roof and floor.



VIEW IN GLEN PARK.

The springs gurgle up at the north base of Pike's Peak, which rises eight thousand feet above them, and fourteen thousand two hundred and sixteen feet above sea-level. There was not even a decent trail to its summit. Now the ascent can be made by a cog-wheel railroad, by carriage, on horseback, or, if one prefers, on foot.

Sitting on the rocks near the springs, we ate our lunch, which had been prepared by the good people of Colorado City.



EAST ENTRANCE OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

North of the eastern entrance to the Garden of the Gods stands a red-sandstone rock, nearly perpendicular on all sides, about two hundred feet high. Within is a cathedral cave, into which a number of us crept through a low passage-way, while the bishop and a few others remained without. A tallow candle and a few torches were our only light. The chaplain led in singing, with delightful effect,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

On resuming our journey southward, besides those already named, there were added to our party George Murray and W. F. Warren. The old "Santa Fé Trail" was hard and smooth, and followed down the east side of the Fountain. The day was perfect, such as only the Rocky Mountain region can produce. All reached Pueblo in due season, and were cordially greeted by the pastor, O. P. McMains. He and his people had been hard at work building a new church. The unplastered adobe walls were up, roof on, floor down, and windows in. Rough boards and

chairs were used as seats. In this unfinished building the Conference was called to order on Thursday morning, June 23, 1870, by the bishop. John L. Dyer conducted the devotional exercises. Thirteen members answered to their names. The bishop announced the transfer of Thomas Harwood from the West Wisconsin Conference; L. Hartsough, G. M. Pierce, and J. R. Moore, from the Central New York Conference; W. D. Chase and F. C. Millington, from the Black River Conference.

O. P. McMains was elected secretary, and W. F. Warren assistant. L. Hartsough, E. J. Rice, C. C. McCabe, E. C. Brooks, and G. S. Allen were introduced. C. H. Kirkbride was granted a location at his own request. Charles King withdrew from the connection. Edward C. Brooks was admitted on trial.

At five o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the Conference assembled to close its business, listen to the bishop's fatherly counsel, and hear the appointments read:

DENVER DISTRICT—B. T. VINCENT, *P. E.*

Laramie, Cheyenne, and Greeley.	G. H. Adams and E. C. Brooks.
Denver.....	J. L. Peck.
Central.....	W. D. Chase.
Black Hawk and Nevada.....	George Wallace.
Georgetown.....	I. H. Beardsley.
Idaho and Empire.....	To be supplied.
Golden City.....	F. C. Millington.
Divide Circuit.....	John L. Dyer.
Ralston and Clear Creek.....	G. W. Swift.
Boulder and Valmont.....	Supplied by G. S. Allen (for a short time; then by R. W. Bosworth.)
Burlington Circuit.....	Supplied by R. J. Van Valkenberg.
Big Thompson and La Poudre.....	J. R. Moore.
Platte Circuit.....	Supplied by G. S. Allen.

ARKANSAS DISTRICT—GEORGE MURRAY, *P. E.*,  
and Pastor at Cañon City.

Colorado City.....	W. F. Warren.
Pueblo.....	O. P. McMains.
Fairplay and Granite.....	Jesse Smith.
La Junta and Elizabethtown, N. M.....	Thomas Harwood.
Trinidad.....	Supplied by E. J. Rice.

A moment after the bishop had announced O. P. McMains returned to Pueblo, he sprang to his feet in great excitement, and cried out: "Bishop, this is tyranny. I can not stand it, and I will not. I won't go back." The bishop turned around to him, and quietly said: "Do n't be hasty, Brother McMains. Come and see me, and we will talk the matter over together." On leaving the church "Mac" stepped between Brothers Brooks and Swift, and taking each by the arm, said, "Boys, I tell you that old Bishop Ames is a tyrant."

He, however, took tea with the bishop, and was closeted with him for a couple of hours. He came late that evening to the church. After the service he said to the same brethren: "Why, boys, did you know Bishop Ames is an angel. Why, he just talked with me so kindly, and prayed with me and promised to help me. I am going on with my work." What a difference the state of one's mind makes!

The Sabbath was a day of power and riches of grace to many souls. John L. Dyer preached at 7.30 A. M., from "He calleth for thee." At nine A. M. a remarkable love-feast was held. At 10.30 the bishop preached from 1 John v, 10: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." The writer has never forgotten one remark, made as the tears were coursing down his cheeks, "Brethren, I carry a pocket edition of this religion in my heart." At three o'clock there was a grand Sunday-school rally, and at five P. M. George Wallace preached to the campers in the grove on the bottoms. In the evening Chaplain McCabe preached from 2 Corinthians iv, 18; subject, "The Unseen Things." His sermon and singing captivated all hearts. W. F. Warren was ordained deacon and E. J. Rice local elder by the bishop.

Arrangements had been made for the bishop to preach on his return in a little log schoolhouse, which stood about two miles south of where the town of Monument now stands. The house was very much crowded. The bishop, not feeling well, sat in the splint-bottom chair, and discoursed to them from the First Psalm for over an hour. The writer preached in the same place on the following Sabbath, and heard of the bishop's remarkable sermon.

OUR HOMEWARD TRIP.—Monday morning, June 27, 1870, we left Pueblo on our return by the way of Cañon City, which added forty miles to the one hundred and seventy already traveled.

The morning was delightful. The sun shone brightly. The sky was overcast by an occasional cloud. Our road led up the left bank of the Arkansas River. Herds of cattle were feeding here and there along the way. An occasional wheat-field waved its golden grain in the gentle breezes. Eight miles up, we cross on what is known as the "Natural Bridge." Here the stream is compressed into a narrow gorge of perhaps thirty feet in width; the rocks on either side are some twenty feet or more above the seething, raging, foaming torrent. Two flat rocks projected toward each other so near as almost to touch. Over this narrow space poles had been thrown, and across these were smaller ones covered with brush and straw. On this seemingly frail structure we cross, pass a few cultivated fields, ascend to the table-lands, and camp at night in a log schoolhouse on the west side of Frazier Creek. At noon of the second day we re-cross the river to Cañon City. The buildings were mostly constructed of stone. The city stands close to the base of the mountains, and at the mouth of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River, which presents one of the most wonderful scenes of sublimity that nature offers. The river, with an average fall of fifty feet to the mile, runs between stupendous walls of rock, from one thousand to twenty-six hundred feet in height.

"Like a steed, in frantic fit,  
That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
The rain chafes its waves to spray  
O'er every rock that bars its way,  
Till foam-globes on its eddies ride  
Thick as the schemes of human pride."

Pike's hoary peak looms up on the north, mountains are on the west and south, while the broad valley of the Arkansas River opens out to the eastward. Near the city are found beds of bituminous coal and inexhaustible stone-quarries. Close to these the Colorado Penitentiary is located. That evening the writer

preached in the old stone church to an attentive congregation, on "Christian Union." Here we found very pleasant entertainment with a Brother Richardson and family. Our route homeward was around the east base of Pike's Peak.

The first night out from Cañon found us on the bank of Turkey Creek. What added not a little to the unpleasantness of the situation was, that the very spot selected by us for a camp had been only recently occupied by a band of Indians. Some of the lodge-poles were there; the feet and bones of wild animals were scattered about, and a scalp had been left dangling from the limb of a small tree. What could we do? Night was coming on. How far it might be to a house or water we did not know. We had seen but three houses since leaving Cañon City. Supper was eaten, mules picketed, guns and revolvers loaded, and prayers said, when we turned in and slept unmolested.

The next forenoon we passed numbers of cattle and horses feeding on the luxurious grasses along the way, fat as seals. We came to a large spring of cool, clear water, flowing from the base of a knoll, on which were some log buildings. Near by, under the shade of a pine-tree, sat an aged gentleman. After the usual salutations, the writer accosted him with, "From whence came you?" "Way down on the Arkansaw River, in Arkansaw." "Are there any settlers near you?" "The nearest are seven miles off. They are getting entirely too thick. I am going to move on." "You are a stockman, I should judge, from your surroundings?" "Y-e-s." "How many head of horses and of cattle have you?" "We have about four hundred horses; but I do not know how many cattle—there are hundreds." Cattle men never know how much stock they own. If they did, it might make a difference with their taxes! He had a wife, son, daughter, and son-in-law. He gave us to understand that he "had nothing to do with politics and religion." We drove on. Night found us at our old stopping-place near Colorado City. Saturday evening, July 2d, according to promise, we stopped with our old friend, Levi Welty, Esq., on Monument Creek, near which place the writer preached twice the next day, and addressed the Sunday-school. On Monday, July 4th, there was a Sunday-

school "picnic" in Monument Park, so named because of the singular monuments found there.

The day was pleasantly spent in speech-making, vocal and instrumental music, and in social intercourse. The attendance was large, and the abundant dinner could not well be surpassed.

After tarrying somewhat by the way, we reached our own home in Georgetown exactly one month from the day we left. The people had supper prepared at the parsonage, and gave us a cordial welcome.

We had no difficulty in keeping our larder supplied with prairie-chickens and rabbits during the whole trip of three hundred and eighty miles.

THE NEW MEMBERS, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.—W. D. Chase filled the pulpit of the Church in Central City for nearly three years, and was then transferred back to Northern New York Conference, whence he came.

J. R. Moore remained only three years; two on the Big Thompson and Poudre; one at Trinidad, where he completed an adobe church, begun by his predecessor, Rev. E. J. Rice, deceased, who also donated the ground on which it stood. He was supernumerated in 1873, but took work in New Mexico. In 1876 he was transferred back to his old Conference.

G. M. Pierce was sent as a missionary to Utah, where he remained for several years, though he was transferred to the Central New York Conference in 1870, and then to the Rocky Mountain Conference in 1872. He is now laboring on the Pacific Coast, in the Northwest.

L. Hartsough had been on the so-called Dakota District the previous year, supplying Cheyenne and Laramie City. At the last-named place he began a church enterprise, which was completed by his successor, E. C. Brooks, the following year. He was transferred to the Central New York Conference in 1870; re-transferred to the Dakota Conference subsequently, where he has done effective work for the Master.

FRANKLIN CEYLON MILLINGTON was born March 18, 1841, in Nicholville, St. Lawrence County, New York. He took an



academic course at the St. Lawrence Academy, at Potsdam; was converted at West Potsdam when fourteen years of age; licensed to exhort by Rev. J. C. Corbin, and to preach by Rev. J. H. Lamb. His call to the ministry was unquestionable. He was admitted on trial in the Northern New York Conference in April, 1864. Served Constable, Colton, North Potsdam, Massena, and Lawrenceville; was married to Miss Adaline Sheldon, April 13, 1865. In April, 1870, Bishop Ames transferred him to the Colorado Conference, and appointed him to Golden City in June following. He and his family rode into Denver on the 24th of that month, on the first passenger train entering the city, the Denver Pacific Railroad being the first to connect Denver by rail with the rest of the world.

In the early spring of 1871 the Chicago Colony laid out the town-site of Longmont, on the north bank of the St. Vrain, to which he was appointed that year. Here he started a church enterprise in the spring of 1872, and a society in Erie the previous January. The church-building was a two-story frame, and stood on Main Street, just south of Third Avenue. One room was for Church services, and the other for rental purposes. This property was used for twelve years, when it was sold, and the present beautiful church erected.

Another new town, laid out just east of Colorado City, once the Capital of the Territory, was christened "Colorado Springs," though six miles east of the Springs proper. To these two places he was sent in 1872. His predecessor, W. F. Warren, had organized a class and a Sunday-school, and had also built a small church. This was enlarged, so that two years later he reported a church worth \$2,500. In 1875 he was stationed at Saint James, West Denver, where he built a four-room brick parsonage free of debt. He also completed the "Evans Memorial Chapel,"

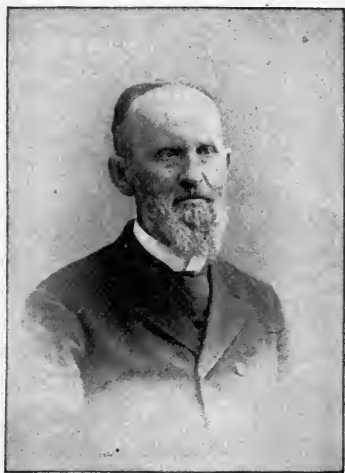


F. C. MILLINGTON.

raising the funds by selling lots belonging to Ex-Governor Evans, and applying the same to the finishing of the church.

Three years later found him pushing another parsonage enterprise of five rooms at California Street, which was completed, paid for, and occupied within thirty days. During two of his three years here he had a Sunday-school in the Ashland school building in North Denver, and preached there regularly.

Then came three years and a half as presiding elder on the "Northern District," which he served with marked ability and success. This he resigned to take the financial agency of the University of Denver, which position he held for something over two years. The crowning monument of his life-work is University Park, which he was largely instrumental in securing and platting. These grounds overlook the city, yet are free from its din and smoke, and only a short ride, by two car lines, from its center.



T. HARWOOD.

His last earthly appointment was "associate pastor" of Trinity Church, which continued only five months, when he died suddenly, from neuralgia of the heart, on December 27, 1887. His body awaits the resur-

rection of the just in Riverside Cemetery, and his soul rests with God.

Brother Millington was a good preacher of the gospel, a conscientious Christian gentleman, and a thorough business man in Church affairs.

THOMAS HARWOOD was born November 16, 1829, in Caroline County, Maryland; was converted in 1839; united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Thomas Chapel, Delaware, 1841; licensed to preach in Michigan, 1855; ordained local deacon by

Bishop Levi Scott, September 9, 1860; elder by Bishop Ames, September 27, 1868. He served as a soldier in Company G, 25th Wisconsin Volunteers, for eighteen months, 1862-3, and chaplain of the same for eighteen months more, 1863-4-5.

He held license as a local preacher from 1855 to 1860. Then joined the Northwest Wisconsin Conference on trial; was dropped in 1862, because he went into the army; was readmitted on trial in 1865; received into full connection in the West Wisconsin Conference in 1868; transferred to the Colorado Conference in September, 1869, and appointed to La Junta, New Mexico, where he began the study of the Spanish language; reappointed in 1870. From 1872 to 1884 he was superintendent of the "New Mexico Mission," during which time he had charge of the English and Spanish work, organizing churches both among Americans and Mexicans.

In 1885, the mission work having been divided, he was appointed superintendent of "New Mexico Spanish Missions," with eleven assistants. In 1893, he, with twenty assistants, was transferred from us, and organized into a "Spanish Mission Conference." What wonders God hath wrought among the people of New Mexico, English and Spanish, through the efficient labors of Brother and Sister Harwood, as they taught, preached, and lived the gospel of the Son of God in their presence!



MRS. E. J. HARWOOD.

MRS. EMILY JANE HARWOOD, his wife, has faithfully and efficiently had part in the mission work of New Mexico. They began here with nothing, not having even a knowledge of the language. All has been dug up, after the language was acquired, out of that hard, sterile, Roman Catholic soil, in the last twenty-

six years. They now have 35 traveling and local preachers, 2,500 members and probationers, 20 church-buildings, 20 parsonages and 40 Sunday-schools, with 1,000 scholars. The Church property is valued at \$50,000 in the Spanish work alone. The English work amounts to very nearly as much more. To God belongs the praise.

But for the day and Sunday schools this could never have been accomplished. Sister Harwood began teaching in Wisconsin at eighteen years of age, and ranked as a first-class teacher before coming to New Mexico. She taught in Tiptonville, N. M., for fifteen years, then in Socorro several years, and then in Albuquerque, covering a period of almost twenty-seven years. From these schools have gone out scholars into nearly all parts of New Mexico, Arizona, and adjacent localities.

Dr. Harwood has assisted in these schools all that was possible, without neglecting the other work which he was required to do. When he looks back, and calls to mind the many young men and women, now married, settled, and doing well, who are making good citizens, filling responsible positions as merchants, clerks, officials in different places; others in the medical, legal, or ministerial professions—places which they never could have filled only for these schools—he feels that their work in New Mexico has not been in vain.

It is only just to Sister Harwood to say that in all these years of teaching in these mission schools she has not received one cent as salary from any source. When she taught in the public schools, as she has occasionally done, she was paid, and when teaching in her private schools she received tuition; but in her Mission and Biblical schools, as at present, she has always taught without expense to the Church, which has sustained her husband for nearly twenty-seven years in his missionary labors among all classes in that remote region.

The following extract describes the latest addition to the evangelizing forces of this Mission:

“For the past eight or ten years the Methodist workers in New Mexico, and the workers in the Woman’s Home Missionary Society throughout the country, have been planning, praying,

and working for a girl's industrial home, to be located in Albuquerque. In fact, such a Home was opened about six years ago, and was carried forward in a small way in rented buildings.

"By the universal consent of the laborers, here and abroad, this plan was deemed inadvisable, and, after three years of earnest effort, was abandoned, until such time as a permanent Home could be erected. At that time it was hoped that this would be accomplished within a year. Three years of anxiety, mingled with hope, however, have passed, and now the building stands splendidly located, an ornament to the city and a monument to the faith and sacrifice of many friends.

"The design of the Home is to gather in as many as may be practicable of the Spanish-speaking girls of New Mexico. Here it is hoped they may secure such training as will enable them to preside over practical Christian homes of their own. The Home is under the management of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The building, which was dedicated Sunday, March 1, 1896, is a beautiful brick structure, costing \$6,400. The grounds, 150 feet front by 142 feet deep, cost \$625, making a total, without furnishings, of \$7,025. Of this amount, almost all has been contributed by parties outside of Albuquerque. These contributions have come from all parts of the country. The largest contribution by any one Conference Society was by the Colorado, which thus secured the honor of naming the Home. With a keen appreciation of services that have been many-fold greater than all others combined, they have named it in honor of the veteran superintendent of the Spanish work in New Mexico, and his devoted wife, the 'Harwood Home.'

"To Mrs. Anna Kent, secretary of the Society for New Mexico and Arizona, great credit is due for the successful completion of the building.

"The superintendent and her assistants, Misses Apperson and Rodrigues, are women of earnest Christian character, practical common sense, and wide and varied experience. Under their direction it is confidently expected that the school will very quickly attain a condition of great usefulness."

EDWARD C. BROOKS was born in Dayton, Ohio, October 14, 1846; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the spring of 1858, at St. Paul, Minn.; was licensed to exhort in 1865, and to preach at Evanston, Ill., in the spring of 1868; traveled "Gooding's Grove Circuit," Rock River Conference, one year; then came to Colorado in the fall of 1869, and was appointed by the elder to fill a vacancy at Golden. During the next six months he built a room, 12 x 14, for a study, on the northwest corner of the church. In 1870 he was the junior preacher on the Laramie, Cheyenne, and Greeley Circuit. July 17, 1870, he preached the



E. C. BROOKS.

second Methodist sermon in the town of Greeley, and organized a class of seventeen members. Previously, on May 22d, G. H. Adams had preached there, and appointed H. M. Law, a local preacher, class-leader, with authority to gather up all Church letters possible. Before either of these came, however, the Rev. William Antes had preached in that locality a number of times, in 1864-5.

The most of his time that year was spent at Laramie City, completing the church there. He was ordained deacon in 1871, and sent to Cañon City. On Christmas of that year he held the first religious

service, and preached the first sermon ever delivered in the Colorado Penitentiary. He officiated as chaplain during the balance of his pastorate in Cañon, organizing a class there of thirteen members, all prisoners, and baptizing eight of the number. In 1873 he was sent to the Las Animas Circuit, one hundred and ten miles long and forty-five wide, where there were only fifteen members. He preached the first sermon in the town of West Las Animas; was transferred to the South Kansas Conference in 1874, where he labored for several years, then transferred to the Iowa Conference, where he is now preaching the everlasting gospel.

At this session of the Conference, Idaho and Empire were left to be supplied. H. J. SHAFFNER was transferred from the Minnesota Conference to supply that work. He preached at Empire, Idaho Springs, and Burgan's Schoolhouse, from September 18 to October 16, 1870, when he became so great a sufferer with asthma that he had to leave the work. In Golden, where his family resided, he lay for a long time with acclimating fever, which very nearly ended his earthly career.

In 1871 a Denver Circuit was organized, to which he was appointed. This embraced Arvada, West Denver, and Bennett Schoolhouse, which stood at the corner of what is now Broadway and Evans Avenue. These were his regular appointments. December 23, 1871, he organized the California Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Up to the spring of 1872 he lived in Arvada, when he moved into his own unfinished house at the corner of California and Twenty-fifth Streets, where he held the first prayer-meeting, June 16, 1872, and soon after the first class-meeting in the same place. He organized the California Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, June 16, 1872, in a little shanty schoolhouse, owned by Judge Miller, on the corner of Curtis and Twenty-third Streets.



H. J. SHAFFNER.

The first quarterly-meeting was held in his house by Dr. B. F. Crary, presiding elder, October 14, 1872. Here he preached regularly from the very start until the church was erected, which was dedicated by Dr. Crary, November 24, 1872. The society then had twenty-seven members.

He organized the West Denver Union Sunday-school into a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, June 1, 1872, which is now known as the St. James Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school.

He also organized a Sunday-school and society, with Dexter Soggs leader, in North Denver, of which Asbury Church is the legitimate successor.

On March 21, 1873, his beloved companion, mother of their six children, three of whom had preceded her, was called to her glory home, shouting as she entered the valley.

In 1874 he was sent to a new field, "Morrison and Petersburg." At the former he organized a society and a Sunday-school. His next appointment was "West Las Animas." He arrived on this charge September 6, 1875, and found an old organization with less than half a dozen members in sight; no house; no church-building. C. W. Bowman, Philip Landers, and Major Price formed a nucleus around which the organization was perfected. A church was then built, and dedicated by Dr. Crary, presiding elder, free of debt, January 23, 1876. He also organized the Sunday-school, and established all the usual agencies of Church work.

Then followed two prosperous years as pastor at Pueblo. Here he added one lot to the Church property, and helped many souls to Christ, and received them into the Church.

He was sent to Boulder in 1879, where he built a brick parsonage of five rooms, and paid for it; to Cheyenne in 1880. Here God gave him a good revival, in which forty-six souls were converted and added to the Church. Asthma compelled him to sever his relation with this charge, and he left February 21, 1881, for the Pacific Coast, thus closing ten successful years in the Colorado Conference, which that year gave him a supernumerary relation. Two years after, he was transferred to the Southern California Conference. His home is now in Los Angeles, California, where he awaits the coming of the Son of God.



## X.

### PLEASURE SAUNTERINGS.

NUMBER ONE.—A party of fourteen, consisting of Mrs. J. Bowman, Miss Phebe Green, Captain William Light and wife, the writer and wife, with eight others, drove to the "Willow Grove Camp-meeting," which began September 1, 1870, and lasted for five days. This was held in a grove on Isaac Mc-Broom's farm, near the mouth of Bear Creek, northeast of the present site of Fort Logan, and just south of where the school-house now stands.

The following-named brethren preached during the progress of the meeting: B. T. Vincent, presiding elder; F. C. Millington, G. W. Swift, W. F. Warren, Gay S. Allen, and the writer. John L. Dyer, having the meeting in charge, did not preach, it being within the bounds of his work. H. J. Shaffner, though present with his family, was so affected with asthma that he could not preach. Gay S. Allen's sermon, from "This man might have been set at liberty, if:" the whole audience was swayed as by a tempest for an hour, and the altar was soon crowded with penitents. The camp-meeting resulted in several conversions, and in the quickening of the spiritual life of believers.

During the Sabbath services, Colorow, a noted Ute Indian chief, with his daughter, called to see what was going on. He was a solidly-built man, of perhaps two hundred pounds weight, was bareheaded, wore a buckskin jacket, with pantaloons and moccasins of the same material. The jacket and pants lacked about two inches of coming together, where the native hide was exposed. In a belt around his waist there hung two of Colt's navy revolvers, old style, and a long bowie-knife.

His daughter was dressed in a well-worn buckskin suit, fringed here and there, with panties of the same material. She was about eighteen, had long, black, coarse hair hanging down her back, with "bangs" over the eyes. The writer has often won-

dered if the custom of wearing "bangs" did not originate with the Indian maiden! For an hour or more she sat astride of her horse, just outside the camp-grounds, motionless as a statue, holding her father's horse, while he stood leaning against a tree, close to the people, gazing upon the services. They wanted "biscuit." The people hastened to supply their needs, when meat, potatoes, bread, cake, pie, all that was given them, was thrust into a common sack; not a mouthful did they taste while in sight.

NUMBER TWO.—The second was to the Ministerial Association of the Denver District, which met in Boulder, February 22, 1871. Leaving our mountain home on Monday morning, in company with Rev. B. T. Vincent, our popular presiding elder, who had his own conveyance, we drive to Idaho Springs, and halt for a plunge bath, hasten on to Golden City, where the writer was dropped, while the presiding elder proceeded on to Denver.

George Osborn, Esq., came over from "Ralston Crossing" with a light spring-wagon, and conveyed Rev. E. C. Brooks and wife, F. C. Millington, and the writer to his own home for the night. The next morning we were joined by Rev. G. W. Swift, and proceeded by the same conveyance to Boulder. *En route* a few tame buffalo were seen, feeding with some cattle near the track. The two younger members of the party thought to scare them by chasing them on foot. They were on the opposite side of a small run, and did not scare worth a cent; but made directly for the boys at a rapid gait. The boys soon changed their tactics, leaped the creek, and ran to the wagon with all dispatch possible. They had not lost any buffaloes!

The Boulder of that day was not the Boulder of to-day; it was then but a small village, with a few scattering houses. The Association met in the Congregational Church, which, I believe, was the only church-building there at the time, and was a gathering of deep interest and profit.

Rev. G. S. Allen, who was supplying the Platte River Circuit, invited me, at the close of the Association, to accompany him to his field of labor. When he was getting ready to start, on Friday morning, I noticed that he put in his grip a Bible,

hymn-book, and a Colt's navy revolver. I said, "Gay, what do you want with that?" pointing to the ivory-handled revolver. He answered, smiling, "It may come handy before we get back. One never knows whom they will meet."

That was the first time I ever saw a minister place "carnal" and "spiritual" weapons side by side; but it is not the last, as the future of this narrative will show.

His appointments for the coming Sabbath were at the Grout Schoolhouse, directly west of old Fort Lupton, in the morning, and at Jackson's residence, on the east side of the river, at night.

The congregations were large for the communities, and very attentive while the writer discoursed to them. Then "Gay," according to the old custom, followed with rousing exhortations.

Much of the "Fort" was then standing. Its walls were of adobe, four square, eight or ten feet high, with port-holes here and there along the sides, and were built by the Northwestern Fur Company, about the year 1830. It stands on the eastern bank of the river, and overlooks a vast area of table-land on the east, and the broad bottoms opposite on the west.

At the northeast corner was a watch-tower, rising several feet above the adjacent walls, in which was a well of water. On one side of the inner wall were rooms for dwellings and storage. The entrance was covered by a small adobe building, while two or three others stood just beyond. Much of the old wall still remains. The ground has been owned for many years by David Ewing, Esq., on which his family now resides, he having crossed to the other shore.

NUMBER THREE.—Learning early in the spring of 1871, that a colony had located at Green City, twenty-five miles below the then new town of Evans, and that a brother of mine, whom I had seen but once in seventeen years, had joined them, I decided to visit them, and preach for them on the last Sabbath of April. On my way there, having reached Evans by rail from Denver, the only available conveyance at hand was a wagon loaded with lumber, drawn by a pair of mules, just shipped in from the States, and not yet acclimated. They were driven by a boy, perhaps

seventeen years of age, who had never camped out in his life. He, too, was a "tenderfoot." The road was fair, with no improvements along the way. Late in the afternoon the mules gave out, and would not budge an inch. No amount of coaxing could induce them to take another step. There we were on a broad prairie, far from fuel, water, or feed for the mules or ourselves, and without a blanket or cover of any kind, save a few newspapers, and with night approaching. What could we do, not knowing where we were, but to *bivouac* right there. The boy had not even a lariat to picket out the mules. There was no other alternative, but we made the best of it. The mules were unhitched and tied to the front end of the wagon, while we crept under it, lying in the road, with boards set up against the wheels to protect us from the chilly winds, and covered as much as possible with newspapers, which changed more or less with every breeze. Between the noise of the restless mules, having had nothing to eat or drink since morning, our own hunger and thirst, the constant tramp and howling of the wolves about us, and the tossing about and whining of the boy, we got very little rest.

At daylight we hitched up, crossed a sandy ridge, came to a bend in the river, watered the mules, and reached Green City about eight o'clock in the morning; where I found a pleasant home with George O. Stevens, Esq.

The following Sabbath, April 30, 1871, I preached twice in David S. Green's unfinished residence; text, morning, 2 Timothy iii, 16; afternoon, Ecclesiastes xii, 13, 14.

The following week several of us went down into the vicinity of Fremont's Orchard on a hunt. The hills were covered with antelope, but our guns were short range; several were wounded, but we got no big game. On an island in the river we saw several deer; but they plunged into the stream and swam to the shore before we could get a good shot at them.

NUMBER FOUR.—My fourth trip was to the Hot Sulphur Springs of Middle Park, about sixty-five miles distant from Georgetown, on the west side of the great snowcapped range of the continent.

It was a beautiful morning, the 14th of August, 1871, when a party of thirteen started, on horseback, for a ten days' tramp through the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, crossing over the Empire and Berthoud Passes.

The trail, for such it was, led us through deep cañons, over rocky heights, along the edges of fearful precipices, up and down deep, narrow defiles; then along mountain sides where the declivities were so steep that one could touch the mountain with the hand; again through miles of fallen timber; and, finally, out into a broad, open park, with hills, valleys, plains, groves of evergreen, streamlets, creeks, rivers, and lakes spread out before the observer.

For ten days such scenery was passing and repassing in panoramic view before our enraptured vision—too grand and imposing for a description. To be appreciated, it must be seen. What if we passed beyond the haunts of civilization? Others had gone the same way before us, and others by the thousand will come after. Did I say it was morning when we left our mountain-walled town? No, it was noon before our animals were all packed and we waved the last farewell to loved ones gazing after us. An ancient caravan leaving the gates of Jerusalem could scarcely have been more imposing. Some of our animals were such as the Savior rode in his flight from the wrath of Herod.

Wherever night overtook us we unpacked and unsaddled our animals, pitched our tents, cooked and ate our suppers, sang and chatted around our camp-fires, said our prayers, and offered our praises to the God and Creator of all, turned in, and slept soundly until daybreak (not on beds of down or spring mattresses, but on mother earth), when all were astir to get an early start. Breakfast over, prayers said, tin dishes washed, animals saddled and repacked, our four favored ones of the fairer sex often taking the lead, single file, we start. Noon comes; our animals are turned loose to fill themselves on the mountain grasses of this rocky region; dinner, gotten in haste, is eaten to satisfy appetites sharpened by a morning ride.

We always camped beside some gurgling fountain, murmuring brook, or flowing river, whose limpid waters hasten on to their ocean home. There were several invalids in our party,

whose object was not only sight-seeing, but health. If the thousands of the East suffering from dyspepsia, asthma, consumption in its earlier stages, and other ailments, could be made to believe how exhilarating, invigorating, and health-restoring to the whole system such a tramp would be to them, they would break every binding chain, and spend months in traversing our mountain slopes and deep gorges, visiting our mineral fountains and vast parks.

The springs are located on the north bank of the Grand River, one of the tributaries of the great Colorado, whose waters empty into the Pacific Ocean. We forded its transparent waters, and pitched our tents about one-half a mile above the springs. While we were arranging the camp, Rev. George Richardson, now of Argo, Colorado, caught some thirty trout from the adjacent river. One morning before breakfast he threw out on the bank, with his hook and line, sixty-three speckled beauties, while the rest of us could scarcely get a bite. He kept it up at that rate all the time we remained there. Did we not enjoy them, though? I dare not tell the number we ate at a meal. It was trout for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and yet we never tired of them.

Would that all ministers were as successful as "fishers of men!" On approaching the springs, one is reminded of a certain place spoken of in the Bible. Imagining no danger, we walk on, and enter a log bath-house. A stream of hot water, 114 degrees F., pours over a projecting rock into a rocky basin, eight feet below, twelve feet across, and two feet deep, formed largely by its own action through unknown ages.

Who will dare step into that pool of boiling water? One instinctively exclaims as he touches hand or foot to the seething element. Wait a moment, dip a little, go slow; in a few minutes you will be able to stand under that small stream pouring over the head, shoulders, and body, and call it good. As one gazes upon those who resort thither for relief, he is reminded of the Pool of Bethesda, about the time the angel made his annual visits. From this, as the center of operations, excursions are made in various directions. The scenery is attractive, varied, and beautiful, game plenty, fish are abundant in streams and lakes.

These springs have been a favorite place of resort for the Ute Indians for unnumbered centuries. They came in squads, remaining two or three weeks, fishing, hunting, or bathing, as their necessities or notions prompted them. The "bucks," "squaws," and "papooses" all bathed at once. Modesty is "an unknown quantity" among them. They would make the surrounding hills echo with their shouts of laughter and merriment while enjoying the bath. A company of three hundred left the springs a day or two before we arrived.

The only house there at the time was a two-room log cabin, occupied by an invalid "bacher," who collected "toll" from the bathers in the springs. Quite a party of campers gathered for religious services on Sabbath morning, August 20, 1871, to hear a sermon from the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. His text was, "Behold the man." (John xix, 5.) It was an excellent discourse. That day eighteen dined on grouse at our camp, and yet the bones were not all picked!

A gentleman joined our party who had some provisions in a sack, which he, wrapped in a blanket, used for a pillow as he slept. One night he was awakened by a coyote endeavoring to draw it from under his head. Two boys and two men, Rev. George Richardson and Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, slept under the trees wherever we camped. Often they were awakened by coyotes picking up the crumbs about the camp; especially when tramped over. Some nights the wolves made the air hideous with their howlings. One evening, when returning from the springs, we heard the cry of a child, as we supposed, from a cliff of rocks just back of our tents. We thought a little one had wandered from some camp and was lost, and at once said, "We will go to its rescue." Just then it was suggested by an old-timer that "that was the seductive cry of a panther." It is needless to say that we had lost no panthers!

One morning a company of nine started off to hunt "agates" and wild game. We crossed ridge after ridge until we reached the broad, grassy bottoms of the Troublesome. Here we halted for dinner, and spent the afternoon in hunting agates, shooting at the flocks of geese, ducks, and sage-hens that were flying around us. We find some agates and kill some game, remain

all night, and return the next day to the springs in time for dinner. A week passes in these excursions almost before we are aware of it; our time is shortening; we must retreat from these wilds of nature. Invigorated and strengthened, the following members of the party—the writer, wife, and son; Rev. J. W. Sinnock and wife, now of New Mexico; Miss Mary Smith, then teacher in the public schools of Georgetown; Miss Sue Black, of Bolivar, Ohio, since become Mrs. James McLaughlin, of Utah; and young Willie Hood,—returned to our home in Georgetown, healthier, wiser, and better. The others extended their trip.

NUMBER FIVE.—Four years after, a wagon-road having been constructed across the range over Berthoud Pass, a party of six, in which were John Black, Esq., and his sister, of Baltimore, Md., and this writer and his good wife, went over the same route with a team, wagon, and saddle-ponies. At Hot Sulphur Springs we now found quite a village, and a bridge over the Grand River; also an elegant bath-house in the place of the old log one. With some difficulty, as there was nothing but a trail to follow, we reached the valleys of the Troublesome and the Muddy. *En route* we found that stockmen had gone in with their herds of horses and cattle, which were fattening on the nutritious grasses. Our trip was extended down the Grand River to the mouth of the Blue, up that river to the Snake, and up that stream to the base of the range. We here ascended the precipitous continental Divide over a winding wagon-road, and crossed Argentine Pass, which is thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, and about two thousand feet above timber-line. The descent on the west side is simply terrific. Whoever makes it will not soon forget it. The road to Georgetown was more gradual, and through timber much of the way. Before there was a wagon-road over this Pass, Stephen Utter, at the head of a pack-train of jacks, loaded with ore, had crossed the Pass, and just as he came down into the timber on the east side was met by a Mister Bruin, who seated himself in the trail, and waited to give him a warm reception. It was not convenient for Mr. Utter to pass on either side of him. The bear was bound to have a feast on human flesh. Mr. Utter, when not twenty feet distant, pulled his navy revolver,



and shot the animal through the heart. Cutting skids from saplings near by, he placed his riding mule on the side of the mountain below the bear, and, aided by his man from the rear, rolled Mr. Bruin on the back of the mule and brought him to town, where he was swung up by a rope and tackle in front of his brother's livery-stable. The next day the neighbors feasted on bear-meat.

This reminds me of another incident, which occurred soon after the above. Two young men went over in the Snake River country bear-hunting. They would make their names famous as bear-hunters. Well, they did; and I will tell you how. Walking along through the timber, where fires had raged some years before, they saw on a knoll near them several cubs playing among the rocks. One of the men said, "Let us shoot them." M—— replied, "Do n't do that, for if you wound and do not kill, the cub will make such a fuss, that the mother, who is somewhere near, will be down on us in a jiffy." The other, heeding not the warning, fired, wounding one of the innocent cubs, which set up a fearful cry as predicted. In a moment the old mother appeared, snuffed her suffering offspring, saw the two men a little way off, and instinctively supposing them to be the cause, made for them rapidly, with mouth widely opened. They were alarmed to see such a brute coming for them in that manner. There was no time for parleying. In their excitement they neglected to shoot at the enraged animal; but ran for the nearest tree, where they dropped their guns and "shinned" it up as fast as possible. Such climbing as that up those barkless pines is not often seen! The bear could not climb the smooth trunks. The men were beyond her reach. The next best thing for her to do was either to shake them or the trees down; so seizing each in turn with her forepaws, she gave them a fearful shake. Each man expected his tree to come down. This was repeated several times, going from one to the other. Being in no hurry, she seated herself midway between them, and awaited results.

The men clung to the trees for dear life until sundown, when Mrs. Bruin's wrath having somewhat cooled, she concluded it was time to look after other matters, and left; not, however, without returning several times to see that her game was still

treed. Thinking, doubtless, that they were safe, she passed out of sight beyond the knoll to look after her cubs. The brave hunters then slid down, picked up their guns, and retreated to camp. Not a gray hair did either of them have when they left Georgetown, yet when they returned both were as gray as rats. No consideration could induce them to go bear-hunting after that.

In this trip of three weeks we saw very little game; while on the former one sage-hens, wild-geese, and antelope were numerous.

One evening found us at a forsaken, lonely cabin. The door was ajar, and some of the chinks were out from between the logs. There was a rude fireplace, and in one corner a resemblance to a bedstead. As we gazed upon this forsaken abode, we were reminded of the following incident: "A belated home missionary was casting about him for a desirable place in which to spend the night, when a little way ahead he descried a rude cabin." We wondered if this was not the identical one.

"Approaching nearer, he saw it was one of the poorest of these rough habitations, and much of the 'chinking' between the logs had fallen out, rendering the place additionally uncomfortable.

"Such a place as that is surely deserted," said the young minister to himself; "and I am inclined to think I would rather sleep out of doors to-night, than inside that shell, even if it should prove to be inhabited by one who would make me welcome."

"At that moment the sound of song floated out through the openings between the logs, and our traveler stopped his horse to listen to the man's weak voice singing that dear old home-song, 'The Home of the Soul.'

'O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams  
Its bright jasper walls I can see,  
Till I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes  
Between that fair city and me!

were the words which reached the ears of the listener outside.

"I must see the man who can sing like that in such a place as this," thought the missionary, riding up to the cabin, and alighting from his horse.

"A feeble 'Come!' came from within, in answer to his knock;

and, entering, he found himself in the one small room of the cabin, which was almost destitute of furniture.

"In one corner a rude bedstead of poles and brush had been constructed, on which some old blankets were spread, and on this hard bed lay a man, evidently very near to death.

"Dying alone in this situation, twenty miles from the nearest camp, still his look into the beyond seemed so clear, so real, that the language of the hymn he feebly sang was indeed the language of the heart. He died that night, and I have never ceased to feel a thrill of thankfulness whenever I think of him, that I was belated that day, and so enabled to be with that man when the end came. Surely, that which satisfies a man when dying in the



VIEW OF GLENWOOD HOT SALT-WATER SPRINGS, AND OF  
THE GRAND RIVER.

midst of such surroundings, is not a thing to be lightly rejected. When a young man leaves the home of his boyhood, he can not afford to leave the religion of Christ, too."

Why speak of the "pleasure saunterings" of other days, when there are so many attractions now that were then unknown? They are next to endless in Colorado and the adjacent regions. Space forbids the enumeration of them. What changes a quarter of a century has made in the methods of travel through the grand scenery of these Rocky Mountains! Nearly every part can now, or soon will be reached by railways. The "iron-horse" takes the enraptured passenger up through the deep-winding cañons, along mountain sides, and over dizzy heights, "where snow has

lain since the first flake fell." It is only here and there that other methods of travel are necessary to reach the desirable places of resort. As one glides along the "iron way," the scene is an ever-changing kaleidoscope. Why not take a quaff of this pure ozone, and get one grand view from some sublime elevation that will be a source of delight the balance of your days?

"Colorado! Colorado!  
With thy silver-crested mountains;  
With thy sparkling, dashing fountains;  
With thy air so pure and bracing,  
Sickness from the body chasing;  
With thy skies so blue, entrancing;  
With thy mines thy wealth enhancing,  
With thy cañons, peaks, and passes,  
Noble men and bonny lasses,—  
Thou art sure an El Dorado,  
And I love thee, Colorado!"

—By William Wirt King, D. D.

## XI.

### CONFERENCES OF 1871-2.

THE ninth session of the Colorado Conference was opened in the city of Denver, on the morning of July 20, 1871, by Bishop E. S. Janes, who conducted the opening exercises. Nixon S. Buckner, of the Illinois Conference; J. H. Merritt, of the Black River Conference; T. R. Slicer, of the Baltimore Conference; R. W. Bosworth, of the Wisconsin Conference, were announced transferred to the Colorado Conference. Henry C. Waltz was admitted on a certificate of location from the North Indiana Conference. B. T. Vincent was elected delegate to the General Conference; George Murray, alternate. O. P. McMains was granted a location at his own request. Edward C. Brooks, George W. Swift, and William Shepherd were ordained deacons.

The appointments were as follows:

#### DENVER DISTRICT—B. T. VINCENT, *P. E.*

Denver.....	T. R. Slicer.
Denver Circuit.....	H. J. Shaffner.
Golden.....	G. W. Swift.
Central.....	W. D. Chase.
Black Hawk and Nevada.....	P. McNutt.
Georgetown.....	I. H. Beardsley.
Idaho and Empire.....	To be supplied.
Littleton and Plumb Creek.....	Supplied by J. M. Lambert.
Cherry Creek.....	J. L. Dyer.
Greeley.....	G. H. Adams.
Evans and Green City.....	To be supplied.
Big Thompson and Cache la Poudre.....	J. R. Moore.
Longmont.....	F. C. Millington.
Boulder and Valmont.....	R. W. Bosworth.
Caribou, Ward, and James Creek.....	Supplied by G. S. Allen.
Platte River.....	George Wallace.
South Pass and Atlantic.....	To be supplied.
German Mission.....	To be supplied.
Missionary to Utah Territory.....	G. M. Pierce.

## PUEBLO DISTRICT—GEORGE MURRAY, P. E.

Colorado City.....	W. F. Warren.
Cañon City.....	E. C. Brooks.
Pueblo.....	J. H. Merritt.
Monument.....	Jesse Smith.
Fairplay and Granite.....	To be supplied.
Arkansas River.....	To be supplied.
Huerfano.....	To be supplied.
Trinidad.....	Supplied by E. J. Rice.
Elizabethtown, N. M.....	N. S. Buckner.
La Junta, N. M.....	Thomas Harwood.
Ocate and Peralto.....	To be supplied.
J. L. Peck, transferred to the New York Conference.	

The personal ecclesiastical history of these new members is briefly this:

R. W. Bosworth: Boulder and Valmont, two years; Greeley, one year; Fort Collins, three years; Boulder, two years more; made a supernumerary in 1878; then was transferred back to his old Conference, the Wisconsin, in 1880.

Thoms R. Slicer, a son of the venerable Henry Slicer, of the Baltimore Conference, remained in Colorado only a short time; at Lawrence Street, Denver, one year, and Georgetown, three months; when he was transferred to the New York East Conference in 1873.

N. S. Buckner: Elizabethtown, N. M., one year; Fairplay, two years; Arvada, one year; then he was transferred to the South Kansas Conference in 1875.

HENRY C. WALTZ was born in Wayne County, Indiana, June 5, 1843, and died in Quincy, Illinois, May 11, 1877. His boyhood was spent on a farm. In September, 1860, he entered the Preparatory Department of the Indiana Asbury University, from which he graduated with the highest honors of his class in June, 1866. He then spent twenty-two months abroad, traveling in Europe and in the Holy Land. February 2, 1862, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Greencastle, Indiana, and the same evening received the evidence of sins forgiven. He was licensed to preach May 14, 1865, and entered the traveling connection in 1869, by joining the North Indiana Conference.

On the 22d of September, 1870, he was united in marriage with Miss Helen Carrott, of Quincy, Ill. On account of failing health, in the spring of 1871 he was located at his own request, and came to Colorado to rest and regain his health.

He filled the following appointments here with great acceptability: 1871, Cheyenne and Laramie; 1872 and 1873, Golden; and 1874, Pueblo. At the session of Conference in 1875 he was compelled, by his failing health, to take a supernumerary relation, which he held until his death. Among his last utterances were the following: "It is hard for me to leave my little family; but to die is gain." "I am going home. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." A beautiful floral cross was placed near his bedside, when he said: "Simply to thy cross I cling. I have been doing this the most of my life." To a pastor, in giving directions about his funeral service, he said: "Say but little about me; but exalt the Lord Jesus Christ, and urge all present to accept him, and hold up the missionary cause." Of him it may be truthfully said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

JOHN H. MERRITT was born in Sudbury, Vermont, October 3, 1836; was converted October 10, 1855, and soon after called to the ministry; licensed to exhort June 21, 1858, and to preach August 12, 1858; joined the Black River Conference April, 1859, and served the following charges therein: Edwards and Fine; Colton and Cox's Mills; Gouverneur and Richville; Constable, Chateaugay, and West Stockholm; Louisville, and Fort Covington. He was transferred to Colorado April 1, 1871, and has been in the effective ranks, except one year, ever since. He has served Pueblo two years; Cañon City, three years; the Southern District, four years; Silver Cliff, two years; the Northern District, five and one-half years; the Southern District, two years; making eleven and one-half years in the presiding eldership in the Colorado Conference. At Fifth Avenue, Denver, 1892. The next year he was made a supernumerary, that he might visit foreign lands. Finding himself greatly recuperated, in 1894 he was made "effective," and sent to Arvada, where he is still pastor

(1896). He was ordained deacon April 28, 1861, by Bishop Osman C. Baker, and elder April 19, 1863, by Bishop E. S. Janes. The Deaconess Home in Denver, now (1897) discontinued, was named for his most excellent wife, who was crowned December 8, 1891, and is now clad in her celestial robes. A very interesting memoir of Sister Merritt was written by Mrs. A. C. Peck, of Denver, and published in book form by the Western Methodist Book Concern, of Cincinnati, Ohio.



REV. J. H. MERRITT, D. D.

Brother Merritt is an instructive and conscientious minister of the gospel. He is a giant in physical stature, being over six feet tall, and weighing about two hundred and seventy pounds. His mother is a direct descendant of the martyred John Rogers, burned at the stake February 4, 1555, in Smithfield, London, England. The offense was given in a sermon which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, August 3, 1543. This led to his arrest and

condemnation by Gardiner. He was the first of the "Marian Martyrs."

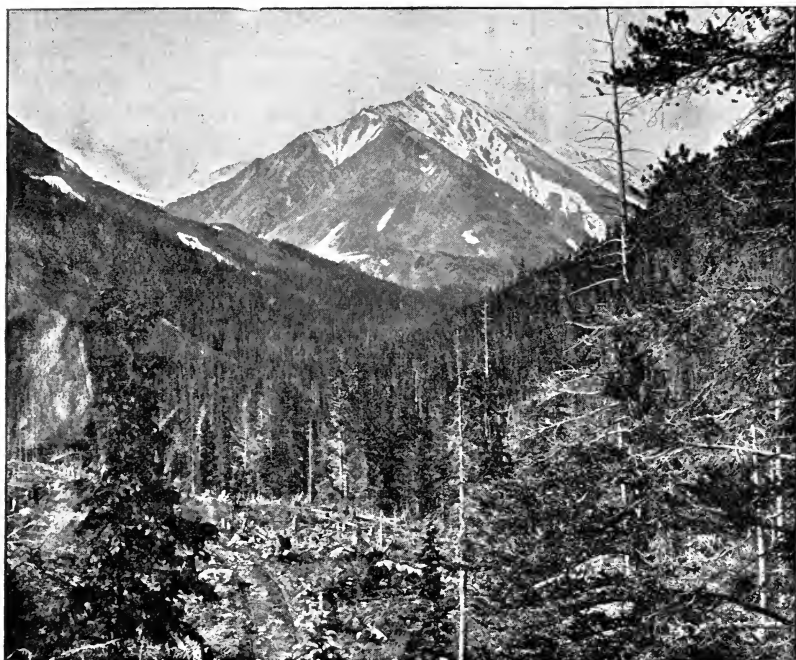
His ancestors on the paternal side came from England in the Colonial days, and settled in New England. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary War.

1872.—JULY 25, 1872, at ten o'clock A. M., Bishop Foster began his first Conference in Georgetown, Colorado. Rev. G. M. Pierce, of Salt Lake City, conducted the opening exercises. G. H. Adams was elected secretary.

George Murray was made a superannuate, and George Wallace a supernumerary. Twenty-three preachers and two supplies, John Stocks and George Skene, received appointments. The Conference made two excursions, one to Green Lake and the



other to Gray's Peak; the latter, however, after adjournment. This closes the first ten years' history of the Colorado Conference, with 23 ministers, 1,277 members and probationers, 35 Sunday-schools; 6 parsonages, valued at \$7,900; and 23 churches, valued at \$11,320. This report shows an increase in this decade of 17 ministers, 1,000 members, 5 parsonages, 22 churches, and 25 Sunday-schools.



GRAY'S PEAK.

When we consider the chaotic condition of things in this region, where few expected to remain longer than "to make a raise," and then "go back to God's country," we can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

The transfers were: Paterson McNutt, from the Kansas Conference, who did excellent work in Black Hawk for a year and a half, when he was elected professor in Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana. He returned to Colorado in 1885, and supplied

Del Norte for a time, beginning also a church enterprise in Monte Vista. He died February 9, 1886; and of whom it can truly be said, He was one of the King's noblemen.

B. F. CRARY, D. D., from the St. Louis Conference. He was not present at the Conference session, but was placed in charge of the Southern District, which he traveled, "as it was before the days of railroads in that part of the mountains, with a light wagon and pair of gray ponies. The first time he crossed the Sangre de Cristo, or 'Blood of Christ' range of mountains, when he reached the summit, and stopped to behold the wondrous beauty of the scene, he broke out singing the words of the hymn:

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress.  
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.'

"Upon returning from Fairplay, where he had been to hold his second quarterly-meeting, where he found that an attempt to steal our church and Sunday-school had been foiled by the nerve of Sister N. S. Buckner, during her husband's absence, he said to me, 'If hell is any worse place than Fairplay, I certainly want to be saved from going there.' He was always happy and cheerful, abominating shams and exposing them most mercilessly; but always ready to help the boys, struggling amid unfavorable circumstances."

In the fall of 1872 he was preaching at the Kramer Settlement, below Pueblo, in a small log schoolhouse, with a low ceiling, when the Holy Spirit descended upon him in such power, that he shouted with all his might. The people present, not having been accustomed to such demonstrations, opened their eyes in astonishment, wondering what next?

The Doctor pushed the work in every direction. On one of his long mountain trips, with his camping outfit, when farthest from home a letter of joy reached him, stating that a son had been born. Weeks passed before he could return. He was homeward bound, preaching here and there along the route, when another letter brought him the sad intelligence, "Your son is dead and buried." This gave the Doctor a tender feeling for his

brethren, which he never had before. For four years he served this district most manfully, and then was transferred to the Northern District, where for four years more he did some of the best work of his life.

Dr. Crary, addressing the bishop at Golden, in his Conference report said:

"I hope it will not seem improper for me to indulge for a moment in reminiscences, which force themselves upon me. Thirty-three years ago I was admitted into the traveling connection in the Indiana Conference, of which you, Sire, were an honored member. We meet strangely enough in the Rocky Mountains, after the eventful journey of a third of a century. We were both young then. The shadows are lengthening now over the mead whither we wander. The day of the Lord is at hand, and soon the voice of the Master will be heard, and whether on the mountain or plain, in the city full or by the wayside, we shall fall



REV. B. F. CRARY, D. D.

asleep and rest. Life seems to me valuable only as a means of doing good, and thus of glorifying God; and the end of life here is the beginning of the better life where we shall enjoy Him forever. My rule of life, since I entered the ministry, has been to do the work assigned me to the best of my ability. If I should fall at any time and *be unable to make any sign*, I want to leave on record the testimony of my unflinching love for the Church, and my cheerful, happy obedience to her behests. Life is just as dear as ever, but reason and experience show that its tender threads are liable to break. If old age is coming, it is beginning with greater contentment, intenser love for my brethren, and

sweeter peace with God. It may be that we shall not all meet again on earth, but we shall see each other again in his holy mountain, in the City of our God."

Seventeen years afterward the Doctor crossed the Divide, as here predicted, "unable to make a sign."

"He was born in Indiana, December 12, 1821; educated near Cincinnati; admitted to the bar, 1845, in Indiana; the same year admitted on trial into the Indiana Conference; 1852, presiding elder Bloomington District; 1856, 1860, 1864, 1868, 1872, 1876, 1880, General Conference; D. D. in 1859 from Iowa Wesleyan, in 1865 from Indiana University; president Hamline University, 1857; State Superintendent Public Instruction in Minnesota, 1861, and pastor Jackson Street Church, St. Paul; 1862, private and chaplain 3d Minnesota Volunteers, served at Murfreesboro and against the Sioux; 1864, editor *Central Christian Advocate*; 1872, presiding elder Colorado; 1880-1895, editor *California Christian Advocate*; died in San Francisco, March 16, 1895."

It ought to be said that during the time of his suffering with the paralytic stroke, his noble wife did much of his editorial work, and thus contributed to the interest and success of the *Advocate*.

Those admitted on trial were: John M. Lambert, who was ordained deacon, and sent to Littleton Circuit—discontinued, 1873; Wilbur F. Mappin, who served Laramie City, Wyoming, and Evans, Colorado, each a year, then was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, in 1874.

CYRUS A. BROOKS was not at the Conference, neither had any member thereof known him, save his brother Edward, who sought his admission. When his name was presented, Bishop Foster remarked, "That his father had made a good record," and a member of the Conference jokingly said, "Blood will tell." The vote was then taken, and he was made a member on trial in the Colorado Annual Conference. He was born in Newark, Ohio, January 29, 1842; entered the Union army as private in 1861, and came out four years after as assistant surgeon; practiced medicine for some years; was converted in 1868, and always felt his place to be in the pulpit. The North Lawrence Quarterly Con-

ference, Kansas, recommended him for admission on trial in the spring of 1872. He was sent to Wet Mountain Valley, which was a new work, without a Church organization of any kind. He was the first pastor in that valley, and preached the first sermon at Ula, August 21, 1872, forming a class composed of Addie C. Brooks, J. M. Burnell, Catherine Hamne, and Mrs. Venable. He was obliged to work in a sawmill at daily labor to support his family a part of the year. He preached the first sermon in a carpenter-shop, at Castle Rock, May 17, 1874, from Matthew xvi, 24, and built the parsonage with his own hands. After two years here, he was appointed to Colorado City, supplying Colorado Springs a part of the time. The next three years at Fort Collins; then at Black Hawk two years; Morrison and Kokomo, each six months; Rosita and Silver Cliff, two years; Leadville, two years; Longmont, six months; Evanston, Wyoming, one year and a half. In 1888 Bishop Joyce made him presiding elder of the newly-formed "Gunnison District," now Salida, which he served for the full Disciplinary term of six years. He was assigned to Golden 1894-5, and at Fort Lupton 1896.



REV. C. A. BROOKS.

Like Saul of the Bible, his "head and shoulders" are above most of his brethren. Few men enjoy telling a good joke more than he. Brother Brooks is an earnest preacher of the gospel.

WHEN the session of Conference had closed, and the labor of caring for others had passed, an article was written, from which I make a few extracts:

"Conference is over. The preachers have come and gone. Bishop Foster acquitted himself grandly. He showed himself to be the right man in the right place. His sermon on Sabbath was remarkable for its simplicity and power. The whole audience was swayed with power from on high. The session was unusually pleasant and harmonious. Several new men were added to our list by reception and transfer. The statistics show

a handsome increase in all the departments of Church work. God is helping us to establish a healthy moral sentiment in all these regions. Society is rapidly changing for the better. A Spirit baptism is greatly needed. The speculation fever runs high. The success of fortunate ones excites the less fortunate to more desperate exertions, and thus the excitement keeps up. This state of things can but interfere with spiritual growth. God only is able to overrule for his glory.

“The week after Conference is usually a busy one: with us it has been unusually so. The law of the Church has said to us, ‘Move.’ The old itinerant boxes have to be brought out and dusted, the library and household fixtures adjusted therein. How desolate and lonely the rooms! The goods are gone; valise and its contents only left. We go through the rooms where three anxious years have sped pleasantly away. Somehow these walls have made up a part of our being. We think of all the rooms occupied during the years of our itinerant life. We are sad. A tear moistens the eye in spite of our resolution to the contrary. We think of that ‘house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,’ from which there will be no moving; joy springs up within; we are contented and happy, now; this helps wonderfully. Other hearts will laugh and cry within these walls; other feet will tread these floors. These rooms will compose parts of other lives. Adieus have been said and farewells given! The thought often comes home to us: ‘O, say, shall we meet you all there?’

“But we must not linger: others are waiting for us. They invite our ministrations. We are off to greet other faces, hearts, and hands. True, they are strangers; but they have human sympathies and wants. They will make us welcome. We are content.”

My first quarterly-meeting of the new year was held, September 8, 1872, in Longmont. The Quarterly Conference unanimously passed the following resolution:

“That we, the members of the Quarterly Conference, grant our pastor permission to travel in foreign countries as he desires.

“(Signed,) E. J. COFFMAN, *Secretary*.

“G. H. ADAMS, *P. E.*”

For years I had contemplated a foreign tour. For this I had studied books on travel, and dreamed of the things to be seen. When Conference was over, I was astonished, on going to the bank, to find myself in possession of the means for such a tour. How some of it came there I never knew. Had I known this before the adjournment, I should not have accepted an appointment. The next best thing was to ask my Quarterly Conference for a leave of absence, which was granted in the above resolution.

## XII.

### METHODISM IN DENVER.

AMONG those who arrived here early in 1859 was a local elder by the name of G. W. Fisher, a carpenter by trade. Formerly his home was in Illinois; but he had moved his family to Missouri, where he left them, and to which he returned late in 1863, or early in 1864. He was in feeble health, suffering much from rheumatism when in the mountains, and was only able to work a part of the time. He died soon after returning East. In front of the residence of John A. Smith, near the corner of Twelfth and Wewatta Streets, in February, 1859, Fisher preached the first sermon in what is now the city of Denver, to about seventy-five men, who were camped there under the cottonwood-trees. On April 14th after, he preached again in an unfinished building near the corner of Fifteenth and Larimer Streets, which was on the site of the present "Railroad Building." This house had no floor at the time. The joists were in position, and a few boards were placed on these in one corner, which formed the platform on which the preacher stood to proclaim the gospel to the people, who were sitting on the joists or standing as they could. To this Brother Fisher belongs the honor of proclaiming the *first* gospel message in what is now known as Denver.

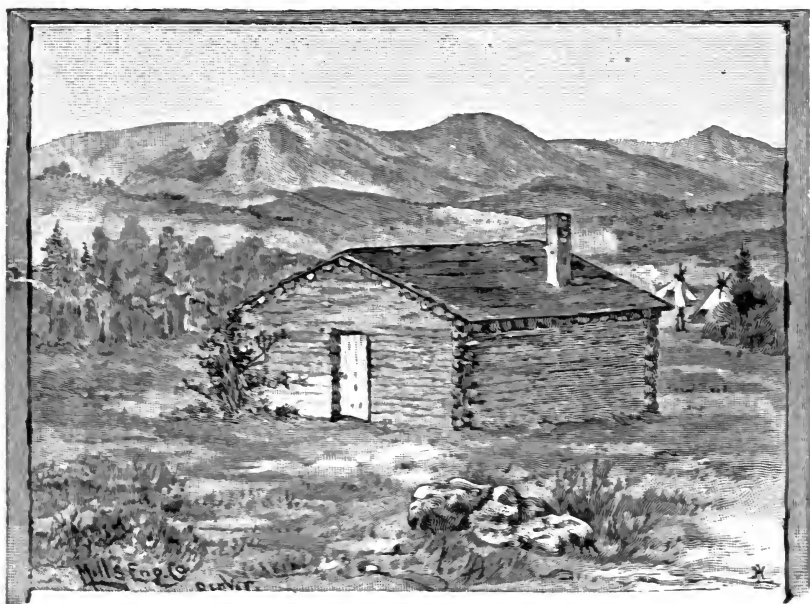
The next services were held by the Revs. W. H. Goode and Jacob Adriance, missionaries sent out by the Church from Nebraska, in the months of July and August following. In the former month a society was organized, and on August 2, 1859, a Quarterly Conference was held for the "Auraria and Denver City Mission" of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Alexander Carter, Henry Reitze, and H. J. Graham were elected stewards. The latter soon after was elected a delegate to the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C.

Jacob Adriance, the pastor, was made secretary of the Quarterly-meeting Conference. This was the first Church organiza-



tion formed in the city of Denver. The society at that time had twenty-two names enrolled. August 7, 1859, Rev. W. H. Goode administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time in Denver.

The second Quarterly Conference was held in "Auraria," now West Denver, October 29, 1859, by Revs. Adriance and Fisher. The latter preached to half a dozen persons in the Adriance cabin at 2.30 P. M. At the Quarterly Conference it was resolved "to



Cabin occupied by Rev. Jacob Adriance in 1859, where he often preached, and in which the first Sunday-school in Denver was organized, November 6, 1859.

hold the next quarterly-meeting in Denver City, if a suitable place could be found."

As the next session was *not* held in Denver, it is inferred that a "suitable place" could not "be obtained."

The first love-feast was held in Adriance's cabin at 9.30 A. M., October 30, 1859. At eleven o'clock on the same day, Rev. Adriance preached in the "Masonic Hall," which was the first brick building erected in either of the two towns, and stood at 240 and

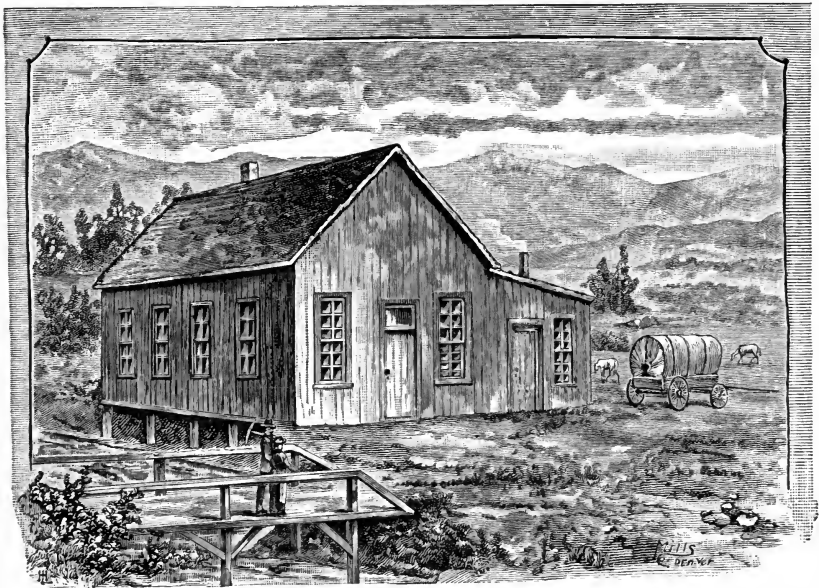
242 Eleventh Street. It was then occupied by John Ming. After the sermon, Rev. G. W. Fisher administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he being the only ordained minister present. That evening twenty-two persons were at the prayer-meeting in the Adriance cabin, nearly all taking some part in the exercises. From this time a weekly prayer-meeting was held regularly.

During the week following, the two preachers canvassed both towns—Auraria and Denver City—to secure subscriptions for a church-building. Each town wanted the church; neither could build alone, they would not unite; therefore, after a week's effort, the enterprise was abandoned. Lots had been previously selected in Auraria, and at the southwest corner of Arapahoe and Seventeenth Streets; but reverted to the original owners, because they did not build upon them.

Revs. Jacob Adriance and G. W. Fisher organized a "Union Sunday-school" November 6, 1859, in the Adriance cabin on Twelfth Street, between Larimer and Lawrence Streets. Eighteen persons—six adults and twelve children—were present at the first session. The adults were Lewis N. Tappin, D. W. Collier, O. F. Goldrich, "Aunt Clara Brown," and the two pastors. Mr. Goldrich is said to have come across the Plains, wearing a plug hat and driving a yoke of oxen.

The third quarterly-meeting was held January 29 and 30, 1860, in Auraria, in Adriance's log cabin. A local preacher by the name of Huett, from Southern Illinois, preached at 2.30 P. M. of the first day. The Quarterly Conference was presided over by Rev. Adriance. A prayer-meeting was held that evening. After the love-feast on Sabbath morning, Rev. Huett preached, and Rev. Fisher administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Rev. Adriance preached at the "Missouri House" at night. This quarterly-meeting was protracted for two weeks, and was the first meeting of the kind in the Rocky Mountain regions. The result was two conversions and five additions to the Church. "Aunt Clara" Brown, a colored lady, was the only female who took part in these meetings. She was not afraid to talk of Jesus and his love anywhere or to anybody. She afterward moved to Central City. One morning about five o'clock she was walking up Eureka Gulch, just above where the Methodist Episcopal

church now stands, with a basket of clothes on her head, singing as she strode along under her heavy burden. Taking her load down for a moment, and seating herself to rest, she began clapping her hands and shouting, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! I am so happy this morning." A prominent lawyer, passing just then, hearing her songs of praise and expressions of joy, said to himself, as he walked on, "What is it that makes that colored woman so happy? She certainly must have something



THE SECOND BUILDING USED FOR CHURCH PURPOSES BY THE METHODISTS IN DENVER.

that I have not." That reflection, after a little, became the means of his conversion.

"Aunt Clara" returned to Denver, where she was favorably known for many years, and triumphantly closed her earthly career in September, 1885, greatly beloved by all.

Rev. Adriance, writing of his experience at this time, says:

"Until cold weather, it was my custom to canvass both sides of the creek, once in three weeks, for a place to hold services on the following Sabbath, in Auraria in the morning, and in

Denver for the afternoon. Usually a store-building in process of erection, or one not yet occupied, could be found, but seldom twice in the same place. I would then post up notices at the post-office and in different parts of the town, naming place and time of services, inviting the people there. At the given time I would be on hand, fix up some seats, and begin to sing. In a few minutes the room would be full of men, many standing about the doors and windows, orderly and quiet, as I pointed them to the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' and to the true riches that fadeth not away. In the winter we were compelled to have services a part of the time in my cabin, as it was the best place that could be had on that side of the creek. A family from Missouri, keeping a boarding-house in Denver, opened their dining-room for services. Later, a family by the name of Coleman did the same in Auraria. So we had a permanent place for worship for three months in Denver, and two in Auraria, during the Conference year."

During the summer of 1860 many of the official meetings were held in the carpenter-shop of Brother J. C. Anderson, now of Des Moines, Iowa. In 1862 a carpenter-shop, built by Mr. Henry C. Brown the year previous, was purchased and fitted up for Church purposes by the Methodists of Denver. In this one-story frame building the "Rocky Mountain," now "Colorado Conference," was organized, July 10, 1863. This structure stood on the present site of the Circle Railroad Depot, near the west end of the Larimer Street bridge, and was swept away by the Cherry Creek flood in the early morning of May 20, 1864.

On July 22, 1863, the "First Methodist Episcopal Church of Denver" was incorporated. The following is an exact copy of the document: "Know all men by these presents, that Mr. John Evans, Hiram Burton, Andrew J. Gill, and John Cree, citizens of Denver City, in the Territory of Colorado, have this day organized a religious society in said Denver City under the name of 'The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Denver,' and that John Evans, Hiram Burton, John C. Anderson, John Cree, and John M. Chivington are the trustees duly appointed for said society. (Signed,) John Evans, A. J. Gill, John Cree, and Hiram Burton."

This paper was duly acknowledged before Andrew Sagendorf,

Notary Public, and properly recorded in Book 4, page 67, Arapahoe County Records.

Bishop Ames, in his farsightedness, saw the need of a better church edifice, and, as an encouragement to others, offered to give \$1,000, provided they would build a brick church, 50 x 80 feet, centrally located, and have it completed by January 1, 1865.



LAWRENCE STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CORNER OF FOURTEENTH AND LAWRENCE STREETS.

Several of the brethren questioned the advisability of attempting it now, as they had commenced the construction of the Colorado Seminary, and most of them were men of moderate means. Governor John Evans more than duplicated the bishop's offer. William Slaughter, presiding elder, aided by others, circulated a subscription paper for this purpose, and the work of building went

forward. On Saturday evening, February 11, 1865, Rev. George Richardson, now of Argo, preached the first sermon in the newly-erected church, at the corner of Lawrence and Fourteenth Streets, to a large and appreciative audience. Afterward the Quarterly Conference was held, Rev. O. A. Willard, presiding elder, in the chair. Among those present were Rev. George Richardson, the pastor; Rev. B. T. Vincent, Colonel John M. Chivington, and John Cree. A love-feast opened the services on Sabbath morning. At eleven o'clock, Rev. O. A. Willard preached the dedicatory sermon, on "Temples and Temple Worship." Then came the dedicatory exercises. No collection for church erection was solicited, as the entire cost had been provided for. A quarterly-meeting basket collection of \$400 for the presiding elder was received. Then Colonel Chivington, on behalf of himself and a few others, presented Rev. O. A. Willard with a valuable gold watch, as a token of their appreciation of what he had done in connection with the building of this church; after which the Lord's Supper was administered.

At three P. M. a grand Sunday-school rally was held. Revs. Day, Richardson, Vincent, Chivington, Alexander Major, Esq., and others gave interesting talks. In the evening the Rev. B. T. Vincent, pastor at Central City, preached; subject, "Worship." "Beautiful of expression, bold in originality; charmed the audience for a full hour." (*Denver News*, February 14, 1865.)

A gentleman by the name of Bell attended the dedicatory services, expecting to give two hundred dollars to the building fund. No money for that purpose being asked for, he called the next evening while the rental of the pews was in progress, and paid his two hundred dollars for two pews, saying, "I was bound the Church should have that money."

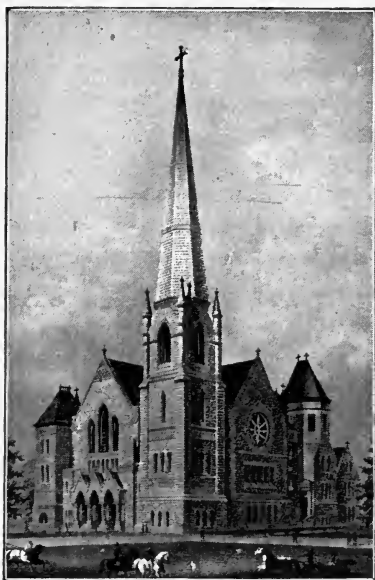
When we consider that the church cost \$21,000, and the seminary \$14,000, the building and paying for both within eighteen months sounds more like fiction than truth.

The pastors before Lawrence Street Church was built were: Jacob Adriance, A. P. Allen, W. A. Kenney, O. A. Willard; since its erection, George Richardson, George C. Betts, William M. Smith, B. T. Vincent two terms, J. R. Eads, Earl Cranston, D. D., David H. Moore, D. D., R. W. Manly, D. D., Gilbert

De LaMatyr, D. D., Henry A. Buchtel, D. D., Robert McIntyre, D. D.; Camden M. Coburn, D. D., 1896.

It was during the pastorate of Dr. Buchtel that Lawrence Street Church ceased to exist in name, and "Trinity," on the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth Avenue, came into being. The corner-stone of this new church was laid September 5, 1887. The name of the Church had been changed the July previous. The inscription on the corner-stone reads: "Erected A. D. 1887. Society organized August 2, 1859. Formerly Lawrence Street Church."

The first plan was to erect a building at a cost of not over \$50,000; but when the needs of the growing congregation were fully considered, the plans grew in size, until it was found that the church would cost about \$173,000, including the organ, which was the gift of Isaac E. Blake, Esq., and cost \$30,000. The



TRINITY CHURCH.

Trinity property is now valued at \$200,000. The church has 1,600 fixed seats, and an additional seating capacity of about 150. Ofttimes from 2,000 to 2,500 have been crowded into it.

From August 7, 1887, to April 1, 1888, the Sunday-school held its sessions in the basement of the First Congregational Church. The prayer-meetings were held in the same from September 4th, until the basement of the new church was opened. This took place April 1, 1888, with appropriate ceremonies, Bishop H. W. Warren preaching the opening sermon. The subscriptions taken at this service amounted to \$63,000. The Sunday-school moved in that afternoon.

While this church was being built, the preaching services

were held in Tabor Grand Opera-house, for which a rental of fifty dollars a Sabbath was paid. The great auditorium was opened December 20 and 21, 1888. The building is a massive stone structure, beautiful in design and perfect in construction; admirably adapted to the wants of a great congregation. From the sidewalk to the top of the copper cross surmounting the stone spire is one hundred and eighty-one feet seven and one-half inches.

H. B. Chamberlain, recently deceased, presented the elegant parsonage on Sherman Avenue to the Church, having had it built as a memorial to his mother. The furnishings cost the Church about two thousand dollars more.

The presiding elders from 1860 to 1896 have been: John M. Chivington, B. C. Dennis, Oliver A. Willard, William M. Smith; B. T. Vincent, now on his second term; B. F. Crary; J. H. Merritt, two terms; Earl Cranston, N. A. Chamberlin.

While Dr. Cranston was pastor at Lawrence Street, he invited T. C. Iliff, D. D., of Salt Lake City, to preach for him one Sabbath morning. At the close of the sermon a member was heard to say: "I do not think Brother Iliff is as good an orator as Brother Cranston; but I tell you he has got religion."

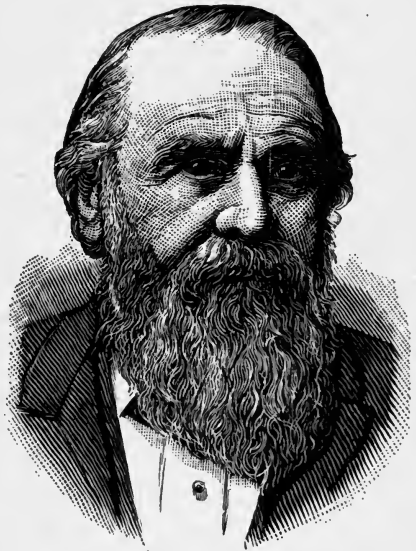
At another time, Dr. Cranston invited an Eastern brother to fill his pulpit. The brother preached, and preached, until many began to wonder if he ever would get through! The congregation was tired out and disgusted. One gentleman was heard to remark, when leaving: "I enjoyed the first hour and a half of that sermon very well; but the last four hours and a half were a little tedious."

No history of this Church or of Denver Methodism, or in fact of Colorado, would be complete without some reference to the life of Ex-Governor Evans.

JOHN EVANS, M. D., was born, March 9, 1814, of Quaker parentage, near Waynesville, Warren County, Ohio. Between that hearthstone and the crest of the Rocky Mountains lies the field of operation of this remarkable man. His parents were of Welsh extraction. The name signifies, "The fighting man," and



his active life forcibly illustrates its meaning. He graduated from the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College in 1838. That summer and autumn he spent practicing his profession with the vanguard of civilization in the Mississippi Valley, then the wilds of farthest Illinois. Early in the winter following he returned to his Ohio home, was married, and soon after settled in Attica, Indiana. In the winter of 1841 he began advocating the erection of a "State Insane Asylum," which he saw completed in due time. In 1843 he became a resident of Indianapolis. In 1845 he was called to a professor's chair in the Rush Medical College of Chicago, where he remained eleven years. During this time he projected the Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, and secured the establishment of the Northwestern University at Evanston, a new suburb named for him. He endowed two chairs in this university with \$50,000 each, and has been president of the Board of Trustees from the beginning.



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN EVANS.

He was appointed, by President Lincoln, Governor of the Colorado Territory in 1861. At once he identified himself fully with all its material, educational, ecclesiastical, benevolent, and reformatory interests. He projected the Lawrence Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the Colorado Seminary, the Denver Pacific Railroad in 1869, the Denver & South Park ten years later, then the Denver & Gulf Road, and many other enterprises. From 1865-7 he represented the Colorado Territory in the United States Congress. The governor has not confined his sympathies and material help to the Church and educational enterprises of his own denomination, but has

included in these all denominations. It was his custom for years to give at least one hundred dollars to any church built by any denomination in Colorado.

He has also given liberally to "The University of Denver," the legitimate successor of the Colorado Seminary, and has taken active interest in all that pertained to the development and success of the institution. He died at his home in Denver, in great peace and comfort, July 3, 1897, mourned by hosts of friends.

The first denominational Sunday-school was organized by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and citizens of Denver, June 10, 1860, in the Masonic Hall, on Ferry, now Eleventh Street, J. M. Chivington, presiding elder, in the chair. Samuel F. Cort was chosen secretary *pro tem*. A constitution was adopted, and officers elected. From this constitution I quote:

"ARTICLE 2D. Male persons annually paying into the treasury of the school the sum of fifty cents, and females twenty-five cents, constitute a Board of Managers.

"ARTICLE 5TH. This Board shall elect officers for the school; namely, on the fourth Tuesday evening after the adjournment of the Annual Conference, in which the school is located."

The next Sabbath, June 17, 1860, at two P. M., which was the eighty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the *first* session of this first Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school was held in the Masonic Hall, on Ferry Street. Fifty-six persons were present. After the school adjourned, arrangements were made to take some part in a Fourth of July celebration. It was decided to invite the "Union School," which had been organized seven months before, to join with them. The following Sabbath the superintendent announced that the other school would unite with them in the Fourth of July celebration. Shortly after this, the "Union School" was absorbed by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, which had for sixteen months no permanent place of meeting. They were accustomed to meet in unfinished buildings, or in halls of various kinds.

February 10, 1861, a new superintendent was elected, who held the position for seven months, when A. J. Gill was elected with W. D. Pease, since of Cheyenne, Wyoming, secretary and treasurer.

September 21, 1861, a new constitution, prepared by Rev. W. A. Kenney, W. D. Pease, and Rev. John Gilliland, was adopted.

The school was now christened, "The First Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school of Denver City, Colorado Territory." October 6, 1861, the little Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on the corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, the present site of the "Haish Manual Training-school building," was rented for one year.

"ARTICLE 2D. The teachers, pastor, and Bible class shall be constituted a Board of Managers, to meet semi-annually, the first Saturday evening in September and the first Tuesday evening in March, at the call of the superintendent. Five shall constitute a quorum.

"ARTICLE 3D. The Board shall elect all officers."

The attendance of the school for over two years was from sixty to one hundred and seven. The reciting of Scripture verses was a practice of the school, which amounted sometimes to nearly four hundred verses at one session.

The superintendents have been: G. Anderson, Rev. J. Gillson, A. J. Gill, Rev. George Richardson, Rev. B. T. Vincent, Rev. George Skene, Edward Nicholson, George F. Wanless, B. A. Wheeler, M. D., Frank Church, J. S. Hays, A. J. Sampson; Peter Winne, who held the position thirteen years; A. L. Doud, George S. Van Law, H. L. Shattuck.



PETER WINNE, ESQ.

(The early facts here stated are taken from the secretary's book, discovered by J. H. Martin, Esq., in April, 1895, among a lot of old papers which he had ordered to be burned. This book records the doings of the school and where it met for over two years.)

Methodism has always been an aggressive force. The Methodist people of Denver have been no exception to this rule. When a new section of the city began to build up, a mission Sunday-school was usually started, out of which has frequently grown a self-supporting Church. So each Church has widened its borders, and strengthened its stakes to meet the spiritual needs of each locality.

As early as 1863 there was a "Denver Circuit," which embraced the valleys of the Platte and its tributaries outside of the mountains, excepting Denver City, Golden City, and Boulder.

It next appears in the Conference Minutes of 1871, when H. J. Shaffner was appointed thereto. His appointments were Arvada, West Denver, and Bennett Schoolhouse, which stood on the Littleton Road, just south of Rufus Clark's residence, now the southwest corner of Broadway and Evans Avenue.

The pastor had his home at the former place most of the year, where he lived in a small house of three rooms. In the spring of 1872 he built for himself a brick residence on the southeast corner of Twenty-fifth and California Streets, in Denver. Before it was finished he moved in, and began to preach and hold prayer and class meetings in the same. The writer speaks from personal knowledge, having attended one or more of these services. Meetings were continued in this house 'until the California Street church was ready for occupancy.

The "California Street Methodist Episcopal Church" was organized December 23, 1871, with Henry Reitze, J. W. Linderman, H. J. Shaffner, Freeman Merriman, and W. D. Cornwell, as trustees. The society was incorporated July 30, 1872, with the above-named trustees, Peter Peterson and James J. Hall incorporators. On August 12th following, these trustees bought of Conrad Frick and Henry Reitze four lots on the northeast corner of California and Twenty-fourth Streets, paying for them \$763. The deed was given by Baxter Stiles, from whom they had purchased a half a block of lots.

The first prayer-meeting was held June 16, 1872, at eight P. M., which was led by Rev. Peter Peterson, when four joined the Church. Here the first class-meeting was also held.

The California Street Sunday-school was organized June 16,

1872, in a little shanty, used as a schoolhouse, owned by Judge Miller, which stood on the corner of Curtis and Twenty-third Streets. The officers, elected by Sunday-school Committee, were: W. D. Cornwell, superintendent; Henry Reitze, assistant; James J. Hall, secretary and librarian; Peter Peterson, treasurer. The first monthly Sunday-school meeting was held in the pastor's home, June 22, 1872.

At the Conference session, held August, 1872, Brother Shaffner reported 54 members, 4 Sunday-schools, with 53 officers and teachers, and 275 volumes in library.

The first quarterly-meeting for this charge was held in the pastor's unfinished residence, October 14, 1872, by Dr. Crary, presiding elder, who preached and held the Quarterly Conference. At this meeting there were present: H. J. Shaffner, pastor; Henry Reitze; W. D. Cornwell, local preacher; D. Soggs, J. J. Hall, W. T. Carter, and Peter Peterson, local preacher.

The "California Street Church" was a small frame building erected on the rear of the lots next to the alley, on Twenty-fourth Street. It was dedicated by Dr. B. F. Crary, presiding elder, with usual services, who also raised \$600 to clear the building of debt.

The seats used at the opening were borrowed from the Lawrence Street Church. Some time during the month of November following, permanent seats were put in place, but were not painted until later. At this time there were only twenty-seven members in the society.

The pastors have been: Henry J. Shaffner, from July, 1871, to August, 1874; J. R. Eads, to August, 1875; R. L. Harford, to March, 1876; H. Sinsabaugh, from April, 1876, to March, 1878; J. K. Miller, the next three months; and F. C. Millington, from August, 1878, to August, 1881. On September 10, 1879, the pastor started a subscription paper for the purpose of building a parsonage, which was completed without debt, and occupied by him on December 9th following. During the early winter of 1881, a good revival was enjoyed by the Church. About twenty souls were converted as the result of this effort.

The next pastor was O. L. Fisher, who remained three years from August, 1881. During his administration the church and

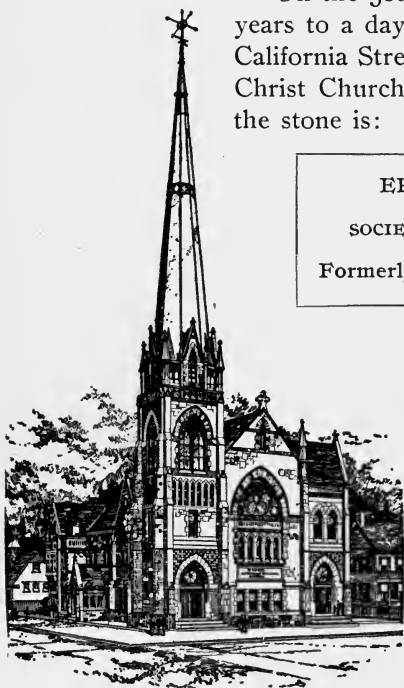
parsonage were both enlarged. John Wilson was then pastor, from August, 1884, to March 3, 1885, when he was called to his heavenly reward. J. Whisler succeeded until July, 1886; then G. N. Eldridge until August 5, 1889, when the "California Street Methodist Episcopal Church" ceased to exist, and became the "Christ Methodist Episcopal Church," with a church home at the corner of Ogden and Twenty-second Avenue.

On the 30th of July, 1889 (just seventeen years to a day from the incorporation of the California Street Church), the corner-stone of Christ Church was laid. The inscription on the stone is:

ERECTED A. D. 1889.

SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN 1871.

Formerly California Street Church.



CHRIST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

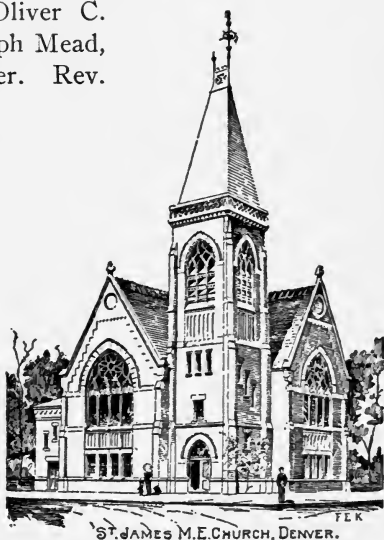
The services were conducted by Bishop Henry W. Warren and Rev. G. N. Eldridge, pastor, assisted by others.

This is one of the handsomest churches in Denver. It is 74 x 90 feet, is a two-story, Gothic structure, and is built of gray lava-stone, tastefully ornamented with red sandstone trimmings. Its spire, the tallest in the

city, is one hundred and ninety feet high.

Bishop Warren preached the opening sermon, in the basement at three P. M., December 29, 1889. During Dr. Barries's pastorate the services were held in this room. He became the pastor in 1890, and Claudius B. Spencer in 1892. The fine auditorium was opened for services July 2, 1892, the pastor preaching the sermon. H. E. Warner was their pastor in 1895-6, during which time the debt on the church was provided for.

The "West Denver Mission Sunday-school" was started by Peter Winne, O. C. Milleson, and several others, June 6, 1869. They met in the old arsenal, on the corner of Eleventh and Lawrence Streets, the present site of the Washington school-building. June 1, 1872, the school was changed to a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school by Rev. H. J. Shaffner, the pastor. The following officers were elected: W. T. Carter, superintendent; T. W. Parker, assistant; Lyman Brooker, treasurer. At its first monthly meeting, September 25, 1872, the following were elected teachers: P. Peterson, W. T. Carter, Oliver C. Milleson, Lyman Brooker, Joseph Mead, J. M. Acker, and T. M. Parker. Rev. H. J. Shaffner preached regularly in the West Denver Schoolhouse, beginning October 22, 1871. July, 1873, James P. Dew was appointed to North and West Denver and Littleton. The last named was soon after placed with the Plumb Creek work. The next year the pastor reported at the Conference session 2 Sunday-schools, with 24 officers and teachers and 200 scholars; 110 members and 40 probationers; 2 local preachers and one-fourth



ST. JAMES M.E. CHURCH, DENVER.

of a church, St. James in West Denver, valued at \$1,400. The next year, 1875, a full church, valued at \$4,000, was returned from this charge. The pastors have been: H. J. Shaffner, 1871-2; James P. Dew, 1873-4; F. C. Millington, 1875-7, who built and paid for a brick parsonage of four rooms, which was afterward enlarged by adding two rooms: H. S. Hilton, 1878-80; B. W. Baker, 1881-2; Isaac H. Beardsley, 1883-4; J. F. Harris, 1885-6; C. W. Brewer, 1887-8; G. W. Ray, 1889 to 1893. During this last pastorate the first church-building was taken down, and a beautiful two-story edifice was erected, at a cost of \$20,000. The later pastors have been: F. S. Beggs, 1893; C. B. Allen, 1894-6,

under whose pastorate the debt contracted in the erection of the new church is being gradually discharged. Prosperity characterizes all lines of work, and is especially manifest in the social means of grace. He has had, under God's benedictions, an almost continuous revival. This is largely due to the elevated gospel standard kept before the people all the time. Where this is done, the work of the Lord always prospers.

About the time the West Denver Mission was started, Peter Winne, Mrs. Sarah E. Jones, Edward Nicholson, Dyer N. Gardner, and Fred O. Persons started an African Mission Sunday-school, on Holliday (now Market) Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. This was a summer school, and was kept up for two seasons. It was usually held in a vacant building at four P. M. Out of this has grown the "Zion's Baptist Church," and possibly also the "St. John's African Methodist Episcopal Church," having its church home at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Washington Avenue.

THE "First German Methodist Episcopal Church" was organized, October 20, 1872, at 351 Holliday (now Market) Street, by Rev. Philip Kuhl, who was the first German Methodist minister appointed to work in Colorado. This society consisted of eleven members. The services during the first year were held in the then City Hall, at the place above-mentioned, morning and evening.

The first Quarterly Conference was held November 8, 1872, when it was unanimously resolved to buy two lots on the corner of Arapahoe and Eighteenth Streets, where a church, 36 x 60 feet, of Gothic architecture, was erected the following summer, and was dedicated by Bishop Bowman, October 21, 1873. The building and parsonage connected therewith cost \$14,000.

The first Board of Trustees was: Hon. John Evans, John P. Fink, Henry Reitze, S. H. Elbert, Conrad Frick, F. L. Hahn, and C. A. Kuhl.

The first German Sunday-school was organized in January, 1873, with F. L. Hahn as superintendent, followed by Philip Feldhauser, Henry Reitze, Charles Ecker, Conrad Frick, and Fred Krueger.



The pastors have been: Philip Kuhl, J. J. Leist, M. Klaiber, D. D., C. H. Kriege, J. J. Schultz, each three years; Jacob Tanner, one year; Fred Hausser, five years; Henry Bruns, in 1892; J. Koehler, 1896.

In December, 1886, the "First German Church" and lots were sold for \$25,000, and a new church was built on the northwest corner of Twenty-fifth and California Streets, with a Sunday-school room, class-room, parsonage, and two brick houses of five rooms each for rental purposes.

The Swedish Mission building, on South Eleventh Street, was purchased by the First German Society, and given to the "West Denver German Mission," which had been started in 1884. The pastors here have been: E. H. Kinge, Joseph Feidler, H. Krueger, L. H. Hessel, A. D. Stueckeman.

The Third German Mission, also assisted by the First German society, was started in North Denver in 1886, and a church built in 1888. This charge has been served by the following brethren: Joseph Feidler, Paul Wuefel, F. Reichard, H. Krueger, L. J. Hessel, A. D. Stueckeman.

A German Methodist Mission was commenced at Pueblo in 1890 by Rev. Fred Hausser, of the First German Church, Denver, whose traveling expenses were paid by the Denver Church. He visited Pueblo, and preached there every four weeks for two years. Through the assistance of Conrad Frick, of Denver, lots were bought for a church and a parsonage, costing \$750. In 1892 Rev. W. L. Myer was appointed pastor, with a society of nine members. Incorporation papers were made out, and steps taken to secure a permanent church home. In 1893 a parsonage was built and paid for, aided by the German Churches of Denver. A church edifice was bought in 1894, and moved to the lot. The work prospers under the blessing of God.

Among those prominent in bringing about this success in the German work is Conrad Frick, born in Bavaria, Germany, May 4, 1836. He landed in New York, April, 1853. Spent one year in New Jersey, and then came to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he remained six years. He was converted in 1857, and identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church; came to the mountains in March, 1861, spent a year in Central City, and then

opened a shoestore in Denver, April, 1862, where he has resided ever since. During all these years he has been a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church here, identified with the old Lawrence Street Church, and later with the German Methodist work.

B. T. VINCENT, while pastor of Lawrence Street Church, assisted by H. H. Mund, Mrs. Mund, Robert Davis, and Mrs. C. H. Deane, organized a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in a two-story frame building, which had formerly been used as a barn and ice-house, at 49 Antelope Street, near South Thirteenth. The persons above-named were elected officers and teachers. About twenty-five scholars were present. The school continued its meetings here until the Evans Memorial Chapel was completed, in the summer of 1878. One year after its organization, the Quarterly Conference of Lawrence Street Church confirmed H. H. Mund as superintendent of the "Evans Mission Sunday-school," by which name the school was known until it was moved into the new "Chapel;" since then, "The Evans Chapel Sunday-school."

Realizing the importance of the work begun, Rev. B. T. Vincent and Peter Winne called on Ex-Governor Evans to secure the best possible arrangement for a building site for a new church, and for the erection of a temporary frame building for the use of the Sunday-school. Suggestions were made, and the matter was taken under advisement by the Governor.

After some delay, the neat and tasty church edifice, known as the "Evans Memorial Church" was erected. The building at that time cost \$13,000, and the Conference, at its session in Golden in 1878, was asked by Ex-Governor Evans to supply its pulpit. It was dedicated by Bishop Simpson, October 10, 1878, in memory of Ex-Governor Evans's daughter, Josephine, deceased wife of Judge S. H. Elbert.

The first pastor of this Church was Horatio S. Hilton, who served in this capacity, in connection with the St. James pastorate, for two years. The next was J. F. McClelland, 1880-81. At that time there were only five names on the roll of membership. One of these could not be found, another did not know that he be-

longed! Ex-Governor Evans's pew that year cost him \$1,400. The pastor's health failed in the middle of the last year, and Dr. D. H. Moore, chancellor of the University of Denver, filled out the vacancy. The third pastor was C. W. Buoy, who, after a year and a half of faithful service, returned to Philadelphia. Dr. Moore was again called to act as pastor *pro tem*. E. T. Curnick and Henry A. Buchtel, D. D., followed, each for one year, and Gilbert De La Matyr, D. D., for three years. During this last pastorate, "Grace," the Queen of the connection, was erected beside the Evans Memorial Chapel, on the corner of South Fourteenth and Olive Streets. It is built of red sandstone, in purest Gothic architecture, surmounted by a beautiful spire, and cost \$85,000. Including the adjoining chapels and lots, it is valued at \$118,000. The organ cost \$10,000. The parsonage is valued at \$12,000. It is only justice to all concerned to say that Ex-Governor Evans has been by far the largest contributor in all these enterprises.

A. H. Lucas was pastor from 1889 to 1891. Following him came J. R. Shannon, D. D., for five years, and A. H. Briggs, D. D., 1896.

ON March 22, 1873, Rev. H. J. Shaffner preached the first sermon in North Denver, in a vacant store-building, and organized a Sunday-school and a society with twenty-one members. Dexter Soggs was appointed class-leader, and the following trustees: Dexter Soggs, Thomas Manchester, J. R. Preston, James Wild, Richard Sheriff, Eldridge Rider, and A. Wood.

Rev. Shaffner, writing from his California home, says: "I bought the first grounds for the church. Ex-Governor Evans gave me \$500 to pay for the lots. These were afterwards sold, and a church built."

Rev. James P. Dew preached regularly in the Ashland school-building for two years, residing in a frame house on the corner of Central and Sixteenth Streets, which he had built for himself.

For some cause the appointment of North Denver was dropped from 1875 to 1878, when Rev. F. C. Millington, pastor of California Street, took it up again, conducting a Sunday-school and preached occasionally; but his duties elsewhere were such

he could not give it much attention. Once more it was lost to view until September 5, 1880, when Rev. H. C. King, a supernumerary member of the Conference, and a realty agent on the North Side, reorganized the Sunday-school, and on the 26th of the same month reorganized the society with eleven members, meeting in the Ashland School-building, where he preached regularly once a Sabbath.

In October, steps were taken to consider the advisability of selling their lots on Eighteenth Street, and reinvesting on the corner of Sixteenth and Boulder Streets, and of building a house of worship. This was accordingly done, and the corner-stone of the first church edifice was laid July 3, 1881. November 20th following, it was occupied for worship, and was dedicated by Bishop Foster, July 30, 1882. The pews were not put in until the winter and spring of 1886-7, when it was finished and the floors carpeted. The parsonage was built by Rev. O. L. Fisher in the autumn of 1885, his family moving in on December 7th of that year.

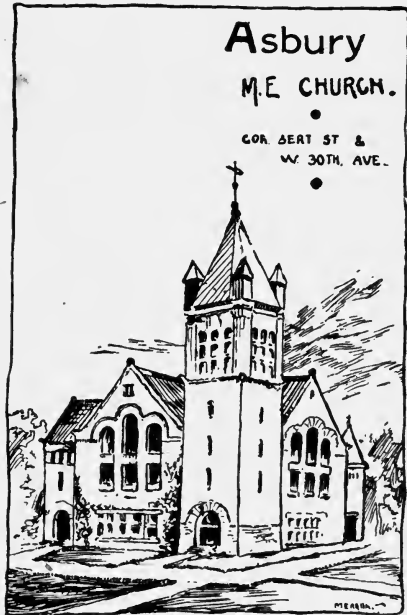
T. A. Uzzell was pastor in 1882; S. W. Thornton in 1883; O. L. Fisher, 1884-6; J. F. Harris, 1887-90. While Brother Harris was pastor, the North Denver Methodist Episcopal Church ceased to exist as a corporation, and the "Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church" came into being, with a church home on the corner of Bert and Fay Streets, the most commanding Methodist Church site in the city.

The building is two stories, 83 x 92 feet, built of lava-stone, with Manitou red-stone trimmings. The style of architecture is Romanesque. The building is massive in appearance, with heavy arches and solid stone tower rising to the height of one hundred feet. The corner-stone of this handsome edifice was laid April 2, 1890, by Bishop H. W. Warren, with appropriate ceremonies. U. Z. Gilmer was the pastor in 1891-2. M. W. Hissey followed him in 1893, having a good revival the following winter, his venerable father doing most of the preaching. During the summer of 1894 he secured the donation of material from an unknown friend (Bishop H. W. Warren delivering twenty lectures in the East in June, 1894, devoting the net proceeds, \$750, to this purpose), and voluntary labor from his people, and proceeded to finish the beautiful audience-room, which was thrown open to the

public for the first time on Sabbath morning, September 9, 1894, Chancellor McDowell preaching the sermon. A plan is on foot now to remove the indebtedness.

Through the influence of Drs. Moore and Cranston and B. W. Baker, pastor of the St. James Church, a plot of ground, 87 x 125 feet on the southwest corner of Beckwourth and South Water Streets, was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sumner for a new church site. On the evenings of March 3 and 4, 1882, a tabernacle, to be used as a place of worship, was erected thereon by George McClelland and seven others. Here the Beckwourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church was organized on March 5, 1882, by the pastor of the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, with eight members, William J. Graves class-leader. Soon after this John Brownson, wife, and five others united with the new society. At the same time and place the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school was organized, the pastor, B. W. Baker, acting as superintendent, and Henry Woodbury secretary, which position he held for two or three years. The school numbered forty on the first Sabbath it met. In April following, George McClelland was elected superintendent. The first subscription paper for the church-building was dated February 24, 1882. The church was erected the following summer, and cost \$1,537.40.

From 1882 to 1884 this Mission was connected with the St. James Church. From 1884 to 1886 it was associated with the Simpson Church Mission. At the Conference of 1886 it was set apart as a station.



The pastors have been: B. W. Baker, 1882; I. H. Beardsley, 1883-4; J. W. Linn, 1884-6; H. L. Beardsley, 1887. During his pastorship the church name was changed to "Fifth Avenue," to correspond with the changed name of the street. Then S. W. Thornton in 1888-89; while he was pastor the city was having a rapid growth, and it became necessary to enlarge the church twice to accommodate the ever-increasing congregations which waited on his popular ministry. He also secured the erection of a two-story brick parsonage beside the church. The subsequent pastors have been: N. A. Chamberlain, 1890-91; J. H. Merritt, 1892; E. J. Wilcox, 1893-5; Robert Sanderson, 1896.

THE "Simpson Mission" was started by Rev. O. L. Fisher, then pastor of California Street Church, in April, 1882, in a private house, 1133 Holliday, now Market, Street. A class was organized with the following members: W. R. Hester and wife, Rose Osborn, George Crigler, wife, and Lucinda Krake. The chapel on McClellan Street was built that autumn, and enlarged in 1883.

In August, 1884, this Mission was connected with the Beckwourth Street Mission, with John W. Linn pastor. This relation continued for two years, when it became a station, with H. D. Seckner pastor. During his pastorate of four years the old church property was sold, and lots were bought on the corner of Lafayette Street and Thirty-seventh Avenue, where the present church-building was erected at a cost of \$5,100. For the next year and a half J. T. Musgrove was the pastor. He was followed by J. T. Pender to 1894; then R. M. Barnes, D. D., 1894-5; H. L. Beardsley, 1896.

IN 1888 the Rev. John Collins was appointed to a newly-formed charge, called "Rocky Ford." Upon his arrival there, he found that a sister denomination had occupied the field so fully that there was hardly room for another. His mother being in poor health and the field of labor not at all promising, he thought it best to ask for a change, and came at once to Denver. Here he consulted his presiding elder and others, with the result that he concluded to open a new work in South Denver. The result

has been several new churches and nine years of successful work in this part of the city.

He held his first service in the schoolhouse at Valverde, on September 30, 1888, using for his text 1 Timothy iv, 8. There had been services held at this place by city pastors in former years. The writer preached there on November 2, 1884, and, through the different city pastors, services were held regularly till the Conference session of 1885. In 1887 the Rev. H. L. Beardsley, then pastor at Beckwourth Street Mission, began preaching there again, and continued this every two weeks regularly, until the Conference met in 1888. Brother Collins coming into this field soon after, took up and continued the work with remarkable results.

On October 14th a Board of Trustees was elected, and soon after incorporated. The society was duly organized December 30, 1888, with six members, John Furry being the class-leader. July 5, 1889, the corporate name of the Church was changed to "The Wright Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church of Valverde." A church-building was erected and opened September 22, 1889, by N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder, and others. A Methodist Sunday-school was organized on the next Sabbath, September 29, 1889. Bishop Warren dedicated the church February 16, 1890. The pastors have been: John Collins, G. H. Smith, Thomas Bithel, J. F. Irwin, W. D. Phifer, W. H. Haupt, F. L. L. Hiller.

The first service was held at the Flemings Grove Schoolhouse, October 14, 1888. A society was organized here December 30th, with five members, Webster Daniels being the class-leader. Incorporation was secured soon after the election of trustees, February 4, 1889. February 10th the "Union Sunday-school" became a "Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school," with the consent of all concerned. On February 9, 1890, Bishop Warren opened the church with appropriate services, and the next Sabbath the Sunday-school moved in and was reorganized. The church was named "The Cameron Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church." Its pastors have been: John Collins, A. K. Stabler, W. I. Taylor, Robert Sanderson; J. F. Coffman, 1896.

Regular services were resumed at Littleton, after a long sus-

pension, in November, 1890. The society and Sunday-school were organized by Brother Collins on December 7th following. February 10, 1891, Bishop Warren formally opened the tent for religious worship. John Collins, F. C. Schofield, F. L. L. Hiller, and O. L. Orton have been the pastors.

Brother Collins also held the first religious services at Fort Logan July 10, 1892. During this Conference year subscriptions were started for new churches at Rosedale and at Myrtle Hill. The first service was held at the latter place February 5, 1893, and the Sunday-school was organized at a private residence. The society was started on July 30th following. The church was opened for worship by Chancellor McDowell, September 3, 1893, and dedicated by Dr. Vincent, presiding elder, September 8, 1895. The pastors here have been: John Collins, G. F. Mead, W. D. Phifer, R. E. Meyers.

On July 2, 1893, Brother Collins began preaching at the Broadway Heights. Mrs. John Collins organized the Sunday-school in Rosedale, August 20, 1893, and preaching services were begun there on the next Sabbath. The society was organized January 7, 1894, and the Church incorporated February 14, 1893, as the "Warren Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church." The building was dedicated by Bishop Warren, December 17, 1893. The corporate name of the Church was changed, March 5, 1895, to "The Collins Chapel." At this writing (1896) John Collins has been the only pastor.

An earnest conviction prevailed that more should be done for the Master in the rapidly-growing city of Denver, so at the Conference session in July, 1890, O. L. Fisher was appointed "Superintendent of City Missions." The larger Churches pledged the greater portion of his salary. This, with his Conference relation and authority, meant business from the very beginning. In the spring just previous a Sunday-school had been started in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce. This school Brother Fisher soon moved across the street to the old "Lawrence Street Church," and there organized "The Church of the Strangers," in connection with its services, with appropriate opening ceremonies.

Of the organization of the "Grant Avenue Methodist Epis-



copal Church" and its Sunday-school, Brother Fisher writes: "Three laymen came to my office in the city, and said, 'There ought to be a mission near Broadway, south of Cherry Creek.' I called a meeting at my house in the early part of November, 1890. Five came. A few days later I held another meeting, with seven. Then I leased a lot on Sherman Avenue, and commenced to erect a tabernacle. Nine mechanics came with lanterns, and worked for two or three hours each night for eleven nights, when it was done. On the first Sabbath of December, 1890, the tabernacle was opened, a Church and Sunday-school organized. In six months we had almost one hundred members, and over one hundred in the Sunday-school. Just six months from its organization, June 9th, at a morning service the congregation subscribed over \$1,400 for the support of a pastor the coming Conference year."

A church was erected in the fall of 1891. The pastors here have been: R. A. Chase, M. A. Casey, J. T. Pender, and W. F. Conner, 1896.

The Greenwood society, in Globeville, was started in the fall of 1890, with eleven members. The "Union Sunday-school" was changed to a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. In the spring of 1891 the society began the erection of a church, which was completed during the pastorate of the incoming pastor, H. D. Seckner. He was succeeded in this charge by C. W. Huett for three years, and C. C. P. Hiller, 1895-6.

Brother Fisher also started Sunday-schools and societies at Highland Place, Ellsworth, South Eleventh, and Millison's, in January, 1891. He held services in all of these places. A Church enterprise was begun at Berkley, in February, 1891, by organizing a Ladies' Aid Society, and setting out to build a church. Two months after, the walls were up. Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Clayton, and S. E. Bishop started a Sunday-school on the floor of the church, before the roof was on. A class of twelve members was organized June 21, 1891. H. D. Seckner, the succeeding pastor, completed the church, and in 1892 built a six-room brick parsonage, costing \$1,100. H. W. H. Butler became the pastor in 1895-6.

Brother Fisher, as superintendent, reported at the Conference

session in 1891, 28 probationers, 105 members, 6 Sunday-schools, 62 officers and teachers, 750 scholars, and Church property valued at \$3,500.

THE Rev. John R. Wood was appointed in 1891 to "City Missions," Denver. All but the "Grant Avenue," "Greenwood," and "Berkley" Missions were turned over to him. The "Church of the Strangers" was moved by him to Eleventh Street, between Larimer and Lawrence Streets.

In 1892 it was moved to the corner of Larimer and Eighth Streets, where good work has been done for three years. It has now moved into a chapel of its own, at the corner of Blake and Eighth Streets, and is known as the "Eighth Street Mission."

The Millison Mission, reorganized this year, has grown continuously. At first it occupied a tent, then a hall, where Sunday-school, Epworth League, and regular preaching services are held.

The South Eleventh Street Mission has had a varied history. Its tabernacle was blown down twice; then it met in a hall for some months; now it has a cozy church, which is called "Wesley Chapel," and stands near the corner of Ellsworth and South Eleventh Streets.

Highland Place, like its Master, had its birth in a stable, which it continued to use up to November, 1896. The present pastor has erected and is using a small brick church. The pastors have been: C. W. Harned, 1892; J. W. Flesher, 1893-4; A. B. Glockner, 1895; C. H. Koyle, 1896. These brethren have done and are doing the Master's work manfully.

Brother Wood erected a tabernacle, and established a mission also at Edgewater, Ruby Avenue, now called "Lake Park," and on Market, near Thirtieth Streets. This is now called "The Briggs Mission," and is located on Market, near Thirty-second Street. This tent and furnishings were from the St. James Church, West Denver.

In several of these missions the writer held revival services for a period of twelve weeks, during the winter and spring of 1892.

The report of the superintendent at the Conference session of 1892 says: City Missions—7 Sunday-schools, 125 officers and teachers, 600 scholars, 25 probationers, and 67 members.

IN 1892, by the request of the Annual Conference, the new Denver District was formed, embracing the city of Denver and a portion of the vicinity. The "City Missions" were placed under the supervision of the presiding elder, who usually employs university students to conduct the several missions.

"The Epworth Mission," on Columbine Street, near Thirty-third, was started by the Epworth League of Simpson Church, in the fall of 1892. Their pastor, J. T. Pender, raised the money by lecturing, and paid for the "Tent of Meeting." A neat brick church has just been completed for the use of this mission.

A Sunday-school and society were organized at the Overland Cotton-mills, March 25, 1895, by the Rev. W. D. Phifer. Just sixty days from that date a neat church was dedicated, free of debt, costing \$1,630. The society had twenty-one members, and the Sunday-school fifty.

Missions have recently been started at "Oakes" and "Coronado," in the vicinity of the University Park, and are also supplied by students.

Most of these missions will soon, under the blessing of God, develop into self-supporting Churches, with their Sunday-schools, Epworth Leagues, and other agencies for helping society. Thus the work is being pushed in Denver and in this whole region. God be praised for his goodness to the children of men!

The University Park Methodist Episcopal Church was organized September 10, 1894, with fifty-six members, when Presiding Elder Vincent appointed A. B. Hyde, D. D., pastor. A Sunday-school had been in existence for over two years previous. In 1896, N. S. Albright, D. D., a recent addition to the teaching force of the Iliff School of Theology, was given the pastorate of this society.

#### EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

THE General Conference of 1884 established an Episcopal Residence in Denver, which was selected by Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., as his home.

BISHOP WARREN was elected to the episcopacy from the pastorate in 1880. He came directly from the seat of the General Conference to begin his episcopal work in Colorado, by presiding

over this body that year. His episcopal home had been assigned him for the quadrennium in Atlanta, Ga.

His first presiding was characterized by that far-reaching comprehension of the needs of the work and kindly sympathy with the workers that has been shown through his years of devotion to the Master's cause. The attachments have been mutual and permanent—in one instance at least!



BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D. D., LL. D.

He was united in marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth Iliff, December 27, 1883, at the Evans Memorial Church, by Bishop Simpson. This event brought into Colorado Methodism a new, important, and forceful factor. In the following year his episcopal home was established in Denver, and when not engaged in his official

duties, he has been at or near his home, overseeing and caring for the Churches; identifying himself fully with the frontier pastors in all their interests. In all these years he has been a man of one work, and has shown marked ability in building up the educational, spiritual, and material interests of the Church in Colorado. The Churches of all this greater West, as well as those of Denver, have felt the throb of his pulse and the genius of his individuality. His money and that of his excellent wife has been distributed with a liberal hand to many of these enterprises. Long may they live to serve and bless humanity! is the prayer of many hearts in this Rocky Mountain region.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

REV. M. BRADFORD, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, organized a small society in Denver, in 1860. He secured lots for a permanent Church home, on the corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, which is now the site of the Haish Manual Training-school of the University of Denver. Here he began erecting a plain house of worship, which effort was interrupted by the outbreaking of the war. He returned to the South. This property was afterwards sold to the Episcopal Church, and the "St. John's Church in the Wilderness" was established there. Dean Hart's Cathedral is its legitimate successor.

In 1871, Rev. A. A. Morrison started the Church again, secured lots on Arapahoe Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, on which a small house of worship was erected. This building was afterwards traded for a larger one, on the corner of Twentieth and Curtis Streets, in which this congregation worshiped for several years. In 1888 they sold this property, and erected the "St. Paul's" on the corner of Twenty-first and Welton Streets.

The names of the pastors serving this society, with the dates of their appointment, have been: A. A. Morrison, D. D., July 16, 1871; E. A. Manin, from July to October 8, 1873, when W. H. Warren took his place; W. C. Hearn, September, 1874; W. G. Miller, 1876; W. Harris, 1877; W. J. Phillip, 1878; C. B. Riddick, 1880; J. D. Bush, 1882; J. M. Major, July 20, 1883, to October, when J. C. Morris was appointed; F. B. Carroll, D. D., 1885;

W. F. Packard, 1886; W. T. Bolling, 1888; J. M. Crowe, 1890; J. A. Duncan, 1891; J. H. Ledbetter, 1894-5.

In 1880, the "Morrison Memorial" Chapel was begun on the corner of Thirty-second Avenue and Lafayette Street. This building and its adjoining parsonage have been enlarged and improved several times, so that they now assume handsome proportions, and constitute a valuable property. This society has had a varied experience. While it has done a good work on the whole, it has not made much numerical progress.

#### FREE METHODIST CHURCH.

THE Free Methodist Church was organized, August 19, 1883, in the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, Denver, by Rev. Hiram A. Crouch.

John P. Eckel, a godly man, of blessed memory, was the class-leader for several years. Their pastors have been: H. A. Crouch, J. H. Oney, C. W. Stamp, J. F. Garrett, J. W. Glazier, J. B. Roberts, W. T. Warren, and J. A. DeFoe.

About a year after their organization, they bought the Westminster Tabernacle, then standing on the corner of Tenth and Champa Streets. This building was subsequently moved out on South Water, between Third and Fourth Avenues, where the society has greatly prospered.

### XIII.

## EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

METHODISM was born in Oxford University. Its founder was a man of broad scholarship, as well as of deep piety. His followers everywhere have ever encouraged the highest degree of mental and moral culture. True to Methodistic antecedents, "The Rocky Mountain Conference," at its organization, considered the question of education, and adopted the following, on July 12, 1863, namely:

"Your Committee on Education would report as follows:

"WHEREAS, The future of the Church depends in a great degree upon the action of the present; and

"WHEREAS, The training of the youth of our country forms a most important part of that action; therefore,

"Resolved, That we will foster and incite, by our influence, both official and individual, efforts to secure a proper mental training to the youth of Colorado.

#### DENVER SEMINARY.

"Resolved, That we view with satisfaction the progress already made by the trustees of Denver Seminary; that we heartily approve the officers selected for its management, and the steps already taken for the erection of its buildings, and the liberality of the people who contributed to its financial stability.

#### GOLDEN CITY.

"Resolved, That we also look with pleasure upon the efforts recently made in Golden City towards erecting a college building, to be placed under the control of the Rocky Mountain Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and would recommend it to the patronage of the Conference and to the liberality of the Church throughout its bounds.

"(Signed,) O. A. WILLARD."

This was the incipient step of all higher educational movements in the Rocky Mountain region. Some of the features of this report will provoke a smile, especially when the condition of society at that date in the Territory is taken into account, most expecting to remain only for a short time, and then return to the "States," to enjoy their fortunes.

The "Golden City College" scheme appears never to have

reached maturity, as we hear nothing more of it in the later history of the work.

The next educational reference of importance appears in the following official document:

"AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE COLORADO  
SEMINARY.

"BE it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of Colorado Territory:

"SECTION I. That John Evans, Samuel H. Elbert, W. N. Byers, H. Burton, A. B. Case, J. G. Vawter, A. J. Gill, W. D. Pease, Edwin Scudder, J. H. Morrison, Warren Hussey, J. W. Smith, D. H. Moffatt, Jr., R. E. Whitsitt, C. A. Cook, John Cree, Amos Steck, J. M. Chivington, J. B. Doyle, Henry Henson, Amos Widner, John T. Lynch, Milo Lee, J. B. Chaffee, Lewis Jones, O. A. Willard, W. A. H. Loveland, Robert Berry, be, and they are hereby, constituted a body politic and corporate for the purpose of founding, directing, and maintaining an institution of learning, to be styled the Colorado Seminary," etc.

"Approved, March 5, 1864, by John Evans, Governor."

In October, 1864, the "Colorado Conference" (now called) took the following action:

"Your Committee is glad to report the progress of the educational interests of the Church in the Territory, as especially shown in the favorable view of, and the successful labor in, connection with the

COLORADO SEMINARY.

"This institution, incorporated by the Territorial Legislature of last winter, has a regularly-constituted Board of Trustees, and a fine building, located at Denver. The building has cost about \$14,000, and no debt remains upon it. A corps of teachers is daily expected, to open the seminary for the reception of pupils. Your Committee recommend the appointment of a Committee of Visitors, consisting of two members of the Conference. We offer for your adoption the following resolutions:

"1. That the portion of the Board of Trustees of the seminary whose term expires with this Conference session be reappointed.

"2. That the members and friends of our Church be especially requested to patronize the seminary by sending their own, and encouraging the attendance of the children of others.

"3. That we will preach at least one sermon on education during the year, particularly presenting the interests of the Colorado Seminary to our congregations.

(Signed,) B. T. VINCENT,

"C. W. JOHNSON."



Page 15 of the Colorado Conference Minutes of 1864 has the following advertisement, in large letters:

“Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, COLORADO SEMINARY for Ladies and Gentlemen, DENVER, Colorado. Executive Board: Hon. John Evans, Chairman; Colonel J. M. Chivington, Hon. Edwin Scudder, J. G. Vawter, Esq., William N. Byers, Esq., Rev. G. S. Phillips, A. M., president, assisted by competent teachers. The scholastic year is divided into three terms, of fall, winter, and spring. A short vacation will follow the fall and winter terms. The spring term will be followed with a vacation during the months of July and August. Tuition per term: Primary Department, \$15; Preparatory Department, \$20; Academic Department, \$30.

“Ancient and Modern Languages, Music and various Ornamental Branches charged extra. Gymnastic and Callisthenic Instruction free of charge. All payments required strictly in advance.

“Young ladies in the Boarding Department will be under the care of the matron of the institution. They will furnish their own rooms, fuel, and lights. Boarding and washing will be furnished at rates as low as the times will possibly admit. Those wishing to place young ladies, misses, or boys in the Boarding Department, will inform the president immediately. Young gentlemen can procure boarding in private families.”

The Conference of June, 1865, adopted the following:

“Your committee, to whom was referred the subject of Education, would report as follows:

“WHEREAS, The education of the people is justly regarded by thoughtful men as the only guarantee of liberal institutions and basis of religious faith; therefore,

“Resolved, 1. That we regard with great interest, and will encourage all efforts, either secular or religious, which tend to the mental culture of the young people of Colorado.

“2. That we scorn to imitate the bigotry of those who regard with aversion educational movements which dare to exist and succeed independent of themselves or their sect.

#### COLORADO SEMINARY.

“Your committee is grateful at the prosperity of this institution. The first term began November 14, 1864. President Phillips, its first president, was soon taken from the post of labor, first by sickness, and finally by death. Embarrassed to some extent by the necessity of frequent change of teachers, it has still averaged from the beginning until Conference about seventy students. Its facilities have been greatly enlarged, and its future grows daily more encouraging. At present the Faculty consists of the following teachers:

"Rev. George Richardson, president; Miss S. E. Morgan, preceptress; Mrs. M. B. Willard, teacher of music; Mrs. J. B. Richardson, matron. The facilities for boarding and rooms render the institution worthy the examination and patronage of those whose home educational facilities are inadequate. We recommend the appointment of Rev. George Richardson by the bishop to the post to which he has been duly elected by the Executive Board of the seminary. We also urge our preachers to do all in their power to advance the influence and patronage of this school.

“(Signed,) O. A. WILLARD, *Chairman.*”

The Conference Minutes of 1865 contains a similar advertisement to the one of the year previous, with the addition of vocal and instrumental music, also drawing and painting.

The Conference of 1866, said in its report on the Colorado Seminary:

“This institution has greatly prospered during the past year, under the presidency of Rev. George Richardson, assisted by four valuable teachers for the several departments. The average attendance of pupils for the year has been one hundred, and the most perfect satisfaction has been given in their instructions. The trustees have with regret been compelled to accept the resignation of Mr. Richardson. . . . We recommend the appointment of a Conference Visiting Committee, consisting of W. M. Smith, W. W. Baldwin, and the Pastor of Denver Church.

“(Signed,) B. T. VINCENT.

“O. P. McMains.”

Another “ad” is found in the Minutes of this year, of the Colorado Seminary, similar to that of the preceding years:

At the Conference of 1867, Ex-Governor John Evans, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Colorado Seminary, reported as follows, but the report was not printed in the Conference Minutes, namely:

*“To the Colorado Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church:*

“In behalf of the trustees of the Colorado Seminary, I submit the following report of the condition and operation of the institution:

“It has an eligible site, centrally located, in the city of Denver, comprising nearly half a block. Upon this has been erected a fine brick building, 65 x 36 feet, two stories high, with large and pleasant rooms in the attic, and finished in a substantial manner. It is conveniently arranged for the purposes of the institution, and is furnished.

“The entire property at present prices is estimated to be worth over

twenty thousand dollars. There is an indebtedness of about three thousand dollars against the institution.

"It was opened for the reception of students in the winter of 1864-5, under the presidency of Rev. George S. Phillips, whose failing health prevented him from continuing in charge of the institution. He retired early the following spring, to return to his family and friends in Ohio, where a few days after his arrival he died.

"Rev. George Richardson succeeded him in charge of the institution the remainder of that and the succeeding year. Since he left the institution to engage in the pastoral work, it has, during the past year just closed, been under the care and management of Rev. B. T. Vincent. However, having pastoral charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver City, he has been able to devote but a portion of his time to the institution; Miss Sarah Morgan, for the last two years a faithful and able member of its board of teachers, having taken the principal management of its affairs during the year.

"During the first year one hundred and three students were admitted to the institution; the second year one hundred and eighty-six; the past year one hundred and thirty-six.

"If the means can be secured to liquidate the present indebtedness, it is the design of the Executive Committee, if possible, to secure a competent president, who will devote his whole time and energies to the work of teaching and building up the institution.

"In opening an institution of this character, in a new and sparsely-settled country, where the means of subsistence have been very high, the Executive Committee and those in charge of the institution have met with many serious embarrassments, which, it is hoped, will be a less formidable character hereafter.

"In closing this brief statement, it would not be proper to omit to mention that in the conception of the enterprise; in the prosecution of the work of erecting buildings and procuring the ground on which to locate them; in obtaining from the public the contributions by which it was founded; also in the organization and management of the enterprise generally, the public and the Church are greatly indebted to the able, zealous, and efficient labors of Rev. O. A. Willard, who acted as agent for the institution.

"The charter of the seminary is one of the most liberal of its kind, comprising all the necessary powers for building up a permanent and extensive educational institution. It names twenty-eight persons as the first Board of Trustees, and provides that their successors shall be appointed by the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church within whose bounds Denver City may be included. Seven of these were to go out of office annually on the 1st day of July of each year after 1864; the terms of those named in the charter to be fixed by lot, and their successors to remain in office four years.

"At the first and only meeting of the Board of Trustees, as authorized

by the charter, the management was placed in the hands of an Executive Committee, and the trustees were determined by lot.

"But in the flood of May 20, 1864, the records of the meeting were carried away, with all the papers of the secretary (Mr. William N. Byers), in Cherry Creek. It being impossible to tell whose terms have expired, it has been thought best to have the entire Board stand, as designated in the charter, until the Annual Conference of 1868, when their terms will all have expired. They continue in office until their successors are appointed.

The attention of the Conference is, however, directed to the propriety of filling, by appointment, at this time the places of such trustees as have died or permanently removed from the Territory.

"Believing that a good work has already been accomplished by the institution, and that it is capable of being made more abundantly useful, it is commended to the fostering care of the Conference, and to the patronage and support of the people of Colorado.

"Respectfully submitted.

"(Signed), JOHN EVANS, *Ch'm Ex. Com. Colorado Seminary.*"

Rev. B. T. Vincent, L. M. Veasy, Daniel Witter, Fred Z. Solomon, and Rev. William M. Smith were elected to fill the known vacancies.

The Conference adopted the following as its report for that year:

"*Resolved*, That the preachers on Denver District be instructed to collect as fast as possible the Centenary money, and pay as much of it as was devoted to the Colorado Seminary Endowment Fund into the hands of Hon. John Evans, who is hereby constituted trustee of this fund.

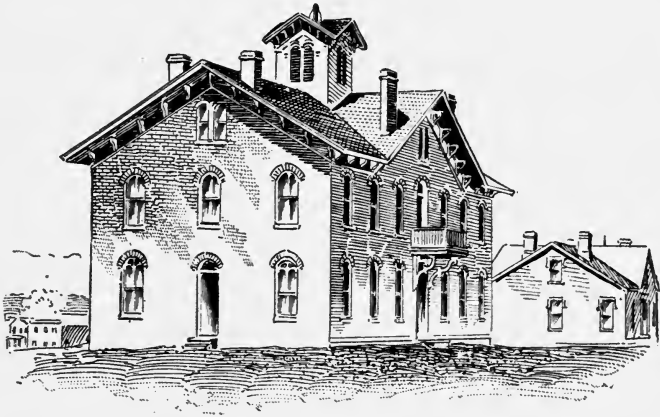
"*Resolved*, That we regard the design of the trustees, as stated in their report, of the first importance, and our judgment is that they ought immediately to provide for the payment of the debt on the seminary, and secure the services of a competent president."

The "embarrassments" continuing, the school was not opened for the following school year, as is evident from the fact that when the Capital was changed from "Golden City" to Denver, in December, 1867, the Executive and House of Representatives found a home in the Colorado Seminary building.

Ex-Governor Evans said in a speech (June 27, 1883): "The Colorado Seminary, chartered, by special Act of the Legislature, March 5, 1864, prospered for a time, but ran in debt for current

expenses. The Board borrowed three thousand dollars at three per cent per month. It was finally sold for the debt."

The Conference of 1868 elected a full Board of Trustees, as is here given, namely: For four years, John Evans, W. H. H. Loveland, C. M. Tyler, Rev. G. H. Adams, John W. Smith, H. M. Teller; for three years, R. E. Whitsitt, J. M. Veasy, S. H. Elbert, W. N. Byers, Rev. William M. Smith, J. M. Chaffee,



COLORADO SEMINARY, AND GOVERNOR EVANS'S RESIDENCE IN THE DISTANCE.

William M. Roworth; for two years, H. Burton, D. H. Moffatt, Jr., Hiram Witter, Robert Berry, Edwin Scudder, Rev. W. W. Baldwin, Henry Henson; for one year, W. D. Pease, S. M. Richardson, J. H. Morrison, G. M. Chilcott, John Cree, John T. Lynch, Rev. George Murray.

The above is the first full list of the trustees of which we have any record, except that given in the charter.

The future of the Colorado Seminary appeared so dark in 1869, that some friends of education inaugurated a plan for a "Fountain College" at Colorado City, and published a large circular setting forth the plans of the new enterprise, with Wray Beattie, A. M., as president, and John M. Mansfield, A. M., as professor of Languages, etc. Rev. George Murray, agent. This was the first and last heard of this laudable undertaking.

The Committee on Education offered the following resolutions, which were adopted at the Conference session in Central City, June, 1869:

*“Resolved,* That we respectfully but earnestly urge the trustees of the Colorado Seminary, located in Denver, to active effort for its relief from pecuniary embarrassment; also to put it, as early as possible, into active operation under their more immediate control.

*“Resolved,* That Peter Winne, J. M. Driggs, J. H. Morrison, George M. Chilcott, John Cree, J. L. Peck, and George Murray, be, and are hereby, reappointed as trustees of said seminary.”

Rev. J. L. Peck presented the following resolution, which was adopted at the Conference session of 1870:

*“Resolved,* That we learn with regret of the financial embarrassment of the Colorado Seminary, located at Denver, and whatever may be the action of the trustees thereof, we most respectfully urge them to guard well our educational interests.”

In the Conference Minutes of 1871, a more hopeful outlook appears in the following words:

*“Resolved,* That we learn with pleasure that the financial embarrassments, which have so long retarded the prosperity of the Colorado Seminary, are, under the providence of God and the kindness of friends, likely soon to be removed.”

At the session of 1872, the following statement was made by the Educational Committee:

“We are glad to note that the building known as the Colorado Seminary is still in the possession of the excellent brethren who have saved it from falling into unmethodistic hands, and these brethren are rapidly reducing the debt, with a view to the restoration of the property to the use and the possession of the Conference.”

In 1873 there was no immediate prospect of the liquidation of the debt. The situation remained unchanged in 1874. Hon. John Evans presented to the Conference a plan for a “Union Evangelical University,” under the control of the leading denominations. A committee of three was appointed by the Conference to consider the feasibility of the plan, which was declared, “Not likely soon to be put into operation.”

The report stated that the Conference, through the liberality of Hon. John Evans, still has the power to redeem the seminary property in Denver. At the Conference of 1876, Hon. John Evans offered to liquidate the debt, of nearly \$5,000, against the seminary building in Denver, on the condition that the Conference raise \$10,000 to add a wing to it for dormitories and such other purposes as will fit it for a first-class school.

In 1877 the educational collection from the entire Conference was only \$27.20. The seminary property this year had been redeemed, and was reported as, "Now in the hands of our highly esteemed Brother Evans."

In 1878, "The subject of education was committed to the Trustees of the Preachers' Aid Society," with power to act in the name of the Conference.

Rev. F. C. Millington, president of the Society, had made the question of education in Colorado a subject of special prayer, and as he came from an hour's private audience with Deity, his eyes moistened with tears, he was heard to say, "I have prayed it through; we will have a university in Denver yet."

God had spoken to him, "According to your faith be it unto you;" and so it was. In the spring of 1879 he called a meeting of the members of the Society—others were present by special invitation—at Ex-Governor Evans's office in Denver, to consider what plans, if any, could be adopted to secure the re-establishment of the Colorado Seminary. He had carefully prepared a series of resolutions looking to this end, to offer for their consideration. Before he had an opportunity to present them, Ex-Governor Evans arose, and made an admirable address on the need, possibility, and importance of at once reopening the Colorado Seminary, and closed with this remark: "If you gentlemen will now undertake to reorganize this institution, all there is of the old Colorado Seminary is placed at your disposal."

All thought now centered in this proposition, and arrangements were made to call a Conference Educational Convention, to consider all questions relating thereto. On leaving the office, Brother Millington remarked: "I had a plan thought out as to how to remove the indebtedness and reorganize the school, but the Governor's offer was good enough for me!"

The following item is the record made at the ensuing session of the Annual Conference, held in Pueblo:

"The Board, after due deliberation, called an Educational Convention, which assembled in Denver, the 10th of June last. It was composed of delegates, ministerial and lay, who, after careful deliberation concerning the condition of our work in practical education, were encouraged by the generous propositions of Hon. John Evans, to regard as possible the early reopening of the Colorado Seminary," which had been practically closed for twelve long years.

At that session the Board of Trustees was filled to the legal number, several of the old members, holding over under the charter, being re-elected. Upon the organization of this new Board, John Evans was chosen president, J. W. Bailey, vice-president, Earl Cranston, secretary, and John A. Clough, treasurer. Earl Cranston was made chairman of the Finance and Building Committees. F. C. Millington, Jesse Durbin, and others were also members of these committees.

The clouds were dispelled and the light dawned, largely through the efficient labors of Rev. Earl Cranston, D. D., who was, under God, the inspiration in putting the seminary on its feet again. Ex-Governor Evans and others came manfully to his aid. The governor promptly donated the old seminary property on Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, valued at \$20,000, and \$3,000 cash additional, for the purchase of the chemical and physical apparatus.

Mr. John W. Bailey gave \$10,000 cash, and subsequently lots that sold for \$3,000 more. Other friends added to the above about \$20,000 more.

The old building was remodeled, with a front of 115 feet and a depth of 100 feet, and an average height of four stories. The Conference report, from which the above is largely condensed, said: "Six thousand dollars more is needed to finish the building, and an additional hall for male students, which will cost \$8,000."

Rev. David H. Moore, D. D., was elected president in 1880, with eight assistant teachers. On October 4th the "Colorado Seminary and University of Denver" was thrown open for students, with thirty enrolled. Bishop Simpson made an admirable



opening address. Ere the year closed, one hundred and fifty were in attendance.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER.

"ARTICLE 1. The name of this society shall be, The University of Denver.

"ARTICLE 2. The object of this society shall be the advancement of the educational interests of Colorado; the promotion of liberal culture in all the sciences, arts, and learned professions; and to form a university which shall have power to establish a system of instruction in any or all of the departments of learning; to create fellowships; to appoint a Board of Examiners, and, upon examination or satisfactory recommendation, to confer marks of distinction and all degrees, honorary or otherwise, usual to a university, upon all such candidates as shall be found worthy thereof.

"ARTICLE 3. The members of this society shall be the secretary, for the time being, of the Colorado Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the secretaries (while in office) of such Annual Conferences as shall hereafter be organized within the territory now occupied by the said Colorado Annual Conference; the presiding elders, for the time being, of the aforesaid Annual Conference, or Conferences; the president, for time being, of the Colorado Seminary; and the members of the Executive Committee, for the time being, of the Board of Trustees of said Colorado Seminary, together with such honorary members as they may from time to time elect.

"ARTICLE 4. The officers of this society shall consist of a Board of seven trustees, who shall be elected by ballot annually on the first Tuesday in September, and shall hold their office until their successors shall have been chosen; and the following named persons, viz., John Evans, O. L. Fisher, J. Durbin, John W. Bailey, John A. Clough, Earl Cranston, and J. H. Merritt, shall constitute such Board of Trustees until the first regular election, and until their successors are elected. There shall be a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary, and such other officers as shall be provided for by the by-laws of the society, all of whom shall be elected by the Board of Trustees.

"ARTICLE 5. The trustees of this society shall have power to make all such necessary and prudential by-laws, not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the State, as they may deem proper for the management of the affairs of the society.

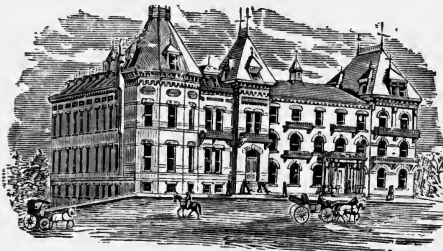
"ARTICLE 6. This Constitution may be altered or amended by a vote of two-thirds of all members of this society."

"Adopted June 24, 1880."

The above document was prepared by Judge Mills, now deceased.

In 1881 a large wing, 45 x 65 feet, four stories high, for the accommodation of male students, was erected, at a cost of about \$16,000. In the fall of that year the College of Medicine was opened, and in 1882 the Business College. The second year of the new *régime* found 320 students enrolled, and the third year 405. In 1883, an additional structure, practically adapted to the work of the "Junior Preparatory" Department, was erected, at a cost of something more than \$7,000.

Dr. Cranston was the leader in all these building enterprises, holding his quarterly-meetings here and there over a large district, and then hastening home by the first conveyance, in order to solicit contributions from the citizens of Denver and other places to pay the workmen from week to week as the work of improvement went forward. It is to the credit of the financial



UNIVERSITY OF DENVER AND COLORADO SEMINARY.

managers of this enterprise that during this period of rehabilitation no contractor was ever embarrassed by delay in receiving payments due. His money was ready for him when due. This sometimes required temporary loans from the bank, and these were made on the individual credit of the members of the Finance Committee. At the completion of the first building, and the wing which was soon after added, there was due on building account only about \$2,000. In all these years of unpaid labors, Dr. Cranston was constantly and ably seconded by Rev. F. C. Millington, who never faltered in his devotion to the enterprise, and who succeeded Dr. Cranston as the secretary of the Board.

In 1885, Brother Millington was elected financial agent of the university, and after that gave his whole time to the advancement of its interests, visiting nearly every town in the State, and several in Wyoming and Utah, to raise money for the endowment of the university, or to procure gifts of land and money for University Park. No institution ever had a more devoted friend.

He at once ceased to work and live. The report in the Conference memoir in 1888, said of him: "University Park spread out in immortal green, and lettered with the beautiful residences of the future, is a scroll to his fame, as imperishable as the mountains which stand guard over it."

NOVEMBER 14, 1884, was a glad day in the history of the institution, for on that day MRS. ELIZABETH ILIFF WARREN offered to endow a School of Theology with \$100,000, in connection with the University of Denver, on the condition that \$50,000 additional be added to the Endowment Fund of that institution. At once the trustees resolved to raise that amount by the sale of five hundred and fifty scholarships at one hundred dollars each. The effort was partly successful, and on Mrs. Warren's side was fully complied with. The cut accompanying this, an excellent one, is inserted without her knowledge.

From the Conference report of 1885 I select the following just tribute to its chancellor: "Too much praise can not be bestowed upon the wise, persistent, and successful management of Dr. Moore, who has so grandly carried the institution through the first and critical stage of its existence, and planted it so firmly in the hearts of the people. We owe to him a debt of gratitude we shall never be able to pay. He has done a work for which he can never be rewarded until he hears the 'Well done' of the Master."

It should be recorded that Dr. Moore was, during the first five years, personally and solely responsible for the financial obligations of the institution. He bought every bedstead, chair, table, desk, piano, and other article of furnishing that went into



MRS. ELIZABETH ILIFF WARREN.

the buildings. He paid the teachers, coal, light, and other bills, and entertained with unstinted hospitality. He also gave free tuition to the sons and daughters of preachers. It is not too much to say that he was, in his own person, the endowment and soul of the institution, from the day of his inauguration to the day of his departure. The inability of the Board to provide expected endowment only inspired in him sublimer courage and more self-sacrificing effort. It is no marvel that he was beloved by the students, and held in highest regard by the people of Colorado. Everywhere he created enthusiasm for the university. The power of his magnetic personality was an inspiration to students, teachers, and the entire Church.

In 1885, the School of Manual Training became an established fact. Through the influence of Bishop H. W. Warren, Jacob Haish, of DeKalb, Illinois, gave \$25,000 to procure the site, and erect the building on the southeast corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, known as "The Haish Manual Training-school" of "The University of Denver," the corner-stone of which was laid, July 13, 1887, by the Grand Lodge of Colorado, Free and Accepted Masons, assisted by Bishops Walden and Warren, who made addresses. During the following year the donor added \$15,000 for the enlargement of the building.

The site of University Park, a suburb to the city of Denver, was secured, through the untiring efforts of the financial agent, donated by Rufus Clark in 1887, and in 1888 was commended to our people, as a suitable place of residence, by the Conference.

This year H. B. Chamberlin, Esq., gave notice of his intention to erect therein, and equip at his own expense, a first-class Astronomical Observatory, costing not less than \$50,000.

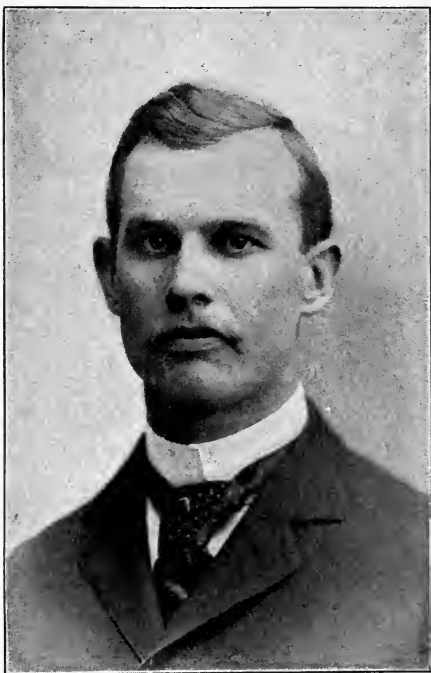
In order to meet the growing needs of the school, E. T. Alling, Esq., introduced a resolution in the Board of Trustees, that a hundred persons be found who would guarantee to make up all deficiencies in the running expenses of the institution up to a given amount, which was adopted.

At this meeting of the Board, in 1889, Dr. D. H. Moore tendered his resignation as chancellor of the university.

On July 3, 1889, at a called meeting of the trustees and other friends of the university, at her then residence, corner of Eighteenth

and Curtis Streets, Denver, Mrs. Elizabeth Iliff Warren, who had promised, on November 14, 1884, an endowment to the University of Denver, on certain conditions, which had not been fully met, announced with a spirit of noble generosity that she was ready to give her individual note for the \$100,000, at six per cent per annum, payable in five years, for the endowment of the School of Theology of the University of Denver. This proposition was gladly accepted by the trustees, with hearty approval of all who were present.

THEN came a welcome surprise, in a proposition from MR. WILLIAM S. ILIFF, a young man twenty-three years of age, to give, as a memorial of his father, John Wesley Iliff, Esq., \$50,000 for the erection of a building, to be used as the home of "The Iliff School of Theology," closing with this prayer: "By means of this gift may the coming generations of men be blessed and God be glorified!"

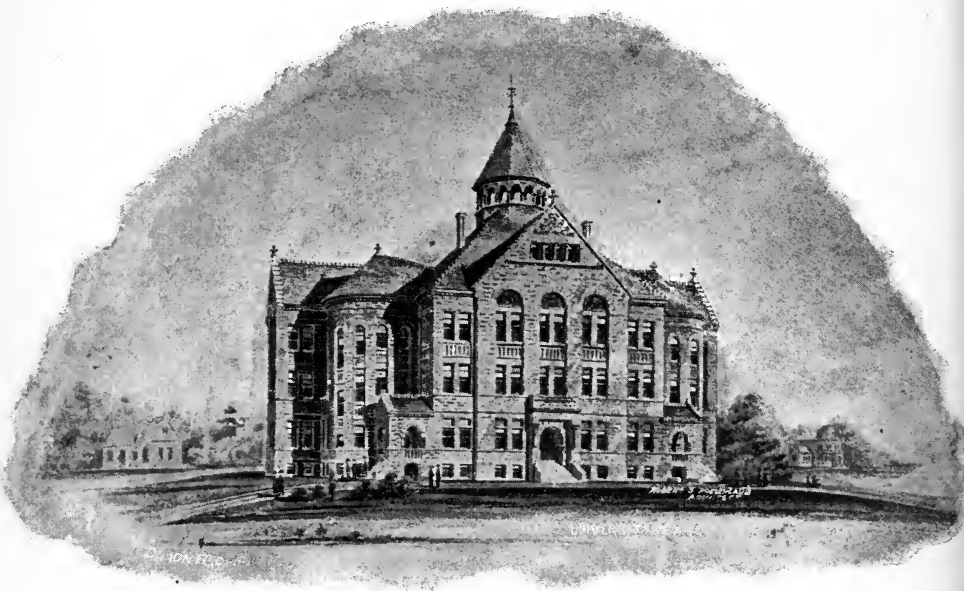


WILLIAM S. ILIFF.

AUGUST 28, 1889, Bishop H. W. Warren and family gave up their beautiful home in the city, and became the only residents of University Park. At that time there were neither streets, sidewalks, nor water for domestic uses nearer than half a mile—a worthy social sacrifice in the interest of Christian education!

In view of the many things which the good bishop had done for the Church and for education in Colorado, the Conference,

at its session in 1889, stated the following in its report: "Our resident bishop, who so magnificently overarches Colorado Methodism, fostering and ennobling it, has been felt at every step of the university progress, since he came among us. To him it owes the calling out of munificence to at least the amount of a quarter of a million; to him it owes suggestions, aid, and inspiration, and to him is largely due its growing prosperity and its expansion into true university life."



UNIVERSITY HALL.

At this session, Ex-Governor Evans made the generous proposition to duplicate every dollar given to the university Endowment Fund, in cash or its equivalent in good bankable paper, for the endowment of the President's Chair and a Woman's Chair.

The corner-stone of the new University Hall at University Park was laid by Bishop H. W. Warren, in the presence of a large number of people. On this the following words are inscribed: "The University of Denver. This University Stone was laid, April 3, 1890. *Pro Scientia et Religione.*" The site is said to

be, by those best competent to judge, the most magnificent of any school of learning in the world.

University Hall stands on a plateau overlooking northward the beautiful city of Denver, and westward the broad valley of the South Platte River, and facing the mountains, which, like an immense, irregular wall, stretching from north to south, are sundered here and there along the slopes with deep furrows or cañons, and marked by sharp angles. The distance from foot to crest has an average of about sixty miles. These lofty heights in many places are capped with eternal snow.

The student standing in the university campus, with one sweep of vision takes in over two hundred miles of lofty peaks, which pierce the vaulted heavens in cruel jagged lines, from Pike's hoary head on the south, to points in the State of Wyoming on the north. That view includes "Pike's," "Warren's," "Evans's," Gray's," "Torry's," "James's," "Long's," and many other peaks not named. Several of these tower over fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. The view of the cragged tips of mountain pinnacles set against the blue ethereal can scarcely be surpassed in the wide world. University Park, from which one has this grand panorama, is over one mile above the ocean level.

During the scholastic year, after the resignation of Chancellor Moore, the institution was ably and efficiently presided over by Vice-Chancellor A. B. Hyde, D. D., in which time over five hundred students were in regular attendance.

In June, 1890, William F. McDowell, A. M., Ph. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Tiffin, Ohio, was elected chancellor of the university. He has filled the position with marked ability, and has won golden opinions on every side for breadth of scholarship, depth of spirituality, catholicity of spirit, and efficient services along all lines of educational work.

On July 21, 1890, Ex-Governor John Evans gave lots and buildings, valued at \$100,000, on Market Street, Denver, for the endowment of the Chancellor's and Woman's Chairs, thus completing the precedent condition for Mrs. Warren's endowment of the Iliff School of Theology.

The Conference Educational Report of 1891 says: "Assets

of the university, one and one-half millions. Gifts amount to \$112,000; wills, \$7,000. Eight hundred and ten different students in attendance. The chair for the teaching of the English Bible established, Bishop H. W. Warren giving \$6,300, and Mrs. P. S. Bennett, \$522." This money made possible the building of the "Girls' Cottage," and twenty-two lots in University Park were



GIRLS' COTTAGE.

selected, to be held by the trustees for the endowment of the chair for teaching the English Bible. "The bishop also gave 'The Bethel Cottage,' which cost \$5,091." The rent of this building is sacredly set apart as a fund, to be used for no other purpose only as loans to students financially unable to pay tuition. All sums repaid are to be devoted to the same purpose as long as the institution exists.



In 1892, the report to the Conference said: "The College of Liberal Arts has been moved to University Park, with two hundred and forty regular and special students. Wycliffe Cottage Home for Girls has been finished, at a cost of \$8,462. University Hall has cost \$86,809. Improvements in the School of Medicine by its Faculty, \$2,500. Sidewalks, \$5,000. Total, \$102,771. The current expense of the school is about \$5,000 in excess of its receipts; but friends are being obtained, who agree to make up this deficit for five years. By this time it is believed a permanent endowment will have been secured." The Conference, then, after careful deliberation, resolved to endow a chair, to be named, "The David H. Moore Chair." Several thousand dollars for that purpose was then pledged.

Rev. Earl Cranston, D. D., offered the following resolutions relating to the university, which were adopted with a vim:

"As every stone in its foundations, consecrated by the toil and sacrifices and prayers of its earliest friends and promoters, is dear to us, so shall the superstructure reared thereon by other hands, as willing as theirs and no less generous, be our delight and our glory.

"That we extend to Bishop H. W. Warren our hearty recognition of his untiring devotion to our educational interests.

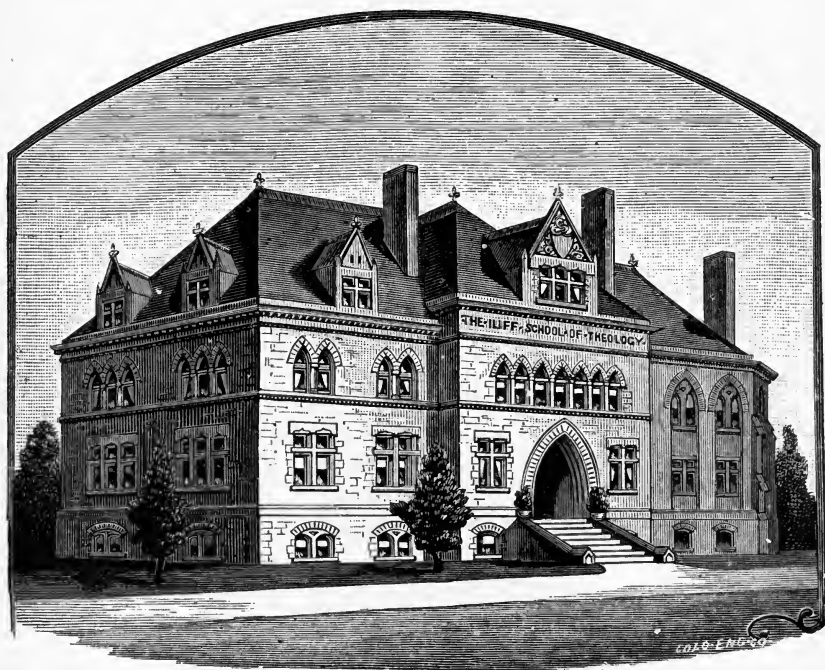
"That we have entire confidence in the ability, learning, singleness of aim, and doctrinal soundness of the Faculty of the university, and hereby assure Chancellor McDowell of our determination to crowd the classes of the several departments, as far as our influence may contribute to that end."

The Iliff School of Theology was opened September 21, 1892, and the Law School on October 3d. The corner-stone of the former building was laid by Bishop H. W. Warren. On this are inscribed these precious words: "Jesus Christ himself being the Chief Corner-stone, 1892."

At the Conference session of 1893 it was stated: "That the College of Liberal Arts, of Medicine, of Dentistry and Pharmacy, of Fine Arts and Music, and School of Law, have all been patronized above any previous year. The latter closed this, its first year, with fifty-three students and six graduates. The Iliff School of Theology also closes its first year, with six regular and five partial students enrolled. Rev. W. F. Steele, D. D., is professor

of Exegetical Theology, and Rev. John R. Van Pelt, Ph. D., professor of Systematic and Historical Theology.”

The magnificent building erected for this school is of red sandstone, chaste in style and massive in appearance. The interior is finished in solid oak, has spacious apartments, equipped with library, gymnasium, baths, dressing-rooms, and other modern conveniences for the comfort and efficiency of all. It is lighted by electricity, and heated by a radiating system that



THE ILIFF SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

changes the air in the entire building every twelve minutes. The recitation-rooms are adorned with pictures of the Holy Land, and engravings of the most noted pieces of sacred art, presented by Mrs. Warren. “The chapel is quiet in decoration, with Gothic roof.”

This building was thrown open for the students of the Iliff School of Theology in September, 1893. Soon after, when cold

weather set in, on account of the failure in the heating apparatus at University Hall, it extended its hospitality to the School of Liberal Arts, which occupied it until the Commencement, in June, 1894.

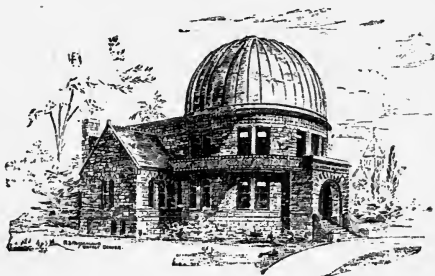
During the present administration, the Schools of Law and Theology have been organized, and post-graduate courses of study, leading to the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity, have been added.

The organization of the different schools is now complete, this being the first institution west of the Mississippi to embrace the full number of schools requisite to constitute a university.

#### THE CHAMBERLIN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.

"The observatory is the gift of H. B. Chamberlin, Esq., of Denver. It is situated on a plat of fourteen acres, four blocks from the college campus, at University Park. There are two stone buildings. The

smaller one of these, called the Students' Observatory, shelters a six-inch equatorial and a two-inch transit instrument. G. N. Saegmuller, of Washington, D. C., is the maker of these instruments; Brashear furnished

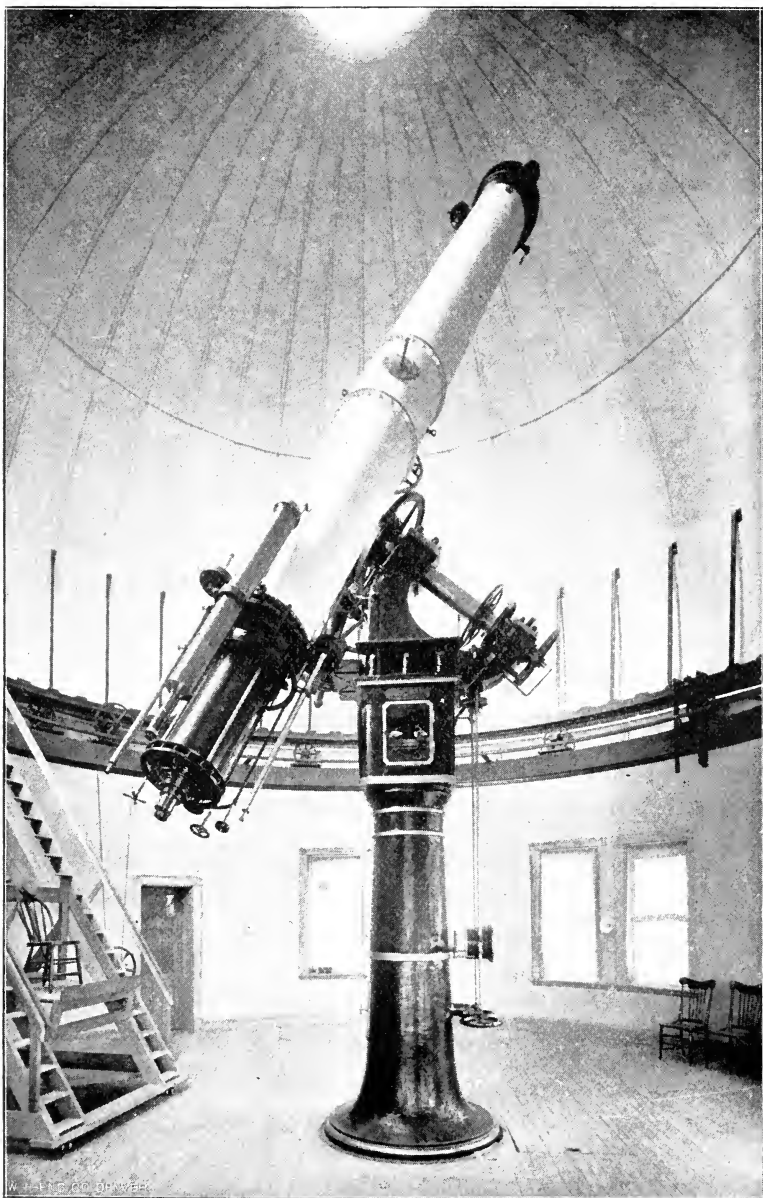


CHAMBERLIN OBSERVATORY.

the six-inch objective. The equatorial is provided with divided circles, driving clock, filar position micrometer, and helioscope.

"The main building is 65 feet long, and 50 feet deep. It is crowned by an iron dome, the apex of which is more than 50 feet from the ground. It is built of red sandstone. The principal rooms in the building are the dome-room, transit-room, library, computing-room, director's office, clock-room, janitor's quarters, sleeping room, photographic-room, and store-room.

"A twenty-inch equatorial refractor, nearly twenty-six feet in focal length, is the principal instrument. Its objective was figured by Clark, and is reversible for photography. The subsidiary in-



TELESCOPE AT CHAMBERLIN OBSERVATORY.

struments are a four-inch meridian circle, two standard clocks, a chronometer, a chronograph, a sextant, a solar transit, etc.”

The observatory building was constructed under the personal supervision of Dr. H. A. Howe, the astronomer of the institution, and is one of the very best of its class. The dome is 34 feet in diameter on the inside, and is the same in height from the floor to the apex.

The telescope is one of the most complete instruments in existence, though not the largest. The tube was made of steel one-twelfth of an inch in thickness. Its lenses cost \$11,000, and its mountings \$10,000 more. The total cost of observatory and telescope, including its equipments, was \$55,000. About four years was occupied on its construction. The instrument was placed in position in the summer of 1894 by Professor Howe and his assistants, and has since been revealing the glories of the heavens, as these can only be revealed in the clear atmosphere of Colorado.

This telescope ranks No. 12 in the whole world, and No. 6 in the United States. But already, by reason of the superior location of the observatory and the superior quality of the telescope, unusual distinction has been won, both in Europe and America, by the work done in the Chamberlin Observatory.

The possession of this observatory adds greatly to the educational advantages of the University of Denver, and should constitute an attractive force for the school through all the future.

Of the aims and purposes of the school, as a whole, its managers say:

“The university is thoroughly Christian, but in no wise sectarian, no denominational tests ever having been made as a condition of membership, either on its Board of Trustees or Faculty, or for a place in its ranks as a student. The aim is to produce a character at once rich in culture and strong in moral tone.”

## XIV.

### THE SECOND DECADE OF CONFERENCE HISTORY.

1873.—THIS session begins the second ten years' period of Conference history. There was marked advancement reported in all lines of work. The Conference assembled in Greeley, Colorado, at nine A. M., July 24, 1873, Bishop E. G. Andrews presiding. The Scripture lesson was read by the bishop, when B. F. Cray and John L. Dyer led in prayer.

There were nine transfers into the Conference, and four out of it. Six were admitted on trial; only two remain to this day. Several have died; most of the others have gone to other fields of labor. William M. Smith was announced withdrawn from the connection. The usual Conference business was finished on the fourth day, when the appointments were announced. Thirty-six workmen, including three "supplies," were sent forth as toilers in the Master's vineyard for the year. George Skene was ordained as a deacon; Henry C. Waltz and Charles W. Blodgett as elders.

A brother who had just returned from the tour of Europe and the Holy Land was, by resolution, required to stand before the Conference, and receive a reprimand from the bishop for leaving his work, though he held in his pocket at the same moment the resolution of his Quarterly Conference granting him a leave of absence. He was so thunderstruck by this unexpected move, that he never thought of defending himself; but stood, at the request of the chairman, with bowed head, awaiting his pleasure. The reproof of the bishop was in these words: "Brother, I am glad you have made the tour of Europe and of Palestine. I would do the same had I the time and means. I hope you will make good use of the knowledge you have gained!"

Rev. L. N. Wheeler, of the China Mission, a brother of Dr. B. A. Wheeler, of Denver, was a visitor at this session, and conducted the devotional exercises on the morning of the second day.

Dr. Crary, presiding elder, in his report, said: "California Street began with sixteen members. They have an increase of a hundred. A church has been built here, and paid for. Henry Skewes has built a church at Frankstown. A parsonage has been built at Fairplay. The church at Trinidad is about completed. John E. Rickards has explored the San Luis Valley."

Among many other good things, the Doctor said: "My brethren have seconded and stood by me. Not one has deserted or flinched, notwithstanding some have had to work at daily labor for their daily bread. In the time of the French Revolution the Girondists gave to the party of the masses the name, 'Sans Culotte,' which, translated, simply means, 'without breeches!' Some of my men have been almost ready to join that party, but have not faltered. On Thanksgiving-day I ate my dinner alone, on the banks of the Huerfano, and was thankful that I had any dinner. Once I slept under a wagon, twice in one, once in a granary, and once in a stable, many times on the ground, and many times on the floors of cabins. I have been hungry a few times, and have camped out alone in the valleys and on the mountains. I and my brethren have been together in perilous snowstorms on the mountains, but generally we had more good things than evil. For all we have all suffered, it is but fair to say we have had compensating joys, and many of our trials are the merest trifles. Altogether, we hungered some, thirsted a little, been cold, wet, weary, homesick, ragged, and a little demoralized; but an itinerant preacher eighteen hundred years ago gave an experience that makes ours almost ridiculous, which he puts down as 'light afflictions, which are but for a moment.' Our greatest need is 'to be cleansed from all sin,' and 'to be filled with the Spirit,' so as to reach all the people with the gospel. Brethren who want parsonages can build them; those who like good churches will find nothing to hinder them as to style. The field is clear. If brethren desire places where everything is finished, we advise them to travel eastward, at least a thousand miles, before they stop to look around them. The more space they can put between them and Colorado the better for both parties. The greatest power of the Church is in her piety. The baptism of the Holy Ghost would help us more than anything else. We need

men and money; but we need, more than all, power from on high in our souls and in our lives. We must be entirely consecrated to Christ in all things, and then we will reach our highest state of efficiency."

G. H. Adams, presiding elder, reported that, "G. W. Swift remained at Cheyenne only six months, when the year was filled out by G. A. England. James P. Dew, who supplied Big Thompson and Cache la Poudre, had a new chapel in process of erection at Fort Collins. C. E. Cline supplied Longmont in the

absence of its pastor. A brick church has been erected at Boulder. During the last three months W. L. Slutz has been on the ground at Caribou and Middle Boulder. The parsonage at Golden has been enlarged. T. C. Watkins supplied Black Hawk, after P. McNutt left for the Asbury University. W. D. Chase vacated Central, which has been filled by C. W. Blodgett. Nevada was supplied by S. W. Sears, of Pennsylvania, six months, when he left. J. A. Smith, of the Southern Illinois Conference, took his place.



L. J. HALL.

A month after his wife died, and we laid her to rest on the mountain side. They have built a small church, and have it nearly paid for. Georgetown was left vacant by T. R. Slicer, who went East, when R. L. Harford filled the pulpit. Four churches have been dedicated, one each at Greeley, Boulder, Nevada, and Longmont."

Those who came in by transfer were:

LINVILLE J. HALL, from the New England Conference. His record, briefly given, is as follows: He was born July 8, 1822, in Springfield, Massachusetts; converted at seventeen and twenty-seven; attended district, select, and high schools; also theological



school under Dr. Dempster, at Concord, N. H.; spent several years in different printing-offices and in traveling through South and Central Americas, and on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; was a "Forty-niner" in California; was licensed to preach in 1853; received into the New Hampshire Conference in 1858, and was stationed subsequently in Brookline, Petersborough, Lebanon, Nashua, Dover, Lawrence; was transferred to the New England Conference in 1867, and stationed at Saratoga Street, Boston, three years; Waltham, two years; was supernumerary one year, when (1873) he came to Colorado. His appointments here have been: Colorado City Circuit, two years; Central City, two years; Cheyenne, one year; Longmont, two years; Laramie City, three years; Cañon City, three years; Trinidad, one year. Was appointed chaplain of the Colorado Penitentiary in 1887, which he filled until July, 1896, when he resigned to accept the chaplaincy of the Connecticut State Prison, at Hartford. Brother Hall has made a successful record during his twenty-three years in Colorado.

CHARLES W. BLODGETT, from the Des Moines Conference. He was born in Evansville, Wisconsin, November 8, 1846; educated at Fulton, Illinois, and at Evanston; converted and licensed to preach in Des Moines, Iowa, and was afterward pastor of the same people. He entered the Union army when a mere boy, and was in some of the fiercest conflicts in Tennessee and Arkansas; entered the ministry in 1869, in the Des Moines Conference, Iowa; was transferred to Colorado in 1873, and stationed at Central City, Georgetown, each two years; then at Colorado Springs for nearly the same length of time. He was transferred back to his former Conference in 1878, where he has filled important stations; was also presiding elder one term. Transferred to the Illinois Conference, and stationed at First Church, Galesburg, one term of five years; then transferred to the Detroit Conference, and appointed to Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, Michigan. He was married to Miss Lou Rector, of Hamburg, Iowa, September 19, 1872. Brother Blodgett is a faithful dispenser of the word of life, and has been remarkably successful in revival work and in raising money for missions.

GEORGE A. ENGLAND, from the Wisconsin Conference. He served the Church in Cheyenne and Boulder, each two years; was then appointed chaplain in the United States army, in 1876; withdrew from the Church of his early choice in 1880, and joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, with which he is still identified.

JAMES P. DEW, from the Southern Illinois Conference.. He was first at Fort Collins, where he built a frame church; then at



C. W. BLODGETT.

North and West Denver, and Littleton, in 1873. In the second year this charge was called North and West Denver. While here he built the "St. James" Methodist Episcopal Church; was transferred to the Southern Illinois Conference in 1875, and subsequently to the St. Louis Conference. For several years he has filled appointments in and near to Kansas City, Missouri.

JOHN R. EADS, from the Illinois Conference. He was stationed at Pueblo; California Street, Denver, each one year; Law-

rence Street, Denver, three years; Golden, two years; was made a supernumerary in 1880, and was transferred to the Kentucky Conference in 1881. He died at Ashland, Ky., December 25, 1891. His remains were interred at Paris, Ill. He was a devout Christian, and an able minister of the New Testament, and his name is as "ointment poured forth" in all the Churches where he served. He was one of the original eighteen who came out from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the summer of 1865, and identified themselves with the mother Church in Kentucky. It took no small amount of courage to do this in the face of the difficulties that then existed. It was done, and God blessed them and the work they were called to do.

WM. C. ROBY, from the Des Moines Conference. He was sent to Frankstown, Plumb Creek, and Bijou, one year; South Park, two years; and Morrison, one year; located in 1877, and took a course of medicine in the University of Denver, when he entered upon its practice. He has since entered the missionary field as medical missionary in Mexico, where he will, no doubt, do his part in the evangelization of that land.

C. G. MILNES, from the Iowa Conference. Stationed at Longmont, two years; made a supernumerary in 1875, and transferred to the California Conference in 1876.

THOMAS M. DART, from the Upper Iowa Conference. At Laramie City, one year; located in 1874.

WILLIAM L. SLUTZ, from the Pittsburg Conference. Had supplied Caribou and Middle Boulder for three months, organizing that work. Then was at Black Hawk two years, where the church was repaired, and a five-room parsonage bought and paid



W. L. SLUTZ.

for; Golden, three years; Boulder, one year; and Colorado Springs, three years. Here he built a new church, costing \$15,000, on a central site. He was transferred to the East Ohio Conference in 1882, and is now a member of the Ohio Conference; has just completed a \$40,000 church at London, Ohio. He has been a very useful and successful minister of the gospel.

THE following brethren were admitted on trial:

George Skene. Supplied Idaho Springs the year previous; then at Greeley one year; was transferred to the Troy Conference in 1874.

Henry Skewes supplied Cherry Creek in 1872; then South Pueblo, two years, where he started a premature Church enterprise, which came to naught; was transferred, in 1875, to the Rocky Mountain Conference, now the Utah Mission.

John E. Rickards. His appointments were: Del Norte and Loma, Trinidad, Cañon City, each two years; withdrew from the Conference in 1879; has since been a lay member of the General Conference. He is now (1876) governor of Montana.

Hiram Hall was sent to Granite, one year; discontinued in 1874.

JOHN STOCKS was born in Yorkshire, England, February 5, 1829, and "ceased at once to work and live" in Black Hawk, Colorado, September 19, 1886; was converted at the age of thirteen; consciously called to the ministry four years after; came to this country in 1872, and found his way to the seat of the Conference in Georgetown July 25th of the same year. He was sent to the Arkansas River Circuit. This was a new field, without a society, Sunday-school, or church of any kind. The settlers were widely scattered. He preached as opportunity offered from the Kramer Settlement, below Pueblo, eastward for seventy-five miles, then southward on the Purgatory, and up that stream for forty-five miles. His horseback rides were long and lonely. The distance between the river and the creek was about thirty miles, without an inhabitant. On one occasion he was benighted, and had to lariat his pony out on the prairie. He then lay down in as safe a place as possible, and slept some. His morning slum-

bers were slightly disturbed by the howling of wolves near by. At another time he was bewildered on the banks of this same creek, and night came on before he could put himself right. He was compelled to tarry for the morning light. The air was chilly. He had only one match. Fortunately, on trial it ignited. The fire was started near the roots of a huge tree, the trunk of which was hollow. After a short time it caught fire, and burned brilliantly until morning. He had an abundance of light and heat within a certain radius, but outside of that was utter darkness, and in that darkness were wild beasts. He deemed it wise not to sleep too near the flaming torch, lest it should come crashing down upon him, and equally so not to occupy the space covered by the darkness. In the morning he found his way to some Mexican cabins, where he was hospitably received. Among other things they gave him "chilly" for breakfast. This was the warmest *chilly* he had ever tasted! Ofttimes he found his bed already occupied, and his right to sleep therein challenged, which produced a most thorough disgust, outraging all thoughts of cleanliness and decency. The stolid indifference of the settlers to religious things was a source of great trouble to him; but he held on with unwavering fidelity.

His preaching-places were small log schoolhouses, or the dwellings of the people. His congregations were small, often not more than half a dozen. A few only loved the Lord, and encouraged the preacher. These were always glad to see him come, which could not be said of others. One Sunday morning he preached at Las Animas City to just one young man, from John iii, 3, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." That certainly was appropriate! Sometimes he rode ninety miles without an opportunity to preach.

In 1873, he was sent to the Wet Mountain Valley. There were small settlements at Ula, Colfax, and on Texas Creek. There were ranches, a short distance from each other, for many miles along the center of the valley. Rosita, as a mining-camp, was just then attracting some attention. He preached the first sermon in that town. In this valley the wife of his youth and their babe died. After two years of labor and seventeen months of sorrow, he left the valley and the graves of his loved ones.

He was appointed, in 1875, to Florence and Hardscrabble. He had here six different places of preaching. There were three Sunday-schools; one each at Hardscrabble, Coal Creek, and Florence. Money for the support of the ministry was not abundant. His home was at "Uncle" Jesse Frazier's, and his board-bill was not heavy.

At the Conference session in 1876 he was sent to Arvada and Wheat Ridge Circuit. "This," he says, "was a misfit, as some did not want a preacher at all."

In 1877 he was ordained elder, and sent to Caribou. Its altitude is great; frequently higher than the clouds,—and its winters are a terror. During the two years of his sojourn on this mountain height, he secured a site for a church, laid the foundation, procured some timber, and paid for it all. His successor, by trade a carpenter, completed the work. The result was a little gem of a church. One Sabbath morning a gentleman, here, handed him \$53.05 for missions. He was not a wealthy man; only a common laborer.

At the Conference session of 1879 he was sent to Silver Plume. Here he found a church edifice, society, and Sunday-school. This was a new experience to him. For two years he enjoyed it.

In 1881 he was removed to Bald Mountain (Nevada), where he found a church, parsonage, and a flourishing Sunday-school.

His next charge was Evans and Big Thompson, and then Black Hawk. In 1886 he was returned, and soon after changed worlds.

When his case was brought up for admission to the Conference, some one inquired of his presiding elder, "Can he preach?" Dr. Crary quickly responded: "You ought to hear him, bishop. If any of our colleges should establish a professorship of Religion, Brother Stocks is the man that I would recommend for the position." This settled it. He was received. His history, here given, fitly illustrates much of the pioneer work done in the Territory.

JAMES F. COFFMAN was born January 26, 1842, in Mount Morris, Ogle County, Illinois. He was converted in 1858. Im-

mediately after, felt called to the work of the ministry, but did not yield until 1867, when he entered the high school at Eaton, Ohio, two years. Then taught one year, and entered the Ohio Wesleyan University in the fall of 1870, remaining three years, that he might the better prepare himself for the ministry. Licensed to preach in 1871. He was united in marriage with Miss Maggie, daughter of Rev. D. Summers, of Shelby, Ohio, in June, 1873. He first came to Colorado in 1863, and worked in the mines at Central City for a while, then on a farm near where Longmont now stands, until he returned East to attend school.

His appointments have been: Idaho Springs and Empire, 1873; Idaho Springs and Nevada, the next year; Longmont, two years; Laramie City; Breckenridge, where he built the parsonage and finished the church, and Gunnison, each three years; Durango, five years. During the third year there a fire swept over a large portion of the town, and consumed the church and parsonage. The most of his furniture, bedding, clothing, and library were also swept away.

He and his family lost nearly everything they had in the world. Through his almost herculean efforts, and the liberal contributions of people from far and near, a new parsonage and church were built before he left, in 1891. Drs. Cranston and Moore, with their brotherly sympathy, aided materially to help the enterprise through. Thence he was sent to Fort Collins in 1891-5, where he planned and began a new church-building during the closing year of his pastorate. In 1896 he was appointed to Cameron Memorial,



J. F. COFFMAN.

Denver. Brother Coffman is an instructive preacher, and a very useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1874.—THE twelfth session of the Conference was held in Colorado Springs, commencing July 30, 1874, with Bishop Thomas Bowman in the chair. The usual routine of Conference business was gone through with in four days. Six brethren were transferred into, and four out of the Conference; one was admitted on trial, and one located; thirty-seven received appointments, four of whom were supplies.

The transfers were:

B. F. Taylor, from the Upper Iowa Conference; sent to Golden that year, and made supernumerary in 1875; was transferred to the California Conference in 1876.

B. A. Washburn, from the Missouri Conference. At Trinidad one year; held a supernumerary relation four years, and then was transferred to the Southern California Conference in 1879.

William Full, from the Rock River Conference. Appointed to Fairplay and Alma, Caribou and Gold Hill, each one year; a supernumerary two years, and located in 1878.

R. L. Harford, from the Kansas Conference. Had supplied Georgetown for nearly two years; appointed to Central City and California Street, Denver, each a year; and then was transferred to the California Conference in 1876, where he did effective work for a few years, when he crossed to the "evergreen shore."

O. L. FISHER was born at Rock Grove, Stephenson County, Illinois, August 12, 1844; was raised on a farm, and began teaching school at sixteen. He graduated from the Bryant and Stratton's Commercial College, Chicago, in 1865; also from the Rock River Seminary a year later. He taught in the latter school as tutor from 1867 to 1870, and graduated from the Garrett Biblical Institute in June, 1871. His religious record is as follows: Was converted October 25, 1867; licensed to preach in January, 1869; had charge of Crystal Lake, Iowa, while at the institute; joined the Upper Iowa Conference in September, 1871; was transferred to Colorado, April, 1874, and stationed at Greeley, where he remained three years and four months;



Georgetown, three years; presiding elder of the Northern (now Greeley) District, one year; Denver, California Street; North Denver, each three years. While at California Street he enlarged both the church and parsonage, increased the membership, and doubled the Sunday-school in numbers. During this pastorship he organized Simpson Mission, built and paid for the first building, which stood on Ames Street; was a supernumerary in 1887; Evanston, Wyoming, in 1888-9; superintendent of City Missions, Denver, 1890. While in this work he established seven distinct missions, three of which erected church-buildings immediately after; namely, Grant Avenue, Greenwood, and Berkley. He frequently held seven services on the Sabbath. (See close of Chapter XII.)

He accepted the presidency of the Fort Worth University, Texas, in 1891, and was transferred to the Austin Conference, Texas, 1892. His work in Colorado brought him prominently before the Church, and favorably recommended him for his present important position, where he is succeeding admirably as teacher and manager of valuable school interests.



O. L. FISHER.

ROBERT H. RHODES was born, October 16, 1830, at Milltown, Crawford County, Indiana; converted, when but a boy, at a camp-meeting in Harrison County, Indiana; educated in the district school, and for a time at Asbury University; held license to exhort one year, before receiving a license as local preacher; was admitted into the Indiana Conference in 1859, without his knowledge or consent. When he went to his first charge, the Rono Circuit, he had never taken a text, or attempted to preach. On this work he remained two years, when he was

ordained deacon, on September 29, 1861. He was ordained elder by Bishop Simpson nine years later, on September 4, 1870. He filled acceptably various charges; resting three years in the meantime, until the spring of 1873, when, on account of failing health, he came to Colorado, and settled on a farm near Arvada, where he still resides. Has done "effective" work here two years, preaching at Caribou, Middle Boulder, Gold Hill, Sunshine and Jimtown, and at Silver Plume. He organized a class at Wheat

Ridge, January 11, 1874, with thirteen members. He and his family have been faithful attendants thereof for twenty-one years.

Brother Rhodes also started the Broomfield Class in 1888, turning it over to the Church authorities, at the end of two years, with twenty-five members and an average attendance in the Sunday-school of forty-five.

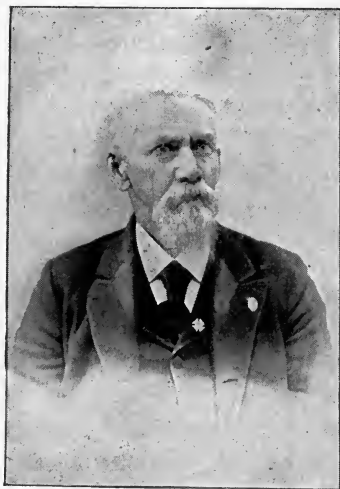
He preached also in Berkley for six months previous to the organization of the Church there. He assisted in organizing the society at Edgewater, in February, 1892, where he has been pastor much of the time since.

His present relation to the Conference is that of a supernumerary. His health for years has been frail, yet he preaches almost regularly on the Sabbath, and with much feeling and earnestness.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was admitted on trial; at Evans and Big Thompson one year, and was then transferred to Nebraska in 1875.

Cyrus A. Brooks was ordained deacon, and William Full elder, on August 2d, at this session.

1875.—AFTER an absence of six years, the Conference met, for the third time, in Central City, Colorado Territory, on July



R. H. RHODES.

29th, Bishop Gilbert Haven presiding. The opening exercises were conducted by the bishop, and the usual committees appointed, when the Conference proceeded to business, following the usual Disciplinary order. The Conference, by resolution, expressed "Heartfelt sympathy with our brother, J. L. Dyer, in his deep affliction—the loss of his son, Judge Elias F. Dyer, who fell at the hands of an assassin."

On August 1st, the bishop ordained the following named brethren: To deacons' orders, James F. Coffman, Thomas P. Cook, John E. Rickards, William C. Roby, and John Stocks; and as elders, O. L. Fisher and W. L. Slutz.

The adjournment occurred on the evening of the fourth day. The transfers were:

S. T. McIlheran, from the Illinois Conference. Appointed to West Las Animas; located the next year.

W. A. Dotson, from the Kentucky Conference. Pueblo, Georgetown, each one year; was then transferred to the South Kansas Conference, where he died at Newton, Kansas, March, 1879.

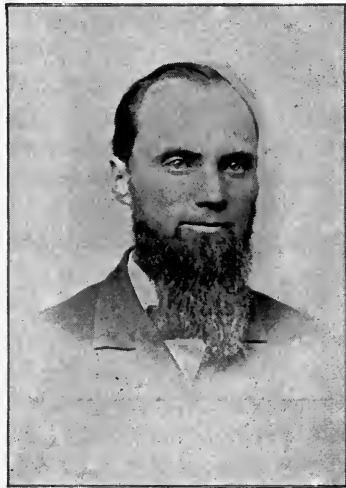
H. C. Langley, from the Northwest Indiana Conference. Castle Rock, two years; Rosita, one year; supernumerary, two years; was transferred to the Missouri Conference in 1880.

Albert Warren, from the St. Louis Conference. Rosita, two years; supernumerary, two years; Kiowa, Pagosa Springs, Animas City, one year each; and then located in 1881.

HOSEA L. BEARDSLEY, from the Missouri Conference, was born, June 11, 1838, in North Harpersfield, Delaware County, New York; attended the public schools and the New York Conference Seminary, at Charlotteville, in New York; next Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio; and finally the Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa; was converted at a camp-meeting, in 1858, near Berea, Ohio; called to preach soon after, but did not consent to do so until March, 1866.

In order to secure an education, he taught several terms in different public schools. The call for volunteers to defend the Government was sent forth, when he enlisted in the Union army, as private in Company I, 18th Iowa Infantry, and was sworn

into service on July 7, 1862. Soon after, was ordered to the front in the Department of Missouri. He was subsequently promoted to corporal and sergeant; was discharged for promotion, and appointed first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster of the 2d Arkansas Infantry on January 28, 1864, and served as such until October 19, 1864, when he resigned, and was honorably discharged from the service. He engaged again as teacher in the public schools at Keytesville, Missouri, and taught one term, when the call to preach became so imperative he yielded; was licensed to preach March 3, 1866, and admitted to the Missouri Conference the following week, before he had preached a single sermon.



H. L. BEARDSLEY.

For eight years he did pastoral work in that Conference. In October, 1874, he was transferred to the Colorado Conference, and stationed at Laramie City, Wyoming; then at Idaho Springs and Nevada, two years; Longmont, one year, where he secured lots on the corner of Third Avenue and Coffman Street, for a new church and parsonage; Longmont Circuit, one year; Platteville, two years, where, through his efforts, the means were raised to purchase

and fit up a comfortable parsonage; Arvada, three years—here he built a good, six-room parsonage almost with his own hands, he and his family raising all the funds therefor; Buena Vista, one year; Castle Rock, one year and a half, when he was changed by his presiding elder, with the consent of Bishop Warren, to the new town of Lamar, where he organized a society, and built a neat church; in 1887, Beckwourth Street, Denver, which name was changed by him to "Fifth Avenue," to correspond with the new name of the street; Morrison, in 1888, which he resigned

near the middle of the year, to accept a place with the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*. In 1889, he was appointed financial agent of the "Methodist Publishing Company," of Denver; the next year was made a supernumerary, and accepted the position of bookkeeper in the St. Louis Depository of the Western Book Concern. Feeling that his work was in the pastorate, he returned, and was appointed to Erie and Louisville, 1891-2. Here he finished and paid for the church at the latter place. Built a neat church at "Pleasant View," which was dedicated by Dr. Hyde, in February, 1893, free of debt. Platteville in 1893-4-5, where revivals have attended his labors; Simpson Church, Denver, in 1896. Has been Conference secretary for eleven successive years. He is a faithful pastor and an earnest gospel preacher.

ONLY two were admitted on trial: John L. Moffitt, who had been junior preacher on the Erie and Platteville work the year previous; appointments, Granite, Lake City, Morrison, each one year; located in 1878.

Thomas P. Cook was born May 18, 1848, in Middletown, Washington County, Pennsylvania; converted in 1870, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa; came to Colorado in April, 1872; licensed to preach in Greeley, 1874; served Cherry Creek Circuit, under the elder, one year; admitted on trial in 1875, and sent to the San Luis Valley, and in 1876 to Silverton.

In May, 1877, the presiding elder sent him to the San Juan Valley, on a reconnoitering expedition. At Parrot City he had two hundred and fifty out to hear the gospel; at Animas City, fifteen; at Judge Pinkerton's house, near the head of the valley, about twenty; Monument, 1877; Fairplay and Alma, 1878; Gothic and Rock Creek, 1881. This was a hard year. He spent the winter at Alamosa, preaching there for two months; Crested Butte and Ohio Creek, 1882; was a supernumerary in 1883, and then at Florence and Coal Creek, 1884-6. At both Rockvale and Florence he began Church enterprises, which were finished by his successor; Bald Mountain, two years; Windsor, two years; Colorado City and Roswell, three years; Buena Vista, 1894; Ouray, 1895-6. He was ordained deacon, in 1875, at Central

City, and elder at Pueblo in 1879. He is one of the most faithful pastors of the Conference, and always leaves a creditable record behind him.

A few additional items from Presiding Elder Adams's report will appropriately close the year's record:

"The grasshopper plague swept the country, destroying everything. The roof of the church at Cheyenne was blown from the building, and carried out on the prairie. The disheartened people rallied, replaced the roof, and repaired the church generally. Boulder church renovated and reseated. William Full has supplied Caribou and Gold Hill. Organized a fine society at Sunshine. W. L. Slutz bought and paid for a good parsonage at Black Hawk. Deaths: Little Ethel, daughter of Brother and Sister O. L. Fisher, of Greeley; and Melville Cox Beardsley, in the opening years of his manhood, is cut off."

1876.—THE Conference met in Boulder, for the first time, July 12th, William L. Harris, bishop. The opening exercises were conducted by him. B. F. Crary, presiding elder, gave an interesting review of the preceding four years on the Southern District, from which I quote: "All the preachers have been faithful and true. J. L. Moffitt, appointed to Granite, was a mistake. He resigned, taught school, preached all he could, and paid his own way. B. T. Vincent started well and hopefully at Colorado Springs, and then was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference. C. A. Brooks supplied his place. Society organized in South Pueblo. Church property unfinished. Rosita has built a new church. Church partly built and society organized at Del Norte. Pastor at West Las Animas has built a church worth \$1,800. J. E. Rickards's health has failed."

Cyrus A. Brooks was ordained elder, and Samuel T. McIlherin deacon. He located. Five were transferred from the Conference, and four into it.

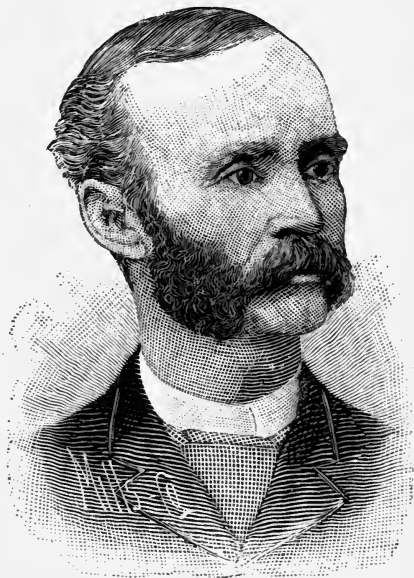
Those received by transfer were:

J. A. Edmonson, from the Tennessee Conference. At Laramie City, Central City, Pueblo, each two years; made a supernumerary in 1881, and transferred to the Central Tennessee Conference in 1887. Is now a member of the Central Illinois Con-

ference, and doing excellent work for the Master. While here, he was a faithful workman.

B. A. P. Eaton, from the Southern Illinois Conference. At Monument one year, and made a supernumerary in 1877; Fort Collins Circuit in 1887; located in 1888.

HENRY C. KING was born in McDonough County, Illinois, in 1844, and graduated from Hedding College in 1870. He at once became a pastor in the Central Illinois Conference. To recuperate his health he came to Colorado in 1876, and was appointed to Cañon City. The next year was made supernumerary. His health so recovered in 1879 that he was made effective, and sent to the new town of Cleora. The town failed, and he returned to his old Conference, supplying a Church in Rock Island for about six months. Again his health failed, and he returned to Colorado, and took a supernumerary relation, in which he remained until he exchanged worlds. After retiring, he opened a realty office in Denver. Feeble as he was, he could not well let go his life-work. He began preaching in the Ashland school-building, and soon after reorganized a Church of eleven members in North Denver. He served



HENRY C. KING.

them faithfully for two years, attending the Sunday-school and preaching once each Sabbath. In 1882 they completed a neat brick church, valued at \$8,000, on the corner of Sixteenth and Boulder Streets. This building was sold in 1890, and "Beautiful Asbury" erected on the corner of Fay and Bert Streets, largely through his influence. He remained true to God and the Church

to the very last. Just before his departure the writer visited him, and found him in great peace, enjoying the comfort of the Holy Ghost. He died June 30, 1895, leaving a wife, two adopted children, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. His body was taken to Asbury Church, where several brethren bore testimony to his worth; among them were Bishop H. W. Warren and Jacob M. Murphy, who was his room-mate when in college. Brother King was a man of fine ability, and sustained an irreproachable character to the end.

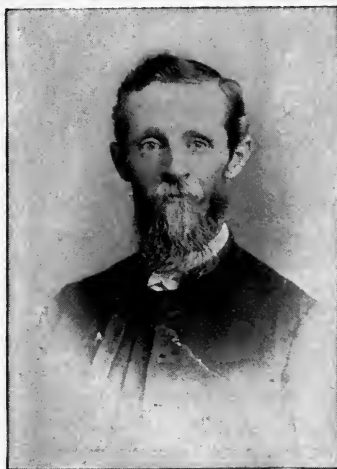
JAMES HARVEY SCOTT was born, July 14, 1844, in Guernsey County, Ohio. Attended district schools, also the Muskingum and Mt. Union Colleges; converted first, December 25, 1860; relapsed; reclaimed, December 24, 1865; licensed to preach in February, 1867; joined the Missouri Conference, March, 1869, where he worked for six years, preaching at Novelty, Sand Hill, Clark City, and Athens; moved to Colorado in 1875, and supplied Del Norte. Here he inclosed a stone church, 40 x 60; was removed at the end of the second year. He supported himself and family largely while here by keeping boarders; then at Castle Rock Circuit one year; Rosita, two years, where he began with eight members, and closed with eighty; remodeled the church, which had been built through the efforts of Rev. A. Warren; next at Gunnison, 1880. Here he secured and moved into a tent on Saturday night, and preached the next day in the unfinished land-office building. During the evening services the people had to raise their umbrellas and put on their hats to shield them from the falling rain.

When Presiding Elder Cranston came to hold his first quarterly-meeting, they used an unfinished store-building without windows. A heavy snow fell the night before. The people sat in the windows to get the sun and keep warm, changing off occasionally with one another. He built a house here to shelter his family, and also a church to provide for his congregation. Had a good revival. Here the greatest sorrow of his life came to him, in the death of his only daughter, Jessie. She was a devout Christian, an accomplished organist, and a great help to her father in his work, though less than fourteen years of age.



Next at Ouray in 1882. During that year he organized a class at Telluride. The next year he was sent to the latter place; was made a supernumerary in 1884, that he might enter the evangelistic field. He located in 1893; readmitted in 1895.

JOHN COLLINS was born in Rouse Lench, Worcestershire, England, May 21, 1848; converted in 1859 in a Primitive Methodist cottage meeting at Bradley Green; united with the Wesleyans at Walsall, 1867; licensed to preach at Bradford, Yorkshire, 1869; came to the United States in 1871; united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, first in Salt Lake City, Utah; removed thence to Union Church, St. Louis; then to Lawrence Street, Denver, in 1872; next to Longmont, in 1873, where he was licensed to exhort by Rev. C. E. Cline, the pastor, and licensed as a local preacher the same year by the District Conference.



JOHN COLLINS.

For a time he supplied Current Creek Circuit, near Cañon City; also Granite and California Gulch the same year. In 1874 he supplied Cañon City Circuit; 1875, Cucharas; was admitted on trial, and appointed to Erie and Valmont in 1876; Platteville and Fort Lupton in 1877. The next three years he was at Morrison; then at Castle Rock, three years; Como, one year; Morrison, second term of three years; was sent to Rocky Ford in 1888, where he remained a month only, when, for good reasons, he moved to South Denver, where he has organized societies and built churches at the following points: Valverde, Flemings Grove, Myrtle Hill, and Rosedale. His mother, who had kept house for him, died December 15, 1889. He was married to Miss Ella Bennett, of St. Louis, Mo., December 4, 1891. She has been a great help to him in his work. Brother Collins is a close student, an earnest preacher, a careful

manager of the interests committed to his care, and commands the respect of all who know him.

1877.—THE fifteenth session of the Colorado Conference was held in the city of Denver, from August 1st to 5th. This was the fourth session held here. Bishop Isaac W. Wiley presided. The Conference closed its business on the evening of the fifth day. The accessions were, by transfer:

D. H. Snowden, from the South Kansas Conference. Had supplied Georgetown a part of the previous year; located at this session.

J. Pope Treloar, from the United Methodist Free Church of England. Appointments: Nevada, Trinidad, Del Norte, one year each; located in 1880.

E. C. Dodge, from the Genesee Conference. Had supplied Evans and Lupton the year before; appointed to Black Hawk, two years; Cañon City, three years; Pueblo, one year; then was transferred back to his old Conference in 1883; was a member of the General Conference in 1896. He was a promising young man, and rendered very efficient service while he remained with us.

Brabazon B. Dundass, from the Methodist Church of Canada, was born, October 20, 1843, in Druin, Ireland; came with his parents to Canada when four years of age, and to Colorado in 1876; was married to Mary Emma Dann, August 7, 1877, in Denver, Colorado; filled Lake City, Bald Mountain, Castle Rock, each one year; Platteville, two years. By great personal effort, with the help of a loan from the Church Extension Society, he succeeded in building a neat frame church there. He was transferred to the Kansas Conference in 1883, where he remained until his health failed, when he returned to Colorado. He died in Denver, February 14, 1885, rejoicing in the Savior of sinners. Brother Dundass was a conscientious preacher of the gospel, a faithful pastor, and left his family the heritage of an untarnished Christian character.

Joseph A. Smith and five Mexican brethren were admitted on trial. The latter were engaged in the Spanish work in New Mexico, under Superintendent Harwood.

Brother Smith was born in Hazel Green, Wisconsin, January 25, 1850; was converted at Pleasant Hill, Illinois, in 1859; felt called to preach at once; licensed to preach, July 30, 1870, on his home charge.

He graduated from the Illinois Wesleyan University, June 17, 1875; joined the Illinois Conference in September following; and was sent to Alexandria; took a located relation at the next session on account of his failing health.

He served the following charges in Colorado: West Las Animas, Castle Rock, Rosita, Black Hawk; Aspen, 1885-6, where he organized a class with fifteen members, and a Sunday-school with thirty-nine, and built a church, valued at \$4,500; then he was at Trinidad, 1887-8; Florence Circuit, 1889; La Junta, 1890-91-92; was made a supernumerary in 1893; went East soon after and rested for a while, when he again entered the pastorate; was transferred to the Central Illinois Conference in 1896. He did a good work in Colorado, and helped to lay substantial foundations upon which to rear the living Church.

The society at Aspen has had the following pastors: J. A. Smith, J. R. Rader, A. B. Bruner, R. A. Carnine, R. M. Barns, G. P. Avery, for a short time in 1893; then C. Bradford, who remained the next year; J. H. Gill, 1895-96.

A class was organized in Ouray by C. L. Libby, June 10, 1877, with E. T. Alling, Henry Ripley, and four others as members. He began building a church, which was completed by his successor, who also built a small parsonage, almost with his own hands and money. The church was dedicated by Dr. Cranston, presiding elder, in 1878. The Sunday-school was organized in 1878. The pastors to date have been: C. L. Libby, W. H. Greene, L. Wright, J. H. Scott, A. D. Fairbanks, L. C. Aley, J. Shawber, E. G. Harbert, J. G. Eberhart, J. B. Long, N. Bascom, E. G. Alderman, H. A. Carpenter, J. Moore; T. P. Cook, 1895-6. Thus closes another year of successful work in this portion of the Master's vineyard.

1878.—THE Conference convened in Golden City for the second time in its history, on August 7th; Bishop Matthew Simpson presided. The appointments were read on Sabbath

evening, closing a very enjoyable session. On Monday the members and visitors of the Conference, with many of their hosts, were honored with a free excursion to Georgetown, through the courtesy of the Hon. W. A. H. Loveland, president of the Colorado Central Railroad. This added greatly to the interest in the Conference associations, and marked the session as one memorable in the history of all.

Dr. Crary, in his report as presiding elder, addressing the chair, said: "You, bishop, presided at this Conference ten years ago in Golden. Then you sent out ten men to work. This past year forty-five men have been in the field. Of the ten you appointed then, only three remain on the ground to-day. We are in the regular accession and succession and procession. There is only *one* appointment in the Conference that is really able to be self-sustaining, and hence only one comfortable spot, and none of us expect to revel in that!

"Church built and paid for at Evans; parsonage built and paid for in Laramie City; church lot bought in Rawlins, and \$200 raised toward a church-building; church at Fort Collins moved from a wet, swampy location to an eligible site, ceiled, painted, and paid for; the churches of Silver Plume and Georgetown enlarged and improved."

From Presiding Elder J. H. Merritt's report I make some selections: "I have traveled 6,801 miles; preached 156 times; dedicated two churches; baptized two adults and ten children. Lawrence Street has improved her church property; J. K. Miller filled out the year at California Street, after H. Sinsabaugh resigned; St. James has a new parsonage, paid for. The pastor, F. C. Millington, in conjunction with Ex-Governor Evans, has arranged for the completion of Evans Memorial Church. When done, it will be deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church. J. A. Stayt filled out the year at Colorado Springs, after C. W. Blodgett's transfer; chapel sold, and proceeds put into a parsonage property; a good revival at Pueblo; church-building improved; debt removed from the church at Cañon City; T. A. Uzzell had a revival at Alma, and organized a society of twenty members; purchased and fitted up a church property, which was dedicated, April 14, 1878, free of debt. The town of Leadville has developed

suddenly and wonderfully. Thomas and his brother, Charles S. Uzzell, went early to the place, organized a society, and took steps to build a church. Thomas returned to his charge, while Charles remained in Leadville. The church was built, and dedicated July 7, 1878, without debt; parsonage built in Lake City, and a church in Ouray. A temperance revival has swept over the State, and done great good."

Those received by transfer were:

J. H. Stayt, from the Des Moines Conference, who filled Colorado Springs for nearly two years; was made a supernumerary in 1879, and transferred to the Kansas Conference in 1880.

H. S. Hilton, from the Minnesota Conference, supplied Trinidad in 1877; St. James and Evans Memorial, Denver, two years; Georgetown and Cheyenne, each one year; was transferred to the Baltimore Conference in 1883. Brother Hilton made a creditable record as a studious, able minister, and a faithful pastor.

W. H. Gillam, from the Arkansas Conference; had supplied Arvada the previous year; at Cheyenne, two years; Boulder, three years; Golden, one year; was transferred to the Southwest Kansas Conference in 1884.

Brother Gillam was one among the brethren in the South who felt called to leave his Southern associations for conscience' sake. He did so, and did valiant service in Arkansas helping to organize and build up the old mother Church. In this work he traversed every part of the State, and was known there as the "Arkansas Traveler." He was a good preacher, and left a precious record behind.

THOMAS A. UZZELL, from the Southeast Indiana Conference, was born, March 12, 1848, at Lebanon, Illinois; converted in February, 1869; entered Asbury University two years after, graduating therefrom in 1877, with the degree of A. M. A portion of the time while in school he worked at a barber's chair to help meet his expenses; was licensed to preach in 1872, and ordained Deacon by Bishop Simpson in 1876.

He came to Colorado in October, 1877, and was sent to Fairplay and Alma. In January, 1878, he organized the society in Leadville, which was the first of any denomination in that town.

He, assisted by his brother Charles, raised the money and let the contract for a house of worship. Thomas returned to his work in Fairplay, and Charles remained in Leadville to look after the society and superintend building the church, which was dedicated, July 4, 1878, by J. H. Merritt, presiding elder. At the next session of the Conference Thomas was sent to Leadville.



THOMAS A. UZZELL.

Before his pastorate of three years closed, the church had been enlarged three times to accommodate the congregation which thronged his ministry.

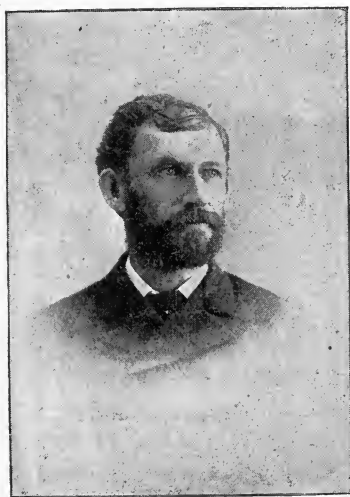
He began by standing on the sidewalk,—before they had any,—and inviting every passer-by to step in and hear him preach. December 9, 1879, he was married to Miss Henrietta Vincent, of

Des Moines, Iowa. His appointments have since been: First Church, Pueblo, 1881; North Denver, 1882; Georgetown, 1883-4. On account of the railroad, which had just been extended to Silver Plume, crossing the lots in the rear of the church, the building was moved to a more central location, and refitted. He took a located relation in 1885, and became the pastor of the "People's Tabernacle," Denver. He has since united with the Congregational Church, and has given himself wholly to this work, where he yet remains. Since entering on this very important work, he has removed all indebtedness from the property, and enlarged it frequently to meet the demands of the congregation. His main business here is to preach the gospel and to save souls. An average of about five hundred a year are led to the Savior. His membership stands at nearly three hundred, and the Sunday-school at six hundred all the time. Among the auxiliary helps employed in this charge are the Christian Endeavor, which is the largest in the State; a free dispensary, where five thousand poor people are treated gratuitously each year; a Helping Hand Institute, finding employment for an average of two thousand per year, and several other auxiliaries not necessary to mention. His zeal in the ministry knows no abatement. At a recent election he was made one of the Board of City Supervisors.

WILLIAM H. GREENE, from the Nebraska Conference, was born in Montville, Geauga County, Ohio, November 27, 1845. Enlisted in the Union army, July 23, 1863, and was mustered out in April, 1866. Spent one year at Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1873. He then supplied Fowler and Earl Park Circuit in the Northwest Indiana Conference one year. His appointments here have been: Rawlins, Wyoming, one year; Ouray, three years, where he completed the church, and built a small parsonage also, almost wholly from his own pocket and by his own hands; Golden, two years,—here he enlarged the church, raised the roof, and gave it more comely proportions; then at Platteville, two years. On account of failing health he was superannuated in 1885, and a superannuate in 1890. He now resides in Texas.

When "active" he was an able defender of the "Word" of life, and an entertaining pastor of the Church. He builded wisely and well, and his work abides.

JOHN F. WHITE was admitted on trial. He was born in Cornwall, England, December 19, 1849, and born again February 8, 1863, when he joined the Wesleyan Church. He came to New York City, and joined the Thirtieth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where he was licensed to exhort. Reached Colorado in 1876, and handed his letter into the Church at Colorado Springs.



JOHN F. WHITE.

They renewed his exhorter's license. Thence he went to Silver Plume, where he preached for one year, under the presiding elder; was returned the second year; ordained deacon by Bishop Simpson at this session. The following is a list of his other appointments: Idaho Springs, three years, where, in 1880, he built the church; Longmont, two years, where he built another beautiful church edifice; then at Golden, three years; Loveland, one year, in which place he built another model church and started a parsonage; Black Hawk, two

years; and Arvada, three years, where he completed the church, begun by the writer. He was made a supernumerary in 1893, and continues to reside at Arvada. Brother White has done excellent work for the Master, as the foregoing brief record shows. He has been an active and very able advocate of prohibition.

ON the third day of this Conference session a very modest-appearing brother was introduced. A good lady was heard to remark, "He is decidedly handsome!" The Rev. Earl Cranston, D. D., has not changed much since! It was he who took Dr.



Crary's "plum"—the Lawrence Street Church—at the close of the session.

William Full, George Wallace, and John L. Moffitt were given certificates of location.

1879.—THE Conference met, for the second time, in Pueblo, August 7th, Bishop Stephen M. Merrill presiding. He conducted the opening devotional exercises. Twenty-seven answered to their names at the roll-call. The usual routine of Conference business was finished at noon on Monday following, when the appointments were announced, and this little band of consecrated workers separated to do the work for the Master assigned them.

Nine were transferred into the Conference at this session, and one out of it. Four were received on trial.

I quote from the reports of the presiding elders, as follows: Dr. B. F. Crary, of the Northern District, said:

"O. L. Fisher has added to the church-building in Georgetown; N. W. Chase supplied the place of E. C. Dodge, who left Black Hawk at the end of the third quarter; at Salina, on the Gold Hill Circuit, a house, formerly a saloon, has been bought for a church; L. J. Hall has built an excellent parsonage in Longmont; A. N. Field has built a brick church at Fort Lupton; John Stocks, at Caribou, has built and paid for the foundation of a church—material is on the ground for inclosing it, and \$35 in the treasury; W. H. Gillam has built a brick parsonage in Cheyenne, costing \$1,200; J. F. Coffman has improved church and parsonage in Laramie City; A. W. Coffman, at Rawlins, has built and paid for a neat parsonage. An Educational Convention was held in Denver, June 10th, for the inauguration of a practical scheme for the resuscitation of our Colorado Seminary.

"A Church that has no revivals is a purely human organization, and not God's Church. The only infallible test of a true Church is her power of saving souls. The true Apostolic, Holy Catholic Church, in which we believe and to which we belong, is a soul-saving Church, a revival Church, a Church that believes in the gift of the Holy Ghost, and receives it. The Church can

not be built up without the pentecostal enduement of power. Artificial vines do not produce fruit. Said Jesus: 'Abide in me, and I in you.' 'He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'"

J. H. Merritt, of the Southern District, reported:

"J. E. Rickards resigned. He wrote me from St. Louis, January 21st. E. L. Allen, from the New Jersey Conference, has filled the vacancy, and completed a Gothic brick church, costing \$3,500, at Cañon City. The church at Leadville has been enlarged, so as to accommodate six hundred people. W. H. Greene has removed the church indebtedness at Ouray, which was dedicated July 13, 1879. He has built and paid for a neat parsonage. West Las Animas church is plastered, and the grounds fenced. J. H. Scott has organized a class of fifteen members at Silver City."

E. E. Edwards, a transfer from the St. Louis Conference, appointed president of the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins, was present, and received a hearty welcome from his Conference colleagues. He was made a supernumerary in 1883, and afterward transferred to the Minnesota Conference in 1887. He was a scholarly and able minister of Christ, and made an excellent record as president of the school in Fort Collins. Since leaving us, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he has united with the Episcopal Church.

C. L. Libby, from the Minnesota Conference, supplied Ouray in 1877; subsequently Arvada, Wheat Ridge and Argo, Rosita, Georgetown, Laramie City, each one year. He was transferred to the Maine Conference in 1884; retransferred to Colorado five years later, and sent to work in the Utah Mission; made a supernumerary in 1890, and transferred to the Southern California Conference, 1893. He is a clear thinker, and expresses himself understandingly. He has left a good record.

Matthew Evans, from the Wisconsin Conference; at Central City, three years, when he was transferred back to his former Conference, in 1882. He was a thoroughly consecrated man of God, of one work, and in ability above the average. The Conference expressed in flattering words its appreciation of his work and its reluctance in parting with him.

Edward L. Allen, from the New Jersey Conference, supplied Cañon City six months in 1878; Fort Collins, two years; missionary in 1881; was transferred to the Missouri Conference in 1883. He was an impressive speaker, and an untiring minister of the gospel.

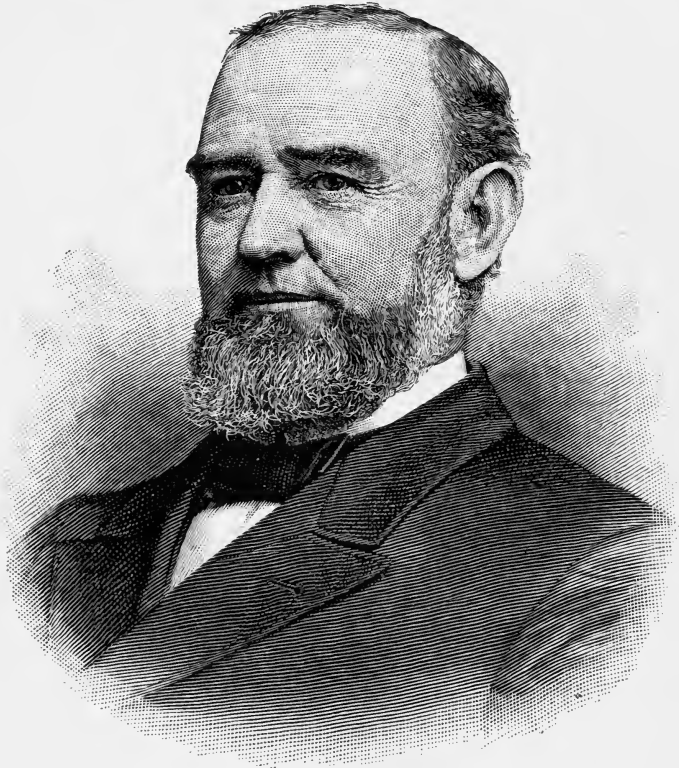
William C. B. Lewis, from the Troy Conference, served Silver Cliff two years; withdrew from the connection in 1880.

A. N. Field, from the St. Louis Conference; his appointments here were: Erie and Valmont; Platteville and Fort Lupton; Loveland, Bald Mountain, each one year; was transferred to the Southern California Conference in 1881. He did a good work, and among other aggressive achievements was the erection of a small brick church at Fort Lupton.

EARL CRANSTON, D. D., another transfer, was born at Athens, Ohio, June 27, 1840, and is an alumnus of the Ohio University. He received also the degree of Doctor of Divinity from both the Allegheny and Cornell Colleges in 1883. When the war broke out in 1861, he was a senior at the head of his class. Leaving the honors of a formal graduation, he enlisted as a private among the very first, under the call for ninety-day troops. He responded also promptly to the President's call for three years, and was appointed first lieutenant of his company. When the 2d West Virginia Cavalry was organized, he accepted the appointment of adjutant of the first battalion. During the following year the battalion organization of cavalry regiments was abandoned by the Government, and as the death of his father-in-law at this time left an entangled estate, which demanded his attention for the ensuing two years, he left the service. In 1864, he recruited a new company, and was assigned to the 60th Ohio. He shared in General Grant's first campaign with the Army of the Potomac, until the investment of Petersburg, when he was sent home almost a physical wreck, but under excellent medical treatment and the best nursing he was finally restored to strength and usefulness.

His career in the ministry began when he was twenty-seven years of age. From early college days he had felt the imperative call of God to this work, but he had resisted, until for years,

indeed, he had not accounted himself as in Church relationship. In 1866, he was led through a remarkable experience to finally and fully surrender himself to God and the ministry, and reunited with the Church on probation, not being willing to build upon the abandoned foundation of the years gone by; and was,



EARL CRANSTON.

at the expiration of six months, licensed to preach. He continued in business, and preached whenever opportunity offered until in May following, when Presiding Elder (now Bishop) Merrill employed him to fill a vacancy in Whitney Chapel, Marietta, Ohio. At the ensuing session of the Ohio Conference he was admitted on trial, and appointed to Bigelow Chapel, Portsmouth. A great

revival blessed his ministry there, and two years later he was sent to Town Street Charge, Columbus.

In October, 1861, he married, at Middleport, Ohio, Miss Martha Behan, a graduate of the Western Female Seminary. The failure of her health, while stationed at Columbus in 1870, was the premonition of her death, which occurred eighteen months later, during which time her husband, hoping to lengthen her life, made, under medical counsel, two transfers—first from Ohio to Minnesota, and then from the Minnesota to the Illinois Conference. He built the Grace Church, at Jacksonville, Illinois, and subsequently served Trinity Church, Evansville, and Trinity, Cincinnati. He was married again, in 1874, to Miss Laura Martin, on account of whose severe illness, four years later, he was compelled to seek the tonic air of Colorado. Bishop Simpson appointed him to the Lawrence Street Charge, where his pastorate was signally successful.

He at once interested himself in the educational work of the Conference, and to no one is due more than to Dr. Cranston the credit of the foundation work of the University of Denver. He solicited the funds that paid for the first buildings, and supervised and financed the enterprise until it was thoroughly established. He accepted the presiding eldership at a sacrifice of a thousand dollars a year to himself, after two years in Lawrence Street, in order that Dr. Moore, the president of the new and struggling institution, might have the aid of the Lawrence Street pulpit and salary, in carrying the burden he had assumed as president, without salary or endowment. In addition to this, Dr. Cranston managed to get more than two thousand dollars of his own slender means into the institution.

At the General Conference of 1884 he was elected Publishing Agent of the Western Book Concern, in which capacity he has seen a debt of \$400,000 disappear, and the dividends to the Annual Conferences for disabled preachers increased from \$15,000 to \$120,000. The General Conference of 1892 honored him with an almost unanimous re-election. His own Annual Conference has four times elected him to represent it in the General Conference. In the pastorate he neglected no feature or detail of

the work. Debts were paid, new buildings projected and completed, benevolences largely increased, *Advocate* lists doubled or trebled, pastoral visiting faithfully attended to, especially among the poor, and in every charge, save one, he had revivals—some of which were long continued and of great power. He was elected bishop by the General Conference of 1896. The Colorado Conference feels highly honored in the associations had with this servant of God, as well as in the record he has made. "*Deus vobiscum.*"

THE following brethren were admitted on trial, namely: George B. Armstrong. At Monument, two years; Pitkin, Alpine, and St. Elmo, each one year; discontinued in 1882.

Nelson W. Chase. Rawlins, Wyoming, two years; discontinued in 1881; readmitted on trial in 1884, and into full connection, 1886; missionary in New Mexico; located in 1895.

On the second day of the Conference session, David H. Moore, D. D., from Cincinnati, Ohio, was introduced, and was cordially welcomed as the prospective president of the reorganized Colorado Seminary, as a true soldier of Christ. He captured all hearts by his captivating manners and eloquent addresses, and created high ideals as to his future in the Conference. No man has more fully met these expectations.

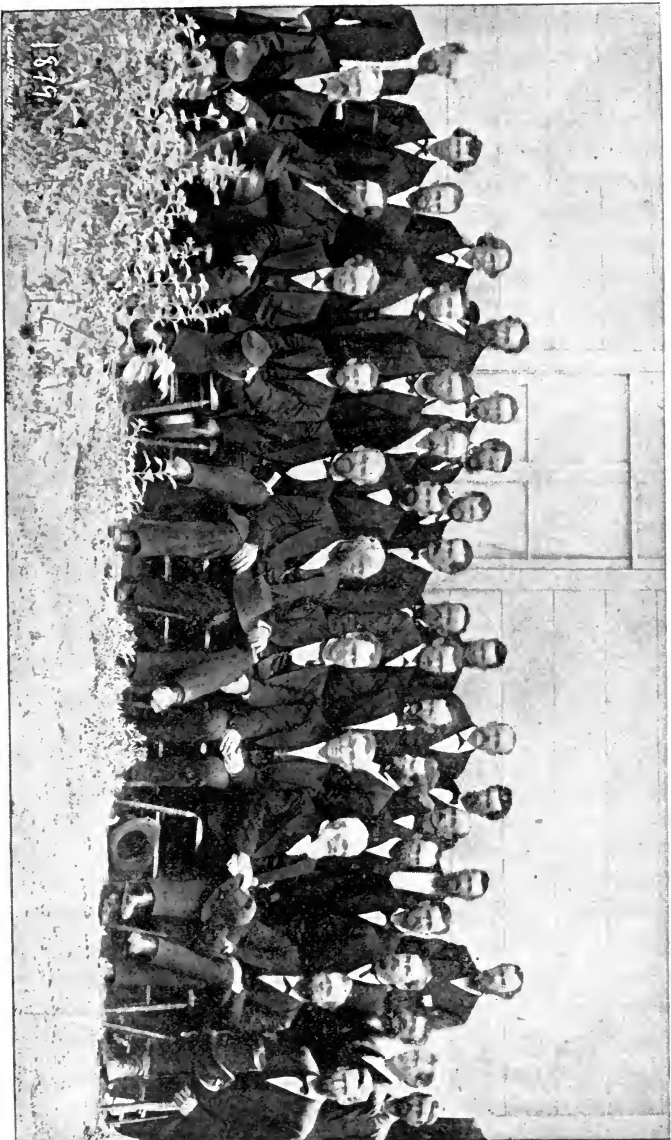
THE picture on the opposite page, taken at Pueblo in 1879, has several faces in the group, which do not appear elsewhere in this book. These I will name, so the reader can know them.

In the front row, at the left, sits John Stocks; 3d, W. F. Warren; 5th, J. A. Edmondson; 7th, Bishop Merrill; 10th, A. Warren; 11th, A. N. Field.

In the middle row, at the left, stands J. H. Scott; 2d, G. B. Armstrong; 3d, T. P. Cook; 6th, H. S. Hilton; 12th, J. A. Smith; 13th, W. H. Gillam; 17th, E. L. Allen; 18th, M. Evans; 19th, C. L. Libby.

In the back row, on the left, stands E. E. Edwards, D. D.; 2d, J. R. Eads; 3d, B. B. Dundass; 4th, W. H. Greene; 6th, J. A. Stayt; 7th, J. P. Traloar.

Six of the above have crossed over to the other shore, and



COLORADO CONFERENCE GROUP OF 1879.

are enjoying the fruits of their labors here below. Several others are nearing the dead-line of sixty, or have passed it, and will soon join those who have been redeemed through the blood of the Lamb.

1880.—AFTER an absence of eight years, the Conference assembled, for the second time, in Georgetown, on August 12th, Bishop Henry W. Warren presiding. At this, his first, Conference he gave eminent satisfaction.

Four brethren came to us by transfer, seven were received on trial, and seven went out from us into other Churches and Conferences.

John H. Merritt's report of the Southern District was as follows:

"The efforts of Lawrence Street members are largely devoted to the re-establishment of the Colorado Seminary; F. C. Millington has built a neat parsonage at California Street, fenced the lots, and painted the church; a Sabbath-school and society organized in North Denver; St. James Church has been repainted and kalsomined; parsonage improved at Castle Rock; church sold at Frankstown—the trustees have \$250 clear; Albert Warren started encouragingly at Kiowa and Bijou Basin; season dry; his congregations scattered for the mountains. I gave the pastor a roving commission to follow, and he has been in pursuit of them ever since; the wife of the Monument pastor, G. B. Armstrong, died happily; the church sold to satisfy claims of outside parties; parsonage secured at Pueblo by J. A. Edmondson; church dedicated by Chaplain McCabe soon after Conference; church enlarged at Rosita, J. H. Scott pastor. William C. B. Lewis left Silver Cliff after the death of his wife; S. D. Longhead supplied the vacancy; a church, 30 x 40, is ready for dedication. H. C. King was appointed to Cleora; staid a short time, when he went East on account of his health for a rest; C. H. Koyl was sent to supply his place; he organized a class at Buena Vista, and inclosed a church 24 x 40; will take \$150 to complete it. Church improved at Alma by T. P. Cook. T. A. Uzzell has again enlarged the church at Leadville; seats now 750; the pastor has taken to himself a wife from his own flock. Trinidad, I. H.



Beardsley pastor, 'the adobe church was beautifully remodeled by a frame inclosure; steeple and bell added; repainted inside and carpeted, and painted outside; a neat five-room brick parsonage built, and all paid for.' John L. Dyer is building a church at Breckenridge, to cost about \$1,800. New points: Rico, on Dolores River, is opening up for a small society there; Gunnison, Brother Koyle visited it, organized a society, and the people are erecting a church, 32 x 50. An organization formed at Irwin. Pitkin, Alpine, Maysville, Pagosa Springs, Animas City, Silverton, Lake City, Kokomo, Red Cliff, are promising points, and invite attention."

The following well-known men are on the list of transfers:

THOMAS C. ILIFF was born, October 26, 1846, in McLuney, Perry County, Ohio, and converted at Iliff Chapel when fourteen years of age. He enlisted in the ninety days' service, in the 88th Ohio, when but fifteen, and carried a musket. He was "going on nineteen," and that's the way he passed muster! He was "a broth of a boy," sure enough, with a brave heart and a man's strength. In the fall of 1862, he re-enlisted in the 9th Ohio Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. He was in the siege of Knoxville, in the battles around Atlanta, and marched with Sherman to the sea. He was mustered out at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in July, 1865.



THOS. C. ILIFF.

That fall he entered the Ohio State University, and was graduated a "B. A." in 1870. He at once joined the Ohio Conference, and was appointed junior preacher on Coolville Circuit, with fourteen appointments along the Ohio River.

In March, 1871, Bishop Clark appointed him a missionary to Montana. Before starting, on the 20th, he was married to Miss Mary Robinson, of Belpre, Ohio, a cousin of Chaplain McCabe. The newly-married couple started the same day for

the far West, which then required two thousand miles travel by rail, and one thousand by coach. For five years he remained in Montana doing pioneer work, when he was put in charge of our work in Utah, where for twenty years he has been superintendent, holding his Conference relation with the Colorado Conference since 1880. He represented the Utah Conference in the General Conference, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1880, after which he accompanied Bishop Merrill through Europe, Palestine, and Egypt. He was elected Chaplain-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Louisville, Ky., September, 1895.

He is a good, "all-around" Methodist preacher, and has had marked success as an aggressive organizer in the difficult field where he has so long labored.

SAMUEL W. THORNTON was the son of a Protestant Methodist preacher, and was born in Van Buren, Hancock County, Ohio, June 18, 1841. He was left an orphan when only five years old. At the age of seventeen he began teaching in the public schools. In 1860, he moved to Howard County, Indiana, and at the first call for volunteers, in 1861, he enlisted, and was appointed sergeant in Company E, 13th Indiana Volunteers, from which he was discharged, because of sickness, in the fall of the same year, having served with his regiment through the campaign in West Virginia. In 1864 he again enlisted, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the 137th Indiana Infantry.

In 1862 he was converted at Cassville, Indiana; appointed class-leader, and in due time received license to exhort. In 1866 he moved to Oregon, Missouri, and in March, 1869, was admitted on trial in the Missouri Conference.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Ames in 1871, and elder by Bishop Bowman two years later. He served the following charges in that Conference: Rockport Circuit, Oregon Circuit, Maryville, and First Church, St. Joseph. In the fall of 1877 he was transferred to the Utah Conference, and placed in charge of Evanston Mission, which he served for three years. The General Conference in 1880 attached that Mission to the Colorado Conference, and thus transferred him to the same by that action.

His appointments here have been: Greeley, North Denver,

Central City. While pastor at the latter place, on December 16, 1884, he was appointed to the superintendency of the New Mexico English Mission, which service he performed for four years, when he resigned on account of the illness of his wife. Returning, he was stationed at Fifth Avenue, Denver, where, on January 8, 1890, his wife died in holy triumph. He was appointed in 1890 to North Denver (afterward Greeley) District. In 1893 he was returned to the pastoral work, and stationed at Golden. One year later he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, and stationed at First Church, Danville, Illinois. On December 22, 1891, he was married to Miss Ella M. Nicol, of Newark, Ohio. He was one of



S. W. THORNTON.

the delegates sent by the Conference to the General Conference of 1892. Brother Thornton is an able gospel preacher, a faithful pastor, and an aggressive leader on all lines of moral reform.

JOHN WILSON, from the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, was born in Erguesing, Ontario, Canada, May 6, 1843, and died at Denver, Colorado, March 3, 1885; was converted at the age of fourteen, and felt called to the work of the ministry soon after. He worked his way through college, and entered the ministry of the above-named Church. In 1880 he came to Colorado, and was sent to fill a vacancy at Georgetown.

He was returned there the next year; then to Leadville, three years; and to California Street, Denver, in 1884, where he literally "ceased at once to labor and live." Among his last utterances were: "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. I am sinking, but into the arms of Jesus. It is better to be resting, than to be preparing. Tell my brethren in Canada that Jesus is my all. I see him right by my bed." Brother Wilson was a thoroughly consecrated Christian, an able minister of Christ,—spiritual, earnest, and a man of one work,—and left a record that will brighten as the years roll on.

DAVID H. MOORE was born near Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1838. Converted in 1855, and soon after felt himself called to the Christian ministry. He is a graduate of the Ohio State University, near which his parents resided.

He was set to work, first as an exhorter, then as a local preacher, and finally as a traveling minister, entering the Ohio Conference in 1860. He served one year as junior preacher on Bainbridge Circuit, with nine appointments; next he was stationed at Whitney Chapel, Marietta. In May, 1862, he volunteered as a private, but was elected to serve as captain of Company A, 87th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He subsequently became major and lieutenant-colonel of the 125th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, returning after the fall of Atlanta.

He soon re-entered the ministry, and served Bigelow Chapel, and then Twentieth Street, Columbus; St. Paul, Delaware; Wesley Chapel, Columbus; Trinity, Cincinnati; then Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College as president for five years, during which time he supplied the pulpit of "Walnut Hills Church" for several months while its pastor was ill, and St. Paul's for one year.

He made two trips to Denver in 1879, to arrange for the opening of "The Colorado Seminary and University of Denver," to the leadership of which he had been called. He filled this position with great acceptability and marked success for ten successive years, when he resigned and accepted a professorship in the Colorado State University and the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Boulder. Very soon after he was

elected, by the General Book Committee, to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Dr. Bayliss. In 1892 and in 1896 the General Conference has re-elected him to the same position, which he continues to fill with distinguished ability, making a live paper through and through.



DAVID H. MOORE.

While president of "The University of Denver" he served Lawrence Street Church and Evans Memorial Church, Denver, each one year as pastor. Dr. Moore was popular in and out of the Church. It would be difficult to find a person living in this Rocky Mountain region, during the time of his connection with our great school, who did not know him, and look to him as a

personal friend. Several years' absence has not lessened their interest in, or love for the man. Every position to which he has been called has been filled with such marked ability that words of appreciation here will be useless. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of admiring pupils and grateful friends. His "works" abide.

JOHN TONQUIN was ordained a local deacon; Thomas A. Uzzell and John Collins as elders. These were the first persons ordained by the bishop to the office and work of the Christian ministry.

Those who were admitted on trial were:

CHARLES S. UZZELL. Born at Jamestown, Clinton County, Illinois, November 6, 1853; converted at the age of seventeen, and entered the Asbury University two years later. His first preaching was done on the streets while a student, in the most neglected parts of the city. In his freshman year his health gave way, which necessitated giving up school work. He came to Colorado in the spring of 1877. The first day in the city of Denver, a stranger without recommendation, found him employed as secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. In August, 1877, he was sent to Caribou and Sunshine by the presiding elder, where he worked until midwinter, when his health again failed. He was carefully nursed through a very serious illness by that old colored saint, "Aunt Clara," who has since passed away, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

When able to travel, he joined his mother and brother in Fairplay. He assisted his brother in organizing the Church at Leadville in the later part of that winter. In August, 1878, he was sent to Arvada; next to the Greeley Circuit; then two years to Golden, and two to Trinidad, where he was married. In August, 1883, he united with the Congregational Church, building a small frame church near the Grant Smelter in Denver, and then the building known as "The People's Tabernacle." In August, 1885, his health again gave way, when he went to Chicago, and while there organized a mission in Haymarket Square. Two years after, on account of failing health, he fled, as the last resort,

to Los Angeles, California, hoping thereby to prolong his life. Even though frail at the best, he could not be idle.

For eight months he served the First Church, then built a church on Pico Heights, and another on St. Catalena Island, which is thirty miles from the mainland. Every Church that he served had revivals. Besides, he conducted many successful revival-meetings in different parts of the country for other pastors.

While pastor at Arvada he visited a holiness camp-meeting at North Lawrence, Kansas, where he entered the "Beulah land" of perfect love, and became a flaming evangel for Christ.

On Monday morning, at one o'clock, May 5, 1890, he crossed over to the other shore, leaving a record of unselfish devotion to the cause of the Master. A wife and three children, mother and brother, and numerous friends, mourn his absence. Brother Uzzell was an evangelist in the best sense of the term, and his ministry was characterized by almost continuous revivals. Many "stars" will adorn his crown.



C. S. UZZELL.

ARTHUR W. COFFMAN was born at Mount Morris, Ogle County, Illinois, October 22, 1852. He came with his parents to Colorado in 1864, and had his home with them on the present site of Longmont, or near it, until their decease. He was converted, 1866, in a protracted-meeting held by O. P. McMains, in a little log schoolhouse, with a dirt roof, standing on the north bank of Left Hand Creek, half a mile south of the old Burlington Stage Station. He afterwards spent three years at school in the Ohio Wesleyan University. After his return he supplied Golden a part of 1878, and Rawlins, Wyoming, in 1879; then Loveland, one year; Evans, three years, where he had 78 conversions. The

first church here, built by W. F. Warren in 1878, was changed into a parsonage in 1883, and the United Presbyterian Church was bought. He was sent to Arvada in 1884; discontinued in 1885. He then worked for the Congregational Church in Denver and in Nebraska several years, but did not feel at home. He joined the West Nebraska Conference in 1889, where he is doing excellent work for the Master, and is contented and happy.

IN the development of the work in Colorado, points in the adjacent Territory of Wyoming were added. Only four of these can be noticed.

The first Methodist sermon in Cheyenne, Wyoming, was preached in the City Hall, Sabbath morning, September 20, 1867, by Rev. W. W. Baldwin, of the Colorado Conference. Previous to this a Baptist minister, traveling through, had preached one sermon. After the former's sermon a Methodist society was organized by Dr. D. W. Scott, a practicing physician in the place and a local preacher, who was authorized to do this by W. M. Smith, presiding elder of the Denver District. A Methodist Sunday-school was organized October 6, 1867, with Dr. D. W. Scott, superintendent; Frank B. Hurlburt, secretary; J. W. Hutchinson, librarian and treasurer. In January, 1868, W. D. Pease became secretary of the Sunday-school, and subsequently, on his election to the superintendency, B. B. Durbin was chosen secretary.

The first Quarterly Conference was held June 9, 1868, by W. M. Smith, presiding elder; Dr. Scott, pastor; W. D. Pease, class-leader; Theodore Poole, steward; and G. S. Allen, local preacher.

The preaching and Sunday-school services were held in the public schoolhouse. In August, 1868, A. Cather, of the Philadelphia Conference, arrived on the scene as presiding elder of the Dakota District, and pastor at Cheyenne. During his pastorate lots were secured on Eighteenth Street for a church edifice.

In August, 1869, L. Hartsough was made presiding elder of the Wyoming District, and pastor of Cheyenne and Laramie City. At a Quarterly Conference held February 21, 1870, Rev. J. Anderson, then the acting pastor, offered his services in carrying



forward the church-building enterprise. The trustees accepted his proposition, and appointed him Building Committee and financial agent. The lumber was purchased in Chicago and shipped here, and contract let to R. H. Foote for erecting the building. After Brother Anderson had personally aided in digging the trench for the foundation, he and five others went two miles east of town and dug stone for the foundation, the hauling of which was donated. When the foundation was completed and paid for, not a dollar had changed hands.

At the Conference session of 1870, in Pueblo, Brother Hartsough reported 21 members and 7 probationers; also 65 in the Sunday-school, and Church property valued at \$1,500.

June 25, 1870, G. H. Adams and Edward Brooks were appointed pastors of the Cheyenne, Laramie, and Greeley Circuit. Brother Brooks devoted his entire time to Laramie City, and Brother Adams to the other places, living at Greeley.

September 23, 1870, Bishop Ames dedicated the church free of debt. During the winter of 1874-5 the roof was blown off, and the church otherwise damaged. It was soon repaired, at a total cost of \$1,061. In 1878 the parsonage was commenced and nearly completed, at a cost of \$1,200.

The pastors have been, up to the time of the organizing of the "Wyoming Mission" in 1888—its farther history is a part of that "Mission:" D. W. Scott, 1867; A. Cather, 1868; L. Hartsough, 1869; J. Anderson, 1870; G. H. Adams, after June, 1870; H. C. Waltz, 1871; G. W. Swift, 1872, for a short time; then G. A. England, 1872-3; W. F. Warren, 1874-6; L. J. Hall, 1877; W. H. Gillam, 1878-9; H. J. Shaffner, 1880, who remained only a portion of the year, on account of failing health, when N. A. Chamberlain, from Indiana, finished out the year, and was returned in 1881; H. S. Hilton, 1882, for a few months; when G. N. Eldridge supplied his place, 1882-4; D. L. Rader, 1885-7.

In March, 1869, Rev. G. F. Hilton, M. D., of the West Wisconsin Conference, who came to Laramie City to practice medicine and recuperate his health, organized a society, and appointed J. Boies class-leader.

Rev. A. Cather, the presiding elder, 1868, preached there occasionally. In August, 1869, L. Hartsough was made presid-

ing elder of the Wyoming District, and preached there every two weeks. He moved his family there in October, 1869, where he preached the first Thanksgiving sermon November 18th of that year, and conducted the first quarterly-meeting service, December 4th and 5th following, ever held there. In the summer of 1869 lots were secured for a church. June, 1870, the Cheyenne, Laramie, and Greeley Circuit was organized, and G. H. Adams and E. C. Brooks appointed pastors. The latter made his home in Laramie City, and gave his whole attention to the church-building, which had been begun by his predecessor. This enterprise he completed by the aid of a donation of \$500 from Oliver Hoyt, and \$500 from Orange Judd, through the Church Extension Society. When Brother Brooks reached there he found a class of thirteen members and two probationers. B. T. Vincent, presiding elder, dedicated the church January 15, 1871, and on the same day the Sunday-school was organized. Their pastors have been: G. F. Hilton, from March, 1869, to September, 1869; L. Hartsough, to June, 1870; G. H. Adams and E. C. Brooks, to July, 1871; H. C. Waltz, to July, 1872; W. F. Mappin, to July, 1873; T. M. Dart, to August, 1874; H. L. Beardsley, to August, 1875; J. A. Edmonson, to August, 1876-7; J. F. Coffman, to August, 1878-80; L. J. Hall, to August, 1881-3; C. L. Libby, to May, 1884; W. Hicks, to August, 1884; S. H. Huber, to August, 1885-6; C. H. Koyl, to July, 1888. H. L. Wriston was appointed at the last date, when the appointment became a part of the Wyoming Mission.

The first Methodist services were held in Evanston, Wyoming, October 19, 1871, by Rev. G. M. Pierce, in the railroad section-house. The society was organized and the church erected by Brother Pierce. The society and property fell into the territory of our Conference by the act of the General Conference of 1880, which also brought S. W. Thornton, who was pastor at the time. W. F. Warren was sent there at the next session of the Conference. He built the parsonage, which was his last work before removing to California. Later pastors have been: C. W. Brewer, 1881-2; C. H. Koyl, 1883-5; R. E. Buckey, who remained only about six months, when C. A. Brooks took his place, 1886-7. In 1888 it became a part of the Wyoming Mission.

The first society organized in Rawlins, Wyoming, was by Dr. B. F. Crary, presiding elder, December 24, 1876. It was reorganized December 26, 1881, with thirteen members, and the work of this Church has been continuously prosecuted since.

A small parsonage was erected by Rev. Arthur W. Coffman in 1877. An addition was made thereto in 1881-2, by H. M. Law, who also built the church, largely with his own hands.

Its pastors have been: W. H. Greene, A. W. Coffman, N. W. Chase, H. M. Law, J. W. Linn. In 1888 it became a part of the Wyoming Mission.

DR. B. F. CRARY, presiding elder, preached the first sermon in the Animas Valley, at Howardsville, July 5, 1874. A. Warren was the first pastor in that valley, in 1880. William Osburn was next sent, from Manitou and Monument, by Dr. Cranston, his presiding elder, to Durango, reaching there by stage April 14, 1881. On the previous morning a man had been seen hanging to a tree opposite the post-office. Not long after, Brother Osburn was permitted to preach beneath the same tree. The town was but six months old. The dens of sinful pleasure were abundant. Revolvers were freely worn, and the crack of the pistol was often heard. Such were some of the conditions under which Methodism began its career in Durango. On the following Sabbath, April 19th, he preached his first sermon in the Episcopal Church. After the discourse he called for members; only one, John J. Farmer, responded.

On May 1, 1881, he organized a class of seventeen members, and a Sunday-school at the same time. At the end of that Conference year he reported fifty-two members and seventeen probationers. Ours was the third Church organized, and the only one obliged to purchase lots for its building site. Dr. Bell and General Palmer rendered very kind and timely assistance.

The pastor at once began to raise funds to erect a church edifice, which was accomplished, and the house was dedicated by Dr. Cranston, presiding elder, January 15, 1882. The property was valued at \$5,000, and was nearly paid for.

Brother Osburn's subsequent record is as follows: made a

supernumerary in 1883, and attended school. Two years after he was sent to Montrose and Delta. At the former place he built a neat church, valued at \$6,500. While shingling on the roof he met with a serious accident, falling therefrom and breaking his leg. Loveland, 1888-9, where he finished the parsonage; Morrison, 1890, where he built another church; Georgetown, 1891. In 1892 he accepted the position of professor of Natural Science in Central Tennessee College, which he still holds. Brother Osburn is a scholarly Christian gentleman, and very much beloved by all with whom he has been associated. His record here is good, and his work endures.

The parsonage at Durango was built by J. F. Coffman in 1887. The Church property was burned July 1, 1889, with much of the town. The fire started in the back room of a shoe-shop, which had been unoccupied for several days, the proprietor having been away. The four pastors of the city had been making, together with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a vigorous fight against whisky, gambling, and Sabbath desecration. They had succeeded in getting the town council to consent to pass an ordinance to close all places of business on Sunday, and the ordinance would have had its final reading the next evening had not the fire occurred; but for that reason its passage was deferred till some months later.

The pastor's personal loss was great—at least \$2,500. There was \$1,500 insurance on the church, and \$800 on the parsonage, which had alone cost \$1,800. They determined to rebuild at once; aid came from all over the United States. Drs. Cranston and Moore did much to help, both with money and influence. At the succeeding Conference, Dr. Moore presented the matter of rebuilding the church, when \$1,000 was pledged. The Chamberlin Brothers gave \$600 to this fund. For rebuilding the parsonage, J. E. Downey, of Pueblo, gave \$1,000, and Rev. A. C. Peck, of Denver, \$500. A nice one with seven rooms was the result. Bishop Warren dedicated the new church, free of debt, in 1890; which was valued at \$9,000, including the lots. The parsonage was valued at \$3,000. The pastors here have been: William Osburn, A. C. Peck, J. Whisler, J. F. Coffman, H. B. Cook; J. L. Vallow, 1895-6.

1881.—THE Conference convened in the "Cloud City," Leadville, August 3d, Bishop Isaac W. Wiley presiding. Here, in this young city, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet, the members and visitors of the Conference were royally entertained. The bishop conducted the opening exercises, asking J. H. Merritt to lead in prayer. Notice of the death of Bishop E. O. Haven was received by telegram, and was appropriately noticed by appreciative resolutions.

Bishop Wiley remarked, when he introduced the Rev. William Taylor, that "he was the most apostolic bishop in the Church to-day," little dreaming that he was forecasting a future event.

Six came to us by transfer, four were transferred from us, and seven were admitted on trial, two were discontinued, which left an increase of seven.

The business being all done in "due form," at the close of the fifth day the session closed, and the laborers scattered for another year of toil and sacrifice in the cause of righteousness.

Those who came in by transfer were:

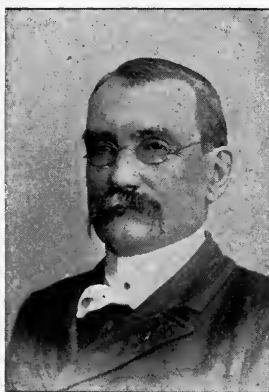
S. A. WINSOR, from the Georgia Conference. Has served the following charges: Fort Collins, Boulder, each two years; Trinidad and Georgetown, each one year; made a supernumerary, 1887; then at Georgetown another year; Fort Lupton, 1889; Montrose, 1890-91; superannuated in 1892. He is a man of strong convictions, and is ready to defend them on all proper occasions. Like the true itinerant, he accepted cheerfully his allotment from year to year, and went out to garner in the Master's vineyard.

NATHANIEL A. CHAMBERLAIN, from the Northwest Indiana Conference, was born in Effingham County, Illinois, May 27, 1841. He was converted March 13, 1854, and always felt the "call" to the ministry.

He enlisted in the 13th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, April 18, 1861, as fifer of Company G, and was appointed hospital steward December 15, 1861; assistant surgeon in 1864; and surgeon in August of that year, with the rank of major of cavalry. He was in the battles of Rich Mountain, Alleghany, Green River,

Winchester, Siege of Suffolk, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Desenter House, Cold Harbor, Fort Fisher, and sixteen other battles; making a service of four years and five months. On his return to private life, he engaged in the practice of medicine, which he successfully pursued until he entered the ministry.

He joined the Northwest Indiana Conference, September, 1870; was transferred from the city of La Porte, Indiana, to Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 8, 1881; served that charge until August, 1882; then Cañon City, one year; Central City, 1883, until June, 1884, when he was made presiding elder of the Southern District, which position he filled for six years; at Fifth Avenue, Denver, two years, when he was appointed superintendent of Wyoming Missions, 1892-6. During this last named year he resigned his position as superintendent, and is quietly resting in Denver.



N. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

In November, 1889, he was elected a member of the Book Committee, which position he held to May, 1896.

He represented the Conference in the General Conference of 1892, and was first alternate in 1896. His tongue is "like the pen of a ready writer." He is a good pastor, an excellent preacher, and a very efficient leader. He ranks high among those who have filled Colorado pulpits.

B. W. BAKER, from the Central Illinois Conference. At St. James, Denver, nearly two years, when he was transferred back to his old Conference, where he has filled the position of president of Chaddock College, at Quincy, Illinois, for several years. The filling of this position indicates his ability and character very clearly.

ROBERT WOOLF MANLY, from the Ohio Conference, was born August 5, 1830, and died July 15, 1883, at the home of his sister in Wenona, Illinois. He served Lawrence Street Church,

Denver, for nearly two years, when his health gave way; had spent most of his ministerial life in the Ohio Conference. He was a delegate therefrom to the General Conference of 1876. He left a remarkably good record in Colorado, having filled with great acceptability the pastorate of Lawrence Street Church.

Those named below came in on trial:

Edmond J. Marsh; Wheat Ridge and Argo, where he remained only about nine months, when he returned East.

R. H. McDade was born in Ireland; converted at fifteen; licensed to preach at nineteen; came to America, and thence to Colorado in 1880; at Buena Vista, August following; Alpine and St. Elmo, 1882; Salida, 1883, preaching the first sermon there on August 14th, from Philippians iv, 6, 7, and formed a class of eight members. On October 7th, he started the Sunday-school; afterwards built a church, valued at \$800; made a supernumerary in 1884; and transferred to the Iowa Conference in 1886.

James T. Musgrove was born at Alnwick, Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, March 24, 1853; felt from childhood that if ever converted he would preach the gospel; converted in October, 1868, at Toronto, Canada; attended school in Evans-ton, Illinois, from September, 1872, to May, 1880, graduating from the Northwestern University in 1879, in the classical course. He then spent one year in the Garrett Biblical Institute.

He came to Colorado in 1880, and supplied Longmont one year before his admission, and one year after; Idaho Springs, three years; Argo and Wheat Ridge, five years,—built the Methodist Episcopal Church, valued at \$3,500, in Argo, in 1886, being ably assisted by the Rev. George Richardson, who gave four lots for the same and other large contributions; Simpson, Denver, 1890. During the third year he resigned to accept the position of financial agent of the University of Denver. In 1894, on account of the illness of his wife, who had been in delicate health for some time, he left for California's congenial clime, where she died in January, 1896. Brother Musgrove, at the session of 1896, took a certificate of location. He is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and his name is held in loving remembrance by all his associates.

CHARLES H. KOYL was born in Chatham, Canada, March 15, 1855. In 1868 or 1869 his parents moved to Missouri. He came thence to Colorado in the spring of 1875; joined the Church, December 1, 1878, in Rosita, at a quarterly-meeting held by Presiding Elder Merritt; January 1, 1879, he was converted in the same place. J. H. Scott, the pastor, appointed him assistant class-leader, and the society voted him license to exhort, August 4, 1879. He preached his first sermon in Rosita six days after. The District Conference gave him local preacher's license October



C. H. KOYL.

15, 1879. The presiding elder sent him in January following to Buena Vista. The first Methodist service was held by him in that town, February 1, 1880, in the harness-shop of E. A. Doud; text, John xiv, 1. One week later he organized a class, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rabb, Mrs. M. A. Weston, M. L. Jones and wife, J. T. Wadsworth, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Mosser.

Those received on probation were: Mrs. Lottie Mague, Mrs. George Rounk, and Mrs. Laura Wright. He and T. P. Cook drew up a subscription paper, and proceeded to build a church, which was occupied by Presiding Elder Merritt, March 28, 1880, at the first quarterly-meeting service held in the town. E. A. Doud was superintendent of the Sunday-school, which had been organized previously.

In April, he was sent to Gunnison City, where he arrived May 15, 1880. Here he preached in the West Gunnison land-office, Sunday, May 21st, from Deuteronomy xxxii, 31. In the evening at Gunnison proper, from Deuteronomy xxx, 19, which were the first public religious services held in the city. On June 6th he organized the society, with five members, namely: Barbara



A. Mullen, Henry Teachout, received by letter; and A. Parker, William Knight, and W. A. Spencer, on probation.

A Methodist Sunday-school was organized, July 4, 1880, in the West Gunnison land-office. Presiding Elder Merritt held the first quarterly-meeting July 8, 1880, and, aided by the pastor, selected the present site of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He also laid the foundation, and received in donations several thousand feet of lumber, with which to build the church.

Brother Koyl was sent to the Fort Collins Circuit for the next three years; ordained deacon in 1883, and sent to Evanston, Wyoming, three; Laramie City, two; Cañon City, three years; then to Longmont, five years. He is now at Highlands, Denver, where he has already completed and dedicated a house of worship. Dr. Vincent and Bishop Warren conducted the services. He is an able minister of the New Testament, a faithful pastor, and a judicious manager of the important interests committed to his care.

James T. Musgrove, R. H. McDade, F. D. Gamewell, William Osburn, C. S. Uzzell, were ordained deacons, and Edward C. Dodge elder, at this session.

1882.—THE twentieth session of the Colorado Annual Conference convened at Colorado Springs, August 3, 1882. Bishop R. S. Foster presided. Eight years before it met here, and seven years previous to that at old Colorado City, before the former town was even thought of.

This Conference session closed the second decade of its history. How does the record stand now, as compared with ten years ago? What have been the gains and losses? The increase of the last ten years are: 39 ministers, 17 local preachers, 2,544 lay members, 150 probationers, 20 church-buildings, 24 parsonages, 23 Sunday-schools, 493 officers and teachers, 4,440 scholars of all ages.

The gain in salaries, over the corresponding date, is \$30,169; in benevolences, \$3,287. Not one is now in the active work who was here at the organization of the Conference twenty years ago. John L. Dyer, who is now on the superannuated list, alone

remains to join the present with the past. Of the twenty-seven who were enrolled with us ten years ago, seven are here now.

Those received by transfer were:

C. W. Buoy, from the Central Pennsylvania Conference; at Evans Memorial nearly three years, when he transferred back to his former Conference in 1884. He is a son-in-law of Bishop Simpson. He was a scholarly, capable preacher, and is still "active" in his home Conference.

Jesse C. Green, from the Alabama Conference. Bessemer, one year; Argo and Wheat Ridge, two years. At the Ridge he

built and paid for a neat church, erected on lots donated by Henry Lee, Esq.; was appointed to Evans in 1885, but did not accept this appointment for reasons satisfactory to himself; was made a supernumerary in 1886; in 1887 he was appointed a professor in Baldwin Seminary; and in 1890 was transferred to the Florida Conference. He is a fluent talker and a useful man.



J. F. HARRIS.

John Harrington, from the West Wisconsin Conference, was born in 1846 in England, and converted there in the Church of John Wesley; began preaching when sixteen years of age; came to Colo-

rado in the spring of 1882, and was stationed at Del Norte in 1883; Trinidad, 1885; Georgetown, 1886; Gunnison, 1887; Florence Circuit two years, and Colorado City two years. In 1891 he withdrew from the Church, and is now a Congregationalist. He is in many respects a cogent preacher, and did valiant service while he remained with us.

JAMES F. HARRIS was born, August 28, 1851, in East Tennessee; raised in East Virginia; converted when young; licensed

to preach in Iowa, 1877; joined the Des Moines Conference in 1879; transferred to the Colorado Conference in 1881; ordained deacon that year, and elder two years after. His appointments have been: Florence, where he built a parsonage, and organized the circuit; Salida, one year; St. James, Denver, two years; North Denver, four years. During his last year Asbury Church was built, but not finished; Cañon City, one year, where he had a gracious revival; was transferred to the Southern California Conference in October, 1892, and stationed at Coronado Beach nine months; returned to Colorado in July, 1893, and supplied Castle Rock eight months; was reappointed to Cañon City in June, 1894; Broadway, Pueblo, 1896. He is a genial Christian brother, an unusually efficient pastor, and a very acceptable preacher. In his work he is ably seconded by one of the best of wives. Their record is good.



J. A. LONG.

Those received on probation were:

JOHN A. LONG was born in Jefferson, Schoharie County, New York, July 11, 1859; converted at Eminence, 1887; attended school at Waltham Academy in 1878. Appointments: Alpine and St. Elmo six months, and Kokomo six months; Del Norte and Saguache, 1883; Erie and Louisville, 1884; Silver Plume, 1885; Fort Collins Circuit, 1886; Longmont, 1887; Castle Rock, 1888-90; Windsor, 1891-2; Evans, 1893-4; Cripple Creek, 1895; Holyoke, 1896. He is a useful minister of the gospel. His record is one of the very best, and his life is an example to all believers.

CHRISTIAN C. ZEBOLD was born January 6, 1856, in Hocking County, Ohio; converted at 13; licensed to preach in 1878; came

to Colorado in 1881; at Loveland, 1882; Fort Collins Circuit, 1883-4; Lander, Wyoming, 1885; Del Norte and Monte Vista, 1886; the next year was given the latter place alone, where he died of brain fever May 9, 1888. He was a young man of promise. A wife and son mourn his loss.

H. M. Law and A. W. Coffman were ordained deacons, and John F. White elder.

I select the following from F. C. Millington's report as presiding elder. "H. M. Law was sent to Rawlins as a supply, with a commission to build a church, which he did, leaving one worth \$3,000. He also enlarged the parsonage. J. T. Mosgrove sold the parsonage, bought another, and lots for a church in Longmont. The Lupton church is finished at an added cost of \$200; W. H. Greene is rebuilding the church in Golden; C. H. St. John filled out the last half of the year at Black Hawk; the Central City church debt is at last provided for; the church is completed in Idaho Springs."

Among those who supplied charges were:

Henry J. Huston, born November 19, 1832, in Canada; graduated at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., in 1852; converted at Fairplay, Wis., in 1862; licensed to preach in Saline, Kansas, 1866; entered the Rock River Conference, Ill., the same year, where he served eighteen years; became a supernumerary in the fall of 1884.

He supplied work in the Northwest Iowa Conference two years, and in Colorado, at Fairplay and Buena Vista, for the same length of time. At the former place he built and paid for a neat church, having only one member, and he a woodsawyer. At Buena Vista he built, furnished, and paid for a parsonage of four rooms. Since July, 1888, he has resided in Denver, Colorado.

Joseph E. Collom, born January 18, 1863; converted at Golden under the pastorship of Rev. W. L. Slutz, when fifteen years of age; began preaching at sixteen; and was licensed to preach at seventeen. Entered into the "Beulah Land" experience of "Perfect Love" at the camp-meeting near Arvada, in 1879; supplied Golden and Morrison as junior preacher a part of 1881-2.

He attended Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, one year; then three years at the Theological Seminary at Ober-

lin, Ohio. During his school term he supplied the following charges in Ohio: Collins, three months; Havana and Centerton, two years; organized a society at Chicago Junction, which has grown into a strong church. After his graduation he became a pastor in the Congregational Church; one year in Cleveland, Ohio; five in Berea; two in Littleton, Colorado; and one in missionary work in Denver, Colorado. He now seeks admission into his mother Church, wherein he was born and reared, to labor for the Master. He has done excellent work in the ministry, and is worthy of all confidence.

## XV.

### PERSONAL HISTORY.

THE history of the religious work in a mining community shows necessarily many changes. The population is often largely "floating," and principally engaged in "prospecting." Even where mines have been opened and worked, because of variation in the richness of the vein, the returns vary greatly at different times. Sometimes a "camp" may be prosperous and its houses full of busy people. Again, its mines yielding small returns, its population will be small. This causes certain changes to be, relatively, very important at times, while at other periods they are rated as only "nominal." From this fact, to say nothing of others, pastoral work in these communities is difficult, and pastoral changes frequent. The following named charge is one whose history is of the character described.

Nevada from the beginning was served by pastors from other points. In 1872 it stood in the Conference Minutes as a separate charge. During this year a small church was completed. S. M. Sears, of Pennsylvania, was the "supply" for the first six months, and J. A. Smith, of the Southern Illinois Conference, the last half of the year. He came to recruit his health. Four weeks afterward the body of his companion was laid upon the mountain side. She fell asleep, trusting in "Jesus only," and giving all necessary directions as to her two children, as if she was only going on a short journey. Near her sleeps Alexander Marshman, a local preacher, a former member of this society, of precious memory. He was ordained deacon on the same day that the writer was as an elder, in Wooster, Ohio.

The author was sent to Nevada, or Bald Mountain, by the request of the society, in 1873. A few souls saved during the year. The next three years this appointment was connected with Idaho Springs, with J. F. Coffman as pastor one year, and H. L. Beardsley two years. Then, for fourteen years, it was a separate charge, and was served by J. P. Trelour, B. B. Dundass, A. N.

Field, John Stocks; H. M. Law, who erected a new brick church; O. F. McKay, and Edwin Ward. Then, for the following three years, it was connected with Black Hawk, and had for pastors: J. H. Williams, in 1892, for a short time; then J. B. Long; C. W. Bridwell, 1893-4.

In 1895-6 it stands alone, with G. A. W. Cage pastor.

My next appointment was the Erie and Platteville Circuit, with John L. Moffitt as a colleague. There were at the time only four small societies within the bounds of the charge. After looking the ground over, we established preaching at the following places, every two weeks: Platteville, Porter's, Stone's, Eston's, Bacheldor's, Allen's, Erie, Whitney's, Lupton, Thompson's, Island Station, Johnson's Crossing, Valmont, Davidson's, Coal Creek, Grout, and Hughs, since known as Brighton. These seventeen appointments, with pastoral and necessary special work, kept us pretty busy.

On the Big Dry, at Johnson's Crossing, twelve miles north of Denver, there lived a family which had just moved down from the mountains, where they had had no religious privileges whatever. On our way to the schoolhouse, to hold the first religious service ever held in that valley, I overheard the nearly grown daughter inquiring of her mother, "what people did at church?" She had never been to church or a Sunday-school. The mother replied, "You watch and see how others do, and do the same." It was an inspiration to preach the gospel to an intelligent human being for the first time. That young lady became deeply interested, and has since become a Christian.

One experience has been indelibly stamped upon my memory, and has been a source of inspiration that has grown with the years as they have passed. On yonder prairie plateau there stands a lonely house of three rooms. On a humble bed in one of the rooms the eldest son, past seventeen, is dying. Two brothers and a sister had in other days gone on before. The night was cool, calm, and almost as light as day. It was the evening of March 11, 1875. The dying one had exhorted all who called the day previous to prepare for death, and to meet him in heaven. He gave directions as to the dressing of his body and its burial as quietly as though he were going away on a visit. The follow-

ing are a few of his last utterances: "I do believe, I now believe that Jesus has washed my sins away. O, happy day when Jesus washed my sins away! I am going home in the good old way. Glory to God! Hallelujah!" To one who departed this life only a short time ago (1895), he said: "When you come to die, may God be merciful to your soul! Prepare for death at once, and do not put it off until the last moment." The answer was: "Time enough for that when I come to die." What fallacious reasoning! He replied: "You may not be blessed with your reason, as I have been. My head has been clear all the time." He said to his mother: "Formerly I had planned to make money. Were I to get well, that might all go. My only desire to recover is that I might preach to save souls. I do not wish to be called smart or eloquent, but I want to preach so as to have revivals all the time." To his aunt Rebecca he said: "Before this I had such a fear of death. I have none now. I am not afraid to die." He requested those present to sing something. His mother began,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

when he exclaimed, "That's it; that is what I wanted." The twenty-third Psalm had been the source of great comfort to him for months, and, as he was entering the valley, his mother asked him if the fourth verse still cheered him. He assured her that it did. Then he inquired, "Will the little ones meet me there?" Being told that they would, he replied, "We four will meet *you* when you come." He endeavored to sing the second verse of the hymn,—

"My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky."

His voice failed him. He repeated, in broken accents, the chorus,—

"I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more."

At the very last moment his mother asked him if he was still happy. "Yes, mother; happy! happy! happy!" The last "happy" was scarcely audible. Folding his hands across his breast, he closed his eyes, and ceased to breathe. The freed spirit took its



flight, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Previous to this, while not a breath of air was stirring and the moon was shining brightly, sounds were distinctly heard like something beating the air. The watchers went off to the door or window to find the cause, but nothing was discernible. After the decease of the loved one the sounds were no longer heard.

They were reminded of Bishop McKendree's dying words,—

"Bright angels are from glory come,  
They 're round my bed, they 're in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home,—  
All is well, all is well."

That young man was our eldest son, then in his eighteenth year. This was the severest blow of our whole lives. His body awaits the resurrection in the Longmont cemetery. God's grace was abundant. His will was best.

I WAS willing to return, but the work was divided, and it was thought best that I should go to Black Hawk. In this charge I spent two pleasant years, and then asked to be changed to a lower altitude. While here we had good congregations, a very prosperous Sunday-school work under the efficient labors of Joseph Powel, superintendent, and, through the blessing of God, a few souls were saved. The church property was somewhat improved.

The first church in Black Hawk was built while George Wallace was pastor, in 1869-70. The pastors serving here have been: C. King, O. P. McMains, B. T. Vincent, W. W. Baldwin, G. W. Swift, George Wallace, P. McNutt, W. L. Slutz, I. H. Beardsley, E. C. Dodge, C. A. Brooks, J. C. Green, J. A. Smith, John Stocks, T. A. Story; J. F. White, who erected a new church; A. L. Chase, J. H. Williams, C. W. Bridwell; F. T. Krueger, 1895-6.

WHEN the session of 1877 closed, I found myself placed at Del Norte, in the San Luis Valley, of which I had not even a hint. This was to me like a thunderclap in a clear sky, and was a severe shock to my nervous system. No sleep came to my eyes that night, nor rest to my tired body. The first impulse

was, "I will not go." After several days of prayer and deliberation, I decided to go and do my very best. I have always been glad that I so decided.

This so-called valley is an elevated plain, in dimensions sixty by one hundred miles, and surrounded by towering mountains, capped with eternal snow. On the east side stands the "Sierra Blanca," the loftiest "peak" of the Rocky Mountains. Near its southern base stood Fort Garland, which the railroad had just reached. The balance of the distance, to the west side of the valley, was traversed by coach. On the south bank of the Rio Grande River the town of Del Norte was situated. I went down by rail and coach, looked the ground over, preached twice, and returned for my wife and goods. We drove through with our own conveyance, by the way of Pueblo and the Le Veta Pass, a distance of two hundred and eighty miles, spending one Sabbath at Pueblo, preaching twice in the First Church, and another at Fort Garland, preaching to the soldiers in the morning, and lecturing on temperance at night.

At Del Norte I found a stone church, 40 x 60, inclosed, but not finished. Upon this there was quite a debt. In the society there were but ten members left. All the rest had moved away. None of them were in easy circumstances. There was no parsonage, and no money to build one. A vacant house could not be found. There was no alternative, only to build; but where was the material to come from? Work would be donated. The people had no money, and I had none; yet I determined to build one, of two rooms. How could it be done? I solicited donations of material, and soon we had the house inclosed, but our humble abode was unfinished, and our resources were exhausted. What was to be done? We could not live in it as it was; winter was approaching, and not a cent in sight. Something had to be done quickly.

Four years before, when in London, England, I had bought a black-silk dress for my better half, which had not been made up. This she sold (unknown to me) for \$43. With that money the parsonage was completed, and we moved in. Though small, it made us quite comfortable for nearly two years. Afterward

it was enlarged by Brother Parmenius Smith, and is yet occupied for parsonage purposes.

Rev. A. M. Darley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the San Luis Valley, and the writer alternated some of the time in preaching in Del Norte. During the winter months we occasionally would come together there on the Sabbath, when one would take the morning service, and the other the evening. Every two weeks I went to the country, either to Saguache, the "Piadra"—near the present site of Monte Vista—or "Shocks," which was just above where Alamosa now stands. In this town I preached the first Methodist sermon, October 6, 1878, in the dining-room of a boarding-house, from John iv, 7.

Much of the country was then open, and where now are beautiful farms and flourishing towns, I often killed rabbits and other game. For a time the services in Del Norte were held in the court-house, which was a two-story frame structure built of 2 x 4's, spiked together flatwise. The upper floor was of the same material, set on the edges, making the floor four inches in thickness. In this there were not a few small cracks, owing to the difference in the width of the scantling. The down-stairs part was used for a jail; the up-stairs for court purposes. In this "upper room" the Sunday-school and church were held. Oft-times the occupants below would disturb the congregation above by stamping of feet, loud talking, singing, or shouting, as the notion took them. Sometimes they would put red pepper on their stove, which caused no little coughing and sneezing in the congregation above.

The Sunday-school convened at ten o'clock A. M., and the preaching service was at eleven.

One cold, wintry morning the stove would not draw, except the wrong way. What was to be done? The children were gathering for the Sunday-school. The room was cold. The soot from the burning of "Pinon" wood had stopped up the chimney. Rev. A. M. Darley, who was familiar with such conditions, sent a boy home to get some powder, with which to blow out the soot. A handful of the powder was wrapped in paper, set on fire, and then thrust into the chimney, from which the

stovepipe had been removed. The pipe was quickly replaced, the stove-door and lid held tightly in place, when, in a few moments, the explosion did its work well, and the draught was all right. During the services that followed less noise was heard from below than usual. None of us knew that the chimney started from the room below, and that there was a cook-stove connected with it there. Afterward we learned that the explosion blew the covers off their stove, and scattered the fire about the room, which took fire. But for a pail of water, in all probability the building would have been burned, with considerable loss of life. The prisoners thought we did it to punish them for their previous misbehavior. This, however, was the farthest from our thought. Suffice it to say, that after that we were never disturbed by noisy prisoners in the lower room.

Saguache, one of my appointments on this charge, was thirty-five miles north of Del Norte. The road traveled kept close to the foot-hills on the west side of the valley, while the almost level plain stretched away eastward for sixty miles to the "Sangre de Christo" range of mountains, which tower into the region of perpetual snow, not unlike the Alps about Jungfrau. There were no settlements between the towns, except in two places where streams put out from the western mountains, and there even were only one or two houses on each. The road crossed the "Lagarita" Creek, nine miles north of Del Norte, and the "Canaro," seven miles farther on.

In my travels I drove a pair of ponies to an open buggy. On my last trip northward, a large buck, of the deer species, stood in the road, and defied me until I was almost upon him. This time I had gone prepared for any emergency (or I would not be writing these lines) with a musket and an old-style Colt's navy revolver. The former was loaded with buckshot, and the latter with ball. My wife accompanied me on the trip. It was an Indian summer day, though late in the fall. Soon after crossing the Lagarita, we noticed two rough-looking Mexicans riding on horseback, a little to our right on the open prairie. At first we thought nothing of this, as that was no unusual thing. They wore blankets over their shoulders, and had camp equipages attached to their saddles; such as rolls of bedding, frying-pan,

coffee-pot, and tin cups. What seemed out of the usual order of things was this, when we drove fast they rode fast, and when we drove slow they rode slow; but even then we thought of this only as a coincidence.

At a small brooklet taking out from the "Canaro" was the "half-way house," a stage station between Del Norte and Saguache, where the horses were exchanged. Here I watered my ponies and prepared to go forward, when I noticed the two horsemen riding slowly along, a quarter of a mile in our rear. From here to Saguache was seventeen miles, without a house, and with only two slight swells in an almost level plain. Mid-way there was, perhaps, four miles of "Chico," a small, thorny shrub somewhat like a currant-bush. In damp ground this grew eight or ten feet high. Half a mile from the north edge of the "Chico" was a marshy piece of ground, where the bush had a tall growth. Here the road made a crook to the west like an ox-bow. At the extreme point of the bend the stage company had sunk a well, from which to water their horses. A bridle-path led straight across the marshy space, which was much shorter than the traveled road, but was not passable for wagons, except when the ground was frozen, and even then it was quite rough and undesirable to travel.

No sooner had we passed over the ridge out of sight of the stage station than those horsemen were up to us, with their horses' heads at our backs. I looked them over, and concluded that they were hard characters, and that their presence meant no good to us. Stopping my team, I picked up the revolver, and said, "Gentlemen, go ahead, or you are dead men," and I meant just what I said. They were nonplused. Each looked at the other for a moment or two, then rode around in front of my team, and halted. Still holding the revolver in my hand, pointing it at them, I said, "Gentlemen, move on quickly, or you are dead men." They then rode on in a gallop for about two or more miles, and we close behind them. It was past the noon hour, and we wanted to camp for lunch. Just before coming to the "Chico," I slowed up until they had passed over a ridge out of sight, when we halted by the roadside, turned out the ponies to graze, and sat down on the ground to eat our lunch, hoping that we were

rid of them; but we were mistaken, for soon they came riding slowly back. I seized the old army musket (for such it was), dropped on one knee, and took a good aim, intending to shoot as soon as they were close enough. Observing this, they wheeled and were soon out of sight. Surely, we thought, now we are clear of them. We ate our lunch, rested forty minutes, and then hurried on our way, as we had several miles of that thick Chico to pass through. When we reached the top of that ridge we saw the men, one on each side of the road, waiting for us. There was no reasonable excuse for their delay, as there was neither water nor grass in that locality. Over this track we must pass, because there was no other, and through the Chico we could not drive where there was no road. I said: "Those men intend to kill me, hide my body in the Chico for the coyotes to devour, then murder you, take the ponies, buggy, robes, and skip. I will kill one of them. The other may kill me. Here is the revolver. Sell your life as dear as you can." Placing the lines in her hands, and the gun to my shoulder, we drove forward, determined to shoot as soon as near enough.

When they saw us approaching in this manner, they vaulted into their saddles and were off at a lively gallop. Coming to the bend in the road, they kept straight across, while we had to take the curve. As we drove slowly up to the well, I chided myself for thinking that they meant any mischief. I said to my companion, "You watch while I water the ponies." One had drunk; a pail of water was drawn for the other, when she said, "Here they come." I looked, and there, only a stone's-throw away, they were just emerging single file from the tall Chico. I then saw that each was lying down on the opposite side of his horse, Indian style, right foot on the saddle, and right hand hold of the horse-mane. I could only see the toe of one boot, and the head of the man under the horse's neck. If I was ever religiously angry, it was then. God says, "Be angry, and sin not." Grabbing the gun, I took aim for the head man, and just as I touched the trigger with my finger, something seemed to say to me, "Motion for them to retreat." I did so, just as the rear man came into view. He saw the motion, sprang into his saddle, and took down the cow-path, up which they had come, at a terrific rate.

The other, finding himself forsaken, quickly followed suit. I jumped into the buggy, and ran the ponies around to the north edge of the Chico, where their path came out into our road. Here I awaited their approach, with the gun to my shoulder and my back to the horses. When they saw that I had beat them in reaching this strategic point, and that there was no show to get the drop on me, they "about faced," and rode away. Though we traveled that road for nearly two years after, we never saw them again.

Another incident will be of interest in showing the character of many who were roaming over the country:

A party of six went fifteen miles up the Rio Grande to Hall's ranch for fishing. We hooked only one trout, and he was so large that he got away while landing him. This was my first and last fishing excursion since entering the ministry, but it was a paying one. Three weeks before this a brother of mine, who was prospecting a little west of Fairplay, wrote me that his horses had either strayed or were stolen, and requested me to look out for them. Mentioning this fact to Mr. Hall, with whom we were stopping, and describing the horses to him, he exclaimed, "Those horses are now just over that ridge beyond my field, in an obscure park, and that fellow sitting yonder brought them here. He has stolen them, and we will hang him." To that quiet retreat the writer and Captain William Light hastened with all possible speed. Sure enough we found the lost horses. One was nearly dead from injuries received while crossing the mountains, but the other was all right. This one belonged to him who pens these lines. The next day the thief was to have gone on south with the well horse, leaving the injured one to die, which it did a few days later. This discovery changed his program, and came near costing him his life, as those hardy frontiersmen sometimes meted out speedy punishment in this manner. He was arrested, placed in jail; but just before his trial he escaped therefrom, and skipped the country.

One member, who had plenty of hay to sell when it brought him three dollars per ton, paid his pastor seven dollars for a year's preaching; but when, on account of new mining discoveries, it brought him sixty and seventy dollars per ton, he gave

two dollars, and not one cent to his presiding elder. Comment is unnecessary.

Before the close of the second year, through a liberal donation from the good people of the First Church, of Lawrence, Kansas, and by means of help from other sources, the church debt in Del Norte was paid off. The inside was covered with white muslin, and fitted up for church uses. The membership was trebled, and a flourishing Sunday-school established. The receipts from the charge the first year were, counting everything, two hundred dollars. The second year a trifle more was received. God gave us rich blessings and much comfort.

J. E. Rickard, while on this charge, inclosed a frame church at Milton, before the adjoining town of Saguache, one mile distant, was thought of. This was in 1873-4. By the building up of the opposition town, this was left in the country, and became of little use.

T. P. Cook laid the foundation, and J. H. Scott inclosed the church at Del Norte. The building was of stone, plain and commodious. The pastors here have been: J. E. Rickards, T. P. Cook, J. H. Scott, I. H. Beardsley, J. P. Trelour, Parmenius Smith, John Harrington, J. A. Long, P. McNutt, E. C. Brooks, C. C. Zebold, J. P. Bishop, Tilmon Jenkins, G. M. Glick, J. D. Bratton, H. M. Law, John Moore, and W. E. Perry.

TRINIDAD.—The Church here began under very discouraging conditions, but has developed into a strong, prosperous society.

Rev. E. J. Rice reached Trinidad, Colorado Territory, October 13, 1869. Here he found a little Sunday-school, under the superintendence of E. J. Hubbard, with Frank Bloom, librarian; Joseph Davis, Bible class teacher; a Mr. Barraclough, chorister. On the following Sabbath, October 17th, Brother Rice preached from Hebrews x, 7, to about thirty persons, mostly women and children. The services were held in a low, small room, without floor, which was cheerless in the extreme.

He thanked God for the privilege. The Sunday-school that day had fourteen scholars. Outside of this little circle there was no Sabbath. Business houses were all open. Horse-racing,



gambling, and drinking were generally approved, if not practiced, and Sabbath was a day of revelry and sinful indulgences.

October 30th he organized a class of eight members, some of which remain to this day. He gave the lots on which the church and parsonage now stand. He died here, April 7, 1872, "in full assurance of faith," leaving a wife, son, and daughter to mourn his loss. The seed sown by this true servant of Christ has had a wonderful growth. The church-building was begun by Brother Rice, but finished by Rev. J. R. Moore, 1873. At the close of the Conference session, 1879, the writer was sent to Trinidad, at the request of that society. Here we found a small membership, composed entirely of "elect" women. The offices of the Church were filled by them, and they did their work nobly. There was no loitering by the way. Everything was done on time.

We could not find a house or room in which to set up house-keeping. At our boarding-place we were obliged to sleep on the floor for three months. The church needed repairs badly, hence the society did not feel able to build a parsonage. After much prayer I resolved to make the effort, and so stated to Thomas Stevens, Esq., a business man, who was not a member of the Church, though his wife was one of the stewards. His reply was: "Go ahead and build a good, comfortable parsonage; one that we will not be ashamed of. Collect all you can. Draw on me for the balance." I started out with my subscription-book. One man gave me the shingles, in memory of his godly father; another gave four thousand bricks, and still another two hundred. The next man would put in a two-foot foundation of stone; others gave lumber, lath, hardware, and others still agreed to donate work. A few gave money. In a week's time the structure began to rise. A neat brick parsonage of five rooms was erected and paid for, of which Mr. Stevens paid the last bill, amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars.

The adobe church was in need of repairs. One corner was nearly ready to tumble down, and the steeple was unfinished. October 19, 1879, I was led to preach from Malachi iii, 10. Just before the text was announced, a short, heavy-set man dropped

quietly into a seat. Some way I felt that I was preaching to him alone. God gave me a wonderful blessing that morning as I dwelt upon the theme suggested by the text, especially the last part of it. The next day the gentleman above alluded to called me from the opposite side of the street. We met in the middle of Main Street, on the bridge over the arroyo. He grasped my hand, saying: "I was at church yesterday, and heard your sermon. My mother was a Methodist. I was rocked in a Methodist cradle. God has prospered me financially. I want to do something for him. With your permission, I will fix up your church, finish the steeple, and pay all the expense myself." I said, the tears coursing down both our cheeks: "God bless you. You are the very man I have been looking for. Go ahead." The ugly-looking adobes were encircled by a frame inclosure, the steeple completed, and a good bell put therein. The whole painted inside and out. A carpet was then placed on the church floor by the ladies. The improvements cost the gentleman about \$1,000. His name is Daniel Taylor, Esq. At that time he was not a Church member. The bell was mostly paid for by other parties.

Two years of hard but blessed work here found our nervous systems giving way. Dr. Cranston, our popular presiding elder, gave me for the following year a nominal appointment, that we might have a year of much needed rest. The year was spent in the East visiting relatives, and enjoying a course of lectures in the Baltimore Medical College. Our Sabbaths were spent preaching the gospel in some one of the many Methodist churches in the Monumental City, or in those of the adjacent country. At its close we reported to headquarters for duty.

During the four years spent in Southern Colorado, we had driven to the Conference session and back again each year, camping out and sleeping on the ground generally along the way. These trips amounted to about six hundred miles a year, with our own conveyance. They were years of toil, much anxiety, not a few sacrifices, great spiritual profit, and some success along all lines of Church work. We would not recall them. God was with us. Praise his name!

The pastors at Trinidad have been: E. J. Rice, supplied from 1869 to 1872; J. R. Moore, 1872 to 1874; B. A. Washburn, 1874;

J. E. Rickards, 1875-6; H. S. Hilton, 1877; J. P. Tralour, 1878; I. H. Beardsley, 1879-80; C. S. Uzzell, 1881-2, who had quite a revival; John Harrington, 1883-4; S. A. Winsor, 1885; L. J. Hall, 1886, J. A. Smith, 1887-8; G. S. Oliver, 1889, who remained only a short time, when M. A. Casey, from the Central Ohio Conference, supplied the vacancy. He remained nearly four years. During his pastorate the church-building was greatly enlarged and beautified. During the last year the parsonage, which made a comfortable home for the preachers for thirteen years, was torn down, and a larger and much better one built on the same site, the gift of Rev. William Plested and his wife. Brother Casey had many additions to the Church. N. H. Lee, 1893-6. This last pastorate has been one of marked success and of constant advance.

THE year 1882 the Conference was held in Colorado Springs, by Bishop R. S. Foster. The session was unusually interesting, and highly enjoyable. At its close I was sent to Wheat Ridge and Argo. My health was not sufficiently recovered for me to do extra work. I was able to preach twice on the Sabbath. There were some additions to the Church during the term. A barn was built on the parsonage grounds. A church site was secured, the gift of Henry Lee, Esq. A church-building was erected on this less than two years after, by the Rev. J. C. Greene, 1884-5, costing about \$2,500.

The class and Sunday-school here were organized by Rev. R. H. Rhodes, January 11, 1874. He and family have been loyal supporters ever since. The parsonage was built during the pastorate of C. L. Libby, in 1880, on an acre of ground donated by David Brothers, Esq., who has never swerved from the line of duty in Church or Sunday-school since the society was organized. This Church could not have existed or prospered as it has but for his influence and liberality. The pastors have been, in connection with Arvada: G. S. Allen, N. S. Buckner, R. H. Rhodes, John Stocks, W. H. Gillam, C. S. Uzzell, C. L. Libby. While he was pastor, it was separated from Arvada, and joined with Argo, remaining thus for twelve years. Since this change, L. Wright; E. J. Marsh, for seven months; and R. H. Rhodes,

for the balance of the year; I. H. Beardsley, J. C. Greene, J. T. Musgrove; J. W. Linn, for two years, when it became a separate charge; A. L. Chase, 1895-6.

The first religious service was held in Argo by F. C. Millington, presiding elder, in February, 1880, using this text, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." The next seven months W. C. Roby was the preacher. In September, 1880, C. L. Libby became the pastor, and organized the Argo Methodist Episcopal Church. April 11, 1881, he resigned, when L. Wright took the charge the balance of the Conference year. E. J. Marsh to February 15, 1882, when he left; R. H. Rhodes filled the vacancy; I. H. Beardsley, 1882; J. C. Greene, 1883-4; J. T. Musgrove for five years. During his pastorate the church was built, in 1885-6, on lots donated by Rev. George Richardson, who also gave very liberally in cash, and but for his generosity the building could not have been erected. The property is valued at \$3,500. Then J. W. Linn to July, 1892. During these twelve years Argo was united with Wheat Ridge. In 1892 it was connected with the newly-organized society of Greenwood. Charles W. Huett, pastor for three years; C. C. P. Hiller, 1895-6.

The second decade of the Conference history closes with 43 church edifices, valued at \$182,400; 31 parsonages, valued at \$43,615; 3,971 members and probationers; 58 Sunday-schools, with 708 officers and teachers, and 6,290 scholars of all ages. These figures show constant and substantial progress. Yet who can tell the work done in preparing the stones for the spiritual temple of the living God?

## XVI.

### THE THIRD DECADE.

THE twenty-first session of the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, met in Lawrence Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Denver, July 25, 1883, with Bishop Isaac W. Wiley presiding.

The bishop was in very poor health at the time, and was scarcely able to attend to the duties of the office during the session. Happily, Bishop Simpson was in the city resting, that he might regain his wonted strength, and assisted the former bishop in his official work, preaching for him on the Sabbath. Bishop Wiley pleasantly alluded to the presence of his colleague in his opening address, saying both are in poor health, but "between us we can make one bishop."

Eleven were transferred out of the Conference, and five came into it by transfer. Eight were admitted on trial. One withdrew, and two were located at their own request. These changes made the working force of the Conference one less than at the opening of the session. The "supplies" were R. L. Kenyon, Gilbert De LaMatyr, Thomas Winsor, F. F. Passmore, A. D. Fairbanks,—all efficient workers in the fields to which they were assigned.

From Presiding Elder Millington's report I select the following items: "Death claimed a little babe from the home of Brother Ewert at Caribou, and her remains are buried ten thousand feet above sea-level. Brother Thornton had to move from Central, because of his wife's health. Brother Hilton resigned at Cheyenne, and went East to save his beloved wife. Brother Rhodes resigned Silver Plume, because of his health. There are reported 271 conversions on the district. The church has been improved and debt paid at Boulder. Lots secured for a church at Erie. A \$6,000 church built in Longmont. At Evans the United Presbyterian Church, worth \$2,000, has been bought, and the old church will be changed into a parsonage. A society has been formed at Windsor, and lots secured for a church. G. N. Eldridge has been transferred to fill the vacancy at Cheyenne. A

church built at Rawlins by H. M. Law. Parsonage completed at Arvada. The last dollar of the church debt paid at Central City, and the parsonage completed. A debt of \$850 on the church at Black Hawk paid, the people paying \$500, and using additional \$350 borrowed from the Church Extension Society. A church built at Platteville, and dedicated by Dr. Moore."

Dr. Cranston, presiding elder of the Southern District, presented a very interesting report, from which a few facts are taken: "J. H. Scott has started at Telluride. William Hicks supplied Gunnison. C. S. Uzzell wishes to retire. H. J. Huston built a church in Fairplay last year. This year he has built and paid for a parsonage in Buena Vista. Fairplay and Alma supplied by J. R. Shannon, of the Cincinnati Conference; when spring came he left. F. F. Passmore took his place. A church was dedicated at Kokomo in April, 1881; to this place John A. Long was sent. It became necessary for him to teach a part of the year. George Armstrong began the work in Aspen."

The following incident is reported by the secretary: "At this point a happy lull occurred from the business of the Conference, as Earl Cranston, D. D., had been requested by I. H. Beardsley to present a very valuable cane to the Conference. The staff was made from an east window sill of the first mission building in the Northwest, the Wyandot Mission, at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, and crowned with an olive-wood head, purchased by him in Jerusalem, March, 1873. On motion, Bishop Wiley was requested to present it to Dr. D. H. Moore, chancellor of Denver University, which was done in a pleasant, instructive, and useful speech, which was responded to in one of Dr. Moore's happiest moods; at the close of which, by the permission of the Conference and of the giver, he presented the cane to Bishop I. W. Wiley. The bishop accepted it, and stated that when he should fall in his work, the cane should be returned to the chancellor" (Conference Journal, page 20), which was done in accordance with this assurance. The Conference adjourned on the fifth day of its session, having worked in unity and with good fellowship.

Those transferred into the Conference, and assigned to work therein, were:

G. N. Eldridge, from the East Maine Conference. Filled

out the previous year at Cheyenne, and returned, 1883-4; Colorado Springs, 1885; California Street, Denver, 1886-8, when the location and name were changed to that now known as "Christ Church," to which he was appointed in 1889; was transferred to the Northwest Indiana Conference in 1890. He left a good record as preacher, pastor, and manager of the interests of the Church of Christ.

A. W. Arundal, from the East Ohio Conference. Served Colorado Springs faithfully three years, and then withdrew from the Church in 1885, to become a minister in a sister denomination.

C. W. BREWER, from the Wisconsin Conference, was born in Dauphin County, Pa., April 8, 1835. His father, Thomas Brewer, was born in England, and his mother in Wales. In 1844 his parents moved to Albany, Whiteside County, Illinois. When eighteen years of age he was converted, and feeling called to the ministry, entered the Garrett Biblical Institute in 1857. At the end of the seventh month he



C. W. BREWER.

was compelled to return home; subsequently was examined by Rev. Luke Hitchcock, presiding elder, and given a license as a local preacher. In the fall of 1858, he was led, in a providential way, into the Upper Iowa Conference, and appointed as junior pastor on the Maquoketa Circuit. For nine months' service here his entire receipts were \$47.50. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Scott, September 22, 1861, and stationed at Lansing, Iowa. Realizing the necessity of a more thorough preparation for the work of the ministry, he returned to the Garrett Biblical Institute. The call for men to defend the Government was heard, and in July, 1863, he enlisted in Battery D, 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery,

and was ordered to Fort Jackson, Louisiana. He was discharged for disability, April 22, 1865. In the fall of 1866, after a severe struggle to evade duty, he took work in the Wisconsin Conference. In July, 1876, he was married to Miss Susan P. Shoemaker, of Branchville, New Jersey. On account of pulmonary troubles and asthma, contracted in the army, he was transferred, in 1883, to Colorado, and has served the following charges: Evanston, Wyoming; Fort Collins, Colorado; Cañon City; St. James, Denver. At the close of his second year here, in 1889, he was made a supernumerary, which relation has continued, except for one year, when he served as State superintendent of the "Children's Home Society" of Colorado. Brother Brewer is a clear, logical reasoner, and a very interesting, forcible preacher. He impresses all with the sincerity of his convictions, the genuineness of his own experience, and the honest longing of his soul to lead men to Christ.

I. N. MOREHEAD, from the South Kansas Conference, was sent to Pueblo, where he remained three years, and then was transferred to the Central Pennsylvania Conference. His pastorate was short, and confined to one place. He planned and secured the erection of the Main Street Church in Pueblo.

Those admitted on trial were:

HARVEY M. LAW was born in Ritchie County, West Virginia, April 9, 1848. He does not remember when he did not feel that he was to be a minister of the gospel. He was given a local preacher's license September 29, 1866; traveled a part of two years under the presiding elder in the West Virginia Conference; then came West, and worked at the carpenter's trade for seven years. From 1877 to 1883 he supplied works in the Colorado Conference, when he was admitted on trial, having been ordained a local deacon the year previous. His appointments since entering the Conference have been: Rawlins, three years; Lamar and Montrose, each one year; Glenwood Springs, four years, where he built a church valued at \$3,500; Del Norte and Gunnison, each one year; Basalt, 1896. Brother Law is faithful to the Church, and loyal to God and the great plan of salvation. His work abides.



A. L. T. EWART was born in Prussia, July 16, 1853, and came with his parents to Chicago, Illinois, in 1857; was soundly converted in 1872; came to Colorado in 1880; has served the following charges: Loveland, six months; Caribou, one year; Silver Plume; Rawlins, Wyoming, each three years; Fort Collins, two years; Central City, three years; was transferred to the Illinois Conference in 1892. He is a conscientious man of God, an able minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

ARTHUR C. PECK was born in Cardington, Ohio, November 14, 1858. He was educated in the common schools of his native town, East Greenwich Academy, and Boston University; received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Denver, 1891; came from the Peck family that has furnished so many preachers to our Church; converted in 1879; licensed to exhort, 1880, and to preach in the following July; came to Colorado in 1883, having just been married to Miss Frances Edna Potter, of Clinton, Mass.; recommended to the Colorado Conference by the Quarterly Conference of Lawrence



A. C. PECK.

Street Church, where he preached his first sermon in the State; admitted on trial, and elected to deacon's orders under the missionary rule, July, 1883. His first appointment was Durango; next, Longmont, 1884-5; then First Church, Colorado Springs, 1886-91. He had a most successful pastorate there of nearly five years' duration. Several great revivals were blessed in the uplifting of the people. The membership was increased more than three hundred per cent, the side of the church-building taken out, and the seating capacity increased more than two hundred, the

debts paid, and the Church became the second in the State in point of membership and general prosperity:

In January, 1891, he was elected dean of the Colorado Seminary, and given the business management of this institution. University Hall and Wycliffe Cottage were erected during his administration. The school was also moved from the city to University Park. He was the first State president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in Colorado, and organized the work therein.

In November, 1892, having previously resigned his position with the university, he began a work to which he had felt called

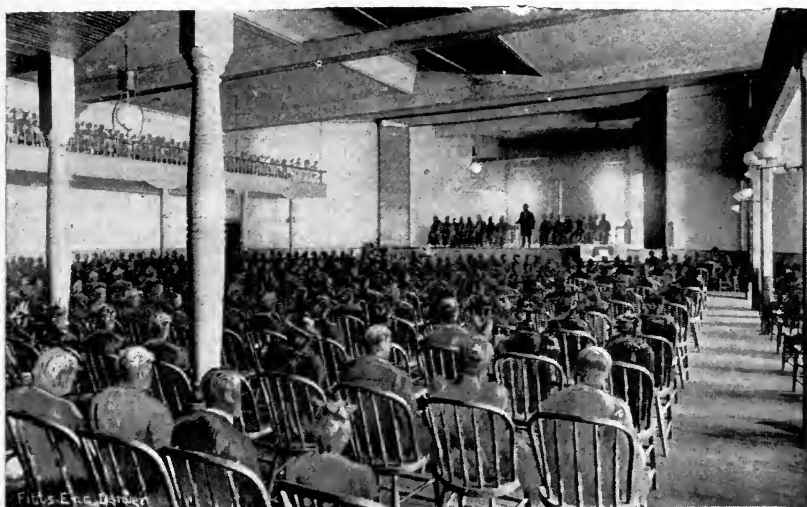


MRS. F. E. PECK.

for several years; namely, the founding of a mission in Lower Denver. From that time until this, for more than twelve hundred nights, during all sorts of times and weather, a gospel service has been held at the Haymarket Mission every night. Nearly five thousand souls have professed conversion at its altar. A large institutional work is carried on in connection with the religious services. Many lodgings and meals are given. A reading-room,

medical dispensary, employment bureau, and clothes-room furnish succor for the unfortunate. In one year over thirty-two thousand meals, and more than ten thousand lodgings were furnished. At the same time more than six thousand patients were treated free in the medical dispensary, and employment was found for 2,632 people. There is a fine and growing Sunday-school, with an average attendance of 225. Fifteen missionaries, nurses, and workers are employed. Besides, they maintain a nursery for little ones, and a Working Girls' Home, a refuge for those seeking employment.

CONNECTED with the Mission, and under the immediate oversight of MRS. PECK, is the "Haven," an institution for girls. It has, at the present writing, thirty-eight inmates. The girls range in age from nine to fourteen years. They are usually parentless and homeless. They are given three hours of an English education per day, and are taught to wash, iron, cook, sweep, dust, sew, and other things relating to good housekeeping. When the course is finished, good homes are secured for them. The entire work of the Mission and "Haven" is carried on at an ex-



INTERIOR OF HAYMARKET MISSION.

pense of from \$8,000 to \$10,000 per year, all of which comes from voluntary contributions.

Brother Peck is a genial associate, a consecrated Christian man, and an efficient preacher. He is evangelical and aggressive in his spirit and methods, and is blessed in his ministry in seeing many souls saved.

Charles H. Koyl, A. J. Drewry, Arthur C. Peck, and A. L. T. Ewart were ordained deacons by Bishop Wiley at this session.

William Hicks, from Canada, supplied Caribou in 1881, and Gunnison in 1882, where the church-building was improved and debt provided for; Gold Hill and Jimtown for three months; and

then Laramie City, Wyoming, the balance of the year, in 1883-4. He is now preaching for the Presbyterians.

1884.—THE morning of August 7th found the Conference assembled for the opening of its twenty-second Annual Session in the beautiful town of Longmont, Boulder County, Colorado, with Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., in the chair, who conducted the devotional exercises, assisted by John L. Dyer. The business was finished on the fourth day, when the adjournment took place. This was a very harmonious and pleasant session.

Those who came in by transfer, and took work among us, were:

JACOB R. RADER, from the St. Louis Conference; was born June 19, 1856, near New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas County, Ohio. He was converted under his eldest brother's ministry at Summerfield, Ohio, March 15, 1875, and says, "The good Lord has kept me converted every day since." From his earliest years he felt that, if ever converted, he would have to preach, and astonished a little company of worldly associates with such an announcement before his conversion.

He preached his first sermon in Trenton, Ohio, from Genesis xxii, 14, "Jehovah-jireh." He was licensed to preach at Richmond, Ohio, May, 1876, and entered the St. Louis Conference in March, 1880; was transferred to Colorado, January 6, 1884. His appointments here have been: Silver Plume, Idaho Springs; Aspen, where he was united in marriage with Miss Emma Bourquin, May 20, 1887; Arvada, in 1888; and Buena Vista, 1889-90; Sterling and Julesburg, 1891; Sterling, 1892; Julesburg, 1893-4; Fort Lupton, 1895; Golden, 1896. He is an enjoyable companion, an interesting preacher of the Word, and a useful minister.

LYNDERMAN WRIGHT, from the Minnesota Conference, with which he had united in 1870, supplied Wheat Ridge and Argo the last part of the Conference year of 1880; also Ouray, 1881, and Montrose in 1882-3. He was appointed to Windsor, 1884-5-6, where he built a neat brick church and parsonage. On account of his health, he became a supernumerary in 1887; two years later he was made effective, and sent to Golden City, where he

remained three years; superannuated in 1892, and now resides at Mansfield, Mo. He did a good work wherever he went, and left behind him a clear record as a minister of Jesus Christ.

GILBERT DE LAMATYR was born in Pharsalia, Chenango County, N. Y., July 8, 1825; was readmitted on certificate of location from the Southeast Indiana Conference, and appointed to Lawrence Street, Denver. He was converted at eighteen, licensed to preach at twenty, and served as pastor in the Genesee, New York East, Nebraska, St. Louis, Southeast Indiana, and Colorado Conferences. He was at Lawrence Street and Evans Memorial, Denver, each three years. The new Grace Church was erected while he was pastor of that society. During the War of the Rebellion he was a chaplain in the Union army for three years.

At the close of a pastorate in Indianapolis, Indiana, he was elected to Congress on the "Greenback" ticket, and served one term.

In 1890 he was transferred to the East Ohio Conference, and was stationed at Akron, Ohio, where he died, steadfast in the faith, April, 1892. As a preacher and lecturer he had few superiors. He heartily despised all shams, and denounced sin in no unmeasured terms. He was a man of remarkable ability, a preacher of almost national reputation, and a Christian without guile.

Of the nine admitted on trial, only one took work in Colorado. The others were connected with the missions in adjacent Territories, and have given their work there. The one associated with us was:

EDWARD J. WILCOX was born January 17, 1857, in Ontario, Canada, and converted when eleven years old. His early life was devoted to business. He reached Colorado in 1880, and spent the first four years mining in the summer, and studying at the School of Mines in the winter. He was given a license to preach in the spring of 1884, and in August following entered the Conference on trial. His appointments have been: Telluride, one year; Mesa, South Pueblo, three years, where he began without a church-building, member, or a Sunday-school. At the end of this pastorate the Broadway Church had been erected, a flourish-

ing Sunday-school established, a self-sustaining membership of nearly two hundred, and a large congregation gathered; then at Longmont, 1888-9. In 1890 he took a supernumerary relation; re-entered the work in 1893, and was appointed to Fifth Avenue, Denver, to which he was returned in 1894-5. In 1896 he again took a supernumerary relation. He is a very strong Prohibition-

ist, and takes every suitable opportunity to advocate those principles. His work as pastor has been characterized by faithfulness, earnestness, and success.



EDWARD J. WILCOX.

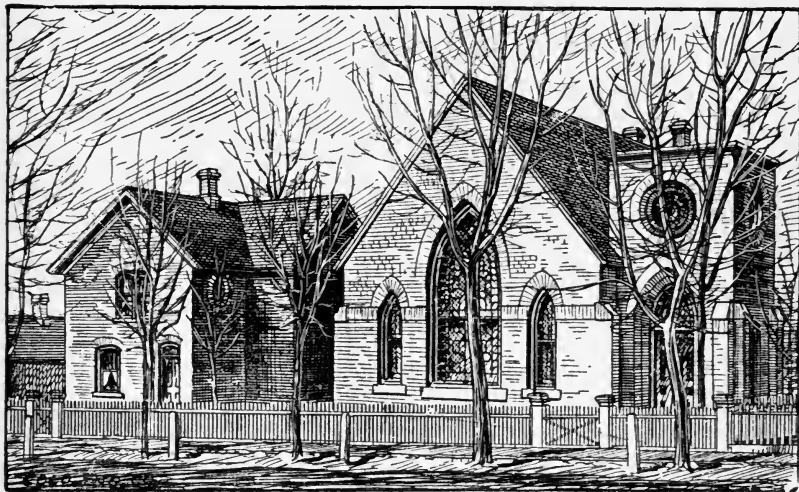
THE Longmont society has the following history. The first quarterly-meeting in the town of Longmont was held June 21, 1871, by B. T. Vincent, presiding elder, who, at that time, organized the society, receiving a number of members, and appointed Judge Terry class-leader. The first church was largely

built under the pastorate of F. C. Millington, and completed during the short term of the writer, who labored with his own hands for nearly a month thereon, in 1872. This property, with the parsonage, built by L. J. Hall, was sold, under the pastorate of J. T. Musgrove, in 1882, old debts paid off, and a small parsonage bought, with lots for a new church, which was built during the pastorate of J. F. White. In 1888-9, while E. J. Wilcox was pastor, that parsonage was sold, and a new one built beside the church, which is shown in cut on opposite page. Judge Terry, E. J. Coffman, and perhaps others, have been staunch supporters of the society since 1871, and O. A. McFarland, since 1874.

The colony located there in the spring of 1871. The pastors since have been: R. J. Van Valkenberg, F. C. Millington; I. H. Beardsley, for six weeks; then C. E. Cline, 1872; C. G. Milnes,

1873-4; J. F. Coffman, 1875-6; H. L. Beardsley, 1877; L. J. Hall, 1878-9; J. T. Musgrove, 1880-1; J. F. White, 1882-3; A. C. Peck, 1884-5; C. A. Brooks and J. R. Madison, 1886; J. A. Long, 1887; E. J. Wilcox, 1888-9; H. B. Cook, 1890; C. H. Koyl, 1891-5; D. B. Vosseller, 1896.

From Presiding Elder Millington's report I make the following selections: "A church is projected at Wheat Ridge. S. W. Thornton went to Central City for two months, after N. A. Chamberlain was appointed presiding elder. A. W. Coffman has had a good revival at Evans and Windsor. A new church has



LONGMONT CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

been bought, paid for, and dedicated at Evans. Gold Hill was served by R. H. Rhodes for three months; William Hicks for the next three; and then it was vacant for three months, when E. J. Wilcox closed out the year. The Georgetown church has been moved to a more central location, on account of the proximity of the railroad, and fitted up. A new church has been built in Longmont. J. R. Rader has begun in Loveland. A church has been dedicated in Rawlins, Wyoming."

I select a few items from Presiding Elder Chamberlain's report: "The church at Bear Cañon is sold. A church has been

started at Monte Vista. A brick parsonage has been built at Florence, and another at Gunnison. Dr. O. Ellerson has a small church ready for dedication at Morrison. At Pueblo a new church is under way, to cost about \$12,000. R. H. McDade has organized at Salida, and erected a building at a cost of \$800. E. T. Curnick has supplied Evans's Memorial, Denver; and L. C. Aley, Ouray."

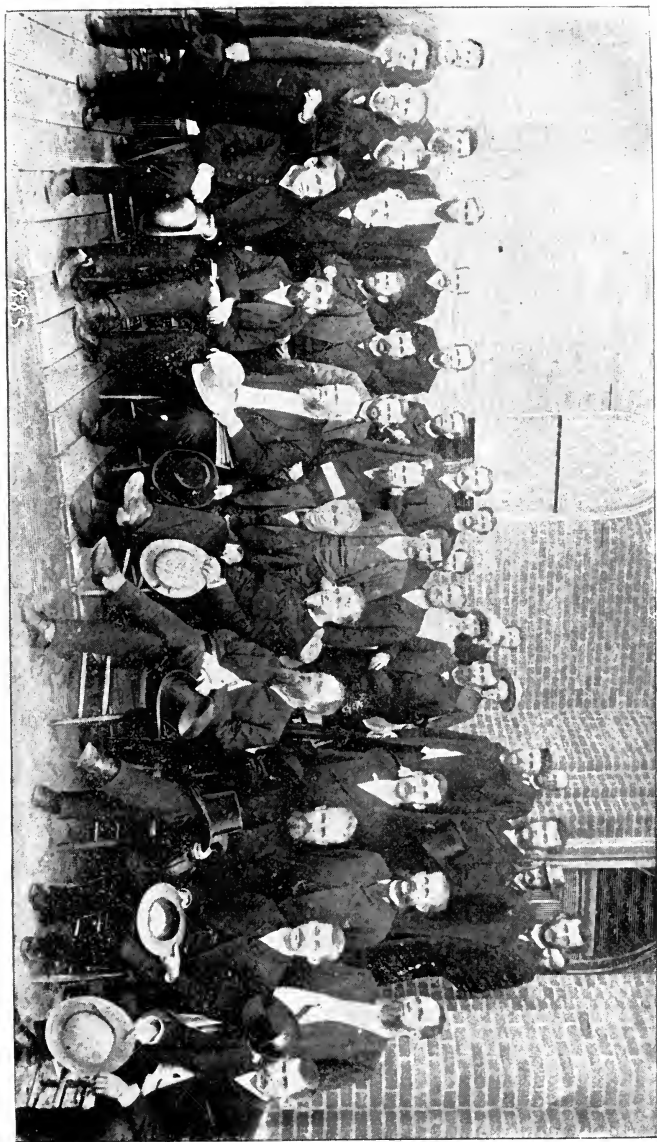
Christian C. Zebold and Florida F. Passmore were ordained as deacons, and James F. Harris as an elder.

Lewis C. Aley, who started the Church in Delta, had spent three years in the State of Idaho teaching and preaching, where he was instrumental in having souls converted and three churches established. In 1865 he located in Delta, where he organized a Church with seven members, and a Sunday-school with six children, Mrs. Stevens and himself being the teachers. They held the services in a tent, or in a vacant building, as one could be had, changing about from Sabbath to Sabbath. From here he was sent to Ouray, where he had a long siege of sickness, which resulted in his death, June 8, 1893, at the age of forty years. His memory is precious. A wife and two daughters mourned his loss. His widow has since joined him on the other side.

The pastors at Delta have been: L. C. Aley, W. Osburn, J. Shawber, G. E. Tuttle, W. A. McElphatrick, 1889-90. During the first of the last year named he circulated a paper for subscriptions with which to build a church. Feeling the need of a better equipment for the work of the ministry, he left his charge to attend school, and W. J. Judd filled out the year, laying a stone foundation for the new church. Edgar White, the next pastor, completed the structure in 1891, which was dedicated January 3, 1892, by R. M. Barns, D. D. The building cost \$4,500. Since then, the pastors have been: J. H. Gill, 1893-4; W. R. Weaver, 1895; J. R. Wood, 1896.

IN this Conference group (on the opposite page), taken at Pueblo, in 1885, there are twelve likenesses which do not appear elsewhere in this volume. On the left in front sits Dr. G. De LaMatyr. The third person back of him is Dr. A. H. Lucas, and at his left is T. A. Story. The sixth from A. H. Lucas is





COLORADO CONFERENCE GROUP OF 1885.

H. M. Law, and to his left stands J. T. Musgrove. The last in that row is John Whisler. Returning to the rear and left, we see, first, G. N. Eldridge; second, L. Wright; third, F. S. Beggs; fourth, J. R. Rader; seventh, E. F. Miller, the singing evangelist; eighth, A. L. T. Ewart; ninth, John Harrington; the second beyond him, against the wall, is S. A. Winsor.

1885.—THE Conference convened in the Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, at Pueblo, Colorado, Thursday, July 16th, at nine o'clock A. M., Bishop E. G. Andrews, D. D., presiding. The opening exercises were conducted by the bishop. H. L. Beardsley was elected secretary.

J. H. Merritt, presiding elder, reported for the Northern District, he having been appointed in the place of F. C. Millington, who had accepted the position of financial agent of the University of Denver.

Brother Merritt said: "S. W. Thornton has been ordered to New Mexico, and F. S. Beggs to fill his place at Central City. A. W. Coffman met with an accident at Arvada, and left; A. D. Hammitt filled out the year: J. A. Smith left Black Hawk for Aspen. C. C. Zebold, of Fort Collins Circuit, was sent to a new field, at Lander, Wyoming; and H. D. Seckner was employed to fill his place. H. S. Huber, of the Illinois Conference, was secured for Laramie City, Wyoming; T. A. Story, for Gold Hill Circuit; and R. L. Kenyon, for Loveland. A new church has been built at Bald Mountain, costing \$5,000, and another at Wheat Ridge, at a cost of \$2,000."

There is no report from N. A. Chamberlain, the other presiding elder, on file. The net gain in the Conference membership, over the previous year, was thirteen.

Those transferred to the Conference were:

JOSEPH A. FERGUSON was born, February 20, 1838, in Somerset, Perry County, Ohio; converted in 1856; licensed to preach in 1858; educated in the public schools, and at the Dennison University, at Granville, Ohio; entered the Central Ohio Conference in 1865; was ordained a local deacon at the same time, and elder four years after. He served the following charges in that

Conference: Paulding Mission, with eleven appointments, one year; Port Jefferson Circuit, three years; Spring Hill Circuit, two years; Quincy Circuit, three years; Fostoria, two years; Kenton, three years; Greenville, three years; Delta, six months; transferred to Girard, South Kansas Conference, in 1883, where he remained two years; at Paola, for a short time, and then was transferred to the Colorado Conference in 1885; was stationed at Boulder, four years, where he cleared up an old church debt; Idaho Springs, three years. Here he removed a Church Extension debt, and purchased a neat parsonage; had revivals on his circuit work and in some of the stations. At Quincy, Ohio, a cyclone blew the church into kindling-wood, which was replaced by a brick, costing \$6,500, all paid for. He was transferred to Oklahoma, in September, 1895. Brother Ferguson stands well as a preacher and pastor. His pastorates were all more or less successful.



J. A. FERGUSON.

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE, from the Erie Conference, was born at Oxford, New York, March 13, 1826. He was fitted for college at the Oxford Academy, and at the age of twenty graduated from the Wesleyan College of Connecticut, with the degree of A. B. Two years after, the degree of A. M. was received from the same institution. The degree of D. D. was conferred by the Syracuse University in 1858.

He joined the Oneida Conference in 1848, and entered upon the work of a traveling minister. In 1850 he was married to Miss Myra Smith, of Utica, New York. For sixteen years he was professor of Modern and Ancient Languages at Cazenovia Seminary, and for twenty years professor of Greek at Allegheny College, Pa. In 1884 he accepted the chair of Greek and Latin in the Uni-

versity of Denver, and for one year was the acting chancellor of the same. For twenty-five years he has written the notes on the Sunday-school lessons for the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, which are now in greater demand than ever. His "Story of Methodism" has had a circulation of over one hundred thousand copies. He also wrote the notes on the "Songs of Solomon and Ecclesiastes," and of the last three books of the Old Testament, for Whedon's Commentaries. His last work is called "Art Glimpses of Methodism." In 1894, when a Methodist Church was organized at University Park, Dr. Hyde was chosen its first pastor, and was reappointed in 1895. He is an honor to any institution and to any Conference.

JOHN WHISLER, born December 27, 1835, in Richland County, Ohio; was converted at sixteen, and immediately felt called to preach the gospel. He and Miss Rebecca Simon were married, July 10, 1856, in Wood County, Ohio. He was given a license to exhort in 1861, and another to preach a year afterward.

August 28, 1862, he enlisted in the 49th Ohio Volunteer Infantry of the Union army, and was immediately sent to the front; but did not reach his regiment, which was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., until after the battle of Stone River. Their first engagement was near Resaca. For thirty days thereafter they were under fire all the time as they moved southward. He was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, May 29, 1864, losing his right arm. For eighteen days he lay in a field hospital, then was removed to Chattanooga, and thence to Nashville, where he was kept in the hospital for nearly six months, when he was mustered out and sent home.

In April, 1865, he began his itinerant career, under the presiding elder on the Freeport Circuit, where he labored for one year and a half, when he was admitted on trial in the Central Ohio Conference. On further consideration he was released, that he might attend school. Of him Bishop Clark remarked, "That it was a laudable desire for a young man to get a better education." He at once entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, and "supplied" charges during the five years of his college life.

He was admitted into the North Ohio Annual Conference

in 1870, and sent to Iberia Circuit, 1870-1; Ontario, 1872-3; Wooster, 1874-5-6; Tiffin, 1877-8. In the fall of 1878 he was transferred to Minnesota, where he labored for five years, when he came to California Street, Denver, which charge he served for one year and a half. He was at Leadville, 1886-7-8. During his first year here a new church was finished, and dedicated by Bishop Warren. He also raised the money, bought and almost paid for a parsonage by the side of the church. In February, 1889, he was appointed financial agent of the University of Denver, which position he held for sixteen months. He was a supernumerary for the next two years; then was transferred to the Columbia River Conference, where he did good work for four years. Failing health compelled him to resign his charge in the middle of the year, 1896, and was transferred back to the Colorado Conference, and given a supernumerary relation. He has a fine reputation as a preacher, and has made a good record in the pastorate, and is now at his pleasant home in Denver.

JACOB KAGEY, from the Illinois Conference. His pastorates were: Fairplay, 1884 (supply); Buena Vista, 1885-6; Windsor, 1887, which he resigned soon after the Conference session; Buena Vista Circuit, 1888; located in 1889.

H. C. COATS, from the Illinois Conference. His work was in the New Mexico English Mission, 1885; Telluride, 1886; Vilas Circuit, 1887; withdrew in 1888.

R. L. CHOATE, from the Illinois Conference; Salida, 1885; located in 1886.

WILBUR C. MADISON, a probationer, from the Upper Iowa Conference; born January 9, 1858, at Edgewood, Iowa; was converted when nine years of age, and joined the Church six months after; licensed to preach in 1878; graduated from the Upper Iowa University, at Fayette, Iowa, in 1883, with the degree of A. B. The same institution conferred on him the degree of A. M. in 1885, and that of D. D. in 1894, and the University of Denver that of Ph. D., after examination.

August 21, 1883, he was married to Miss Carrie Adeline Holmes, of Manchester, Iowa. He joined the Upper Iowa Conference the following September, and was ordained a local deacon

at the same time, by Bishop Simpson. Two years after, he came to Colorado, and was appointed to Grand Junction; then Fort Collins, 1886; First Church, Pueblo, 1887-8. During this pastorate Bishop Warren built and gave to that Church a beautiful parsonage; Greeley, 1890-1-2; Greeley District, 1893-6. Dr. Madison is a thorough scholar, a strong preacher, and conscientiously faithful in meeting all his official obligations. He is a forcible writer, and his pen is frequently called into use for the periodical press of the country.



W. C. MADISON.

He gives the following account of a "Pioneer Experience," in the northwestern portion of his district in 1895, which is a faithful illustration of what is done by all our pioneer workmen:

"At Steamboat Springs we spent the first Sabbath, July 22d, preaching twice there, and once in the afternoon at a private house seven miles distant. The first Quarterly Conference in Routt County was held the following Saturday. The Church at Steamboat Springs is but a little over a

year old, but seems well organized and composed of earnest people. The congregation which greets the preacher there is as good as one needs to meet. Monday morning Brother Boylan and myself started with a two-horse wagon and a rifle, to cross the Rabbit Ear range into North Park. We crossed the summit of the great Continental Divide, and about sunset were hailed by a man at the front end of a log cabin, who proved to have come thus far with two others for the purpose of meeting us, and guiding us for the rest of our journey. We stopped, partook of a good out-door supper, and that night slept on the ground in that much

ventilated cabin. The next day found us at the home of a Mr. Shearer at Rand. That night I preached in a little church, received into our Church a company of fifteen, held the first Quarterly Conference ever held in North Park, and the next day rode twenty-five miles to Walden. The word sent had failed to get there; but though we arrived at five in the afternoon, a goodly congregation was "rustled" by 7.30, and I preached again. The people there, as at Rand, urged me to find them a preacher, saying they could support him if sent.

"The next day we started back to Steamboat. We were belated, and slept that night under a wagon, on the crest of the continent. On Friday we arrived home, and the next day went to Hayden, twenty-five miles down the Yuma from Steamboat, where, in the midst of a thriving agricultural community of fine citizens, we found good reception, and Sunday morning had a large congregation. We returned to Steamboat that afternoon, and had service there at night. I am told that no presiding elder was ever in that country before, officially. Dr. Cray was there years ago, and preached to about six or seven people." (*Methodist Helper*, August, 1895.)

In 1896 he dedicated a church at Rand in North Park.

HENRY A. BUCHEL, D. D., from the Northwest Indiana Conference. Born September 30, 1847, near Akron, Ohio, where Buchtel College, an institution founded and endowed by John R. Buchtel, a cousin of his father, Dr. J. B. Buchtel, now stands. In 1848 the family moved to South Bend, Indiana, where he grew up to manhood's estate. Here he was converted, February, 1866, in a revival-meeting held by the pastor, Charles A. Brooke, D. D., who subsequently gave him a Bible because he was the most liberal Sunday-school scholar in contributing to the missionary cause. That Bible he deposited in the corner-stone of Trinity Church, Denver, as his most precious gift.

He was educated at Asbury (now DePauw) University, Greencastle, Indiana, graduating in the class of 1872. For three years previous he had been a local preacher. The following September he was admitted on trial in the Northwest Indiana Conference, and appointed to Zionsville and Northfield Circuit.

In January, 1873, he was sent as a missionary to Bulgaria, taking his bride with him. Soon after reaching Bulgaria she was taken down with typhoid-malarial fever, with a serious complication of the lungs. This severe illness broke her health entirely, and they were compelled to return home in the fall of the same year. His Bulgarian teacher, Jordan Ivan Ekonomoff, who was converted in his house, came with them to this country. He was a B. A. graduate from Roberts College, of Constantinople. He remained at Drew Seminary four years, and then returned to take his place in the Bulgarian Mission.

In the fall of 1873 Dr. Buchtel was appointed to the South

Greencastle Charge, which at that time had no property of its own. Services were held in the college chapel. God gave him three hundred converts in ten weeks of protracted meetings. In the middle of his third year he was transferred to Knightstown, North Indiana Conference. After three years here he spent three more at Grace Church, Richmond, Indiana. His next charge was Trinity Church, Lafayette, where he remained until



H. A. BUCHEL.

July, 1885, when he was transferred to Evans Chapel, Denver, Colorado. One year after he began his ministry at Lawrence Street Church. At the end of the first year the name of the Church was changed to "Trinity." In September, 1887, the congregation moved into "Tabor Grand Opera-house," where services were held for seven months. On Easter Sabbath, 1888, the first Sunday in April, the first service was held in the Sunday-school room of Trinity Church. At Christmas-time, the same year, they moved into the Auditorium. He was pastor of Trinity for nearly five years. Joseph C. Shattuck, Ph. D., secretary of



the Board of Trustees, published in *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, August 9, 1893, over two years after his pastorate closed, the following estimate of his work at Trinity:

"No description of this church, or history of its erection, would be complete or just that did not ascribe to Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, pastor from 1886 to 1891, the honor for great leadership in the enterprise. He came to a building seating about five hundred, but more than ample for the congregation. In two months he had packed it to the doors, and in one year had lifted the society from the fourth in rank in the city to the first, and obliged it to move into the opera-house, seating twelve hundred. He welded this people into one aggressive unit, fired by his own high purpose to build a temple worthy the leading Church in Colorado Methodism, yet never forgetting the regular benevolences, which, in the year of heaviest giving to the new enterprise, reached a larger total than ever before reported by a Church in this Conference. It is not too much to say that, but for him, there would be no Trinity Church in Denver to-day."

In 1891 he was transferred to Indianapolis, Indiana, where he is preaching the gospel with all the vigor of his mature manhood. The success attending his work, with the character of the appointments filled, best describes his ability as pastor and preacher. He is greatly beloved by his former associates here.

ABNER H. LUCAS, from the Detroit Conference, who filled pastorates at Greeley, four years, and Grace Church, Denver, two years, when he was transferred East, and stationed in Springfield, Ohio.

While pastor in Greeley, he and Rev. G. S. Oliver, who was the pastor at Evans, started a small local Church paper. Subsequently Brother Lucas and Rev. A. C. Peck, then of Colorado Springs, interested a number of prominent laymen in a local Church paper for the Rocky Mountain region.

Previously a paper had been started, with the thought of meeting this need, by Frank Hard, Esq., of Denver. This was bought and published for some time by George S. Welch, Esq., of whom it was purchased by Lucas and Peck for the new company. The two papers were then consolidated, and became the

*Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, which for several years visited the homes of our people within the bounds of the Colorado Conference. Dr. Lucas was assisted in the editorship by the Rev. A. C. Peck, and together they made an excellent paper. The General Conference of 1892 appointed a committee to publish it as a semi-official paper, and the Rev. Claudius B. Spencer was elected editor. The paper, however, having insufficient financial basis, was soon discontinued, as it could not be published without pecuniary loss. While issued it filled a very useful place as a local organ, interesting the people in each other, and visiting hundreds of homes where no other *Advocate* ever came. To us it seemed to have been a great misfortune that it was discontinued.

The General Conference of 1896, however, authorized its publication, under proper official supervision, aided by a generous subsidy from the Book Concern.

The commission to whom this work was confided chose the Rev. C. B. Spencer as editor, and placed the business management of the new venture in the hands of Dr. D. L. Rader.

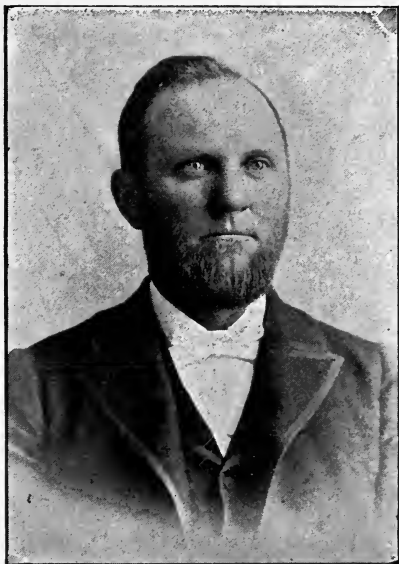
These brethren are energetically pushing the enterprise, and are succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectations in placing it upon a paying basis. They are also making a very interesting, valuable paper for this mountain region.

DANIEL L. RADER was received from the Denver Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was born at Rose Hill, Johnson County, Missouri, August 27, 1850, and was named for his father's presiding elder, Daniel Leaper. He was converted in 1864, at a protracted-meeting held in Saline County, Missouri, by a Presbyterian minister, assisted by his father, who was a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. As there was no Methodist Church in that locality, he, by the advice of his father, joined the Presbyterian Church. Two years later, he took his letter and connected himself with the Church of his parents, with which he remained for nineteen years.

He studied for two years under the tutorship of Rev. Dr. Sidney Paxton, a Presbyterian minister; then two years more in the Shelbyville High School, after which he taught for a time. In September, 1871, he joined the Southwest Missouri Confer-

ence, and was at once transferred to the Western Conference, and placed in charge of the Oskaloosa Circuit, Kansas. In the middle of the year he was changed to the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Leavenworth, Kansas, where he remained until September, 1873, when he was sent to Council Grove. On September 18, 1872, he was married to Miss Eugenia Shackelford, whom he had known in his school-days. In 1874 he returned to Missouri, where he remained until March, 1879, when, on account of pulmonary trouble, he came to Colorado. His lungs at that time were in such a condition that he could not pray in his family without hemorrhages.

His Conference gave him a superannuated relation, and, after resting in this climate for two years and a half, he was so far recovered that he was transferred to the "Denver Conference" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, October, 1881, and appointed presiding elder of the Denver District, which position he held for three years, when he asked to be relieved, that he might enter



D. L. RADER.

the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This his Conference was unwilling to grant, but appointed him to Corona Chapel, Pueblo. At the close of that year, July, 1885, he took a certificate of location, and was admitted into the membership of the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was appointed to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he remained for three years. When the Wyoming Mission was organized in 1888, he was made its first superintendent, and held this position for four years. At the session of 1892, in Pueblo, he was appointed presiding elder of the newly-formed "Pueblo District,"

where he is doing good work for the Master and the Church. The Conference in 1895 elected him one of its delegates to the General Conference, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, May, 1896. He is evangelistic and interesting as a preacher, and a successful organizer. His ministry is attended with blessed spiritual results. Brother Rader is a man thoroughly consecrated to God and to his work.

THOSE admitted on trial were:

H. L. WRISTON. Arvada and Hugo, 1885-7; Laramie City, Wyoming, 1888-9. Left without an appointment in 1890-2, "to attend some one of our schools," which was at the School of Theology in the Boston University. In 1893 he was transferred to the New England Conference. He is a fluent speaker, a good sermonizer, and an exceedingly popular minister of the gospel. He is a very promising young man. He graduated from the University of Denver in 1889, A. B.

JOSHUA SHAWBER. Telluride Circuit, 1885; Delta, 1886-7; Monte Vista, 1888; Evans, 1889-91; supernumerary, 1892-6. He rendered good service while in the active work, and has left a clean record on the charges served.

THOMAS M. HARWOOD, a nephew of Superintendent Harwood, was appointed missionary in the Spanish work of New Mexico. He is still connected with this Mission, and is a man of great usefulness to the Spanish people.

WILLIAM C. PRICE. Was sent to Como and Breckenridge; discontinued in 1886.

THERON A. STORY was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, in 1859; converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of twelve, through the influence of a godly mother; called to the ministry at the age of sixteen, and entered upon his first charge at Jamestown, Colorado, at the age of twenty-five, under Presiding Elder Millington, his uncle; returned the second year; then at Silver Plume and Black Hawk, each one year; Granada in 1888; made a supernumerary in 1889, and transferred to the Northern New York Conference in 1891. He did good work while here, and left a good name behind him.

HERSCHEL D. SECKNER was born in Turin, Lewis County, New York, September 6, 1852; converted in April, 1864; was educated in the common schools, and in Lowville Academy; also for a time at the Cazenovia Seminary. He came to Colorado in 1879, and engaged in business at Fort Collins. He was licensed to preach in 1884, and sent to the Fort Collins Circuit, where he labored for a year and six months.

He has since filled Simpson, Denver, 1886-7-8-9. During his pastorate here the first church was sold, and the present one erected on the corner of Thirty-seventh Avenue and Lafayette Street; then at Silver Plume, 1890, where he secured a lot for a new church; Berkeley, 1891. The church-building here was inclosed, except as to the doors and windows. This was finished, and a neat parsonage of six rooms built. At Fort Morgan, 1895-6. He was admitted to the Conference in 1885; ordained deacon in 1887,

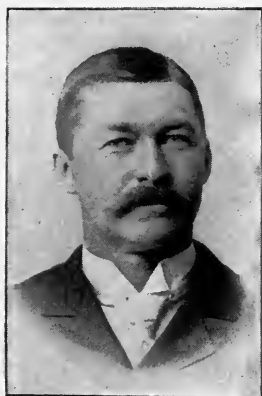


H. D. SECKNER.

elder in 1889. He is an earnest preacher, a faithful pastor, and efficient minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

JOHN W. LINN was born, August 13, 1855, at Loysville, Perry County, Pennsylvania; converted in October, 1878, in West Side, Iowa; educated at the high school in Lanark, Illinois, and at Garrett Biblical Institute, from which he graduated in 1884, and immediately came to Colorado, taking charge of the Beckwourth Street Church and Simpson Mission, where he remained three years. The last named Mission was taken off his charge at the end of the second year, and the former (now "Fifth Avenue") constituted the charge. On September 7, 1886, he was married, in Beckwourth Street Church, to Miss Kate A. Dobbins, of Denver. His next appointment was Rawlins, Wyoming, which he

served efficiently eighteen months, when he was changed to Leadville, Colorado, where he remained the same length of time. In 1890 he was appointed to Argo and Wheat Ridge (the former was taken off after two years), and here, at Wheat Ridge, he remained five years. He organized during his term here, on Prospect Avenue, a class of thirty members, with a Sunday-school of forty-



J. W. LINN.

five members; also a Sunday-school with thirty members at Lakewood. Having staid his full time, he was sent to Central City in 1895, and reappointed in 1896. He came to the session at Leadville, in 1896, in apparently good health, was taken severely ill during the night succeeding the first day's session. An operation was soon decided as necessary, which was successfully performed. To all human appearance an early recovery was probable. When the session closed he was returned to Central City, and his associates left, expecting to hear soon that he was in his field of labor. He him-

self was peacefully trusting in the Lord Jesus, leaving all in his hands. On the day after the Conference adjourned his disease took an unfavorable turn, and soon "he was not, for God had taken him."

Brother Linn was an untiring pastor and successful minister of Jesus Christ. He has left a rich legacy to his family in an unimpeachable Christian character.

John A. Long was ordained a deacon, and C. H. Koyle, J. T. Musgrove, J. R. Rader, R. H. McDade, R. L. Choate, as elders.

The supplies were, F. S. Beggs, S. H. Huber, R. L. Kenyon, P. McNutt, F. F. Passmore, and T. Winsor.

1886.—FROM July 15th to 20th the Conference was in session, for the second time, at Greeley, Colorado, Bishop Thomas Bowman presiding. Forty members answered to their names when the roll was called.

N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder of the Southern District, reported, in substance, as follows: "Dr. McNutt, in charge at Del Norte and Henry, died February 9, 1886. A. Crooks, of the Des Moines Conference, succeeded him. R. L. Choate left for New Mexico, and C. B. Allen followed him at Salida. I. N. Morehead resigned at Pueblo in the early winter, and went East, when A. B. Bruner took his place. A church-building is begun at Aspen by J. A. Smith, the pastor. At Monte Vista, a brick church, which will seat three hundred, and costing \$3,000, has been erected. McNutt raised nearly \$1,200 the week before he died. New church and parsonage started at Leadville. Brother William Osburn is pushing a church enterprise at Montrose. J. C. Kemp has been preaching at Glenwood Springs."

From the report of J. H. Merritt, presiding elder, I select what follows: "J. C. Green did not go to Evans and Big Thompson; George S. Oliver was secured for this charge. A frame church completed at Argo, valued at \$4,200, including the lots. At Windsor, after the same plan, a brick church has been built, costing \$3,500. A parsonage purchased at Central City, and one built at North Denver. The church and parsonage properties greatly improved at Cheyenne, Evanston, Greeley, and Idaho Springs."

The transfers assigned to work among us were:

A. B. BRUNER, from the Puget Sound Conference. Returned to First Church, Pueblo; superannuated in 1887, on account of a sick wife, who died soon after; was at Las Animas three months of 1888, and at Aspen the next three years. In 1891 he was transferred to the Southwest Kansas Conference. Brother Bruner is an attractive preacher and excellent pastor. He usually enjoys "times of refreshing" on his charges.

OKEY J. MOORE, from the West Virginia Conference, was born near Sistersville, Tyler County, West Virginia, April 13, 1860. Graduated from the State Normal School, at Fairmont, W. Va., in 1878; was at the same school, teaching and reading law, from 1878 to 1880; converted at a revival-meeting held near his old home, on February 1, 1880. At this time it was foreign to his thought to become a minister, but the law soon lost its attrac-

tions. He received a clearer witness of his acceptance, when trying to lead another to Jesus. He says: "After a short struggle I surrendered myself fully to God, and soon received what many called 'the second blessing, love enthroned within.'"

"Soon after this, the Lord showed me that the Methodist Church was, after all, not such a mean institution. I attended the General Conference, at Cincinnati, Ohio, with my father, in 1880, and for the first time saw Methodism on her mount of transfiguration."



O. J. MOORE.

He entered the itinerant ranks in the West Virginia Conference that fall, and filled, while there, the following appointments: namely, Ceredo, 1880; Williamstown, 1881; Milton, 1882. He then went to the Drew Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1886. His appointments since have been: Santa Fé, New Mexico, May, 1886, to July, 1889; El Paso, Texas, July, 1889, to October, 1891; Golden, Colorado, 1891-2; Greeley, 1893-6. Brother Moore is scholarly, spiritual, and

attractive as a minister of the gospel, and builds wisely and well in the temple of the living God.

TWELVE were admitted on trial, but only two were assigned work within Conference bounds; namely:

George S. Oliver, who had supplied Evans, was returned. His farther work was: Idaho Springs, 1887-8; Trinidad, 1889, where he remained but a short time, when he withdrew from the ministry and the Church, entering upon secular work. His headquarters are now (1897) in Denver, Colorado, where his family resides. He had the elements of a successful minister, and should have remained therein.

Joseph B. Long was born near Jefferson, Schoharie County,



New York, May, 1863. He was left an orphan by the death of his father, in the Army of the Potomac, in the following December, and his mother two years later. He can not remember when he was not a Christian. He joined the Church at sixteen; was educated at the Walton Union School, and later, in more advanced studies, at the "Hudson River Institute," Claverack, New York; "Wesleyan University," Middletown, Connecticut; "Garrett Biblical Institute," Evanston, Illinois; and the "Iliff School of Theology," Denver, Colorado. He graduated from the last-named institution in June, 1893. During his period of school study in the West, he was preaching almost regularly as pastor. He has filled here the following appointments: Lander and Sheridan, Wyoming; Como, Ouray, Black Hawk, and Bald Mountain, in Colorado; then Alma, Evanston, and Rawlins, in Wyoming. He was sent to the latter place in 1895-6. He was married, June 4, 1890, to Miss Cora E. Sheldon, of Boulder, Colorado. Brother Long is highly esteemed for his many excellent personal qualities, and as well for his worth as a minister of the gospel. At this writing (1897) it is said he has withdrawn from the Methodist pastorate, and entered that of the Congregational Church.

Edward J. Wilcox, George B. M. Rodgers, Theron A. Story, Oscar F. McKay, and Martin Anderson were ordained deacons.

M. C. Wilcox, of the Foochow Conference, China, was a helpful visitor, and was introduced on the second morning of the session. Brother E. F. Miller, singing evangelist, led the singing with delightful effect.

1887.—FOR the fifth time Conference met in Denver, in the Lawrence Street Church, July 13th, and adjourned on the 18th. Bishop John M. Walden presided. This was his first visit to the Colorado Conference in this capacity. He conducted the devotional exercises. The sacramental service was under the direction of Bishop H. W. Warren, assisted by the presiding elders and others.

After the roll-call and the appointment of the committees, Bishop Warren addressed the Conference in a very feeling and affectionate manner, preparatory to his visit to Japan and China. At its close, Bishop Walden suggested that all join in singing,

"God be with you till we meet again," when Dr. De LaMatyr, the pastor of the bishop's family, led in prayer.

A pleasing incident of the morning service was this: When Father Dyer, then the only superannuate in the Conference, had reported for himself, Dr. Moore, chancellor of the University of Denver, in behalf of, and in the name of, the trustees of the university, presented him with a beautiful gold-headed cane. The Doctor in doing this made one of his happiest speeches, to which Father Dyer responded equally well.

One year before, the Conference appropriated one hundred dollars to Brother Dyer out of the fund for superannuates, which he very generously donated to the university. In appreciation of this act, and of his many years of faithful service in this mountain region, the trustees made this as a token of their esteem.

J. H. Merritt, presiding elder, reported, in part, as follows: "Loveland Church is finished, and cost \$2,640. Caribou has erected a comfortable church. R. E. Buckeye supplied Evanston, Wyoming, until his health failed, when C. A. Brooks was taken from Longmont to supply his place. F. S. Beggs, who has supplied Central City for two years, was called to the Springfield District, Missouri Conference; T. L. Wiltsee, from the Central Ohio Conference, filled out the year. John Stocks died at Black Hawk, September 19, 1886; W. M. Bewley filled the year out there. R. E. Rippetoe, from Kansas, has been preaching at Akron, one hundred and twelve miles east of Denver, and organized a class. J. M. Adair has been organizing a work south of Julesburg, near the Kansas line. G. E. Trowbridge took charge of Buckhorn Circuit."

N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder, reported: "Lamar has developed quickly. They asked for a preacher; H. L. Beardsley was sent, who organized a society, and began the erection of a church, which is nearly ready for dedication, and will cost about \$3,000. La Junta petitioned for a Methodist pastor; John R. Wood was sent; a class has been started, and plans laid for the erection of a house of worship. Brother Wood has also opened in Rocky Ford, organizing a class, and starting the matter of building a new church. Preaching has been established in Granada, and plans for a church started; S. M. Hopkins pastor.

J. M. Clark has organized a work at Glenwood Springs and below, toward Grand Junction, along the Grand River. F. F. Passmore has started a society at Como, and established preaching at the Lower Mines and at Hartzell. The country in South-eastern Colorado is rapidly filling up. The railroads are pushing in with new lines. Soon four or five additional men will be needed to supply that region. Colorado City has put on new life, on account of the railroad shops established there. The old church has been sold, and lots secured for another. They ask for a pastor. Lawrence Street has changed its name to "Trinity," and begun the erection of a new building, which will seat 1,500 people. The organ will cost \$25,000, the gift of Isaac E. Blake. Evans Chapel has secured additional lots, so they can build a complete church-home. B. F. Todd has inspired the people of Castle Rock to build a neat frame church, the first in the town. Through the united efforts of Pastor Bruner, Bishop Warren, Dr. Cranston, and other brethren of the Conference, the church debt at Pueblo has all been paid. The old church at Florence has been sold, and they are erecting a new one. They are also arranging to build at Rockvale. The debt on the parsonage at Gunnison is paid. At Monte Vista the wing of the church is nearly completed, and will be dedicated free of debt. A new parsonage has been built at Durango, and the church debt nearly removed. Montrose has builded with a debt, but the way is opened for them to carry the load. Leadville has built a neat church, seating nine hundred; it was begun by C. A. Brooks, and completed by John Whisler. The church at Buena Vista has been reapered and reseated. Beckwourth Street has discharged all indebtedness, and is in a good working condition. L. J. Hall was taken from Trinidad to the chaplaincy of the penitentiary, and the year was closed with Brother Pleisted as pastor."

Those received by transfer were:

THADDEUS L. WILTSEE, from the Central Ohio Conference; filled Central City three years, when he was appointed superintendent of the New Mexico English Missions. In 1891 he was appointed missionary among the Navajo Indians, and in 1892 transferred back to his old Conference. As a Christian pastor

and preacher of the Word of life he stood deservedly high. His record in Colorado was good, and his name is held in loving remembrance.

GEORGE W. RAY was born near Gallipolis, Gallia County, Ohio, December 17, 1855; born again January, 1876, and fought the call to the ministry because he thought he could never preach. He was first licensed to preach April 22, 1882, and joined the Ohio Conference in October of that year. After preaching two years, he went to the Drew Theological Seminary, supplying the



G. W. RAY.

last two years Livingston Charge in the Newark Conference. He arrived in Raton, New Mexico, April 15, 1887, where he remained two years. He was transferred to the Colorado Conference in July, 1887. In 1889 he was appointed to St. James, Denver. Here God blessed his labors in the salvation of souls, and the strengthening of his Church. The old building, which had stood for twenty years, was taken down, and a much larger one, costing \$20,000, erected on the same site. In 1893 he took a super-

numerary relation to the Conference. In 1894-5 was effective, and appointed secretary of the Haymarket Mission. In 1896 he took a certificate of location, and has been acting since as a pastor in the Congregational Church. He is a consecrated Christian man, an attractive preacher, and one that is successful in leading souls to Christ.

D. W. BURT, from the Northwest Kansas Conference, was born at Cleveland, Ohio, June 6, 1851; educated at Greenville, and Wittenberg College; converted February 26, 1882; licensed to

exhort May 16, 1882, on the same day that he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and placed in charge of the Atwood Circuit, Northwest Kansas Conference. He was sent next to Oberlin Charge, two years; thence to Long Island, three years, when he was transferred to the Colorado Conference, July, 1887. He was given all of Eastern Colorado, from the Burlington & Missouri Railroad on the north, to the Missouri Pacific on the south for his charge. He organized classes in Logan and Kingston, August 14, 1887; Burlington and Carlile, August 21, 1887; Friend, September 4, 1887; Plain View, December 25, 1887. The first Sunday-school was started on this charge by him, August 14, 1887. In 1890 he was sent to Rocky Ford Circuit, where he built a church valued at \$5,000; was made a supernumerary in 1893. He is a devoted Christian, and a very useful minister of the gospel. His record is commendable.

AUGUSTUS L. CHASE was born, July 25, 1860, in Olean, New York; converted in January, 1875; attended Epworth Seminary, and graduated from Cornell College, Iowa, with the degree of B. A., in 1885; received

from the same institution the degree of A. M. three years later. He was licensed to preach June, 1885, and joined the Upper Iowa Conference in August following; was transferred to Colorado, July, 1887, and appointed to Grand Junction, where he built a parsonage; Salida, 1888-9—had sixty accessions to the Church here; Black Hawk, 1890. At this place, the church, which had been injured by a flood, was repaired, and here the companion of his youth died; was a supernumerary in 1891. Returning to active work, was at Silver Plume, 1892, where he married Miss Olive Lawyer, October 18, 1893; Fort Lupton, 1893-4, where his labors



A. L. CHASE.

were crowned with a gracious work of grace; Wheat Ridge, 1895-6. He is an interesting preacher, and constantly pursues the work given him to do for the Master.

JOEL M. MARK, from the Southwest Kansas Conference; was sent to Carbondale; located in 1879.

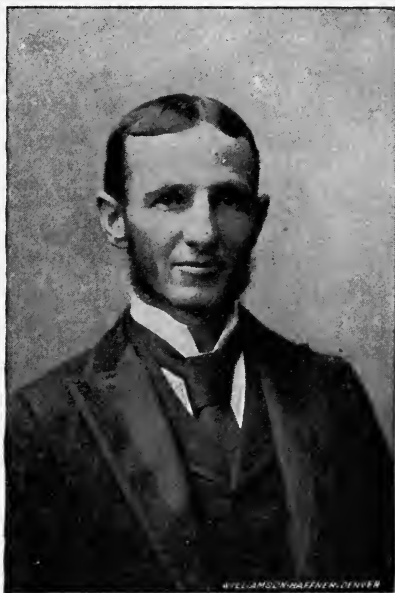
Earl Cranston and David H. Moore were elected delegates to the General Conference, with J. H. Merritt and N. A. Chamberlain alternates. The Conference, appreciating highly the resident bishop, instructed its representatives to use their best endeavors to retain the episcopal residence in Denver.

Herschel D. Seckner, Henry L. Wriston, Joshua Shawber, Augustus L. Chase, and William Harris were ordained as deacons, and Harvey M. Law, A. L. T. Ewart, Arthur C. Peck, John A. Long, Abner H. Lucas, and Christian C. Zebold, as elders.

Those admitted on trial were:

OSCAR F. MCKAY, born, March 1, 1855, in Greene County, Ohio; joined the Church in November, 1872; an active member and superintendent of Sunday-school for ten years, yet unconverted during that time. Under the searchlight of holiness preaching he saw his condition, and was truly converted. Two days after, he was called to the ministry, and was soon licensed to preach. That fall he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he remained four years. In 1886 he came to Colorado, and supplied Erie, where he built a church, and organized a class at Pleasant View. Remained here three years, and had revivals; entered Conference in 1887; was sent to Bald Mountain in 1889; while here, built a church at Russell Gulch, and had revivals at both places. While on this charge he entered into the experience of entire sanctification, which proved a glorious uplift to his soul and ministry; at Loveland, 1891, where he spent three years, fighting the devil and preaching a full salvation; had a blessed revival, and organized also classes at Berthoud and Union Valley; Sterling, 1894, where God blessed his labors; located in 1895, to engage in evangelistic work. Two months after, his health failing, he returned to Ohio, and settled on a farm, where he is working for the Master, as strength and opportunity offers. He is a spiritual and very useful minister in the Church of Jesus Christ.

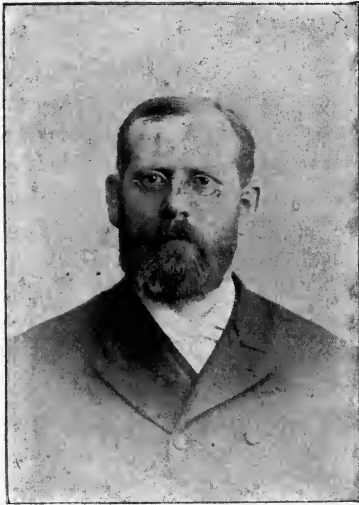
KENT WHITE; born, August 16, 1860, at Beverly, West Virginia; converted January 28, 1875, and entered into the experience of "perfect love" about a year later; spent some time in Idaho, at the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, as issue clerk; then a year in Montana. He reached Denver, Colorado, September 6, 1883, immediately entering the University of Denver, where he remained five years, taking a special course of study. He united with the Conference, July, 1887, and was married to Miss Mollie Alma Bridwell, December 21, 1887. His appointments have been: Fort Lupton, 1887; Hugo and Kit Carson, 1888; from here he did the first preaching at Cheyenne Wells, and organized there a class and Sunday-school; Lamar, 1889-90. Sixty-five were added to the Church here, a neat parsonage bought, and money raised to build an addition thereto. He also removed a \$225 debt from the church-building; then at Morrison, two years, where he finished the church, begun by William Osburn, at a cost of \$110, and secured another at Elk Creek, which was finished and dedicated by him; Erie, 1893, where he had a gracious revival; ninety in all were added to the Church on probation, many entering into the experience of "perfect love." The opposition to holiness was very strong here; but with the help of Mrs. Hattie Livingston and others, he pressed the battle to the gates and won; Broomfield, 1894; located in 1895, to become an evangelist. God has laid on him and the heart of his wife the promotion of holiness as their special theme. To this end they, with others, held a "Holiness Camp-meeting" in Herring's Grove, on



KENT WHITE.

Pleasant View Ridge, July, 1894, with blessed results; then at Fort Collins, in September, 1895-6. God honored these gatherings with wonderful benedictions. The influence for good of these meetings will go on down the ages. Give God the glory! They are now conducting "mission" work in the city of Denver on the full salvation line.

JOHN R. WOOD, born February 10, 1856, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York. He entered Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1870; came to Colorado in 1872, and



J. R. WOOD.

was engaged in mining until 1886; he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in the "People's Tabernacle," Denver, October, 1886; aided the writer in protracted-meetings in January and February, 1887, and went as pastor to La Junta in March of that year, building a neat church there during his pastorate of three years and a half. Many souls were added to the Church. While working here he also organized the society at Rocky Ford. His next appointment was Leadville, 1890, where he had an almost continuous revival. While here, Mr. Kirby, agent of the Midland Railroad

at Aspen Junction, invited him to come down there and preach for them, which he did in May, 1891. After the sermon he gave an opportunity for any to testify, when seventeen persons spoke for Jesus. This was the first service of the kind in that locality, and led to the formation of the Aspen Junction (now Basalt) Circuit. In 1891 he was placed in charge of the "City Missions," Denver, where he labored earnestly to help the needy and to save souls, starting new missions at Edgewater and what is now known as the Briggs Mission, besides reinvigorating several others.



In 1892 was sent to Lusk, Wyoming, and to New Castle and Cambria, same State, in 1893-4. At the former place he built a church, and had souls converted at both places. Returned to Colorado, and was sent to Breckenridge in 1895. Success crowns his labors, and a Christly influence attends him wherever he goes. He is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In 1896 he was placed at Delta.

CHARLES B. ALLEN was born of Quaker parents, in Richmond, Indiana, September 29, 1857, where he lived continuously until April, 1882, when ill-health compelled him to seek the help of Colorado's genial climate. After six months in the Rockies, he considered himself well enough to return East, which he did, contrary to the advice of medical experts in Denver. Two months after reaching home he was stricken with a severe illness, and was advised by his physician to seek help in the Southland. He left for Asheville, North Carolina, February, 1883, remaining there until November, 1885. He was converted at eighteen years of



CHAS. B. ALLEN.

age, under the ministry of Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, in Grace Church, Richmond, Indiana. From the age of twenty he realized that he was called of God to the ministry, which he fought against persistently for several years.

This battle against the call of the Holy Spirit to preach resulted in broken health, which had several times been restored under the promise to enter the active work of the ministry. After almost three years in the Southland, his health began to break rapidly, when he made a final promise to God, that if the way opened he would yield to the Spirit's call, and enter the ministry.

He immediately wrote his spiritual father, Dr. Buchtel, then pastor of Grace Church, Denver, who telegraphed him that Salida was open, and that Dr. Chamberlain, the presiding elder, would hold it for him. On his way West, at Richmond, Indiana, he was licensed to exhort by a specially-called Quarterly Conference. He arrived in Salida, December 13, 1885, where he was made a local preacher.

In August of 1886 he came into the experience of entire sanctification, in the privacy of his own study; but the light never fully flooded his soul until the following January, when he made his first public confession of the blessing, in a revival service in Salida. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Goodsell in 1889, and elder by Bishop Andrews in 1891. His work has been: Salida, 1885-88; Broadway, Pueblo, 1888-92; Montrose, 1892-94; St. James, Denver, 1894-96. December 19, 1889, he was married, in Pueblo, to Miss Ella Leyshon. A charming daughter brightens their home. He is a man, like Stephen, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost," and preaches with the "sword of the Spirit," in full expectation of the Divine benediction. The Lord wonderfully blesses his ministry.

WELLINGTON P. RHODES was born January 24, 1857, in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; "born again," at Lincoln, Nebraska, in January, 1870; called to the ministry in 1873; graduated from the Nebraska State University in the class of 1876, with the degree of A. B., and from Garrett Biblical Institute in 1878, with degree of B. D.; attended Boston University School of Theology one year, and became a post-graduate in 1894. Having resided in Colorado from June, 1861, to September, 1863, he returned to this State, to engage in ministerial work, April 10, 1887. His pastorates have been: Colorado City, 1887; Sterling, 1888, Georgetown, 1889-90; Leadville, 1891-92; the next two years in school; Montrose, 1895. In 1896, feeling that he was especially called to the work of a teacher, he took a certificate of location, and has since helped as a substitute teacher in the Iliff School of Theology. Brother Rhodes is scholarly and efficient in whatever he undertakes. Has made an excellent record as a minister of Christ, and will unquestionably have marked success as a teacher, should he continue in this line of work.

THE Frenchman's Valley Mission was organized July 10, 1887, by Rev. J. M. Adair, a supernumerary member of the North Nebraska Conference, at a basket-meeting held at B. Carnahan's, section 21, town 8 north, range 45 west, which was on the town site of Holyoke, the county seat of Phillips County. Forty persons gave their names, and became members and probationers in the Church.

The first Quarterly-meeting Conference convened at the same time and place, J. M. Adair, the pastor, presiding in the absence of the presiding elder. William Adland was the secretary. A. G. Payne, W. Whipple, N. Porter, A. H. Miller, and William Adland were appointed stewards. A Sunday-school was organized at the same time.

Brother Adair started the idea of building a church at once, and B. F. Todd, a succeeding pastor, completed the enterprise. The property is valued at \$2,200. The pastors since have been: H. R. Antes, W. L. Bailey, W. E. Collett, C. W. Bridwell, and John A. Long. The work has been attended with blessed revivals from time to time, in which sinners were converted and believers sanctified.

OWEN L. RAMSEY was born, October 24, 1844, at LaSalle, Illinois; converted in October, 1866, at Gainesville, Illinois; educated at Wheaton College, Illinois; came to Colorado in 1882, and engaged in ornamental painting in Denver; joined the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, during the pastorate of the writer, in 1884, and became at once active in the Sunday-school work and other means of grace; licensed to preach, March, 1887, and supplied Buena Vista in 1887-8; Fairplay, 1889; Alma, Wyoming, 1890-91; joined the West Nebraska Conference, October, 1891. In November after, he was sent to Valentine, Nebraska, where he remained a full five years' term. His eldest son went out as a missionary under Bishop Taylor in Africa, May, 1894. Brother Ramsey is zealous for the cause of Christ, and inspires souls to work for him wherever he goes.

1888.—FOR the first time in its history, the Conference met outside of Colorado,—its birthplace,—in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Bishop Isaac W. Joyce presided, and called the Conference to

order at nine o'clock A. M., July 19th. He conducted the opening exercises, consisting of Scripture reading, prayer, singing, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Forty-six members answered to their names at roll-call. Others reported later.

The presiding elders made interesting reports, from which a few extracts will be given:

J. H. Merritt, presiding elder, said: "A church has been built at Loveland, 28 x 48, costing \$2,700, and a parsonage of four rooms, which cost \$640. A frame church has been built at Erie, 28 x 45, which cost \$1,594; another at Carbon, Wyoming, at a cost of \$1,200. Golden has built a parsonage, 24 x 40, which cost \$1,500. Platteville has a new parsonage, 24 x 26, free of debt, which cost \$1,100. The church at Black Hawk having been ruined by the floods, a new one is started on another site. A church-building is being erected at Holyoke; also one each at Yuma, Kit Carson, Burlington, and California Street, Denver. Herman C. Scripps, a student at the Denver University, supplied Georgetown, in the place of D. W. Calfee, who was transferred to the California Conference. E. G. Harbert supplied Fort Collins Circuit. Jacob Keagey did not go to Windsor. Howard B. Antes was transferred from the Rock River Conference, to fill the vacancy. Irving F. McKay, who was supplying Carbon, Wyoming, when Evans became vacant by the death of Brother Kenyon, was removed there. Kent White was sent to Fort Lupton until Commencement, when W. A. McElpatrick filled the place."

N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder, reported: "The church at Monte Vista is completed. Churches at Castle Rock, Florence, Rockvale, Lamar, and First Church, in Pueblo, were dedicated during the year. J. W. Flesher began a church in Granada in December last, and dedicated it June 8, 1888. A church is in course of erection at Colorado City; another nearly completed at Dallas Park, and one in the country near Monte Vista; La Junta, Mulvane, Coal Creek, Mesa, Pueblo, and Grace, Denver, are all building. Grand Junction will also build. The churches at Buena Vista, Salida, Cañon City; St. James, Denver; Gunnison, Trinidad, and First Church, Pueblo, have been repaired, and made additions. The pastor at Glenwood Springs has had more work

than he could do. A. D. Shockley, a local preacher, in Chivington, has formed a circuit. A. B. Bruner went into Las Animas, and organized a class."

One of the memorable things of this Conference session was the discussion over the formation of a "new district." The resolution asking for this was introduced by David H. Moore and Gilbert De LaMatyr, on the first day of the session. The discussion took place on the second day. Several brethren took part therein. Dr. Moore made one of the strongest speeches of his life in favor of the resolution, which was carried by a large majority. The result was, the Gunnison (now Salida) District became one of the Conference divisions, with its own distinct leader.

The transfers received were:

JOSEPH P. BISHOP, from the Cincinnati Conference. Appointments: Lamar and Granada, each one year; was transferred to the California Conference in 1890.

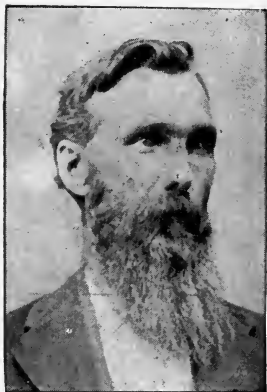
L. W. ELKINS, from the Erie Conference. Attended school at Evanston, Illinois, one year; then transferred to the Austin Conference, in 1889.

W. H. WILLIAMS, from the Northwest Kansas Conference. Pastorates: Silver City, New Mexico, two years; then was transferred to the Arkansas Conference, 1890.

E. G. HARBERT was born in Virginia, February 28, 1853; converted in his fifteenth year; entered the West Virginia Conference in 1878; was transferred to the Nebraska Conference, in December, 1885, and to the Colorado two years after; pastor on Fort Collins Circuit and at Ouray, each one year. In 1889 was left without an appointment, "to attend some one of our schools;" was transferred to the Missouri Conference in 1892. He was an earnest Christian worker, and his influence for good abides.

HOWARD R. ANTES was born, October 20, 1850, in Mifflinburg, Pa.; converted in Warren, Illinois, in the winter of 1871; licensed to preach, and began a college course the same year, graduating from the Northwestern University in 1877; began preaching at Peru, Illinois, in October following. He traveled ten years in the Rock River Conference, and then was transferred to Colorado in 1887, and stationed at New Windsor; improved the parsonage here, and had a good revival. In 1889 he

was appointed missionary to the Navajo Indians in New Mexico, but did not remain long owing to lack of support. In 1890 he was sent to Florence Circuit, where he remained three years; built a church at Coal Creek; paid off the debt, and improved the Florence church; left three stations formed out of his original charge; Rocky Ford, 1893; Glenwood Springs, 1894. Prohibition and entire sanctification are the specialties of his ministry. These subjects are presented clearly by him, and in the very best of spirit. The result is, that souls are usually saved where he preaches. The burden of his soul for the neglected Navajoes became so great he left his work during the Conference year, and went as a voluntary missionary to those Indians. He was located at his own request in 1895, that he might engage wholly in this work. "Holiness unto the Lord," and entire devotion to God's service, as his motto, are fitly illustrated in his life. The Church should contribute to the support of himself and family while engaged in this laudable undertaking of Christianizing the untutored savage. God bless and help him! should be the prayer of each. (Malachi iii, 10.)



B. F. TODD.

B. F. TODD was born in Mt. Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, October 13, 1833; converted in Waterloo, Iowa, December 1873; licensed to exhort as soon as eligible, and to preach, August 21, 1875; since that time has been engaged in ministerial work in the Des Moines, Iowa, and Missouri Conferences; then, for four years, in the Free Methodist Church in Colorado. He supplied Castle Rock, 1887-8, where he built the church; July, 1888, was received into the Conference on his credentials. Since that time he has served the following charges: Holyoke, one year; Platteville, two years; Castle Rock, a part of a year; when he was transferred to the South Kansas Conference, 1892; returned in 1893, and supplied Saguache. In 1894 was retransferred, and appointed to Gwillimville; then to Castle Rock Circuit, in 1895-6. He was in

poor health at the time, and unable to attend the session of 1896. It was hoped he would soon recover, so as to continue his work among those with whom he had long labored; but it was not thus to be. His disease developed rapidly, and in a few weeks he passed on to join the bloodwashed throng in the glory-world. Brother Todd was a thoroughly consecrated man of God, and an earnest preacher of a free and full salvation from all sin, making "holiness" a specialty. His name is as "ointment poured forth" in the charges he has served.

Those received on trial were:

WILLIAM A. McELPHATRICK was born, September 21, 1851, in Chenango County, Pennsylvania; raised in Ohio; educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University and at Drew Theological Seminary; licensed to preach, in 1881, at Delaware, Ohio. Appointments: Lupton, two years,—built a small church near the mouth of the Big Dry, about six miles southwest of Lupton; Delta, one year and a part of the next, starting a church enterprise there; Akron, three years, where he had a good revival; became a supernumerary in 1895. He is a brother beloved, and an acceptable pastor and preacher; greatly esteemed by the people with whom he has labored.

JOHN W. FLESHER was born, July 14, 1863, in Iroquois County, Illinois; educated at the Olney High School, Illinois, where he was converted in 1876; licensed to preach at River Falls, Wisconsin, in the spring of 1886; he spent one year on the Crittendon Circuit, Kentucky Conference, under the elder, and nine months at Granada, Colorado, in the same relation. Here he had a good revival, and built a neat church. A year at Colorado City, where he built two parsonages,—one was built and sold, and then another of five rooms to take its place. The following year he was at Silver Plume; then at Lupton three years, where he built a five-room brick parsonage, and had a good revival; ordained deacon in 1889, and elder in 1891; Highlands, Denver, in 1893-4, where his wife died near the close of the first year; left without an appointment in 1895 to attend school; appointed to New Windsor, 1896. Soon after going there his health failed,

and it became necessary for him to give up his charge. He returned to Minnesota, to the home of his mother, that he might regain his health under these more favorable conditions. He has since taken work on the Northwest Pacific Coast. Brother

Flesher is scholarly, spiritual, and attractive as a preacher. His record is good, and his influence will continue to point men Christward.



J. W. FLESHER.

FLORIDA F. PASSMORE was born in Union County, Georgia, August 12, 1844; moved with his father, when six years of age, to Polk County, East Tennessee; came to Colorado in April, 1879; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1880; licensed

to preach, in November, 1880, at Alma, Park County, Colorado, by the Rev. Earl Cranston, presiding elder; admitted to Conference in 1888, and ordained to local orders as an elder at the same time, having been ordained deacon previously. He was pastor at Alma and Breckenridge, each five years. At the latter place he made a valiant fight against rum and sin in high places, and brought out the opposition of the baser elements. August 17, 1891, an attempt was made to blow up the steeple of his church with dynamite, and those "of the baser sort" hung him in effigy, March, 1894, ordering him to leave town, threatening his life in case of non-compliance. True to God, his own conscience, and the law of the Church he remained at his post until relieved by the expiration of his term. He became a supernumerary in 1894-5. He is a man of good natural abilities, firm in his convictions, and possesses an uncompromising spirit. In his recent history he has denounced unsparingly some of the prominent members of the Conference and the resident bishop, without



cause, as most of the brethren think, dealing in bitter personalities. His brethren bore with him long and patiently, but to no effect. In 1896, charges having been brought against him, he was expelled from the ministry. In all that he has done, he claims to have the Divine approval.

**TILMON JENKINS.** Del Norte and Yuma, each two years; Hugo, in 1892; located in 1893.

**WILLIAM L. BAILEY.** Las Animas and Morrison, each one year; Holyoke, two years; Georgetown, three years; Sterling, 1895-6. He is zealous as a minister, faithful as a pastor, with great promise of a useful career in the pastorate.

George S. Oliver, Joseph B. Long, W. A. McElphatrick, and John W. Flesher were ordained as deacons, and Edward J. Wilcox, William Osburn, William C. Madison, and Florida F. Passmore as elders, July 22, 1888.

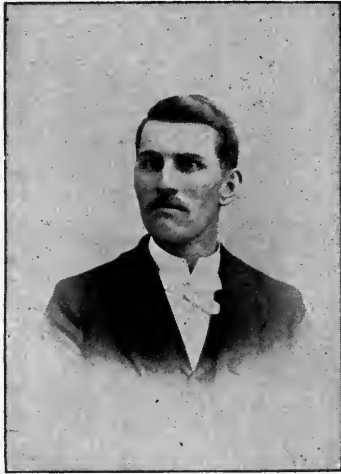
Wyoming Mission was set off by itself at this session, with D. L. Rader superintendent, and O. L. Fisher, Joseph B. Long, H. L. Wriston, J. W. Linn, H. A. James, and C. R. Laporte, as Colorado representatives in the pastorate.

C. R. Laporte was returned to Chugwater Circuit, Wyoming, as a supply. In 1894-5 was sent to Granada, Colorado, where he did good work. He is a conscientious man, and an earnest preacher of the gospel.

**RIFLE CIRCUIT.**—At De Beque, Captain De LaMatyr's family were the "standbys." Plans for a church-building were begun at Rifle before the Conference session of 1889, and during the following year, under Brother Hallett's leading, it was built. Grand River Circuit, now "Rifle," appears in the Conference Journal for the first time in 1889, and left "to be supplied." Father Dyer preached there for a time; then Naaman Bascom, who was followed, in 1890-91, by J. C. Veeder; L. E. Kennedy, 1892; C. W. Simmons, 1893-4. At the session of 1895 the name was changed to Rifle Circuit. Austin Crooks has been the pastor for 1895-6.

**IRVING F. MCKAY** was born, March 11, 1866, in Ohio; converted February 1, 1884, through the influence of his brother

Oscar; joined the Reformed Church, April 3, 1884; called to preach the same day; sanctified, February 7, 1885; was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University; came to Colorado, October 27, 1887; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, November 25, 1887, and was licensed to preach the same day, by Dr. Chamberlain, presiding elder, and then was sent to Carbon, Wyoming, by Presiding Elder Merritt. He was changed to Evans, Colorado, April 23, 1888, to fill the place of R. L. Kenyon, deceased; returned at the session of 1889; was married to Mattie Collins, of Evans, October 1, 1889. He soon after went to Nebraska, and



I. F. MCKAY.

united with the West Nebraska Conference, September 8, 1890; ordained deacon by Bishop Goodsell, October 4, 1891, at North Platte, Neb.; took a certificate of location, September 29, 1894, that he might engage in evangelistic work. His home is now in University Park, Colorado. He was sent by Presiding Elder Madison to the North Park, in September, 1895. On November 29th he organized a society at Walden, of ten members. He had several conversions while on that work. The last of December he returned to the vicinity of Denver, to fill evangelistic

engagements during the winter. In 1896 he was sent to Georgetown as a supply, filling the pulpit there and at Silver Plume. He teaches the Scriptural doctrine of holiness, as taught by John Wesley, with great clearness and distinctness. The God of Jacob is with him, and blesses his labors.

R. L. KENYON was born, August 13, 1832, in Broome County, New York; converted in November, 1850, and soon felt it his duty to preach. He entered the Oneida Conference in 1854; two years after he was ordained elder, and admitted into full connec-

tion; was transferred to the Wyoming Conference in 1867; was made a superannuate, on account of his health, in 1881, and came to Colorado the next year. He supplied here the following charges: Caribou, a part of a year; Erie and Louisville, one year; Loveland, three years; Evans, 1887, during which year he ceased to work and live. He was an excellent preacher, and a thoroughly good man. His end was peace.

1889.—FOR the third time Conference met in Colorado Springs, August 1st, at nine o'clock A. M., Bishop D. A. Goodsell in the chair. The usual opening services were conducted by the bishop, assisted by others.

Interesting reports were read from the presiding elders, as given below in part:

J. H. Merritt, who had been on the Northern District, said:

"S. A. Winsor was compelled to resign Georgetown, because of a severe operation, followed by hemorrhages, which nearly cost him his life. T. A. Wiltsee was appointed to superintend the New Mexico English work, which left Central City vacant; it has since been supplied by J. G. Eberhart. W. M. Bewley, because of sickness in his family, has resigned, and gone to California. L. Wright filled out the year at Golden. H. L. Beardsley resigned Morrison, and accepted work in the office of the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*; W. L. Bailey followed him at Morrison. Erie church is dedicated, and cost \$2,244. A church, 28x55, costing \$2,200, has been built at Holyoke, free of local indebtedness. On the Big Dry, near Lupton, a chapel has been built, which cost \$700, free of debt. Black Hawk, Christ Church, and Simpson, of Denver, are engaged in new Church enterprises. Lots have been secured in North Denver and Fort Collins for new churches. A new parsonage has been built in Longmont, which cost \$2,000. The parsonage in Loveland has been finished. In the midst of the year I was thrown from a carriage and severely hurt, and was confined to my room for over seven weeks. My work was supplied by the brethren."

N. A. Chamberlain, who was on the Southern District, stated: "That a new church, costing \$1,800, had been built, and dedicated, free of debt, at Burlington." This was a new town on the Plains

east of Denver, and not the old stage station on the St. Vrain, south of Longmont.

"A new parsonage has been built, without debt, at Colorado City. The enlargement of the church at Colorado Springs has cost \$6,000. At Valverde a church-building is in process of erection. The church at Fifth Avenue has been enlarged, at a cost of \$800, and a seven-room parsonage built, costing \$2,200; there is a debt of \$800 on this. A beautiful and complete structure, known as Grace Church, has been added to Evans Memorial. Two class-rooms have been built on to St. James, and a furnace and gas put in, at a cost of \$1,800. Trinity is complete and in use, a noble structure. La Junta has provided for the last of her indebtedness. Bishop Warren presented to First Church, Pueblo, a roomy, beautiful parsonage, in memory of his sainted mother. A church has been built and dedicated on the Mesa, at Pueblo, with all claims provided for. The pastors in Eastern Colorado have been greatly helped by the generous aid of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Drs. David H. Moore and G. De LaMatyr leave us, bearing the love and highest regards of every member of this Conference."

C. A. Brooks, of the Gunnison District, made his first report, from which I copy as follows: "The pastors have been faithful and successful. The church debt has been nearly paid, and all is moving pleasantly at Aspen. A charge has been formed of Alamosa, La Jara, and Catherine, and classes organized, with a promising outlook. The town of Durango has been largely burned; the church, parsonage, and pastor's possessions have gone up in the flames; plans are made for a new church, and there is a vigorous prosecution of the work. A Howbert and Florissant Circuit has been formed, with good promise. John Whisler was elected financial agent of the University of Denver, and taken from Leadville; J. W. Linn has filled out the year with success, paying a few old debts and having some souls converted. Sixty conversions are reported at Salida. A church has been built at Como. A Grand River Circuit is being developed. In conjunction with the district, I was appointed to the pastorate of Gunnison City. I have preached as pastor every other Sabbath, except four, which were 'supplied.' The duties of either are sufficient

to demand all of one's energies and time. No great success need be expected in either line while this arrangement continues. These mountain men have shown true heroism, worthy successors of the fathers."

Those who came into the Conference by transfer were:

J. L. VALLOW, from the Southern Illinois Conference, was born in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, May 9, 1855; converted when thirteen years of age; wanted to be a lawyer, but felt all the time that he *must* preach the gospel. He is an undergraduate of McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois; was admitted on trial in the Southern Illinois Conference, in September, 1882; ordained deacon by Bishop Foster, in 1884, and elder by Bishop Walden, in 1886. His appointments in that Conference were: Farina, Iuka, Irvington, Pleasant Grove, and Farina a second term. In Colorado, he has filled: Gunnison, 1889; Salida, 1890-91; Grand Junction, 1892-4; Durango, 1895-6, where over two hundred souls have been converted. Mrs. Hattie Livingston assisted in meetings here. He was married to Miss Annie M. Welborn, of Mt. Pleasant, Illinois, December 25, 1885. Brother Vallow is an interesting preacher, a skillful pastor, and succeeds in his work. He preaches a full gospel.



J. L. VALLOW.

WILLIAM PEARCE, from the Upper Iowa Conference, was sent to Monte Vista; withdrew from the Church the next year.

R. A. CHASE, from the Northewst Iowa Conference, was born March 10, 1859, in Cattaraugus County, New York; converted in the winter of 1876, and admitted on trial in the traveling min-

istry in 1883; was educated at the Epworth Seminary and Cornell College, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1883, and A. M. in 1885. He is now pursuing a Ph. D. course.

In the Western Iowa Conference he served the following charges: Norway, Reinbeck, and Albion; in the Northwest Iowa Conference, Forest City and Spencer; in the Colorado Conference, Fort Collins, 1889-90, where he put \$300 repairs on the parsonage, and purchased lots for a new church; Grant Avenue, Denver, 1891-2; here lots were purchased, and a building

erected, at an expense of \$4,000, and the membership increased to two hundred; at Boulder, 1893-5, where God abundantly blessed his labors in an increase of membership, and in removing of the church debt. In 1896 he was placed at Cañon City. Has had revivals every year except one on his pastorates. He was married to Miss Mary E. Cockran, of Oswego, Illinois, November 7, 1883. Four children have been born to them, two of whom died at Fort Collins. He is a genial brother, an able preacher of



R. A. CHASE.

the Word, and efficient pastor; in fact, may be said to be a good "all-around" minister of the gospel.

HENRY J. GRACE, from the Northwest Iowa Conference, was born in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, November 29, 1854; attended the public schools until seventeen, when he entered the Scio College, from which he graduated in June, 1879, with the degree of A. B. He was converted at the age of thirteen, and licensed to preach in June, 1879. He was appointed to Clarion, the county-seat of Wright County, Iowa, the same fall, where he remained

three years, completing the parsonage and building a new church. In the fall of 1880 he joined the Northwest Iowa Conference; was ordained deacon two years later by Bishop Bowman, and elder in 1884 by Bishop Andrews. He filled also the following appointments: Dakota City and Humboldt, 1882-3-4; Sac City, 1885-6-7. In the fall of 1888 he came with his family to Colorado, and was soon after sent to Grand Junction. Here he purchased the church edifice belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for \$2,000, which afterward he sold for \$2,500, and then built a better one, valued at \$5,000, which was dedicated by Dr. Cranston, July 20, 1890. At Salida, 1892-3; Pueblo, Pine Street, 1894-5; Erie, 1896. In all these charges his labors have resulted in building up the Church of Christ. He is a good pastor, and a very helpful minister of the blessed gospel. In March, 1883, he was married to Miss Emma N. Wells, who has proven a worthy helpmeet in his life-work.

A. D. FAIRBANKS, a supply, began work in Grand Junction, 1884, reporting at the ensuing Conference session seventeen members, but no Sunday-school. In 1885 W. C. Madison was sent there, and reported the next year twenty-three members and one Sunday-school, with ten officers and teachers and sixty-five scholars of all ages in attendance; was left to be supplied in 1886; subsequent pastors are: A. L. Chase, 1887, who built a parsonage worth \$800; H. J. Grace, 1888-91; J. L. Vallow, 1892-4; H. B. Cook, 1895; T. E. Sisson, 1896.

Those received on trial were:

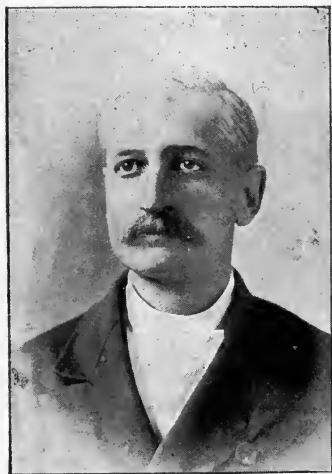
EDWARD E. ALLISON was born in Spencer, Owen County, Indiana, March 3, 1857, and departed this life in Denver, Colorado, November 9, 1892; was converted in early life; attended school at the University of Denver for some time before entering the ministry. August 20, 1890, he was united in marriage with Miss Clara Louise Sylla, stepdaughter of Dr. Gilbert De La-Matyr.

He was sent to Hugo, 1889-91, and to East Pueblo, 1892, where he closed his earthly labors. As a pastor he was diligent,

and as a preacher expository in style. His closing earthly expressions were those of a conqueror. He joined in singing at the very last:

“My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.”

JAMES C. VEEDER was born in Albany, New York, September 13, 1855; came with his family to Illinois when he was a child, thence to Colorado in 1886; was married to Miss Eugenie Bradley, of Iowa, in July, 1888; took an academic course at Grand Prairie Seminary, Illinois, before coming to Colorado, and has since taken a full theological course at the Iliff School of Theology, graduating therefrom in 1895.



J. C. VEEDER.

His appointments have been: La Jara, two years; Rifle, two years; Evans, one year; Morrison, two years; and Julesburg, 1895-6. At La Jara he organized a society and built a church, and has had a good measure of success on each of his charges. While pastor at Evans and Morrison, he pursued and completed his course of study.

He is an efficient laborer in the Master's vineyard, and promises well for the future.

ELMER E. MARSHALL was assigned work in New Mexico. His connection with this Conference ceased in 1893, by the organization of the Spanish Mission Conference of New Mexico.

MELVIN NICHOLS was a missionary in Wyoming for three years, and then was transferred to the Black Hills Mission Conference.

Besides the above-mentioned three, there were thirteen Mexi-



can brethren admitted, who were engaged in missionary work with Brother T. Harwood in New Mexico.

At this session, on August 4, 1889, Bishop Goodsell ordained as deacons, Wellington P. Rhodes, Kent White, John R. Wood, Charles B. Allen, Thomas Andrew; and as elders, Herschel D. Seckner, John W. Linn, Joshua Shawber, Augustus L. Chase.

1890.—FOR five days the Conference was in session in Cañon City, beginning July 23d, with Bishop William X. Ninde in the chair. He announced hymn 524, which was sung, when J. L. Dyer and T. C. Iliff led in prayer. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Secretary and assistants were elected by acclamation. The business was taken up in the usual Disciplinary form. The presiding elders presented reports, which, when abbreviated, read as follows:

Presiding Elder J. H. Merritt reports: "H. R. Antes did not go to Holyoke, but to the Navajo Indians in New Mexico; H. B. Cook, of the Wyoming Conference, served this charge. Richard Eason, of Canada, supplied Julesburg. Two local preachers served Fleming Circuit; first, A. B. Lewis, and then J. W. Antes. Greeley was supplied for two months by W. J. Judd, of the Wyoming Conference, when B. T. Vincent was transferred from the East Ohio Conference. D. H. Moore was appointed to Boulder, but was soon after elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*; M. W. Hissey was transferred to fill his place. A new church, valued at \$3,500, has been built at Black Hawk, and was dedicated by Bishop Warren, October 13, 1889. Christ Church, Denver, 70 x 113, has been built of lava-stone, with red sandstone trimmings, two stories in height, and will seat eight hundred. It is valued at \$75,000. North Denver (now Asbury Church) has built of stone a two-story structure, 79 x 92, which, when finished, will seat one thousand persons. Simpson Church has built a wing, 39 x 73, valued at \$10,500. A church, 22 x 36, costing \$1,500, has been built at Russell Gulch. One has been started at Arvada, 28 x 40, which will cost about \$3,000; another has been begun at Louisville, 29 x 40, which will cost about \$1,500. The church at Morrison was burned; it was insured for \$500."

N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder, reported: "William Grooves, a local preacher, served Granada the last half of the year, the pastor's health having failed. G. S. Oliver resigned, and withdrew from the Church; M. A. Casey supplied his place at Trinidad. Edward Ward was placed in charge at Manitou, instead of L. C. Smith. Churches in process of erection, or contemplated, at the following points; namely, Roswell, Fleming's Grove, and Valverde. An addition at Trinidad has been completed and dedicated. Fifth Avenue, Denver, has been enlarged."

C. A. Brooks, presiding elder, reported: "Dallas Park Circuit was supplied by Harry R. Osborne, of North Dakota. Tilmon Jenkins supplied Del Norte. A new church has been opened since the fire at Durango, and another at Grand Junction, valued at \$5,000, H. J. Grace pastor. Edgar White began at Fruita. Naaman Bascom has built a small parsonage at Rifle. J. G. Eberhart, of the Rock River Conference, remained at Ouray until May, when he returned to his old haunts; J. B. Long filled out the year. J. C. Veeder has built a little church at La Jara."

Twelve members came into the Conference this year by transfer, two withdrew, and eleven were transferred out of it. Fifteen were received on trial. These changes made an increase of fourteen over the report of last year.

G. N. Eldridge, on behalf of the preachers of the Northern District, in a few well-chosen words, presented J. H. Merritt, the retiring presiding elder, a beautiful gold watch, in token of their friendship and good wishes.

Those transferred who became active members of the Conference were:

B. T. VINCENT, from the East Ohio Conference. (See Chapter VII.)

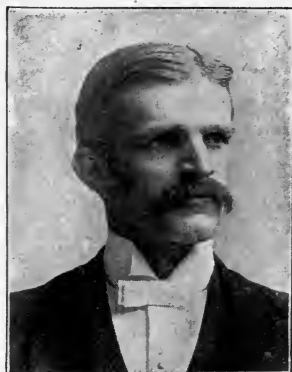
M. A. CASEY, from the Central Ohio Conference. At Trinidad, four years; Grant Avenue, Denver, one year; supernumerary in 1894; transferred back to his former Conference in 1896. He was a faithful pastor, an instructive preacher, and led his people out into a better life and greater usefulness.

WILLIAM F. McDOWELL was born in Millersburg, the county-seat of Holmes County, Ohio, February 4, 1858. His father was a prominent merchant of the town, and a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose residence was the "home" of the weary itinerant. At the age of sixteen William entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, and five years later graduated with the degree of A. B. In 1882 he took the degree of S. T. B. from the School of Theology of Boston University, and M. A. from his *Alma Mater*. Entering the North Ohio Conference the same year, he spent one year at Lodi, two in Oberlin, and five in Tiffin. In 1890 he was elected chancellor of "the University of Denver." In 1891 he received the degree of Ph. D., and in 1894 that of S. T. D. from the Ohio Wesleyan University.

In the fall of 1882, he was married to Miss Clotilda Lyon, of the class of 1880 in the Ohio Wesleyan. Her father, Rev. A. J. Lyon, was a Conference classmate of the writer forty-three years ago in the North Ohio Conference.

The chancellor was converted in William Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Delaware, Ohio, March 7, 1875, during his first year in college, in a blessed revival that was in progress there at that time.

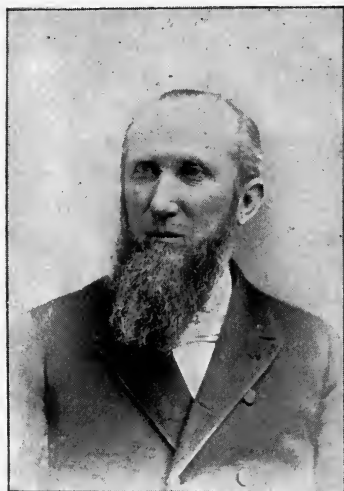
Since coming to Denver he has acted as pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church for six months, between the pastorates of Drs. Buchtel and McIntyre, and was for nearly a year the acting pastor of the First Congregational Church, Denver, between the pastorates of the late Dr. Coyle and Dr. Ecob. He has also preached for the Central Presbyterian Church in the same manner, and has filled other leading Denver pulpits. He inaugurated "the University Extension" movement in Colorado, by a series of lectures called "Studies in the French Revolution;" first given in Greeley, and afterward in Colorado Springs; then in Denver and at University Park. (See Chapter XIV.)



W. F. McDOWELL.

REZIN M. BARNS was born, August 29, 1830, in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio; born again, January 26, 1847, in a log church, near Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana, at a meeting held by the late Dr. T. M. Eddy.

His father, Dr. William Barns, died when he was only four years old, and his mother nine years later, leaving him to work his way through the world alone. After securing what help he could at the public schools, he attended Asbury (now DePauw) University for one year; was married October 31, 1852, and was soon after licensed to exhort; supplied as assistant pastor on



R. M. BARNS.

Moorsfield Circuit for about eight months; admitted on trial in the Southeast Indiana Conference, September, 1854, and appointed to the Hartford Circuit; subsequently to Lawrenceburg, Franklin, London, Wilmington, Madison, St. John's, Indianapolis, and Asbury. At this last he remained only three weeks, when he was elected chaplain of the 6th Regiment Indiana Infantry. His health failing, he remained with the regiment only eight months, when he resigned, and returned to his pastoral work. His later appointments were as follows: Moorsfield, 1862; Madison,

1863-4; Wesley Chapel, Connersville, 1865-6; Greensburg, 1867-9, when he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, and stationed at Clinton, 1870-1; Bloomfield, 1872-4; First Church, Springfield, 1875; Grace, Jacksonville, 1876-9; Danville, 1880-1, where he remained eighteen months, when he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, and appointed to Grand Avenue Church, Kansas City. In 1885 he was transferred to the North Indiana Conference, and appointed to Grace Church, Richmond, 1885-7; Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, 1888-9; in 1890 he was transferred to Colorado, and appointed to Christ Church, Denver,

1890-1; Aspen, 1892, Arvada, 1893; Simpson, Denver, 1894-5. At the session of 1896, having been selected by the governor of the State for the position, he was appointed chaplain of the Colorado State Penitentiary. His early ministry was attended with several sweeping revivals, in which hundreds were led to Christ. He reports that he has taken into the Church over twenty-eight hundred persons, of whom twenty-five are now preaching the gospel. At Bloomington, Illinois, he was instrumental in inciting a new church, costing \$85,000, and at Jacksonville a parsonage with ten rooms.

He received from the Asbury (now DePauw) University the degree of A. M., and from the Illinois Wesleyan that of D. D. Dr. Barns is a popular lecturer, a very entertaining preacher of the Word, and succeeds equally well as chaplain in the penitentiary.

A. A. JOHNSON, from the Austin Conference, was born in Indiana, near Lexington, Scott County. His parents were poor people, but of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and tillers of the soil. He lived and worked on the farm until he was eighteen years of age, obtaining the best education to be had in the public schools of Indiana; was prepared for college at Hanover, Indiana, in a Presbyterian institution, and entered the Sophomore class in Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University in the fall of 1872. He graduated from the classical course in 1875 with distinction, receiving the degree of B. A. In September, 1874, he entered the Southeastern Indiana Conference, and served a charge, during his Senior year, in Indianapolis. Immediately on graduation, he entered upon the active work of the ministry, serving charges at Third Street, Indianapolis, and Wesley Chapel, Madison, Indiana. In 1878, at the call of Dr. R. S. Rust and Bishop Harris, he became professor and dean of the Gilbert Haven School of Theology, New Orleans University. At the end of two years, for climatic reasons, he removed to Texas, and became the pastor of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Fort Worth, Texas. After eighteen months, he was appointed presiding elder of Dallas District, in the Austin Conference. During his ministerial services in Texas he became interested in the founding of the Fort

Worth University, and from 1884 to 1890 was its president; erected all its buildings, raised all the funds, and organized the institution, leaving it worth \$100,000, and with two hundred and fifty students. In the summer of 1890 he was transferred to the Colorado Conference, and stationed at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Eight months thereafter, he was elected president of the University of Wyoming, which position he held until 1896, when he resigned it. At that session he was made a supernumerary. Dr.



A. A. JOHNSON.

Johnson has received the following literary degrees from De-Pauw University: in 1879, A. M.; and in 1888, D. D. He has superior natural and acquired abilities. The positions of responsibility held indicate his standing as a Christian minister.

HERBERT B. COOK, from the Wyoming Conference, born September 20, 1849; converted February 26, 1866; was educated in the public schools, and then at Cazenovia and Wyoming Seminary for three years; licensed to preach in the spring of 1869, and entered the Wyoming Conference in April, 1874, where he spent fifteen years in the ministry. Supplied Holyoke a part of one year, when he was transferred to the Colorado Conference in 1890. His appointments here have been: Longmont, one year; Durango, four years, where he had over one hundred accessions to the Church; Grand Junction, one year; and Central City, 1896, where he is doing excellent work. Brother Cook is an attractive preacher, and succeeds in building up the kingdom of Christ in the earth.

THE society at Boulder was organized November 27, 1860, with six members. For several years afterward, the preaching services were held in the homes of different persons, or in the

schoolhouse, and then in the Congregational Church, which was kindly loaned them by its officers.

The trustees of the Conference Claimants' Fund gave to the Boulder society four lots, which action was indorsed by the Conference in 1873. On these lots the church-building was erected, and dedicated November 10, 1872.

M. W. HISSEY, from the Ohio Conference, was transferred, late in the fall of 1889, to Boulder, to fill the place of Dr. Moore, who had been elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Brother Hissey's labors were unusually successful. A much larger church was soon needed, the corner-stone of which was laid, on the old site, December 1, 1891, by Chancellor W. F. McDowell, of the University of Denver, who conducted the ceremony, and delivered the address. The dedication of the new building occurred September 4, 1892. Bishop H. W. Warren and Dr. D. H. Moore, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, had charge of the services.

In 1893-4 Brother Hissey was sent to Asbury, Denver, and in 1895 returned East to care for his parents, who were in feeble health. In 1896 he withdrew from the ministry of the Church, that he might enter that of a sister denomination in Ohio. He is now pastor of the Congregational Church in Ashtabula, Ohio. Brother Hissey is an interesting and forceful speaker.

At this session fifteen were admitted on trial, and one was re-admitted on a certificate of location. Of these, one, I. T. Headland, was transferred from us. The following were assigned work in the Missions of the adjoining Territories: G. A. W. Cage, Jr., O. B. Chassel, H. H. Austin, Benjamin Young, and M. A. Rader, as missionaries in Wyoming; H. A. Jones, C. L. Baxter, Samuel W. Small, and P. A. Paulson, as missionaries in Utah; and two Mexican brethren to the New Mexico Spanish Mission.

The following histories of those, then given work in, or since identified with, Colorado, will be interesting:

CHARLES C. P. HILLER was born, June 28, 1867, in Hudson, Michigan; joined the Church, January 1, 1882, and was converted soon after; attended the public and high schools in his native town; came to Colorado in April, 1888; was soon employed as a supply, organizing the Grand River (now Rifle) Circuit, preaching

his first sermon in Rifle, December 16, 1888. He preached occasionally at New Castle, regularly at Ferguson's, Rifle, Coal-banks, Parachute, De Beque, and Upper Roan Creek. In March following, he started a society of eight members in Parachute, and soon after another of thirteen in Rifle. Previous to this, Brother Henry W. Hallett, an earnest lay-worker, had organized Sunday-schools at each of these places, and another at the Coal-banks, eight miles north of Rifle. This brother collected and raised most of the money for the church in Rifle, which was built the following year.

The subsequent appointments of Brother Hiller have been: Florissant and Woodland Park, 1889-90; Bessemer, 1891-2; left without an appointment to attend school in 1893, but supplied Louisville, 1893-4; Argo and Greenwood, 1895-6. He is taking a regular collegiate course in the University of Denver, and filling pastorates at the same time. He has shown himself to be a young man of good abilities, and of much promise.

The following new charge was developed this year: The Bessemer (now Pine Street), Pueblo, was organized by Rev. C. B. Allen, pastor of Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, Pueblo, August 24, 1890, with fifteen members and three probationers. Two weeks later, Rev. C. C. P. Hiller was placed in charge. The services were then held in an old meat-market, on the corner of Routt and Northern Avenue. The society began building a church in November, and had it dedicated, December 28, 1890, by Bishop Warren. The total membership at this time was forty, but a revival soon brought the number up to eighty. The pastors have been: C. C. P. Hiller, 1890-1-2; A. W. Nicholson, 1893; H. J. Grace, 1894-5; Thomas Andrew, 1896.

F. L. L. HILLER, a brother of the Rev. C. C. P. Hiller, began work in East Pueblo, in 1890, where, under his superintendency, a church was built, and dedicated, October 14, 1891, by Rev. B. T. Vincent, D. D. Other pastors here: E. E. Allison, 1892, until his death, when M. J. Robinson was appointed to fill the vacancy; C. R. La Porte for a short time, when D. Leppert followed; S. L. Todd for a while, who was succeeded by O. F. Merrill, in 1894; Noah Brandyberry, 1895. In 1896 it was associated with another charge. The society is numerically and financially weak, and the



effort to maintain services has required more than it was able to do.

Returning to the list admitted on trial, we have:

THOMAS ANDREW was born in Cornwall, England, June 24, 1854; born again, October, 1877; licensed to preach in 1881; came to the United States, making his home in Colorado, in 1884; worked at mining three years, near Silver Plume; then supplied the "Plume" two years, and Erie one year; admitted on trial at this (1890) session, and returned to Erie for a second year, having been ordained local deacon the year previous. While at Erie he began a church enterprise at Louisville, which was completed by his successor. He was sent to Platteville, 1891-2; Windsor, 1893-4-5. Here he witnessed a gracious work of grace under the inspiring labors of Sister Hattie Livingston and Brother Kent White. Souls were converted, and the Church greatly strengthened. He, with others, entered into a more definite religious experience. In 1896 he was appointed to Pine Street, Pueblo. Brother Andrew is a good financier in Church affairs, a careful pastor, and an interesting preacher, and gives promise of years of growing usefulness.

EDGAR WHITE was born in Kent, England, September 16, 1861, and died of hemorrhage of the lungs, at the home of Brother John Hodgson, north of Erie, Colorado, July 16, 1895. His demise was very sudden and unexpected. He and his wife had ridden out that morning, making a pastoral visit. The dinner was over and prayers said, when he went out to his carriage to leave. He soon began to cough, dropped on his knees, and in three minutes was dead.

In 1889 he was sent by the presiding elder to Fruita, a few miles west of Grand Junction, where he organized a class of twenty-five members, on January 9, 1890. He also started other societies in the country in schoolhouses, one at Colbran's, another at Stite's, and one at Loback's; at Delta, 1891-2, where he completed the church, which was dedicated by Dr. Barns, the first Sabbath of 1892. The next two years he spent in the Iliff School of Theology, and was very much beloved by the Faculty, and respected by all who knew him. In June, 1895, he was sent to Erie,

where he soon won all hearts by his loving ministrations. He was a young man of marked ability. In a few short weeks his work was done, but his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. A wife and daughter mourn his loss, as well as hosts of friends.

S. A. WEBBER followed him at Fruita in 1891, and built a parsonage; then came Austin Crooks, 1892-4, who built a church, which was dedicated, free of debt, by Bishop Warren, January 21, 1893; C. W. Simmons, 1895-6.

MARVIN A. RADER was born, December 26, 1866, near Marshall, Missouri. His boyhood was spent on a farm. In 1886 he entered the Central College, at Fayette, Mo. While attending this school he was converted. He matriculated at the University of Denver, Colorado, in the fall of 1888, and studied with the medical profession in view. In the summer of 1889 he went into Central Wyoming to teach school. Here he found the country destitute of religious services of all kinds. He soon after organized two Sunday-schools, twelve miles apart, superintending both himself, having as assistants only two good sisters. At one place a small church-building was almost immediately erected. At the request of the people he began to give Bible readings. Without his knowledge, the Church in Cheyenne licensed him to preach. When he was informed of this action, he fought against it, desiring to minister to those physically rather than morally diseased. His soul-struggle was so great that he soon lost all enjoyment in religion. Finally, after much prayer and careful study of the Word, he promised God that he would do anything required, if only he would "restore unto him the joy of his salvation." Peace and comfort returned, and from that after-school hour he has never doubted his call to the ministry. That fall he was sent North. He then started willingly on a journey of two hundred and fifty miles, requiring eight days travel, by private conveyance, with the thermometer 24 degrees below zero. He writes: "During the next seven months I slept on the floor of a little room five feet by seven, and received for my labor forty-four dollars; but I was happy." For three years he worked in the Wyoming Mission; was admitted on trial in the Colorado Conference in 1890, and into full connection in 1892. His Colorado appointments

have been: Louisville; Cripple Creek, 1894; Morrison, 1895-6, where he is now doing efficient work. So far in his ministry he has succeeded in the erection of five churches. Among them was the one at Cripple Creek, which was burned in the great fire of May, 1896. Brother Rader graduated from the Denver University in 1894, and from the Iliff School of Theology, 1897. He is a very acceptable preacher, and promises great usefulness.

A. S. LIGHTWALTER had supplied Trinidad Circuit for two years; was sent to La Jara, and discontinued in 1891.

GUSTAVUS A. W. CAGE, JR., readmitted on credentials from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born, October 18, 1857, in Lauderdale County, Tennessee; born again when a boy eight years old; came with his parents to Greeley, Colorado, in the spring of 1872. In 1888, at Los Angeles, California, his religious experience was greatly revived. During the first State holiness camp-meeting, held in Herring's Grove, on Pleasant View Ridge, Colorado, July, 1894, he found complete deliverance from sin, and was saved to the "uttermost." Since that blessed realization, "holiness" has been his theme, and many souls have been blessed under his ministry. He was educated at the Colorado State University, at Boulder, and at Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, spending three years at the former, and two at the latter. He joined the Wyoming Mission in 1889, and was sent to Lander, Wyoming, where he took fifteen persons into the Church, and cleared the church of a \$700 debt; then to Rawlins, Wyoming. Here he improved the church and parsonage, and organized the first Epworth and Junior League in the Mission. In 1894 was sent to Erie, Colorado, and in 1895-6 to Bald Mountain, where God is blessing his labors. He is an instructive preacher, a careful pastor, and faithfully looks after the interests committed to his care.

W. L. Bailey, Tilmon Jenkins, Samuel W. Small, O. B. Chassel, Edwin E. Allison, A. S. Lightwalter, and D. B. Vosseller, were ordained as deacons, and Joseph B. Long as an elder, at this session.

1891.—THE Conference assembled in Grace Church, Denver, and was called to order by Bishop E. G. Andrews, June 10th, at

4.45 P. M. In connection with opening services, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The former secretary was re-elected by acclamation. The Conference business was transacted in five days. Only one presiding elder placed his report on file. J. H. Merritt said in this, in substance, as follows: "H. A. Buchtel was transferred in April to the Southeast Indiana Conference; Chancelior McDowell filled out the year. A. C. Peck was called to the financial agency of the University of Denver, and elected dean; Ira S. Sprague filled the vacancy at Colorado Springs, until H. E. Warner, from the Upper Iowa Conference, was secured for the place. A church costing about \$2,000 has been built at Bessemer, through the efforts of the pastor, C. C. P. Hiller. A society has been organized at Las Animas, by E. F. A. Bittner. The society has prospered at Rocky Ford, and is planning to build a church. The work of City Missions has been greatly blessed; its first superintendent, O. L. Fisher, goes from us, carrying the respect and confidence of all. A new church has been built at Coal Creek, which has cost about \$2,000. St. James, Denver, has been torn down, and the building of a new and larger church is in progress. Epworth Leagues are now organized in most of the charges, and the young people are developing grandly. A Deaconess Home has been established in Denver, and a deaconess visitor is employed in Colorado Springs. A Christlike work is being done, worthy and commendable.

"The Woman's Home Missionary Society is doing a grand work in caring for the needy members of our Conference, supplementing the support furnished, so as to enable many charges to receive pastoral service, which otherwise could not be given. Rev. E. J. Wilcox gave \$300 to this work."

J. C. Veeder, Elmer E. Marshall, and William John were ordained deacons, and John W. Flesher, Daniel W. Burt, Wellington P. Rhodes, Kent White, Oscar F. McKay, John R. Wood, and Charles B. Allen, elders.

F. F. Thomas, Samuel W. Small, and A. S. Lightwalter were discontinued at their own request.

Austin Crooks was readmitted, and returned to La Jara. His next appointment was Fruita, in 1892-3-4, where he built a parsonage; then Rifle Circuit, 1895-6, where he is succeeding.

Those admitted on trial were:

David S. Gray, who was returned to the Ridgeway and Dallas Circuit; then to Amethyst and Creede, in 1892-3; supernumerary, 1895-6.

J. D. Bratton; appointed to Gunnison, 1891; South Park, 1892; Del Norte, 1893; and discontinued in 1894.

Those transferred into the Conference were:

ALBERT B. GLOCKNER, born, January 24, 1844, in Milton, Wayne County, Indiana; was converted in January, 1865; licensed to preach in 1872; entered the North Indiana Conference the same year; educated at the De-Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana. He subsequently united with the Rocky Mountain Conference, at Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1875, and was appointed to Bozeman and Butte City, Montana; was transferred to the Southeast Indiana Conference in 1876, and to the Southwest Kansas Conference in 1880; made supernumerary in 1889; and then transferred to Colorado in 1890. He spent one year at Fairplay; three years at Buena Vista; and one each at Fort Morgan and Highlands, Denver; sent to Platteville, 1896. He is well-equipped for his life-work, earnestly defends at all times the right, and zealously pushes the Lord's cause.



A. B. GLOCKNER.

G. M. GLICK, from the Northwest Kansas Conference; Del Norte, 1890-2; Coal Creek, 1893; was transferred back to his old Conference in 1894.

G. P. FRY, from the Ohio Conference; Raton, N. M., in the New Mexico English Mission; returned to his former Conference home in 1892.

C. W. SIMMONS, from the Iowa Conference; a former missionary in India under Bishop Thoburn; Mosca, 1891-2; Rifle, 1893-4; Fruita, 1895-6. He is doing well as an "ambassador" for the great "I AM," his former missionary experience proving a valuable training for service in this frontier work.

HORACE E. WARNER, from the Upper Iowa Conference. His father was a member of the Troy Conference. Through this relation he enjoyed exceptionally good opportunities in obtaining equipment for ministerial work. His parents moving to Iowa, he attended school, first at the Upper Iowa University, at Fayette, Iowa, and then at Cornell College, where he took a regular classical course, graduating 1876.



H. E. WARNER.

Resisting a sense of duty to enter the ministry, he studied, expecting to enter the medical profession. Having fallen into skepticism, in 1873 he withdrew from the Church. His struggle with doubt was intense, and lasted for two years. In the summer of 1875 he surrendered himself unreservedly to God, to

be used as he should lead, and a year later was licensed to preach. In September of 1876 he entered the Drew Theological Seminary, and graduated in the spring of 1878, having served the Church at Maplewood, N. J., as pastor during the last year. On September 10, 1878, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary P., daughter of Rev. S. P. Williams, at Marengo, Illinois. In October, 1878, he was received into the Upper Iowa Conference on trial; was ordained deacon in 1880, and elder in 1882. He served the following charges in Iowa: Reinbeck, Gilman, Postville, Charles City, Cedar Falls. About the middle of his fifth year at the last place named, he was forced to seek a climatic change, on

account of bronchial trouble, and came to Colorado. In March, 1891, he took charge of the Church at Colorado Springs, remaining for over three years; took a supernumerary relation in 1894, in order to rest and recuperate; in 1895 was made effective, and appointed to Christ Church, Denver, to which he was also returned in 1896. He is making an enviable record as a wise pastor, an able minister of the gospel, and skillful financier. He is a brother beloved by all his associates.

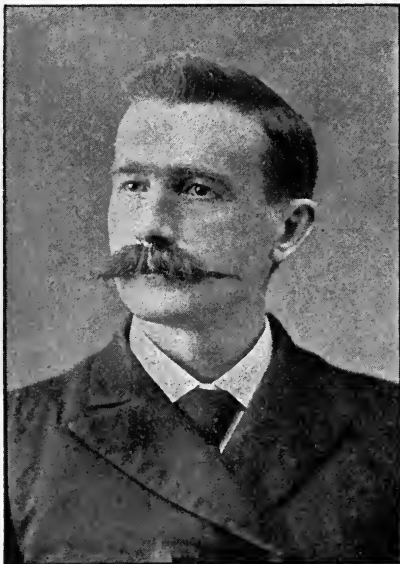
NATHAN H. LEE, from the Rock River Conference, was born near Sharpsville, Tipton County, Indiana, July 8, 1854; educated in the public schools, and at Garrett Biblical Institute, from which he graduated in 1887, with degree of B. D.; was married to Miss Mary Belle, daughter of B. R. Pierce, D. D., of the Southern Illinois Conference, June 16, 1880.

He was converted near Iola, Clay County, Illinois, in 1867; soon after felt it a duty to preach; joined the Southern Illinois Conference in 1879, and was sent as junior preacher to Sumner Circuit; then two years at Miles, and the same time at Kane, when he entered "Garrett." While at school he was pastor at Wauconda, Vola and Arlington Heights, Rock River Conference, to which he was transferred in the fall of 1887, and appointed to Grand Crossing, Chicago. On account of his wife's health he left there for Laramie City, Wyoming, in the autumn of 1890. In October, 1892, he was changed to Cañon City, Colorado, filling out a vacancy for the remainder of the Conference year; Trinidad, 1893-6. At Grand Crossing, Illinois, and at Cañon City, Colorado, he built roomy and comfortable parsonages. His work is spiritual, progressive, and permanent. Revivals usually attend his labors. He is a very acceptable preacher, and a wise manager of the important interests of the Church.

ROBERT A. CARNINE, from the Southwest Kansas Conference, was born near Burlington, Iowa, July 30, 1849; converted at the age of seventeen; educated at the Iowa Wesleyan and Iowa State Universities; entered the Iowa Conference in 1873, where he labored for thirteen years, having several far-reaching revivals on different charges.

In 1886 he was transferred to the Southwest Kansas Conference; and then, in 1891, to the Colorado. His appointments here have been: Aspen, one year; Broadway, Pueblo, two years. In 1894 he was made presiding elder of the Salida District, where he traveled nearly twenty-four thousand miles during his first year, raising the standard of the cross on mountain, valley, and plain, to the glory of God and salvation of men.

In 1890 he spent three months abroad, and went as far south as Pompeii. He made a journey through Ireland, and has lectured widely on his foreign travels. He was elected one of the alternate delegates to the General Conference in 1896. He is making a good record as presiding elder. Brother Carnine stands high as pastor and preacher, and is greatly beloved by all.



R. A. CARNINE.

1892. — THE Thirtieth Annual Session of the Colorado Conference met in the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, Pueblo, Thursday, June 9th, at 8.45 A. M., Bishop John F. Hurst

in the chair, who conducted the opening exercises. The presiding elders presented interesting reports, only one of which is on file, that of J. H. Merritt, of the Southern District, who said:

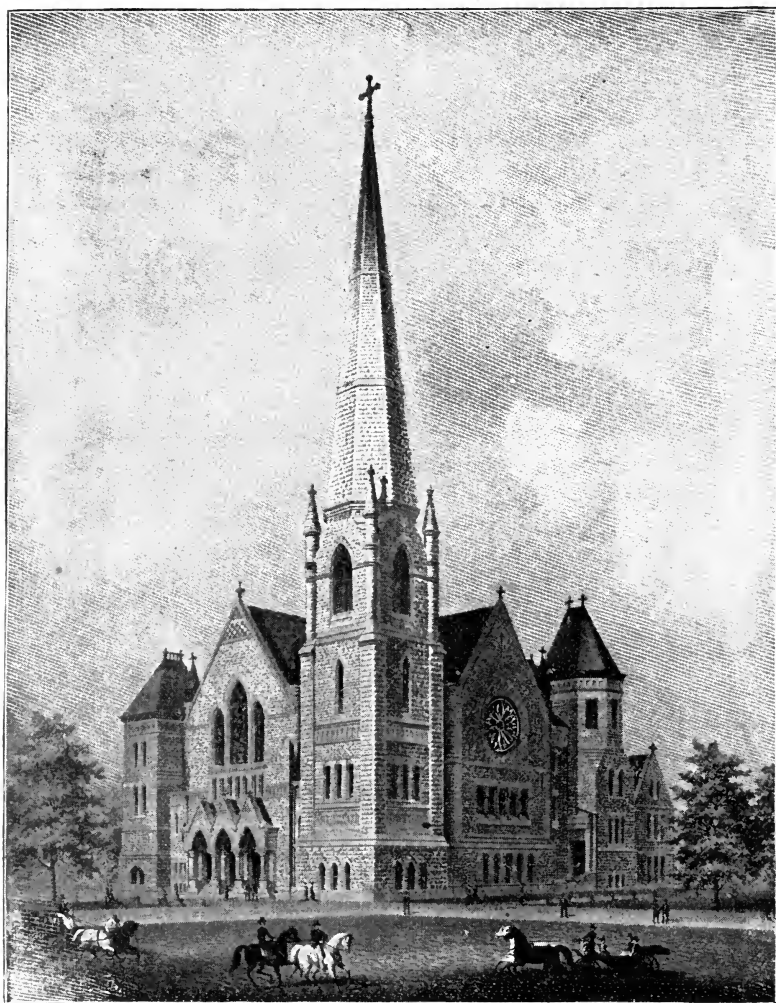
“Brother Rippetoe left Akron after the first quarter, and Brother W. J. Judd, of the Wyoming Conference, followed him there. The pastor at Castle Rock, B. F. Todd, asked to be relieved, and left for South Kansas, on account of health. H. R. Calkins supplied his place. J. R. Shannon began at Grace Church, Denver, September 10, 1891. Trinity was supplied by Chancellor McDowell for six months, before Robert McIntyre



came. Lamar was served by W. I. Taylor, of the North Indiana Conference. Las Animas was supplied by E. F. A. Bittner for nearly three months, when Fred T. Krueger took the charge, and did good work. Frank L. L. Hiller has organized a Church in East Pueblo. Trinidad Circuit was supplied by J. V. Watson; Yuma and Wray by Tilmon F. Jenkins for three months, when his brother-in-law, J. N. Norviel, took his place. A frame church, 28 x 40, was dedicated April 3, 1892, at Coal Creek, near Florence. St. James, Denver, a new building, 60 x 76, with basement and seating capacity for six hundred, was opened by Bishop Warren. The society at Grant Avenue has built the wing of a church. William Pleisted, a supernumerary of the Des Moines Conference, has taken down the former parsonage at Trinidad, and built a larger one, without expense to the society, at a cost to himself of about \$3,000. Rocky Ford has built a brick church, 32 x 60, costing \$3,000. The Church at Cañon City has purchased lots for a new building. Sunday-schools have been established at Fremont and Cripple Creek. The university has been removed to the 'Park.' The Iliff School of Theology opened last fall."

"Father Dyer" first proclaimed the gospel in Cripple Creek in 1890, when the camp began to attract attention. In February, 1891, Rev. C. B. Montfort erected a one-room house, for a dwelling and carpenter-shop for himself. In this building he soon after organized a society and Sunday-school. The next year he was returned here by Conference appointment. July 27, 1892, D. L. Rader, presiding elder, with J. M. Hawkins, secretary, held the first Quarterly Conference. In April, 1893, Rev. C. Bradford accepted the appointment as pastor until the following Conference session. The succeeding pastors have been: D. Leppert, from June, 1893, to November, 1893; A. B. Conwell, from November, 1893, to June, 1894; M. A. Rader, from June, 1894, to June, 1895; John A. Long, from June 28, 1895, to August, 1896; and J. C. Horn, 1896, who is earnestly pushing the Master's work there.

In 1893 the society moved from the hall, where the services had been held, into a tent, on First Street, near Bennett Avenue. Under the pastorate of M. A. Rader, a church was erected on the



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DENVER, COLORADO.

corner of First Street and Carr Avenue. The main auditorium was 30 x 50, with a wing, 18 x 30, and was heated by furnace and lighted by electricity. A single-room parsonage was also built by the Church. This was afterward enlarged into a comfortable home for the pastor. The society numbered, April 2, 1896, 113, including 7 probationers. They have a flourishing Sunday-school and a vigorous Epworth League. This church property was burned in the great fire of May, 1896. The society is now planning to build again.

The bishop reported the laying of the corner-stone of the Iliff School of Theology. A vote of thanks, by rising, was extended to Mrs. Elizabeth Iliff Warren, for giving the use of her valuable home in Denver for the Deaconess work, for a Home and Hospital.

A new society was organized at Fort Morgan, by Presiding Elder Vincent, December 18, 1892, with twenty-five members. For the next eight months Professors Stroeter, VanPelt, and Steele, of the University of Denver, preached for them as acting pastors; the latter most of the time until August, 1893, when J. R. Sasseen, from the Missouri Conference, was appointed their pastor, and found things all ready for the erection of a church. On the 14th of October following, the corner-stone was laid, and in May, 1894, the society moved into the new structure, which had cost about \$3,000, with no indebtedness, save \$250 to the Church Extension Society. In June, 1894, A. B. Glockner was appointed pastor, and in 1895-6, H. D. Seckner. A Sunday-school was organized on Christmas-day, 1892. This society is in a thriving condition.

The following gains and losses in Conference membership are noted:

Ten were transferred into the Conference, and nine out of it; nine were admitted on trial.

The transfers in, were:

F. S. BEGGS, from the St. Louis Conference, who had been supplying Central City, to which he was returned; at St. James, Denver, 1893; was transferred to the St. Louis Conference in 1894, but accepted work at Evanston, Wyoming Mission.

Brother Beggs is above the average as a preacher, and succeeds admirably.

U. Z. GILMER, from the Upper Iowa Conference, who had supplied Asbury, Denver, was returned; was transferred to the Illinois Conference in 1894. He preaches the gospel earnestly and efficiently.

W. R. ASHBY, from the Indiana Conference; at Gunnison, 1892-3; Aspen Junction (now Basalt) 1894-5; left without appointment to attend school, 1896. The people enjoy his preaching, and he has left a good record on the charges served. The Church has reason to expect a useful future in his history.

S. V. LEACH, from the California Conference; First Church, Pueblo, one year; named as professor in Iliff School of Theology, one year, and then was transferred to the North Indiana Conference, 1895. He is considered a very able man in the pulpit, or out of it, with tongue or pen.

A. K. STABLER, a probationer from the Cincinnati Conference; was sent to Cameron Memorial, Denver; returned in 1893, and ordained deacon by Bishop Warren in his own church, he not being at the Conference session; at La Junta, 1894; left without an appointment in 1895-6 to attend school. His record here as a preacher justifies the hope that his future will be successful.

H. R. CALKINS, a probationer, from the Rock River Conference, Illinois; was returned to Castle Rock, where his devoted companion died, March 27, 1893; assistant missionary of Haymarket Mission, Denver, 1893; was transferred to his former Conference in 1894. He is a devoted minister of Jesus Christ.

ROBERT MCINTYRE was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851; came with his parents to America in 1858, and settled in Philadelphia, Pa., where he learned the bricklayer's trade. He helped to rebuild Chicago after the great fire. He was convicted of sin and converted under the influence of a sermon preached by Dr. J. W. Bushong in a Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, in St. Louis, Mo., February, 1876. What seems strange about this is, that it was the only sermon preached by Dr. Bushong in that church, and the first time the subject of this sketch had attended services there. Surely God was superintend-

ing, unseen, the affairs of men. Previously he claimed to be an unbeliever in the Christian religion,—a doubter,—but when God sent a dart of truth through his soul, he soon cried like Peter, when sinking in the waters of Galilee, “Lord, save me,” and so earnestly did he plead that he was saved. With Job he could say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and blessed be God he is saved yet! He says, “That is one of the things that I do know.” He entered the Illinois Conference in 1877, where he remained eleven years, doing the hard work of an itinerant preacher. He was three years at Grace Church, Chicago, and five years at Trinity, Denver, Colorado. He was transferred back to the Rock River Conference in 1896, and assumed the pastorate of a new church in the city of Chicago.

He is loyal to the authorities of the Church, going where he is sent, preaching the doctrines of the Bible as taught by the fathers, for the salvation of men. The truths which saved him he proclaims to others without fear or favor.

He has traveled extensively in foreign lands, and freely uses the knowledge gained, in the pulpit and on the platform. He is a wonderfully entertaining preacher and captivating lecturer; has few equals in the pulpit or on the platform. His pastorate of the Trinity Church was eminently successful, and he is held in loving remembrance by his former parishioners and Conference associates.

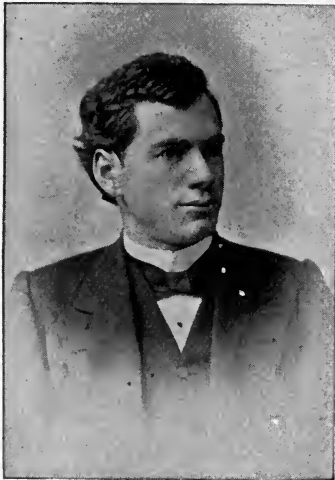


ROBERT MCINTYRE.

God be with him and all of Christ's ambassadors until the end comes, is the prayer of the writer!

The University of Denver, in 1894, gave him the honorary degree of D. D.

JOHN R. SHANNON, from the Cincinnati Conference, was born at Hillsboro, Ohio, June 17, 1857; converted when young; graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1878, and received the degree of A. M. therefrom in 1880; also the same degree from



JOHN R. SHANNON.

the Syracuse University, New York, in 1889, and Ph. D. also from the above-named institution in 1890. The University of Denver conferred on him the degree of D. D. in 1894. He entered the Cincinnati Conference in 1878. He was married to Miss Jennie McCord, of Oxford, Ohio, April 9, 1884. Was transferred and appointed to Trinity Church, Louisville, Ky., in 1885; was transferred back to Ohio, and appointed to a pastorate in Springfield, in 1888, where he remained until 1891, when he was transferred to Colorado, and appointed to Grace Church, Denver. In this field he

remained the full five-year term. At the session of 1896 he took a supernumerary relation. He is now in Europe, for the purpose of pursuing an advanced course of study.

Brother Shannon is an excellent scholar, a very instructive preacher, and fills acceptably the pastorates to which he is assigned.

Those received on trial were:

W. ARTHUR NOBLE, who was elected to deacon's and elder's orders, under the missionary rule, and sent as missionary to Korea.

SAMUEL J. ROGERS, appointed to Poncha Springs; then a missionary in Wyoming in 1893-5; left without appointment to attend school in 1896. He was ordained deacon, under the missionary rule, in 1893.

C. H. STEVENSON; Alamosa and La Jara, 1892; Meeker, 1893; was transferred to the Northwest Kansas Conference, 1894.

DANIEL B. VOSSELLOR; returned to Julesburg, which he had served as a "supply;" Sterling, 1893; Loveland, 1894-5; Longmont, 1896. Though a giant in stature, he is in feeble health. He is an able, earnest preacher of the word of life.

CHARLES W. HARNED; Highlands, Denver, 1892; Central City, 1893-4; Idaho Springs, 1895-6. He succeeds well as a pastor and preacher, and will do more and more good in the blessed work of the Master as the years roll on.

SHERWOOD A. WEBBER was born in Van Wert, Ohio, but grew to man's estate in Penfield, where he was converted January 16, 1880; came to Colorado in 1887, and taught the Brownville school, above Silver Plume; for three years, making ten years of teaching. He was married to Miss Mary Grace Tregonning, of Silver Plume, June 3, 1890. In June, 1891, he was licensed to preach by the Grand Junction Quarterly Conference, and placed in charge of Fruita Circuit as a supply; was placed at Aspen Junction Circuit, 1892-3; Breckenridge, 1894; Mosca and La Jara, 1895-6, where he has had a blessed work of grace, resulting in the conversion of sinners and upbuilding of believers. He is making a good record as an "ambassador" for the Master, and has promise of a very useful future.

WILLIAM JOHN was born in South Wales, England, in 1847; came with his parents to the United States in 1861. The voyage was remarkable, in that they started in the *Great Eastern*, which became disabled, and returned to East Liverpool; thence they sailed in the *Norwegian* to Quebec, Canada, from which place they went direct to New York, and then to Pennsylvania. For a short time he supplied works in the Philadelphia Conference. He reached Denver, Colorado, November 5, 1888, and engaged in business for a time. He then supplied Sterling a part of two years; was admitted into full connection, 1896. He has just

closed five years' time at Rockvale, where he did good work in the name of the Lord. In 1896 he was sent to South Park Circuit. Brother John is a faithful pastor, and so preaches the Word as to attract the people to his services. He is a good man, and greatly beloved.

The following were ordained as elders: Tilmon Jenkins, McKendree A. Casey, William L. Bailey; and as deacons, Charles C. P. Hiller, Edgar White, Harvey R. Calkins, Charles W. Huett, Fred T. Krueger, John Brunton, and David S. Gray.



WILLIAM JOHN.

Fourteen men were employed as "supplies" on the different charges, many of which were new, and furnished only a very meager support. Among those thus engaged, not mentioned elsewhere, were:

HENRY HARPST, who began preaching at Pagosa Springs, 1892. In September, 1893, he visited his son at Hotchkiss, which is located in the Valley of the North Fork of the Gunnison, in Delta County. Here he found a region, sixty miles by twenty, without a minister, church, or Sunday-school, except a small one taught by a young lady on Rogers's Mesa.

On the first Sabbath in October he organized a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school at Hotchkiss, and soon after another at Paonia. He began preaching at once at several points, but principally at the above-mentioned places. The first Sabbath in April following, he organized the first society in this valley, at Hotchkiss, with three members. Not long after, another at Paonia. God blessed his labors. At the Conference session in 1895 he reported 76 members and 22 probationers; 2 Sunday-



schools, with 16 officers and teachers, and 150 scholars; 2 parsonages, 1 valued at \$850, and the other at \$150.

The "North Fork Circuit" was formed in 1895, to which Rev. J. W. Martin was sent. God crowned his labors with success in the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers.

Other places were supplied as below: Ridgeway and Dallas, Fred L. Davis; Cripple Creek, J. H. Montfort; Pleasant Prairie, A. H. Miller; Jamestown, H. B. Kenny; Henderson, F. A. Lawson; Burlington and Lansing, J. W. Mills; Yuma and Wray, J. N. Norviel.

The THIRD DECADE of the Conference history closed with 80 churches, valued at \$999,175; 44 parsonages, valued at \$95,625; 153 ministers, and 14 supplies; 8,835 members; 1,062 probationers; 92 local preachers; 116 Sunday-schools, having 1,628 officers and teachers, and 13,018 scholars of all ages. Collected for Missions, \$10,233. This makes an increase, in ten years, of 95 ministers and 7 supplies; 37 church-buildings, and 13 parsonages; 5,221 members, 687 probationers, and 51 local preachers; also of 58 Sunday-schools and 920 officers and teachers, and 6,828 scholars of all ages; \$6,552 for Missions, which includes all collected for the Parent Society, and the Woman's Home and Foreign Societies. Besides, during these ten years large amounts were given to the University of Denver.

Consider the facts here made manifest: Think of it! Thirty-six years ago there was but one preacher in all this region, and not a Church or Sunday-school. Thirty years ago the Conference was organized, with only four members, in a carpenter-shop on the west bank of Cherry Creek, at the base of these mountains. The following are the names of this little band: John L. Dyer, B. C. Dennis, W. H. Fisher, William Howbert, and two probationers, O. A. Willard and Charles King. The supplies had been: A. P. Allen, G. S. Allen, William Antes, and T. R. Kendal. When that first Conference adjourned, nine men went forth to cry, "Behold! behold the Lamb!" Now, when less than one generation has passed, over one hundred men stand in Colorado pulpits, proclaiming a free and a full salvation. Surely, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." To God belongs all the glory. Amen!

## XVII.

### PERSONAL HISTORY.—CONCLUDED.

IN 1883 I was sent to St. James and Beckwourth Street, Denver. This arrangement of the charge lasted only for one year, when Beckwourth (now Fifth Avenue) was attached to the Simpson Mission, and St. James became, as formerly, a separate charge. Two years of hard work were spent here, which were attended with a blessed revival near its close, in which fifty souls were saved. E. F. Miller did efficient work, as a singing evangelist, in this meeting. We had a very prosperous Sunday-school, under the able superintendency of Alfred Wolff, Esq. Many incidents of deep interest occurred in connection with this pastorate. I will mention but one.

A deathbed scene will not soon be forgotten. It was that of a wife and mother. To visit that suffering one was a benediction, especially during the last days of her earthly pilgrimage. For days she seemed to dwell in the border-land. The Divine "Shekinah" filled the room. She was permitted to gaze within the pearly gates, and converse with the loved ones who had gone before, and to hear the "unspeakable" things! How she longed to depart and dwell with Jesus! Yet she lingered, to the great joy of all who visited her. Her face beamed with a heavenly radiance. Mrs. Brook, the sister alluded to, closed her earthly career full of joy and hope, February 6, 1884.

OUR next appointment was Platteville, which had three preaching places—Platteville, Lupton, and Fleming's Schoolhouse on the St. Vrain.

The history of the Churches in this vicinity is of thrilling interest. O. P. McMains was sent to the Burlington Circuit in 1865. This was a small village, situated on the south bank of the St. Vrain Creek, about a half-mile south of the present town of Longmont, and was also a stage station, where the horses were

exchanged on the line of coaches. While on this charge he preached regularly at, or near, Fort Lupton, and in a small log schoolhouse just back of the present residence of the Hon. F. W. Hammitt, in Platteville. The "Platte River" Circuit had no regular pastor from 1866 to 1869, when Gay S. Allen, a local preacher of ability, was appointed thereto. He stirred things. At Fort Lupton he had quite a revival, and organized a small class. This society was the beginning of the present prosperous Church in that place.

George Wallace was sent as the next preacher for this valley, and in 1872 the veteran, John L. Dyer, followed him, and remained two years. Then came the writer, with John L. Moffitt as assistant pastor, having a charge that covered the valleys of the Platte, St. Vrain, Boulder, Coal Creek, and Left Hand. After this the charge included only the part of the Platte Valley lying north of Denver and the lower St. Vrain. These were followed in the pastorate by F. C. Booth, 1875; E. C. Dodge, 1876. It was first called Platteville Circuit in 1877, with John Collins pastor. He was followed by A. N. Field, who started and secured the inclosure of the Fort Lupton Church, on ground partly donated by Ex-Governor Evans. H. L. Beardsley served the charge in 1879-80. He had the new Lupton church plastered and supplied with temporary seats and furniture; raised the funds, bought, paid for, and fitted up the first parsonage at Platteville, which made a comfortable home for the pastors for seven years. The next two years B. B. Dundass was pastor, and by a great effort on his part and that of the people, built the church in Platteville, with the assistance of a loan of \$500 from the Church Extension Society. Then came the faithful laborer, W. H. Greene, for two years, when the writer followed for four years, 1885-9.

About a year after becoming settled in Platteville, my heart became specially burdened for souls, and I longed to see a sweeping revival. For this I prayed day and night; but a leader of the music was greatly needed. Where was he to come from? My cry was, "O God, send us a singer!" How strangely God answered that prayer! On the last Wednesday evening of November, just after the prayer-meeting began, there walked into the church a tall, light-complexioned, intelligent-looking man, who

wore glasses, and was dressed in a corduroy suit. He took a seat close up to those present, though a stranger to all. He sang when others sang, and kneeled when others kneeled. Near the close I invited him to speak a word for Jesus. He arose, and told in a very humble manner of a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit which had come upon him a month before at the People's Tabernacle, in Denver, under the labors of Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, and further expressed a desire to do something for the Master. At the close of the meeting I invited him to call at the parsonage at nine o'clock the next morning. He was on time promptly. An interesting conversation ensued until dinner was ready. He gave me his name and address, and stated that he was a member of the Twenty-third Avenue Presbyterian Church, Denver. Business called him away that same afternoon. I said to him when leaving, "Perhaps God wants you to help me in my meetings." Days, weeks, and a month passed by; and I could not keep that singer in Denver out of my mind; but I queried whether a staunch Presbyterian could adapt himself to Methodist usages in a protracted-meeting. I felt that I wanted him to come, yet I hesitated about writing for him to do so, for fear it might be a mistake. I kept praying that a singer might be sent. Finally the burden became so heavy I decided to begin, using our home talent, unless God should send me some one. Twice I seated myself to write for him to come on at once, but each time my pen fell from my hand, as something seemed to say to me, "Do not write. God will provide." I could write on other subjects, but not on this. There were no apparent indications of a revival; yet I could not rest until an effort was made. I was anxious for the fray; hence meetings were begun December 27, 1886. For some time I had had the impression that God would give me at least one hundred souls that Conference year. The fourth night of the meeting, as I arose to announce the opening hymn, who should walk into the Church but that tall man in the "corduroy suit." I at once said, "Brother W——, please come forward to the organ, and lead the singing." He complied, and the congregation was delighted. During the next thirty-three days he remained nearly all the time, singing, praying, and testifying, as the Spirit gave him utterance. His days were prin-

cipally spent in visiting from house to house, and praying with the people. About thirty souls were converted, and a few were sanctified.

At Fort Lupton death and removals had depleted the membership until only eight remained. Two of these lived so far away, that they never got to Church. Two others were elderly people, who could seldom attend. Two more were invalids. Another lived seven miles out, and was necessarily not there very often. Only one, a sister, was regular in her attendance; but she was never known to take any part in public meetings. This was the condition of things there at that time. The meetings were begun February 6, 1887. The congregations were good from the very start. Mrs. Rufus Reynolds led the singing. There were nine seekers at the altar at the first call, and none to pray for them but the pastor. It was then that I learned what it meant to lean wholly on God for help, as never before under such circumstances. There were no helpers, except in the music. After the first week, O. L. Ramsey, a zealous worker and singer, came down from Denver to assist. For nearly two weeks he did good through his singing and exhortations, when he left.

Rev. D. L. Rader, at the earnest solicitation of personal friends, came and preached five times, with excellent effect. Brother W——, who had been at Evans helping Brother G. S. Oliver, the pastor, came, and was a great help during the last two weeks of the meeting. God gave us blessed results. About seventy souls were converted, nearly all heads of families. The meetings closed March 6th. A few days before that date, that tall brother joined the itinerant host, under the tutorship of N. A. Chamberlain, presiding elder, where he has remained most of the time since. He is now known as the Rev. John R. Wood.

Three or four months before the revival at Lupton, a young man, living seven miles away, mounted an unbroken "broncho" one Sabbath, and rode over to Church, "just for the fun of the thing." This was a very unusual course for him. One was just about as wild as the other. The services were begun when he entered and took a back seat. I saw that he was a stranger, and felt drawn toward him during the entire discourse. God sent the truth to his heart so deeply, that he never got rid of it until

he was converted, which took place during the third week of the above-mentioned meeting. Brother Wood was the immediate means of helping him into the gospel light, when he bowed the knee as a seeker of salvation. For years this young man has been attending school at the University of Denver, and preaching the gospel at the same time, graduating therefrom. His name is Charles W. Huett, now a missionary in Japan.

As soon as he was "born of the Spirit," he (and others) insisted on my going over to the mouth of the "Big Dry" (near where his parents resided), and holding a meeting there, where no religious service of any kind had ever been held. This meeting began March 14th, and ended April 4th. Nearly thirty souls were saved. The result was, a class and Sunday-school were organized, and subsequently a neat little church erected. Another whom the meetings helped into the light of "the Son of God," was a youth by the name of Frank Shea, who is now an active worker for the Master, teaching in the Sunday-school, or preaching the gospel every Sabbath.

At the close of this Conference year Lupton was made a separate charge, with three appointments—Lupton, Big Dry, and Barr. The first service held in the latter place was by the writer, June 27, 1886, in the waiting-room of the Burlington & Missouri Railroad, of which my brother, G. L. Beardsley, was the agent. The text used was John xx, 27. There were twenty persons present. The pastors at Lupton, since the separation, have been: Kent White, W. A. McElphatrick, S. A. Winsor; J. W. Flesher, who built a five-room brick parsonage; A. L. Chase, Jacob R. Rader; C. A. Brooks, 1896.

Late in the summer of 1887, the first parsonage in Platteville was sold, and a six-room brick one built beside the church under the direction of the writer, and paid for. The late H. B. Chamberlain, Esq., formerly of Denver, gave \$200, which was applied on the erection of the kitchen. Following this, the Platteville pastors were: B. F. Todd, 1889-90; Thomas Andrew, 1891-2; H. L. Beardsley, 1893-5; A. B. Glockner, 1896.

ARVADA.—A six-room parsonage was begun here by the pastor, H. L. Beardsley, in 1881, and completed by him in 1882,

all paid for. During its construction he gave his time almost wholly to this, raising the funds and doing most of the work.

The writer was sent to Arvada in 1889, where he found two active members. There were two outside appointments, Black's and the Ralston Crossing, which were filled every two weeks. At Arvada the preaching and Sunday-school services were held in the Grange and Good Templars' Hall. In the summer of 1890 a church enterprise was begun by the writer, assisted by Bishop Warren. The cellar was dug, foundation laid, most of the funds provided for, and contracts for material talked over; but he was not permitted to finish it, being sent elsewhere. My successor, J. F. White, completed the building. B. F. Wadsworth gave the ground and a liberal subscription; besides, other friends helped liberally, and a beautiful house of worship is the result. This year was a very pleasant one, and the congregations good. No fixed allowance was made; yet the people gave us a comfortable support.

The pastors here, or serving here in connection with other points, have been: G. W. Swift, H. J. Shaffner, Gay S. Allen, N. S. Buckner, R. H. Rhodes, John Stocks, W. H. Gillam, C. S. Uzzell, C. L. Libby, H. M. Law, H. L. Beardsley, A. W. Coffman, A. D. Hammitt, H. L. Wriston, J. R. Rader, I. H. Beardsley, J. F. White, R. M. Barns; J. H. Merritt, 1894-6.

IN 1890 I was sent to Loveland, where there was a good society, church, and parsonage, with a small debt on the property. The Lord gave us good audiences, and some additions to the Church. The people had a very warm place in our hearts. In October of that year the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, of Colorado, elected the writer to represent it in the Supreme Lodge of the World, which was to meet in May, 1891, at Edinburgh, Scotland. This necessitated my leaving the last of April for New York, so as to sail on the *Servia* the 9th of May, at six o'clock A. M. After a very pleasant passage of eight days, we landed at Queenstown, Ireland, at one o'clock A. M. of May 17th. A brief run through Ireland, visiting Cork, Blarney Castle, Dublin, Belfast, and many other historic points, was full of interest. Then we crossed the Irish Channel, and landed at

Stranraer, Scotland. While standing on the pier waiting for my traveling companion, a medium-sized, pleasant-looking gentleman expressed great concern as to what the young people of Ireland were to do, since the Government positions were all full, and there was little or no employment at home. Looking him squarely in the face, with great soberness I remarked, "In our country, when there is an overproduction we stop the manufacture. If you do that in Ireland, the problem will be solved." He looked at me in amazement, wondering just what was meant, when I repeated the above statement. He stared at me to see if I really meant what I said, when he saw that I seemed deeply in earnest, he threw both arms above his head, exclaiming, "Impossible! Impossible!" roaring in laughter.

Then followed a visit to Ayr, Glasgow, the lakes and Highlands of Scotland. A week was spent in attending to the business of the Order in Edinburgh. The many sights of interest here were not overlooked, though we had seen them all nineteen years before.

I will mention a few of the places visited in England: London and many of its attractions, though most of my time was spent in the library of the British Museum; Stratford-on-Avon; Epworth, where John Wesley was born and reared; St. Albans, from whence the writer's ancestor emigrated, in 1635, with his family, to New England.

Crossed the English Channel to Boulogne, France, and sailed on the *Rotterdam*, reaching New York early in July.

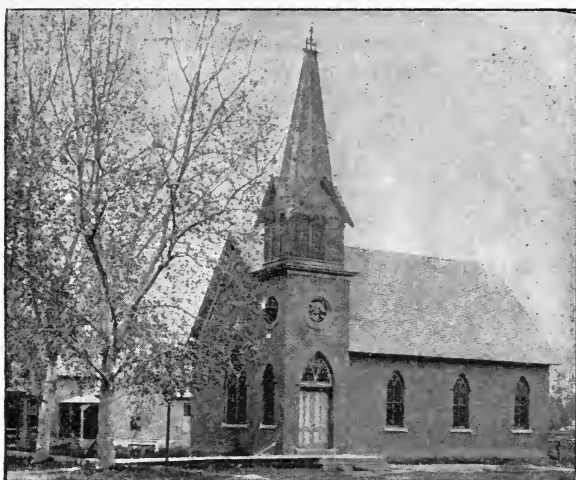
While pastor at Loveland, I enlarged my "essay" on "The True Sabbath," which the Northern District Conference had previously requested published. The manuscript had been sent off, before leaving for Scotland, to the publishers, and arrangements made for its publication in book form. On my westward journey I stopped at different places, that I might visit friends and former associates, here and there, *en route*. September found me with relatives and boyhood friends in Illinois.

On the 6th day of September, 1891, I received, by mail, at Altona, Illinois, the first copy of my little book, called, "The True Sabbath." My feelings can be better imagined than described, as I gazed upon this work for the first time. It had cost



me so much thought and research that somehow it had become a part of myself. Having secured a supply of the books, I visited in succession the "Central Illinois," "Des Moines," "Nebraska," and "West Nebraska" Conferences, where I sold nearly two hundred and fifty copies. These Conference sessions over, I hastened on homeward.

On reaching Denver, the first week in October, I was engaged at once to enter upon a lecturing tour, in behalf of the Independent Order of Good Templars, through New Mexico, Southern



LOVELAND METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

and Western Colorado, which I did, returning to Denver the last night of the old year.

At the opening of the new year, I entered upon evangelistic work in the "City Missions" of Denver, and continued in this until the Conference session in June, 1892.

This closed twenty-three years of work in connection with the Colorado Conference, and forty years since my first text was taken, April 18, 1852. A year's rest had not restored me to my usual health, so that in 1893, the Conference, at my own request, placed me on the superannuated list. My nervous system is shattered and hearing affected, so that I am unable longer for active work in the ministry.

## XVIII.

### THE CONFERENCES OF 1893-4-5-6, AND GENERAL SUMMARIES.

1893.—THE thirty-first session of the Colorado Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Trinidad, Colorado, from June 8th to 12th, by Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., in the place of Bishop R. S. Foster, who had been unexpectedly assigned to visit the foreign missions. This was his second presidency of the Conference, to which he was welcomed by appropriate resolutions, and it is needless to say that he gave general satisfaction.

None of the presiding elders' reports are on file. Forty-five were transferred away from us; thirty of these were to the New Mexico Spanish Mission, including the well-known superintendent, Rev. Thomas Harwood, D. D.; one had died, and three located. Sixteen were transferred into the Conference, one was received on credentials, and three were admitted on trial. These changes made a decrease of twenty-nine, counting the probationers, in the Conference membership. The transfers were:

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER, from the Detroit Conference; was born in Livingston County, Michigan, in 1856. He completed the high school course at Howell, Mich., and went immediately to the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, from which he graduated, with high honor, in 1881. He has decided literary tastes and qualifications, and has been honored with the degree of D. D.

After serving two years as pastor in the mining districts of Lake Superior, he was sent to the Haven Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit; three years later to Lincoln Avenue. Next he was sent, by his own request, with his bride, to Owosso. In 1890 he was returned to Detroit, as pastor of the Preston Church, and two years later entered on the pastorate of Christ Church, Denver, Colorado; was appointed to Asbury in 1895-6. He was

ected by the Commission, and confirmed by the Book Committee, editor of the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate* in 1892; but served only for a short period, as the paper was soon discontinued. The few numbers issued under his supervision showed, however, marked ability in editorial work.

The General Conference, at its session in 1896, having authorized the re-establishing of a paper in Denver, assisted by a liberal subsidy from the Book Concern, the Conference appointed a Publishing Commission, which has started the paper on a substantial basis, with Brother Spencer as its editor. Since accepting this, he has resigned his Asbury pastorate, and is giving his whole time to this new work. Brother Spencer is an attractive preacher, a popular lecturer, and is showing editorial ability scarcely second to any in the Church.



CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER.

He was also one of the founders of the Epworth League, which is having such a wonderful development among the young people of the Church all over this land. This society was organized in Cleveland, Ohio, May, 1889, and now has 18,379 Chapters, and 1,250,000 members.

W. E. COLLETT, from the Central Ohio Conference; Holyoke, 1893-4; La Junta, 1895-6. Brother Collett is making a commendable record as a loving pastor, an able preacher, and careful manager of Church interests.

C. D. DAY, from the North Nebraska Conference; Castle Rock, 1893; Wyoming Mission, 1894-6. He is a young man of promise, and is doing valuable work.

SAMUEL H. KIRKBRIDE, from the Troy Conference, was stationed at Florence, 1893-6. Brother Kirkbride is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and is a valuable acquisition to the Conference.

WILLIAM PLESTED, a supernumerary, from the Des Moines Conference, who died in great peace, July 1, 1893, at his home in Trinidad, Colorado.

COLUMBUS BRADFORD, from the St. Louis Conference; Manitou, 1893; Aspen, 1894; left without appointment in 1895 to attend school; given a certificate of location in 1896. He is a good man and an excellent preacher.



W. F. STEELE.

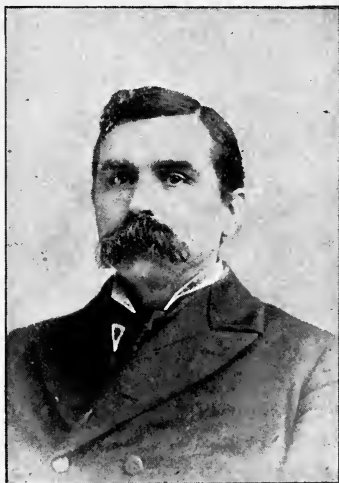
WILBUR F. STEELE, A. B., S. T. D., D. D., from the New England Southern Conference, was born in Massachusetts in 1851. His higher educational training was had at Syracuse and Boston, after which he engaged in the pastorate for eight years, and then in the educational work of the Church for a like term. In 1889 he went

abroad with his family to pursue his studies in Europe, making an extended tour in the Orient in 1892.

He was called that year to the chair of Biblical Literature in the Iliff School of Theology. He was married to Miss Rosa B. Wood, May 21, 1874. Four children have gladdened their home. Arthur, a loving son, just entering upon a promising young manhood, was called to his eternal home May 17, 1896, mourned by all who knew him. A kick from a horse inflicted serious injury, and was the cause of his death. He lingered for a few days, was restored to consciousness, giving his last rational words to those he loved best. His memory is precious. Brother Steele is a consecrated Christian, a thoroughly evangelical preacher, and

an apt teacher; in fact, a good "all-around" publisher of the "Glad Tidings," whom any Conference might feel honored to have enrolled among its list of members.

JOHN R. VAN PELT, A. B., S. T. D., was born in Shelby County, Kentucky; November 10, 1862; converted early in life; graduated from the Illinois Wesleyan University in 1882; taught two years, and then entered the Boston School of Theology; spent the second theological school year at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois; graduated from the Boston University, Theological Department, in 1887. That fall he joined the Illinois Conference, filling pastorates for four years. In 1891 he went to Halle, Germany, and studied theology for one year. The fall of 1892 found him professor of Systematic Theology in the Iliff School of Theology of the University of Denver, Colorado. The Boston University, in 1893, after examination, conferred on him the degree of Ph. D. He was married to Miss Ellen R., daughter of Bishop H. W. Warren, December 27, 1893. He fills acceptably the position to which he has been called in this new "School of the Prophets," and is making an excellent record as a scholarly professor and teacher.

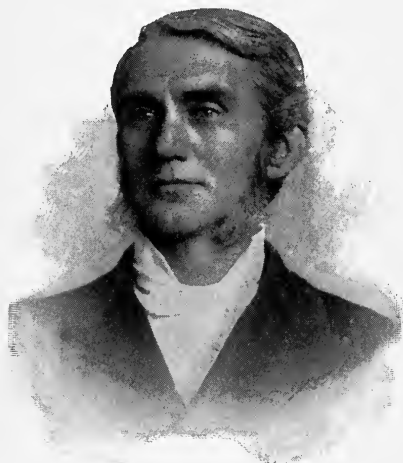


W. I. TAYLOR.

WILLIAM I. TAYLOR; born in Warren County, Kentucky; educated at Ray's Branch Seminary, Kentucky; DePauw University, Indiana; and Garrett Biblical Institute; converted in 1869; licensed to preach in 1877; entered the Kentucky Conference in the fall of 1882; was transferred to the North Indiana Conference in 1886, and then to Colorado in 1893, having supplied Lamar for two years; at La Junta in 1893, where he had a good revival;

Cameron Memorial, Denver, 1894; and Georgetown, 1895-6. He is a thorough student, and an excellent preacher with a good record.

JACOB T. PENDER, from the Illinois Conference, was born in McLean County, Kentucky, October 24, 1849; converted at the age of fourteen, and called to preach a year later; worked on a farm for wages in the summer, and went to school in the winter, until he was able to take a collegiate course at Greenville, Kentucky; joined the Kentucky Conference in March, 1873; four years later was ordained elder by Bishop Bowman, having been



J. T. PENDER.

ordained deacon two years before. For seven years he traveled in that Conference, during the days of "Reconstruction." He suffered great persecutions, was mobbed twice by the "Kuklux," and often threatened by them, but never swerved from the line of duty one iota. Paducah was his last appointment there. In 1880 he was transferred to the Southern Illinois Conference, where he served Enfield, McLeansboro, each two years; Mt. Carmel, three years; Lebanon, one year; and

then was transferred to the Illinois Conference. His last appointment therein was Bement, where he built, without debt, a beautiful and commodious church, at a cost of \$7,000. On account of failing health, he was transferred to Colorado, November 1, 1892, and appointed to Simpson Church, Denver, where he remained one year and a half, when he was sent to Grant Avenue, Denver, 1894-5. In 1896 he was transferred to the Pittsburg Conference. He published the *Methodist Helper*, a live local paper, for three years.

Few men have taken hold more readily, or accomplished more in the brief time he was here, than the subject of this sketch. He is a good pastor and preacher, and had many calls from his brother pastors to assist in revival services and for lectures. His wife is the daughter of Rev. W. H. Hanner, of Kentucky. Seven children adorn their home.

L. E. KENNEDY, from the Southeast Indiana Conference. His record here reads: Rifle, 1893; supernumerary, 1894; Victor, 1895, where a new church was built, 36 x 56, with a lecture-room 16 x 32 feet, and the whole heated by a furnace. He took a certificate of location in 1896. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, and has the elements of great usefulness.

REV. J. H. SCOTT and W. A. SAGE were the founders of the society in Victor, which, at this writing, has a good church edifice and comfortable parsonage, though the society is less than two years old.

S. B. WARNER, from the Minnesota Conference, was sent to the First Church, Pueblo, to which he was returned in 1894-5, and then was transferred to the St. Louis Conference in 1896. He is a scholarly, spiritual, and able minister of the gospel, and made a good record here in a very hard field of labor.

T. W. JEFFREY, from the Indiana Conference; Leadville, 1893-6, where he is very acceptable as a preacher and pastor. He is a "growing" young man, and promises much in the future.

M. D. HORNBECK, from the Illinois Conference; Cañon City, 1893; Broadway, Pueblo, 1894-5; Boulder, 1896. He is an able preacher and efficient pastor.

In the class received on trial are the names of:

CHARLES A. EDWARDS; Ordway in 1893; attended school in 1894-5; Lafayette, 1896. He has also worked in the "City Missions" of Denver, and stands well among his associates. Is greatly beloved as pastor.

CHARLES W. BRIDWELL; was born, July 25, 1872, in Kentucky, and converted at fifteen years of age; licensed to preach at seventeen; came to Colorado in 1889, and graduated from the University of Denver in 1893, with the degree of A. B.; united

with the Conference the same year, and was sent to Black Hawk, 1893-4; Holyoke, 1895; Pleasant View, 1896.

At the holiness camp-meeting held in Herring's Grove, "Pleasant View," near Longmont, Colorado, July, 1894, he entered into the experience of "perfect love," since which time God has wonderfully blessed him in preaching the gospel. He has had, on different charges where he has served, a blessed work of grace, both within and without the Church. He is a worthy young man, well equipped for his life-work, and gives promise of a successful future.

GEORGE B. F. HUENE graduated from the University of Denver in 1894, and was appointed to Colorado City; Evans, 1895-6. His future is bright, and promises great usefulness.

1894.—FOR the second time the Conference met in Boulder, June 7th to 11th. Bishop S. M. Merrill, D. D., presided. The opening services were conducted by the bishop, assisted by others. The usual Conference business was completed in four working days. Owing to physical injuries, caused by being thrown from a wagon, the veteran, John L. Dyer, was absent, to the great regret of his many friends.

During the previous week a severe flood, caused by an unusual fall of snow and rain, had visited nearly every part of the State. The bridges had been swept away, the wagon and rail roads washed out, so that in many places travel was suspended for several days. The waters had been extremely high in the Boulder Creek, and the town, as well as the roads, bore evidence of its destructive work. Members of the Conference, whose duties called them early to its place of meeting, went in on the first train reaching the town after the flood. Many could not get there until after the session had opened. Twenty-six "absentees" answered to their names on the second morning. On the whole, a pleasant and very enjoyable session was had.

In the list of transfers were:

ROBERT SANDERSON was transferred from the South Kansas Conference, and appointed to Idaho Springs in 1893; returned in 1894; Cameron Memorial, Denver, 1895; Fifth Avenue, Denver,



1896. He was born in Yorkshire, England, July 28, 1847; converted when ten years of age; licensed to preach at the age of sixteen; came to the United States, April, 1873, and joined the Vermont Conference in 1874; was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1883, and to the Southwest Kansas Conference in 1886; thence to the South Kansas Conference in 1892, from which he came to Colorado a year later. He is a thorough pastor and an interesting preacher, and has filled very acceptably the pastorates assigned him here.

C. A. CRANE, from the Illinois Conference; was sent to Colorado Springs, 1894-6, where he had remarkable success in the work of the Lord. In May, 1897, he was transferred to Boston, and placed in charge of an important work there.

Those received on trial were:

HERBERT W. H. BUTLER; Wray, 1894; Berkeley in 1895-6.

He was born in Pensford, England, November 25, 1866; converted in Australia, October 7, 1885; licensed to preach three years after. He was married to Miss Ella Pain, August 24, 1893. They landed in New York, January 17, 1894, and seven days later reached the place of his first pastorate at Wray, Colorado; was ordained deacon at this session of the Conference. He is making a good record as a preacher and pastor here. Has a promising future.

WILLIAM E. PERRY; Gunnison, 1894; Catlin, 1895; Del Norte, 1896. He is a young man of promise, and is doing a good work.

HENRY SUTHERLIN; Meeker, 1894-5. This was an entirely new field when he went to it, but he succeeded in establishing a thriving society; was sent to Rockvale, 1896.

H. L. WRISTON was the first pastor at Hugo, 1885-7; Kent White, 1888; E. E. Allison, 1889-91. During his pastorate a



R. SANDERSON.

small church was erected at Hugo. In 1892, Cheyenne Wells was attached, with Tilmon Jenkins the pastor, 1892-3. During the pastorate of O. L. Orton, 1894-5, a neat church was built at Cheyenne Wells; F. F. Post, 1896.

A class of fourteen members was organized at Steamboat Springs, December 9, 1894, and a Sunday-school at the same time, by the pastor, F. G. Boylan.

The church-building at Jimtown was reported washed away in the great flood mentioned and described in the opening of the present session.

1895.—THE members of the Colorado Annual Conference assembled for its thirty-third session in Trinity Church, Denver, June 6th, at nine o'clock A. M., the chairman, Bishop C. D. Foss, D. D., conducting the devotional exercises, and stimulating the Conference to seek the purest and highest attainments in the Divine life, through his encouraging words begotten of a rich personal experience.

The business of the session was finished on the fifth day, when one hundred and twelve men, not counting the twenty-two supplies, went forth to do the work assigned them.

The following were received into the Conference by transfer:

JOHN COLUMBIA GULLETTE, from the Minnesota Conference; was born in Dearborn County, Indiana, January 7, 1848; lived with his father on the farm until nineteen years of age, attending school during the winter, and studying at other times, as opportunity presented. He began teaching in the district where he was raised, and taught two terms at the unanimous request of the Board. He completed a college course, and graduated from Moores Hill College, Indiana, June 19, 1872. At the close of the Commencement exercises, he was married to Miss Hattie E. Sawdon, of Aurora, Indiana, also a member of the graduating class. Afterward he studied medicine, attending lectures at Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Subsequently he took a post-graduate course in metaphysics, receiving degrees of A. M. in 1883, and that of Ph. D. in 1884, from the Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Illinois.

He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1866; was licensed to preach in 1870; was a supernumerary from 1875 to 1878; was transferred to Minnesota in March, 1883; resigned his charge, July, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn., and accepted the pastorate of Montrose, Colorado; was sent to Salida in 1895, and to Loveland, 1896. His work here marks him as a good pastor, an interesting preacher, and a valuable accession to the Conference.

J. C. HORN, from the Northwest Kansas Conference, was born in Butler County, Ohio, and came with his parents, when a small boy, to Illinois, where he attended the public schools. His advanced education was had at the Chillicothe Academy and at Lewis College, in Missouri, from which he received the degree of A. M. Twice he was professor in this last school, and finally its president. He was also president of the McGee College at

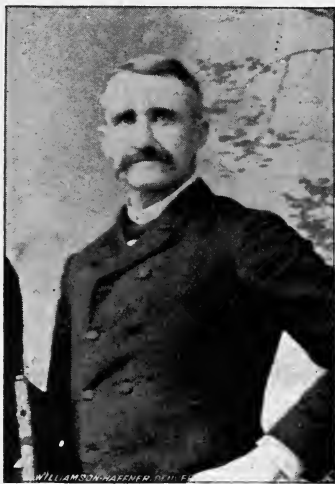


J. C. GULLETTE.

a later period. He was married to Miss Jennie E. Wallace, of Chillicothe, Missouri, in 1874. He was converted in 1866, and received on trial in the Missouri Conference in 1876, where he did pastoral work for eight years, when he was sent as a missionary to South America in 1884, returning in 1887. From 1890 to 1893 he practiced law in Denver, Colorado. He re-entered the pastorate in the Northwest Kansas Conference in 1893, and was appointed to Lamar, Colorado, in 1895, and to Cripple Creek in 1896, where he is having good success. He has shown here the spirit of a true itinerant, and of the "workman" who always finds plenty to do, and does it. He is a man of fine ability.

M. F. SAPP, from the Missouri Conference; was born in Owen County, Indiana, November 12, 1845. At five years of age he was left an orphan. His home, from that time until twenty-two

years of age, was with a family by the name of Barns. He was educated in the common schools of his State; was converted within a mile of where he was born, at the Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church, February, 1863; received license to exhort in March, 1865; felt called to the ministry, but, like Jonah, fled, here and there, to escape from duty. February 1, 1871, he was married to Miss Alverna D. Carey, of Pennsylvania. He was licensed as a local preacher in May, 1873. Again he rebelled, and fled to Arkansas, thinking the Lord would not trouble him there. While there he was pressed into a revival-meeting, where twenty



M. F. SAPP.

souls were converted. In 1876 he returned to Northwest Missouri, and there consecrated all to God's service. In March, 1881, he joined the Missouri Annual Conference, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Warren in 1882, and elder by Bishop Fowler in 1885. His appointments were: Milton and Corning, Clearmont, Skidmore, Albany, and Bethany. While at this last place, engaged in building a \$10,000 church, his health gave way, near the middle of the third year, and he was compelled to seek a more congenial clime in Colorado. Dr. Rader, presiding elder, gave him Rocky Ford,

which was reached August 8, 1894. Thence he was sent to Colorado City, 1895-6. He has since resigned this charge, and returned to his former Conference home. He is zealous in the service of the Master, and does good work wherever he goes. He was a very genial, manly brother in the gospel. He rests from his labors.

F. G. BOYLAN, from the Oklahoma Conference; Steamboat Springs, 1895, which was on the very "outpost of Zion." With-

drew from the ministry and Conference in 1896. He was a good man, and did noble battle for the Lord.

W. R. WEAVER, from the St. Louis Conference; Delta, 1895; Montrose, 1896. God is giving him power for his work, and causing him to have marked success in building up the cause of Christ.

G. W. IRWIN, from the Southwest Kansas Conference; Monte Vista, 1895; transferred back to his old Conference in 1896.

JOHN JOSEPH POST, a probationer, from the New York East Conference; was permitted to attend school; sent to Cheyenne Wells, 1896. He promises well for a successful minister of Christ. Graduated from the University of Denver in 1891, A. B.

THOMAS E. SISSON, from the California Conference; Castle Rock, 1894-5; Grand Junction, 1896. While at Castle Rock he pursued a course of study in the Iliff School of Theology, attending to the work of his pastorate at the same time. He is a student, spiritual, apt in teaching as a preacher, and is making himself felt as a power for good in building up the Church of Christ.

Presiding Elder D. L. Rader reported that a church had been completed at Ordway, and another was begun by the society at Catlin.

The following account of circuit work will be interesting:

"PLATEAU CIRCUIT.—Rev. F. L. Davis, a supply in charge, writes: 'The work of this charge is large, and demands a great amount of riding on the part of the pastor. It covers a beautiful valley, sixty miles in length. There is a population of two thousand people, with a Church membership of about fifty. I have, since the 11th of July last, traveled 4,010 miles in the saddle, preached 390 sermons, held 62 cottage prayer-meetings, and made 506 visits. There are two Sunday-schools held in the valley the year round, and five during the summer months. We have just closed a series of meetings which continued seventy-eight nights, with blessed results.

"This year seventeen have come into full membership, and we have had three conversions. There is preaching three times every Sunday, as a rule, in some part of the valley. We hold services at the following places: De Beque, Mesa, Bull Creek,

Eagalite, Collbran, Hauxhurst, and Norman Mesa. There is a great work to be done here among the young people, there being over eight hundred under the age of twenty-one years. We hope next year to build a nice church in the Upper Plateau Valley near Eagalite and Collbran, and in the future one at Mesa."

The following were admitted on trial:

Lewis C. Thompson, who is doing missionary work in Wyoming.

O. L. Orton; sent to Cheyenne Wells, 1895, and to Littleton, 1896. He has built successfully on the walls of Zion, and has a promising future before him.

Fred T. Krueger; "supplied" several charges, and attended school at the university. He graduated therefrom in 1894, and from the Iliff School of Theology in 1897. He is laying a broad foundation upon which to build his ministerial character, and the Church has good reason to expect much from him. He was sent to Black Hawk, 1895-6.

E. S. Holmes; Silver Plume, 1895; discontinued in 1896.

J. W. Barnhart; Wet Mountain Valley, 1895-6, where, under God, he is making it "bud and blossom as the rose." He endures hardness as a good soldier, and conscientiously pursues his assigned work.

E. V. DuBois, sent as a missionary to New Mexico, where he remained only a short time, when he was transferred to the Des Moines Conference. In 1896 he was sent to Gunnison, and has since been transferred back to Colorado. He is a promising young man.

Ora F. Merrill; Sheridan Lake, 1895-6, where he is sowing the seed of the kingdom faithfully and successfully. He is a consecrated man, and will have a growing future.

In 1894 the Colorado Springs Circuit was organized, with William A. Sage as the pastor. At the Conference of 1895 he reported eleven probationers, forty-seven members, and two churches, valued at two thousand dollars, three Sunday-schools, with twenty officers and teachers, and one hundred and five scholars of all ages. The name was changed at this session to Second Church of Colorado Springs, and Brother Sage continued for another year.

1896.—THE thirty-fourth annual session of the Conference was held in Leadville, August 26th to 31st, with Bishop John H. Vincent, D. D., in the chair. This was its second meeting in this place, and is remarkable for its assembling during the great strike of 1896. Most of the mines were idle at the time, a majority of the miners were without work, and business of all kinds greatly depressed; yet the good people opened their hearts and homes, and extended a cordial welcome to their visitors. The air was full of exciting rumors, and more or less of apprehension was felt lest there be a violent outbreak. Still the time passed quietly, and the business of the Conference was transacted without interruption. At its close the following was unanimously adopted:

*“Resolved, That the Colorado Conference hereby expresses its profound regret that the industrial situation in Leadville should at this moment be so unfortunate; and we hereby express our devout prayer that the existing divisions in this beautiful Cloud City may be speedily settled in the spirit of brotherliness, in which each shall acknowledge himself his brother’s keeper, and seek a basis of agreement not in selfishness, but in the Golden Rule.”*

The continuance of the strike finally resulted in violence, and the calling out of the State militia to assist in preserving order. Among those whose services were thus given was Raymond, son of Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Chamberlain, who contracted the disease there that soon took him from this to his eternal home. He was a true son, a loving Christian, and a young man of much promise.

This and other like sacrifices show the need of such action, as was recommended in the Conference resolution just quoted.

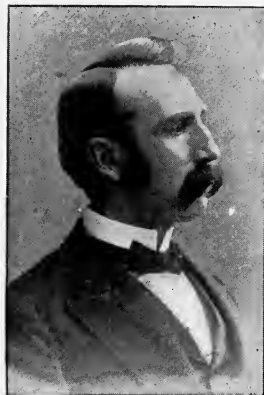
The changes in the membership and probationers of the Conference were as follows:

Loss by death, two—namely, Henry C. King and Edgar White; by withdrawal, three—M. W. Hissey, F. G. Boylan, and H. Carlyon; by expulsion, one—F. F. Passmore; and by location, five—J. T. Musgrove, L. E. Kennedy, G. W. Ray, W. P. Rhodes, and C. Bradford. Probationers discontinued, three—E. S. Holmes, W. H. Iliff, and Noah Brandybury.

There were also twelve transfers out of the Conference, making the losses of membership and probationers, twenty-six.

The accessions were: Received by transfer, thirteen; on trial, six; leaving a decrease of seven in the number of workers enrolled.

The one item of business that was of interest to all, and that will influence largely the future of the Church here, was the appointment of a commission to establish and publish a Conference paper. This commission was carefully selected after due consideration, and the success thus far attending the new venture proves the wisdom of the choice.



C. M. COBERN.

In the list of the names received by transfer were three—S. W. Albone, W. Murphey, and T. J. Hooper, who were engaged in the mission-fields adjoining this State; one, George R. Graff, was transferred for the purpose of ordination; and one, John Whisler, returned to his old Conference home, to be associated in membership only with his former co-laborers.

The list of active workers thus received contains the following names:

F. U. LILJEGREN, from the California Conference, to take charge of the important Swedish Mission Church in Denver, where he is succeeding finely.

H. M. MAYO, from the Northwest Kansas Conference; sent to Rocky Ford. Brother Mayo came with a good record, and by his skill in managing the interests of his charge, and by his ability as a pastor and preacher, has thus far shown himself a worthy successor of the men who laid the foundations here.

CAMDEN M. COBERN; born in Uniontown, Pa., 1855; converted when seventeen years of age, under the preaching of Rev. A. B. Castle, D. D., of the Pittsburg Conference; graduated at Allegheny College, 1876, and the same year received a license to preach. For five years he preached in the Erie Conference, and then entered the Boston University, receiving the degree of S. T. B. in 1883. The same year he was united in marriage with



Miss Ernestine, daughter of Rev. A. N. Craft, D. D., of the Erie Conference, and went immediately to Michigan, Detroit Conference, where he was stationed successively at Monroe, Detroit, Saginaw, and Ann Arbor. He came to Trinity, Denver, in 1896.

He spent 1889-90 in study in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. In 1894 he received the degree of D. D. from the Allegheny College, and in the same year published "Ancient Egypt in the Light of Modern Discoveries," which is now used as a reference book in many universities.

Brother Cobern is a profound scholar, a superior preacher of the Word, a skillful manager of Church finances, an organizer of Church interests, and a very faithful pastor. By his scholarly addresses before the university and other audiences, and able discourses from his pulpit, he has proven himself a worthy successor of those who preceded him in the Lawrence Street and Trinity pulpits. The Conference may well congratulate itself on receiving for a member one whose worth and work will certainly commend him to universal favor.



W. F. CONNER.

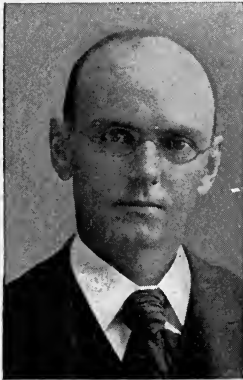
W. F. CONNER, from the Pittsburg Conference, was placed at Grant Avenue, Denver. He was born December 10, 1852, in Columbiana County, Ohio; converted in 1868, and licensed to preach in 1873. He graduated from Mt. Union College in 1872, with the degree of A. B. The degree of A. M., and that of D. D., were afterward conferred on him by the same institution. His wife was Miss Mary E. Taxton, of Chambersburg, Pa.

Brother Conner came with a record that commended him to all as a true brother, an efficient pastor, and a preacher of ability. In his work thus far he has met the highest expectations, and is greatly beloved by all with whom he has been associated here.

O. P. WRIGHT, from the St. Louis Conference; at First Church, Pueblo. Brother Wright came from Kansas City, in

an exchange of pulpits with Rev. S. B. Warner. He was a stranger to his new Colorado associates, but in his short history here he has shown that brotherliness of spirit, that ability as pastor and preacher that proves him a worthy brother and valuable accession. The work in his charge has been attended with more than usual success.

ARTHUR H. BRIGGS, from the California Conference; Grace Church, Denver. He was born in San Francisco, California, January 16, 1859; converted in March, 1881; licensed to preach in the fall of 1883, and joined the California Conference in 1887; educated at the Northwestern University, and at the Boston School of Theology. From the former he received the degree of A. M., and from the latter that of S. T. B.



A. H. BRIGGS.

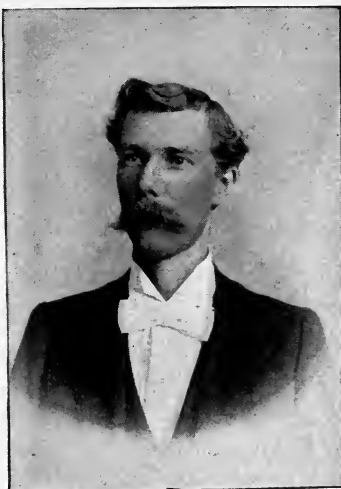
He was married, May 26, 1877, to Miss Edna Iliff, daughter of Mrs. Bishop Warren. Brother Briggs is scholarly, spiritual, tactful, and able as a minister of the gospel.

In his associations with his brethren of the ministry and people, he is genial. In his methods as a preacher he is evangelical, and in his work here he has shown himself a "workman" indeed, "that needeth not to be ashamed."

R. Eugene Myers and Joel Smith, from the Oklahoma Conference.

BROTHER MYERS came during the year previous, and had been attending school at the university and "supplying" Brighton; sent to Myrtle Hill, Denver. He was a truly consecrated Christian man, efficient as a pastor, and earnest as a preacher of the gospel. For reasons good, he returned during the summer of 1897 to his former field of labor in Oklahoma.

JOEL F. SMITH came also the previous year, and had had active work. He was born November 4, 1863, in North Carolina; was converted in the fall of 1872, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Graduated from the Grant University, at Athens, Tennessee, in 1889, and united with the Blue Ridge Conference in October following; was licensed to preach at seventeen, in 1880; and ordained a local deacon in 1887; had charge of Fairview College, at Traphill, North Carolina, for four years, and then supplied Perkins, Oklahoma, a part of one year. He was transferred to the Oklahoma Conference at its organization. Appointments there were: One year at Guthrie; one year and a half at Stillwater, when, in March, 1894, on the death of the presiding elder of the Oklahoma District, he was appointed thereto. In July, 1895, he resigned the district on account of failing health, and sought work in the Colorado Conference. In October following was placed in charge of Erie Circuit, where God abundantly blessed his labors. In 1896 he was sent to Salida, but his health soon failed. He lived but a short time, when he passed away triumphantly. He was a good man and a strong preacher.



J. F. SMITH.

JOSEPH H. SINGLETON was ordained deacon, and S. A. Webber, G. R. Graff, H. W. H. Butler, C. W. Huett, and F. T. Krueger, as elders, at this session.

#### INTERESTING SUMMARIES.

APRIL 18, 1859, when Bishop Scott read the appointments of the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, he announced for the first time, "Pike's Peak and Cherry Valley," to be supplied. Two weeks later, W. H. Goode was appointed inspecting superin-

tendent, and Jacob Adriance missionary of this whole Rocky Mountain region.

One year later it was called "The Rocky Mountain District" of the same Conference. The General Conference, in May, 1860, divided the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, making two Conferences, leaving this section with the Kansas Conference. In this change it retained its former name, and was known as the "Rocky Mountain District" of the Kansas Conference.

By the authority of the General Conference and of the Board



GRACE CHURCH, DENVER.

of Bishops, Bishop E. R. Ames organized the "Rocky Mountain Conference," July 10, 1863, in the city of Denver, Colorado. One year later, the General Conference changed the name to "The Colorado Conference," by which it is yet known. For years it included not only Colorado, but Wyoming and New Mexico.

1. Below I give the entire list of presiding elders from the beginning, including the appointees of 1896, with their time of service. The first two named served before the Conference was organized. The list is given in the order of their first appointment:

Number 1. John M. Chivington, 1860-61, two years.

Number 2. B. C. Dennis, 1862-63, one year and four months.

- Number 3. W. B. Slaughter, 1863, one year.  
 Number 4. O. A. Willard, 1863-64-65, three years.  
 Number 5. John L. Dyer, 1864-65-66-67-68-69, six years.  
 Number 6. W. M. Smith, 1866-67-68, three years.  
 Number 7. B. T. Vincent, 1868-69-70-71, 1892-93-94-95-96.  
 Number 8. A. Cather, 1868, one year, in what is now Wyoming.  
 Number 9. George Murray, 1869-70-71, three years.  
 Number 10. L. Hartsough, 1869, one year, in Wyoming.  
 Number 11. G. H. Adams, 1872-73-74-75, four years.  
 Number 12. B. F. Crary, 1872-73-74-75-76-77-78-79, eight years.  
 Number 13. J. H. Merritt, 1876-77-78-79, six months of 1884, 1885-86-87-88-89-90-91, eleven and one-half years.  
 Number 14. Earl Cranston, 1880-81-82-83, four years.  
 Number 15. O. L. Fisher, 1880, fourteen months.  
 Number 16. F. C. Millington, 1881-82-83, 1884 for six months, when he resigned. Three years and one-half.  
 Number 17. N. A. Chamberlain, 1884-85-86-87-88-89, six years and two months.  
 Number 18. Cyrus A. Brooks, 1888-89-90-91-92-93, six years.  
 Number 19. S. W. Thornton, 1890-91-92, three years.  
 Number 20. D. L. Rader, 1892-93-94-95-96.  
 Number 21. W. C. Madison, 1893-94-95-96.  
 Number 22. R. A. Carnine, 1894-95-96.

The following is a complete list of the General Conference Delegates from the organization:

1864—

No Delegates were elected. The interests and records of the Conference were looked after by H. D. Fisher and Joseph Dennison, of the Kansas Conference.

1868—*Ministerial.*

Delegate..... John L. Dyer.  
 Reserve Delegate..... William M. Smith.

1872—*Ministerial.*

Delegate..... B. T. Vincent.  
 Reserve Delegate..... George Murray.

1872—*Laymen.*

Delegate..... John Evans.  
 Reserve Delegate..... Samuel H. Elbert.

1876—*Ministerial.*

Delegate..... B. F. Crary.  
 Reserve Delegate..... George H. Adams.

1876—*Laymen.*

Delegate ..... John Evans.  
Reserve Delegate..... William A. Burr.

1880—*Ministerial.*

Delegate.. ... B. F. Crary.  
Reserve Delegate..... J. H. Merritt.

1880—*Laymen.*

Delegate..... John Evans.  
Reserve Delegate..... F. T. Alling.

1884—*Ministerial.*

Delegate..... Earl Cranston.  
Reserve Delegate..... F. C. Millington.

1884—*Laymen.*

Delegate..... John Evans.  
Reserve Delegate..... E. T. Alling.

1888—*Ministerial.*

Delegates..... { Earl Cranston.  
D. H. Moore.

Reserve Delegates. .... { J. H. Merritt.  
N. A. Chamberlain.

1888—*Laymen.*

Delegates..... { J. W. Lacey.  
John Evans.

Reserve Delegates ..... { Mrs. O. L. Fisher.  
E. T. Alling.

1892—*Ministerial.*

Delegates..... { Earl Cranston.  
N. A. Chamberlain.  
S. W. Thornton.

Reserve Delegates..... { J. H. Merritt.  
T. C. Iliff.

1892—*Laymen.*

Delegates..... { John Evans.  
Horace T. DeLong.

Reserve Delegates..... { J. A. Clough.  
J. E. Downey.

1896—*Ministerial.*

Delegates..... { Earl Cranston.  
Daniel L. Rader.

Reserve Delegates..... { N. A. Chamberlain.  
Robert A. Carnine.

1896—*Laymen.*

Delegates..... { J. W. Gillully.  
Z. X. Snyder.

Reserve Delegates..... { J. R. Robinson.  
B. L. Olds.

SESSIONS OF COLORADO CONFERENCE.

No.	DATE.	PLACE	PRESIDING BISHOP.	SECRETARY.	STATISTICIAN.	TREASURER.
1	July 10, 1863.....	Denver.....	Edward R. Ames.....	O. A. Willard.....	.....	.....
2	Oct. 20, 1864.....	Central.....	D. W. Clark (absent).....	B. T. Vincent.....	.....	.....
3	June 22, 1865.....	Denver.....	Calvin Kingsley.....	B. T. Vincent.....	.....	.....
4	June 20, 1866.....	Empire.....	Osman C. Baker.....	W. W. Baldwin.....	.....	.....
5	June 20, 1867.....	Colorado City.....	Edward R. Ames.....	W. W. Baldwin.....	.....	.....
6	June 19, 1868.....	Golden.....	Matthew Simpson.....	W. W. Baldwin.....	.....	.....
7	June 24, 1869.....	Central.....	Calvin Kingsley.....	O. P. McMains.....	.....	.....
8	June 23, 1870.....	Pueblo.....	Edward R. Ames.....	G. H. Adams.....	.....	.....
9	July 20, 1871.....	Denver.....	F. S. James.....	G. H. Adams.....	.....	.....
10	July 25, 1872.....	Georgetown.....	R. S. Foster.....	G. H. Adams.....	.....	.....
11	July 24, 1873.....	Greeley.....	Edward G. Andrews.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
12	July 30, 1874.....	Colorado Springs.....	Thomas Bowman.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
13	July 29, 1875.....	Central.....	Gilbert Haven.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
14	July 12, 1876.....	Boulder.....	W. L. Harris.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
15	Aug. 1, 1877.....	Denver.....	Isaac W. Wiley.....	F. C. Millington.....	.....	.....
16	Aug. 7, 1878.....	Golden.....	Matthew Simpson.....	F. C. Millington.....	.....	.....
17	Aug. 7, 1879.....	Pueblo.....	S. M. Merrill.....	F. C. Millington.....	.....	.....
18	Aug. 12, 1880.....	Georgetown.....	H. W. Warren.....	F. C. Millington.....	.....	.....
19	Aug. 3, 1881.....	Leadville.....	Isaac W. Wiley.....	F. C. Millington.....	.....	.....
20	Aug. 3, 1882.....	Colorado Springs.....	R. S. Foster.....	W. L. Slutz.....	.....	.....
21	July 25, 1883.....	Denver.....	Isaac W. Wiley.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
22	Aug. 7, 1884.....	Longmont.....	Cyrus D. Foss.....	J. H. Merritt.....	.....	.....
23	July 16, 1885.....	Pueblo.....	Edward G. Andrews.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
24	July 15, 1886.....	Greeley.....	Thomas Bowman.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
25	July 13, 1887.....	Denver.....	John M. Walden.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
26	July 19, 1888.....	Cheyenne, Wyo.....	Isaac W. Joyce.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
27	Aug. 1, 1889.....	Colorado Springs.....	D. A. Goodsell.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
28	July 23, 1890.....	Canon City.....	Wm. X. Ninde.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
29	June 10, 1891.....	Denver.....	Edward G. Andrews.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
30	June 9, 1892.....	Pueblo.....	John F. Hurst.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
31	June 8, 1893.....	Trinidad.....	H. W. Warren.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
32	June 7, 1894.....	Boulder.....	S. M. Merrill.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
33	June 6, 1895.....	Denver.....	C. D. Foss.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....
34	Aug. 26, 1896.....	Leadville.....	J. H. Vincent.....	H. L. Beardsley.....	.....	.....



“They rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

NAME.	BIRTH.		DEATH.	
	DATE.	PLACE.	DATE.	PLACE.
Geo. S. Phillips, A. M.....	.....	.....	———, 1865	Ohio.
Mrs. M. Shaffner .....	Oct. 19, 1839	Ohio.....	Mar. 21, 1873	Denver.
Henry C. Waltz.....	June 5, 1843	Indiana.....	May 11, 1877	Quincy, Illinois.
Mrs. M. McKean Fisher	———, 1841	Wisconsin.	Feb. 8, 1877	Greeley.
Mrs. C. W. Armstrong..	Mar. 25, 1860	New York.	July 29, 1880	Monument.
Mrs. E. E. R. Wilson....	Nov. 3, 1843	Virginia....	May 15, 1881	Georgetown.
Mrs. E. A. Libby.....	June 12, 1847	Maine.....	Feb. 7, 1881	Wheat Ridge.
Robt. W. Manly, D. D....	Aug. 5, 1830	Ohio.....	July 15, 1883	Wenona, Illinois.
John Wilson.....	May 6, 1843	Canada.....	Mar. 3, 1885	Denver.
Mrs. N. P. Eldridge.....	Sept. 27, 1849	Maine.....	Mar. 28, 1885	Cheyenne, Wyo.
Mrs. M. J. Eaton.....	Feb. 22, 1845	Ohio.....	July 25, 1885	Colorado Springs
John Stocks.....	Feb. 5, 1829	England ...	Sept. 19, 1886	Bald Mountain.
Mrs. L. J. Bruner.....	Aug. 8, 1853	Indiana.....	Oct. 27, 1887	Indiana.
F. C. Millington.....	Mar. 18, 1841	New York..	Dec. 27, 1887	Denver.
Mrs. L. P. Dyer. ....	Mar. 20, 1827	Maine.....	April 9, 1888	University Park.
C. C. Zebold.....	Jan. 6, 1859	Ohio.....	May 9, 1888	Monte Vista.
Mrs. S. A. Thornton....	Dec. 11, 1842	Ohio.....	Jan. 8, 1890	Denver
Mrs. Emma J. Chase...	Sept. 7, 1864	Iowa.....	May 22, 1891	Denver.
Mrs. Frances H. Merritt	———, 1839	New York.	Dec. 8, 1891	Denver.
Edwin E. Allison.....	Mar. 3, 1857	Indiana.....	Nov. 9, 1892	Denver.
Mrs. Helen P. Calkins..	Dec. 4, 1865	Illinois.....	Mar. 27, 1893	Castle Rock.
William Pledest.....	Dec. 16, 1842	Canada.....	July 1, 1893	Trinidad.
Mrs. L. E. Carnine.....	Dec. 8, 1862	Iowa.....	July 18, 1893	Pueblo.
Mrs. H. O. Flesher.....	Mar. 27, 1863	.....	May 18, 1894	Denver.
Henry C. King.....	———, 1844	Illinois.....	June 30, 1895	Denver, Colo.
Edgar White.....	Sept. 16, 1861	England ...	July 16, 1895	Erie, Colo.
Mrs. J. T. Musgrove....	.....	.....	———, 1896	California.
John W. Linn.....	Aug. 13, 1855	Pennsylv'ia	Sept. 2, 1896	Leadville.
Joel F. Smith .....	Nov. 4, 1863	N. Carolina	Oct. 6, 1896	Salida.
Benjamin F. Todd.....	.....	.....	———, 1896	Castle Rock.
Samuel L. Todd.....	.....	.....	———, 1896	Pueblo.



## CONCLUDING NOTE.

My task, which was begun by the urgent request of many friends, is now completed, and I send it forth on its mission of "good-will" to men, believing that when this "mortality shall have put on immortality," it will continue to glorify God.

The thoughts recorded in this volume have occupied my mind so fully for the last five years, that I could scarcely think of anything else.

While writing this book I have lived my life over and over again. I have seen many mistakes—not necessarily sins—but how comforting the thought that, amid all our weaknesses, "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!" (I John ii, 1.)

My aim in this volume has been to give a view of the itinerancy from the standpoint of the "rank and file," hoping thereby to encourage some weary toiler on his heavenward journey, when tempted to step aside, that he may press on, doing the work assigned him, until he shall hear the Master's "Well done!" before the throne.

If one soul shall be strengthened, and lifted into a richer and fuller religious experience, by the blessing of God, in the reading of this book, I shall be amply repaid for the years spent in the direct preparation of the same. Dear reader, would you have all there is for you, spiritually? Then throw yourself at Jesus' feet, and cry, like David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquity." (Psalm li.) Never! O never! stop short of the highest possible attainment in the Divine life. Faith alone is the condition of its bestowment. (Ephesians iii, 14-21.)

I began preaching eight months after my conversion, and held forty services that year, while attending school, before I had either a license to exhort or to preach; in fact, I traveled on a circuit under the elder three months before I was authorized to preach the gospel by the Church in the regular way. Do you ask, "Has it paid? How does it appear now?" My reply is, "If I had a thousand lives to live, they should all be spent, as has

been the past one, in publishing to dying men the 'glad tidings' of a 'free and a full salvation from all sin.' "

It is now a delightful reflection, that I have not preached for applause, nor for money, nor to please worldly-minded professors. No! no! But to *save souls*, and to "present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus."

"Are we sowing seeds of goodness?  
 They shall blossom bright erelong.  
 Are we sowing seeds of discord?  
 They shall ripen into wrong.  
 Are we sowing seeds of honor?  
 They shall bring forth golden grain.  
 Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?  
 We shall yet reap bitter pain.  
 Whatsoe'er our sowing be,  
 Reaping, we its fruit must see."

"We can never be too careful  
 What the seed our hands shall sow;  
 Love from love is sure to ripen,  
 Hate from hate is sure to grow.  
 Seeds of good or ill we scatter  
 Heedlessly along our way;  
 But a glad or grievous fruitage  
 Waits us at the harvest day."

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