

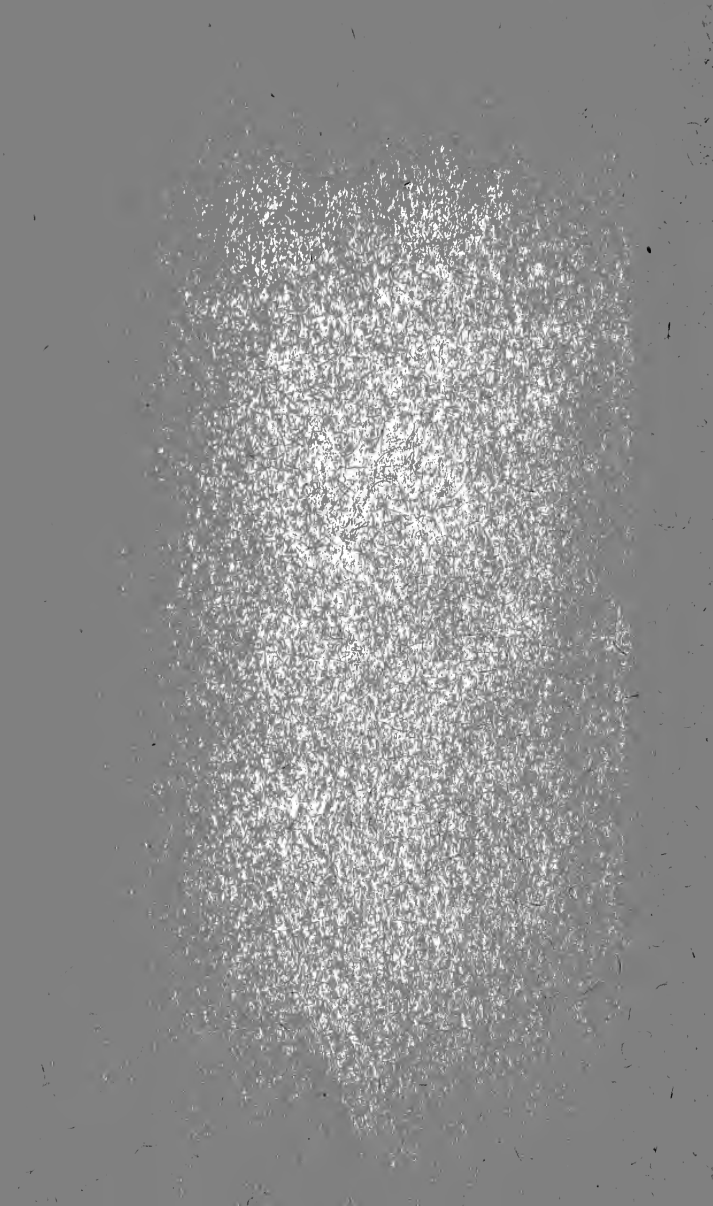
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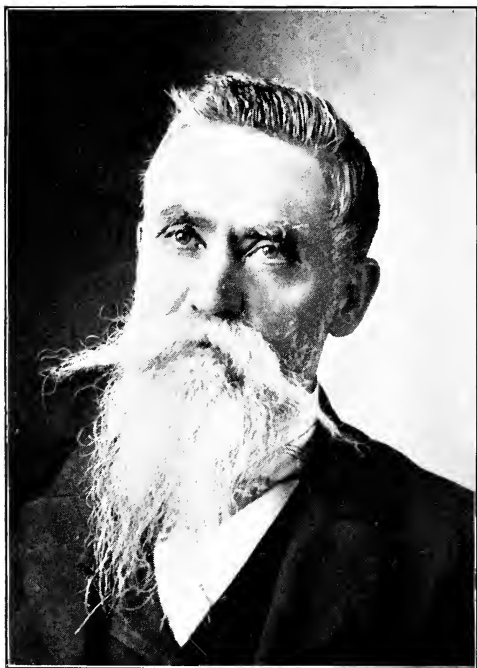


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REV. T. L. JONES.

FROM THE GOLD MINE TO THE PULPIT

The Story of the REV. T. L. JONES,
Backwoods Methodist Preacher
in the Pacific Northwest,
During the Closing Years of the
Nineteenth Century



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TO
MY BELOVED WIFE,
WHO HAS SHARED WITH ME
THE TOILS AND TRIUMPHS,
JOYS AND SORROWS,
BATTLES AND VICTORIES,
THROUGH ALL THESE YEARS.

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REV. GABRIEL SYKES.

PREFACE.



FOR a number of years my friends have been saying to me, "Brother Jones, you ought to write a book of incidents in your frontier work." I have hesitated for two reasons—my inability to do such work well, and my fear that it might have the appearance of egotism.

The late Dr. J. N. Denison urged me to undertake it, and offered his assistance, but before I could pluck up courage to do so he was taken home.

Two years ago my dear Brother Gabriel Sykes, a Methodist preacher of the Oregon Conference, asked me to relate to him some of my experiences. Soon we decided to put them into this form.

Brother Sykes has been very patient and has worked faithfully, putting my crude thoughts into proper form.

PREFACE.



Every pastor who was in the Oregon Conference when I entered has gone, so that the nearly one hundred pastors and presiding elders of the present have entered since I did. I have the honor to be the link between the old and the new.

But, while my work has been done in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has been limited to the Oregon Conference, it has been in the one great cause of Christianizing the human race, and hence I trust that it may prove a stimulus to all Christian workers.

With a prayer to our Heavenly Father for the Church that has done so much for me, for the younger preachers who are to carry forward the work, and that this little book may do much good, and with gratitude to many helpful friends across these years, I send forth this little book in His name.

T. L. JONES.

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REV. M. C. WIRE, D. D.

INTRODUCTION.



THERE are no heroes like the heroes of the cross. There are no pioneers like the pioneers of the Christian ministry, who go forth in the name of their Master to plant the standard of the cross in new fields or on distant shores. The days of the pioneers are not over. The scenes of their adventures change, and the battle-line of the Church militant is carried forward with each succeeding decade, but the same spirit prevails.

When James B. Finley went forth from the canebrakes of Kentucky, and when Peter Cartwright began his work, the States of Ohio and Indiana were an untamed wilderness, and the fertile prairies of Illinois were unsettled, except by a few home-seeking adventurers. But these intrepid men were not the last of an illustrious line. The name and fame of

INTRODUCTION.

Jason Lee and his co-workers will never die. The story of their adventures to plant the gospel among the Indians of Oregon reads like a romance. The bravery and heroism of the Round Table knights of King Arthur's court were equaled, if not surpassed, by those true knights of the King of kings.

The very fact that the historic controversy of our day dwells upon the comparative merits of Lee and Whitman in holding the Pacific Northwest to the United States, is proof of itself that the missionary is the vanguard of civilization.

Closely on the vanishing footsteps of the first Oregon pioneers came a type of men who are worthy to be classed with Lee and his friends. The names of Wilbur, Waller, Roberts, and Hines are dear to Oregon Methodism, and their memory like the broken bottle of odorous ointment which anointed the Savior, and filled the room with fragrance.

While this second company of pioneer soldiers was still in the field, there came a

INTRODUCTION.

third company of recruits, enlisted largely from Oregon, who kindled their torches at the same altar-fires of devotion, and drank inspiration from the same spring of divine heroism.

Among the latter is the Rev. T. L. Jones, the author of these chapters, and my friend of many years. As a true evangel of the cross, Brother Jones is worthy to be classed with any of those who have preceded him in the Oregon work. None have been more devoted, more self-sacrificing, more spiritually minded than he, and none more anxious to spend and be spent for the Master.

Life and death have contended for the body of Brother Jones, but he has managed to do a great deal of hard work. I have twice visited him when he was given up to die, but both times death was cheated of his prey. Soon he was up and at it again with the same all-absorbing passion for souls which has characterized his ministry for many years.

He believes in the Bible without mis-

INTRODUCTION.

givings. He preaches a plain gospel to sinners without harshness, and to Christians holiness of heart and life without fanaticism, as the privilege and duty of all believers. Sweetness of spirit, love for souls, unwavering faith, and indomitable energy, have made his ministry more than usually successful. Probably no minister in the Oregon Conference has been directly instrumental in bringing so many souls to Christ as he.

Modesty has kept our brother from entering more fully into the details of a life full of interest and incident. The pages given us are mostly concerning his evangelistic work, but this is only one side of a spotless life and a faithful ministry, full of power for good.

M. C. WIRE.

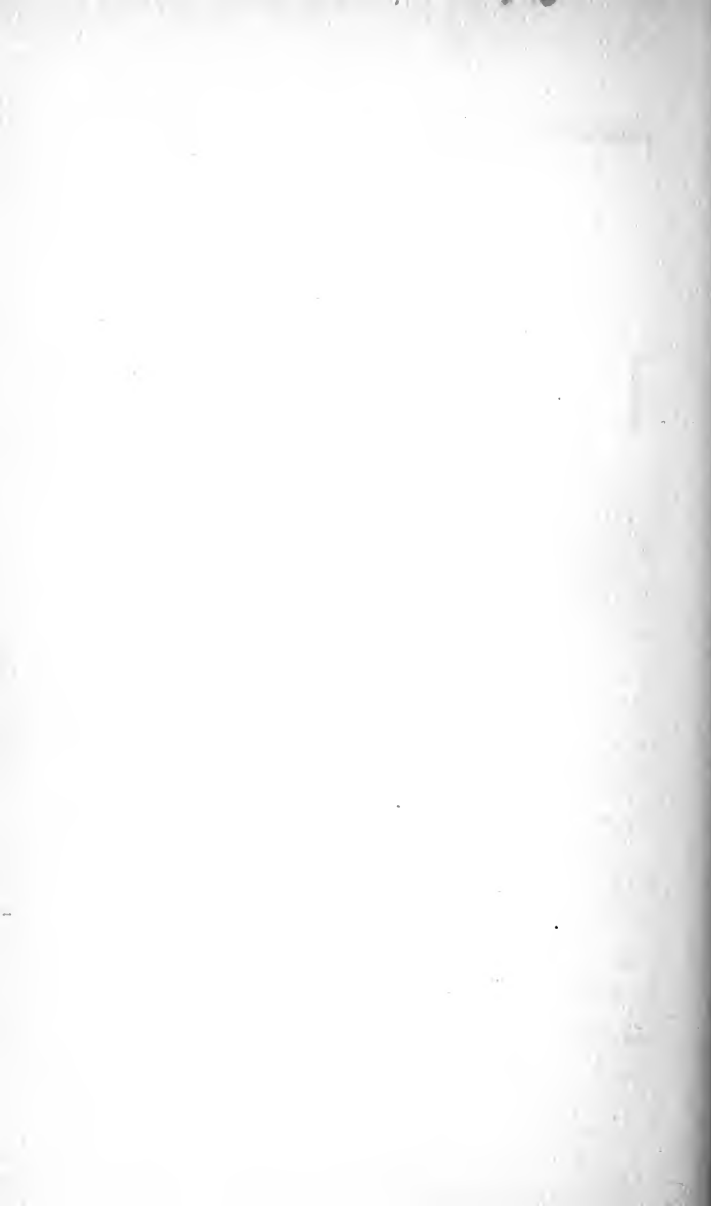
ALBANY, OREGON, October 15, 1903.



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CHAPTER I.

SEEKING GOLD.

I WAS born in Pike County, Illinois, February 4, 1841, and migrated to Oregon with my parents in 1853, crossing the plains with ox teams. It was a long, tedious trip. On the 9th of May we crossed the Missouri River and found ourselves among the Pawnee Indians, but my boyish dreams were not realized. Instead of daily hairbreadth escapes, our journey, from a boy's standpoint, was rather monotonous, and we came in sight of the first house in Oregon on the 26th of October.

My father settled on a donation land claim near the site of the city of Eugene. The white settlers were few, and were surrounded by Indians. But they built a little log schoolhouse, and my father taught the few children in the neighborhood. We had three months of school in

a year, and once boasted a six months' term. Such were my limited opportunities for an education.

During these early years in Oregon I heard a great deal about the gold mines, and became anxious to go and make my fortune. I chafed under parental restraint, but when I reached my twentieth year father gave his consent, and, along with four others, I started for the gold fields of Idaho. We were all young, and had never been far away from home. Each had a saddle horse and there were two pack horses for the company.

When we had gone about four or five hundred miles we met scores of disappointed miners returning home. They told us all kinds of discouraging stories. The other boys became disheartened and said they would go no further; so we camped, and for three days counseled together. I was determined to go on; having started for the mines, nothing should stop me until I had seen the "elephant."



LEAVING HOME.

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SEEKING GOLD.

The decision reached was, to divide the provisions; the others would not continue the journey. With one pack horse and my saddle pony I started on alone.

In the afternoon of my first day alone my pack horse became frightened and ran away, scattering miners' dainties all along the trail; but after a long, hard chase I caught him.

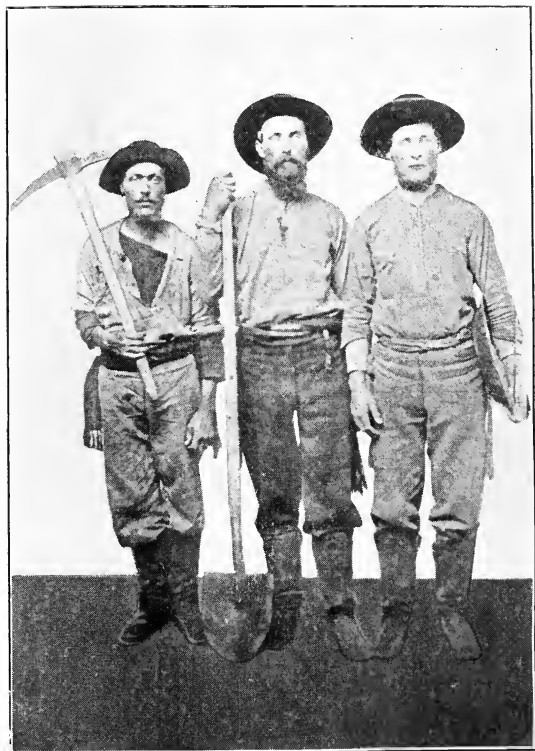
A few days later I came upon some strangers on their way to the mines, and one morning, just as we started from camp, our horses stampeded. I was run over and badly injured in an arm and a leg. Thus crippled I reached the mines in August.

Perhaps, after all, the accident was fortunate, since all the work was new to me, and now I had leisure to watch and learn. When able to work I bought an interest in a claim, the value of which was, to me, an unknown quantity; but I gave my two horses, all the money I possessed, and promised to give two hundred and fifty dollars more when I should have taken it out of the mine.

My partners were practical miners, and our claim proving to be a rich one, we made money rapidly. But winter came, and soon everything was frozen. The snow was three feet deep, and we could do nothing but wait for the summer. I had a good cabin and a liberal supply of food for the winter, but grew restless in our enforced idleness, and on the day after Christmas, 1861, with a pack of seventy-four pounds upon my back, in company with two other men, I started to another mining camp, which had been discovered late in the fall, and of which we had heard some fabulous reports.

After a few days of good traveling we came to a prairie, about fifty miles across, and camped at the edge of it.

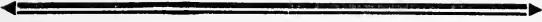
That night snow fell upon us to a depth of twenty inches, and the next morning there was no sign of the trail to be seen; but we started on with our heavy loads, and were soon lost. We had exhausted our store of food and were almost perishing from hunger, when, fortunately, we



STARTING TO A NEW CAMP.

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struck a trail, and, following it, came up with some men whose destination was the same as ours. They generously shared with us their rations, and, after thirteen days in the snow we reached the mining camp.

The snow was now seven feet deep ; the mercury in the thermometer was frozen ; flour was worth a dollar per pound ; bacon one dollar and a half ; coffee and sugar five dollars ; and we possessed only ten dollars, with nothing for breakfast.

That evening we made our camp in a timbered gulch, and during the night attended to the fire in turns. Early in the morning I went up to the store, and said to the merchant (whom I had never seen before), "What is the chance to get some provisions here without money?"

"There is a very poor chance," he replied.

"Well," I said, "there are three of us ; we got in late last night, and have only ten dollars ; but we want something to eat—we have n't anything for breakfast."

Then followed a long list of the most expressive epithets known to miners, gradually weakening as the force seemed spent, and closing with the mild exclamation, "What fools, to come here in the middle of winter with no money and no provisions!"

Finally, seeing that the tornado failed to annihilate me, he said, "When can you pay me?"

I answered, "As soon as I can make the money."

"How do you expect to make it?" he inquired.

"We are miners," I replied, "and intend to work for it."

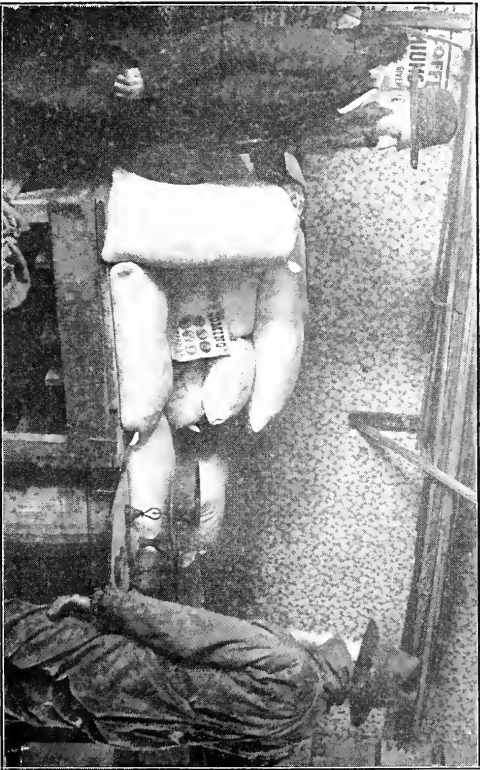
After some further questions he said, "I suppose you will have to have it."

I said, "Of course, we will; we are not going to starve."

He let me have a fifty-pound sack of flour and a side of bacon.

I said, "How much is it?"

"Eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents," was the reply.



THE ASTONISHED GROCER.

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SEEKING GOLD.

“All right; charge it to Jones & Company,” was my cheerful response—and, with the flour on my shoulder and the bacon in my hand, I started for camp whistling “Yankee Doodle.”

After relating my experience to my chums, I said, “It is root, pig, or die, here sure.”

We began our work in another gulch, and dug down through the snow seven or eight feet, then through a sticky clay about six feet (the snow had fallen before the ground was frozen), then we struck a rich bed of gravel. This done, across a small strip we would haul a cord or more of wood on our hand sleigh (made for the purpose), fill the hole up with dry wood, and at night set it on fire and thaw the frozen dirt, because, as soon as we took the snow and the clay off the gravel would freeze as hard as cement. In the morning we would rake the coals into a corner and one man would attend to the fires and keep hot water in camp kettles, while another would scrape up the thawed dirt,

and I would rock it out in a miners' cradle. In two or three minutes the rocker would be frozen, and the gold would freeze to the apron. It was necessary to apply hot water to the rocker in order to set it in motion, and to the apron to get away the gold.

We would rock out from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a day, and before we had eaten our provisions were able to pay for them and purchase a new supply. This productive claim lasted only a few weeks, so I decided to return to the claim left in the winter. Starting out in the month of March to retrace my steps, I traveled all alone for thirty miles. The snow lay upon the ground to a depth of from five to ten feet—in some places even reaching fifteen feet.

At the foot of a mountain I overtook two men who wished to make the same camp as myself, and one of them proved to be the merchant from whom I had bought my groceries. For a whole day



“I WOULD ROCK IT OUT IN A MINER’S CRADLE.”

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SEEKING GOLD.

we traveled together, and toward evening met with a Spaniard and an American.

On reaching the prairie of unpleasant memory a terrific storm came up and we lost our way. Here we disagreed as to the direction we ought to take, and two men turned one way, leaving the merchant, the Spaniard, and myself to take another.

The merchant had a large sack of gold, but he became so exhausted that it proved too heavy, and I had to carry it for him, while the Spaniard succumbed to cold and weariness. We divided our blankets with him and agreed to send him help. One evening after the storm had blown over, we saw far away, at the foot of another hill a fire, and directed our course toward it, but after awhile we lost sight of it. The night was cold, the heavens were studded with brilliant gems. I was leading the way. Suddenly I missed my comrade, stopped and called but there was no answer. Louder and louder I called, and in response could just hear

his voice. Going back I approached him and distinguished the words, "I can not go any farther; you go on, and if you can find food bring some back to me." "No, no," I answered, "if I should reach camp I could not return." Then I called again, and received no answer. Continuing my retreat for about two hundred yards, I found him lying down in the snow, fast asleep.

I awoke him. We unrolled our blankets and laid down together in the snow.

My foot was badly frozen, but as soon as day dawned we resumed our journey. Walking about a mile we reached an Indian village. They were all asleep, but we went to the largest wigwam and, raising the buffalo robe which served for a door, in the Chinook language I called out, Good-morning, and the old Indian arose looking very much frightened.

They kindly took us in and gave us food; an Indian woman doctored my foot, gave me a pair of moccasins made of buffalo skin, and we were soon able to

SEEKING GOLD.



start out again, finally reaching our destination.

The Indians started on our track to find the Spaniard, but for lack of provisions we must keep on, and did not see him again. But we learned that the Indians saved him.

Some time after this I desired to go to a certain mining camp, but no one else wishing to go, I saddled my faithful pony and, with a small stock of provisions, blankets, coffee pot, and frying-pan, started alone on a trip of seven hundred miles.

After two days I met with four men who were traveling in the same direction for about three hundred miles. Of course, I was glad to have company, especially since there was danger from hostile Indians. Our journey was uneventful for the first day, then the others desired to leave the trail and take what they thought would be a nearer route. I objected, and told them it would be safer to keep the traveled trail; but they were independ-

ent, and said they were going by the other route. So, for the sake of company, but against my judgment, I went with them.

Soon it became evident that we were lost. The time was July. We were in a desert—not a tree in sight, and no water. The country was covered with sharp stones and craggy rocks, and, after my horse lost a shoe, these proved to be troublesome.

My pony became very lame, and since this delayed us, the men became restless. I tried to urge him along by leading, then by driving; but it gradually grew worse.

At last they said, "We can do you no good by staying with you; we will go on and see if we can find water."

So they rode off, and I never saw them again. After traveling some miles I found a pile of stones in the trail, and there, between two stones, a piece of paper, which I drew out, and read these words upon it, "We have decided to leave the trail and turn east."

SEEKING GOLD.

I knew we were on the border, between the hostile Indians and the Cayuses, who were friendly, and that the farther east we went the more danger we were in. I left the trail and turned west. Night came on, and I laid down on the prairie, but was so feverish that I could not sleep. Then the wolves came around me and I killed one, but instead of giving me peace this evidently aroused the thirst for blood in the others, and the howling seemed to indicate that I should be eaten up before morning.

How glad I was to see the daybreak! Starting on my journey, I had not gone far before I found it necessary to abandon my pony, and, with blankets on my back, I pressed on. There was just one thing I wanted—that was water. My mouth was parched, my tongue was swollen, my feet were blistered and bleeding—but I pushed on. Seeing a deep canyon I descended it in the hope of finding water, but it was dry. Then I directed my course down the canyon, and did not care which

way it went—east or west—I wanted water.

Night came on. The bluffs were four or five hundred feet high. The bottom of the canyon was filled with sharp rocks that had broken off and rolled down the cliffs. It grew very dark, yet I went on, hands and feet and knees bruised and bleeding by frequently falling over boulders. Suddenly I tumbled over a precipice five or six feet deep, and lay there panting for breath.

I thought of home and mother, and was on the point of giving up in despair when I heard water trickling out of the rock. I struck a match, and there at my side was a tiny stream of water about as large as a small wheat straw dripping from the rock. Quickly my cup was snatched from the belt, and O the music of the water as it dripped into that cup! Turning it into my parched mouth and on to my swollen tongue, what a sensation of comfort and satisfaction!

SEEKING GOLD.

I lay there in the dark, with my cup under that tiny stream, and emptied it again and again. At last my thirst was slaked, and I coiled myself up among the rocks and went to sleep by the sound of the dripping water.

When I awoke in the morning the sun was shining over the hills. I determined to keep down the canyon, that I might be near the water. It was very rugged, but as I descended the water increased. About the middle of the afternoon I heard some one yelling, and, looking up, I saw on the top of the bluff an Indian. He beckoned me to stop, and signaled his intention of coming down.

I seated myself in a good place for defense, and, with my revolver ready, awaited the new visitor. He disappeared among the rocks a long time, but at last I saw him below me coming up the canyon.

When he got near enough to hear me I addressed him in the Chinook language, "Are you a Cayuse or a Snake Indian?"

“Cayuse,” he answered. “I am a friend to the white man.”

To say that I was relieved, and really glad to see him, but faintly expresses my feelings. He came up to me and we had a smoke together, then I related to him my misfortunes; told him as near as I could where I left my horse, and that he might have the saddle and whatever else there was left.

He then told me how to get out of the canyon and back to the trail we had left nearly a week before.

I trudged along, and after I found the trail, met some other men, who had a pack train, and so went on my way rejoicing.



CHAPTER II.

NEW LIGHT.

IN the autumn of the year 1865, coming from the Idaho mines to spend the winter in Oregon, a few months after my arrival I was gloriously converted. It was a great surprise to my friends, and truly, a wonderful revelation to myself.

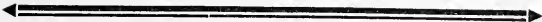
I had been so intent on making money that religious matters had received only scant attention. But God's Spirit convicted me of sin, I saw my lost and ruined condition, and cried out, "Save, or I perish," and our gracious Lord did save me. This made me so happy that I knew not how to express my feelings.

I had been taught the Campbellite doctrines; and, as I understood them, I was simply to believe and be baptized, without any expectation of religious emotion by the operation of the Holy Spirit. At six-

teen I had received baptism, but had never known the joys of regeneration, and now, when the light broke into my soul, everything was changed; my aspirations, desires, and hopes were all turned into a new channel.

Two weeks from that momentous morning I started back to the mines in Idaho. I occupied the same cabin among my former associates, but was in a new world, because Christ was being formed in my soul, the hope of glory; and when invited by my partners and associates to join in doubtful amusements, I was able to say, No. Ere long they concluded that I was a changed man, and, indeed, I succeeded in winning their respect.

After a little more than two years from my conversion, I again returned to Oregon to visit my sister, intending after a few weeks to go back to the Idaho mines, but here I found something better than a gold mine, and the following January was married to Miss Mary E. Baird. Her father was one of the sturdy pioneers of



the Northwest. He had been killed by a grizzly bear near his home, on the site of the present city of Grant's Pass.

A few weeks after this happy occurrence the Rev. Samuel Matthew, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, commenced a "protracted" meeting in our neighborhood. We attended the meetings, and heartily took part in the singing. My wife became concerned about her own salvation. The pastor visited her and urged her to unite with the Church. She informed him that her husband was a member of the Disciples Church, and she would not like to unite with a Church of which he was not a member. He then came to see me at my work, and, since there was no other Church organization in the place, desired me to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church. I raised many objections. I thought the Methodists took the Discipline, instead of the Bible, for their guide, and frankly confessed this to the good man. He replied, with excellent good sense, that the New Testament

was their standard of doctrine, and the Discipline merely a brief expression of this. Finally he told me that my wife would unite with the Church if I would only agree to go with her.

This interested me a great deal, and I assured him that the matter should receive thoughtful attention.

After much consultation and prayer, we decided to accede to his request, which decision I reported to him.

“But,” I said, “let it be distinctly understood that I do not believe your doctrines, but I desire a home in some religious organization, and whenever there is an opportunity for my return to the Church of the Disciples I shall feel free to embrace it.”

I also told him never to call on me to pray in public or speak in class-meeting, because I could do neither.

His diplomatic reply was, “We will get along with that.”

We put ourselves under his pastoral care. Not long after this we went into an

←—————→

adjoining neighborhood to hear him preach in a settler's shanty.

At the close of his sermon he said, "Let us join in prayer with Brother Jones." I shook my head, and he immediately called upon my brother-in-law, also a new member, who proved more courageous and made an attempt, but soon broke down. The pastor prayed, and dismissed the congregation.

My soliloquy on the way home was anything but comforting. I said to myself, "That is the way the Methodists do; everybody knows that you have joined the Methodists, and you ought at least to have tried."

Upon reaching home, I put up my team and then went into the chaparral brush, and in my ignorance prayed to God, asking him, if I had done wrong, to forgive me, and vowing, that if he would do so, I would try to pray the next time I was asked. He graciously lifted the condemnation from my soul, although I hoped no one would again ask me to pray.

In due time the quarterly-meeting was announced, when the Rev. T. F. Royal, the presiding elder, was expected to be present.

Being unacquainted with Methodism, I supposed that the Saturday afternoon meeting would be attended by officials only, so I spent the day hunting, but my wife went to Church.


When I returned in the evening she said, "O, I wish you had been at the Church to-day. Our presiding elder preached such a good sermon."

"Preached!" I said.

"Yes, he preached, and will preach again to-night."

We attended the evening service, and sitting on the front seat I led the singing.

He preached a good sermon, and at the close invited people desiring to become Christians to come to the altar. A young man and his sister bowed at the altar for prayers. The elder called on several persons to pray. Not knowing me, he reached over, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Brother, you pray."



First I thought, no. Then remembered my vow in the chaparral brush, and so I tried for the first time to pray in public.

Perhaps my prayer lasted a minute. I never was able to recall a word of it, but that night as I wended my way home I could hardly feel the ground under my feet for the joy welling up in my soul.

Next morning at the love-feast I was one of the first to bear testimony to the love of God.

Now I determined to see for myself what this Methodism really was, and asked the pastor to lend me a Discipline.

I read it from cover to cover, and was astonished that the objectionable something for which I was searching could not be found. I thought it must have been overlooked, so I read it again, but still failed in my quest.

My mother-in-law then lent me an old Methodist hymn-book, and I read every hymn, and many of them thrilled my soul with joy; indeed, to my surprise, the hymns exactly voiced my own experience.

Here I was enjoying the witness of the Spirit without knowing anything of it theoretically.

I became an ardent Methodist, and have never since had any desire to return to the Church of my childhood.

Soon after our reception into full membership, I was appointed class-leader. The public means of grace were somewhat limited. We heard a sermon once a month, and walked six miles to class and prayer meetings, the nearest place of public worship, but we kept the fire burning upon our family altar, and often it was my great privilege to gather a few of the miners in our cabin and relate what the Lord had done for my soul.

Although my wife found much pleasure in these meetings, she had not yet received the witness of the Spirit to her acceptance, and I was very anxious for her. Being an official member, I tried to attend all our quarterly-meetings, which of course came in both winter and summer.

The winter season was the only part of the year when we could obtain sufficient water for mining purposes, and it was a great sacrifice for us to attend a meeting at such a distance as necessitated a stoppage of work.

On one occasion of this kind our presiding elder called to urge another miner and myself to be present at a meeting thirty miles distant. We walked to this quarterly-meeting, leaving my wife at her mother's, six miles on the way.

My reward was a wonderful baptism of the Divine Spirit, so that on returning, after a walk of twenty-five miles through a snowstorm to the home of my mother-in-law, I must needs exhort the whole family to be reconciled to God, until several of them broke down and wept. Next morning my wife and I returned to our miner's cabin.

With such a revival in my own soul, I felt an irresistible longing to see one in the Church, and persuaded our pastor to

announce one, to commence a few weeks hence. I prayed daily—indeed was instant in prayer—for the coming meetings.

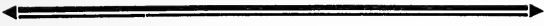
The evening for the first service came, and with it one of the most violent rain-storms we had so far witnessed in Southern Oregon. We must go seven miles to meeting—my wife upon a pony; myself on foot.

On our way we called for my sister-in-law. Reaching the schoolhouse we found it in darkness—no one there.

Our young pastor was in a comfortable home about a half mile away, and thought the night was so stormy that he would have no congregation. I was somewhat disappointed and discouraged. We turned about and went to my mother-in-law's to remain for the night, and at family prayers my wife, for whom I had prayed during these two years, was gloriously converted.

Next night what proved to be a great revival commenced in the schoolhouse, and there was hardly a home within ten

NEW LIGHT.



miles that did not feel the benefits of the meeting. Before long the little society made me an exhorter, and my opportunities to bear witness for Christ were constantly increased as I went from school-house to cabin in His name.



CHAPTER III.

MY CALL TO PREACH.

NOT long after finding the Savior, I was greatly agitated by the conviction that it was now my duty to preach to others this glad news of salvation by faith, but my lack of preparation was a source of much discouragement.

Going about doing the duties of an exhorter in the Church, I would hear in my soul the words, "I gave myself for thee. What hast thou done for me?" And this would be accompanied with the suggestion, "Go tell the people that Jesus can save." At our camp-meeting, and when the pastor held revival-meetings, the fire would burn in my soul until, sometimes before fully realizing what I was doing, I would mount a bench and exhort sinners to come to Christ.



SEEKING A TEXT.

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MY CALL TO PREACH.

In the spring of 1871, the winter's mining over, I took my team and drove from Grant's Pass to Eugene in search of work. They were building the railroad between Albany and Eugene, so that I anticipated no difficulty in my effort to find work for the summer.

Immediately I began freighting at Eugene, and had abundance of work with liberal pay, and everything seemed to glide smoothly along until August, when the railroad was completed to this place, and, of course, the freighting ceased.

My efforts to obtain work in the harvest-field, notwithstanding a general demand for laborers, proved futile.

On Saturday afternoon, after having spent the week in fruitless efforts to find work, I met an acquaintance.

"What are you doing?" said he.

"I am hunting work," I replied, "and am very much disappointed to find none when general report says there is plenty of it."

“You are just the man I want to see,” he responded, “I want to get some mountain balm.”

The mountain balm grew on the high peaks near Grant’s Pass.

I entered into a contract with him to deliver in Albany within forty days, one thousand pounds of mountain balm.

The next Monday morning I started back to Grant’s Pass, hired some boys; camped at the foot of the mountain on reaching the place; gathered the balm; dried it, and then put it into sacks, and, at the very time that the Oregon Conference was in session, it was all ready to be taken to Albany.

At class-meeting, on the following Sabbath, one of my friends said to me, “I wish you could stay and attend our first Quarterly Conference next Sabbath, when our new presiding elder will be with us.”

“I would,” was my answer, “but I can not afford to stay here without work.”

“Well,” he replied, “I have some wood to chop, and will give you a week’s work.”

Therefore, since there would be ample time to fulfill my contract, I remained until the following Sabbath.

We were delighted to learn that our pastor, the Rev. J. W. Kuykendall, was returned to us to serve the third year, for we had learned to love him, but the new presiding elder, upon his arrival, expressed a desire to remove him to another charge, and to take some one from among us to put in his place.

He inquired for local preachers, and discovered that we had only one, and he was too old for such a task.

“Then,” said he, “have not you some one out of whom we could make a preacher?”

Father Kahler, the person questioned, replied, “Nobody, unless it should be Brother Jones. We have thought that he might some time make a preacher.”

The new presiding elder looked at me, and his gaze seemed to pierce through me. I shall never forget the thrill that went through my being, and the trembling

that shook my frame. I walked away, and shortly afterward the presiding elder and the pastor came to me and said, "We want you to accept a license to preach, and take charge of this Circuit."

I said, "Impossible; I can not preach. I never preached in my life."

"But we believe it to be God's will," they replied, "and your friends here think that God intends you for a preacher."

I again answered, "I can not, and, furthermore, I am under obligation to deliver some balm in Albany."

"I'll take the balm for you," responded a friend.

I went to my miner's cabin and spent the night in prayer. I was afraid to say no, and yet dare not say yes. At length the time came when I must give my answer, which was this, "You know that I can not preach, but if you fail to find a more suitable man for the circuit, I am willing to go around and hold meetings for prayer and exhortation, and thus keep

MY CALL TO PREACH.

together the membership until you can find a preacher.”

On the Saturday following, September 3, 1871, I received my license to preach, and the presiding elder appointed me pastor of that circuit. My charge was ninety-five miles long and seventy wide, consisting of sixteen preaching places, and owning only two dollars and fifty cents' worth of church property, viz., a church record and two class books. Our preaching places were miners' cabins, settlers' shanties and little schoolhouses.

My first appointment, the following Sabbath, was about fifty miles from home. On the Tuesday I began to search for a text, and when I found one my stock of ideas was very soon exhausted; then I would try again with another. This process was continued until Thursday, when I started for my appointment.

On the Friday I made a firm resolve to take this text, “Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate,

saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi, 17, 18.)

On the Sunday morning I appeared in the little schoolhouse, which was full of expectant people. I announced my text, and after a few sentences thought it required announcing again, and so on again, and again, until twelve minutes had expired, when I ceased.

Shall I ever forget the disappointment, humiliation, and sense of failure and the desire to hide away from everybody?

A few days after this, at a public gathering in the neighborhood, the most fruitful topic of conversation was the removal of Brother Kuykendall and the appointment of myself.

My predecessor was very popular, and some of the people feared that the change would be nothing less than ruinous to the Church.

The reason for the consternation on all



THE LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE.

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sides was forcibly stated by Sister Middlesworth, an official member, "We were getting along so nicely, and now they have sent Brother Jones. Now, while he may be a good man, he can not preach a bit, and never will."

When this interesting fragment of the conversation was reported to me I held my peace and endeavored to look wise, but something within said, "Yes, that is true; I know I can not preach, and everybody feels about it as that woman does, and my appointment is simply an imposition upon the people."

But, encouraged by the conviction that my Master asked no more than faithfulness in doing what one was able to do, I kept my appointments on this big circuit, although a full month would intervene between some of them, and sometimes strange events would have happened before I came around again.

At a place called Jerome Prairie—a little basin in the mountains between two streams—I had preached in a new school-

house on several occasions. When I reached the place in the month of November, the windows and the stove had been removed.

“How is this?” I inquired.

“Oh, Mr. B—— (an avowed infidel), is bitterly opposed to preaching, and since he has furnished these things, he thought he might justly remove them.”

The reason why he had previously refrained from expressing disapproval in this way was the fact that they were holding school there during the week, but now it was discontinued for the winter, and here was his opportunity.

I built a fire under a tree and waited for my congregation. It was a cold, foggy morning, yet perhaps twenty people gathered at the schoolhouse, and they sat shivering while I, standing between two window openings, preached to them.

At the close of the service I said, “I would like to come and do what I can for you people out here, but we can not worship in a place like this.”

MY CALL TO PREACH.

Just then a very wicked man—an enemy of the one who was putting us to this inconvenience—rose and said, “Mr. Jones, you may preach at my house.”

“All right,” I said, “I will preach in Mr. Tate’s house on the fourth Sunday of December, at eleven o’clock in the morning.”

About the time for the appointment thus announced there came a very heavy storm, the rain continuing for three days. The Rogue River lay between my cabin home and this place, and when I reached the river on the Saturday I found it overflowing its banks. The Italian who kept the ferry pronounced it impossible for us to cross. Returning a few miles I staid with a Christian neighbor until morning.

The Sabbath opened bright and crisp as though no storm had ever disturbed the peaceful heavens, and I started out. Since in those days I held the opinion that, to miss an appointment was an almost unpardonable sin, it may be taken for granted that I should seek by all means to reach Mr. Tate’s house that morning.

“I must cross this morning,” I said to the ferryman, on reaching the river.

“It is impossible,” he replied.

“I will put my horse in your barn,” I rejoined, “and you take your canoe and paddle me across, then I will walk the six or eight miles on the other side.”

He remonstrated, but I urged my plea, and at last he consented. With great difficulty we crossed the roaring torrent. When across he said, “I know you can not get through, because the lowland between here and the mountain is overflowed.”

“I’ll try,” I replied, “and if I can not get out I will come back.” But I did not intend to come back.

After walking half a mile I reached a slough so wide that I could not see the opposite bank. I walked as far as possible upon a drift of logs, then, finding that the water was not over my head, I jumped in up to my neck and waded out. In this way one slough after another was crossed, from one to four feet deep, until at length I reached dry land again.

The whole neighborhood had turned out to the ungodly man's house to hear the young preacher.

Eleven o'clock came and no preacher. Some one said, "He will not come."

Mr. Tate swore that he would come, and then, by way of additional proof—thinking, perhaps, that an oath was not the best evidence in such a case—he said, "I can tell by the looks of that fellow's eye that he will come." (He afterwards told me that he would rather have lost the best horse on his place than that I should fail to come, so anxious was he to "spite" his enemy.)

Eleven-thirty came, but no preacher. I was climbing the mountain, soaked to the chin, and with boots full of water. Twelve o'clock: the congregation came outside, ready to disperse, when Mr. Tate, seeing me coming over the hill, said, "Yonder he is," and shouted like a Comanche Indian.

Approaching, I said, "Good-morning, gentlemen," and walked into the house,

opened my hymn book and began singing, "O, for a thousand tongues to sing," and then proceeded to preach, the water dripping from my clothes and running across the floor.

After dinner I borrowed a horse and rode ten miles to an evening appointment, preached in a settler's shanty, sat up until eleven o'clock around a pleasant fire, then was taken to another fireless shanty to sleep, and took a cold which staid with me all that winter.

Nevertheless, I was able to continue my work, and counted it all joy because God blessed my crude efforts to serve him, in the salvation of a few precious souls.

How greatly was this increased, and how rich was my reward, when in the third year of service among these people, more than sixty made the great confession.

During the first year of my service upon this charge I came in contact with frontier life in its rudest forms, by ac-

companying my presiding elder through Klamath and Lake Counties—very wild, mountainous country.

Each of us possessed a good horse—in fact, the presiding elder was very proud of his—and we had a strong hack and a complete camping outfit.

On our first night away from the settlement we camped in the Siskiyou Mountains. It rained in the night and made the mountain road somewhat slippery.

Next morning, when we had made everything ready to start out, this fine animal belonging to the presiding elder refused to move. We spent several hours, using various devices, but he refused to budge.

Then we took off his harness, I got on his back and started for the settlement to exchange him for another.

Some freighters persuaded me to return, offering their assistance, and in this way we climbed the mountain.

Not many nights after this we were camped on the Sprague River, far away

from all settlements of white people, and about forty Indian warriors unceremoniously called in for a visit. Painted and armed, they looked very threatening, and conducted themselves with a liberal display of impudence.

They demanded food, which we could not supply, but told them that we had scarcely sufficient for ourselves until we should reach a white settlement. About dark, much to our relief, they rode away.

Scarcely had we returned to civilization when these Indians began to murder travelers and kill and drive off the stock of white people. This was just on the eve of the Modoc War. But this trip was by no means devoid of amusement.

The few settlers in the Goose Lake Valley had only the poorest accommodations, and some of them did not make the most of these, but were very untidy. In this respect, unfortunately, the pastor we visited did not set a good example.

We reached his place on a Saturday evening in the darkness. They had been

expecting us for two or three days, and yet not only was supper not ready, wood not chopped, but none was hauled, and the ax was lost.

Here, on the prairie, where he had taken up a homestead, lived the pastor and his wife, a married son with his wife, a daughter with her husband, and a single young man, in a little shanty.

All except the pastor and wife had gone out to a temperance meeting.

“Brother Jones,” he said, “You take your team and go off about half a mile toward the lake and you will find good grass, where you can stake your horses.”

On my return they were seeking the ax.

“You show me some wood,” said I, “and I’ll soon make it into stove wood.”

He brought a few posts which had been used for a fence around the house, and soon with my camp ax, sufficient for many fires was made ready.

At eleven o’clock we sat down to eat, with a large supply of hunger sauce.

One day, while visiting here, I went

over to the lake, out on the peninsula, where the birds deposited their eggs, and filled a bucket with eggs of the gull, goose, curlew, snipe, etc., intending to bring them home as curiosities.

On my way back to the house I shot several birds, which I gave to the lady, saying, "Here are some nice birds for breakfast." Imagine my surprise when at breakfast next morning we were offered a variety of fried eggs, and informed that they had thrown away the birds.

On the first Sabbath, after service, a lady invited us to come over the following Thursday and take dinner with them. We accepted the courteous invitation, and reached the house at eleven o'clock in the morning. Adjoining a comparatively new house was the little log cabin in which they started life out here.

We were taken into the new building. In one corner was a pile of about one thousand pounds of wool, just as it had left the sheep's back. In another corner twenty or thirty undressed deer skins.

MY CALL TO PREACH.

The woman handed me a chair, but it was so dirty and sticky that, excusing myself, I took a seat on the doorstep.

By careful scrutiny it became evident that the dirty, greasy dress of the woman was made of blue denim. Soon she excused herself and retired to the log cabin to prepare the dinner.

What ravenous appetites we had, traveling so much and camping out. In three hours from that time we were called into the log cabin for hot biscuits, green peas, butter, and buttermilk.

In the corner of the cabin was a stack of large sacks of flour set up endwise. Here were also three girls ranging from eleven to fifteen, dressed in a single loose garment reaching to the knees.

While we were eating, the girls amused themselves by climbing up the flour stack, squatting down, tucking under them their gowns, and sliding down.

It was not easy to relish the meal even with our appetites.

Having been appointed to the same

charge for a second year, I desired to move down from my miner's cabin to a point nearer to the schoolhouse.

A friend offered me space on his land for a shanty near to a big spring at the foot of a mountain. I moved my wife and child and household goods, and camped under a tree without any tent; hauled my lumber four miles, and built a shanty sixteen feet square, in which we lived for three years.

During the erection of this structure, I left my wife and child one evening and attended a prayer-meeting at the schoolhouse, three miles away. In my absence the wolves came around the camp and barked, growled and snapped their teeth until my young wife was badly frightened.

When I came home about ten o'clock, the wolves scampered off to the mountain, but I found my wife with her head covered and her child pressed to her bosom.



MY MINER'S CABIN.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE GOSPEL AND THE GAMBLER.

IN 1862, on the occasion of my coming from the bleak regions of the Idaho gold mines to spend a winter in the beautiful Willamette Valley, in Oregon, I became acquainted with a man about ten years my senior. A tall, brawny man, measuring about six feet four inches, and drawing the scales at not less than two hundred and forty pounds. He was a professional gambler, but I found him to be a man of generous nature, and, although never a gambler myself, we became quite intimate friends.

Years passed by. We had gone in different directions to woo fortune. In the meantime I had found Christ, entered the ranks of his ministry, and in the year 1873, on this large circuit in Southern Oregon, I went a long distance to preach

in one of the small fertile valleys of that region.

My appointment was at a small country schoolhouse, and I reached the humble sanctuary on the Sunday afternoon to find fifteen persons present, all strangers to me, and not a Christian among them.

At the close of the service, a very large, black-whiskered man came up and said, "Will you go home with me?"

"Why, thank you," I said, "I will be glad to do so."

"My name is Sizemore," he said.

"My name is Jones," I replied.

He then introduced me to his wife, a pleasant, intelligent-looking woman.

It was a winter evening, and his comfortable home, with its bright warm fire, presented a most cheerful appearance. He had on the place eight or ten hired men, gathering corn.

After supper the wife brought out a beautiful Bible, which had certainly not suffered much from usage, and asked me to conduct family worship. This done,

the hired men scattered, and the children retired for the night, but my host, hostess, and I entered into conversation.

I said to him, "I was once acquainted with a man of the name of Sizemore."

"You were?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the Willamette Valley."

"When?"

"About the year 1862. His other name was John."

"Did you know a man in the Willamette Valley in 1862 whose name was John Sizemore?"

"I did."

"Well, my name is John Sizemore, and I was in the Willamette Valley in 1862, but who are you?"

"I am Lew Jones."

"You Lew Jones?"

"Yes."

"And a Methodist preacher?"

"Yes."

"Well, well. I am John Sizemore," and

extending his hand, much surprised with each other, we renewed our acquaintance in a friendly grip.

Then I said, "How is this that you have a wife and children, and the latter almost grown to manhood and womanhood?"

"I married a widow," he replied, "and these are her children."

We turned our attention to old times, and I told my religious experience—how I had been convicted and converted, and how the Lord had called me to preach. And as we talked the place became a veritable sanctuary, for both of them were deeply interested in my story. At midnight we retired.

Next morning, when I was about to leave, they said, "Whenever you come up here to preach, make this your home," an invitation of which I took frequent advantage, and always found a cordial welcome, was requested to ask a blessing at the table, and to conduct family worship.

The summer following my first visit to

these friends, I arranged to hold a camp-meeting in that valley, and appointed a certain day on which to prepare seats and a pulpit in an oak grove.

Some of my Christian friends from Grant's Pass, thirty miles away, accompanied me for the purpose of rendering aid in arranging the grounds. While in the midst of these preparations my friend John, and his wife, came up to see me. They lived about a mile away. I introduced them to my wife, and then said to him, "I wish you would come with your family and camp during our meeting."

"What, me? I would be a pretty looking fellow to camp at a camp-meeting."

The reputation of the neighborhood was by no means reassuring to those engaged in such work as mine. Indeed, it was said that the ruffians would break up the meetings, and I knew that if I could persuade John to attend, his respect for me would insure his assistance in keeping order, and I said, "Yes, it would be

the nicest kind of a thing for you and your wife to come and camp."

Turning to his wife, he said, "What do you say, wife?"

"You know I love to camp, and would just like it," she responded.

"All right, I'll fix camp for you and the children."

The next day he fulfilled his promise, and pitched his tent close to ours.

The meeting commenced on a Thursday, and the Tuesday following I noticed a stranger in the congregation, dressed in his working garb, and I felt a very strong impulse to speak to him. At the close of the service I introduced myself to him, and ascertained that he was not a Christian, that he lived seven miles away over a mountain spur, that he was on his way home, and had just called in while passing. He promised to come back on the Saturday and stay over the Sabbath, bringing also his family. I shook hands and said, "God bless you."

The meeting gradually developed in

interest, and the power of God was manifested in our midst.

On Friday, after the evening service, perhaps at ten o'clock, a lady came and shook hands with me as I proceeded from the altar, and said, "O, Mr. Jones, Mr. Yarber, who was here last Tuesday, is dying."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, he is dying."

"Poor fellow, I wish I could see him. If I knew where he lived and how to get there, I would go."

My friend, the gambler, stood by. He said, "Mr. Jones, I know where he lives, and if you want to go I'll take you."

"All right," I replied.

His team and buggy were on the grounds, and in a few minutes we were rapidly driving over hill and vale. Some time after midnight, away back in the woods, we came to a cabin dimly lighted by a candle. We went in, and there lay the man upon his bed. I approached him and said, "Do you know me?"

He looked up, and replied, "Yes, it's the preacher."

"I heard you were sick," I continued, "and thought I would come and see you."

"Yes, I am dying" (then a paroxysm of pain). When again able to speak, he said, "O, I wish I had staid at the camp-meeting; I wish I had been converted," and was again overcome with pain; "but, O, it is too late."

In a very short time he passed away.

About three o'clock in the morning we started back for the camp-ground, and as we drove over that mountain in the bracing mountain air I preached Jesus to John, and he said as we approached home, "I think I have learnt a lesson to-night which I shall never forget."

A few nights later John's wife was converted, and he was deeply moved. The altar was crowded with penitents. John was at the edge of the crowd, and I stepped up to him, extended my hand, and said, "John, won't you come?"

"No," he replied.

I pressed his hand and said, "Do come."

He answered, "No," but stepped toward me and bowed his head.

I said, "O, John, do come."

"It is no use," he replied, "but if you will pray for me, I will come."

I led him to the altar, and he had no sooner bowed his knees than he broke out into earnest prayer for himself.

Many professed conversion that night, and the meeting lasted until a late hour. Finally we closed, but John remained on his knees and would not leave. I knelt down beside him, and placing my arm around his neck, said, "John, how do you feel?"

"I feel as if I would like to go into the woods where nobody could see me," he replied.

"Let us go," I said, and giving him my arm, we passed out into the woods. There he told me the story of his life.

As I think of that night, under the star-studded heavens, my soul is thrilled

with the matchless love of the Great Shepherd for his lost sheep.

His mother was a Christian woman, but his father died while he was quite young, and then came a cruel stepfather. So the boy ran away from home when only eleven.

“Mr. Jones,” he said, “time and again when I have been in the saloon, playing cards and drinking, I have seen my mother upon her knees praying for her wandering boy, and more than once have I thrown down the cards and gone out into the darkness of the night, and silently lifted my heart to my mother’s God. But, O, I am such a sinner. “Do you think there is hope for me?”

And there again, in the night time, I preached Christ as a Savior of sinners until the day dawned about us, and the greater day of salvation dawned upon John’s anxious soul.

He and his wife became members of our Church. I was their pastor for more than

THE GOSPEL AND THE GAMBLER.



two years, and when I left the charge he was an office-bearer in the Church.

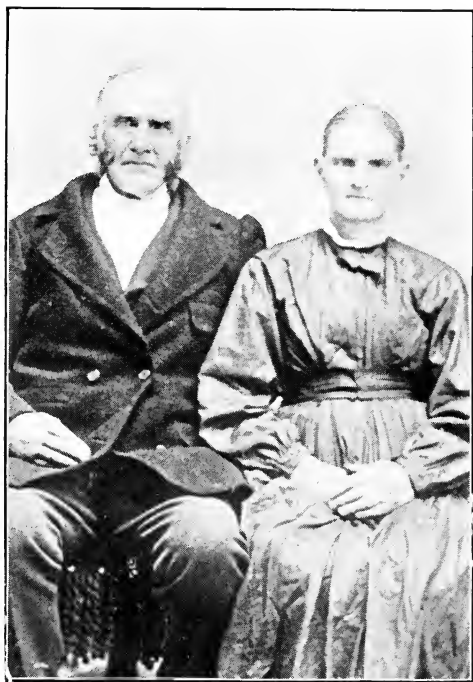
Twenty-nine years have passed since that camp-meeting, but John is still proving the power of God's grace by a useful Christian life.

CHAPTER V.

A FRONTIER METHODIST.

THE time had come for me to leave Grant's Pass. I had lived here for a long period. Here I had been married; here, with my young wife, I had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church; here I had been class-leader, local preacher, and then pastor. I had traveled this large circuit for four years. Three years was the limit, according to the law of the Church, but at the end of the third year the people desired that I should be returned to them, and I was anxious to stay with them. So the name of the charge was changed, and I returned to the same work for the fourth year.

Now I must move. It was a trial to me and my consecrated wife, for we had about persuaded ourselves that no such people could be found at any other place.



FATHER AND MOTHER PALMATEER,
FRONTIER METHODISTS.

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Our new charge was known as Clear Creek Circuit, and was distant about three hundred miles. Taking my wife and child, I drove from the old to the new. Our little stock of household goods, and the few books of which I had become the happy possessor, were hauled by a freight team to the nearest point on the railroad, one hundred miles, and they did not reach us until two weeks after our arrival.

Here we found a very dilapidated building dignified with the name of parsonage. No one had occupied it for a long time.

The last pastor they had had become blind, and left the work in the middle of the year; his predecessor had found it a troubled sea—one Church trial followed another, until the Church was badly wrecked. In these circumstances it was, perhaps, natural for them to look upon a new pastor with many misgivings.

My coming was noised abroad, and a service announced for the next Sunday

morning in the Mount Pleasant Church. This church was in the country, surrounded by dense woods—not a house in sight. It was a rude structure, and seated with rough boards. I drove there early in the morning, and soon the people began to come in from every direction. Many families came with ox teams—two or four oxen to a wagon—a distance of six or eight miles. It was a picturesque sight that rose before me when I faced that new congregation. I was very timid and somewhat embarrassed.

When about time to commence, a very odd-looking man entered, more than six feet tall, above two hundred pounds weight, dressed in plain, cheap clothes; his trousers did not reach to the top of his heavy brogan shoes by nearly three inches; he carried a cane in his hand, and wore a very large “stove-pipe” hat that had quite an ancient look about it. He walked up the aisle, sat down on the front seat, laid his cane aside, deliberately took off his hat, wiped the perspira-

tion from his high forehead, set his hat down, and then gave me a look that I shall never forget.

I felt the cold sweat start, it seemed to me, from every pore in my body. I preached about twenty minutes with much embarrassment, upon which I announced a class-meeting, urging all Christian people to remain. Then I dismissed the congregation, and the two or three persons with whom I had become slightly acquainted introduced me to some others, and among them was this peculiar-looking man.

“Father Palmateer,” said he who introduced me to the queer listener.

I shook hands with him, then I said, “Brethren, who is your class-leader?”

They introduced me to a man named Mattoon, and said, “This is the class-leader.”

I said, “Brother Mattoon, will you lead the class?”

He was a man slow of speech, and before he could answer, old Father Palma-

teer said, "No, sir, he won't; you must lead the class. If you have come here to work, you must do it."

I said, "All right, I like to lead class."

So I went around and asked every person in the house to speak, while wife and I at intervals would sing some hymn. Of course, Father Palmateer spoke, and reminded the new preacher that he had been a member of the Church for more than forty years.

At the close of the meeting I made some announcement, and was just in the act of dismissing when the old man arose again and said, "I want to say a word before we dismiss."

I said, "All right."

He stretched himself to his full height and then said, "We did not want a preacher here this year; I told the presiding elder not to send us one. I intended going to the Conference myself, but was so poor that I could not do so. The last preacher we had went blind, and

the one before that was worse than nobody, and we did not want any more of them. But the Conference and the presiding elder have done as they always do—just as they please—and they have sent us a preacher. I understand that he has a wife and a young one—I do not know whether it is a boy or a gal—but I understand that there are three of them. What are we going to do about it?”

After much more in this strain, suddenly the old man turned to discuss the new preacher's personality.

“I like the cut of this fellow's ‘jib,’” he said. “One thing is sure—he is not going to kill us with long sermons; and his wife is a good singer.”

He wound up his harangue with a rousing exhortation to the members to rally around this “little preacher” and see if they could not do something. “I will bring him over a sack of flour and a side of bacon, and we will try him. Maybe there is salvation for Clear Creek yet.”

After this unique reception I went to work with a will. I found thirty members on a circuit of seven appointments.

Father Palmateer lived about eight miles from where I first met him. He was an old pioneer, and his children and grandchildren had settled around him until the place was known as Palmateer Neighborhood. Here there had been no religious awakening for years. When winter came we commenced a series of meetings. Great was our victory, and many were converted, among them some of the Palmateer young people.

The old man was very faithful and efficient. Perhaps the most eccentric man I ever met, yet withal, a man of good judgment, and of a rich Christian experience.

The meetings continued for four weeks, and the whole neighborhood was stirred.

On the last night of the series we were having a most enthusiastic time, and, as the people gave testimony, sang, and praised the Lord, my soul was bub-

bling with joy. But suddenly I missed Father Palmateer (he had always sat near the pulpit); I looked over the congregation, and at last saw him sitting at the back, near the door. He was holding his head down between his knees. I was frightened. What could be the matter? So while a song was being sung, I went back to the old man whom I had learned to love like a father. He was groaning, and seemed to be in great agony.

I said, "Father Palmateer, are you sick?"

"No," he answered.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.
"We are having a good meeting."

"I was thinking," he replied, "what a pity that some one would not come along with a big club and knock all these converts in the head, and take them to heaven before they backslide."

I was so bewildered that I had nothing to say.

The revival fire spread over the entire

circuit. The Rev. T. L. Sails had joined the Conference that year, and was stationed at Rock Creek, adjoining me. We spent the whole winter in revival work on these two charges, helping each other, Indeed, we did not cease when spring came, but held camp-meetings, and we saw large numbers turn to Christ.

One Monday morning, late in the spring, I called at Father Palmateer's on my way home from a revival-meeting. I was cold and wet, and, as I stood before his big fireplace warming myself and drying my clothes, he pulled at my coat and said, "Brother Jones, is this the best suit of clothes you have got?"

I answered, "Yes."

He said no more about it, but soon I found that he was going around that large circuit, on foot, with a subscription paper (I carried it afterwards for years) which read thus: "We the undersigned give the sum opposite our names to buy our pastor, Rev. T. L. Jones, a new suit of clothes."

Here is one of his appeals as reported to me afterwards: "Now Brother Jones has worked hard, and we want him to come back next year. When he came he had a good suit of clothes, but now they are quite shabby. I don't want you to give much, but I want every one that desires his return next year to give something. If he gets up in Conference with the old coat, the preachers will say, Brother Jones, where were you last year? And he will hang down his head and say, Clear Creek, and they will think I do not want to go to Clear Creek. But we will get him a nice suit of clothes, he will go to Conference, and the brethren will say, Brother Jones, where were you last year? And Brother Jones will hold up his head and say, Clear Creek, and they will think, Well, I would like to go to Clear Creek."

When he had finished his canvass of the entire circuit, he came and said he wanted me to get my team and hack, and take him and his wife to the city

next week, about twenty-five miles away. At the appointed time we went to the city, and he took me into the store of one of his acquaintances, and said to the merchant, "This is our preacher; I want you to give him as good a suit of clothes as you can for this money."

The merchant counted the money—nearly fifty dollars. When I met my old friend a few minutes later, he was as proud of me as ever little boy could be of his new boots.

I heard of a neighborhood in the mountains, at some distance from Palmateer's, where the people had no religious services of any kind, and I longed to sow the seed in this neglected soil. "Father" Palmateer knew some of the people over there, and encouraged me to go. In the second year of my pastorate I went over, during the holidays. I found two ancient Methodists, but most of the people loved to fiddle and dance, and cared nothing for religion. Commencing meetings, I preached twice a day, and visited from

house to house for two weeks. The congregations were good, but I could not persuade them to accept the gospel; in fact, failed to obtain any expression of interest beyond attendance at the meetings.

I told them that I would go home, and the next time there was a fifth Sunday—in three months—I would return and preach to them again. I went to my home, twenty miles away, but could not sleep. The people of that neighborhood were before me in my troubled dreams.

In two days I went back. School had now begun after the Christmas holidays. I went to the schoolhouse and told the teacher and the children that I would preach there that night. The children reported this to their parents. The people were surprised, and came out from all directions. I preached all that week, prayed and pleaded with them from house to house. They were very kind and hospitable, but no one would heed my exhortations.

On the Saturday I preached twice. In the afternoon Father Palmateer came over. How glad I was to see him. There was no one to pray, no one to lead the singing or even assist. That evening the schoolhouse was crowded; there was deep conviction, but none decided to start. Sunday morning the meeting was of a deep, solemn nature; I exhorted, begged, and prayed that they would repent, but not one of them moved. Then I exclaimed, "I do not know what more to do or say to you; I would be willing to lay down my life for you, but I can not do more than I have done, and I will quit and go home."

Father Palmateer arose, his tall, gaunt form towering up almost to the top of the little schoolhouse, and said, "Brother Jones, I know that you are very tired, but I also know that these people are almost ready to give their hearts to God; now can't you stay and preach to-night, and give them one more chance?"

"You are older than I," was my an-

swer, "and if you think it best, I will do so," and then announced the meeting for the evening.

The place was so crowded that I had to put my feet under the little stand which I used for a pulpit, in order to kneel to pray. I preached on the final judgment. It seemed as if I could see the people dropping into the bottomless pit. It was awful. The people turned pale and trembled. At the close of the sermon, I said: "If any of you people want to escape hell, arise to your feet."

Nearly all in the house arose. "Open the door," I exclaimed, "and carry out a lot of these seats." It was quickly done. Then I said, "Put that long seat down here for an altar; and now, if you people want to be saved, get on your knees at this seat and confess your sins quickly."

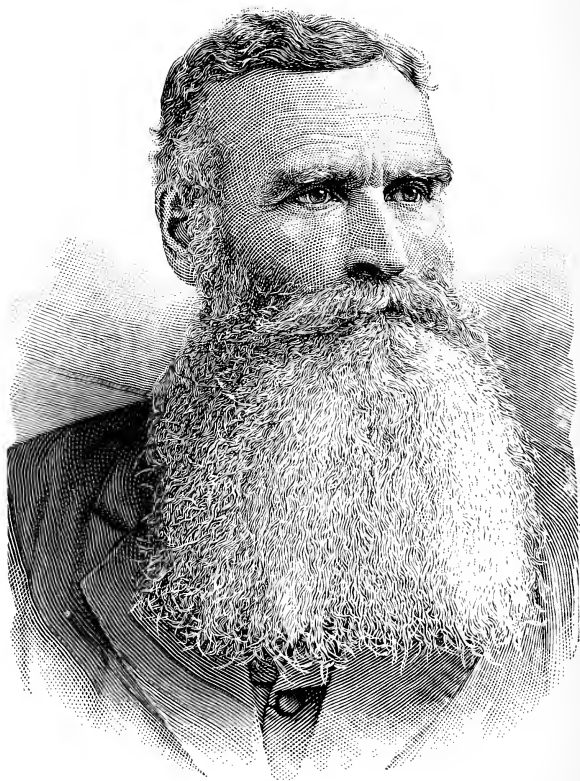
There was a rush for the altar, and the prayers, the groans, and soon the shouts of victory that went up from that rude altar, until almost morning, combined to produce a memorable scene.

Continuing the meetings for four more days almost the entire community were converted. And so, once more this eccentric old man proved himself a very effective helper.

I received into Church fellowship, on that circuit, one hundred and fifty-three persons. Some of them have gone to their long home, but many are still there, the pillars of the Church.

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BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE WORK AND MORE LIGHT.

IN 1877, being at Sheridan, and my friend T. L. Sails at Dayton, only twenty miles from me, we continued helping each other in revival-meetings. About seventy-nine were converted on my work, and perhaps as many on the Dayton charge.

The most remarkable meeting we held during the year was at Dayton. This was the second year of Brother Sails's pastorate here. When I arrived at the parsonage we began to make our plans. Opening the question, he said, "Brother Jones, they tell me this church was built more than twenty years ago, and dedicated by Bishop Simpson, and there has never been a soul converted in it. Let us ask our Father to take away this reproach." We immediately laid the matter before God.

That night we opened the meetings with much promise.

One afternoon when only about a dozen of us were gathered for prayer, we besought the Lord to so convict the people that they might come and repent. At that hour there was a man who did not attend Church, indeed, he called himself an infidel, out in his field plowing. He heard the church bell ring; he knew we were at prayer, and, as we prayed for conviction, the Holy Spirit began to knock at the door of his heart, and said to him (as he afterward reported), "What if those people are right and you are wrong? What if there is a heaven, and a hell?"

He continued his plowing, but God had heard our prayers, and when he came to the house in the evening he said to his wife, "Hurry up supper a little, I want to go to Church to-night."

He came, and when the invitation was given for the people desiring to become Christians to rise to their feet, this man, with others, arose.

The next night he bowed at the altar, and was soon converted. He afterwards became class-leader at this place.

Not long after the revival Brother Sails built a church at Webfoot, three miles from Dayton, and just a little while before our Conference some young men from the country near, drunk with whisky, went to the new church, broke open the door, tore up the Bible and burnt the church down, destroying all it contained, the new organ, Sunday-school library, etc.

The next year I was appointed to succeed Brother Sails at Dayton. My first sermon at Webfoot was preached under the trees, close to the spot on which the burnt church had stood, and at its close I said, "We must have another church here." The expression of the faces in my audience seemed to say, "True, we need one, but we have put into the other all that we could spare." In fact, the obligations incurred had not all been met.

We, however, went to work, and in three months, with the help of the Church

Extension Board, we paid all the old debt, and it was my joy to preach in the new building, incomplete, but so that we could hold service under shelter.

We began revival-meetings, and God responded to the self-sacrifice of the people in the conversion of many of their children. The following spring we finished the church, and on the day of dedication, P. M. Starr, our presiding elder, conducting the services, we had a great jubilee in the consciousness of possessing a new church and no debt.

Toward the close of my second year of revival work and a delightful pastorate, my health began to decline, and the good people gave me a three months' vacation, so with my father I visited the home of my childhood in Illinois.

During my absence the faith of my dear wife met with a severe test.

One morning the family had used the last dust of flour for breakfast, and the children said, "Ma, where is our next bread coming from?"

My wife replied, "I do not know, but God will send it."

She took the baby early in the morning and went to the garden to hoe potatoes, laying the baby down in the fence corner upon a little blanket she worked until about ten o'clock. As she left the house she told her niece to start dinner, and the girl replied, "Aunt Mary, there is nothing to cook."

My wife told her to put on some dry beans, of which we had plenty in the house, and go ahead just as if we had all that was necessary for dinner. At ten o'clock the girl called, "Aunt Mary, come to the house, somebody is here."

On reaching the house, to my wife's surprise, there stood Brother Clubine, one of the official members from the country appointment. He was accompanied by one of the stewards, and his wagon was at the door loaded with flour, meat, fruit, and vegetables.

My wife said, "How is this that you come in the middle of the week?"

“I started to the mill this morning,” he replied, “and when I got about half way there the thought occurred to me that I had better go to the parsonage, perhaps Sister Jones is out of flour. I immediately returned to the house, and my wife wished to know why I had come back, and I told her that I thought I ought to go to the parsonage with flour and provisions.”

Starting out, he called upon the neighbors, and soon his wagon was loaded.

The dinner was prepared with thankful hearts that God had answered the prayer of the pastor's wife.

The year 1881, when I was serving a pastorate at LaFayette for the second year, was a very notable period in my life, and one that exercised great influence upon my future work.

For some years I had been deeply interested in the doctrine of entire sanctification, and much desired to enter into the experience. I read the biographies of the fathers of Methodism and yearned

for the same power to win men to Christ which was so conspicuous among them.

My friend, Brother Sails, and I had spent many hours in the search for this helpful experience. We had fasted and prayed, and consecrated ourselves over and over again. Out of these things came many blessings, and God gave us some fruit in our ministry, yet we knew that what we desired above every thing else—the experience of entire sanctification—was not yet ours. In our search we had passed through many vicissitudes, sometimes almost daring to claim it, and at other times greatly discouraged.

In December of this year, William (afterwards Bishop) Taylor, came to Portland, Oregon. Brother Sails was pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church of that city, and he requested William Taylor to preach in his church. William Taylor agreed to do so. Then Brother Sails said, "I wish you would preach a sermon on holiness."

"All right," he replied.

When the time came for him to preach he took for his text 1 Thess. iii, 10, "Night and day praying exceedingly that we might see your face and perfect that which is lacking in your faith."

His preaching was lucid and persuasive, and my dear Brother Sails found the light he had been seeking so long. At the close of the sermon the good old man invited all who desired the blessing of full salvation to come to the altar. Brother Sails was the first one on his knees, and there he entered into the experience his soul had desired.

He wrote me and said, "Brother Jones, come down; the Lord has sanctified my soul."

With alacrity I accepted the invitation. We shut ourselves in his study

"Brother Jones," he said, "I know what is in your way."

"What?" I inquired.

"We have been consecrating ourselves," he replied, "and then trying to find out how we felt."

“Yes, quite true,” I agreed.

Then he said, “We can not have the evidence that a thing is done until *it is done.*”

“No,” I said.

“Now,” he continued, “It can not be done until we believe. First consecrate all to God, then believe he accepts the sacrifice, and the work will be done, and we shall have the evidence. We have been wanting the evidence before we believed.”

I saw it. We kneeled there together. I wanted to be sure that my consecration was complete, so I went into detail; and when I knew all was on the altar, I looked up and said to my Heavenly Father, “I believe the promise—that the blood doth cleanse me.” And there came into my soul a sensation of such peace and rest as was unknown to me before. I arose and said to Brother Sails, “It is done, I do believe.” I was not excited, nor boisterous, but O, such a sweet, calm peace in my soul.

This occurred in the morning, and all day long I kept ejaculating, "This thing is settled, I am *all* the Lord's.

In the evening I preached for Brother Sails, and on my way to the parsonage, after preaching, there came the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It just deluged my soul over and over again. It seemed to me that my heart was like a small cup under the great Niagara.

I returned home the next day, and at prayer-meeting in the evening, I told the people what the Lord had done for my soul.

Soon after this I commenced revival-meetings, and how the good Lord blessed me in my work! About two hundred people were saved during the year, and many of our best and most efficient workers were sanctified.

CHAPTER VII.

A PLACE OF REST.

IN the year 1884 my health was poor, and my presiding elder wished to help me to recover my usual vigor, so he decided to give me a charge which would make few demands upon my strength.

“Now,” he said, “here is Oregon City, with an income from rents almost large enough to support a preacher. The Church is dead, so that you can not spoil it should you fail to do any aggressive work. You go there and rest.”

I reached the place Thursday noon, and in the evening we had ten persons present at the prayer-meeting. Next Sunday morning our congregation consisted of twenty-six persons, and in the evening of forty-three. The Church had a surfeit of pride, but was bereft of its piety.

After the Sabbath services each week, I would find myself confined to my bed for two or three days.

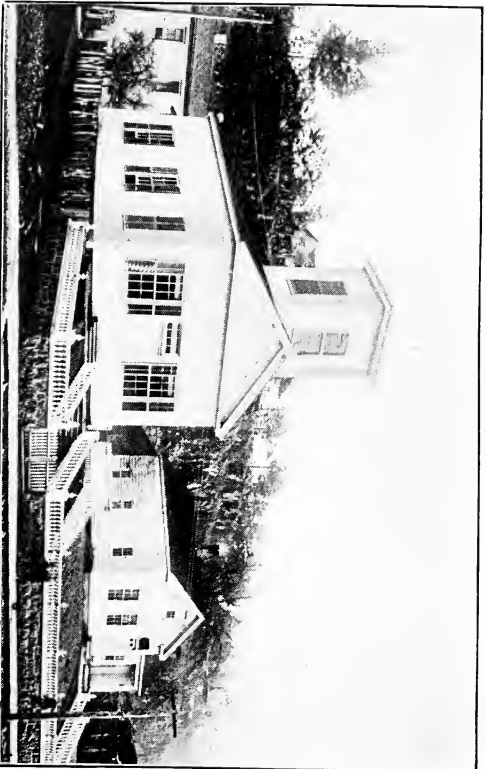
In November I went to visit Brother Sails, who was pastor of Hall Street Church, Portland. I found him in the midst of revival-meetings, with Dr. Denison assisting.

Here I remained several days participating in the meetings, but not daring to take any prominent part on account of the state of my health.

One afternoon, when seated in the study with these two godly men, we were discussing my lack of health and God's power to heal the body as well as the soul.

"I believe," was one of my remarks, "that if the Lord sees it would be best for me to get well, he will heal me."

They both agreed with this. We read over many of the precious promises, and then engaged in prayer. Brother Sails prayed first, Dr. Denison followed, and



FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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concluding said, "Now, Lord, while Brother Jones prays, hear him."

I told God that my desire for healing was not because I wished to escape suffering, but, if it would be to his glory, I asked him for Jesus' sake to heal me.

In an instant I felt as if an electric shock went from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and I was filled with a spirit of praise.

"Brethren," I said, "the work is done."

How near God felt to be!

How sweet, yet awful, was the consciousness!

I came home that night and reported this remarkable occurrence.

For some days I did not feel strong, yet my faith did not waver, but I went to work with renewed energy. Indeed, after this I could not feel satisfied to merely perform the routine of Church work with the spiritual temperature so low. In December we commenced revival-meetings with the assistance of Brother Sails, and

continued them for five weeks. Large numbers were converted and many were sanctified, and I came out of the meetings stronger than when I began.

During the early part of the meeting our class-leader, W. H. Hampton, became very deeply convicted for the experience of entire sanctification, but refused to make the consecration, and his last state was worse than the first.

One day, after this revival, he came from his shop to my door to make inquiry about some business.

“Come in,” I said.

“No, I can not,” he replied.

“You must.”

He came in, and I said to him, “My dear brother, I can not bear to see you so indifferent to your religious welfare. You must meet the conditions—get right with God.”

“There is no use,” he remarked.

I insisted, but he repeated this expression of despair.

“Let us pray,” I said.

A PLACE OF REST.

My wife and I knelt down, but he refused to kneel. I began to pray, and soon he joined us in the kneeling, and did not rise until he had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He became a very earnest worker. Many years before, he had heard the call to preach, but resisted. Now he was ready to undertake anything for God.

He entered the ministry, and while I was presiding elder in later years, he was one of the most efficient pastors in my charge. Scores of people were converted under his ministry, and during those six years he built four churches.

Our membership exactly doubled at Oregon City, and on the last Sabbath we had three hundred people at the morning, and four hundred at the evening service.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK TO THE FRONTIER.

NOTWITHSTANDING a universal request from the Oregon City Church for my return for another year, it seemed good to the authorities of the Church at large that I should be sent to Drains, a very large circuit on which, for years, there had been no revival.

The Rev. J. W. Miller preceded me here, and, after the appointments were announced, he said to me, "Brother Jones, have you a good bank account?"

"No, Sir," I answered.

"Well," he continued, "you can not get a living there."

"If the Lord has sent me there he will look out for that," was my response. "I had to rent a house," he said, "and supplement the support I got from the Church."

Dr. Denison was sent to Seattle, Brother Sails to Oregon City. We three, who had for years worked together, were now put far apart.

Brother Denison and I went off into the woods and prayed over the matter, and since my appointment was looked upon as a grievance, we asked God to give me one hundred souls that year as seals to my ministry.

Brother Sails and I agreed to assist each other in one series of revival-meetings during the year.

When we arrived in Drains we found, upon the hillside, a little shanty which was pointed out as the parsonage, and it had not been occupied for years.

Hogs were under the house, no fence, no furniture, except an old stove.

I brought water three hundred yards up the hill, and my wife began to scrub the old place, singing hymns, as was her habit, in the process.

An official of the Church passed by at

this time. He went down to the store and inquired, "Who is that up in the old parsonage?"

"The new preacher," some one replied.

Said he, "If a preacher's wife can sing in a house like that, she must be the right kind."

While we were in the midst of this cleaning process a large hog walked into the kitchen, and our boy Ebbie, about eight years old, put a rope around its neck and shouted, "Papa, come in here; I've got this hog; let's kill him and have some beef."

Next morning the official member sent a man to dig post holes, another man to haul posts and lumber, and in a short time the hogs were fenced out.

For years I had strong convictions that it was my duty to become an evangelist, but here was a circuit of so many appointments and such distances that it took six weeks to compass it. Six weeks between appointments was very unsatisfactory. Why not become an evangelist

at once? Here was ample scope on my own charge.

I commenced meetings at Drains. Brother Sails came to my help, and we had a great victory.

Next I went to Wilbur. Twenty-three persons attended our first meeting. The young people were talkative, but I endeavored to deal kindly with them.

I said to my wife, "If we can have twenty converts here I shall be satisfied."

The fire soon began to burn, the house was crowded, conviction was deep and pungent, conversions were bright and clear.

One evening, on our way from Church, my wife inquired how many had been converted. I replied, "About thirty."

"Let us go home," she said, "you only wanted twenty."

"Now," I said, "I want fifty."

A few nights later she repeated the inquiry, and sixty people had been converted. Then I wanted one hundred.

At the end of four weeks I wrote

Brother Sails, at Oregon City, "I am worn out. We have had seventy conversions, and forty were at the altar last night. I wish you were here."

Next night, when the train ran into the station, this dear brother got off, and we continued the meeting for one more week. One hundred and three persons were brought to Christ. Every business man in the town, except a German blacksmith, was among the number. I took into the Church fifteen husbands and their wives, besides many young people. Among them was Brother Smith and Brother Cox, whose conversions were interesting.

Brother Smith lived three miles from the place of meeting. He and his wife were brought under deep conviction. They had small children, so that they attended in turns. The wife was not long in finding peace, and then she staid with the children, that he might attend every night. For seven successive evenings he came to the altar. About midnight on

the seventh occasion he came into the marvelous light, and went home shouting God's praises.

Next morning he found his ecstasy gone, and Satan tempted him by suggesting, "Here is a proof that you were not converted; it was all excitement." This put him in such a state of fear and anxiety that he saddled his horse and started for town to see the preacher, and, as he expressed it, "Put the whip to the horse and prayed every jump."

Just as he came up to the gate where I was entertained, the light came again, illuminating his soul, and he approached the door praising God for his great work.

Brother Cox lived five miles away. Together with his wife he manifested great concern for salvation. His wife preceded him in finding peace.

I was not well acquainted with him, but had become much interested in him, and one evening as he knelt at the altar, trembling from head to foot under deep

conviction, he grasped my hand and, drawing my head down to him, said, "Do you think God can save a drunkard?"

"Yes," I replied, "Jesus came to save sinners, and he can save anybody."

Very shortly the man was praising God.

In this community was a church of another denomination. Their pastor desired very much to increase its membership. Our meeting had been in progress for four weeks, and I had not yet invited any one to unite with the Church, but had spent the time in persuading people to come to Christ.

The time had come for the communion service of this Church, and the pastor, who lived in another town, came over to request me to omit our Sabbath morning meeting that they might invite all to this service. We acceded to his request.

Very soon I discovered that, in company with an official of his Church, he was going from house to house inviting

the young converts to come into fellowship with his Church.

While thus engaged, he with his friend came to the house of one of the wealthiest men in town, whose wife had been converted, but the gentleman himself had shown no special interest.

These zealous Churchmen urged the lady to unite with their Church on the coming Sabbath.

She was somewhat undecided, and after they had left she said to her husband, "What do you think about my uniting with that Church?" His frank reply was, "It might be well enough to live in such a Church, but I would hate to die in it."

On Friday night he was at Church with his wife. Conviction was very deep among the audience. I announced service for Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, at which time I added, "An opportunity will be given for any so desiring to unite with the Methodist Church."

As this gentleman afterwards told us, that night, while his wife was sweetly sleeping, he was struggling for the light, and some time during the night the room was illumined as though the sun were shining into it with all its glory, and into his soul. He awoke his wife by shouting praises to God, and then exclaimed, "I am not going to be left behind; I am going with you to the better world."

We knew nothing of all this, but at the appointed hour the house was crowded. At the close of the sermon the invitation to unite with the Church was given, and to the astonishment of all, this man was the first to offer himself. His wife and about fifty others followed.

The next day we attended the other Church in crowds, and here also a similar invitation was given, but to their surprise no one accepted it. They were all housed, and we had not been guilty of the sin of proselyting.

At Oakland, we possessed an old church on the point of a hill, and the new town

had been built away from it. Pastors for some time had been using the Baptist church, down in town, once in three months. Now we got lumber, seated our own old church, and commenced our next meeting here in March. Again God's Spirit was with us. After three weeks, Brother Sails once more came to help me, and at the close we counted forty converts. Among these was a young man, a son of the wealthiest man in Douglas County. One night I preached on the subject of "Restitution." This young man went home that night, and, taking from his pocket a beautiful gold watch—a present from his mother, this conversation took place.

"Father, I want to sell you this watch."

"Why?"

"I want some money."

"Well, you always have all the money you want; if you need any, I'll give it to you."

"No, I don't want you to give it to me; I want to sell my watch."

The father began to feel a little annoyance amid his surprise, and insisted upon knowing the reason.

“Well,” said the son, “Mr. Jones says if we have wronged anybody, we must make it right, or we can not get right with God, and I want to be a Christian at all costs. I have wronged some of the boys out of their money, and I want to pay it back.”

The father, although himself not a Christian, was deeply moved, and said, “You shall have all the money you want.”

He made restitution, and was gloriously converted.

We closed this meeting on the Friday evening, and I at once started out for Garden Valley. Commenced a meeting here the next evening.

On the Sunday morning I observed a pleasant looking gentleman in the audience whom I had not seen before. He was evidently deeply moved. At the close of the meeting I introduced myself to him, and found that his name was

West; he lived about three miles from the schoolhouse. I urged him to attend our meetings. He did not come again for several days, but I was so deeply interested in him that one afternoon I walked out the three miles and found him alone—his wife was out visiting.

Immediately I addressed myself to the question of his soul's salvation. He broke down and wept, and I said, "Let us kneel down and seek your conversion now."

"No," he said, "wait till my wife comes."

Soon his wife returned, and a little conversation revealed her desire to become a Christian.

I took supper with them, and we went together to Church, where that night he was brought to Christ, and not long afterwards his wife also was converted.

After a Sabbath spent at Drains, I commenced meetings in the Calipooi Schoolhouse, holding one for forty minutes at the noon hour among the school children, and then another in the evening.

There was one man in attendance who would hurriedly leave the house at the close of the service, and I could not approach him. His wife was a member of the Church. She said to me, "I want you to go home with us some night that you may speak with my husband."

"I will go the first time you bring the wagon," I responded.

A few evenings later I accepted this invitation, and found my opportunity next morning after breakfast, when his wife said, "Mr. Jones, Mr. Cook wants to ask you some questions."

"All right," I replied, "I will answer any question that I can, and, if unable to answer, will frankly say so."

"Well," he said, "I want to know where the third heaven is."

"My dear sir," I answered, "I don't know where the third is, but I can tell you how to get to the first," and I preached unto him repentance.

He then asked, "What was the gulf fixed between the rich man and Lazarus?"

“I do not know,” was my response, “but sin is the gulf between man and his God,” and I preached unto him Jesus the Mediator.

After several other questions of like nature, he arose from his chair and left the room.

It was understood that he was to drive me back to the schoolhouse for service at noon, but he failed to return in time. One of the boys hitched up the team, and we went without him.

He came to the evening meeting, however, with his family, and sat near the front with his devout wife. When the invitation for seekers was given, he was the first upon his knees.”

I knelt beside him, and said, “Mr. Cook, are you going to give God your heart?”

“I have done,” was his prompt reply, “and am converted, but I thought I ought to come to this altar to let people know that I am not ashamed of it.”

When an opportunity for testimony

was given he arose and said, "This morning I asked Brother Jones where the third heaven was, but he told me that I must repent or I should never get to the first heaven. He preached Jesus until I could stand it no longer, and I went out into the woods. While you were here I was praying, and the Lord has wonderfully blessed my soul."

He became a faithful official member of the Church.

This great visitation from the Day Spring on high culminated in two camp-meetings, sixty miles apart.

At the time of the first one we had a great rainstorm, but I took my family and camp equipage to the scene of the meeting, found nobody present, and no preparations for the meeting. I went up to the public school, about a mile away. The teacher gladly permitted me to hold a noon meeting and announce my camp-meeting. Next day I repeated this at another schoolhouse four miles away.

In order to reach the schoolhouse I



CAMP-MEETING SCENE.

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must walk across the pasture where the grass, dripping with water, reached up to my knees.

I put on a pair of gum boots and, dragging behind me a fir bough, made a path for my wife and children to follow. This I did on two successive days, when the storm broke away, and the people came in crowds. And we had a remarkable meeting, resulting in the conversion of forty persons, some of whom are to-day official members of the Church.

Among the converts was a man named John White, who had been a periodical drunkard. He was very deeply moved and, after a long, hard struggle, was gloriously converted.

At the final camp-meeting my other self, Brother Sails, rendered me much assistance. Indeed, so close was the affinity between us that it could not fail to be observed by others.

John White attended this meeting, and heard Brother Sails for the first time.

After a few services, he said to me, in

his quaint way, "Do you know what you and Brother Sails reminds me of?"

"No," I answered.

"Why," said he, "You remind me of two old hounds I once owned."

"How is that?" I inquired.

"When out in the mountains," he replied, "I would start the dogs out, and one would look at the other and throw up his head and sniff, the other would throw up his head and sniff back, then they would start out in different directions. So I see you look at Brother Sails and nod your head, he nods back, and you seem to perfectly understand each other and work so harmoniously together."

John became a great worker in the Church.

The father of the boy who made restitution was brought to the light.

When he and his wife knelt at the altar—the man being more than sixty years old—he exclaimed, "Wife, we will give up everything, won't we?"

“Yes, Lord,” she responded, “everything, money and all.”

Money had been his God, so that they were getting close to the kingdom.

When they gave themselves to God, what an influence it exerted! Twenty relatives were also gathered in.

This broken down circuit paid its preacher, that year, a larger salary than he ever received before.

At the close of the year God had answered our prayers with good measure, pressed down and running over. Instead of one hundred, we had three hundred and twelve conversions, out of which more than two hundred persons united with our Church.

CHAPTER IX.

BISHOP TAYLOR'S SERMON BEARING FRUIT.

IN the year 1885, by request of the Oregon Conference, Bishop Walden gave Brother Sails and myself nominal appointments, with the understanding that we should act as Conference Evangelists.

During the year, desiring to visit communities destitute of the gospel, we went into the Illinois Valley, where they had no religious services of any kind.

We held a few meetings in school-houses, and then announced a camp-meeting, and, with the assistance of a man and a team, got lumber and arranged seats.

We were told of young people eighteen years of age who had never heard a sermon. Certainly some of them acted strangely in a religious meeting.

One evening, as I began to preach, a tall, sturdy young man came in and took a seat near the front of the pulpit. He wore a slouch hat on one side of his head, had a short pipe in his mouth, and a young woman hanging upon each arm. He neither removed hat nor pipe, but looked up at me with great curiosity. The fumes of smoke ascended into my face, and began to produce a choking sensation.

Very kindly I addressed him, and said, "Will you please stop smoking until I stop preaching?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," was his reply, and he put the pipe in his pocket.

"And won't you please take off your hat?"

"Yes, sir." And off it came.

He seemed to be perfectly willing to do anything that I might suggest to him.

The weather was very warm here, and one afternoon a young man brought a bucket of water from the spring and, in the midst of the sermon, passed through

the congregation to water the people as if they had been a herd of cattle.

On the last Sabbath of our meetings, I saw, on the outskirts of the congregation, a man whom I knew to have committed murder. He had served a term in the penitentiary, and I had visited him there. I recognized him, but could not get near him.

In the evening thirty or forty people came to the altar, and this man was among them.

He knelt apart from the others. I went over to him and said, "Do you want to be a Christian?"

With much earnestness he said, "O yes; O yes."

Then he said, "Mr. Jones, do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was my reply.

"Do you think there is any hope for me, I am such a sinner?"

I quoted from the blessed Book, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

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REV. E. A. SHORELAND.

That night he found peace.

At Sheridan, where Brother Shoreland was pastor, we witnessed seventy-six conversions, and thirty-one persons professed to have entered upon the life of entire sanctification.

During this meeting Brother Shoreland was seized with a profound conviction that he ought to go as a missionary to Africa. He resolved to offer himself to Bishop Taylor for this work, and wrote his letter, but left it unsealed and prayed all night, asking God if it were his will that he would open the way. In the morning he posted his letter.

M. C. Wire was pastor of the First Church, Salem, and urged us to come and hold a meeting.

The Church was deluged with worldliness—the young people were dancing, and skating in the rink. I said to Brother Wire, “As far as we are able to judge, every member of the Sheridan Church is now converted, with perhaps one exception.”

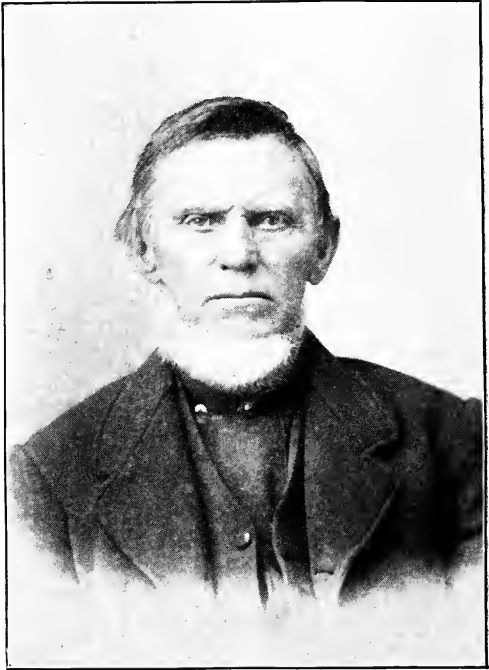
He replied, "I would be a happy pastor if such were the case in my Church."

We commenced on January 9th, and for three weeks preached night and day to the Church. We enjoyed the hearty cooperation of the presiding elder, W. S. Harrington; the president of Willamette University, Thomas Van Scoy; and the faithful pastor and his wife.

At the end of this time, in a consecration service on the Friday evening, the baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon us. Old feuds were settled, and a spirit of earnestness took possession of the members.

Now we turned our attention to the outsiders, and they came flocking in crowds to the altar—as many as fifty were converted in one evening. The meeting continued for seven weeks, the whole city was stirred, and about five hundred people were converted. It was said that every student taking the college course in Willamette University was converted.

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W. W. BROOKS.

During this meeting Brother Shoreland received a letter notifying him of his acceptance by Bishop Taylor. He must come at once, for in a very short time a company of missionaries would sail from New York. But he had no money. He came to see us at Salem, and we sent him to our rich friend, W. W. Brooks, who, since entering into the experience of entire sanctification at the Canby Camp-meeting, had been devoting much of his means to missions. He furnished the means, and in a few days Brother Shoreland started for Africa, where, after a short period of faithful service, he passed away on the banks of the Congo.

This excellent Brother Brooks became a great helper in Bishop Taylor's African Missions, and perhaps the original cause of it was Bishop Taylor's sermon on "Holiness," preached in Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church at the time that Brother Sails was pastor.

At that time, as I have stated, Brother Sails was sanctified, and through him I

came into the same light, and through our preaching at the Canby Camp-meeting Brother Brooks received this great blessing, and in this way the Lord opened up resources for Bishop Taylor's great work. Indeed, Brother Brooks gave \$34,000 to this work, and appointed me executor of his will, bequeathing the remainder of his estate to the same work, but Bishop Taylor having retired, after correspondence, the mission authorities relinquished their claim, and it went to Mrs. Brooks.

From Salem we went to Albany, and among our converts here was Lizzie McNeal. She had never heard of Bishop Taylor and his African Mission—not having been raised a Methodist.

Soon after her conversion I put into her hands the "Life of William Taylor," by Davies. A few days afterwards she said to me, "Brother Jones, I shall have to go to Africa as a missionary."

"Pray over the matter," I said. After prayer and due deliberation, she offered



MISS LIZZIE McNEAL.

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DIANA, A WARD OF MISS McNEAL.

herself, and was accepted by Bishop Taylor's commission.

Brother Brooks furnished her money, and she landed in Africa, was carried from the boat to the shore on the naked back of a black man, and received by Amanda Smith on Sunday morning.

That day they held services, and she wrote me that her heart was full of thanksgiving for the first day spent on African soil. She had seen two people converted. Soon she was placed in charge of a school, and we sent her cloth and a sewing-machine for the purpose of making clothing for her pupils, and she did several years of faithful service.

Such were some of the fruits of our first year's work as evangelists.

What a joy it was to count no less than one thousand converts at its close!

CHAPTER X.

THE DEATH OF MY COMRADE.

THE office of Conference Evangelist was not known to Methodism at this time, and Bishop Harris, who presided at our Conference in Forest Grove, was not disposed to give us nominal appointments that we might be free to do evangelistic work. However, the influence of F. P. Tower and other prominent men prevailed with him, and once more we started out in this delightful work.

We held a remarkable meeting at Silverton. J. H. Wood was their new pastor, and he found about six members of the Church.

We expected to entertain ourselves at the hotel, but, to our surprise and delight, we found on arriving Father and Mother Skaif, who had been under our pastorate in other years, and they gladly received us into their home.

Here, in this stronghold of infidelity, God gave us one hundred and twenty-nine conversions, one hundred and five of whom united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Among many remarkable conversions was that of the editor of the local paper. His wife was already a Christian, and on the first Sabbath morning he accompanied her to Church.

It was my privilege to preach the sermon on this occasion. This gentleman was so grievously offended by it that he told his wife he had no desire to hear Jones again.

He absented himself for two weeks, and then tried again on a Sabbath morning. To his chagrin, Jones was once more the preacher. He became so deeply convicted that he could hardly reach his home. He went to his room and locked the door. His wife prepared dinner, and then called him.

“I don't want any dinner,” was his reply.

About five P. M. he began to shout the praises of God, and came out of his room a saved man.

In the evening he was at Church, and during the testimony-meeting just prior to the sermon he was among the first to speak. To the astonishment of preachers and people, he related what is here stated.

Our year's work aggregated about eight hundred conversions. During our meeting in the summer on the Canby Camp-ground, I was laid low with sickness, and unable to do any more work this year. It seemed as if our evangelistic work must close. I was made a supernumerary preacher at the next Conference on account of my feeble health, and Brother Sails was appointed pastor of our Church in McMinnville.

To my joy, this great affliction was lifted from me, and I started the year's campaign by assisting Brother Sails in a meeting on his charge.

Now he began to show serious signs of failing health. The doctor soon decided



T. L. JONES AND T. L. SAILS, EVANGELISTS.

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that the sickness was unto death, and he preached his last sermon during this meeting from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Our meeting closed, and I returned home for a few days of rest; then started for Seattle, my next engagement.

On my way to Seattle I called in to spend a few days with my dear Brother Sails, and was the messenger from his physician to tell him death was near.

"Brother Sails," I said, "the doctor says you have cancer of the stomach, and must die."

"All right, Brother Jones," he replied, "I'll be at the depot looking for you. Be sure and be loyal to God, and preach a whole gospel. Tell the people that Christ can save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

He proceeded to make arrangements for his funeral as deliberately as if he were planning for our next revival-meeting, suggesting the preachers who should take part, and the hymns to be sung.

“Now,” he said, “You go on to your appointment at Seattle, and when I die they will telegraph you. Take the early morning train and you will reach Portland at 11 A. M. They will take my body down on the noon train. You meet it at the depot and take it to the Centenary Church, and next morning you preach my funeral sermon. Bury me in Lone Fir Cemetery, and be sure to sing my favorite hymn at the grave, not omitting the stanza,

“ ‘Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I’ll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.’ ”

We had great meetings in Seattle, and in the midst of them the telegram came, and we carried out the program of my sainted friend as he had outlined.



REV. T. L. SAILS.

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CHAPTER XI.

BACK TO THE PASTORATE AND AFTER.

AT the Conference in 1887 my relation to that body was still “supernumerary,” and I continued in the evangelistic work.

When in the midst of a stirring revival in our Albina Church (which is now Central Church, Portland, Oregon), I received a telegram from home containing this intelligence, “Your wife has the small-pox. Come at once.” I went home, and was quarantined for two months, and my entire family was smitten with that malignant disease, small-pox.

All engagements were canceled. Just as we were becoming convalescent—for our Heavenly Father graciously spared us all—I received a communication from the presiding elder, stating that the pastor at Grant’s Pass had resigned his work,

having become much discouraged; would I take charge until Conference, and build a new church.

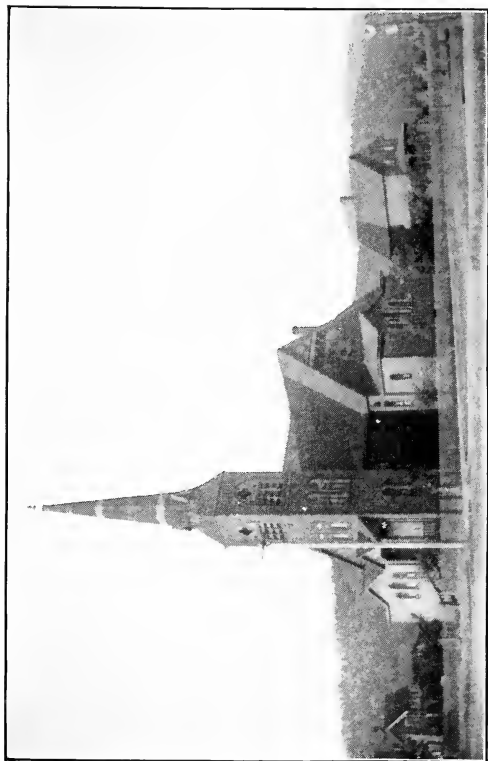
Many of my old friends were here, and some of those converted in our meetings on the Drains charge had taken up residence at Grant's Pass, among them Hon. R. A. Booth and Judge Benson.

I agreed to take the work, and so returned, after fourteen years' absence, to the scenes of my early ministry.

I began at once to raise money for the new church.

The people responded with splendid generosity to my solicitations, and before long our church was seen lifting its walls above the ground.

We hoped to finish it by Conference, but the sash and door factory burnt down and delayed us, so I must return for another year and finish the structure which we had begun. At this time I was made "effective," that is, since my relation to Conference was that of supernumerary, an action of Conference was necessary to



METHODIST CHURCH, GRANT'S PASS, OREGON.

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change it to effective, and my appointment was Grant's Pass.

We completed our beautiful church at a cost of nearly eight thousand dollars, and in 1890 entertained the Conference for the first time that it was ever held south of Roseburg.

At this Conference, after much debate, the Oregon Conference was divided into three, instead of two, districts as heretofore, and Bishop Newman insisted that I should become presiding elder of the new district. The members of my Church demurred, and the bishop had several meetings with the Official Board.

Finally, one member, who was in the Quarterly Conference which years before had given me my license to preach, said, "Bishop, we made Brother Jones, and we have a right to him."

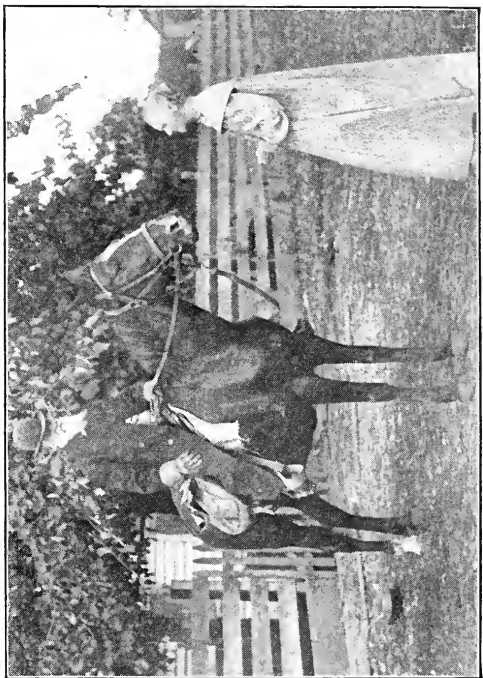
"If that be true," said the bishop, "You ought to allow me to promote him, and especially since his residence will continue to be among you." They at last consented.

My presiding elder's district extended over a vast territory, from the Pacific Ocean into Southeastern Oregon, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and one hundred more than this from north to south.

At one time I would find myself traveling along the beach, and in a few weeks upon the mountains eight thousand feet high; sometimes with buggy, again with hack and camping outfit, or on foot, I traveled this district for six years and one month, covering a distance of forty-eight thousand miles, preaching over a thousand times, and finding at the close twenty-six appointments, exactly double the number with which I began.

On one of my trips into Southeastern Oregon a local preacher accompanied me, and, going from Silver Lake to Sprague River in the early summer we lost our way. No wagon had passed over the road during the year.

On the last night of the month of May we camped on the mountain without food



OFF FOR A MONTH.

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or blankets. On the morning of the first day of June the ground was frozen hard enough to bear up the horses and hack. We drove forty-five miles before reaching a settlement. The rivers were full to their banks, and the Sprague is a very deep, narrow stream. We desired to cross it. The Indians had a raft, which was too small for horse and hack together, and by a rope stretched across the stream they pulled the raft over. With two Indians to assist us, we attempted to ferry ourselves across.

First we put on the hack, and the Indians and I took it across, putting it out on the bank, then they returned for Brother Downing and the team. He led the team on the raft, but they were not well balanced, and as soon as they loosed from the shore the raft began to sink at one corner. The swift current rushed over the raft and the horses slid down to the lower corner, and, along with one of the Indians, they went into the river. The horses swam to the bank, where I

awaited them, but the raft swept down the river with Brother Downing and the other Indian, who were utterly helpless.

Some Indians ran along the bank opposite to me and succeeded in throwing a rope to them with which they pulled themselves ashore.

On another occasion, when out on a tour through the same part of my district, my horses took fright and I lost control of them. They ran down a steep hill into a clump of trees. I knew they must strike somewhere, and all that was left me was to commit myself to my Heavenly Father for help. The last I remembered was, that the hack struck a tree.

I was thrown twenty-six feet, picked up unconscious, and was laid up for fourteen weeks. Such was my introduction to the presiding eldership.

CHAPTER XII.

CHRIST AMONG THE RED MEN.

DURING the year 1891, as presiding elder I visited for the first time the Klamath Indian Mission, climbing the rugged steeps of the Cascade Mountains, and crossing them at an altitude of about eight thousand feet, traveling with my own team a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

For a number of years there had been no Methodist missionary at the agency, but a few of these Indians, who had been converted many years before, were members of the Methodist Church.

I arranged to hold a camp-meeting among them, and we erected a rude pulpit under some pine-trees, gathered a congregation of nearly eight hundred Indians, and on Saturday held two services.

I had a good Christian Indian as an interpreter, but this being my first attempt

to preach by such means, it required a little practice before I felt at ease. But God graciously sustained me, and made powerful the preaching of his word.

The Sabbath was a beautiful summer morning, and large crowds gathered beneath the graceful pine-trees.

After the manner of Bishop Taylor, I presented first the law, taking as a text the Decalogue. Knowing that the Indian man is especially prone to idleness, I emphasized the "Six days shalt thou labor," and among other things said that many white people were not Christians because they were too lazy.

I invited those who desired to be Christians to rise to their feet, and scores of them accepted this invitation. Then I asked them to come to the front, and large numbers were soon prostrate and crying for mercy.

Around the altar petitions went up to our Father, first in English and then in the Indian tongue, and answers came in glorious conversions, as was soon proven



JESSE KIRK, INDIAN INTERPRETER, AND FAMILY.

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by the rejoicing of many of these simple children of nature. I requested my interpreter to make known to me what they were saying. Some cried out, "Praise the Lord," and others declared, "I love Jesus," while many testified that Christ had given them peace in believing. I explained to them the nature and obligations of baptism and Church membership, and then turned to my interpreter and said, "Do they understand?" He looked at me and replied, "They understand it as well as you do."

Then I said, "All who are going to lead a Christian life, and desire to be baptized, come forward."

One hundred and seventeen presented themselves for baptism.

After the morning service I took dinner with the government agent, and just as I was leaving the house for a walk in the open air, before conducting the afternoon service, a large Indian followed me, and cried in broken English, "O, I am so happy. I never heard such good

words before in my life. I do wish my wife had been here to-day. I will never lie no more, never steal no more, and I will work. Will I always be happy?"

At this question he paused for reply, and I said, "Yes, my brother, you are in the right line."

The following summer I visited them again, full of anxiety to know what spiritual development had resulted from the year's experience. At the Conference following the revival, I had sent them a missionary, so that some attention had been given to their religious training. To my great joy, I found a large number of them leading consistent Christian lives, and making excellent progress in the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

I was told of one who went up to the fort on a certain occasion, and while there he heard white men using profane language. He rebuked them.

"Do n't you swear?" they inquired.

"No."

“Did n’t you used to swear?”

“Yes.”

“When did you quit?”

“When I got religion.”

“When did you get religion?”

“At the time Elder Jones was out here holding his picnic.”

(The Indians call all outdoor meetings picnics.)

In the spring following the camp-meeting, a number of the Indians went over to Lost River to fish, and during the several weeks they were away none of them would fish on the Sabbath.

One Sunday, while they were sitting around the camp-fire, a peddler came along selling handkerchiefs, cheap jewelry, and other trinkets. He desired to trade with the Indians, but they said, “No, thank you; this is the Sabbath.”

“But,” said the peddler, “that makes no difference; every one around here trades on Sunday.”

They replied, “We belong to the Meth-

odist Church, and do not trade on Sunday, but would like to trade with you some other day."

The civilized white man responded, "Unless you trade to-day, I shall go on and not return to your camp."

"All right," they said, "you may go."

He went three miles up the river to a place where a number of white people were fishing, and finding no religious scruples in such enlightened company, he did business with them on the Lord's-day, and returned on the Monday to trade with the simple Red men.

Many of the young men and maidens in the government school were among the converts, and one of these was a full-bred Klamath Indian girl, sixteen years of age. She graduated soon after the revival, and was married to a good Christian Indian.

In the year 1894, on one of my tours in that country, I was suddenly seized with typhoid fever, and lay for several weeks at the home of our missionary.

This Christian girl and her husband lived near the house, and she came to see me every day, and was very anxious that I should recover. One day she came in when the doctor (my traveling companion, who nursed me during my sickness) happened to be out, and approaching my bedside said, "O Brother Jones, is there anything I can do for you?" "No, Sinda, I guess not," I replied.

"O, I wish I could do something for you."

"I guess not," I repeated.

But she persisted in expressing her desire to be of service to me. Finally, I said, "Well, you may pray for me."

I meant that she might remember me in her prayers, but immediately she knelt down and poured out her soul in prayer for me. She told the Lord that I had been very kind to them; that when they had nobody to tell them of Jesus, I came, and then afterwards sent them a missionary, and that the Indians loved me.

How it touched my heart to think that


this one-time heathen girl should be at my bedside praying for my recovery. She is to-day a noble Christian woman. What flowers of grace spring up in most unlikely places when God's Spirit is honored by Christian workers!

Another of these people came to see me while I was sick, and asked if he could not bring me something for my comfort. I could not eat, but he insisted that he would bring me some fish, although he lived thirteen miles away.

He went home, crossed a lake about six miles wide in his canoe, caught some trout, and returned with them for me. "Brother Jones," he said, "we hope you can eat some of these. My wife wanted to come and see you, but she was out fishing with me all last night, and was too tired. But my wife prays for you, Brother Jones, and we hope you will get well."

Dear, simple children of the wild hunting-ground, how dare they slander you by saying that the only good Indian is a

CHRIST AMONG THE RED MEN.



dead one! Grace, grace, will elevate any race of people, while any other means without it will leave foul marks of degradation.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MARRIAGE AMONG THE RED MEN.

IN the fall of 1893 my wife accompanied me on one of my tours through the part of my district which included the Indian settlement, and we stopped at the agency to hold a service.

Here was employed a bright Indian girl as laundress. She had been converted in our camp-meeting. Her name was Irene Johnson.

In the afternoon we were sitting in the parlor. Irene was one of our company, and an Indian young man came in. It was soon evident that he and Irene understood each other.

After a pause in our conversation the agent said, "Brother Jones, when will you be back here?"

I looked at my program, and replied, "On the 17th of October, if not delayed

by snowstorms. I have about three hundred miles to drive, but if all connections can be made I shall be here then."

"Well," he continued, "Jim and Irene here want you to marry them when you come back." The girl dropped her head and perhaps blushed, but her complexion could easily hide such evidence of emotion.

Next day my wife and I went on our way. Snowstorms came on, and we camped out with our little tent in nine inches of snow, but we carried out our program, and on our return, when within about ten miles from the agency, we saw an Indian horseman on a high point of the hill. When we came up it proved to be the young man, Jim Sconshon.

"Hello, Jim," I said.

"Hello, Brother Jones," he responded, "I am glad to see you. I was afraid you would not get back, and I came out to see."

"Yes, Jim, I am on hand."

As we parted, Jim said, I'll be over,

after awhile," and we went on to the agency.

Indians came in from all directions. I was announced to preach in the evening, and the marriage was to take place after the sermon.

Jim came over to the agency some time before evening, and while there the agent said to him, "Well, Jim, you are going to get married like a white man, and get a wife that keeps house like a white woman, and you ought to pay the preacher like a white man."

"What! Pay the preacher?" said Jim.

"Yes," replied the agent, "I paid the preacher for marrying me; Brother Jones paid the preacher for marrying him; and that is the way we do."

"I did not know that," said Jim, "but if that's right, I'll do it. How much ought I to pay him?"

"Well," responded the agent, "I think you ought to give Brother Jones a horse, and then give me one."

"All right; if that's right I'll do it."

After more banter and much laughter, the agent said, "No, Jim, I don't want a horse, but I think you ought to give Brother Jones one."

After awhile he moved his chair over by me, and said, "Brother Jones, I'll give you a horse."

"No, no, Jim," I replied, "the agent is joking."

"Yes, but I think I shall feel better if I give you one."

"How many horses have you?"

"About one hundred."

"All right," I said, "if you have one hundred horses, and desire to give me one you may do so."

"I shall have to give you a wild one."

"But I can not do anything with a wild horse."

"Well, I have only three gentle horses. I can not spare my team, and I want to sell the other for cash, so that I can only give you a wild one."

"Never mind it, Jim; I don't want one."

This seemed to trouble him, and he gave himself to thought. Suddenly his face brightened, and he said, I'll tell you what I will do—I'll keep the horse for you this winter, and break it, and next summer you can get it."

"All right," was my reply.

The church was crowded in the evening. After the sermon, the bride and bridegroom came to the platform. She was dressed in white. Using the beautiful ritual of our Church, I pronounced them husband and wife, and then introduced them to the audience as Mr. and Mrs. Sconshon.

When the young women came up to congratulate Irene, what weeping! She was a great favorite among them, and, notwithstanding her happiness, they were loath to see her go from among them.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and at about eleven o'clock Jim said, "Well, it is time to go home."

He was the owner of a good ranch which was about five miles away, and he

had fitted up a house for the reception of his bride.

The agent told the boys to bring around the horses and hack to the gate. Jim helped his bride into the hack, and, addressing me, said, "Brother Jones, next summer when you come over, be sure to come and see us."

I said, "I surely will," and he drove off with his wife.

I thought, "What a blessing is Christianity to this people!" Jim was the nephew of the old man Sconshon, who was executed on the gallows with Captain Jack and Scarfaced Charlie for murdering General Canby and our own dear Dr. Thomas, under a flag of truce.

Next summer I received my pony.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOUNTAIN MUD.

TRAVELING the immense territory of my district, I would sometimes go from my home by railroad for one hundred and forty miles, take the stage for thirty-six miles to the head of navigation on the Umqua, go by boat to the mouth of the river, and then by stage up and down one hundred and fifty miles of the Pacific Ocean beach, returning by the Coquille River to the head of navigation, then by stage sixty miles across the mountains to the railroad.

During my trip of 1894, on reaching the head of navigation on the Coquille River, I found that the roads were impassable for vehicles, so the stage had been taken off, and they were carrying the mail upon pack-horses. I saw no alternative only to walk the sixty miles

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across the mountains, and, with my valise upon my back, I started out.

The first day's journey was only twelve miles, but the second day I must travel twenty. The mountain was rugged, the mud in some places almost to my knees, and the forest so dense that I was compelled to keep to the road.

I started at dawn, intending to reach "Twelve-mile House" for dinner. Toward noon I ascended the elevation from which the house should have been visible, when, to my surprise, I could not find it. I soon discovered that it had been burned down. Looking about I noticed signs of life at the barn. Approaching, I rapped on the side of the building with a stick, when a man with a heavy, unkempt beard, long hair, slouch hat on one side of his head, and dirty, short pipe in his mouth, came around the corner.

"Good-morning," I said.

"How are you, sir," he responded.

"Do you live here?"

“ Yes.”

I saw at once that this was not the man who kept the hotel the year before.

“ Your house burnt up,” I continued.

“ Yes.”

“ Are you living in the barn ?”

“ Yes.”

“ What chance is there of getting something to eat ?”

“ A poor chance.”

“ Have n't you got anything ?”

“ Not much.”

“ Well, I want something, if you have it.”

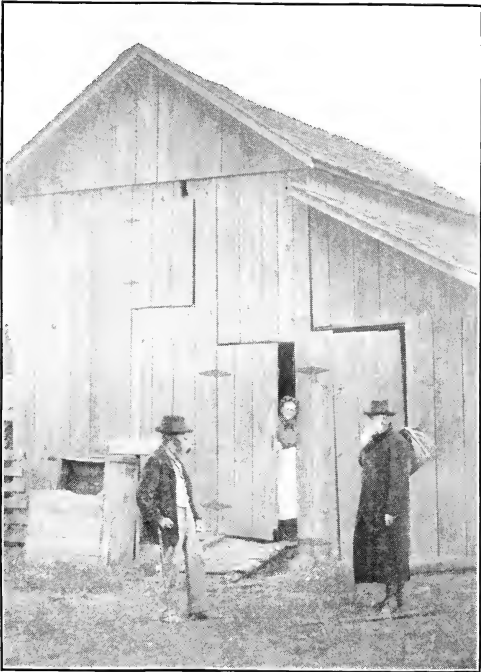
“ I guess you can not get it here.”

“ See here, I am no tramp, and I am hungry. I am ready to pay for what I get. It is eight miles to the next house, and I am afraid can not make it. Sir, if you have anything to eat I want it.”

“ Well, 'll see the old woman.”

Immediately he called out, “ Old woman ; old woman.”

With that a woman's head projected



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from an opening in the side of the building. Addressing this, the man continued, "Here is a man who says he is hungry, and won't go on until he gets something to eat. Can you give him something?"

"Yes," came from the opening, "if he can eat what we can."

"I can eat anything," I said."

He led me to the humble dwelling in which he and his wife and six children were staying. The sawmill was ten miles away, the roads impassable, hence he could not rebuild for some time.

While they were relating to me their misfortunes, one of the little boys suddenly exclaimed, "Listen, I hear the dogs."

His brother, about fourteen, sprang to his feet, seized his gun, and ran out. We heard him shoot, and when we followed him out we found a beautiful two-year-old deer. The dogs had run it down from the mountain, and as it came by the house the boy shot it in the head.

We gathered round the deer, and I said, "I guess we shall have something to eat; the Lord always provides."

The stranger looked up into my face inquisitively, and I said, "I am a Methodist preacher."

"You are?"

"Yes, my name is Jones."

"It is?"

"Yes, I am a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"You are?"

Of course, with mud up to my knees, and a generally bespattered condition, there was little in my external appearance to indicate the preacher."

We dressed the deer. The woman fried some of it, baked bread in a frying-pan, boiled potatoes in their "jackets," made coffee, and we sat down to a sumptuous meal.

I settled my account, although the man did not wish to take any compensation, and started for the next dwelling. The rain was pouring down in torrents.

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Late in the afternoon I came to a place where the bluff reached down to the river, and to my left was a cave, into which I turned for shelter and rest. Somebody had camped there previously. With the chips and dry wood found here I made a fire, opened my valise, took out my Bible and read the Sermon on the Mount. Then I opened my hymn-book, and the first song I looked upon was, "A rock in a weary land, a shelter in the time of storm." This little revival refreshed me for the remainder of my journey.

As the day wore on the tall fir-trees—many of which shot up stately columns of two hundred feet—shut out the light and seemed to suggest sunset long before its time. Mud, mud, everywhere, so that my rate of progress diminished at almost every step, and I became very tired. Suddenly I heard behind me a splash, splash, and looking round, saw a horse-man approaching.

When he came up he said, "Mister, you look tired."

“Yes, I am.”

“You had better ride.”

Without turning my head, I replied,
“No, you can not walk in this mud.”

By this time he was along side of me.
“Yes, I can,” he replied, “I have boots on.”

Then turning to me, he sprang from his horse, exclaiming, “Why, this is Brother Jones.”

“Yes, but who are you?”

He then made himself known—a man I had not seen for fourteen years.

He inquired as he assisted me into the saddle, “What are you doing out here?”

“Holding quarterly-meetings.”

“Quarterly-meetings! And only a house in twenty miles!”

“I have been holding the meetings on the coast, and am trying now to reach the railroad.”

When we came to the creek near the hotel, I waded through almost to the waist, to wash off the mud; then I passed into the hotel, and attempted to dry the

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wet clothes before the fire. We took supper in true mountain style, bacon and beans, hot biscuit and coffee; then to bed upon a straw mat, and next morning at daylight, I went on my way rejoicing, notwithstanding blistered feet. Indeed, I exclaimed from the heart, "How happy to work for God!"

Removing my boots on reaching the place of the next Quarterly Conference, ten miles away from the railroad, I found it impossible to put them on again, and was so stiff and sore that the services had to be conducted in the undignified posture of sitting in a chair. The slippers I wore were so ample that one got away from me while preaching. But we had good spiritual services.

I reached home in safety after an absence of six weeks.

CHAPTER XV.

SOWING AND REAPING.

IN the month of June, 1893, I made a tour, as presiding elder, through Southeastern Oregon and Northern California.

The young pastor had arranged for me to preach one evening at a schoolhouse in California, which I reached just in time for the service. I had never been there before, nor have I since had occasion to return. It was a surprise to me that the house should be full of people on a Tuesday evening, and in a sparsely settled country.

I had fully made up my mind to preach on a certain subject, but when I entered the house it seemed to leave me entirely. Of course, I did not know the people, yet while they were singing the opening hymn I was impressed by the

Spirit "to whom all hearts are known," that I ought to preach on repentance. I did so. The congregation was very attentive, and I had a good time preaching.

After the meeting I drove seven miles to stay the remainder of the night, and the next day went on my way to other appointments.

In October, 1895, I was in Southern Oregon again, and held a quarterly-meeting at Lake View, on a Saturday and Sunday. Then the pastor had arranged for me to preach at New Pine Creek, fifteen miles from Lake View, on the Monday, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Here we had a good congregation and much interest. The Holy Spirit came upon us, and I invited seekers to the altar. Many responded and were converted. The pastor was not an ordained minister, nor was there one within a hundred miles, and since I should not return for nearly a year, it was necessary for me to baptize the converts.

Some of them desired to be immersed. We went to the lake, about four miles distant, and there I immersed them. Among the number were a husband and his wife.

Another service was announced for eight o'clock in the evening. Darkness was approaching when we reached our place of entertainment for some refreshment between the services. This man and his wife took tea with us, and when we were preparing to go to the little chapel he said to me, "Brother Jones, you do not know me, do you?"

"I have no recollection of ever having seen you until this afternoon," I replied.

"Do you remember the night that you preached at the Flat Schoolhouse, a year ago last June?" he asked.

I answered, "I do."

"I was there," he said. "I had come over to visit some of my friends, and went to hear you preach. That night I was convicted, and saw myself a sinner as I had never done before. I returned to my home. There was no preacher in

all our country, and I have been under conviction all these months. I heard that you were to preach here to-day, and I drove eighty miles to hear you. Now, wife and I are converted and we shall go home happy. If you ever come through our country, come and see us."

That night we had a Pentecost. Fourteen were converted. How I longed to stay a few days with them, but my appointments were announced, and early the next morning I was on the road.

I traveled forty-five miles that day, and camped on a mountain where the ice froze an inch thick in my tent.

The next year I went through the valley where these friends lived and enjoyed a good visit with them; they came twenty-two miles to a little schoolhouse to listen again to the preaching of the Word.

CHAPTER XVI.

OCEAN SPRAY.

IN the year 1894, I received a letter from the pastor at Florence, a town at the mouth of the Siuslaw River, stating that some matters there demanded my personal attention. Being a young and inexperienced minister, he did not know how to deal with some difficulties which had arisen.

It was midwinter. The place was more than two hundred miles from my home, but duty must be done. I traveled nearly one hundred and fifty miles on the railroad, to Drain, expecting to take the stage there for Scotsburg, thirty-six miles away, on the Umpqua River. To my disappointment, the stage had broken down and I was compelled to walk.

I made the trip to Scotsburg through mud and snow (there was a heavy snow-storm that day), then down the river to

its mouth, below Gardiner, on a little steamer.

Here I took a stage, driven by an old man who had had charge of it for more than thirty years. He had an Indian woman for a wife, and they have a dozen or more children. His stage was an open wagon, without any cover, and the only seat, a narrow board across the bed of the wagon, having no back nor cushion.

His route extended along the beach for twenty miles, between the mouths of the Umpqua and Siuslaw Rivers. In the summer it is a delightful drive; the beach is as smooth as a floor; sometimes we are in the surf up to the wagon bed, and sometimes out in the dry sand; masses of emerald water are incessantly rolling in, curling into white crests and dashing themselves upon the sand and making rainbows of their spray in the sunshine.

If one would travel on the beach he must submit to be governed by the tide, and on this occasion the stage driver informed me that we must leave at mid-

night. But, as I said, the tide, not the weather, must be obeyed.

I preached at Florence that evening, and then had to cross the bay, which is nearly a mile wide. The night was dark, and the pastor, who was to row me across, was not much of a boatman. When we pulled off from shore the wind was blowing a gale, the white caps were rolling, and it was so dark that we lost our bearing and drifted up the bay about a mile. Fortunately was it that we did not drift down, for then our frail boat would have been dashed to pieces.

At last, with much effort, we reached the place where I was to meet one of the half-breed children, who was to take me in another boat to the stage barn. I waited. The pastor had gone to his home. I was alone. The rain and sleet were driven by a hurricane which almost blew me into the bay. There comes a lantern moving down the mountain toward me. When it came within hailing distance I shouted, "Who's there?"

The boy replied, "It is me," and then added, "the boat is swamped, and you will have to walk over the mountain to the barn."

We climbed the mountain, the boy leading with his lantern, and I following close behind. The trail was narrow, and when we started down the mountain we had to walk in a liberal stream of water. Suddenly my feet slipped from under me and I fell, with my back in the stream. Of course, I was soaked from head to foot. But here we are at the barn.

"This is a rough night, Mr. Jones," said the driver.

"Yes," I replied.

"I could not get the wagon up the beach," he continued. "I had to leave it down, two or three miles from here. Can you ride a horse?"

"I can do anything any other man can do," I answered.

So he mounted one horse, with the lantern in his hand. The boy assisted me on to the other horse, which had no

saddle, no blanket, and only a piece of baling rope for bridle rein. I had my valise in one hand, and held on to the horse's mane with the other.


In some places the sandbank was two hundred feet high, and the beach was so narrow that the horses would be in the water up to their sides. The rain and sleet blew in my face until it almost bled. Finally we reached the wagon, and I held the lantern until the old man put on what he called his harness. Here it was tied with a bit of rope, there with a piece of wire: I quietly appreciated the smooth, hard sandy beach as a road for driving. After a while we start for our twenty miles of a drive.

What now? We have come to a standstill with a jerk. The horses could neither go forward nor backward. We got out to see what blocked our path, and found a large log covered with sand; it had a limb as large as a stove-pipe, with a fork to it. The front axle had dropped into this fork. We hunted around in the



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storm for a pole, and at last pried up the wagon, the horses pulled it out, and down the beach we went. At times the wind would drive the spray of the breakers over us in sheets, until we were drenched through again and again.

When we reached the landing at the Umpqua, the little steamer had not come. The driver left me there with another of his boys, to wait for the boat. I walked up and down the beach to keep from freezing.

When it arrived, the boy took me out to the steamer in a small boat. We reached Gardiner by daylight, and after a liberal meal and a good sleep, it was my pleasure to preach again in the evening.

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