

From Sunrise to Sunset

REMINISCENCE



By FRANK RICHARDSON

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FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET
REMINISCENCE



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SIX

FROM
Sunrise to Sunset

REMINISCENCE



By
FRANK RICHARDSON

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INTRODUCTION



OMETIME since Brother Burrow sent me a polite and rather pressing invitation to write some reminiscence for publication in the *Midland Methodist*. I appreciated the compliment, and felt inclined to comply with the request; but about the time I got ready to begin, Dr. Sullins appeared with his first installment. I doubted whether the Editor would want two series of that kind running in his paper at the same time, and wrote to know. He answered: "By all means send on yours at once." So I concluded to wait till Dr. Sullins got a good start, and fall in behind and glean after him. But he is cutting so close that I fear I shall not get many armfuls of sheaves. My, isn't he getting up some good reading? I could hear the sound of the trumpet and the singing and shouting of the hosts of Israel at that camp meeting.

I shall write of men and measures and movements as I saw them. I shall try to be natural and truthful, suppressing prejudice and partiality as far as my liberal supply of human nature will permit. I shall not confine myself to great people and great events; for common people and common events are much more numerous, and besides I like the common people better. Neither shall I write only of comely things, for as I went along both the introspect and the outlook revealed many things uncomely. There have been rough places and rough men, as well as smooth places and smooth men, dark scenes as well as bright scenes. The thread of the narrative will not be straight; for the path traveled has been crooked, and sometimes zigzag. If we follow faithfully the old pathway, it will be up and down, right and left, rough and smooth, dark and bright.

The Lord has been the Leader, but the following has been very imperfect. A stubborn will and perverse nature have

Introduction

been very much in the way. I have essayed to do the planning and mark out the way, but He has often altered the plan and changed the course. He has always been infinitely wise and good. Many of the best expressions of His love have been made when He crossed my will, thwarted my plans, and turned me into an unseen path.

I may be tempted to linger longer than seemeth meet in the morning of life; for the morning is the brightest and freshest part of the day, and the best remembered when the evening comes on. The old man lives in the past, and the farther back the more vivid and intense the life. To him the events of boyhood are present verities, and he dwells upon them till he becomes a child again.

I find that I shall have much need of the first personal pronoun. You are not therefore to jump to the conclusion that I am a "Big Ike." I shall write more about myself than about any one else, for I know myself better than I know any one else or than any one else knows me. Besides, I shall look at men and events through my eyes, and write about them from the standpoint of self; I shall try to be direct and terse. It will be I, I, I all the time.

If the *Midland* readers and I can get up a mutual interest and sympathy, we may have a pleasant stroll together through the old paths. Let us shake hands and be friends.

" 'Twas not the soft magie of streamlet or hill,
O, no! It was something more exquisite still—
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

Fraternally,
Frank Richardson.

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I

NATIVITY

“What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt?
Unknown history,
Unfathomed mystery;
Yet he chuckles and crows and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx.”



WAS born at Jacksboro, Tennessee, February 14, 1831. Jacksboro was a new little village, lying in the beautiful Powell's Valley, where the shadows of the majestic Cumberland Mountain fell upon it as the sun went down the western sky. It was the county seat of Campbell County. It had very little to boast of, except its picturesque location. There were about a dozen dwelling houses, a courthouse, jail, and schoolhouse, but no church.

The courthouse and jail were made of stone, and the schoolhouse of wood. The style of architecture was quite primitive. The house in which I was born was a double two-story log house, with two rooms and a hall below and three rooms above. There was a front porch the full length of the house, and a porch and a kitchen attached to the rear. There was a huge chimney, made of dressed limestone, at each end of the house, which, with the considerable underpinning of the same material, cost as much, I suppose, as the remainder of the building. This was according to the fashion of the times. Often a cabin would have a chimney attached worth more than the cabin itself. The dear old house still stands near the middle of the little town. It has been improved and rubbed up till it suffers nothing by comparison with the houses around it. How many sweet and hallowed memories are associated with it.

From Sunrise to Sunset

While there was no church, there was preaching, first in the dwelling houses and later in the schoolhouse. The Methodists came first, and close behind them the Baptists. My mother was for some time the only member of any Church in town.

The society was the pick of a rude backwoods population, composed of the county officials and a few enterprising young business and professional men and their families, who had located there to grow up with the country. My father was a merchant, and kept his store in one room of his dwelling.

Drinking, cock-fighting, shooting matches, horse-racing, and other forms of dissipation were common. Of course, there were frequent fights; but it was simple fisticuff, without the use of any weapons. The man who would use any kind of a weapon in a fight was pronounced a coward and hooted out of society. Almost invariably, after a fight, the participants would make up, shake hands, and be as good friends as if they had never had a difficulty.

They were a rough, wild, backwoods people, yet they had many noble traits of character. They lived in the sunshine. Long faces were unknown. They were a rollicking, jolly set, always ready for fun and frolic. Underneath this light-heartedness there was a substratum of more substantial qualities. Their love of truth and honesty and their generosity and hospitality were worthy of all praise. In these respects they would not suffer by comparison with many who are the product of a boasted civilization. I do not decry the refinement and polish of our twentieth century civilization; but these are surface qualities, and often hide an inner deformity. When they embellish a substantial character of integrity and benevolence, they are valuable; otherwise, they are a simple mirage.

Amid these scenes and associations I was born and brought up. Of course conditions were constantly modified and improved as I grew to manhood. I was a genuine, boyish boy, overflowing with vitality and full of fun and frolic. I was an unsophisticated fellow. My parents were not foolish enough to believe that I needed to be fortified against the falsehood,

Nativity

deception, and general meanness found, more or less, in human society everywhere. I went forth from home with an unbounded faith in God and man. The result was that I was an easy prey to the wiles of the shrewd, politic boy. He often took my paws to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire. The following is a sample: My uncle, who lived in the same village, had a large watermelon in his garden, which was in full view of the street. I fell in with some rude boys, who persuaded me to go in and pull the watermelon and bring it out to them. In my innocence I did so. Mother found it out, and gave me a drubbing never to be forgotten. You laugh at my simplicity; but it was much better than the selfishness and shrewdness of the other boys, which induced them to take advantage of it.

Later I will try to tell you how that the grace of God, through the influences of a happy, Christian home, saved me measurably from the evil influences which were so rife about me, in spite of my impressible nature.

II

ANCESTORS

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."



AM sure that the gaits are worth more than the pedigree, but there is something in the blood. My ancestors were not renowned men and women, but people of good, substantial character. As a whole, they belonged to that virtuous middle class, whose broad shoulders are the props of society. Of course there are grades of character among my relations, some better than others. Now and then there falls out a scrub, but I have always recognized the relationship. I never go back on my kin. Both my father and my grandfather were named William. My grandfather Richardson lived at the Clark place, on the creek below Cedarville, in Washington County, Va. He was an honest, industrious, substantial farmer, and a zealous Methodist class leader. When my father was eleven years old, he moved to McMinn County, Tenn., and settled on Roger's Creek, where he lived till the end, and where his dust now sleeps. My mother was the daughter of William McHenry, and was born and reared in Claiborne County, Tenn., near Cumberland Gap. Her mother was Judith Poston, and she was reared at the Broad Ford, in Smyth County, Va. My paternal grandmother's maiden name was Crabtree, and she was a relative of Job Crabtree, of whom Dr. Price speaks in his "History of Holston Methodism." The most distinguished man among my ancestors, so far as I know them, is Barnabas McHenry, my mother's uncle, and he is the only preacher among them. None of my boys seem inclined to the ministry,



THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, MOTHER AND BROTHER

Ancestors

so that my priesthood, like that of Melchisedec, seems likely to be "without beginning of days or end of life," unless some of my later posterity should take to preaching.

My father was five feet, eleven inches high, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. He had a fair complexion, dark hair, mild, blue eyes, and a pleasant countenance. He was noted for an even temper and affable disposition. He had a good mind and a good, practical, business education. He was industrious and capable in business, and accumulated some money, most of which the War between the States and the unfortunate purchase of land with defective title deprived him of in the evening of his days. While he was a firm believer in the Christian religion, strictly moral, and a good friend of the Church, he never professed religion and joined the Church till he was thirty-five years old. He was timid and not gifted in speech, and was not active in Church work, except as steward; but he was an exemplary, happy Christian.

My mother was of a medium stature, slender build, clear complexion, hazel eyes, high forehead, dark hair, and a bright speaking face. She was a handsome woman. She had a bright mind, was well educated for her times, and had a quick temper and an impulsive disposition. She was a joyous, happy Christian and an enthusiastic Church worker. She was the first member of her father's family who became a Christian. Her conversion was peculiar. At the age of sixteen, her father, who was irreligious and worldly, insisted on her attending a dancing school, which she was disinclined to do, having very serious religious impressions. She went, however, in obedience to her father's wish, and there she met Elizabeth Gibson, from Lee County, Va. They became intimate, and soon found that they were like minded on the subject of religion, and both belonged to godless, worldly families. They often conversed on the subject, and finally pledged each other that they would never dance again after they left that school, and that they would seek till they found the pearl of great price. They kept that pledge. Miss Gibson was soon converted, and afterwards became the wife of William Ball, of Rose Hill,

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Lee County, Va., and I doubt if Holston Conference has ever had within her bounds a more faithful, energetic, useful, and happy Christian woman than "Aunt Betsie Ball."

Mother sought religion faithfully for years before she obtained the peace of God. When she did obtain pardon, her conversion was what the old Methodists use to call "a powerful conversion." It was a conscious and sudden passage from nature's darkness unto the marvelous light and liberty of the children of God. Her joy was inexpressible and full of glory. She made the welkin ring with her shouts of praise. She was ever a shouting Methodist, and at the end she went shouting over the dark river into the land of light and love. It always thrilled me with delight to hear mother shout. Some of these days I expect to hear her shout again amid the splendors of the New Jerusalem.

III

THE HOME

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home."



HAVE told you what kind of a house we lived in, but the house is not the home. The furniture, like the house, was rather rough, but substantial and comfortable. But a well-furnished house does not constitute a home any more than a well-formed, healthy body constitutes a man; the spirit is essential. The intellectual, moral, and religious atmosphere determines the character of a home. I have seen a happy home in a cottage, even in a cabin, whose spiritual warmth and comfort inspired peace and contentment; and I have entered a house with luxurious appointments, the atmosphere of which was cold and the tone and spirit repellent. Money can buy many of the comforts of life, and they are not to be despised, but money cannot build or buy a home. There must be the tenderness and sympathy of love and the confidence of integrity and their resultant peace and contentment.

Intellectually, I suppose our home was an average. Father and mother were both given to reading, and took pains to inspire their children with a taste for good reading. When I can first remember, they had a small library, consisting of standard Methodist works, some historic and miscellaneous books, and a few works of fiction. Among the books of my boyhood reading was the "Scottish Chiefs," which I devoured with avidity. They added to their library annually, buying mostly from the Methodist itinerants, all of whom were colporteurs. Their books were select and substantial. Father subscribed for the Nashville Christian Advocate when it was the Southwestern Christian Advocate and edited by Thomas Stringfield. I have been a regular reader of that

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paper ever since my boyhood, and you will not be surprised that I am deeply interested in its welfare, and delighted with its recent great improvement. Father also became an early subscriber to the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. I suppose he was induced to take that paper because he and Dr. McAnnally were intimately associated in their young manhood. Dr. McAnnally's father performed the marriage ceremony when my father and mother were married. I fell in love with the contributions of E. M. Martin, who was a regular contributor to the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. His simple, luminous style and the glow of his tender, religious spirit charmed me. So I am debtor to Bishop Marvin, though I never had the pleasure of meeting him.

Ours was a religious home. The spirit of the religion of Jesus dominated the life. The Bible was the book of books. We had family worship morning and evening, consisting of the reading of a Scripture lesson, with an occasional comment on it, the singing of a hymn, all standing and all joining in, and a prayer, all devoutly kneeling.

The trend of things, as a whole, now is upward, so that this is justly styled an age of progress; but not every change that has been made, or is being made, is an improvement. In some things the past was better than the present. I shall point out such things when my judgment reveals them, notwithstanding I am aware that to the thoughtless multitude, and especially to the young spirit, who imagines that he is marching at the head of the column of progress and bearing aloft the banner of improvement, it will be a sufficient answer to anything of that kind to call me an old fogy.

There has been a sad decline among us in the matter of family worship, resulting in a serious loss to the Church in spiritual life. The per cent. of Methodist homes in which there is family worship now is much smaller than it was sixty years ago. Now, in most homes where there is family worship, it occurs once a day; then the invariable rule was twice a day. Now, the singing is almost entirely omitted, and in very many cases the worship is hurried through in a perfunctory style.

The Home

The worship, when it is held at all, is not so well calculated now as then to mold the characters and shape the lives of the children, nor to furnish them a sweet memory of life under the paternal roof through all their future years.

When father was absent, mother held prayers. I shall never forget one event connected with our family worship. Father had a bachelor brother, who lived with us. He was a lawyer, and a kind of local politician. The hotel accommodations of the village were meager, and visitors often found lodging in private houses. Once, when father was absent from home, my uncle invited two distinguished gentlemen, candidates for office, to spend the night with us. As bed time came on I noticed that mother had some unusual weight on her mind. Lad as I was, I discerned what it was—that it was the anticipation of holding prayers in the presence of our distinguished guests, which, of course, was a heavy cross to a timid woman. My sympathies were all stirred, and I became intensely anxious for the result. After a while mother went to the foot of the stairs and called, “David!” I can hear that soft, sweet voice now. My uncle came to the top of the stairs, and she said: “Please tell the gentlemen that we are going to have our accustomed family prayers now, and they can use their pleasure about joining us. We will be glad to have them if they prefer it.” Presently uncle and the guests came down, and we were all seated in the family room. Mother read her Scripture lesson, announced her hymn, and began to sing it. My uncle, who was a fine singer, joined in, as did one of the guests. The hymn ended, we all knelt, and mother prayed, praying especially for the absent husband and the strangers under our roof. It was a hallowed scene. The unction of the Divine Presence was on it all. To me there is no sweeter memory of all the past than that of the family prayers around the paternal hearthstone.

Mother was a fine singer, and she delighted in the songs of Zion. Often, when about her domestic affairs, she would fill all the house with the sweet melody of some good religious song.

From Sunrise to Sunset

One of the earliest recollections of my childhood is of mother taking me into a small upper room, where she was accustomed to go for meditation and prayer. There she would read the Scriptures to me and explain them so that I might understand them, and then kneel and pray with me. These hallowed scenes are still written on the memory and stamped on the heart.

Now you see how it was that amid all the wild scenes of the rough life of the times I was measurably saved from the temptations which were so numerous and varied, and kept from scandalous vices. I am ashamed to say that I was often sorely tried. Much of the dissipation of the times was mixed with amusement, and of such a character as to captivate an impressible boy of ardent temperament. I was often drawn toward them, and sometimes felt the restraint of parental authority and religious obligation to be irksome. But when I went into the home and felt its sweet spell upon me, and joined in the devout worship, I was enabled to shake off the enchantment of sinful amusement and dissipation, and my young heart was reattached to the true life, and my young feet steadied on the better way.

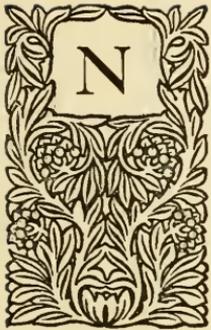


BIRTHPLACE IN JACKSBORO, TENN.

IV

PIONEER PREACHERS

“Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.”



O more heroic band of men ever lived than the early Methodist itinerants of the United States. Their unselfish devotion to the cause of their Master has never been excelled. They endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and counted not their lives dear that they might serve him and build up his kingdom. They were the pioneers of our civilization. Eternity will probably reveal the fact that they did more to lay the foundations of our social, civil, and religious institutions than any other class of men. The extent and influence of their heroic toil will never receive proper recognition in this world, but their record is on high.

They were the first to bring the Gospel to the hardy pioneers of my native section. Tradition gives John Craig the honor of first preaching the Gospel in my native village. He is said to have been a man of robust mind, without the polish of a general education, but thoroughly versed in the Bible, and a very forcible preacher. He was full of good humor, and somewhat eccentric in his modes of thought and action. When I was a boy I heard many anecdotes of him, one of which is given: His ministry antedated any public buildings in the village, and he therefore preached in private houses as opportunity was afforded. On one occasion he had an appointment to preach in the house of Mr. Mason, the tailor. Mrs. Mason's floor, like those of her neighbors, was without a carpet, but she had scoured it till it was immaculate. When Brother Craig arose

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to preach, he asked if any gentleman present had some tobacco. A specimen of the pioneer dude, who was always self-conscious and always seeking to show himself, jumped up immediately and presented a large chunk. Brother Craig turned away with the utmost disgust pictured on his face, and hissed through his teeth: "No, I thank you. I don't use the filthy stuff. I just wanted to say to any one who does not to spit on this nice floor." The little congregation broke into a chuckle of glee, and there was no spitting on the floor.

Our home was always the home of Methodist preachers, and no more hearty welcome was ever given to any guests. Their presence and influence was always regarded as compensation, over and again, for any trouble and expense of their entertainment. They were among the most intelligent men of their times, and were very affable and companionable in private circles, however dignified and stiff they might be in their public ministrations. They were fond of children, and cultivated them assiduously, that they might win them to their Master. Seeing how high an estimate my parents placed on them, I soon learned to love them.

My earliest recollection of a Methodist preacher is of Raphael W. Patty, who was for many years a leading member of the Holston Conference. After the war he joined the M. E. Church, which his friends thought was an unnatural alliance. But before his death he returned to his first love, and attached himself to the M. E. Church, South. Brother Patty was a fine preacher and a pleasant gentleman. He was always a favorite in our family.

When I was quite a little boy Uncle George Ekin was our preacher, and often in our home. He was a charming guest, with all his eccentricities. He had a great, sympathetic heart and a most benignant face. I was attracted toward him, but he took more control of me than I liked. The old preachers often helped the busy housewives keep the children straight. My sentiments toward Father Ekin were mixed. I both loved and feared him. An incident will illustrate his attitude toward the children of his people. When he was on our circuit,

Pioneer Preachers

we were worshipping in the academy. The preachers had their table beside the door, and sat there, so that the congregation went in by them. On one occasion they had a quarterly meeting, and there were several preachers present. On Sunday morning the house was packed, and, as was the custom, the service was quite lengthy. The boys present grew weary, and became anxious to adjourn. To go out right by the preachers required quite an amount of courage, and they tarried. But as the service was long drawn out, one of the boys became desperate and ventured to go out. The example was contagious, and they went out, one by one, till I was left alone. I well knew better than to go out of church through service, but finally I became so fidgety that I started at a rapid pace to run the blockade. When I got opposite Uncle George, he jumped up, caught me by the arm, seated me beside himself, and held me there. My sense of humiliation was indescribable.

Father Ekin was a strong character. He was one of the most successful preachers of his times, or of any other times. His idiosyncrasies were so clearly marked as to make a man of note anywhere. There are numerous anecdotes among the people illustrating various phases of his character. He had a weakness for fine horses, which weakness I regard as an indication of much strength. Really, if I find a man not fond of a fine horse, I suspect that there is some radical defect in his character. When Uncle George was on our circuit, he had a fine mare named Lillie. He kept her as fat and sleek as a butter ball, and petted her as he would a child. The Circuit embraced both Clinton and Jacksboro. At Clinton he turned Lillie to graze in a yard in which there was an abandoned well, partly filled up. By some mishap Lillie lost her footing and fell into the well. Uncle George was almost crazy. His appeals for help were frantic. Consternation reigned generally. A great crowd gathered at the scene of the catastrophe. Picks and shovels were secured, and the men set to digging to make a way for Lillie's escape. Presently she was relieved, and stood on firm ground, unharmed. Uncle George's exclamations of gratification and gratitude were profuse.

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Father Ekin was fond of singing, and his favorite song at that time was one with the chorus:

"I cannot tarry here, I cannot tarry here;
The Gospel sounds so sweet to me,
I cannot tarry here."

Apropos of the incident at the well, a profane wag, whose love of fun was stronger than his sense of propriety, wrote a parody of Uncle George's song, beginning,

"Come brethren, brethren, dig like hell,
For Lillie's fell into the well."

with the chorus:

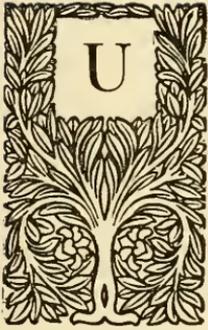
"I cannot tarry here, I cannot tarry here,
For Lillie's fell into the well
I cannot tarry here."

And all the small boys were set to singing.

There was comedy mixed in the tragic lives of these wonderful men. Nevertheless it remains true that no class of men ever acted a nobler part on the stage of human life. And the marvelous results of their unselfish lives become more wonderful as the unfolding years reveal them.

EARLY EXPERIENCE

“The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
 Withered my nature’s strength; from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and thy name is love.”



UNDER conditions heretofore described I early grew into a kind of religious life. I accepted the faith of my parents without question. It gave color and tone to my whole being. I do not remember when I began to pray, nor any day in which I did not try to pray. While I was by no means a perfect boy, I made some effort to follow the precepts and example of my parents.

When I was eight years old, my little sister, Mary, who was two years younger, died. She was a beautiful, lovely child. Her sweet spirit and confiding, affectionate disposition made her the idol of all our hearts, the pet of the whole family. It was a heavy blow, and brought the first somber cloud into our bright home.

No other event of my life so affected me as did Mary’s death. I could not be reconciled to her loss. She was ever present with me. When my mind was not preoccupied, I was constantly thinking about Mary. They told me she had gone to heaven to live with the beautiful angels. I believed it then, and I believe it now. I wanted to go where she was. I used to sit and watch the golden sunset, when the many-colored clouds were heaped above the top of the mountain. At such times I would fall into a meditative mood, and think of Mary in her beautiful home; and as the burnished clouds stirred with life, I could see a gateway of light opening into the sky beyond,

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where Mary lived. I would dream of being in heaven with Mary and the angels. In those dreams my childish fancy would paint pictures of exquisite beauty.

They told me that if I would be a good boy sometime the beautiful angels would come and take me up to heaven to live with Mary and themselves. So I set out to try to be a better boy. I made many failures, had many ups and downs. I often broke my resolutions and violated my conscience. I had many seasons of bitter repentance. There were times when in serious meditation I became despondent and was tempted to cease trying to be a good boy. But I never fell into utter despair.

Thus it was till I was eleven years old. Meanwhile my father had bought a farm and forge in the country, four miles east of the little village, and moved to it. After this he sometimes lived in the village and sometimes in the country. At the time I speak of I was boarding with my uncle in the village, and going to school.

One Sunday evening my uncle and aunt had been to church in the country in a two-wheeled vehicle called a gig, which was drawn up near the house. As twilight came on, I took a seat in the gig and fell to meditating. My experience and more perfect instruction in religion had taught me that I was an unsaved sinner. The sense of the need of conversion had gradually grown upon me until it had become very acute. This particular evening my spirit was stirred as it had never been before. My heart was all broken up, and I wept bitterly. I resolved to begin the work of seeking salvation in good earnest and never cease till I found it.

The next Thursday morning the news came to the village that a great revival of religion had broken out in the schoolhouse, in which my parents worshipped. I felt at once that that was my opportunity, and determined to go home and attend the meeting to seek religion. Getting the consent of my teacher, I set out on foot six miles to the schoolhouse. Accustomed to going barefoot, my shoes began to hurt my feet on the way, and I took them off and carried them in my hand. I reached

Early Experience

the schoolhouse in time for the afternoon service. When the preacher called penitents, thirty or forty went forward, and I went and kneeled among them. There was much excitement among them, loud praying and bitter cries. I suppose there was as much noise and confusion, according to the number present, as on the day of Pentecost. I stayed there on my knees throughout the service, weeping and praying and seeking the Lord. Now and then some good Christian would come and speak a word of encouragement to me, but mother never came. I wanted mother to come. I found out afterwards that she did not know I was there till after the service ended. At every service I went to the mourner's bench and sought the Lord the best I could. During the intervals mother talked and prayed with me, and tried to help me into the light. But I found no peace nor comfort until Saturday night. I suppose it was after midnight. I was abed, upstairs, at home, and was meditating and praying. I was not so much excited as I had often been. All at once I felt a strange calm, an exquisite peace. I did not understand it at once, but gradually the consciousness dawned upon me that that was what we called religion, and I was filled with joy. I did not shout aloud, but lay there and rejoiced I know not how long. After a while I fell asleep; and when I waked, the sun was shining without and my young heart was filled with light and love. As soon as I went down stairs I hunted up mother and broke the good news to her, and we had a big meeting at our house.

That was the event of all events to me. It has given color and shape to all my thoughts and purposes and plans through life. It has been my strength and comfort and joy. The memory of it is an inspiration. Of course I subscribe to the view, so often elaborated now, that one may gradually grow into the consciousness of pardon and never be able to mark the exact time of his conversion. But I rejoice with ineffable joy that the good Lord brought me consciously out of the darkness into the light.

I have not always been true to the wonderful grace then given—the Lord pity me!—but in much feebleness and many

From Sunrise to Sunset

infirmities the ample daily supply of the same grace has enabled me to keep the faith. I am leaning on the strong arm of my Lord as I go down the gentle slope to the Jordan, and the hill-tops on the other side are all aglow with sunshine.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE REVIVAL

“The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
 New life creates within;
 He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sins;
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost!”



THE revival spoken of in our last was held at a schoolhouse, about one mile east of where the post office at the town of Lafollette now stands. It was called Walker's Schoolhouse, being built on the land of William Walker, the great-grandfather of James M. Walker, of the Holston Conference. Somehow the revival came to be known generally as "the schoolhouse revival."

The schoolhouse was about twenty feet square, built of large hewed logs, covered with clapboards, and floored with undressed planks not nailed down. A large stone chimney stood at one end, and the fire place had capacity for logs eight or ten feet long. One of the logs was cut out to admit light, and under this opening a wide, smooth poplar slab leaned against the wall, on which the children did their writing. The house was furnished with seats made of rough slabs by boring holes in them and inserting long pegs. These pews had neither backs nor cushions. The house stood in a small valley between two large hills. Around it were five or six acres of cleared land, but the hills were covered with a dense forest.

In this house there was a Methodist organization, called a class, numbering probably a dozen members, who met for circuit preaching monthly, on Wednesday. This class belonged to the Tazewell Circuit, being forty miles from Tazewell, the head and center of the circuit. E. K. Hutsell, father of R. A. Hutsell, of the Holston Conference, was in charge of the circuit.

From Sunrise to Sunset

At the appointment for June, 1842, the preacher in charge was accompanied by A. J. Buckley, a physician and local preacher from an adjoining neighborhood. There were, as I remember, eleven persons present besides the preachers. There were two professors of religion and members of the Church. The other nine were married men and women, substantial people in middle life, except one young lady from another neighborhood.

Hutsell preached without any visible extraordinary effect, and called on Buckley to conclude, according to the custom of the times. He arose and began to sing. While he was singing, noticing the young lady present, whom he had seen at the mourner's bench in her own neighborhood, it occurred to him to call penitents. He did so, and the entire nine unsaved persons came forward for prayers. Before the service closed two or three of the penitents were happily converted. Service was appointed for night, at which the house was packed with people, and a number professed saving faith in Jesus. After that it became necessary to hold services in a grove, for the number attending would have filled the schoolhouse several times.

The meeting continued six days, with a morning and afternoon appointment every day, and there was a large increase in the number attending each day. When it closed, people were coming in from every direction for miles around.

The Spirit's influence on the multitudes who attended was marvelous. If any one ever came on the ground who was not deeply wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, it was not known. There were a very few who made no public start in religion; but they were visibly affected by the Spirit's power, and resisted his wonderful influence with difficulty. Some persons became so excited that they neither ate nor slept, and two of the most prominent citizens lost their mental balance and went wild. This is why the meeting was closed so soon. In a short time these gentlemen regained their mental equilibrium, and they both lived to be very old men. They were faithful Christians, efficient Church workers, prominent and influential citizens,

The Schoolhouse Revival

and both died triumphantly in the Christian faith and left behind them the savor of a good name.

No one will ever know, in this world, how many were converted. One hundred and fifty joined the little band at Walker's Schoolhouse, but the converts were scattered over a large section of country around, and went into many churches. A characteristic of these early revivals was that there was never any trouble hunting up the converts after the meeting closed. They came to the Church, and seemed to delight in the fellowship of God's people.

The revival continued, with little abatement of interest or influence, for many months, and spread into adjoining counties. In the immediate neighborhood where it began there was complete revolution. The community was not a very wicked one. It was above the average socially, and in all the elements of what is properly called good citizenship. The people were much given to amusement. Probably the greatest prevailing sin was Sabbath desecration. They had no regular religious services on the Sabbath, and consequently they gave up the day to all kinds of amusements. When the meeting closed, all was changed. The religion of Jesus was the dominating influence everywhere. There was not a home in which there were not new converts, happy in the love of God and filled with a burning zeal for the Christ. Family worship was established in almost every home. Prayer meetings and class meetings abounded, and they had preaching wherever they could secure it. A Sunday school was organized that filled the schoolhouse.

At the ensuing Conference, Reuben Steele, father of C. E. Steele, of the Holston Conference, succeeded Brother Hutsell on the circuit. No better man could have been found to take up such a work. He was perfectly at home in the midst of revival scenes and influences; and when I knew him, in after years, was the most successful evangelist I have ever known.

The influence of the meeting was permanent. A very few of the converts ever made shipwreck of the faith. Out of this

From Sunrise to Sunset

revival there came three preachers: Milton Maupin, who was educated at Emory and Henry College, traveled for a number of years in the Holston Conference, and transferred to Texas, where he died in the faith; Henry Grimes, who lived a long life of usefulness as a local preacher and died in Missouri, whither he had moved; and the writer. How many preachers were converted in the revival, first and last, as it spread abroad, I have no means of knowing, but quite a number of them.

The revival resulted in the building of a substantial brick church near the old schoolhouse in a short time. This church stood until a short time ago. Our church at Lafollette is the successor of the little band at Walker's Schoolhouse. When they went to build their new church at Lafollette, the old brick church was taken down, and its value went into the new church.

It also resulted in the building of a large camp ground hard by, which stood till the War between the States destroyed it. Thither the tribes of our Israel were wont to come annually and spend several days in worship and in social and religious fellowship. The social influences of the old camp meeting were very fine. The country was sparsely settled, and Methodist Christians who lived wide distances apart came together and spent a week in social and religious intercourse. They were knit together by stronger ties, religiously and socially. It was a source of enjoyment and improvement in many things.

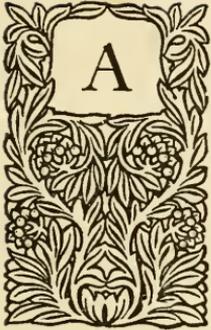
My father camped on this ground regularly; and after I had a family and a home, I moved to the camp ground and pitched my tent at this feast of tabernacles. What happy seasons were these, and how a thousand pleasant memories came trooping through my mind when I read Dr. Sullins' graphic description of the old camp meeting!

At this camp ground in my boyhood, I heard the following preachers: David Fleming, T. K. Catlett, Timothy Sullins, Thomas Stringfield, Creed Fulton, A. M. Goodycoontz, R. M. Stevens, Samuel Patton, E. F. Sevier, T. K. Munsey, and many others.

VII

REVIVAL INCIDENTS

“The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sins:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!”



AT the close of the meeting spoken of in the last, a special appointment was made for a subsequent Sabbath to receive into the Church those who had presented themselves as candidates for membership. When the time came, the weather was pleasant and an immense concourse of people assembled at the schoolhouse. Brother Hutsell preached and then invited those who wished to be received into the Church to present themselves. When they came forward, it was found that more than a hundred of them were to be baptized. Availing themselves of the Methodist license, they had selected four different modes. A majority of them kneeled down at the schoolhouse and were baptized by sprinkling; then the people all went to a creek a half-mile distant, and there probably as many as a score kneeled down at the water's edge and had the water poured on them; another section, probably a dozen, went into the creek and were immersed; and one gentleman kneeled down in the middle of the creek and was baptized by pouring.

I don't think that any one doubted that it was the answer of a good conscience in every case or that one mode was as valid as another, unless some prejudice of education had warped the judgment.

There was living at Jacksboro a young man, Milton L. Phillips, who was the only son of a well-to-do father, and the richest young man in the country. He was a fine looking young man and delighted in dress. He was thoughtless, a

little inclined to be wild, and wholly indifferent to religion; but he was highly esteemed and regarded as a young man of much promise. He attended the meeting and was deeply convicted, but he resisted the Spirit's influence and the importunity of his friends till the last days of the meeting. One day Mr. Phillips was missing from the audience. On inquiry, it was reported that he had been seen going up the ridge, along a thread of a footpath that crossed the ridge there. Mother told me to go and see if I could find him. I went along the little serpentine path till it emerged into a small patch of cleared ground near the top of the ridge. Reaching the edge of this patch, I heard a voice. Guided by this voice, I found Mr. Phillips in a little opening in the midst of a brier patch, lying flat on his back and crying for mercy. I went back and reported, and some of the brethren went to him and remained with him, helping him by their sympathy and prayers and counsel, till he obtained a consciousness of pardon; and they all came down the hill rejoicing together. Mr. Phillips married and moved to Athens, Tenn., where he lived till the end of his days. He was a useful citizen and a man of fine repute among his acquaintances.

There lived also at Jacksboro a gentleman by the name of John Izley. He was of German descent, and had the traits of that strong, steady people clearly marked in his character. He was honest and industrious, and gave his time fully to the affairs of this life, seemingly leaving religion entirely out of his thoughts. He was in the evening of life, having a large family of grown up children around him. He attended the meeting and was profoundly convicted of sin. He set about the work of seeking salvation—as he did everything else—with energy and perseverance. At the close of a morning service the congregation was surprised to hear, on the hill above them, a great noise. All eyes were turned in that direction. Presently the mystery was solved, when Mr. Izley came in sight leaping over the bushes like a deer and shouting at the top of his voice. He rushed in among the people and commenced shaking hands with his friends, telling them what great things the Lord had

Revival Incidents

done for his soul. He was not skilled in the use of the English language, and knew nothing of the idiom of Zion, and many of his expressions were laughable. The Christian people wept and smiled at the same time, while they greeted this newborn soul in the name of the Lord, and rejoiced with him. Mr. Izley lived a useful member of the Church and rounded out his life in peace, and I doubt not went home to heaven.

Among the converts of the meeting was a young man of the name of James Swan. He was quiet and unassuming, but a young man of fine character, a manly man. He went into the Mexican War a private and came back a lieutenant colonel. He came to the meeting early, and, like the others, was sorely smitten by the Spirit. He sought faithfully, but found no comfort till the last day of the meeting. That day he went home with us for dinner, as did others. After dinner the horses were caught out and hitched in the lane in front of the house. When we came out to start to the afternoon service, Swan was missing. Some one said he had gone down the creek, for we lived on a creek. Father told me to mount Swan's horse and go down the creek and tell him it was time to start to church. I rode along down the creek, crossing it, the fourth of a mile I suppose. There I found him, kneeling beside the little narrow wagon track. He was standing on his knees with his head thrown back and his face lifted up toward the sky. Of course I could not disturb him, but sat there on his horse to await results and watched him. The gloom of his soul was written on his face. Every line was tensely drawn, and a cloud rested on the whole. He was pleading for mercy. There was no loud outcry, but the most piteous pleadings, enough to soften a heart of stone. Presently he ceased his pleading, and his features began to relax, the darkness passed away, and a smile began to play over his face. It was like you have seen a cloud pass from the face of the sun and all nature begin to laugh. He did not speak for some little time. Then he said, almost in a whisper: "I've got it." And he began to repeat the phrase, growing faster and louder, "I've got it! I've got it!" He leaped to his feet and went bounding toward the house,

From Sunrise to Sunset

crying at the top of his voice, "I've got it! I've got it!" He went by me and never noticed me, and when he came to the creek, instead of crossing the foot-bridge, he plunged right through the creek and went on up to the waiting company at the house crying, "I've got it! I've got it!" Blessed be God! he did have it—the pearl of great price, worth more than a thousand worlds.

Like most of our soldier boys who went through the Mexican War, young Swan came home with the germs of a fatal disease in his system. Soon after he died in the full assurance of faith and went home to heaven.

I have given you these incidents to illustrate the marvelous manifestations of the Spirit's power in this revival, which is a type of the greater revivals among the fathers. I could give many more. There were excesses, I grant, in these marvelous spiritual movements; but there will always be excesses where there is much excitement and there will always be great excitement where human souls are being born of the Spirit.

Why do we not have similar demonstrations now? I will try to give some answer in the next paper.

VIII

THEN AND NOW

“Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.”



INTIMATED in the last paper that the former days were better than these in the matter of revival methods and results, and promised to give a reason for that opinion. The following is submitted in fulfillment of that promise:

1. Revivals among the early Methodists were spontaneous. I do not mean that there was no effort to promote them or that they were not anticipated; but that the effort was continuous, lasting fifty-two weeks in the year, and that they were always expecting them. Early Methodists never appointed a revival, or a time for a revival. They appointed preaching, prayer meetings, class meetings, two days' meetings, quarterly meetings and camp meetings; but they never set a time for the Lord to revive his work. They would have considered such a suggestion sacrilegious. They esteemed that the prerogative of the Lord, and were constantly praying that God's set time to favor Zion might come. Now they are appointed for a special time and place, and are not expected, and no effort is made to secure them till that time comes.

2. The early Methodists relied on the ordinary means and agencies of the Church to promote revivals. Every preacher, traveling and local, and every exhorter and class leader was an evangelist. It never dawned on them that the Lord had selected one in fifty, or one in a hundred, of those whom he had called to preach the Gospel, and invested them with the exclusive prerogative of conducting revivals, and

much less of "getting up" revivals. Often the greatest revivals were carried on by the local preachers and lay agencies of a community, in the absence of the preacher in charge and presiding elder, and without any outside help. We have learned not to expect a revival without the presence and agency of some specialist.

3. Our fathers relied on the preaching of the Gospel and the prayers of the Church, under the illumination and quickening of the Holy Spirit, to produce revivals, and the preaching had that end in view all the time. The fundamental and essential doctrines of salvation were constantly pressed home on the conscience of the people. There was no organizing and manipulating and advertising, no mustering and drilling. Often a revival began at a prayer meeting, or an appointment for circuit preaching, with only a few persons present. The Spirit manifested his presence by unusual influence on the hearts of the people. Sinners were cut to the heart, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and Christians were thrilled by the conscious presence and power of their Lord. Then the work went on—was "protracted." We rely largely on the ingenious manipulations of our specialists to "work up" a revival. We expect it to require several days to produce the result, and are scarcely disappointed if after weeks of faithful manipulation and mustering we are compelled to close without any visible fruit of our ingenious toil. Not long since I heard an evangelist say in our Knoxville Preachers' Meeting that the preaching of the Gospel would not produce a revival now as it once did. He recommended a special organization to work up a revival, and said it might take four or six weeks, or longer, to get it but exhorted to perseverance. I was astonished and mortified. He was a Methodist preacher. I thought then, and think now: "If the Gospel, with the unction of the Holy Spirit on it has lost its power to produce a revival we shall never witness another genuine revival of religion."

4. The fathers did not call a meeting a revival unless the entire membership of the Church was quickened and aroused to the liveliest interest and the whole community was stirred to

its profoundest depths. We call a meeting a revival when a large part of the prominent members of the Church have taken no interest in it whatever and the outlying community is unmoved.

5. In the revivals of the olden times the emphasis was placed on profound conviction and conscious conversion, and penitents were exhorted to seek until they were fully conscious of the pardon of their sins. In modern revivals penitents are often argued with to convince them that they have an experience, which they do not realize, and are induced by the singing of inviting songs and other persuasive methods to profess a conversion of which they have no consciousness.

6. The revivals of former times often revolutionized a whole community, turning the currents of social and religious life in the opposite direction. The results of modern revivals, oftener than not, are as evanescent as the morning dew.

I am not so simple as to be ignorant of the fact that the Church has made wonderful improvements and advancement in many things, that her material and intellectual improvement is a marvel. In Churches and schools and literature and every facility and means for the propagation and culture of the Kingdom of Christ, we could scarcely ask for more. Compared with the present Church in these regards, the Church of the fathers seems contemptible. But that makes the case worse. Our efficiency seems to be in inverse proportion to our opportunities and agencies. Lament it as we may, the unpleasant fact stares us in the face that the lack is in spiritual life, in vital religion. With our ample endowments, and the faith and consecration and spiritual force of our fathers, our success would be many fold more than was theirs.

And I am not so simple as not to know that change of conditions requires change of organization and method. I do not worship the past. One of the chief excellencies of our Methodism, as the fathers transmitted it to us, is its adaptability. It is not a fixed formula, but an adjustable system. And this makes it the more astonishing that we have not preserved the vital force and evangelizing energy of our wonderful Church.

From Sunrise to Sunset

There is a limit to the Church's liberty of adjustment to changing conditions. She may not change her forms and customs to meet the demands of a godless world. Especially she may not imbibe the spirit of the world, which is death to all genuine religion. While the Church may not interfere in matters purely secular and civic, in everything pertaining to religion, and morals God expects her to be a leader. She cannot play the sycophant around a godless world and adopt its fancies and fashions without a violation of sacred obligation and a loss of her essential character.

A loss of spiritual life produces a sense of need, and the history of the Church shows that she is apt to resort to everything else to supply this lack instead of going to the source of all light and life and power. In such case she is inclined to magnify the material and intellectual unduly, and place special emphasis on the building of fine churches, organization, education, training, culture. These are all good in themselves, and when fully consecrated to God may be used by him in the work of salvation. But they are a poor substitute for the divine agency in that work.

IX

ON THE FARM

"O gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!"



OUR place was four miles east of Jacksboro, and one and one-half miles south of Lafollette, on Big Creek, called Indian Creek before it enters into Clinch River. Powell's Valley is a peculiar formation. It lies along the southeastern base of Cumberland Mountain. Its lands are gently rolling and fertile. There is no stream running lengthwise the valley; but, at irregular intervals, streams break forth from the mountain, run across the valley, and then through a succession of hills and ridges into the river. Our place was not in the valley, but among the hills.

Big Creek, which is quite a large creek, runs through a gap of the mountain at Lafollette, and across the valley, which is quite narrow at that place, and then, in a serpentine course, down through the hills into Clinch River, ten miles away. At almost every turn of the creek for some miles, at the outside of the segment, there is a perpendicular limestone cliff from fifty to two hundred feet high.

When father bought the place there was an immense dam across the creek, backing the water for half a mile or more, and making it in places ten or twelve feet deep. This dam was constructed to accumulate water to run a forge where hammered iron was made. The ore was smelted in two furnaces, with charcoal, and then hammered into shape by an immense hammer, weighing six or eight hundred pounds, and run by water. The water also furnished the blast to heat the furnaces.

From Sunrise to Sunset

This was a crude arrangement compared with the factories now used in the manufacture of iron, but it was a necessity of the times and produced excellent iron. Afterwards my father built a gristmill for grinding corn and wheat.

The dwelling house was a large, double two-story log house, with a stone chimney in the middle of it. My father built to it, from time to time, till it was quite roomy and comfortable, but the architecture was not very comely. The house stood on a plateau, overlooking the forge, one hundred feet above it, and fronting a tall cliff, to which the dam was attached. Three hundred yards up the creek there was a huge cliff, from near the base of which a stream of pure, cold water gushed, which my father carried down to the house in logs, there being no metal pipes available. The farm was rough and not very productive. It was bounded for half the distance around by tall ridges, which were covered with immense forests of heavy timber.

It was a picturesque place, the sight of which was calculated to excite the imagination and awaken a spirit of romance. It was a perfect paradise for a boy. There was the creek, which abounded in fine fish, and furnished excellent swimming and sailing, and skating when sufficiently frozen over, which it frequently was in the winter. Then there were the surrounding forests full of game, squirrels, pheasants, turkeys, deer, and an occasional bear. Then if a fellow grew a little sordid, and wanted to turn an honest penny in the fur business, there were foxes, coons, minks, and muskrats in great abundance.

My father was a lover of hunting, and especially of the chase, and he encouraged me to follow my natural bent in that direction. We had a large pack of hounds from the time of our settlement on the farm. I was taught the use of a gun so soon as I had strength to handle one. I was an apt scholar. The environment accorded with the disposition. I early fell in love with nature, in her endless variety and changing moods. I found delight in strolling through the fields or being alone with my gun and dogs in the forest. I heard a hundred voices that touched a responsive chord in my heart; the bobwhite of the

On the Farm

gallant quail, the peckerwood's whirl on the dead tree, the varying melody of the songbirds in the grove, and the chatter of the squirrel, the drum of the pheasant, and the long roll of the turkey in the forest. At night there was a melancholy music in the whip-poor-will's sad song, the gloomy hoot of the owl, and the lonesome bark of the fox on the distant ridge, as he set forth in search of his prey. Nature's great flower garden constantly filled the eye with a kaleidoscope of beauty, and the pulse beat of her great heart sent an answering thrill through my responsive soul.

I would not have you believe that I lived the life of a dreamer or that my parents were educating me for a mystic. While they were sufficiently indulgent in the matter of amusement, they mixed in enough useful employment and hard work for ballast. Their family government was very strict where morals were involved. Really I was sometimes tempted to hard feelings toward them, because I thought they were too exacting, and did not give me the liberties which other boys enjoyed. But now I see that those things, which in my childish folly I was tempted to complain of, were the best things they ever did for me.

Work and play were well mixed in my life, and each sharpened the appetite for the other. The farm and forge and mill employed quite a number of hands, and furnished quite a variety of employment. From first to last, I was taken through the whole gamut. To begin, I was general messenger boy. I went here and there and yonder on all kinds of errands for everybody. Before our mill was built I was mill boy for our own and several other families. I went through the gap in the mountain at Lafollette to a mill owned by an old gentleman by the name of Langley. When I first began, I was young enough and silly enough to be afraid that the big cliffs in the gap might fall on me. Then, as I grew older, I plowed and hoed, and cut and bound grain, and hauled iron ore in a big wagon drawn by six great oxen, and later drove a four-horse team in a wagon, and hauled iron here and there for sale or barter, going as far as Goose Creek Salt Works in Kentucky, and many

From Sunrise to Sunset

other things. All the while I was given some time for recreation and amusement. Unless in case of emergency, every work hand was given a half holiday on Saturday.

I worked and went to school alternately, which is an admirable arrangement. The best educated people we have are those whose condition in youth is such that they need to work and go to school by turns, and when they are sufficiently advanced, teach school and go to school alternately. Ninety-nine per cent. of those who are sent to school all the while as they grow to maturity will lose their relish for study, and quit books when they quit school.

Of course there were degrees in the irksomeness or pleasure of different kinds of employment. Among the pleasant tasks assigned me was tending the mill. There was heavy lifting and real work, but other features were pleasant. It kept me out of the hot sun of summer and the bitter cold of winter, and gave some time for reading and recreation. I got acquainted with the boys of a large section, and played with them fox and geese, checkers, and other games. I usually took a book or paper with me to read when not otherwise engaged.

The virgin forests furnished rich pasturage for stock, and our stock not in actual use lived the greater part of the year in the woods. Probably the most delightful of all my tasks was hunting up and salting the stock. One afternoon will never be forgotten. A bunch of calves had strayed from their range, and had not been seen or salted for some time. After dinner one day father told me to go and hunt them up and salt them. I set forth with a rifle on my shoulder and a squirrel dog at my heels. The day was clear, and the sun shining very hot. The heat became unusually oppressive. I went up and down through the dense forests, now and then stopping to kill a squirrel when my dog treed one, and did not find the calves till the middle of the afternoon. I found them on the top of the highest peak in all that region, called the "High Knob." I gave them salt, and was sitting on a fallen tree, enjoying the avidity with which they licked it, when I heard the rumbling of thunder in a deep hollow overlooked by the



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HOME AT THE FORGE

On the Farm

High Knob. I looked in the direction whence it came, and saw a dark cloud, some distance off, filling the hollow and coming toward me. The cloud was below me, and as it came along I could see the rain falling beneath it and the sun shining on the top of it, where the forked lightnings were having a zigzag play, and sending forth bellowing thunder, which made the earth tremble beneath my feet. It was grand beyond conception. It was nature speaking with her strongest emphasis. After a while the cloud and rain came up over the knob. I found shelter under a stooping chestnut tree. When the rain ceased, the forest was filled with a dense fog, which shut out the light of the sun and almost turned day into night. I started home with perfect confidence in my knowledge of the direction and of almost every intervening rock or tree. I went along carelessly at first, but presently things began to look strange, and I began to doubt whether I was going in the right direction. As I went on, my confusion increased, and I could not find a familiar object. After rambling around quite a while, I came out on top of a cliff, overlooking a mill, and beyond it, on a hill, a dwelling house. These were the mill and house of Maj. David Sharp, the grandfather of B. T. Sharp, of the Holston Conference. They were only a mile from our home, and I was perfectly familiar with them, but did not recognize them, and could not realize that I had ever seen them. I stood there, too silly to think or reason, I don't know how long. Then my eye fell on some object that looked familiar, and all at once I came to myself.

This is the only time I ever was entirely lost. I have often been confused and had my thoughts much tangled. I have frequently found it difficult to keep the line of thought straight in a sermon, but this is the only time I ever was perfectly lost.

I reached home about nightfall with my gun and dog and a good string of squirrels, weary enough to have a good appetite for supper and sleep.

X

COMMON PEOPLE

“The Lord must like common people very much—
He has made so many of them.”



OUR life at the farm was very simple. It was neither strenuous nor sluggish. The supply of everything essential to comfortable living was sufficient, but it required industry and economy to keep up the supply. The time was pretty well divided between the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual. There was time for self-culture, social enjoyment, and for benevolent work. There was no hurry, no bustle, but the currents of life ran smoothly. The ideals were not lofty, but pure and good, and accorded with the environment.

Our society was rather primitive. The hills and hollows around were filled with cabins and cottages, in which lived a simple-hearted, unsophisticated people. They were not an educated people, and made no effort at pedantry. It was a rare thing that one of them tried to look wise like an owl. They were not up in the arbitrary rules of polite society. They did not esteem it an unpardonable sin to carry food to the mouth with the knife, nor to pour out their coffee in the saucer to cool it when it was too hot to drink. Their instincts were good and their impulses polite. Their hearts and homes were open to their friends. If one of them became possessed of a little more money than his neighbors, it did not make a fool of him. There were few jealousies and no putting on of airs.

The social feeling was intense and given the right of way. The social amenities were natural and hearty, and therefore informal. There were no stiff, fashionable calls, but unceremonious visiting. I have seen old ladies coming to spend the

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day with mother, early in the morning, two or three abreast, walking slowly but talking glibly, and each one making her knitting needles keep time with her tongue. They had parties, no receptions. They mixed work and pleasure and made it a happy compound. Dr. Sullins tells of some of their parties. They had quilting bees and carding and spinning bees and cotton-pickings and corn shuckings and rail-maulings and log-rollings and house-raisings, etc. Their feasts were substantial and abundant. They knew nothing of the phrase, "delicate refreshments", which, in these last days, often mean empty nothingness. They brought the boys and girls together in many of their parties. They had a great many simple plays and diversions for entertainment, and what a rollicking, happy time they did have! In one thing the party of the ancients was exactly like the swell reception of the moderns; the conversation had no more sense in it than the chatter of a flock of blackbirds.

The religious character of our home was sacredly maintained. The preachers continued to make our house their home, and were among our honored guests. My parents sought to introduce them to their neighbors that they might exercise a good influence among them for their Master. When a new preacher came to see us and had some leisure, mother was in the habit of suggesting to him the propriety of pastoral visiting among the neighbors, and she always wound up by saying: "Frank will go with you and show you the way." Many a time have I spent an afternoon going over the hills and through the fields showing some preacher the way to the humble homes of his poor, pious members. And it was fine employment for me. I don't know if mother knew she was doing as much for her son as for any one else by her benevolent suggestion, but so it was. It was a benediction to observe how these messengers of God were received in these humble homes. And then the worship, on these occasions, was genuine, hearty worship, and filled the rude dwellings with the unction and light of the Holy Spirit. It was training for my life work equal to the best I ever received at college.

My parents kept their religion at work, and sought to impress those of their neighbors whom they could influence, and especially those whom they employed, with the truth and saving power of the religion of Jesus. For quite a time we had circuit preaching only once a month, on Wednesday. When that day came, it was made conspicuous. Religion had the right of way. My father told every one on the place to go to church and their time should go on. When the hour came to knock off and get ready for church, a conch shell was blown as a signal. It rang out, clear and loud, up the creek and down the creek and over the hills, and said, as plain as words could speak: "The thing of greatest concern is on hand now; let everything else give place." Gold could not buy the precious memory of these occasions.

I was thirteen years old when the Church divided. I remember hearing my parents and the preachers often discuss it in the home. It was a serious question, and awakened deep concern among the preachers and the people. So far as I remember, the necessity of a separation was universally regretted but acquiesced in, it being unavoidable. The action of the Southern delegates in the General Conference was approved. The old brick church, spoken of in a former paper, was named "Soule's Chapel," in Honor of Bishop Soule, who so nobly stood for truth and righteousness in the face of strong and local relations and influences.

My father was antislavery, and always avoided the ownership of slaves. For quite a while we had a colored cook named "Esther," hired from Bob Kirkpatrick, for many years a member of the Holston Conference. She was a pleasant woman and a good cook, and mother became much attached to her. By and by Mr. Kirkpatrick found it necessary to sell her, and the alternative was buy or lose her. Mother wanted to buy her and father consented that she might do so, but would not suffer the bill of sale issued in his name. My grandfather McHenry died possessed of some slaves. In winding up the estate, the heirs priced the slaves and suffered them to choose their own masters. Some of them elected to come and live with us, but

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father refused to receive the bill of sale in his name. Our negroes, like most others in East Tennessee, were not profitable. They were well kept and well provided for, and were not governed and worked enough to make them pay for their keep.

While my father was antislavery, he was intensely Southern. As he was one of a large class of Southern men, I write the following explanation:

He believed that it was wrong for one human being to hold another in bondage, in the abstract, and that the African slave trade was a crime. He was an enthusiastic advocate of Mr. Clay's plan for the colonization of the Southern slaves in Africa, although he was a strong Democrat and Mr. Clay was the idolized leader of the Whig party. Nevertheless, he looked on slavery in the United States as a condition and not an abstract theory. He believed that it would be better to hold the negroes in bondage and try to make their bondage as humane and their condition as pleasant as possible than to set them free and leave them to live among the whites. It yet remains to be proven whether that position was true or false.

He believed that the Northern people had more responsibility for slavery in the United States than the Southern people. He said that they had helped the British to carry on the slave trade while Southerners kept aloof from it, and that the North refused to suffer it annulled when the Constitution was adopted; that they held slaves themselves till it proved to be unprofitable in their cold climate and then, instead of manumitting and colonizing them in their native country, they had sold them down South and complacently pocketed the blood money. After exhausting all their resources, physical and moral, to fasten the peculiar institution on the South, they were taken with a great spasm of virtue and patriotism, and human slavery became a stench in their nostrils. Slavery was so offensive to their sensitive consciences that Methodists in the South in any way connected with slavery could not live in peace with their Northern brethren. They agreed to a plan of separation, and entered into a solemn compact with their

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Southern brethren, and then, on a flimsy pretext, sought to violate that contract for a few paltry dollars.

Father said that, so far as the controversy was a political and civil one, the facts and logic were all on the side of the South. Finally slavery became so shocking to the delicate moral sense of our immaculate fellow-citizens of the North that they gathered up all the guns they could find and hired all the mercenary soldiers they could get and came down South to shoot Southern slaveholders, and thus try to wash out with the blood of others their own crime. When the South was overpowered, and her gallant sons were still in death the Northern Methodists, through the agency of their episcopacy obtained an order from the Secretary of War to enable them to possess themselves of the Church property of their Southern brethren.

Looking at the subject thus, my father was an intense Southerner. In fact, one of his prominent characteristics was an entire absence of any admiration of the Yankee character.

XI

HUNTING

"Better the hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend."



HUNTING is the finest of all exercise for recreation. It is good for the body and good for the soul. The fresh air of the fields and forests has more health and vitality in it than all the materia medica. If one is constantly nursed at nature's warm breast, he will find a nourishment that will develop and invigorate every faculty of the being. There is an amplitude and freedom in nature's broad fields which fascinates and charms the athlete, while it nourishes and invigorates.

Nature's book is worth more as a mental gymnasium than all the volumes of the academy and the cloister. Really, no other book is worth anything except as it interprets nature's great volume. In the hunt there is not only endless amusement, but instruction as well, in the study of the nature and the habits of the wild animals. And I found my dogs an attractive but profound study. I could fill a volume with incidents illustrating the nature and character of the dog.

The naturalness and freshness of a hunter's life and the entire absence of anything formal and affected have a fine influence on the spiritual life and character. Man is nearer to his Creator in the unbroken forest than anywhere else. For a boy or a young man there is a negative value in the hunt beyond price. It fascinates him and wins him away from the vices which flourish in the stagnant atmosphere of indoor life.

I give an incident illustrating the hunter's life:

At the close of a quarterly meeting for our circuit the presid-

ing elder, circuit preacher, and junior preacher came to our house to rest. They were Timothy Sullins, R. W. Patty, and James Reed. Reed was a regular mountaineer and a trained hunter, but the others were not used to that kind of life. The sequel will show that Timothy Sullins was not an expert hunter, as his younger brother, David, seems to have been.

As was his custom, father proposed a deer chase. Reed accepted the proposition with avidity, and the others acquiesced. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and the arrangements made before retiring at night. I was to drive, and the preachers and father were to take the stands and await the coming of the deer. Those acquainted with the deer chase know that when deer are chased by dogs, taking advantage of the steep ground and grading their course to the best advantage, they will establish regular passways and crossings, so that the hunter may soon learn where he may stand with reasonable certainty that a chased deer will pass near him. These places are called "stands," and there hunters are posted, gun in hand, ready to shoot the deer as he passes by. Early breakfast over next morning, I blew my hunter's horn and called up the dogs and fed them a light feed of dry bread, according to the orthodox rule. At the first sound of the horn the dogs came around me, leaping and barking at a furious rate, delighted at the prospect of a chase. The preachers and father rode off up a ridge with guns on their shoulders, and I started down the creek afoot, for I expected to go through places where a horse could not go.

My father placed Patty and Sullins at stands next the deer range, and he and Reed took positions more remote, that they might have a chance at the deer if through any mishap it should get by the others.

I went on down along side of the ridges next the creek for a mile or more, sometimes climbing over cliffs or going through dense thickets, without any event worth notice, except that now and then I would need to scold the young dogs, and even sometimes to throw rocks at them, to get them away from fox tracks. The older dogs knew—by instinct or intelligence, call

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it what you please—that we were going for a deer chase, and would not notice the fox tracks. Finally as I went along the steep side of a ridge overlooking the creek I noticed some of the dogs sniffing at the leaves on the bushes as they passed by them. Evidently a deer had been feeding there; but it had been some time since, and the scent was faint. It was what we call a “cold track.” Presently Cleo, the leader of the pack, cried out with delight, and started on at a more rapid pace. The track was growing warmer. One of the young dogs might have made such a cry and none of the others, unless it was a fellow puppy, would have paid any attention to him. But when old Cleo yelled, every dog came running to her. They had confidence in her judgment and veracity. They went on around the butt of the ridge, every once in a while mending their speed and increasing the noise, and were soon out of my sight. I went higher up on the ridge, climbed upon a bowlder, and took a seat, to await results. They continued on down the creek, the track being sometimes colder and sometimes fresher, according as the leaves were damp or had been dried by the sun. All at once the whole pack opened up, and their cry became a continuous roar. I knew that they had jumped the deer. They went away from me down the creek, but I knew enough about the habit of the deer not to doubt their coming back. So I started at once for the nearest stand, which was the one where Sullins had been posted. I stopped occasionally to listen. Sometimes they were in the hollows, and I could hardly hear them; then they were on a hilltop, and I could hear them distinctly. It was not long till I could tell, by the increasing volume of sound, that they had turned back toward the stands. Before I reached the stand, they passed me, but an intervening hill prevented me from seeing them. Presently I heard a gun, which I thought was Sullins’ gun. In a short time the dogs hushed, and I hurried on, feeling sure that the deer was taken. When I got in sight of Sullins, he was sitting on a log with his gun across his lap and a book before him, reading. I asked him if he had seen the deer, and he said: “No. The dogs passed by on the other side of that big log,

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but I did not see any deer." He had not noticed the deer, but when the noisy dogs came up, they had arrested his attention.

Presently father came riding up with the deer across his horse before him and the tired dogs following with their heads and tails down and their red tongues hanging out of their mouths.

I blew the horn as a signal to Reed and Patty that the chase was ended, and went home. The joke was on Sullins.

Suffer another little incident illustrating life on the farm:

It was the custom to save forage by stripping the green blades from the cornstalks and sticking them between stalks to cure and then binding them in bundles—a foolish custom, for the blades cannot be pulled at any stage when it will not injure the corn more than they are worth. The binding had to be done early in the morning or very late in the evening, when the fodder was damp. One evening, just as twilight came on and the moon was hanging two or three hours above the western hills, with three or four others, I went to a cornfield at the end of a ridge down the creek to bind fodder. Before we were done our work, we heard a dog, which had followed us to the field, barking the fourth of a mile away, on the side of a ridge. When our task was done, we all went to see what the dog had treed. We found him barking up a very large poplar tree. We hunted up some rich pine, which was so abundant as to be easily found, chipped it off with a jackknife, and lit it, having produced the fire with a flint and steel. Going around the tree, I soon saw the eyes of the animal shining in a fork near the top. I concluded that it was a big coon and a rich prize, and hired a boy to go to the house and bring my gun. While he is gone it may be well to state that the marksman does his closest shooting by fire light at night. A good marksman will arrange a cross and candle so that the cross will be immediately behind the middle of the blaze of the candle, and go back in the dark sixty or seventy yards, and, taking sight by the gleam of the candlelight along the top of his bright bead, will snuff the candle almost every time, and hit the cross half the times. When the boy returned



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE HOME AT THE FORGE

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with my gun, I fired at the game, some one holding a light just above my front sight, and down it came, shot between the eyes. But my disappointment was great when, instead of a big fat coon, I found a little, poor young 'possum. I did not know till then that, while a big, fat old 'possum, pursued by a dog, will climb the first bush it comes to, and stop as soon as it is out of reach of the dog, a little, young one will climb the highest tree it can find, and go to the top. The joke was on me this time.

XII

MUSIC

“There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,
Bids passions revel or be still,
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction and almost despair.”



THE love of music is universal. It not only plays on the heartstrings of human beings, but even the lower animals are moved by it. Every grade in human society, from the lowest to the highest, has its music, and the music varies according to the character and culture of the people. Sixty years ago there was more music than now, according to the number of people, but it was of a different type. It was not conventional and cultured, but natural and hearty. To the uneducated in music it was most enjoyable, and then as now ninety-five per cent. of the people were in that class. Music was taught, but very imperfectly for the most part. As now, there was much waste of time and money trying to teach music to those who had no talent for it.

There was much more singing than now. Women sang as they went about their household duties in the homes, and men sang in the shops and in the fields. There was one voice that was often heard then that is now still in death. You might step out into your yard any bright, still morning, and you would hear the rich, mellow voice of the care free and light-hearted African as he plied his cheerful vocation in the fields. But not so now. These are facts. Do your own philosophizing.

Singing schools, not music classes, were so numerous as to be in reach of all. As Dr. Sullins suggests, the system of teaching was different from the one now in vogue. The singing

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school was a fine social institution. People of a community, male and female, young and old, spent several days together studying music, made it a time of social enjoyment, and had their bonds of friendship strengthened. There was much courting, of course, and very properly. Often the singing master was a gallant young fellow, fully self-conscious as he stood in the midst, book and tuning fork in hand, who set the boys a good example in that regard. Every boy who could sprout even a downy moustache had his sweetheart. I was no exception to that rule, but I kept my sweetheart sacredly hid away in my heart. If a pretty girl looked at me, it set my heart to fluttering; but I was so timid in the presence of young ladies that I rarely ever ventured to speak to one, and my timidity made me as awkward as a mud fence.

The singing taught in these schools was almost exclusively church music, and everybody sang at church. The singing was hearty and devout; it was worship. The congregational singing among the Methodists was thrilling and inspiring. Those who never heard a great camp meeting congregation, of devout and enthusiastic Methodists singing Charles Wesley's life-giving lyrics will never know what the highest style of church music is.

Musical instruments abounded, but they were mostly of the simpler and cheaper variety. There were not many organs and pianos. The flute and the violin were in general use. The violin, as always, was a universal favorite. Not many were taught the use of instruments scientifically; but they were self-taught, and played by ear for the most part. Only the musical genius could attain any degree of perfection.

About that time musical instruments began to be introduced into our churches. It was regarded by many as an undesirable innovation. Many of the best and wisest members of our Conference opposed it, and there was a spirited and lengthy debate on the subject. I was an enthusiastic advocate of the instruments. It was the progressive policy. I congratulated myself that I belonged to the party of progress and was marching in front of the advancing column. I really felt a degree of

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pity for the dear old brethren who came up out of the darkness of the past, and were therefore incapable of judging of the merit of modern movements. But these old gentlemen were not so densely ignorant, after all. They did not believe that there was any sin in instrumental music, but they were afraid of its influence on the worship. They were very zealous, and properly so, for the simplicity, spirituality, and fervor of the worship. They were afraid that the music would become an end, instead of a means for promoting the worship, and that too much prominence would be given to it. They feared that the introduction of cultured music to cater to the refined taste of the few would destroy the simplicity and fervor of this part of the worship, and hinder instead of help congregational singing. Some of us have lived to see their fears realized in many places.

Having had a half century's experience and observation in town and country, I venture to give my opinion, and let it pass for what it is worth: If an instrument and choir are so used as to promote congregational singing and the simple, devout worship of the people in song, they are a blessing; otherwise, they are a curse. The Church is no place for the display of musical talent or the exhibition of exquisite culture in music. The opera house is the place for that. The kind of music that is best suited to a musical entertainment is not at all adapted to worship. Such music may attract a few people to Church, but they are not worth anything when you get them there. People who go to Church for entertainment would better stay at home.

Among those of my early associates who were specially gifted in music was a young man whose name was William Montford Stokes. He was a grandson of Governor Stokes, of North Carolina. His father was a man of good intellect, correct demeanor, and exquisite taste in dress, but lacked energy and belonged to the ne'er-do-well class. His mother was a woman of culture for the times. How they came to wander off in the wilds, I never knew. William was a very gifted boy. He was much the brightest boy of our set. He was one of my best

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friends and my most intimate associate. He inherited his musical talent from his mother, who set him to learning to play on the violin when he was so small that he could hardly reach the end of the fingerboard. I never knew a finer violinist than he. He could play any kind of tune, and suit his music to any kind of crowd.

Under the spell of his violin I came to imagine that I had some musical gifts, and concluded that I would learn to play the fiddle. I bought a fiddle and a book of instruction and made a beginning. I had been practicing some days, and thought I was making some progress, when one afternoon, as I was sawing away at my fiddle, there was a knock at my door. I called out "Come in," and mother came in and took a seat, as she often did. After some general conversation, she said: "Frank, if I were you, I don't believe I would learn to play the fiddle. There is no harm in it. It is the sweetest music in the world. Under other conditions, I would like to see you a skillful performer. It is quite an accomplishment. But in this country the fiddle is in bad company so much that I am afraid if you learn to play it will lead you into bad company. I would rather you would not learn." It was stopping me in a cherished purpose; but after a few moments' deliberation, I thought, "Mother knows best," and I said: "All right, mother; if you do not want me to learn, I'll quit." I sold my fiddle, and that was the end of it.

It was different with my cousin, Joe Wier, who purchased a fiddle and began to educate himself in the use of it. His father was much annoyed by the unavoidable discords of the performance. One night when the screeching was specially unpleasant, he said: "Joe, if you'll put that fiddle in the fire and never get another, I'll buy you a gold watch." "All right, sir," said Joe, and laid the sweet instrument on the fire, and it went up in smoke.

One Saturday father sent me down to the forge on some errand, and Stokes went with me. As we rode along, there was a little log cabin beside the road, and sitting beside the door on a slab were two little bare-footed, ragged boys, the sons

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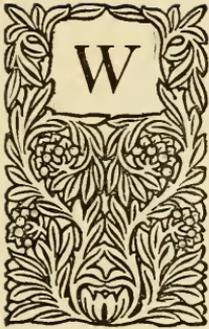
of a poor widow. One of them had secured, in some way, a pretty good old fiddle. It was not well tuned; but he had learned to make some chords, and was sawing away with energy. We stopped in front of the boys, and Stokes engaged them in conversation. Presently he dismounted and began to talk to the boy about his fiddle. He got hold of it, and began to tune it up, keeping the boy interested in the conversation. When he got the instrument tuned, he began to play one of his sweetest tunes. I am sure I never saw so many kinds of expression on any human face as was on that boy's face while he was playing—surprise, astonishment, wonder, delight, and I know not what.

That boy's name was Alex Murray. He made an exquisite performer on the violin. When the war came up, he joined the Federal army. He carried his violin with him. One of his comrades told me that oft at night, when the soldiers were gathered around the camp fire, Alex would begin to play on his violin, and within the range of its sound every conversation would cease and every ear become attentive. He said sometimes he would play "Home, Sweet Home;" and as the sweet strains floated out on the still night air, tears would well up in the eyes of all, and run down over the cheeks of the hardest and roughest men.

XIII

TEMPERANCE

"O water for me! Bright water for me!
Give wine to the trembling debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again."



WHEN I can first remember, there was no law in Tennessee regulating the manufacture or sale of strong drink. Every one manufactured, sold, and drank at will. The first law licensed persons under certain restrictions to sell by the drink, and forbade others to sell in less quantities than a quart. Then there followed at intervals laws forbidding the sale to slaves, to minors, on Sunday, on election days, near a church or schoolhouse, etc.

These were all wise regulations. Meanwhile the saloon, protected by the State, grew to be a defiant monster, and took charge of the State itself. Recent legislation, in the effort to destroy this monster, is patent to all. The temperance cause has been wisely managed. The evil could not have been suppressed by law otherwise than by gradually tightening the reins of government upon it. The efforts of radical temperance advocates have sometimes been a hindrance rather than a help. The time has come now, however, for placing the keystone in the temperance arch.

When there was no restriction of law, there was much more made and drank per capita than now. There were one or more stillhouses in every neighborhood and strong drink in almost every home. While there was more drinking and drunkenness than now, there was less harm done. Idleness, vagabondism, and many other evils resulted from the drinking, but our civilization had not corrupted and poisoned the food and drink of the people, neither had it cheapened human life, nor exhaust-

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ed its ingenuity in the invention of weapons with which to commit murder as it has now. It seems to be impossible for the human family to make progress in that which is good without also advancing in that which is evil. The simple life of the twilight had some advantages over the strenuous life of the noonday, and there needs to be constant watchfulness amid the glare and splendor of our bright day lest the seeds of death be sown amid germs of life.

In my early boyhood the Methodist Church was the only temperance society in the land. Dram-drinking was almost universal, and was approved by many Christians and Christian ministers. The Methodists advocated teetotalism. They were much persecuted as fanatics and Pharisees because of their strict theory and practice on the subjects of temperance and worldly amusements. They have stood pat on temperance, but have ingloriously surrendered to the devil on worldly amusements. Witness the late insipid address on that subject written by our beloved bishops at the mandate of the General Conference. I do not remember ever to have read an English composition in which there was such exquisite pains taken to say nothing. That is the most complete lowering of the Methodist banner in the face of the foe that has ever occurred. For a grave, episcopal state paper "it takes the rag off the bush."

The first temperance society proper was the Washingtonians. It had but little organization, but sent orators out to address the people and take written pledges not to drink any kind of intoxicants. Among the orators who came among us was Philip S. White, a reformed drunkard. Reformed drunkards often make successful temperance speakers because, probably, their experience gives them genuine sympathy for the drunkard and a ready access to his heart. Mr. White was an eloquent speaker, and kept his audience in good humor by the injection of anecdotes illustrating the life of the drunkard. The following sample I have never seen in print: A drunkard went to a stillhouse to get whisky in a jug carried by a string, the handle being broken off. He imbibed pretty freely at the stillhouse, and started home through the fields, continuing to

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drink and growing more top-heavy all the while. Finally he came to a very tall fence across his path. He managed to get his toes in a crack some distance from the ground, and pulled up enough to throw his jug over the top rail, when the string broke and the jug fell to the ground on one side and he on the other. The stopper came out of the jug and the whisky came pouring out, "google, google, google." "Ah! I know—hic—you're good—hic—but I can't get—hic—at you," said the drunk man.

Many signed the pledge under the inspiration of Mr. White's eloquence, including several drinking men. I signed the pledge then and have heartily joined in with every temperance movement which has come up since, except the Prohibition political party. I stood aloof from that because I did not consider it a wise movement. For this I have been criticised by some mistaken friends.

The next temperance movement was the organization of the Sons of Temperance. That was a much more perfect and efficient organization than the Washingtonians. It was a secret society, having its signs and passwords, which were known only to the members. The local lodges were called "divisions." Our division reached a membership of more than a hundred. It did a great deal of good, making speeches, circulating literature, and by every means at hand cultivating a temperance sentiment among the people. It also helped several drunkards to reform. Among them was an old man in whom strong drink had undermined and partially destroyed a very fine character. The Sons of Temperance took him into their lodge and their hearts, and shielded him in a measure from temptation, and helped him in the fight with his old enemy till he gained the victory. He professed faith in Christ, joined the Baptist Church, lived a happy and useful Christian for several years, and then fell asleep in Jesus. When our division of the Sons of Temperance was organized, we had only one liquor shop in our village. It was kept by Stephen Cawood Fleming, a young man of good character otherwise. He did not drink himself, nor was he known to be guilty of any other gross vice.

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I conceived the idea of cultivating him and trying to induce him to quit his liquor-selling. I took Sunday afternoon walks with him, and embraced every convenient opportunity to be with him. When I broached the subject of his liquor-selling, I found that he was not satisfied with it. I told him the Sons of Temperance would help him quit that business and start another. Finally he let his stock run down and proposed to sell the remnant at twenty per cent. less than the cost and give up his license. I took the proposition to the division, and they accepted it and appointed a committee, including myself, to close the trade. We invoiced his goods, paid for them, and took possession of them. But we had a white elephant on our hands, and were perplexed to know what to do with him. After much consultation, we adopted the wrong policy. We determined to keep the goods and sell them for medicinal and mechanical purposes and get our money back. Two gentlemen had recently come from Virginia (one from Abingdon and one from Lee County) and set up a mercantile establishment in our town. They were highly recommended as Christian gentlemen. We put our goods in their cellar and in their care. John Peterson, a prominent member of our division, and a member of the committee in the case, was a blacksmith and had his shop across the street opposite this store. One day he told me he believed the Lee County merchant was drinking our goods and inviting others to do so. I went to his shop, and we watched till we were satisfied his suspicions were well founded. Then we went in on him and two of his friends and caught them in the act of drinking our liquors. We rolled the barrels out in the street, and I went to the blacksmith shop and got a sledge hammer, with which I knocked the heads out of the barrels and emptied their contents into the street. When I cooled off, I realized that I had acted a little hasty and rash, and was somewhat uneasy for fear the Sons would not approve; but they did approve my conduct unanimously.

During the vacation at the close of my first year in college, I went down to the Muddy Creek neighborhood to visit John C. Winton and Winton C. Grant, two cousins with whom I

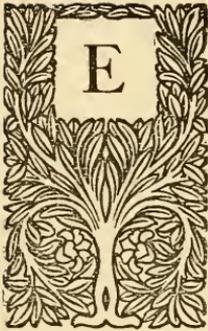
Temperance

roomed at college. Dr. R. A. Young, who was reared in the same section, was there on a visit to home folks. I heard him make a temperance speech. He went up to Knoxville, and the papers announced that he had delivered a temperance lecture there. Soon after I got home our presiding elder, who lived at Knoxville, came out to hold our quarterly meeting, and during the meeting he delivered Young's temperance speech almost verbatim. I am sure that the presiding elder could have produced a much better speech than Young's if he had tried, and he did himself and his audience a wrong by his laziness. Moral: Don't be a copyist. If the Lord had wanted you like some one else, he would have made you that way.

XIV

EDUCATION

"Some wit of old—such wits of old there were,
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care—
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot."



EDUCATION embraces care, culture, and training. It aims to promote the health, development, and usefulness of the individual. In the order of nature, if the faculties are kept in health and intelligently used, all the ends of education are secured. The infant has in embryo all the elements of the most exalted being within the range of our knowledge. It comes into a world where endless variety of objects and conditions are precisely suited to the necessities of its being. The boundless wealth of creation invites its search and appropriation. The laws of its being are such that the search and acquisition of those things for which its nature cries, while it satisfies present wants, creates the capacity and thirst for more. The certain indication is the need and possibility of endless development.

The work of education must include the entire man—the body, the intellect, and the spirit. The education of the body is just as important as the education of the intellect. The body is an essential part of the man. It is valuable in itself as being the masterpiece of God's material workmanship, and has immense added value as the home of the soul and the organ through which it manifests itself and does its work. It is redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and its immortality assured. He who neglects or abuses his body is as great a sinner as he who neglects or abuses his soul.

The work of education begins at the cradle and should not

Education

end this side of the grave. The very same care and culture necessary for development to what we call maturity are necessary to secure health and vigor after maturity and perpetuate the life and usefulness of the individual. Really the spirit never matures, and the body needs the same treatment after maturity that it does before to secure its health and vigor and the proper performance of its functions. So you see the work of education ought never to cease. He who neglects the proper care and culture of the body and mind at seventy is as culpable as he who does it at eighteen. It ought to be the ambition of every one whom God has created and redeemed to give every faculty with which he is endowed the highest possible state of development, and then retain them in vigorous and useful life as long as possible. Nothing short of this will meet the obligations which we owe to our Maker.

Whoever undertakes to fix a uniform dead line for people is a simpleton. That cannot be done until every one feels the same obligations and ambition to make the best possible use of himself for his God and his fellowmen, and devotes the same amount of care and culture to the development and perpetuity of his God-given faculties. And not then, as the case now stands, for it would require several generations to undo what has been done by the criminal folly and carelessness of the past. Because one man begins to decay early, and goes into his hole and pulls it in after him as soon as he begins to feel a little infirm, it is not necessary, therefore, to drive every man who passes the meridian of life into the obscurity of inglorious idleness. Better chloroform them. If one man passes the dead line at fifty and gathers the drapery of his couch about him and lies down, let him lie. But if another is ambitious to keep the dead line ahead of him till he is eighty, by all means encourage and help him.

Every man must educate himself, and he will find in whatever direction he looks the means and opportunity for doing so. The best that any one or any institution can do for an individual is to help him educate himself. The man

who is anxious to improve will find the means of improvement in contact with nature and with men everywhere. The wide-awake man cannot fail to find the opportunity and the stimulus to improve in social, business, Church, and civil life. The institutions which furnish the most and best helps are the home, the Church, and the school. I mention them in the order of their excellence, as I see it. There can be no question but that the home is the most potent of all influences in the formation of character. When I say home, I do not mean simply the home in which the boys and girls grow to manhood and womanhood, but the home in which they live all their lives. Next in importance is the Church. The Church excels the school as an educator chiefly because it puts the proper emphasis on the moral and religious. It is also superior to the school, because its opportunities and influences last through life, whereas the school lasts only a few years. If we leave out the moral and religious influence of the Church, I am sure there is more in it as an intellectual quickener and educator than is generally supposed.

The intellectual drill and moral influences of a good school are not to be despised. It is among the most potent helps at the beginning of an education. But to hear a young man just out of his teens, with his college diploma in his hand, talking about having completed his education is funny. He is just getting a start. The college commencement is appropriately named. If the student comes out of school with a healthy, vigorous body, with the capacity for independent and sustained thought, with a taste for letters and a thirst for knowledge, and with an acute sense of moral obligation, he has the key to the situation, whether he has a diploma or not. He is then prepared to enter the freshman class in the great school of life.

But the amount of good he receives from the home, the Church, the school depends on himself. A universal law of this world is that no one receives any good from anything to which he does not contribute. A man who, through the agency of the home, the Church, and the school, is developed into the

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highest type of manhood will have been worth as much to these institutions as they were to him.

In my boyhood the schools were very imperfect, but of course there were different degrees of excellence among them. Most of them were in log cabins, without any furniture. In our village there was a one-story frame building, unpainted, about fifty by thirty-five feet, called an academy. This school was partly supported by a public fund. There was no public school system, but the schools were supported by private subscription. The result was that in some populous and comparatively wealthy neighborhoods there were pretty good schools, and other poor, sparsely settled communities had none. Where there were the best schools the very poor could not meet the expense, and their children remained wholly illiterate. The teachers were much inferior to those we have now. There were very few female teachers. Among my primary teachers were two—Martha Noel and Mary Montgomery. Their kindness toward me and patience with my shortcomings made a deep impression on me. My best primary teacher was Merrill Hill, one of whose sons is my neighbor now. We drew our academy teachers largely from Anderson County. I was the pupil of Ransom Moore, William G. McAdoo, Elbert McAdoo and R. L. Kirkpatrick—all from that county. While all were good teachers and excellent Christian gentlemen, it is no disparagement of the others to say that R. L. Kirkpatrick excelled them all. He was afterwards for many years a professor in the Tennessee University. He was an industrious student, independent thinker, apt to teach, and a model Christian gentleman. I probably owe more to him than to any one else outside of our immediate family.

The schools of the present day are vastly superior to those of that day, except in three things:

1. There is more conventionalism (popularly called "red tape") in the schools of today and less freedom, which is so essential to the healthy exercise and development of the mind.

2. The students of the present day get much more help in their work than in former times, and the grade up the hill

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of science is so easy that the student may reach the top without much development of intellectual muscle.

3. The schools of the present day are much dominated by the materialism which is ruling the world. There is almost a universal cry for a practical education, which means an education that will enable its possessor to make money. We have come very often in the schools (and, I am sorry to say, in the Churches too) to put the dollar before the man.

I did not make a rapid start in education. My body developed rapidly, so that I weighed one hundred and sixty pounds at sixteen, but my mind was not so precocious. The result was that I was a great, big, awkward boy. I think I used at least ordinary industry. I succeeded better in mathematics than in anything else. Really I had more ambition than ability. Both in study and play I was ambitious to excel, and much mortified when I fell behind. I delighted in almost every kind of play, and would nearly kill myself rather than be beaten.

I was anxious to be a public speaker. An eloquent speech on any subject would almost run me crazy. But I was doomed to much disappointment in that. I was so timid and awkward that it was a long time before I could declaim a piece in school. Many a time, after memorizing a speech, and repeating it till I had it at my tongue's end, have I gotten up at school and forgotten it, and stood there, trying to recall it till my embarrassment would become so great that I would break out and cry like a booby. But I persevered till I conquered.

I delighted in debate. Often, after working hard all day, would I go several miles at night to join in the discussions of an old field debating society. I used to spend all the time I could at the courthouse, when court was in session, listening to the lawyers examining witnesses and making speeches. Then the lawyers were itinerants and went from court to court in their practice. Our bar was a very superior one. I remember Samuel Rodgers, Samuel Boyd, William H. Sneed, and Horace Maynard, from Knoxville; Walter Evans and Gray Garrett, from Tazewell; and John Netherland and John A. McKinney,

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from Rogersville. These were all men of marked ability. It would well repay a lad anxious to learn and with meager opportunities to linger about a courthouse to listen to such men.

Then it was a perfect feast to listen to the giant political debates of that day: Polk and Jones, Johnson and Henry, Johnson and Gentry, Trousdale and Campbell, Brown and Brown, etc.

In my nineteenth year I went to Emory and Henry College.

MILITARY

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."



IF the kind reader will bear with me, I feel like lingering another week amid the old haunts before I go to college. Really, I feel very much like I did when I was preparing to go to college: anxious to go, but loath to start. Duty said "Go," but the heart whispered "Stay." I have been now fifteen weeks amid the happy scenes and pleasant associations of the early days. I have re-experienced the buoyancy and brightness, the unsullied love, the undimmed hope, and the implicit faith of the sunny morn of life. I have looked at the old scenes and associates through the medium of long, long years. I am living in an old-new world. It is not a phantom, but a real world. It holds my heart with a strange, sweet fascination, and I feel like weeping at the thought of leaving. Please let me stay another week, and then I'll go with you to college and we'll enter a new world.

In my early boyhood one of our greatest occasions was a militia drill, called in the language of the times, a "muster." These musters occurred at regular and frequent intervals. Tennessee's militia was thoroughly organized. Every healthy male inhabitant between the ages of eighteen and fifty was embraced in the organization, unless excused by special statute. Each civil district constituted a captain's company. These companies were organized into battalions, the battalions of a county into a regiment, and the regiments into brigades, etc. The officers corresponded to the officers of like organizations in

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the regular army. Really, the regular army at that time was very small, and the reliance, in time of war, was much more on the militia of the various States than now. Whether the present plan and tendency is an improvement may be doubted. The esprit de corps of the citizen soldiery of the United States at that date has probably never been excelled in the history of the world. In our county we had eighteen companies, three battalions, and one regiment. The regiment mustered in the fall at the county seat, the battalions in the spring, and each company twice a year, preceding the battalion and regimental musters. These musters were too short and far apart to be satisfactory as drills; but they served to keep up the organization, and did much to inspire the patriotism and gallantry of the young men.

Each company, battalion, and regiment had its drum and fife and banner. The officers wore brilliant uniforms, and the field officers were mounted on fine horses gayly caparisoned. The battalion and regimental musters were fine spectacles, and the effect was imposing and inspiring. To a boy the scene was thrilling indeed. If there had been nothing else, the shrill, weird music of the fife, with the drum accompaniment, would have caused my hair to rise up on my head.

I attended the musters with all possible regularity. I went to see the great crowds and witness the grand parades, and you may be sure I was early inspired with an ambition to be a military officer. But there were other attractions. Old Mrs. Sweat was always there with an abundant supply of ginger-cakes and sweet cider. Both the cider and the gingercake were palatable when taken separately, but an exquisite compatibility made the two conjoined enjoyable beyond the loftiest experience of the most cultivated modern palate. Every boy of sufficient age, when the muster was approaching, was ready to do any reasonable job for a "fourpence" to lay by, with which to buy the toothsome gingercake. The fourpence was six and one-fourth cents. We did not have any nickels then.

Another reason why I liked to go to the musters was that they furnished me an opportunity to show off. I was an inveterate

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marble player. That was the only thing in which I ever claimed to excel everybody. I was so passionately fond of it that when the work was so pressing that I could find no time to play by daylight I would play by pine light if I could find any one silly enough to play with me. I always went to muster with a good supply of marbles, and my skill would soon gather a crowd of spectators. I enjoyed very much the notoriety it gave me.

William H. Smith, six years my senior, and one of my school-teachers, was elected colonel of the regiment. He appointed me adjutant, which was chief of staff. My! didn't I grow then? The cup of my ambition was full to overflowing. I set about at once rubbing up my horse and securing the necessary regimentals and trappings for the approaching regimental muster. I once heard Col. John Netherland, a distinguished lawyer and politician of Rogersville, say that the proudest man he ever saw was a newly elected constable, mounted on a horse, with a new, creaking saddle and saddlebags and a new bridle ornamented with red plush, on his way to serve his first warrant. But I am sure if he had seen me when I first appeared, mounted on my shining horse, with a red plume tipped with white in my military cap and decorated from head to heel with brass buttons and gilt lace, galloping to and fro, organizing the regiment, or marching in front of the column, my horse prancing and dancing and jumping under the excitement of the occasion, he would have changed his verdict. If I ever placed a higher estimate on myself at any other time, it was when a little boy. Uncle Mark, father's brother, who lived in Missouri, came to visit us, and brought me a pair of beaded moccasins made by the Indians. Mother made me a hunting shirt of gay colored calico, and Uncle Mark made me a coon skin cap with the striped tail hanging down my back. Rigged out in these, I felt as self-important as does Mr. Roosevelt wielding his big stick in politics.

Our county, by natural conditions, was divided into three sections : one north of Cumberland Mountain, one in Powell's Valley, and one in a broken, hilly section between the

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valley and the river. While the inhabitants of these sections had characteristics in common, each had its own distinguishing traits. In company with my colonel, I attended a battalion muster north of the mountain, at the home of Jesse Crabtree. It was peculiar. The ladies in large numbers attended. After the muster, the lunches, which every one seemed to have brought, were eaten in Mr. Crabtree's large apple orchard. During and after the lunch toddies, composed of whisky, water, and maple sugar, were freely passed in buckets and piggins, with gourd or tin cup attached for the convenience of the drinkers. A majority indulged in drinking, and seemed to relish it very much. Then the amusements came on. A shooting-match was organized in a near-by forest, and the constant crack of the rifles and the shouts of the lucky marksmen who from time to time hit the bull's eye were merry. Others indulged in pitching quoits. But the chief amusement seemed to be the dance. Several fiddles were on the ground, and as many dancing parties were organized in the shade of the apple trees. Men and women danced in pairs the old Virginia reel. That was the only time I ever witnessed the performance. I could have witnessed a like performance at Fountain City last Fourth of July; but when it began, I preferred to go home and write reminiscence.

Col. Smith and I were wide-eyed. We had never seen the like before. It looked like everyone was a fiddler. When one grew tired he handed the fiddle to the next one to him, who went on with the music. The finest performer was a tall, angular, cross-eyed woman. Her touch was exquisitely light and her bow steady and smooth, and she brought from the merry instrument the sweetest and richest tones; and all the while her eyes, which were bright if they were a little tangled, seemed to dance an accompaniment.

It was a great, good-natured, jolly crowd. I heard much disgusting profanity, of which the perpetrators did not seem to be conscious, but I did not hear a single cross word. Increasing light is developing out of the descendants of this simple-hearted and light-hearted people a good citizenship.

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Many of these people belonged to the Primitive Baptist Church, often called in derision the "Iron Jackets." Their preachers did not rebuke them, but encouraged them in their convivial habits. There were a few Methodists scattered through the crowd, sad spectators of the scene, who opposed the drinking and dancing and tried by precept and example to show their neighbors a better way.

Mr. Crabtree was a man of bright mind, with a limited education. He was a mechanical genius, the best blacksmith and gunsmith in the land. He was a center shot with a rifle, and attended all the shooting matches in reach, and generally came home laden with a full share of the spoils. He was a man of some prominence and influence in his community. He was distantly related to me and to two other members of the Holston Conference, but he was not any better off for that.

William H. Smith died a few months since in the full confidence and esteem of all his acquaintances. I rarely ever knew a purer or nobler man. I doubt not he is in the better land. Peace to his ashes!

XVI

OFF FOR COLLEGE

“Deserted is my native hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My dog howls at the gate.”



Y parents had never said anything to me about going to college till a few weeks before I started. I had heard them talking the matter over with the preachers, and was entertaining the hope of going some day, but did not think the time had come. When they mentioned it to me, I had some hesitancy about it. Father had met with some reverse in business, and I feared that the expense might be a burden to him. So I said: “If you think you can bear the expense without being embarrassed, I shall be delighted to go.” He answered: “It will require careful economy on the part of all of us; but we want to help you educate yourself, for we do not expect to be able to do much else for you. A boy at school does not need much money. He does not go there to have a good time, but to study. Much money would be a temptation to him. A poor boy will need to deny himself of much that he sees the rich enjoying, but that will be a blessing rather than a curse.” I answered that I would go, and promised to spend no more money than was absolutely necessary.

When I was alone and had time for reflection, I was tempted to regret that I had promised to go. I was anxious to have an education, and wanted to go to college, but it was so hard to tear myself away from home. It was a humble home and its environments were not the best, but it was my home. It contained my all, and the heart strings were so intertwined with its sacred relations and fellowships that breaking away was

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exceedingly painful. I determined to go, but more than once I wept like a child at the thought of it.

When the fated hour came, I had all my earthly goods packed in a trunk covered with rawhide with the hair on it. It was strapped on a buggy, with the necessary bedding to meet the requirements of the college regulations. My father stood by the buggy, line in hand, ready to start. I must say good-by. My heart came up in my throat, but I determined to play the man and not let any one see we crying. I shook hands with mother and sisters and baby brother, kissed them all good-by, and started. The journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles over very rough roads was tedious and tiresome, but uneventful till we reached Abingdon, Va. There, instead of going to a tavern, we went to the home of Col. John M. Preston. It came about on this wise : Mr. Preston had been my father's friend from boyhood ; had furnished him with money to go into business when he was a young man, and they had been partners in merchandise for quite a while. They had kept up a correspondence, and thus cultivated their friendship. The reception was as cordial and the treatment as kind as heart could desire, but I was ill at ease. It was the first home with elegant and luxurious appointments I was ever in, and I was painfully self-conscious all the while. I did not know how to dispose of myself, and was in constant dread of being guilty of some horrible breach of propriety.

My father and Mr. Preston seemed to enjoy themselves very much, talking over old times. I gradually wore off my nervousness, and became interested in Mr. Preston. He was an elegant specimen of the old-time Southern gentleman. He was a fine conversationalist. His thoughts were manly and his ideals elevated. My father had been a candidate for a county office, and, after a spirited campaign, had been defeated by a small majority. Discussing that, Mr. Preston said: "It may seem to be cruel, but I was glad you were defeated. I have always had confidence in you as a man of integrity; but if you had been elected, I should have been tempted to lose confidence in you. The present election methods are

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so corrupt that it is scarcely possible for an honest man to be elected." That was fifty-eight years ago. If he had lived till now, what would he have thought and said?

Next morning early we drove out to the college. We drove up to the boarding house to which Dr. Sullins refers, and Major Davis, the college steward, met us at the gate. After some conversation with the Major, father dumped me and the trunk and bedding off on the porch, and drove off down Cedar Creek to visit some of his old friends and neighbors. He had an idea that the best way to teach a boy to swim was to catch him by the heels and throw him into deep water. So he drove off and left me to work my own way into college.

I found but little trouble getting myself initiated into the college community. I got in pretty easy, but I bumped my head against many a hard place before I became familiar with the manner of life in the college. The members of the faculty were very kind. They had to put on a little dignity, of course, to impress new students with the majesty of the situation, and some of them could not avoid an air of condescension, but they unbent far enough to be very polite and kind to me.

The boys were very gracious indeed. Really, their great kindness to a perfect stranger was a puzzle to me at first. After a while I found out that it was a time of fishing, and that this extreme courteousness was a tactful method of catching minnows. The rivalry between the two literary societies was so intense that every lawful means was resorted to by both parties at the beginning of the session to secure new members. This rivalry, while it sometimes produced uncomely feelings and conduct, bore good fruit on the whole.

This fishing business caused me to make my first break among the boys. I was ever an unsophisticated kind of a fellow, and often blurted out my thoughts, when the least prudence and policy would have caused me to keep them concealed. The law of the college required a student to be four weeks in college before he was eligible to join a society. When four weeks had expired, of course every effort was made to get

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new members. On this occasion the Calliopeans got more members than the Hermesians at the first meeting after the probation expired. A few others and myself did not join at the first meeting, but I had made up my mind to be a Calliopean. Next morning I fell in with some Hermesians, and one of them remarked that the Calliopeans beat them the night before. "Yes," said another, "but they have got all they are going to get." "No, they haven't," said I, "for I am going to join them." Some Calliopeans a little distance off heard it and broke out into a big laugh. I saw a war cloud gathering on the brow of Hermese, and soon realized that I had spilt the fat in the fire.

For quite a while I suffered a great deal from home-sickness. I soon made a number of acquaintances among the boys, and found the social life of the college very pleasant, and my college duties occupied a large share of my time, but I found some time for meditation. At such times a hundred happy scenes and associations and affectionate ties would be tugging at my heart strings at once. We had made an agreement before I left home to interchange letters once a week. One night I dreamed of my father's death. I saw his sickness, death, and burial as plain as I ever saw anything. You know then the mails went astride a horse or rumbled along in an old stage-coach and were very slow and painfully uncertain. There came a flood in the rivers and stopped the mails, and I did not receive a letter for two weeks after my dream. My suspense and uneasiness were an agony. But when the mails came through and I received a letter from home, all were well and happy. Moral: Don't be troubled about dreams.

XVII

COLLEGE LIFE

"You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason."



FOUND life at the college pleasant enough. I had learned to enjoy life, though it was mixed with work and self-denial and responsibility. There is no place on the globe for which nature has done more than for Emory, Va. It was not so well improved as it is now, but its natural beauty and healthfulness were enough to make life an exhilaration. Then the associations were a pleasant, and even the routine of college work led me along paths in which I liked to travel. I did not find anything of which to complain—not even the cheap, coarse fare of the boarding house table. It was sufficient, and worth all I paid for it, and I found no room for grumbling. I insulted some young bucks one day by expressing the opinion that those who fared worst at home were the greatest complainers.

The opportunities for self-culture were abundant. If a boy had the root of the matter in him, he had there a key with which to unlock the door into the path of usefulness and happiness. If he did not have the root of the matter in him, the golden opportunity and rich privileges were lost upon him. It was casting pearl before swine. I classify these opportunities as follows:

1. The high character of the members of the faculty and their solicitude for the welfare and improvement of the students, which enabled them by precept and example to call forth and develop whatever of good there was in a boy.

2. Association with fellow-students. The young men

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there, as a rule, came from among the best homes and families in the country. It was a benediction to be associated with them. I do not mean to say that they were all first-class. There were enough degenerates among them to make it necessary to be careful in selecting associates, as everywhere else, but on the whole the association was pleasant and improving.

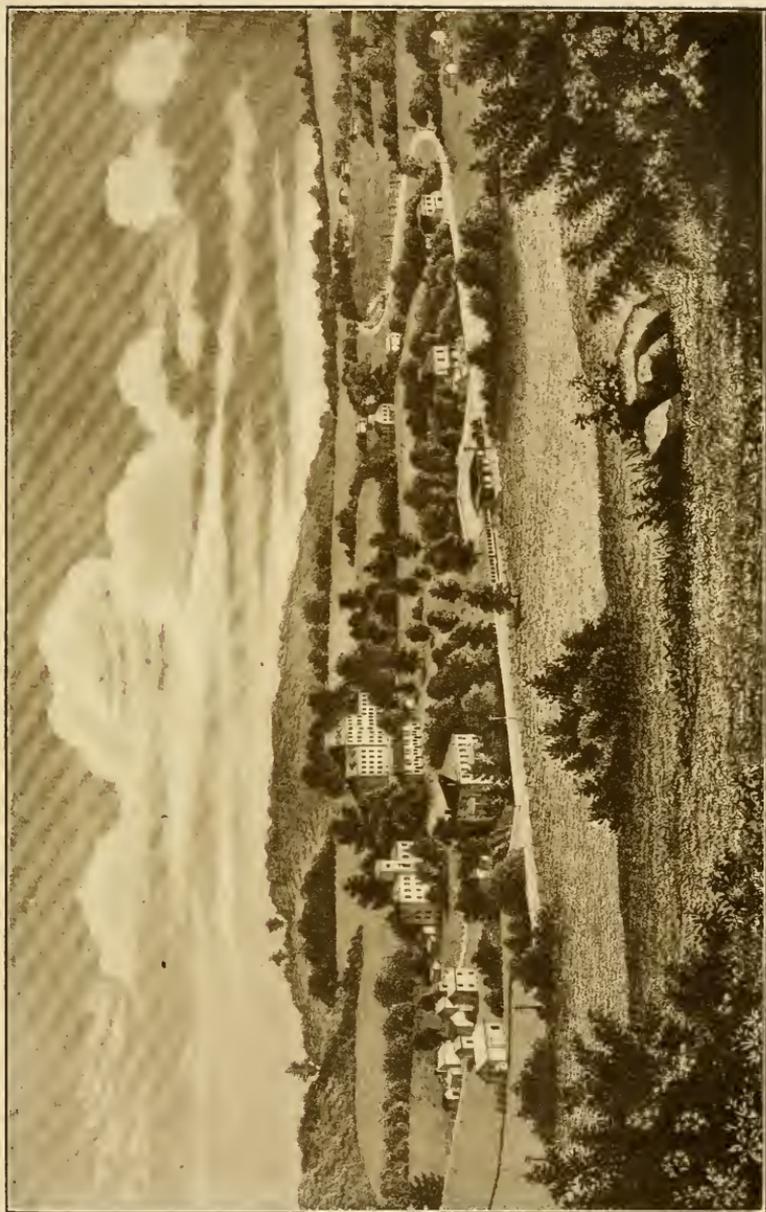
3. The daily drill in the recitation rooms. This consisted of assigning the student a daily task to perform and taking pains to see that he did it. The student was never helped till he found it impossible to go forward. That was the old-fashioned way of making intellectual men and women, and it made them.

4. The literary societies. These were not excelled, and probably never have been excelled, by any similar societies in the land.

5. The weekly drill in elocution. This furnished the students the opportunity to practice elocution in the presence of each other. This was a help; but none of the lectures I ever heard did any good, in my opinion. Emory and Henry's success in teaching elocution and oratory is the result of such conditions as furnish the stimulus and opportunity for practice.

6. The libraries. Even at that early date the college and each of the societies had a pretty good library, which were constantly improved by the addition of fresher books as they appeared.

7. The playground and work, which furnished an abundance of physical culture. We did not need any gymnasium. We had several hours for play each afternoon, if work was not a necessity, and large fields and forests through which to roam. The work consisted of keeping your own room in good order, carrying your water from the big spring, cutting your own wood, and making your own fires. No coal then. The wood-cutting was something immense in cold weather. Some of the fields on the college farm had been cleared in the old style, deadening the large trees and leaving them standing. The college kept some large oxen for work, and the men



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would cut down a big tree, load the trunk on two wheels of a wagon, and draw it to the college whole. Out of these immense logs we had to get our fire wood. And when you remember that some of them were almost as hard as steel, and that a student's ax was invariably dull, you can well imagine that it was no child's play. Some of the young gentlemen whose fathers were unwise enough to furnish them a surplus of money hired their wood cut and missed the benefit of all this fine physical culture.

Altogether it was a fine place to help a boy make a man of himself. It will readily occur to you that each of these departments simply furnished a student the opportunity for work and improvement. A college is not worth anything to the sluggard and the sloven, but it rather facilitates his declension and decay. Really this fact holds good in all schools. One who never noted the fact will be astonished to see how large a per cent. of those upon whom this age is thrusting the highest educational advantages are not profited by them. Quite a large number of those whom I knew in college were not profited, and some of them were injured, by their stay there. I do not remember any little boy who was profited by his college life, and most of them were worsted by it. A college is no place for little boys. A majority of the students gave sufficient attention to the daily recitations to be benefited by them. Others neglected them in a measure; but put their time in on weekly exercises and society work, using the libraries freely. A few sought to avail themselves of every means at hand for self-culture and improvement. These tried to make a proper division of time for the best use of the whole.

One of the brightest young men among my fellow-students put in all his time studying and practicing the orator's art. He delighted in society work and reading. When not reading up for a debate or an oration, he gave his time to novel-reading. He almost entirely neglected his daily studies, but he was so bright and ready that he could get a classmate who had studied a lesson to go over it with him and then go to the recitation room

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and pass. In this way he got a respectable grade in everything except mathematics, which he affected to despise. He graded quite high in the weekly exercises. He took no physical exercise, and sat up very late at night, often eating heavily before going to bed. The result was that he received a diploma and graduated with honor in composition and oratory; but he went home a physical, intellectual, and moral wreck, and soon sickened and died.

“How about yourself?” I doubt if I am a competent witness in that case. But I will try to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I went to college tolerably well advanced in study for my years, with moderate ability and large ambition. I was determined to make the best I could of my opportunity. I was anxious for an education and the improvement and culture it would give me. Besides, I felt that father and mother were making some sacrifices to send me to school, and that I would be an ungrateful wretch if I did not improve my time. That was one of my strong motives to study. I tried to obey the college rules and regulations, and used at least ordinary diligence in my work. I do not mean to say that I was a perfect student. I often found myself falling short of my ideal, and needed to use every whip at command to stir myself up. I was especially fond of society work. I was timid, but that furnished me the opportunity for self-control. I learned how to make myself do things. I soon came to be pleased when I was assigned a part in the society exercises. After a while I adopted the rule of making such preparation as I had time to make without neglecting my other duties for debate on the pending question, whether I was appointed or not. Then if the debate lagged a little and it seemed to be appropriate, I put in. I doubt not my comrades often thought I was naturally forward, whereas I was naturally backward. It is a question which I have never been able to decide whether I was more benefited by the society with the library attachment or by all else pertaining to the college, and I tried not to neglect any other duty for the sake of society work.

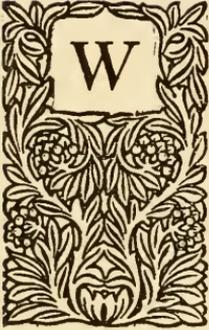
College Life

When the time for recreation came, I dropped everything and was among the first on the playground. With all the schooling I could give myself, and with all the self-control I could command, I liked play better than work to the end.

XVIII

PERSONS AND INCIDENTS

“Lo, the bells of memory’s wondrous city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
Lo, my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant from the bygone time.”



WHEN I entered Emory and Henry College, Dr. Charles Collins was President. He had a fine physical frame and a giant intellect, well cultured. He was a straight-edge in morals; but he was a bit cold, and his association with the students and administration was rather stiff and exacting. The following incident reveals a spot on this sun—all suns have spots: I roomed on the second floor, in the east wing, next the chapel, and was in the habit of staying in my room till the students were all gathered in the chapel for prayers, and then going to my seat, just a few steps distant. One afternoon a young man who passed my door on his way, finding the key on the outside, locked the door. When I presented my excuse to the President for absence from prayers, he said: “Who locked you in?” I said: “I cannot tell that, Mr. President. That would be violating a rule of honor among us.” But he insisted that I tell. Then I said: “I cannot do that. He is a good young man and a fine student, and just wanted a little fun.” He said: “If you do not tell, I cannot remove the mark.” I said: “I don’t tell lies. I tell you that I was locked in my room, and you can do as you please with the mark.” The law did not allow a mark reported unless the student got three, and I never knew what he did with the mark.

Dr. Wiley was professor of languages when I went to college, but was elected President before I left. The administration

Persons and Incidents

was improved. The laws were not changed, nor were they more vigorously executed, but Dr. Wiley put more heart into the administration. He was affable and easily approached. He made the students feel that he was in sympathy with them, and won their hearts. Government of any kind by inquisition and force is a failure. There must be an appeal to the self-respect and sense of right which will awaken the confidence and affection of the governed. Of course there must be a reserve of force for the rebellious and incorrigible, but its exercise should be a last resort.

Dr. Wiley was very highly endowed by nature. He was one of the few who seem equally fitted for any sphere in life. His friends wondered that he was never made a bishop. Really, he seemed to his friends to never quite fulfill the promise of his wonderful gifts.

Prof. Longley filled the chair of mathematics. He was the most learned of all the members of the faculty. His scholarship was more extensive and accurate, and his reading over a wider field. He was small of stature, but wiry and active. He had a great heart with a sympathetic nature and much delicacy and refinement of feeling—a pure and noble man.

James A. Davis was a tutor, but was elected a professor before I left. He was a man of medium talent and a genius for hard work. He was a devout Christian and the soul of integrity and honor.

James S. Kennedy had just graduated. He was universally esteemed as an industrious and capable student and a cultured Christian gentleman.

David Sullins was a member of the senior class. He had the finest physique in the college. He was tall, round-bodied, and as straight as an arrow. His frame was well knit and muscular. His step was as lithe as a fawn's and as soft as a cat's. He was prince of the playground. A popular play was what we called "bandy," and sometimes "shinny." It was much like golf. It was played with a small ball, which we were not allowed to touch with our hands. It was moved with sticks, curved and beveled at the end in the proper

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shape for lifting it and sending it forth. David Sullins' bandy stick, in size, resembled Goliath's spear staff. I have seen a half score of smaller boys, who were struggling for the ball, run and scatter like partridges at the approach of Sullins with uplifted stick, and leave him in undisputed possession of the ball. I saw him knock a small, solid rubber ball from about forty yards down the hill north of the old college building clear over the top of that building. He was not all body, but had a good mind and was a good student; but he never gave promise at school of the marvelous facility of utterance and talent for oratory which he afterwards developed. He was a good singer and prominent in Church work. He was a universal favorite with the boys and the pet of the faculty. It is dangerous to be anybody's pet anywhere or any when. It was too easy for Sullins to get "excused" to be absent from college, considering his fondness for society in general, and especially for the society of young ladies. Thereby hangs a tale:

One night Sullins brought some Abingdon young ladies to the meeting of the Calliopean Society, unannounced. It happened that our seniors and older members were all absent. When the question was opened for general debate, of course Sullins had to come forth, though he was not much given to it, and, as his speech showed, not very well prepared. When his speech ended, there was a long and painful silence. What was to be done? I wanted to speak, but there was that battery of bright eyes full upon me. Finally I mustered up courage enough, trembled upon my feet, and stammered through a speech. Sullins came back in rejoinder, and by that time, I limbered up and did better.

R. N. Price was also a student. He was tall and straight, and, strange as you may think of it, good-looking. He walked with a quick, elastic step, and occasionally jerked up his shoulder, as if it had slipped out of place. He had a high, well-developed forehead and a bright eye with a suggestion of mischief lurking in it. He was a lover of fun, and there was a current of humor running through his life, and flashes

Persons and Incidents

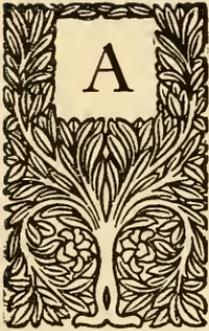
of wit often illuminated his speech. He had in embryo all his present eccentricities, since so well cultivated. He was a close student, and intellectually stood in the front rank. He was courteous in demeanor, and quite popular with his associates. He had conscience and courage, as the following incident will illustrate:

We had three members of the Calliopean Society who were given to dissipation and rowdyism: one from Virginia, one from Alabama, and one from Texas. They were great cronies, and when on a bender were quite a terror to quiet, orderly boys. One night they came to the society on mischief bent. Price was the censor, whose duty it was to mark and report breaches of order, that they might be punished with appropriate fines. The rowdy trio were cutting up through the entire session. Price conscientiously marked all their misdemeanors, and their fines in the aggregate amounted to a sum sufficient to increase the fund in the treasury very much. So soon as Price had read his report, they boiled over with rage, and flew out of the hall in a huff. The presumption was that they had gone to their rooms for arms, and the timid were trembling in anticipation of a bloody tragedy. As we came out of the hall, they met Price at the door and began to abuse him. At first he tried to reason with them, and assured them that he had done nothing more than was his duty to do. But this evidently made them think that he was inclined to back down, and they grew worse, raging furiously. Presently Price grew pale, and, jerking off his coat, threw it to one of the boys, saying: "Here, hold my coat. I can whip a dozen of such fellows as these." The effect was magical. The valiant gentlemen cooled off at once, and there was a great calm. If this cowardly trio had not showed the white feather, Price would have had plenty of backing.

XIX

YARNS

“O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king.”



REMARKABLE event during my stay at college was a railroad meeting at Abingdon. The railroad between Lynchburg, Va., and Knoxville, Tenn., was in contemplation. The promoters conceived the idea of having a big mass meeting at Abingdon to stir up enthusiasm on the subject. To entice citizens of Virginia and Tennessee to attend, Preston, of Virginia, and Landon C. Haynes, of Tennessee, two silver-tongued orators of eminent fame in their respective states, were announced to speak.

The college authorities, being much interested in the enterprise, announced some days in advance that a holiday would be given and all the students permitted to go. A great excitement prevailed at once, and nothing else was talked about among the boys. All determined to go. The whole community was canvassed for conveyances. Every horse, buggy, wagon, hack, and cart that could be secured was engaged. Not enough conveyances could be found, and some unfortunates, myself included, were reduced to the alternative of walking ten miles or missing the meeting. We determined to go afoot. Of course state pride was aroused. The Virginia boys began to tell us how Mr. Preston, who had a national reputation as an orator, would lay Mr. Haynes in the shade, and we retaliated by threatening the extermination of Mr. Preston by East Tennessee's gifted son.

On the appointed morning, the students were all in early, and congregated at Dunn's Tavern.

Soon after our arrival, Mr. Preston came in from the east, in a fine open carriage, drawn by two sleek black horses, with a yellow driver in livery. He was well acquainted in the town, and bowed right and left to his acquaintances, smiling all the while, as the light-footed thoroughbreds sped along. The Virginia boys began to nudge us Tennesseans in the ribs, exclaiming triumphantly: "That's Mr. Preston! That's Mr. Preston!"

After a while Mr. Haynes made his appearance from the west, mounted on a tall sorrel horse, which did not seem to have been well fed or groomed. He was a tall gentleman, whose frame was knit together by rather loose articulation. He used short stirrup leathers, which inclined him to stoop, and made his position in the saddle not an ideal pose. There was no inspiring majesty in his appearance. The Tennessee boys were a little hacked, but were compelled reluctantly to admit that the gentleman on horseback was Mr. Haynes.

An immense audience assembled to hear the speaking. The large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and standing room was at a premium. Many of the first citizens of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee were present. Expectation was on tiptoe.

Mr. Preston first appeared on the rostrum. He was a fine-looking gentleman, with a little of the cock-of-the-walk air. His voice was clear and well modulated, and his articulation was very distinct. Altogether his delivery was smooth and pleasant. He made a beautiful speech, but it was simply pretty. It awakened the admiration of the audience, and entertained them, but nothing more. In a fine eulogy of Virginia he said: "There is not a pine on her bleakest mountain or a rock on her most desolate shore but I love it." He was cheered occasionally. The old Virginia aristocrats present would thump on the floor with their gold-headed canes when he said anything especially pretty. Quite a hearty applause was given him at the close.

When he ceased, Mr. Haynes was introduced. He began with a slow, measured speech, and gradually warmed up to

his subject. In a short while every faculty of his nature was enlisted in his speech. His voice was loud as a trumpet or soft as a lute at will. It was under such complete control that it gave perfect expression to every thought and sentiment of the speaker. His mobile face, by the most delicate expression, exhibited every movement of the mind and heart. He seemed to grow in stature, and every attitude and gesture was full of grace. His resources of fact and logic seemed inexhaustible, but his chief forte was description and word-painting. He had not been speaking ten minutes till he had complete control of his audience. He made them laugh and cry and shout at will. One of his oratorical feats is indelibly fixed in my mind today. He described a six-mule team, with a negro driver, stalled in the mud. The description was so graphic that you could see the tangled team, turning from side to side, and hear the maledictions of the irate driver. Then he described in contrast a railroad train, as the iron horse sped across the continent, drawing the commerce of the nation after him, and waking the dense solitudes with his loud neighing. The effect was electric.

He described the natural beauty of his native East Tennessee with golden speech, and told of the inexhaustible wealth hid in the forests and mines and the result of its development through the agency of the railroad so accurately that his speech has proved to be prophecy. He tried time and again to quit before he reached a final close, but they shouted him on.

The Tennessee boys were exultant. The Virginia boys did not give it up directly, but apologized for Mr. Preston by saying that he was not in good trim. In the estimation of a genuine blue-blood Virginian, no Virginian is ever excelled by anybody, in anything, when he is in good trim.

Apropos of the building of the railroad between Lynchburg and Knoxville, the following anecdote went round through the papers: Bishop John Early lived at Lynchburg. He had a taste and talent for secular, as well as ecclesiastical, affairs. Because of his business sagacity, he was chosen Book Agent before he was elected to the episcopacy. He was

much interested in the railroad enterprise, and did a great deal to promote it. On the occasion of the breaking of dirt at Lynchburg, they had quite an elaborate programme, and Bishop Early was chosen to deliver the invocation. He wrote and read his prayer. A patriarchal old darky was standing by, shovel in hand, ready to cast the first dirt. He uncovered and reverently bowed his head, as did the others, during the prayer. When it ended, he looked up with a significant smile, and said: "Uh! I suppose this de fust time de Lawd eber been written to on de subjec' ob de railroad."

A wedding was the occasion of one of the most unpleasant episodes of my college life. Professor Davis was to be married to the daughter of Pleasant Smith, who lived on the old State Road, a mile or so south of the college. The boys knew that the wedding was coming, and guessed that all the members of the faculty would be absent. The wild boys laid in their whisky and prepared for a high time. The wedding was at night, and they turned the college into a bedlam. The confusion and noise were shocking. If you opened your door, the whisky stench from the hall almost stunned you. After a while Professor Longley appeared on the scene, and in five minutes there was perfect order and quiet.

(You are not to infer that any large number of the boys engaged in this rowdyism. There were only a few of them. Anywhere a little evil will make more noise and show than much good. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but the devil's kingdom is always ushered in with a din of confusion. In Church work, reliance on the spectacular and the noisy is a bad sign.)

The religious atmosphere of the college was good. The faculty were all religious, and so were a large majority of the students. A session rarely ever passed by without a revival, and many students who came to college unconverted went home devout Christians.

The college belonged to the Abingdon Circuit, and the pastor preached for us only once a month, but he often spent some time visiting the students. Rev. William Robeson,

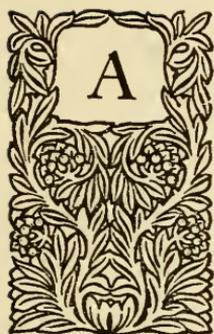
From Sunrise to Sunset

of precious memory, was in charge of the circuit while I was there. I roomed with his brother, A. C. Robeson, my lifelong friend, who still lives at Athens, Tenn. This gave me a fine opportunity to get acquainted with the circuit preacher. We began an acquaintance and friendship there which lasted, without a jar, till he went home. He was a fine character. His preaching and life were pure gold. He did not have those showy qualities best calculated to please the boys, but he had the essential characteristics of Christian manhood, and well qualified to inspire them with the highest and noblest ideals.

Rev. R. M. Hickey was stationed at Abingdon, and sometimes visited the college and preached there. He was quite a popular preacher with the boys. One morning, before taking his text, he made a talk in which he told the boys that he usually preached short sermons, but was sometimes unconsciously betrayed into a longer talk than he intended. He told them, if he should go on too long, and they would exhibit their watches, he would take it as a sign that it was time to quit. No schoolboy could ever refrain from walking into such a trap as that. He had not been preaching ten minutes till he was confronted with watches all through the chapel. Of course it flattened him out.

HOME AGAIN

“An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
 The birds singing gayly that came at my call;
 Give me them, and peace of mind dearer than all.”



AT the close of my first year in college, among the graduates was James O. Patton, son of Dr. Samuel Patton, a leading minister in the Holston Conference. He was a young man of fine intellect and all-round good character. He was industrious and successful as a student, but he was timid and modest almost to a fault. He lived with his books, and made few acquaintances. He was companionable and pleasant with those whom he admitted into the inner circles of his life. I learned to admire him, and induced him to apply for the school in my native village. I wrote to father, sending his recommendations, of which he could get any number, and he was elected. I confess I was a little selfish in this matter. I wanted to stay at home and study a year, because I could save a little money and be at home, where I would rather be than in any place or position on the globe. I did so, but I don't think I did altogether as well as I could have done at college. I went through as many text-books, observing the college curriculum, and probably studied them as well, and was as well taught, but in other things I did not have equal advantages, and there were more things outside to divert my mind from my books. But it was one of the happiest years of a very happy life. After that I spent another year at Emory and Henry.

Patton made a success of his teaching, and meanwhile courted and married Elizabeth Jane Smith, the belle of the county.

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She was beautiful in person and character, and made him a most estimable wife. From Jacksboro he went to Knoxville and engaged in the drug business, and from there he went to Huntsville, Ala., where he engaged in the same business. I owe him a lasting debt of gratitude not only for the help he gave me in my studies, but also and more for the noble ideal of life and character which he taught both by precept and example.

The following incident will illustrate one kind of attraction that existed to entice me from my books: It was whispered around at school one Friday that a log-rolling and quilting were going on at a certain pleasant country home, about two miles from the village, and that there would be fine opportunity for social enjoyment in the evening. This kind of double function was common in those days, in order that after the day had been spent in useful labor the young ladies and gentlemen might have the evening hours for social enjoyment together. The temptation was too strong for resistance, and we promptly made up a party of boys to go. The social currents were at high tide, and the evening was intensely enjoyable. But, as has always been his habit, Satan crept into this paradise. Some of the country boys, who had worked hard all day and earned a fair share of the evening enjoyment, were not pleased that the village boys, who had had no share in the work, should come in and claim a share in the attention of the young ladies. They regarded us as intruders. It must be admitted that there was some justice in that claim, but they did themselves a wrong by brooding over it till they grew bitter in spirit and determined to have revenge. The sequel will show the means adopted to attain it. When the party broke up, and the village boys got ready to start home, they could not find their hats. Search was made for them all through the house without success. Finally a torch was procured and the search extended to outdoors. After considerable hunting, they were found behind the corncrib cut into shreds. But a serious mistake was made to my profit. This was one of the times when my lucky star was in the

Home Again

zenith. Soft felt hats had just come in, and I had the only one in the party. Not finding a convenient hatrack when I went in, I stuck my hat under the chair in which I took a seat. Not finding my hat to make out the number, they took and destroyed the hat of an excellent young countryman. I persuaded the boys that our going there under the circumstances was an act of gross injustice, and that they were justly punished for their sins. Of course they wanted to know how I escaped then. I told them that I had repented when I saw the forlorn look of some of the boys who had been cut out, and had thus secured immunity. To the credit of the village boys, they did not grow bitter, but shook it off and went home bareheaded in a state of hilarity.

I left Emory and Henry College at the close of the collegiate year in 1852. I did not graduate. By hard work I could have completed the course in one more year. When I entered the college I was pretty well along in other departments, but had not made a beginning in Greek. Accordingly, if I had stayed to graduate, I should have been studying Greek a good part of the time. I was unwilling to do so, and made a proposition to the faculty, to return if they would let me substitute study in German for part of the Greek. They answered that their laws would not permit them to do so. After much deliberation and consulting my parents, I determined not to return. I did not blame the faculty for observing their rules, but I think their rules were too rigid. I am of the opinion that they would have made their curriculum more elastic if competition had been as close as it is now.

I suppose there will be a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of my course. Looking back at it, after the experience of a long life, if it were to do over again, I think I should do as I did. I do not underestimate the advantage of college training, but I do not place the highest estimate on a college diploma. It is the education represented by it and not the diploma that is valuable. If you have the education, you can get on finely without the diploma; and if you do not have the education, a diploma will be more than worth-

less, for it will excite expectations which you cannot meet. To some of those who graduated when I was at college the diploma was not worth as much as the value of the sheepskin on which it was written. If literary titles were ever worth anything, their disgusting, indiscriminate commonness, of late years, has robbed them of all their value. The title Doctor of Divinity does not have any more significance, as now used, than "squire" or "captain." The whole transaction would be funny but for the loss of moral fiber by wearing a title with the consciousness that you do not merit it, to say nothing of the downright immoral methods now in vogue for securing umerited titles.

When I went home, Mr. Patton having resigned, I was elected to fill his place in our village academy. I had determined, as I thought, to adopt teaching as my life work, and went into it with what enthusiasm I could command. The following January I was married to Mary Peterson. She was an orphan girl, her father and mother both having died when she was very small. The Petersons lived next door to us, and mother and Mrs. Peterson were kindred spirits. On her deathbed she asked mother to take her only girl and rear her, which she consented to do. But her aunt, Mrs. John Carnes, of Knox County, who was childless, claimed her part of the time; and she was brought up partly in the home of her aunt and partly in our home. We early formed an attachment for each other, which grew into a mature affection, and resulted in our marriage. She had a beautiful person, a bright mind, and a sweet spirit; but death claimed her as his victim, and she went away in the morning of life.

We went to housekeeping on a farm a mile from the village. I had a lovely wife, happy home, and the farm and school together gave us good promise of a living. In the next chapter I propose to tell you how I came to break up that home and become a homeless wanderer.

THE CALL TO PREACH

"I would I were an excellent divine
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make his enemies his friends."



FROM my earliest recollections, when I thought of what I was to be and do, the impression was upon my mind that I was to be a preacher. I did not stop to inquire whence the impression came, but accepted the suggestion at once. The preachers were the best and greatest men I knew. I had an admiration amounting almost to reverence for them, and I thought there could be nothing better than to be a preacher.

But as I grew older the situation changed. I heard our ministers talking about a call to the ministry. They often preached on the subject then. It soon became a very interesting subject to me. They taught that it was the exclusive prerogative of the Holy Spirit to call men to this office and work. They made the work of the ministry entirely distinct from every other work. They emphasized the fact that those who were called of God to preach the Gospel were set apart from all secular uses and works to this sacred calling. I believed all this without question then, and after a long life of study and experience, I am confirmed in that faith.

In the love feast and in the pulpit I heard the preachers talking about the self-denial and hardships involved in their work. I soon came to know that they were paid meager salaries, and were often poor, and sometimes destitute; that they were much away from home, and called on to toil day and night, summer and winter, exposed to all kinds of inclement weather; and that, after all this self-denial to carry the Gospel

to the people, their message often fell on dull ears and was rejected, and that sometimes they were persecuted and abused for Christ's sake. While I was filled with admiration for their heroism, and had my sympathies aroused at the recital of their sufferings, I was not so sure that it would be a nice thing to be a preacher.

When the suggestion came to me that I might be called of God to this work, I shrank from it, and tried to put the suggestion away. Dismiss the subject as I would, it would come up again. I resisted the conclusion that I was called to this sacred work. I put it on the ground of my unworthiness and insufficiency for the work, but I am satisfied now that I did not fully understand my own motives. I wanted to do something else. Instead of being influenced by my humility in trying to put away the suggestion from me, I was largely influenced by my pride and ambition. Finally others began to mention it to me. Our pastor, Rev. J. R. Bellamy, who transferred to Texas, and died there, gave me a serious talk on the subject, and expressed the opinion that it was my duty to preach. He called on me often to lead public prayer before I could muster up the courage to take up that heavy cross. My conscience always condemned me, and I sometimes wept bitterly over it. After I consented to do so, I would try to hide from the leader of the prayer meeting to avoid being called on.

I was not rebellious nor defiant. I tried to be a Christian, but confusion and darkness were about me. I would not acknowledge that I felt called by the good Spirit to the work of the ministry, yet I could not vanish that conviction from my mind. I was silly enough to try to compromise the thing. I wanted to be a lawyer. Some of my associates in college had been imprudent enough to tell me that I had a talent for that profession; but I had to put that aside, because I could not find any analogy between the life of a lawyer and that of a preacher. Then I tried medicine. That would furnish the opportunity to minister both to the souls and bodies of my fellow-men, and for a time I thought I had resolved to be

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a doctor. But in my hours of religious meditation I was still dissatisfied and filled with gloom.

Then I concluded to teach school. I could teach my pupils morals and religion while I was teaching them other things, and probably do as much good as in the pulpit. Accordingly I married and settled down to teaching for my life's work, as I thought. But I was still restless and dissatisfied. It was in my heart and mind that the Lord wanted me to be a preacher. My call was not simply a call to do good (all Christians have that call), but it was a call to the specific and exclusive work of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Finally, one Sunday afternoon I took my Bible and went into a cedar grove, near my home, where I was accustomed to go for meditation and prayer. While there the old question came upon me with unusual force. I fell on my knees and poured out my soul to God in prayer, begging him to give me life and strength to know and do my duty. He heard and answered my prayer, and enabled me to put the world behind my back and take him for my portion forever. I promised him there on my knees, with heart subdued and streaming eyes, that, if the Holston Conference would accept me, I would give my life to the work of the ministry. It was a complete surrender. There was no mental reservation. I tore up the bridge behind me. I was completely happy. The mists and clouds all disappeared, and the sunshine of God's approbation flooded my soul. When I went to the house, I told my wife of my struggle and my victory. We had talked about it before, and, while she had shown no opposition to my being a preacher, she had never expressed any decided conviction on the subject. Now I was delighted to find her in fullest sympathy with me. She wanted me to follow my convictions and to do my duty, and she was willing to bear her part of any sacrifice that might be needed. We realized that it was a complete surrender of all worldly prospects, and the acceptance of a life of toil and self-denial. We had a baby boy, the idol of our hearts, about whose future we were more concerned than about our own. We knew also that married

preachers were not in demand in the Conference; but we put the future entirely in the hands of the Lord, and determined to follow him, no matter where he might lead us. I have made many mistakes and blunders, and this treacherous heart of mine has often gone wrong, but I have never recalled the solemn vow I that day made, nor regretted my choice.

The first opportunity I had I told mother of my choice. Her pale face lighted up with an unearthly radiance, and she gave expression to her gratitude to God. She said that when I was born she had in her heart consecrated me to God's service, and asked him to make me a useful minister of the Gospel, and that she had repeated that prayer every day since. She said that she had not mentioned it to me, because she did not want to influence me in my choice, but wanted me to be entirely led by the spirit. I thought I could understand some things then which before had been a mystery to me.

I at once set about a preparation to join the Holston Conference. I was recommended by my class and licensed to preach and recommended for the traveling connection by my Quarterly Conference. Rev. T. K. Catlett, the presiding elder, was absent, and my license and recommendation were signed by Rev. J. B. Little, the preacher in charge of the circuit.

A half century ago there was more emphasis placed on the call to the ministry by the Holy Spirit than there is now, and less stress on education and intellectual training. The Church was as much concerned as now, probably, for the education and intelligence of her preachers and people. Hence her persistent effort, under great difficulties, to create and disseminate religious reading, and to establish schools. She was anxious that her preachers should have all possible help in their holy calling, but she stressed all the time a genuine conversion and the conscious call of the Spirit as the essential qualifications for the preaching of the Gospel. She was right, according to the teaching of the Bible and all sound reasoning.

My experience and observation have made me what the world, and worldly Methodists as well, would call narrow on this subject. I believe that the call to the work of the ministry

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is exclusive. I do not believe that teaching school is a fulfillment of this call. I am sure that the Church has lost a great deal by putting a large number of the most gifted men, whom God has called to the ministry of the word, in her schools, to do a work which laymen can do quite as well. Not only has she lost the influence of these men in the pulpit, where God put them by special call of his Spirit, but she has discouraged her aspiring laymen by shutting them out from nearly all her positions of highest usefulness and honor. Please excuse me, if I don't look at this matter through your specks.

XXII

THE FIRST CONFERENCE

"I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
To them was life a simple art,
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run."



WAS received on trial into the traveling connection at Cleveland, Tenn., in 1854. It was the first Conference that Bishop George F. Pierce held. He was a perfect pattern of a man, and the greatest preacher I ever heard. I do not judge him alone by the one sermon I heard him preach at that Conference, but also by the many I heard him deliver afterwards.

I was all eyes and ears on that occasion. I saw and heard the little things and the big things, the grave things and the gay things. I shall take some of them out of memory's gallery, as I come to them, and make of this article a mosaic.

I was impressed by the personnel of the Conference. They were a body of fine-looking men. In spite of the smallness of their salary, they were well-dressed and of good address. Their intelligence and culture were conspicuous. Their singleness of purpose and unreserved consecration to the one work of saving men from sin by the Gospel of Jesus Christ was apparent in all that was said and done. The Conference was a unit, and brotherly love abounded. There were no cliques nor clans, nor any plotting or maneuvering for place. Each looked upon the things of the others, and all counted it an honor to be accounted worthy to suffer for the sake of

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Christ and his cause. A young man could not be among them without being inspired with the noblest religious spirit.

Among the old men were Ekin, Ganaway, Haskew, Catlett, Fulton, Sevier, Stringfield, and Carter. Among the middle-aged men were Stevens, Hicks, Thomas K. Munsey, Kerr, Wiley, Hickey, Robeson, and Parker. Among the young men were Worley, Wexler, Kelly, Elbert Munsey, Brunner, Taylor, Phillips, Huffaker, Sullins, Price, Boring, and Belt. These were conspicuous; but, as is always the case, there were a number in each class not so conspicuous, but of equal merit and efficiency. It is not always, or frequently, the man who makes the most noise and attracts the most attention who has the most merit or does the most good.

Of all who were members of the Conference when I joined, only seven remain: Brunner, Kelly, Sullins, Price, Boring, Belt, and Swaim. The rest are all gone over the Jordan. Almost without exception they fought a good fight, kept the faith, and have gone up to inherit the crown. What a happy reunion there will be by and by!

Dr. Samuel Patton had died during the year. He was a prince of our Israel, and had served the Church faithfully and efficiently in almost every department of ministerial labor. At the time of his death he was the editor of our Conference organ, the *Holston Christian Advocate*. He died of cholera at Knoxville, Tenn.

As was the custom then, Dr. E. F. Sevier was appointed to preach a funeral sermon in memory of Dr. Patton. He was one of the most gifted and probably the most thoroughly cultured preacher in the Conference. Of course every one was anticipating a religious feast at this appointment. When the hour arrived the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. But there was a sad disappointment. Brother Sevier was dull, and in the language of the times "got into the brush," and, as is common with preachers in the brush, spent a great deal of time trying to get out and got deeper in all the while. To make matters worse, R. M. Stevens was in the pulpit to conclude, according to custom. Stevens was a man of eloquent

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tongue and often electrified his audiences by the power of his speech; but he was sometimes unguarded and extreme in his statements. When Sevier concluded, he arose and said: "If an angel from heaven were to come to the earth and tell me that Samuel Patton was not there, I could not believe him." "O, O!" said Brownlow audibly, "I would believe anything that came from that source."

One day a motion was made in the Conference to dispense with the week-day preaching. It was advocated by Kerr, Parker, and others. The contention was that the audiences at these appointments were so small that it did not pay to keep them up. Kerr, as always, was moderate and modest; but Parker, as always, was persistent and vehement. After one of Parker's fervid speeches, Uncle Joe Haskew, the wit of the Conference, arose and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Bishop, I know what is the matter with the young brother. He don't like to waste a buck-load at a sparrow." That ended the debate.

Know-nothingism was just spreading over the country. It was a secret political organization, with signs and grips and passwords known only to the initiated. The two distinguishing planks in their platform were opposition to foreign immigration and to Roman Catholicism. The Whig and Democratic parties had long contended for the mastery in politics, sometimes one and sometimes the other prevailing. But the organization of the Republican party had so weakened the Whig party that it was no longer able to contend with the Democrats. The Know-nothing party (Americans, they called themselves) was organized to administer on the affairs of the Whig party, under a new name and a new platform, in the hope of being able to proselyte enough Republicans and Democrats to give them the ascendancy again. Brownlow was at this Conference initiating all the preachers who would consent to join into this secret political society. Most of the Whigs were an easy prey to his wily arts, and a large majority of the preachers were Whigs. Kerr, Taylor, Huffaker, Price, and a few others were Democrats. These were naturally a

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little shy of anything advocated by Brownlow. But Price, who was an admirer of Brownlow, slowly consented to join. He and others were brought up for initiation in the court-house. When Brownlow presented the Bible and proposed to swear them, Price backed out. Whereupon Brownlow exclaimed: "That is the first Methodist preacher I ever saw who was afraid of the Bible."

As above stated, Dr. Patton, the editor of the Conference organ, had died during the year, and Dr. McFerrin, editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* was present with a proposition that we should turn over our subscription list to the Nashville *Christian Advocate* and cease the publication of our paper. Two reasons were assigned—that our paper did not have sufficient patronage to make it a decided success, and that it was in the way of the general Church organ, occupying contiguous territory. It was the old plea of centralization, the big thoroughbreds seeking to devour the little scrubs. There was strong opposition to the measure headed by Brownlow. The debate was carried on almost exclusively by McFerrin and Brownlow. It was Greek meeting Greek. The atmosphere was surcharged with sarcasm, wit, repartee. It was a match of buffoonery, a war of wags; but McFerrin gained the victory. He beat Brownlow at his own game, and carried off our paper, very much to the detriment of our work, in my opinion.

Sunday was a great day. The little town overflowed with people. There was preaching at several places, and every room was full. Bishop Pierce preached in the Methodist Church in the morning and Dr. McFerrin in the afternoon. I remember both sermons better than I do the sermons I heard at the last Conference. Pierce's text was 1 Corinthians vi: 17-20, and McFerrin's Psalm lxxxiv: 10, 11. The Bishop's sermon was a masterly plea for a clean life, specifying many unclean habits and burning them with biting sarcasm, and then with the most persuasive speech inviting the unclean to the fountain of living waters. Dr. McFerrin was not as free and felicitous as I have often heard him since, but he

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wound up with a chapter from his experience as a missionary to the Indians. He told how he was one day riding alone along a pathway around the end of Lookout Mountain, gloomy and despondent, and how he turned aside from the path, tied up his horse, knelt down by a big rock, and prayed till the clouds were all dissipated and the Sun of Righteousness arose full-orbed upon him. This produced a fine effect, and left his audience in a most excellent humor.

When the appointments were announced, to my surprise I was read out to the Clinton Circuit, which adjoined the one on which I was reared. I went home with a great weight of responsibility resting on me, but happy in the consciousness that I was in the line of duty and might claim the help of the Lord.

XXIII

THE FIRST CIRCUIT

“He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life’s conflict and looks the strong world in the face.”



IN 1854 the Clinton Circuit embraced Anderson County and most of what is now Union County. The face of the country was rough, both hilly and rocky. Clinch river ran through the circuit, as did several considerable creeks. The roads were few and rough, and there were no bridges and few ferries. Travel was difficult, and sometimes dangerous.

The lands were very productive, and the people well-to-do. They were an average of East Tennessee population in intelligence and piety. They were kind-hearted and generous, and kept open doors, even to strangers.

The Methodist and Baptist Churches occupied the entire field. The Baptists were divided into Missionary and Anti-missionary Baptists. It had been so short a time since the division occurred that the friction engendered by it still existed. The prejudice between them was only less intense than that between them and the Methodists, which was the bitterest denominational prejudice I have ever known anywhere. To make the matter worse, political and denominational lines coincided for the most part. Most of the Methodists were Whigs, and most of the Baptists were Democrats. Dr. Tate was the Methodist and Whig leader, and John Jarnagin was the Baptist and Democratic leader. To show you how intense the prejudice was, at Clinton they had Methodist and Baptist Churches, schools, taverns, stores, blacksmith shops, and ferries across the river. Like the Jews and Samaritans,

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they had no dealings with each other whatever. The rivalry became so great at one time that both ferries were made free, and the people went across the river without cost.

This rivalry was the occasion of one of my frequent blunders. I knew nothing about the condition of things till I went to the circuit. Mr. Jarnagin and my father had been intimate friends in their young manhood, and had kept up and cultivated their friendship, frequently visiting each other. When I went to my first appointment at Clinton, Mr. Jarnagin appeared at Church and took a front seat. The congregation would not have been more surprised at a clap of thunder in a clear sky. When the benediction was pronounced, he came forward at once, shook hands with me, gave me a cordial welcome to Clinton, and invited me to go home with him for dinner. I accepted his kind invitation, it being the first. Consternation seized my audience at once. I was gone to be guest with a man that was a sinner, and a chief of sinners at that. Again I had spilt the fat in the fire, according to my usual luck.

The circuit had nineteen appointments, which were to be filled in three weeks, leaving me two out of three Mondays for "rest days," as we called them. Then we never preached in two different churches the same day. If we preached twice, it was at the same place. I preached in four churches, three of which were log houses, seven schoolhouses and eight dwelling houses. There are now five of our preachers working in the field covered by my circuit. That indicates progress, especially when we consider the fact that a majority of our people in those bounds joined the M. E. Church after the war.

I did a thing for which there was no precedent, so far as I know. It seemed to me that it was not fair that three of the Churches should have all the Sunday preaching. So I alternated the Sunday appointments around the circuit, preaching on Sunday where I preached on Saturday the preceding round, etc. Where the appointments fell on Sunday, I also preached on Saturday night and Sunday night. The local preachers and exhorters, of whom there was a large number, knew where the Sunday appointments were, and, when near

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enough to them, they came to help me. We held evangelistic services at these meetings, and very often had conversions and accessions to the Church.

I preached twenty-five times in three weeks, besides the class meetings, which were almost uniformly held after preaching. The five brethren occupying this territory now preach thirty sermons in three weeks, and I suppose it is safe to say that I did twice as much traveling as they all do. I do not make these statements to glorify myself, but simply to show the difference in conditions then and now. I was happy in my work, and did not realize that I was having a hard time. I was too busy, as I have been the greater part of my life, to think about hard times. Some of my brethren had a rougher time than I.

I went to a log church on Friday of my first week on the circuit, and found no one there. While I was wondering what it meant, I saw a gentleman approaching by a pathway through the woods. He introduced himself, and said: "Uncle Peter Clear, the class leader, is sick, and they have arranged to have the preaching at his house." I followed him to the house, and found a congregation of forty or fifty persons filling a room and the porch in front of the house. Uncle Peter was sitting in an armchair, looking quite feeble. He was a tall, portly old gentleman, clean shaved, with snow-white locks falling down over his shoulders. I preached and held class. Uncle Peter talked in the class meeting, and I don't think I ever heard a talk that did me more good. He was illiterate, but highly endowed by nature, and quite a philosopher. His ripe experience of more than fifty years in religion made him an oracle among his neighbors on that subject. He was never again at Church. I held services at his house for three or four rounds, and found much pleasure and profit in conversation with him. One afternoon, standing on the porch of my boarding house, which at that time was near Uncle Peter's home, I saw a gentleman approaching in haste on horseback. He said that Uncle Peter Clear was dying, and wanted to see me. I got my horse and went at once.

When I got there, I found the room full of his children, grandchildren, and neighbors. He was lying on his side and talking in a voice quite audible and distinct. I did not see any sign of the immediate approach of death. He was talking in a calm but confident way about his early entrance into heaven. He gave each of his children a separate word of counsel, talked to his neighbors with the affectionate regard of a father, and then addressed himself to me. I shall never forget that talk. His talk ended, he lay perfectly quiet for a short time, then turned over on his back, closed his eyes, crossed his hands on his breast, and was gone. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I got into some trouble on the circuit by doing nothing. I did not join the Know-nothings, and that fact was taken as evidence by some of the leaders that I was taking part on the other side. It was a mistake. I was as innocent as a child. I was trying to steer clear of politics and devote all my time to my work. But two or three of the indiscreet leaders, who thought more of their politics than they did of their religion, tried to work up a sentiment against me, and succeeded in some places for a time. One of them said in a crowd that I was no preacher, and he had rather they had sent my mother on the circuit. I went to John Conner's, where I usually had some twenty-five hearers, and found no one present but the family. Inquiring the reason, I ascertained that the report was current in the neighborhood that I had gone to Knoxville and joined the Roman Catholics. I was mortified, and somewhat discouraged, but I went on trying to do my duty and begging for divine help. Before the year ended the persecution ceased and the sky cleared up.

Then the character of a probationer in the Annual Conference was examined in Quarterly Conference of his charge. Our fourth Quarterly Conference was held at a camp meeting at Loys Cross Roads. In numbers it was equal to the average District Conference now. R. M. Stevens was the presiding elder. When the examination of my character came up,



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR

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before sending me out of the room, as was the custom, he asked me if I had anything to say. I made a little talk about the year's work, and said that some of the prominent brethren had mistaken my position and bearing on politics, and, instead of helping me, had hindered me by misrepresentation. When I came back in the room, Brother Stevens said some of the brethren thought that I had imagined more of the persecution than there really was. That sprung me a little, and I said; "No, sir; I was dealing in facts. I can give you names and day and date and circumstance, and some of the brethren are in this room now." He put out his hands in a deprecating way, and said, "That will do, that will do!" and I subsided.

The mass of the members of the Church were true and loyal, and treated me with as much kindness as heart could wish, and so did the people generally. There were the McAdoos and Moores and Kincaids and Bakers and Youngs and Kirkpatrick's and Rosses and Crosses and Wades and Wallaces and Lamars and Longmires and Clears and Piles and Irwins and Craigs and Sharps and Beelers and Millers and Lees and a host of others, with whom and whose descendants I have had the most intimate and pleasant association for more than a half century. I have no more or better friends anywhere. It is not invidious to mention especially William Wallace, Joseph Lamar, and Dr. Eaton and their families, to whom I owe a large debt of gratitude for their kindness in boarding myself and family.

I received that year one hundred and seventy-five dollars cash and the board of myself, my family, and my horses, which, circumstances considered, is probably equal to the average salary I have received.

XXIV

PIKEVILLE CIRCUIT

“On life’s vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion the gale.”



IN 1855 the Holston Conference met at Jonesboro, Tenn., Bishop Paine presiding. He was a man of imposing presence, but was rather stern in appearance. He held the reins tightly in the Conference, and drove ahead rapidly with the business. His sermon on Sunday produced quite a sensation, and was esteemed a discourse of remarkable power. I did not hear it, having gone to the Presbyterian church to hear Dr. Sehon, the Missionary Secretary.

I went to Conference on horseback, in company with a middle-aged preacher and a young man going up to join. The following incident points a moral: We passed a tollgate between Tazewell and Bean Station. My traveling companions were several paces ahead of me. The tollgate was open, and the gate keeper came down to his little yard gate to receive the toll. The old preacher said in an interrogative tone: “You don’t charge preachers here?” “No, sir,” said the keeper, and they rode on. I took from my pocket a coin of proper size and shot it over the gate, and it fell at his feet. I had gone some little distance, when he called to me and said: “Are you a preacher, too?” I answered: “Yes; I preach a little sometimes, in a small way.” He started toward me with the coin, saying: “Here, here! we don’t charge preachers.” I said: “You don’t know that I am a preacher. Any rascal might tell you that he was a preacher to save his toll,” and rode on. After I had gone a hundred or more yards, he called to me again and said: “If you ever pass this way

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again, call and spend a night with me." His name was John Easley, and he became afterwards a very dear friend, at whose house I spent many a pleasant night.

It is all right for a preacher to receive favors, voluntarily presented as an expression of regard for his sacred calling; but when he receives them as a token of personal esteem, he is likely to grow into the habit of demanding them as a matter of right, and make himself offensive and lower his calling in public esteem. I knew a preacher to receive a reduction of fare from a railroad on his way to Conference, and at the Conference offer a resolution condemning the road because the reduction was not greater. The habit of going around and electioneering for presents—which, I rejoice to believe, very few preachers indulge in—is extremely contemptible.

Col. Thomas A. R. Nelson, a leading lawyer and politician, lived a mile out from Jonesboro. The report got circulated that he had said he would not entertain a Democratic preacher. To correct the report, he asked Brother Huffaker, the Conference host, to send him all Democrats. He sent R. N. Price, T. J. Pope, Andrew Copening, and myself. We were in clover. The entertainment, materially and intellectually, was up to the high-water mark. He put his carriage and driver at our service all the time, and anticipated every want. Before we left he had all our horses shod afresh, and gave each one of us some books out of his library. One of the books he gave me was "Edwards on Revivals," which has been of incalculable value to me.

My committee of examination was Edwin Wexler, A. G. Worley, and R. N. Price. Worley examined on Fletcher's "Christian Perfection." I found some things puzzling in the book, and asked some questions which I supposed the committee would answer without difficulty. Worley mistook my simplicity for impertinence, and became offended. I was mortified beyond measure. I started away from the place, when the committee adjourned, with my head bowed down. Wexler came up, ran his arm through mine, and said:

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"I know what is the matter with Brother Worley. He can't answer those questions, and no one else can." That was an eye opener to me. I have been seeking light on the same subject for half a century, and have found none.

I was appointed to Pikeville Circuit. I wanted to go to North Carolina for the sake of my wife's health, which was beginning to fail; but Brother Hickey, who did not know that I was married, secured my appointment to Pikeville.

Pikeville is in the Sequatchie Valley, one of the richest of all the East Tennessee valleys. I started to the valley in a buggy via Burke's Turnpike and Grassy Cove. On the mountain we were overtaken in a snowstorm which, in consequence of wife's health, delayed us some days. Accordingly I missed the first appointment, which was at Pikeville, and went all around the circuit before I came to the village. I found quite a prejudice through the country against the little town. They told me that there was no male member of the Church in town, nor any place where a preacher could find entertainment. I became alarmed, and dreaded very much to go to Pikeville. When the time came, I rode into town with something like what old hunters used to call "buck ague." I found a nice church, for the times, and the people came in and filled it. They were a good-looking people. I did not see anything alarming. As I proceeded with the service my embarrassment wore away, and I preached with at least usual liberty. Before dismissing the audience, I began to talk without any premeditation as to what I should say. As near as I can remember, I said this: "The Conference has sent me here to preach for you this year. It was not my choice. If it had been left to me, I am sure I should never have chosen Pikeville Circuit. Neither was it your choice. If you had been selecting a preacher, I am quite as sure you would never have chosen me. But in the wisdom of the Church authorities they have so arranged it. I guess we had better make the best of it. Let's get acquainted at once. You might find your preacher a right good sort of a fellow if you knew him. Now, when I dismiss the audience, don't you all

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go out and leave the strange young preacher embarrassed, but come up and shake hands and let us get a good start, and we may have a pleasant and profitable year together." They took me at my word, gathered around me, and introduced themselves with pleasant faces; and I had an invitation to almost every home in town. To this day I don't know how I came to hit it so well.

They had not had a married preacher; and when the stewards met, they were perplexed about the preacher's support. Most of them believed it would be impossible to get enough from the people to support a man and family, but S. C. Norwood said they could collect the whole claim if they would try. While they were parleying, I said: "Brethren, I am glad you are just enough to tell me now that you cannot support my wife and child. Some boards would have taken my work, and then told me at the close of the year that they could not get up the support. Wife and baby have to be supported; and if you can't, I must." They exchanged significant glances, but said nothing. Finally, Thomas Swafford, a wealthy Methodist, living nine miles above town, proposed to board the preacher and his family if the others would get up the quarterage. That let in light. His proposition was accepted and the kindness of him and his family to me and mine is remembered with gratitude.

Sequatchie Valley at that time was full of malaria, and fevers abounded every summer and fall. The preachers dreaded it on that account. Brother Callahan, my predecessor, had died of fever. About the same time of the year I was taken with a violent fever. I was at the home of an old brother, Lamb, in the lower end of the circuit. A doctor, Simpson, lived near; and he was called to see me. After examining me and prescribing, as he started home, Brother Lamb—who was sitting on the porch, and who was so dull of hearing that I could hear all the Doctor said to him—asked about the case. The Doctor said: "It is a violent fever, a bad case; but I am not going to let my preacher die, like Dr. F. did his last year." That last expression gave me some comfort.

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He was a fine physician, and was just as kind and attentive as he could be. I probably owe my life to him.

I attended a camp meeting on the mountain, near where Crossville is now, at the request of Brother Hickey, my presiding elder. The year before the dogs had been troublesome on the camp ground; and Brother Hickey lectured the people on Friday night on the necessity of keeping their dogs at home. Saturday morning Brother Stansberry, the preacher in charge, and I went to a farm house a mile or so distant, to see how our horses fared. The family were all at the camp ground, and the dog resented our intrusion; and before we were aware of his presence he jumped at Brother Stansberry and bit him on the calf. The dogs became the subject of much merriment in the preacher's tent. Monday, as was the custom, I had preached a missionary sermon and was sitting in the pulpit behind Brother Hickey, who was talking to the congregation preparatory to taking a collection. He and the congregation were intensely interested in the subject when a dog barked just behind the pulpit. Hickey turned at once and cried out: "Begone!" "Ha, ha, ha!" said I, and the whole congregation broke out in a guffaw.

Hiram Tarter, an eccentric preacher, who had never received promotion in the Conference, but who, it was said, had travelled all the missions in the Conference and was going the round of them the second time, was preacher in charge of Spencer Mission, which joined the Pikeville Circuit on the northwest. He closed his work at a church on the mountain overlooking Pikeville. This was his valedictory: "Well, the Conference sent me here to preach for you. I have gone round and preached and prayed and sung and said grace and done the best I could. Some of you have treated me very well, some of you have treated me tolerably well, and some of you haven't treated me well at all. Some of you I like very well, some of you I like just tolerably well, and some of you I don't like at all. We'll look to the Lord and be dismissed."

LOCATED

“Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth that soonest pass away;
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.”



THE Conference of 1856 was held at Knoxville, Tenn., Bishop Andrew presiding. I have very little recollection of what occurred, for I was there only part of the time, and my mind was preoccupied. My Mary's health had been failing for more than a year. I was compelled to remove her to my father's home before the year closed. When I left for Conference, we had despaired of her recovery. I was not surprised, therefore, when I received a message Sunday morning summoning me home. When I reached home, I found her rapidly sinking, but full of confidence and hope. In a few days she sweetly fell asleep. I have not known a lovelier person or character. My brightest earthly light had gone out. My heart was sore, and my plans were all confused. There was nothing to do but to lean on the arm of my Lord, which, in his infinite mercy, he enabled me to do.

I passed my examination at Conference, and was elected to deacon's orders and received into full connection. To my great regret, I was compelled to locate. I had two little children, my wife's parents were both dead, and my mother was gently fading away. I could make no arrangement that would enable me to travel. I remained local six years.

During these six years I engaged in farming, now and then teaching school in my neighborhood; but I considered preaching my chief business. I had appointments filling up all the Sabbaths. In the summer time I preached twice and some-

times three times on Sunday. I regarded the circuit preacher as the ranking officer, and put myself under his control. I helped with the two days' and protracted meetings, and attended the quarterly meetings. I helped the stewards collect the pastor's salary, and paid my share of it. I make this statement of facts, I trust, not in the spirit of boastfulness.

I found much pleasure and profit in association with the circuit preachers, and delighted to have them at my home. Among these were Larkin W. Crouch and J. W. Belt, who in their prime were among our most popular and useful preachers.

The presiding elder usually stopped with me when he visited the circuit. Thomas K. Munsey traveled the district four of these years, and his visits to my home were a benediction. He was the uncle of the distinguished Elbert Munsey. He was not so brilliant as his illustrious nephew, but was much more practical and, I doubt not, quite as useful. He was distinguished for clear thinking and cogent reasoning and always preached a short, compact sermon. His manner of sermonizing was much like that of W. R. Barnett.

After a time I married the second wife. If I had needed an excuse for so doing, I could have found it in the circumstances of my life; but I did not need such an excuse. Every man who loses his wife has a right to marry again, and under ordinary circumstances it is right for him to do so. It is no reflection on the former wife if the husband marries again, but a compliment to her. The man who has had a pleasant wife and happy home will never again be satisfied without them. The family is ordained of God, and the home is the unit of everything that is good. Every young man ought to be ambitious to build for himself a happy home, and every young woman ought to have the ambition to be the queen of some good man's heart and home. The present tendency to abolish the home is the most alarming portent of the times. Making of our young women sellers of tape and ribbon instead of housekeeping is annulling God's sacred law. If persisted in, the end will be the corruption of both sexes and the ruin of society.

The maiden name of my second wife was Bettie Sharp. She was only a few months younger than myself. She had a good mind and a good heart. She had a very good English education and a very superior domestic education. If I were choosing a wife again and had to do without a literary or domestic education, I would cleave to the common-sensed home training which we call domestic education. It is better to have both.

Above all, wife was a devout Christian. She loved her Church with supreme ardor, and was always ready to do anything she could to promote her welfare. She fully sympathized with me in my fondness for having my friends and brethren in my home and around my board, and was especially pleased to entertain the preachers. By her industry and economy she made it possible for me to provide for the family and continue in the ministry. I doubt if I could have found a more faithful and congenial companion or a better mother for my children in all the land.

During my ministry as a local preacher, I did not often preach at the prominent places, where the circuit preacher preached on Sunday, but in the obscure places, where the people did not have many Church privileges. As I look back at it, this ministry to the poor is the brightest spot on the tablet of memory.

There lived out in the mountain, some seven or eight miles from my home, an aged Methodist lady, Woodward by name, who was confined to her home by rheumatism, and rarely ever heard a Gospel sermon. She lived in a small cabin, but did not have neighbors enough in reach to fill that. For quite a while I had a regular monthly appointment for preaching at her home. Her few neighbors would come together, and we often had very enjoyable services. The old lady's intense enjoyment of the services was ample pay for the work. These appointments got to be quite popular, and in pleasant weather the young people of the valley would sometimes make up quite a little party and go with me.

The circuit preacher had an appointment on Wednesday at a schoolhouse in a deep hollow among the ridges, called

From Sunrise to Sunset

Whitman Hollow, about six miles from my home. We had about a score of members there, the community generally being of the Baptist persuasion. I had a regular monthly appointment as that place for years. One Sunday I found the schoolhouse overflowing with an unusually large congregation. I had more than ordinary liberty in preaching, and the people listened with unusual interest. I was encouraged to call penitents, and several came forward for prayers. I continued the meeting at night for two weeks, and there were about sixty happy conversions. I refrained from opening the door of the Church, and told them at the close of the meeting that I had done so because I did not want to take advantage of the prevailing excitement to induce any one to join my Church who would not deliberately choose to do so. I told them that I would open the door of my Church at my next appointment, six weeks hence.

I worked on the farm during the day, and went down and held service at night, reaching home at midnight or later. One night a dreadful storm came upon me on the way home, and I turned into a friend's house for shelter. The storm continued so long that I concluded to take a nap and go home early in the morning. I reached home just at dawn, and found my wife sitting up in the bed crying. Knowing that most of my way was through a forest, she imagined that a tree had fallen on me in the storm and killed me.

Some days before my appointment at Whitman Hollow I was working in the field; and the leader of our little band there came to me and said that the Baptist preachers had been in the neighborhood time and again, crying, "Water, water, water!" and that some of the young converts wanted me to preach on the mode of baptism. I told him that I would do so at my approaching appointment. When I reached the place, a multitude of people had assembled, most of whom had never heard our side of the question. When I was done preaching, a leading Baptist, whose name was Gross, arose and challenged me for a debate. I told him that I would rather not; that debates often created an unhealthy excitement

Located

and did more harm than good. But he persisted till I yielded and consented to debate. They secured a preacher from Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City), whose name was Tipton, a regular water war horse; and we debated several days, which is the only public debate of the kind I ever had.

I never received a cent for my ministry at Whitman Hollow. When the war came up, I found it impossible to agree with my brethren there on questions involved; and they determined to punish me for having the temerity to differ from them in opinion by not letting me preach any longer for them for nothing, and so declined to hear me.

I was not satisfied in the local ranks, but, under the stress of circumstances, continued in them till the war set me adrift.

THE WAR CLOUD GATHERING

"In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze."



THE controversy between the North and the South, which culminated in a bloody war, has gone into history and is too long and intricate for these papers. But there are special local features of that controversy which may appropriately have a place in them.

There were peculiar conditions in East Tennessee which made it the storm center of the Civil War. It was almost wholly an agricultural section. A large number of the citizens owned their own farms, which, for the most part, were small. There were a few large farms, part of which was cultivated by slaves, and part by white hired help, and part was let to renters. There were, therefore, only a few slaves. The slaves were such only in name, their bondage being a very light one. The white and colored laborers worked side by side in the same field. It would be difficult to find a happier rural population anywhere, and probably the happiest class among them was the slaves. Bitter class prejudice did not exist, except that the free negroes—of which there were only a few—were heartily despised both by the slaves and the white people.

Our politicians, Democratic and Whig, were proslavery to a man. W. G. Brownlow and Andrew Johnson were the most influential leaders of their respective parties, and were characterized by bitter personal hatred toward each other. As the controversy grew hot and bitter, each of them distinguished himself as a proslavery champion. In his controversy with Prine on the subject, Brownlow threatened,

The War Cloud Gathering

if the abolitionists did not behave themselves, to muster the whole South to arms and coerce them into good demeanor. And Mr. Johnson made a fire-eating, proslavery speech in the Senate, which created a great sensation throughout the whole country. Even Horace Maynard, who was a native of New England, made a speech in Congress, in which he expressed his sympathy for the uprising Southern people, and declared that whole peoples were never wrong.

When the hour of final decision came, it was a surprise to many people to find these gentlemen all arrayed against the South. They were puzzled to account for such sudden somersaults and such incongruous political bed-fellowships. Of course politicians were expected to be politic, and this furnished some solution of the problem as to Johnson and Brownlow. It was said that Johnson had quarrelled with nearly all of the Southern leaders; and that, realizing that he would be forced to a subordinate position in the Southern Confederacy if it were established, he determined to try his fortunes on the other side. It was said that Brownlow was for quite a while undecided as the conflicting political currents lashed around him, but finally determined to be consistent and go with the South, and that he wrote an editorial declaring himself in favor of the South and had it set in type, and that local Southern leaders, realizing that if Brownlow went with the South he would be the biggest political dog in the East Tennessee rye patch, tantalized him till he knocked that editorial into pi and wrote and printed another very strenuous one, declaring for the North. I give these as rumors which were current at the time, and which I never heard disputed.

From whatever cause, these gentlemen, with Thomas A. R. Nelson and many smaller fry, canvassed East Tennessee, and with fiery speech filled the people with bitter prejudice against the South and loyalty to the Union. They appealed to the patriotism of the people, and told them that their civil liberties, which were bought with the blood of their fathers, were imperiled. They magnified the evils of slavery as it existed in the Cotton States, and at the same time assured

From Sunrise to Sunset

the people that the slaves would not be freed, but only the Union preserved. They accused Southern leaders with deliberate, traitorous intention of tearing down the fair fabric of our social and civil institutions. The result was a wave of burning passion that swept the whole land and determined a large majority of East Tennesseans for the North. They flocked to the Federal army by thousands, and the sons of many slaveholders fought to free their own slaves.

Almost every able-bodied man in the whole section went into one army or the other. Along with the others I was excited up to the fighting point. J. D. Thomas, of Claiborne County, and I made up a company jointly for the Southern army of the few Southerners in our counties. Our company was declined for the time for the want of arms. Thomas became impatient and joined another company, as did others, and our company was broken up. By this time it became manifest that my home was to be on the line between the contending armies, and the adjacent mountain was to be filled with bushwackers; and I concluded that the post of duty for me was at home with my family.

Very soon the Confederates established a post at Big Creek Gap, near my home. As East Tennesseans went North, the better class of them attached themselves to the Federal army. But a set of base fellows banded themselves together in the mountains, and commenced making sallies into Powell's Valley, kidnaping negroes and horses. The citizens of the valley organized a company for home protection and elected me captain without my knowledge, I being absent preaching. We kept guard for quite a while; and hearing of an encampment of these fellows in the mountain, we went in, broke up their encampment and drove them away. That was the extent of my fighting. Like a good many other patriotic gentlemen, I did most of my fighting with my tongue.

The Churches were all swept off their feet by the prevailing war tide. Foolish fanaticism reigned supreme. The anti-slavery sentiments of most of the early Methodist preachers made the Methodists specially liable to division and disturb-

The War Cloud Gathering

ance. The members of the Holston Conference were divided in opinion, and unfortunately suffered a bitterness of spirit to possess and govern them. As ill luck would have it, Bishop John Early, who was wholly dominated by the war spirit, held our Conference during the war. Many members were easily influenced by his fiery spirit to extreme measures. At the famous Athens Conference, in 1862, some of the members were expelled for political offenses.

It is a remarkable fact that the older members on both sides were the wildest fanatics, and that what conservatism there was was among the younger members. The following incident will illustrate how passion ruled and beclouded the judgment: Dr. Cunyngham, who was a missionary to China and a member of the Holston Conference, started home. Not being able to get through the line between the two armies, he accepted an invitation from a Church north of the line, and became their pastor for the time being. This was taken by our super-loyal brethren as evidence of disloyalty to the Southern cause. Accordingly, at the session of the Conference at Wytheville, in 1863, he was arraigned for trial, with a view to his expulsion on the charge of disloyalty to the South. Many of the older and more influential members advocated the measure and pressed it vigorously. Bishop Early could not avoid showing his bias, and put in to help the prosecution at every opportunity, showing a manifestly improper spirit and violating an obvious parliamentary law. Dr. Cunyngham's defense was by the younger members of the Conference, led by R. N. Price, with some of the rest of us scotching for him. We took the position that the Conference had no right to arraign Dr. Cunyngham without giving him notice and an opportunity for defense; that preaching to a congregation in the North was no evidence of disloyalty to the Southern cause; and that, if such disloyalty were proven, it would not be sufficient ground for expulsion either from the Conference or the Church. The debate was long and animated, and the defense obtained a verdict by a small majority.

From Sunrise to Sunset

In this debate Brother Price made one of his finest repartees. Among other things, he said: "Bishop, if I were in New England, I would preach to the people and pray for the people and try to get them to be religious and go to heaven." "Would you pray for Mr. Lincoln, sir?" said the Bishop. Without hesitancy Price answered: "Yes, sir; I would pray for him like the Dutchman prayed for King George. I would pray the Lord convert him and kill him and take him to heaven and give us no more of him." That brought down the house and helped our cause perceptibly.

A member of the Committee on Public Worship told me that some of our leading brethren at Wytheville requested the committee not to appoint me to preach because of my position in the Cunnyngham case, so strong and unreasoning was the prejudice.

The extreme measures adopted by our Conference, under the leadership of Bishop Early, was bad policy, if it had been no worse. It furnished ground for opposition to the M. E. Church, South, after the war closed, and a pretext for the cruel and barbarous treatment to which some of our ministers and members were subjected. But more of that later.

XXVII

THE WAR

“One murder made a villain;
Millions, a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.”



THE division of opinion and sentiment in East Tennessee made the war there horrible indeed. Families were divided, one part on one side and one on the other. The father confronted the son, and the brother the brother, in a deadly conflict. The proximity of the line between the contending armies made opportunity for the vilest characters, who could commit their fiendish crimes and fly to the army of their choice for concealment, if not for protection. Theft and rapine and murder were common. I could relate many a ghastly deed that would sicken the heart of every reader.

Even among the best people a fierce bitterness of feeling prevailed. East Tennesseans were a liberty-loving people of lofty courage. Even in time of peace political sentiment and prejudice were strong, often kindling to the glow of passion. Artful politicians took advantage of this to stir the hearts of the people with fiery speech when the war came on. Some of the best men, under the reign of passion, were guilty of cruel deeds of which they repented at their leisure when the storm subsided.

I foresaw much of this, though I must confess it vastly exceeded my expectation. My heart was filled with a fearful foreboding day and night. I studied for weeks to think of some course that might mitigate the fierceness and bitterness of the strife in my own section and among my acquaintances and friends. I finally concluded that a public meeting for the discussion of the situation might do good. I went to Dr. Ayers

From Sunrise to Sunset

Maupin, who lived in the eastern end of our county, and who was known to be a pronounced Union man, and proposed to him that we should call our fellow-citizens together and talk to them on the subject, with a view to securing their cooperation to prevent, as far as possible, the horrors of civil strife among us. I approached him because of his intelligence and broadness of view and the kindness and generosity of his nature. He readily accepted my proposition. We called a public meeting at Fincastle, and a great concourse of people assembled. We made speeches to them and invited others to do so. Resolutions were unanimously adopted, pledging each other to promote kindly feeling and to extend the helping hand of a neighbor to each other, in spite of unavoidable difference of opinion and the fierce passions of the war. "Futile attempt," do you say? Not so. The good effect was not all that we hoped for, but the good influence of the meeting was often seen throughout the war.

Dr. Maupin became an eminent surgeon in the Federal army, survived the war, and lived to be a very old man. He was a noble character, and one of the best and most highly prized friends I ever had.

At this meeting I met L. C. Houk, who lived at Clinton, and who afterwards became the popular representative in Congress from the Second Tennessee District. He was then a young Methodist preacher, and a younger lawyer. He had been a local preacher for some years, and had recently studied law and been admitted to the bar. He and I had been quite cronies as young Methodist preachers. It was manifest at this meeting that our political opinions were utterly at variance. While our paths diverged and our modes of life were very different, we maintained our friendship to the end of his life. Houk was a remarkable man. He had varied intellectual gifts, and a warm, generous heart. He was a popular speaker and a skillful manager of men. He had in a remarkable degree that mysterious endowment which we call "personal magnetism." The masses of the people were instinctively drawn toward him. More than anything else, it was the

The War

result of his sympathy for them. He came from among them, and never forgot his origin. His heart turned toward his fellow-men in anxious solicitude for their welfare. The common people felt that they had a friend in him. They would trust him in spite of his weakness, and cleave to him no matter how many or great his blunders. His love begat love.

The Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. David Cummins, of Anderson County, were the first soldiers who came to Big Creek Gap, near my home. I had known and admired Col. Cummins for years as a gentleman of the first rank. David Sullins, the chaplain, was not there on the first Sunday, and the Colonel invited me to preach to his men. I did so in a wild, rugged cove in the gap of the mountain. The men sat around on bowlders, which were scattered about in profusion and confusion. The impression was peculiar, filling the mind with a kind of gloomy awe.

I shall never forget the first military funeral I witnessed. It was a bright afternoon, but the sun wore a sad face as his beams fell on the solemn scene and lit up the face of the overhanging mountain. The wild wail of the fife and the muffled beat of the drum and the loud volley of the guns as they belched forth their sad sound over the grave, all conspired to fill me with a depressing gloom such as I have rarely ever experienced.

I tried to keep throughout the war the pledge which I made to my friends and neighbors at the meeting spoken of above. While I was within the Confederate lines I sought the acquaintance of the officers, and cultivated their friendship that I might serve my Union friends.

I had a friend whose name was Reuben Rodgers, with whom I had maintained the most friendly relations, notwithstanding a radical difference of opinion in politics. I was able to secure for him, as well as others, a pass through the lines, that he might bring back coffee, salt, and other articles of necessity, by going security that he would not do anything against the Confederate cause, by giving information or other-

From Sunrise to Sunset

wise. I am sure he never betrayed my confidence, and he was my fast friend to the end of his days.

One day, as I was riding home from the county town, I found my friend Rodgers and a gentleman whom I will call "A" sitting on a log near a blacksmith shop, with a squad of soldiers lounging around, while the blacksmith was shoeing a horse. "A" had pretty good sense, but his countenance, which was a silly blank, did not show it. Not thinking of anything wrong, I was passing by when Rodgers called to me that they had him under arrest. I called the lieutenant commanding, whom I knew, aside, and succeeded in inducing him to release Rodgers by removing some false impressions which had been made with reference to him. As we approached the shop it occurred to me that he might have "A" also under arrest, and I asked him if he did. Receiving an affirmative answer, I said: "You are not going around arresting idiots, are you?" and he bawled out at once, "Let that fellow 'A' go." They did so, but his countenance never changed.

One bright Sunday morning I started on horseback down into the river hills to fill an appointment for preaching. On top of a hill, overlooking a creek and facing a tall cliff, I overtook three army wagons trundling along without military escort. I stopped them and asked them where they were going. They said: "To Ford's, across the creek, after corn." I tried to dissuade them from going after the corn, telling them that Ford was in the Federal army, it was true, but there was but little corn at his house, and what there was his wife and children had raised with hoes, having no horse. I told them I knew their commander, and knew that he had been misinformed or he would not take the bread away from that woman and her children. I told them that I would see Col. Palmer, the commander, and make it right with him if they would turn back. No, they had orders, and must obey them. It then occurred to me to try to work on their fears. I knew what a horror many of them had of bushwhackers, and how their imagination filled the woods with them so soon as they got out of the valley. So I assumed a threatening

mien, and told them that I was going across to Ford's, and I would see to it that they should not rob that woman and her children of their bread. I rode off briskly across the creek and around the cliff out of sight. I dismounted, threw my bridle rein over a stump, and slipped back until I could see over the cliff. The wagoners stood in evident, earnest consultation for some minutes and then went to their wagons, turned around, and started back to camp. Next day I told Col. Palmer what I had done. He laughed heartily at the fears of the drivers, but thanked me for saving him from the responsibility of a cruel deed.

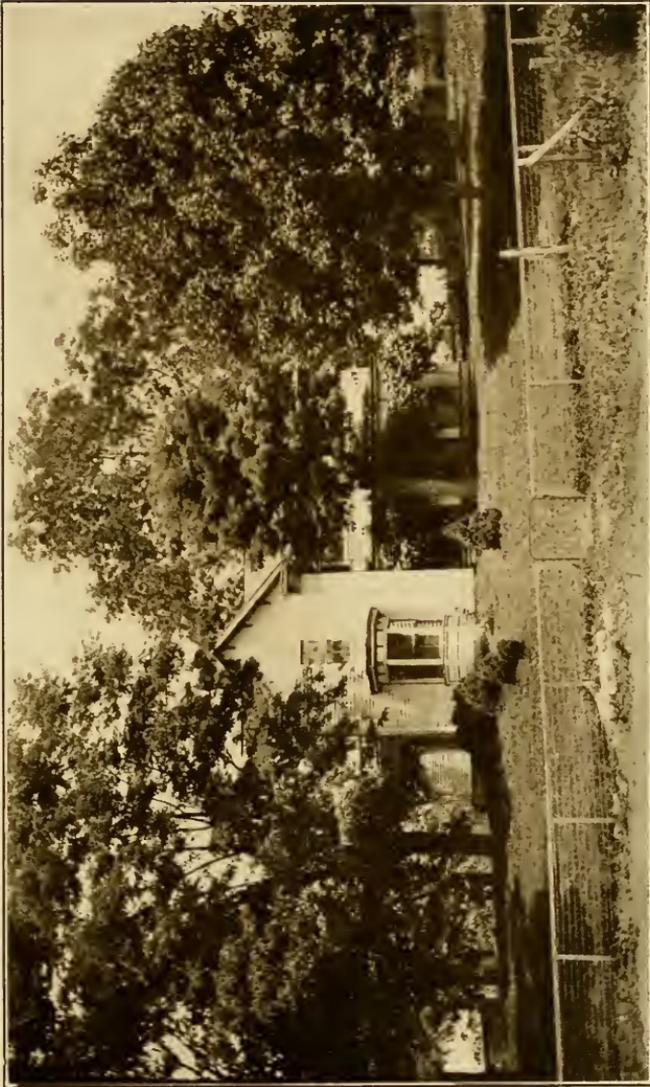
When Bragg fell back from Kentucky, I fell back too in as good order as possible. His cavalry came in at Big Creek Gap, and his infantry came in later at gaps farther up the mountain toward Cumberland Gap. Having been in the mountain, some days, measurably without food, they were hungry as hounds. They spread out in the valley and commenced devouring everything in reach, like the locusts of Egypt. A division of cavalry turned in at my gate and spread out over the fields. I had just gathered my crop, and they carried out every particle of feed I had to their hungry horses. What they could not eat they trampled under their feet. I did not say a word till one of them built a fire of rails so near the barn that I feared it would burn it up. I politely asked him to move it a little farther, and he gave me a cursing. In East Tennessee, when the Confederates wanted to prey on a fellow, they cursed him for a Lincolnite; and when the Federals wanted to use his goods, they cursed him for a rebel. I shut myself in my house, completely subjugated.

I had twenty fat hogs, which I had turned into a woodland some distance from the public road in the hope that the soldiers would not find them. These soldiers did not find them, but the infantry a day or two later found them and killed them all. I determined then to remove my family from the border. My friends persuaded me that I would be safe south of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railway, but I decided to go up into Western North Carolina between the

From Sunrise to Sunset

Alleghany Mountains and the Blue Ridge, which I thought would be the last place the war would reach. Time vindicated my choice.

The robbers had taken three horses from me, but I had two left. I had also a flock of nice sheep, thirty in number and some milch cows. I had a wagon and a hack. I procured two horses from my friends, loaded what household goods I could in the wagon, and my family in the hack, and set forth on a pilgrimage to Buncombe, driving the cows and sheep. With some hired help I got on pretty well.

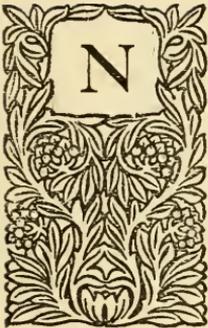


POWELL'S VALLEY HOME AT PRESENT

XXVIII

AN EXILE

“Unplowed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor, forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.
Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Though weeds and tangle only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.”



One who has not had a similar experience can appreciate the depression and gloom of spirit which possess one turning away from a loved home, where a thousand sweet memories abide, and leaving it uncared for, and breaking off from loved friends and associates in the midst of the appalling gloom and confusion of cruel war, with little hope of ever seeing them again in this world, and going forth, with a helpless, dependent family, into an unknown land without guide or protection. I shudder now when I think about it, and wonder at the grace of God, which enabled me to endure it and sometimes experience a measure of cheerfulness amid it all.

The sad parting over, with bitter tears scalding our cheeks, we turned our faces southward and began our long, tedious, rough journey. The way lay across the valley of East Tennessee to the French Broad River, at the mouth of Chucky, and then up the French Broad, with the meanderings thereof, to Mills River, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in Henderson County, N. C. So it turned out, but I did not know where I was going except that I was seeking a refuge between the Alleghany Mountains and the Blue Ridge. The road was very rough, and the people along the way, vexed and robbed by the war, had lost some of their proverbial gentleness and hospitality. Bands of soldiers were to be met here and there,

From Sunrise to Sunset

which kept the fact of the war fresh in the mind and awakened serious anxiety for the future. But, on the whole, we were kindly and hospitably treated. -

The scenery along the French Broad was new to us; and its alternate beauty, grandeur, and sublimity furnished us a constant and varying entertainment as we slowly plodded along. The bright, sparkling waters of this majestic river were now smooth and placid and then lashed into fury by the great boulders which impeded their progress. In breaking through the mountain this river flows toward every point of the compass, and the stranger is apt to lose his reckoning as he journeys along. The first night we stayed in these fastnesses, the sun, after a long struggle to overtop the mountain, arose directly in the west; and I have often since had a similar experience.

We made slow progress, averaging only about eleven miles per day. The journey was full of incidents, but only a few of them fixed themselves in the mind with sufficient distinctness to be recalled after the lapse of forty-five years.

The morning of the fourth day, looking through a vista of long straight, level road, I saw a solitary traveler on horseback approaching from the front. I soon discovered that he had the peculiar equipage and appearance of a Methodist circuit rider, and was convinced that he belonged to that heroic band. The Conference was over, and it was time for the brethren to be on their way to their new charges. I had seen the list of appointments; and Andrew J. Frazier, a young man whom I had never met, was appointed to Jacksboro, my home circuit. I cast about in my mind, and could think of no preacher who would be likely to travel this road except the one going to Jacksboro. So in this rapid survey of conditions I concluded that this must be Brother Frazier. As he passed the hack and bowed politely, I said: "How are you, Brother Frazier?" He pulled up his horse at once, and I don't think I ever saw a more puzzled expression on any face. I saw that I had guessed aright, and broke out into a laugh, which increased his confusion. Presently I told him who I was, and he wanted to know how I knew who he was. I told him that one Methodist

An Exile

preacher ought to know another by instinct anywhere. After an explanation, I gave him the best account I could of his new charge. It was not very comforting or reassuring at best; and matters rapidly grew worse till he and his presiding elder, James S. Kennedy, had to get out the back way in quick time to avoid arrest and imprisonment.

This was my introduction to one of my best friends. Brother Frazier afterwards became the pastor of my family at Emory and Henry College, and later my presiding elder at Cleveland, Tenn. He was a gifted man, and a hard-working, successful preacher. He was a close Bible student. His sermons were well prepared, and were logical and orderly and sometimes eloquent. He was a man of affairs and an ingenious manager of men, and succeeded well on a district. The district parsonages of the Chattanooga and Knoxville Districts are monuments of his zeal and enterprise.

On a Friday night we stayed with the parents of Thomas F. Glenn, at Sandy Bottom, some six or eight miles above Asheville, and were most hospitably entertained. Here was reared, on a farm, one of the purest and sweetest-spirited men and most consecrated Christians I have ever known. He is a fine preacher, but his bright intellect expresses itself better with the pen than with the tongue. He has an exquisite taste, and uses the purest English. His style is Addisonian.

Before leaving Saturday morning, I inquired where would be a good place on ahead to spend the Sabbath, as I did not wish to travel on Sunday. They directed me to Hiram Carlin's, on Mills River. As I went on I inquired of others, and they all agreed that Mr. Carlin was the man with whom to stop. They represented him as a wealthy farmer whose heart and home were open to strangers.

About the middle of the afternoon, reaching the top of a small ridge, we suddenly came in sight of one of the prettiest valleys I have ever seen—Mills River Valley. It is from one to two miles wide and perfectly level. It is bounded on each side by small, picturesque ridges, which increase in stature as you go up the valley till they are lost in the immense Pink-

From Sunrise to Sunset

bed Mountains, which lie between Haywood and Henderson Counties. Forth from these rugged heights there issued a beautiful little river, which threads its serpentine, silvery way down through the valley till it flows into the French Broad. The white farmhouses crown the gentle slopes, or nestle in the wooded coves, lighting the picture like stars in a diadem. Southward up the French Broad there is a beautiful, varied landscape, rising higher and higher till it terminates in the misty top of the Blue Ridge. A lovelier picture it would be hard to find, and its beauty to us was enhanced by contrast with the rough and rugged forests through which we had traveled for several hours. We sat there for quite a while and drank in the intoxicating beauty of the scene, and then I turned to wife and said: "There is our home till this cruel war is over."

We gently descended the slope of the ridge, and the first house we came to was that of Hiram Carlin. It was a beautiful two-story farmhouse, painted white and surrounded by an affluence of outbuildings, suggesting the happy home of a wealthy farmer. I drove up to the yard gate, which was a little back from the road. The wagon followed, and the sheep and cows came trooping in and filled up the picture. By the time we got settled, Mr. Carlin was at the gate. He was a tall, square-built old gentleman, with a thin, bony face and a bright blue eye. "Good evening, sir." "Good evening." "I am traveling through the country with my family and some stock, as you see; and I have been directed to your house as a good place to spend the Sabbath, and"— His face flushed up, his eye kindled, and he said: "I don't know what they send everybody to me for. I am eat out of house and home now, and"— "I profess to be a gentleman, sir. I don't want anything you've got without paying for it. I asked you a civil question, and it was as little as you could have done to have given me a civil answer. Get up, Tucker!" I was drawing the line to start the team when his countenance relaxed, and there was a suggestion of a smile about the corners of his mouth. "Get out! get out! I reckon I had as well feed

An Exile

out to you as to any one." We alighted and went in and found everything necessary for comfort.

The old gentleman proved to be a most attentive and considerate host. He was a widower; and the next day he went away and married, and brought home Mrs. Carlin number two.

Monday morning I said: "Mr. Carlin, do you know of an empty house in the neighborhood that I could get for a time, till I can find some permanent place and employment?" "Yes; I have a house I built for my son. He is in the army, and his wife is at her father's. You can have that. But you had as well stay here with me. I have plenty to feed you and your stock on, and plenty of servants to wait on you. You are welcome to stay here." I thanked him and told him we would accept his house; that we preferred to be in our own home, and not trouble any one. We went into that house, and stayed there three years, and found a friend in that old gentleman, whose kindness was a constant embarrassment. Really, I cannot see how we could have managed to get on, amid the privations of our condition, without his help. His wife proved to be an estimable Christian woman, full of good deeds. I could but feel that the Lord, in His kind providence, had brought us to these dear friends in our need; and I shall always remember with loving gratitude their unstinted kindness.

XXIX

NEW FRIENDS

"If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
But we've a page more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love we write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart."



NOT only found that I had stopped in a beautiful, fertile valley, where everything conspired to the healthfulness of the body and the mind, but also that it contained an excellent population.

There were two large country churches, one Presbyterian and one Methodist. There was also a substantial brick academy, in the second story of which was an excellent chapel, in which the Presbyterian Church worshipped. Rev. Jacob Hood was pastor of the Presbyterian Church and also principal of the academy. The two Churches dwelt together in peace and cooperated with each other in movements calculated to improve the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the community. I have rarely ever seen a community which devoted more time to the cultivation of social amenities, or in which the social life was more intense and enjoyable. It was so completely shut in by the mountain barriers around it—there being no railroads—that, but for the absence of all the younger men, one would scarcely have realized that the country was involved in war.

I soon realized that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. They took me and mine into the inner circle of their best life, and made us just as comfortable and happy as was possible under the circumstances. I lived among them six years, and learned to love them with an intense devotion. The image of many of them is stamped upon my heart to this

New Friends

day. There are the Carlins, the Johnstons, the Joneses, the Summeys, the Copelands, the Henrys, the Millers, the Poseys, the Woodfins, the Warnacks, the Graveses, the Gashes, the Brittains, the Kimseys, the Allens, the Fannings, the Ballards, the Burnetts, the Suttons, the Greers, and others, than whom it were difficult to find a nobler people anywhere.

I concluded that it would not do any good for me to tell them that I was a preacher till I had been there long enough to establish somewhat of character. There were so many adventurers roaming over the land and taking advantage of the unsettled and comparatively lawless condition of society to prey on the people that the public mind was in a state of suspicion. So I told the family that we would not say anything about my being a preacher for a while.

I had been there but a short time when I went to the home of Reuben Ballard, a substantial old Methodist farmer, from whom I had been buying supplies for our table; and he surprised me by saying: "I understand that you are a preacher." I had to confess, and asked him how he knew it. He said that our servant girl had told one of Carlin's servants, who had told him. He then solicited me to make an appointment for preaching at his house, as his wife was afflicted with rheumatism and could not attend church. I told him that if he would gather in a few of his neighbors the next Sunday I would preach for them. He invited me to bring my wife and spend the day with them. It went abroad that a strange preacher from Kentucky would preach at Uncle Reuben Ballard's on Sunday; and when we reached the place, the lanes were full of horses and buggies, and the house and porch were full of people.

F. M. Fanning, the presiding elder of the district, lived within one-half mile of the place, and his family were present. Marian Renfro, who had been appointed to the Hendersonville Circuit, for some cause not remembered, had not come. The people, who were anxious for a preacher, when they found out that they had one among them unemployed, naturally thought of having him supply the circuit. Some of them requested

From Sunrise to Sunset

me to apply for the circuit. I told them that I could not do that, for Brother Fanning knew nothing about me and could not be faithful to his official trust and put an unknown stranger on the circuit. When Brother Fanning came home and his wife suggested that there was a supply at hand for the vacant circuit, he said no, that I might be all right, but he could not employ me unless he knew more about me. I was very anxious to have the circuit. I felt like the door was opening for me into the itinerancy again, and I made it the subject of earnest and anxious prayer. A few days later Brother Fanning went to Asheville and met there R. M. Stevens, who had known me all the while; and he gave me a better recommendation than I deserved. When Fanning came home, he came to see me and asked me to supply the circuit, which proposition I accepted without any reluctance. Really, I thought I saw the hand of the Lord in it all, and was delighted and thankful that he had led me back into the itinerancy, though it had been by a circuitous, strange, rough route.

It was a very large, rough circuit, lying on both sides of the French Broad and along the slope of the Blue Ridge, reaching from Edneyville to Shuford's Bridge and embracing all of Henderson and parts of Buncombe and Transylvania Counties. The war had taken away nearly all the able-bodied men, and was drawing from the country part of the substance produced by the women and children. Our people were able to pay but little, and I had to work with my hands for a partial support of my family. But I had a good degree of success in my work, and found religious comfort in sharing with my people the hardships that were upon them and helping them all I could to bear their heavy burdens.

At the close of the year I was readmitted into the Holston Annual Conference, and my name has remained on her roll of effective members ever since. I would rather see it there than on the most pretentious roster in all the land.

I mentioned above F. M. Fanning, who left our Church and joined the M. E. Church soon after the war. He was much discussed and sometimes abused for taking that course.

New Friends

He had been for many years a popular and successful preacher in the M. E. Church, South, and had been trusted and honored by his Conference; and many of his friends thought that motives of love and gratitude ought to have caused him to continue his allegiance to the M. E. Church, South.

I was Brother Fanning's neighbor for five years. We soon learned to love each other, and established confidential relations. We talked freely and frankly about matters pertaining to the war while it was in progress, and after it ended we discussed freely our church, her condition and prospects. When he was meditating the change of Church relations, he talked freely with me about it. I was therefore in a position to judge of his spirit and motives.

I doubt if I should have thought and felt as Brother Fanning did, even in like condition; but I am sure that he acted in all good conscience in the matter. He knew that he was breaking away from all the ties that bound him to the past and severing the sacred relations of a lifetime, and it grieved him sorely; but he felt that he was following the call of duty. He had always been an intense antislavery man. When the Church divided, he wanted to adhere to the North, and his friends and relatives and those of his wife dissuaded him from it. When the war freed the slaves and brought the M. E. Church to his door, it was natural that he should feel inclined to fall in with them.

Moreover, he saw that the division of the Church, in the bounds of Holston was inevitable. Like others, he feared that much friction and harm would result. He believed that he could do more to abate the contention and strife in the M. E. Church than in the M. E. Church, South. Accordingly, when they offered him a prominent position in that Church, he accepted it. He labored to abate the prejudice engendered by the war and promote the peace of the Church. While he felt bitterly the ostracism resulting from his course, he did not suffer it to embitter his spirit. I never knew a man who more uniformly looked at such questions with the judgment of charity.

From Sunrise to Sunset

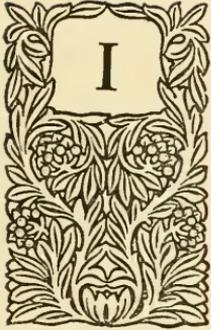
For some of those who left our Church in the hour of her trial and peril and went over to the opposition, evidently moved by a selfish policy, I find it difficult to maintain the respect which their talent and position would demand. But for Brother Fanning I retained both respect and love, which were intensified by his noble bearing in the hour of his supreme trial.

If I am fortunate enough to get to heaven, one of those whom I shall greet with a glad heart will be F. M. Fanning.

XXX

DEFEAT

“Angel of patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm!
There’s quiet in that angel’s glance;
There’s rest in his still countenance.
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner’s ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.”



IN the summer of 1864 I had a long spell of typhoid fever. During my illness the circuit was without preaching or pastoral oversight. The brethren who came to visit me told me gloomy stories about the declension of piety and demoralization among the members. Among other things, they informed me that an aged local preacher, who had hitherto maintained a good character, had converted his abundant apple crop into brandy, and was selling it to his neighbors. He had married for a second wife an aged spinster of the iron-jacket persuasion, and some of the brethren were inclined to lay his defection at her door. But I preferred to hold him responsible for his own sin. When I went to see him, I found him meek and penitent. I proposed that he go before the Church and make acknowledgment of his wrong and promise reformation, that he might abate, as far as possible, the scandal of the thing and be forgiven. I saw at once that his wife rebelled against that. He was willing to promise amendment privately, but shrank from public acknowledgment. I stood firm, and insisted that the offense had been public, and that the confession and promise of amendment must be public also. He finally made a public acknowledgment, and he looked so mean and sheepish that I felt as if I had been guilty of some great wrong myself.

From Sunrise to Sunset

I was much troubled at the reports which came to me and became exceedingly anxious to get out among my people. As soon as I had sufficient strength to be driven out in a buggy, I sent messengers throughout the circuit to announce a basket meeting at Johnson's Chapel, a church at Shaw's Creek Camp Ground, near the middle of the circuit. I engaged J. S. Burnett, a long time member of the Holston Conference but at that time a local preacher, and William Graves, an aged Presbyterian minister, to do the preaching and otherwise assist with the meeting. Brother Burnett was a very gifted preacher, with fine social qualities, and was very popular with the people wherever he went. He lived to be a very old man, and died near Asheville, N. C., full of faith and hope, and, I doubt not, went home to the better land. Brother Graves was a man of medium intellect, well cultivated, and of indomitable energy. He was thoroughly consecrated to the work of the Master, and has left the impress of his spirit and work on all of Western North Carolina. He was born and brought up in Knox County, Tenn., and was first cousin to William C. Graves, whose long life of usefulness in the Methodist ministry is still bearing fruit in East Tennessee.

When the Saturday set for the beginning of the meeting arrived, a large congregation assembled at the church, containing representatives from every part of the circuit. Brother Graves preached with unusual unction and power. The sermon ended, I pulled up by the book board, and in a few words invited penitents. Eight little girls, ranging from ten to thirteen years, came forward for prayers. Mary Warlick (now Mrs. Dr. Sensabaugh) of Straw Plains, who was sitting near the door, was the first to come, and the others followed in quick succession. The meeting continued from day to day, increasing in interest and influence every day. There was an increase in the number of penitents at almost every service, but no conversions till Tuesday afternoon. Brother Burnett had preached on the work of the Spirit in conversion, and nearly all the space around the pulpit was filled with anxious penitents. There was an intermission of singing and no sound

to be heard but the sobbing of heart-broken mourners. All at once a strange spiritual influence came upon the congregation, as palpable as an electric shock. The penitents cried out in agony. There was a general shout among the Christians. The stoutest-hearted sinners wept like little children, and some of them fell down and cried for mercy. In a few minutes there were a score of happy conversions, including all the little girls who first came except Mary Warlick. She was afterwards converted, and has lived until the present time, illustrating in her life and work the virtues of our holy religion.

The meeting lasted two weeks and resulted in the conversion and addition to the Church of about seventy persons. My health improved, and my strength increased all the while; and by the time the meeting closed I was able to take up my regular work on the circuit.

In 1864 the Conference met at Bristol, Tenn., Bishop Early again presiding. The Federals were in East Tennessee, and there was constant skirmishing between them and the Confederates. During the Conference the report was circulated more than once that the Federals were advancing on the town, which created some consternation among the preachers and the people; but they were false alarms.

I learned these things from the preachers who attended the Conference. I was not there myself. I had quite a large family, wholly dependent on me for support. The land was being more and more drained of its substance by the war, and my people all the while growing less able to support us. It became necessary, therefore, for me to labor with my own hands and use all the economy and ingenuity I could command to make the ends meet.

Confederate money was constantly depreciating and losing its purchasing power. Commodities that were scarce, and therefore considered very valuable, could not be purchased with it. The apple crop, which Western North Carolina produces in great abundance and of superior quality, was unusually full. The whole land was covered with apples,

so that they were about as cheap as Confederate money. Instead of going to Conference, as I greatly desired to do, I gathered up a wagon load of apples, green and dry, and hauled them down into South Carolina, where apples were a legal tender. It was a hard but profitable trip. It rained nearly all the time I was gone; and as I slept in my wagon of nights, it was anything but comfortable.

I exchanged my apples for leather, cotton yarn, and domestic, and invested what Confederate money I could command in the same commodities. When I reached home I had no trouble in swapping these things for the best the land produced for the support of my family. So soon as it was known that I had these articles for barter, my neighbors brought in more than I could purchase. An expression of an old lady who brought some wheat to swap for cotton yarn shows to what straits the people were reduced. It became a byword among my children. In explanation of her conduct she said: "We ha' to w'ar some, as well as eat all."

James R., my neighbor, who went on a similar mission, was my traveling companion during this trip. He was an eccentric and erratic character. He boasted of having been a lifelong member of the Methodist Church; but his neighbors said that his Christian character was anything but perfect, and that his course through life had been quite zigzag. He had a brother-in-law, Smith, who was very much under his influence. Smith made a profession of religion, ran well for a season, but finally went back to "the weak and beggarly elements of the world." Brother Fanning, who was interested in his behalf, reproached him for his back slidings. He answered, with tears in his voice: "I know I hain't done right, Brother Fanning; I hain't done right; but if Jim R. hadn't made such a gaum of his religion, I think I could have done better."

At this Conference I was appointed to the Sulphur Springs Circuit, across the river from Asheville. The nearest appointment was some fifteen miles from my home, but I was too poor to move. It was a large, rough, mountainous circuit,

Defeat

extending down almost to Warm Spring. The necessity of filling in my rest days at home, laboring with my hands, grew more imperative all the while. My never-failing friend, Hiram Carlin, let me have eight acres of river bottom land to cultivate, and charged me no rent. I cultivated this land and my garden and truck patches with the horse I rode on the circuit. I often came home late Sunday night, and sunrise next morning found me out in the field, between the plow handles. I was thus enabled to keep my family from want and do the preaching on the circuit, but not much else.

We had a measure of success. A number were converted and added to the Church. The people were as kind as they could be. "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

Meanwhile the war went on more and more furiously. The bands were continually being tightened around the South. The hopes of all but the most sanguine began to fail. I could not give it up. I continued to hope against hope. I refused to entertain a suspicion of the failure of the Southern cause. As I look back at it now, I am astonished at the stupidity and blindness which prevented me from seeing what ought to have been obvious to any one. I never allowed myself to believe in the possibility of the South's defeat till the news of Lee's surrender was confirmed by indubitable testimony. That was to me the darkest of all dark days. The star of hope sent no ray of light into all the murky darkness of the future.

XXXI

DESOLATION

"So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! Whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent
And whitened with the winter's snow."



AFTER the surrender the surviving soldiers came in home, singly and in squads, from every direction. Many of them were in prison and were not released for some time, so that it was months before they all got home. Alas! alas! many of them never came. Many a father and husband and brother and son went away never to come back. Amid the joy of greeting long absent ones, many a broken-hearted one wept afresh; for the sight of those who returned tore open afresh wounds partially healed. Many of the dear ones were sleeping in unmarked graves in a strange land.

Those who came, came to the old homes; but how changed! Desolation reigned everywhere. The fences and buildings on the farm were falling into decay, and the fields were overgrown with weeds and briars. There was very little stock left—not enough work stock to cultivate the fields that were fit for cultivation. Grain for feed and seed was exceedingly scarce; and the supply of clothing was very meager, and that of the coarsest kind. There was no money. The prospect for a bare subsistence was gloomy indeed.

Indoors the darkness was more dense and the gloom more profound. There was scarcely a family circle that had not been invaded by death. Many a gallant soldier, released from the army, hastened to his home to find the light gone out of it.

Desolation

In some cases the greater part of the family had gone to the cemetery. The saddest of all sad cases I witnessed was a lady, Mrs. Justus, a member of my charge on the Hendersonville Circuit, who lived on the Blue Ridge. Her husband was in Lee's army. He had left her in a nice little home, with three sweet little children. The diphtheria came along and carried away all her children in a few days. Two of them were buried in the same grave. In a short time she received a telegram announcing that her husband had been killed in battle. That was the profoundest grief I have ever known. There was not a home in all our lovely Southland on which the shadow of some great grief had not fallen.

The end of the war—for which we had so long prayed and hoped—had come, but it had brought no light or joy with it. There was nothing but perplexity, amounting almost to despair. The Federal government established a military post at Asheville, and had its detectives all through the land. Timid ones were afraid of their own shadows. Army wagons went through the country, dividing with the people the little they had for support. No one knew what was to be the policy of our conquerors. All kinds of rumors were afloat with reference to what they were going to do. The opinion was general that it would go specially hard with the M. E. Church, South, because of the intense loyalty of her members to the Southern cause. Many thought that the government of the United States would not suffer her to exist any longer. With the carpet-bag government came the emissaries of the M. E. Church. They claimed to be the peculiar friends and patrons of the United States government. Indeed, their religion seemed to consist almost exclusively in loyalty to the Federal government. They encouraged the opinion that our Church would be suppressed by the civil authority, and used every kind of argument and influence to try to disintegrate the M. E. Church, South, and build up the M. E. Church. They complacently possessed themselves of our churches and church registers, where it was possible, and assumed control of all our affairs under the pretext that they

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constituted the original Methodism of the South. For the exhibition of unadulterated cheek their bearing has probably never been excelled in the history of the world.

A number of our members joined in with them, some with a degree of consistency, having been Union men all the while; and others, who had been Southern men and who had hounded on the rebellion till it collapsed, from a cowardly and selfish policy. These had to out-Herod Herod in their abuse of their deserted companions to curry favor with their new-found friends. Indeed, their cowardice made them the sycophantic slaves of their new masters.

In the midst of the perplexity of our people, when no one seemed to know what could be done, F. M. Fanning joined the M. E. Church. He was an elderly minister, deservedly popular and influential with all classes of the people. He wrote an elaborate article, giving his reasons for the change of Church relations, and published it in the *Asheville News*. It was calculated to make a profound impression on the public mind, especially when public opinion was so unsettled. His evident sincerity made his opinions more impressive. In recounting the advantages of joining the M. E. Church he laid special stress on "a plethoric missionary treasury," by which they would be able to help us rebuild our fallen fortunes. I am sure that Brother Fanning, as well as others, was more influenced by mercenary considerations in going to the Northern Church than he was conscious of. I felt like that article ought to be answered. Grinsfield Taylor was presiding elder of the district, and J. S. Kennedy president of our college at Asheville. I looked for an answer from one of them, but no answer appeared. Finally, I determined to try to answer it myself. When I came to look around, I could not find any paper on which to write till I found an old account book and tore some leaves out of that. On these I wrote the best defense of my Church I could, in answer to what I regarded as the subtle sophistry of Brother Fanning's position. I made special use of the money argument, and, I think, successfully turned that gun on the enemy. I ridiculed the

Desolation

idea that a republican government, one of whose corner stones was religious liberty, would interfere with the religion of its subjects and try to blot out with the hand of a tyrant the existence of a Church. I closed by saying: "‘Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,’ I will stay aboard the old ship which has brought me safely thus far over life’s tempestuous sea; and if she goes down, I will go down with her. God helping me, I will stand by my honest convictions, whatever comes!" The article struck a chord that vibrated in the hearts of genuine Southern Methodists, and gave me more prominence among the people than I deserved. ❧

When our friends, the enemy, found out that they could neither cajole nor scare us into the M. E. Church, they set to persecuting us. They did not adopt the barbarous methods used in East Tennessee because the preponderance of numbers and influence was with us, and they could essay any kind of persecution only while under the protection of the Federal army. The loyalty and courage of our people in Western North Carolina were worthy of the highest admiration. A number of them who had been Union men and opposed to the war from the beginning, maintained their allegiance to the M. E. Church, South, in the midst of the fiercest opposition.

The noble bearing of our citizens and soldiers under the dreadful circumstances of humiliation and trial surrounding them is a worthy example for patriots and Christians for all the ages. Feeling that they had done all that was possible for them to do to prevent the domination of a selfish and arrogant people, they accepted the inevitable without murmuring or repining. They laid down their arms and uncomplainingly went into their fields and shops and took up the peaceful avocations of life. Having no consciousness of wrongdoing, they did not ask anybody’s pardon, nor bend the knee to court the favor of those in authority over them. They did not sulk, but took hold of the problems of life with the lofty bearing of a king. Having lost all but their honor, they were happy in the consciousness that they had done nothing to compromise that. Pursuing the lofty ideals that had always

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obtained in Southern society, they demanded and received the respect of all, even their enemies.

In 1865 our Conference met at Marion, Va., Bishop Early still presiding. Not much except the regular routine business was done because the mists and shadows were still so thick that no line of future policy could be marked out.

At this Conference I was ordained elder and appointed to the presiding eldership. It came about in this way: It was thought necessary to divide the Asheville District and constitute a Franklin District. The withdrawal of Fanning and Woodfin had made a scarcity of preachers in the North Carolina section of the Conference. Under existing conditions the preachers, who were without money, could not move from one section to the other. It was, therefore, Hobson's choice, and they put me on [the new district, distinguished by the large number and enormous size of its mountains and its general rough condition.

An event of this Conference worthy of mention was the reception into the traveling connection, on trial, of Jacob Tyler Frazier, "the barefoot chaplain of the Confederate army." The same genius that distinguished him as a private soldier and preacher among the "ragged rebels" has given him a distinguished place in the admiration and affection of his Church. He is one of our most eloquent and successful preachers, our golden-mouthed orator, the Chrysostom of the Conference. His faith and consecration fill his ministry with a divine unction. His warm-heartedness makes him the best of friends, and his wit the most enjoyable of companions. He was my presiding elder when I was stationed at State Street, Bristol; and I never had one whom I enjoyed more in the pulpit and in the family circle. It made me sad when it became necessary for him to ask for a supernumerary relation, at our last Conference.



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF FORTY

FRANKLIN DISTRICT

“The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by
 Because my feet find measure with its call;
 The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them, both great and small.
 The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
 Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
 And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven.”



THE Franklin District embraced Haywood, Jackson, Macon, Cherokee, and Clay Counties, North Carolina, and that part of Buncombe west of the French Broad River reaching from the French Broad to the Georgia State line, and from the top of the Blue Ridge to the Tennessee State line. The entire territory is a wild, mountainous region. It embraces some of the largest and loftiest mountains of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Ranges. Pigeon, Tuckasegee, Little Tennessee, Nantahala, Valley, and Hiawassee Rivers, with their tributaries, flow through it. The mountains have no general direction in common, but lie about in a kind of orderly confusion, so that the rivers running among them flow toward every point of the compass. The waters are pure freestone, clear as crystal, and almost as cold as ice where they issue from the base of the mountains. The forests are immense, and embrace almost every variety of tree and shrub known to the temperate zone. The Author of this beautiful specimen of his handiwork, to meet the innate love of the beautiful with which he has endowed his creature man, has planted flowers everywhere and of every color and kind. They grow in the rich coves and on the bleak mountain, springing out of every crevice in the rocks where there is room and soil enough. No railroad trav-

From Sunrise to Sunset

ersed its rugged wilds, and no hoarse steam whistle, with its harsh discord, broke into its sublime natural harmony. It was a perfect paradise to a lover of nature, and the wearisome toil of travel was largely compensated by nature's changing moods and the varying features of her beautiful kaleidoscope.

The people were a race of hardy mountaineers, a fair average of the "mountain whites" of the Cumberland and Alleghany ranges of mountains. They were brave, virtuous, patriotic, and hospitable. A large per cent. of them were religious. The Methodists and Baptists abounded, with here and there a rare specimen of Presbyterians and Protestant Episcopalians. These latter Churches had not then gone out from the towns and high places of the land, and their voices were rarely ever heard in the mountain fastnesses and obscure corners. With all their religious enthusiasm, they showed a commendable care for their personal comfort and safety. Now a few of them have started out to do missionary work in the mountains, and they really seem to believe they are the pioneers in this noble work. Some of them go about telling the people that thousands upon thousands of dwellers in these mountains have never heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They thus show an inexcusable ignorance of real conditions or a disgusting egotism which claims that they alone can preach the Gospel.

The war had robbed this section of much of its best blood, and many of its brave, stalwart sons were sleeping in bloody graves in a distant land. The demoralization of the war was sadly manifest everywhere. The institutions of Church and State were largely disorganized, but we found in every neighborhood some faithful Christian men and women who had not bowed the knee to Baal. These were the nucleus around which we rallied the people of God—the human foundation on which we rebuilt the Church of Jesus Christ. The people were eager to hear preaching, and their hunger for the Gospel made it a delight to preach to them.

As I intimated in the last chapter, we were all too poor to move. I left my family at Mills River, in the bounds of the Asheville District, while I traveled the Franklin District.

Franklin District

I had a suit of half-worn Confederate jeans clothes, a tolerably good saddle, a ragged old pair of saddlebags, and a cavalry horse much worn and stiffened by use in the army. With this meager outfit I started out to represent a great Church as a presiding elder, without a cent of money in my pocket. Serious as the case was, I laughed to myself, as I went along, at the incongruity and ridiculousness of the situation. But I was dreadfully in earnest. I committed myself, my family, and all my sacred interests into the hands of my faithful, covenant-keeping God, and went forth with my heart set within me to do my duty, whatever the results might be.

The first night I spent with Colonel Cathey and his cultivated Christian family, in Haywood County, whose acquaintance I had made while traveling the Sulphur Spring Circuit. The next afternoon I began early to try to find a stopping place for the night, but did not succeed till after dark. The country was full of tramps, and the people were very naturally suspicious of strangers. Finally an old gentleman, a Baptist by the name of Bryson, consented to let me stay with him. He and his family treated me with the utmost kindness. Next morning I asked my bill, just as if I had been a millionaire. He answered: "One dollar." I then said: "Mr. Bryson, I am sorry to tell you that I am without money. I am going out West, and will return in about three weeks and pay my bill." Seeing he looked incredulous, I continued: "I know you never expect to see me again; but I will disappoint you, if I live." As I returned I reached his house about the middle of the afternoon. His house was back about fifty paces from the road. As I turned down the lane toward the house, I was him standing in the porch. When he recognized me, he smiled, and I said: "Old gentleman, I told you that I would disappoint you." He answered: "To tell you the truth you have; for I never expected to see you again." Afterwards, finding out who I was, he reproached me for not telling him I was a preacher.

The next night I stayed with Uncle Jessie Siler, at Franklin; and the fourth night with Uncle Hugh Rodgers, father of Dr.

From Sunrise to Sunset

Elbert Rodgers, at Knoxville, near Fort Henbree (now Claysville). Here I began my work on the district. It was four days' hard riding from home. It was necessary for me to go through the district and begin my work at the far side, for there were no mails; and I had to advertise my appointments as I went through. After I got started on the district, I made myself useful as a mail carrier. I often had my old saddlebags half full of mail matter of various kinds

Thereby hangs a tale: One bright morning next spring I started from Franklin toward Murphy. I soon discovered a well-clad and well-mounted gentleman ahead of me, going in the same direction. I spurred up my horse and overtook him, and found out that it was Dr. Job, from Elizabethton, Tenn. He was a mail agent of the United States, and was reestablishing postoffices and mail routes through the country. He was a most agreeable gentleman; and I found it very pleasant to have him for a traveling companion, especially as it was about a days' ride across the Nantahala Mountain, and only a half dozen houses on the way.

We stopped for the night with Mrs. Walker, near the head of Valley River, whose husband had been killed during the war. He had been the postmaster and justice of the peace and quite a prominent and useful man in his neighborhood. His wife was a bright, pleasant woman, and a member of my Church, as had been her husband. Dr. Job wanted her to become the postmistress. When he read the "ironclad" oath, which it was necessary then for Southern people to take when they became United States officers, she looked puzzled and hesitated. He presented the matter to her in every aspect, trying to persuade her that she could take the oath consistently with her political principles; but her instincts rebelled at it. The discussion went on, and the subject was pressed upon her till it became a little painful to me. At last I said: "Dr. Job, I think I can explain that oath so that Mrs. Walker can understand it, if you will let me." "I will be much obliged to you if you will," said he. Then I said: "Mrs. Walker, that oath just means that during the war you were in your own heart

Franklin District

for the North and against the South." "La me!" said she. "I can't take such an oath as that." And Dr. Job had to look elsewhere for a postmistress.

One day crossing the Nantahala Mountain by myself, I came on a monster rattlesnake crossing the road before me. I dismounted, secured a pole, killed his snakeship, and went on my journey. I had not gone far when I heard the voices of children. I was much puzzled, for I did not know there was a house within five miles of me. I started on, and presently came to where children had been playing in the sand. The voices had hushed; and I sat there on my horse for some time, peering around in every direction, but could see no one. I started on again, and had gone but a little distance when I heard laughter behind me. Looking back, I saw ten or a dozen Indian children, from eight to twelve years old, looking after me and laughing heartily. They were evidently amused at having so successfully hid from me.

XXXIII

PERSONS AND EVENTS

"The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord."



THE Franklin District was manned with strong men. Their faith and courage lifted them above the gloom and depression of existing conditions. They counted not their lives dear that they might fulfill their high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Among them were John D. Baldwin, Sulphur Spring Circuit; Thomas F. Glenn, Waynesville Circuit; William Hicks, Webster Circuit; Enoch Moore, Franklin Circuit; and Jacob Smith, Fort Hembree Circuit. It would be hard to find a nobler band of devoted, self-sacrificing ministers of the Gospel.

The presence of Brother Hicks as a pastor in the district was embarrassing to me. He was a man of ripe experience, strong mind, and lofty bearing. He had served the Church with eminent success in almost every official position excepting the episcopacy and including the presiding eldership and the editor's tripod. I approached his circuit with special embarrassment; but I found him a father and friend and wise counselor, whose help in my delicate and responsible position was invaluable. When the emissaries of the M. E. Church began to invade that section, bent on the disintegration of our Church, he made this announcement around his circuit: "The wolves are abroad, and I am making rails to pen my sheep. I shall proceed to build the pound at Webster the first Sunday in next month." When the time arrived, the little town of Webster overflowed with people from every direction; and Brother Hicks delivered an address on existing ecclesiastical conditions which, I suppose, he never excelled, and which few others have ever excelled.

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It had the effect of an intellectual opiate on the prevailing excitement.

Enoch W. Moore was already showing those sterling traits and rich endowments which made him for so many years a tower of strength in our Conference. He stood boldly forth in defense of truth and righteousness, defending the Church not only from foes without but also from those demoralizing sentiments and practices which the war had produced inside the Church. He never lowered the banner of his Lord in the face of any foe

John D. Baldwin kept the faith in the midst of every opposition, and continued to the end a faithful and efficient laborer in the Master's vineyard. He is doubtless today with "the general assembly and the Church of the firstborn" in heaven.

Jacob Smith was a promising young preacher and did two successful years' work on the Fort Hembree Circuit. He showed himself to be a genuine disciple of the Lord and a faithful minister of the Gospel, and won a first place in the hearts of the people. I shall never forget my happy association with him. In those dreadful times a secure place in the heart of a friend was a priceless treasure.

Brother Smith has the sad distinction of being one of those on whom the fiercest fury of the barbaric persecutors of our Church in East Tennessee fell. His name is on the roll of honor with those of Henry C. Neal, Jacob Brillheart, and others, both ministers and laymen. A savage mob beat him mercilessly at Logan's Chapel, in Blount County, Tenn., by which his health was impaired, his power of speech virtually destroyed, and his active and useful ministry permanently ended. This was a sample of the inhuman treatment which many of our people received at the hands of infuriated and cowardly mobs in East Tennessee after the close of the war. There were those who believed that ministers of the M. E. Church and some who had been our comrades in the Holston Annual Conference encouraged these mobs in their fiendish course. I have no sufficient evidence that they did so, but I am sure that they could have prevented these disgraceful out-

rages if they had tried. East Tennessee Unionists seemed to esteem loyalty to the Southern cause as the unpardonable sin and loyalty to the Federal Union as the chief virtue in religion. From Governor Brownlow down to the humblest of them they seemed to think that no "rebel" had any right that any one was bound to regard, and they did not regard the civil or religious rights of any rebel. They seemed to think it was a great exhibition of tenderness and forbearance if they were permitted to live. It was currently reported and never denied—so far as I know—that Governor Brownlow told them to whip the graceless scoundrels; and if they were apprehended and condemned by the courts, he would pardon them. Whether that be true or not, it is certainly true that no effort was made to protect the rebels, either by civil or military authority. Their only protection was the cowardice of the mobs.

The above was the general rule, the prevailing practice; but there were honorable exceptions. I could mention many Unionists who showed the spirit of honorable manhood in their bearing toward their Southern neighbors; but to mention all would make this article too long, and the mention of a few would be considered invidious.

There were a few places in the Franklin District where loyalty to the Union entitled one to the blue ribbon, and where the spirit of persecution was rampant. At three different places mobs were organized with the avowed intention up breaking up my meetings. In two cases they were successfully persuaded to desist, and in the other they were driven away. I was not aware of the movement in either case till it was ended. I went alone all over the district without even an insult from anyone. I cannot say that I was without fear, but I trusted in God and went forward.

I never heard of but one proposition to retaliate among our people. I spent a night near Fort Hembree (now Haysville) with a gentleman and his son who had been gallant soldiers in the Confederate army. I roomed with the young man. The M. E. Church had sent a preacher by the name of Harkins to take charge of things in that section. While we

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were preparing for bed, the young man suggested that it might be a good thing to give Harkins a coat of tar and feathers and ride him on a rail out of the country. I could see from the young man's manner that the proposition was tentative and intended to call out my sentiments on the subject. I waited till he was through. He thought that would end the movement for a division of the Church, prevent a good deal of friction and hard feeling among the people, etc. When he was through, I said: "My dear young friend, you do not propose to abandon your civilization and go back to barbarism in this country, do you?" And I gave him the best lecture I could on the foolishness and wickedness of his course. He said no more, and that was the last I ever heard about persecuting preachers.

I had a remarkable experience at Fort Hembree near the close of Brother Smith's ministry there. The times were so out of joint and the people so impoverished that we had to use every lawful means to get a support for the preachers. It was the latter part of the summer, and the beautiful valley, of which the little town is the center, was burning up with drought. The corn leaves were wilting and turning white. At the close of the Sunday morning service I was making a quarterage speech and plying the people with every possible argument to induce them to give a liberal collection for the support of the ministry. Among other things, I told them that if they would give a liberal collection the Lord could pay them back in many ways. "For instance," I said, "if you should give liberally, the Lord could pour out a fruitful rain on your parched fields and pay you back a hundred fold." The hats were passed, and I think it was the most liberal collection under the circumstances I ever witnessed. As I remember it, it was over forty dollars. I announced service for five o'clock to avoid the heat as much as possible, and dismissed the audience. In the interim before the afternoon service great, black clouds overspread that valley and poured out a gushing rain for hours. When I reached the Church, I met a gentleman, not a member of the Church, who had a

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good farm in the neighborhood. He said to me: "I gave the Lord one dollar this morning, and he has paid me back the hundred."

That coincidence made a profound impression on the minds of the people. The Lord had not taken me into his confidence. I did not know that he was going to send the rain. But he knew it, and I believe he put it into my mind to make that remark that good might come of it. I could relate other instances where I think the Lord has given special direction to my thoughts and speech when I was not conscious of it at the time.

MORE YARNS

“And in these solitary haunts,
 While slumbers every tree
 In night and silence, God himself
 Seems nearer unto me.
 I feel his presence in these shades,
 Like the embracing air;
 And as my eyelids close in sleep,
 My heart is hushed in prayer.”



HERE was a community of Cherokee Indians living on the Tuckasegee River below Webster and in the adjacent mountains. When the tribe of Cherokees were moved beyond the Mississippi, these were left behind. Our Church had had for many years a missionary among them. There had been some success. Some of them had been converted and civilized, and others remained savages. The cabin and cottage, modeled after those of the white man, stood side by side with the wigwam of the primitive Indian. Rev. John Bird, who was for many years our popular and useful missionary among them, and I met a crowd of them one day on the way to a ball play. In that crowd was every shade of character, from the civilized Christian to the downright savage. The place where we met them was open, being an old field turned out; and at the request of Brother Bird they played some for us. Their skill was wonderful, and their zest and enthusiasm equal to their skill.

I held quarterly meetings for them stately, and preached for them through an interpreter. Their interpreter, Enola (“Black Fox,” in English), was a man of fine character and very gifted in speech. Nevertheless, preaching through an interpreter was awkward and left-handed to me. The Indians were very quiet worshippers. They sat stock still during an entire

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service. Their countenances had no more mobility than a stone. You could no more tell whether you were making an impression on them than if you had been preaching to a patch of cabbage heads.

One day while I was preaching to them at Shoal Creek Camp Ground, I observed a well-dressed, good-looking gentleman sitting in the rear of the congregation with notebook and pencil in hand, occasionally taking notes. At the close of the service an introduction revealed him as Hinton Rowan Helper, the renowned author of "The Impending Crisis," an anti-slavery book, which did as much to hasten the war between the states, probably, as any other book except "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the close of the war he wrote another book, "Nojoque," in which he seriously advocated the extermination of the negroes of the United States. He was kind enough to make me a present of both books, which I considered alike unreasonable and hurtful. He was a renegade Southerner, and in the effort to get back to his normal position he went to a very foolish and sinful extreme.

In a quaterage speech at a basket meeting at Turkey Creek Camp Ground I asserted that some people seem to think that every person ought to be paid for his labor except the preacher, and used this illustration: "I once lived some miles from a physician. A member of my family falling sick, I sent for him. He came, examined the case, and administered medicine; and the patient recovered. Meeting him some time afterwards and asking the amount of the bill, he said: 'Ten dollars.' I paid the bill, not thinking it unreasonable. In process of time his daughter was to be married; and I was called in to perform the ceremony, but did not receive a cent. Now, it cost me as much to prepare to be a minister as it did him to be a physician. It was the same distance from my house to his house that it was from his house to my house, and the administration in each case took about the same time. He received ten dollars, and I received nothing." There were two young men in the congregation whom I had married the preceding year, while traveling the Sulphur Spring Circuit,

More Yarns

without receiving any compensation. Before we left the ground each of them plucked me aside and handed me a five-dollar marriage fee.

At Waynesville, where T. F. Glenn had done two very fine years' work for but little pay, I was making a money speech and using every argument at command to make out the case, seasoning the speech with a little sarcasm. I had unusual liberty. Joseph Branner, father-in-law of Bishop Atkins, was in the congregation. His wife was a member of the Church, but at that time he was an outsider. When I went out of the church, he took me around the corner of the house and, handing me a ten-dollar bill, said: "That is not quarterage; my wife has paid her quarterage. If she didn't, I wouldn't live with her, and it is not a present." I began to wonder what it was, when he continued: "I feel like I owe you that for skinning those misers."

The following is given to illustrate the hardest part of the work on the Franklin District. Out on the big mountains of Cherokee County, N. C., adjacent to the Tennessee line, there is a little valley called "Cheoah," held in the arms of great mountains, like an infant in the arms of a giant. The soil was rich, and the scenery picturesque and beautiful beyond conception. It was populated by a good class of mountaineers, who lived in happy seclusion in the primitive style of their class. Our preachers, as is their usage, had invaded this obscure place and organized a Church. They concluded that they wanted a quarterly meeting, and the Quarterly Conference granted their request. After the adjournment of the Conference, the leader and representative of our Cheoah Church took me aside and told me that he thought he would have a funeral or two for me to preach by the time I came over. I suppose he thought that would reconcile me to the extra toil of the trip. From home to Cheoah, by the usual route (by Webster and Franklin), it was four and one-half days' hard riding. In the interim, I met with a steward of our Church, who was a candidate for the State Senate, whom we will call "B." He told me that if I would come to his house, which was

two days' ride from home, and spend a night with him he would show me a near way through the mountains which would save a day's ride. I accepted his generous proposition. On the way there, in Haywood County, I met a gentleman in the road in search of a preacher to marry a couple. A large wedding party had assembled at a farm house, a mile or so from the road, and the preacher engaged had not put in his appearance. This gentleman had attended one of my quarterly meetings, and, recognizing me, insisted that I should turn aside with him and perform the ceremony. I hesitated, fearing that I would be late reaching Mr. B's, but finally yielded to his importunity and went. It never has been very difficult to persuade me to attend a wedding where there are to be a big crowd, a big feast, and a general good time. The time lost at the wedding made it dark before I reached my old friend Bryson's, four miles from B's. It was cloudy and no moon, and the way to B's was an obscure path through the woods; so there was nothing left me but to spend the night with Brother Bryson. Next morning I arose early and rode to B's, where I got breakfast and my horse fed. When B began to talk about going with me, his wife said he was not going—that he had no business gadding about over the country, and that he would stay at home and take care of his wife and children. B was evidently cowed. He seemed to acquiesce with all the meakness of Moses. I was in a quandary. I did not know the near way, and if I went back and around by the ordinary way I could not reach the quarterly meeting in time. I finally determined to try a doubtful experiment. I laid aside all consideration of etiquette or gallantry, deliberately sharpened my tongue, and filled my speech with sarcasm, and tried to paint for the good lady a true picture of herself. She never answered a word, but sat in silent thought some time after I was done. Then she went out of the room, and presently returned with some clean linen for her husband, and again left the room without a word. B took that for permission to go, and we hurried our preparation and started as soon as possible. But we had been delayed till we feared we could not run up to schedule time.

More Yarns

We went down to the Tuckasegee River, through the Indian country for some distance, and then crossed over a large mountain to the Little Tennessee River, and went down that with the meanderings thereof, to the mouth of the Nantahala River. We were then fourteen or fifteen miles from our objective point for the night, which was Jarrett's, on the main road between Franklin and Murphy, and night was coming on. The road up the Nantahala was a bridle way through a wilderness, and it was dark as pitch. Nevertheless, we determined to try it. We rode on in the dense darkness for some time, realizing that we were in constant danger of missing the path and being lost in the mountains. After a while we heard a dog bark a little distance from our path. After consultation, we concluded to go out and try to get entertainment for the rest of the night. We approached the cabin, called out the landlord, and asked if we could stay till morning. He said he would be glad to keep us, but he had nothing to feed us or our horses.

Finding our path again, we went forward. Coming to another cabin by the side of the pathway, the same question brought forth the same answer. We started on, and soon, hearing a lumbering ahead of me, I ascertained that B's mule had fallen down with him. We then determined to stay in the next cabin we came to, whether we got anything to eat or not.

Coming to another cabin, our inquiry brought us the same answer. I then said: "If you please, sir, will you let us tie our horses inside your inclosure and stay in your house till morning?" Yes, he would do that; he was hospitality personified. Entering the cabin, we found that the gentleman had eight motherless children, the mother having been dead only a few weeks. The cabin had a single room, about fifteen feet square. There was no floor. The only bedstead was made by driving a fork down into the ground and laying poles across it in the cracks. There was about half of a loft, laid with long riven boards, reached by a ladder. The father, who was sleeping in the bed, was kind enough to vacate and give it to us; and he went above, where the children were, to sleep. I thought the bed-

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tick was filled with ordinary brush from the woods, but B said it was filled with ferns, which were abundant all around. B was soon snoring, but I never slept a wink.

When the first twittering of the birds was heard, I waked up B, and we set forward. It was six miles to Jarrett's. Mrs. Jarrett was an exquisite cook and fine housekeeper. She soon gave us a smoking hot breakfast, gotten up in good style and spread on immaculate linen; and I have always thought that was the best meal I ever ate.

We reached Cheoah behind time, but the congregation was waiting for us. We had a good meeting and a pleasant time.

The two years I spent on the Franklin District were the hardest and happiest years of my life. We had marvelous success. Our poverty and our peril drove us close to the bosom of infinite love; and our Father protected and fed us, and opened up the way to the prosperity of the Church and the salvation of the people.

ASHEVILLE DISTRICT AND ELSE

“Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.”



THE Holston Conference met at Asheville in 1866, Bishop McTyeire presiding. He was a newly elected bishop, and this was his first Conference. His character was manifest at this Conference, and every succeeding visit confirmed the first impression. His mind was strong and incisive. It took note of the little things, and embraced in a wider sweep greater things and relations. He was a shrewd ecclesiastical politician and no mean statesman. His mind was not sluggish but slow. He reached his conclusions deliberately, and held them obstinately. Pride of opinion and love of authority were dominant traits. He had very little use for presiding elders in making appointments, and delighted in surprising them and every one else by unexpected moves. He was a stickler for prerogative, and did not manifest great sympathy for the burden-bearer. He sometimes let the itinerant wheel grind on when it resulted in much hardship. He was not a great preacher. He interested the intelligent and thoughtful by his luminous exposition of the text, but he was in no sense an orator. He exercised much influence on his Church and his age, and will live in history.

At this Conference, as already intimated, I was reappointed to the Franklin District.

In 1867 the Conference met at Cleveland, Tenn., Bishop Wightman in the chair. He was a brilliant man and fine preacher. He did not always reach high-water mark in the

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pulpit, but sometimes fell below himself. In his happiest efforts he was a great preacher. In his pose in the pulpit and manner of delivery he resembled Rufus M. Stevens, of the Holston Conference. He was a polished Southern gentleman, and careful to maintain the dignity of his high position. In the cabinet he was painstaking and considerate. He sought light from every source, and did not act until he was sure he could act intelligently.

At this Conference I was appointed to the Asheville District. Like the Franklin, it was a big, mountainous district. It embraced Transylvania, Henderson, Yancey, and Mitchell Counties, that part of Buncombe east of the French Broad River, and a part of McDowell. The winter of 1867-68 was a very severe one, and the creeks, which were numerous, were frozen over much of the time, making the travel difficult and dangerous.

This year, like the preceding ones, was characterized by hard work and unusual success. I do not remember many remarkable incidents. I went to where the town of Bakersville now is one Saturday to begin a quarterly meeting. The church was a log house of primitive style but ample capacity. As I approached the church, I saw a company of men standing close together in the shadow of a great white oak tree which stood near the door. I suppose there were as many as thirty-five of them, and they were gathered close about a gentleman in the center of the group, who was talking earnestly to them. Not seeing any other convenient place to hitch, I rode up close to them and hitched my horse to a limb of the white oak. Within the house there was quite a good congregation of ladies, with a few gentlemen among them. Soon after I began to preach, the gentlemen before mentioned came to the door and stopped outside, looking in. By the time I was halfway through the sermon, they began to drop in, one at a time, till they were all seated within. I doubt if I ever had better success in preaching. My text was: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The

Asheville District and Else

effect was unusual and a number came forward for prayers, which was the beginning of a revival, resulting in many conversions. While at dinner after church, I was told that the "Union League," a political organization, in many places wholly bent on mischief, had held a meeting in the old church the night previous, and had resolved not to let "the rebel presiding elder" hold his quarterly meeting. It was they who were grouped under the white oak tree; and Jacob Bowman, a young lawyer and politician, was in the midst, trying to dissuade them from their foul purpose. He was the brother of John W. and William C. Bowman, who were at one time prominent members of the Holston Conference. Jacob, like some other young men of the South of easy political virtue, having an eye single to the loaves and fishes, had gone over to the adversary, and was found in very bad company. Albeit he was engaged in a good work that day, for which I acknowledge my debt of gratitude.

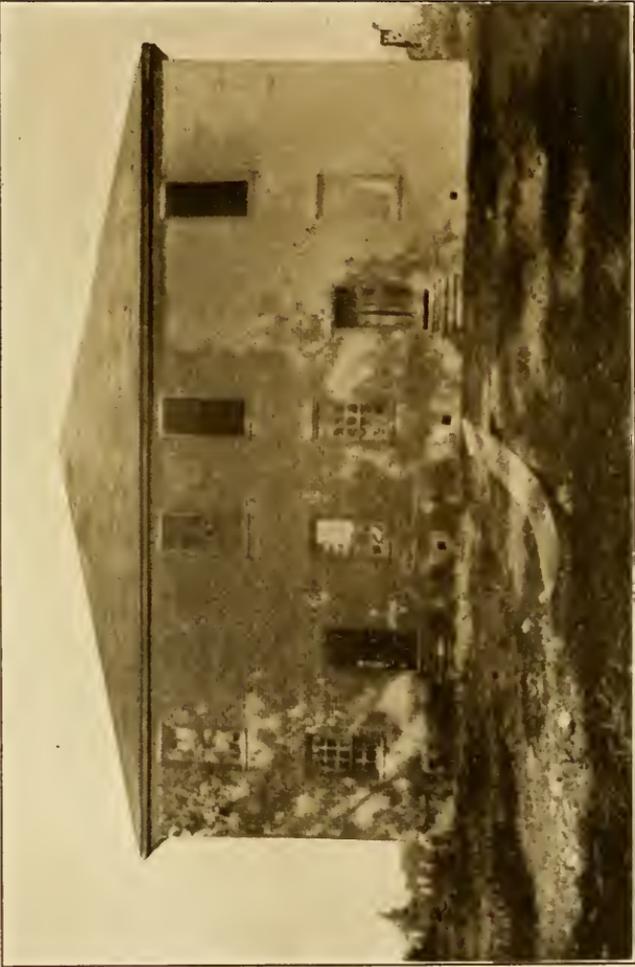
I shall never forget a visit I made during that year to Linville Falls, in company with James M. Massey, who was preacher in charge of Burnsville Circuit. A picture of that wonderful compound of beauty and majesty, marvelously distinct, is hanging in the gallery of memory today.

In 1868 the Conference met at Knoxville, Tenn., Bishop Wightman again presiding. At this Conference a special arrangement of work was made for my benefit—the only time in my history. The arrangement also embraced R. N. Price. The war had left Brother Price and me each with a wife and large family of children and no available means of support and education. What the war had failed to accomplish in this regard, reconstruction had finished. We saw no prospect for the education of our children as matters then stood. So we concluded to mix teaching with our preaching, and while we were educating our own children help others in the education of theirs. We went to Mills River—where, as stated in a former chapter, there was a substantial brick academy in the midst of a large community of well-to-do farmers—and proposed to establish a high school in their midst. The propo-

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sition was received with favor by all classes. The trustees agreed to let us have the academy without rent, and the citizens agreed to board students from a distance at the lowest possible rates. The people were anxious for a school; and while their poverty was a hindrance, the scarcity of schools gave us a large area from which to draw patronage. We had students from every county in Western North Carolina, and some from South Carolina; and our enrollment was more than one hundred. We employed two competent assistants and were successful.

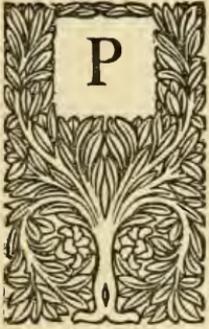
As Grinsfield Taylor used to say, neither of us wanted to break our "itinerant chain;" and at our solicitation, Bishop Wightman made a special arrangement that enabled us to preach and teach at the same time. He took two appointments from Hendersonville Circuit and established the "Cane Creek Circuit," to which he appointed Brother Price; and I was appointed to Hendersonville Station. Thus we were as busy as bees seven days in the week. It was well for us that we were, for we were both so full of life and of such nervous temperament that constant employment was a necessity for the promotion of health and the prevention of mischief.



MILLS RIVER ACADEMY

THE BIRCH AND THE BOOK

“Yes, we’re boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And sometimes have asked, ‘Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companions drop smiling away?’”



RICE and I were compatible. We each loved fun, and sympathized with the boys in their love of sport. We joined the baseball club, and were among the first on the playground at the noon recess. We organized a debating club, which met every Friday night, and in which we discussed questions grave and gay. We spiced the discussions with anecdote and repartee, furnishing amusement as well as instruction, and attracting the citizens as well as the students. The fun and frolic kept the school alive; and we never let it interfere with the regular routine of work, unless the baseball game was intensely exciting when the time for the noon recess expired, in which case we would extend the time till the game ended, and add so much time to the afternoon session.

We had a jolly, good time. Each lived in a log cabin, which the family filled chock-full. We had ample grounds for garden and truck patch and grazing. We kept a horse and cow, and raised chickens and turkeys and pigs. Our neighbors were a great-hearted, companionable people, and the social life kept at high tide. We needed no doctors, and had plenty of preachers.

Among the pastors of my family while I lived at Mills River were L. K. Haynes and B. F. Nuckolls, both of whom are now on the honor roll of the Conference and are quietly awaiting the call of the Master. Haynes was a very gifted

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talker. I have heard few more fluent speakers, and his sermons were full of good thought. He is low in stature, with unusually short legs. He rode a very large horse, and had, I think, the largest pair of saddlebags I ever saw. When mounted on that big horse, with the big saddlebags under him, his position and appearance were unique; and some of the boys called him "the little man with the big saddlebags." Nevertheless, he inspired them with respect, and was a very popular and useful preacher.

Nuckolls was a good preacher, but excelled as a pastor. He had the happy gift of recognizing people and being able to call their names the second time he met them. Before he had been the pastor at Mills River for six months, I am sure, he could call more people by name than I could; and I had lived there some years. He was affable and overflowed with sympathy, and had ready access to the hearts of his people. He was a young married man, and established a happy home. I don't think I ever knew any one who seemed to think more of wife and home than he did, or who took more pains to make them happy. His hospitality abounded, and our association was exceedingly pleasant.

While I was playing pedagogue, I was called down into the Sulphur Springs Circuit to marry a couple. The wedding was to be at the home of the bride, who was a widow, and whom we will call Mrs. A. She was a woman of considerable refinement, was very pious, and had a pleasant little home on a farm. The groom—whom we will call Mr. B—was a rich old farmer and perfectly innocent of any kind of culture. Indeed, he was a swinish old miser. How Mrs. A could ever get her consent to be tied to such a repulsive monster will always remain one of the inexplicable mysteries. The wedding was at night and passed off without any remarkable incident. Next morning Mr. B appeared with his paper collar—which was of the turn-down variety, and which was probably the first thing of the kind he had ever worn—on wrong side up. This produced a titter among some young people who were of the party; noticing which, Mrs. B beckoned him out into

The Birch and the Book

another room and readjusted his neckgear. After breakfast the company were seated in a semicircle around the big log fire, the bride sitting between the bride-groom and myself. He asked what I charged for marrying him. I gave him the usual answer: that we did not fix any specific price, but left the amount to the discretion of the bridegroom. He got out a big, rusty pocketbook and took from it a great roll of green backs and fumbled among them, evidently looking for a small bill, till his wife became disgusted and jerked the roll out of his hands and handed it to me, saying: "Let Brother Richardson pay himself." I took out ten dollars with thanks, and handed the remainder back to him; and his sense of bereavement amounted to an agony which was plainly written on his face.

How checkered is human life! Alternate sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain! I was in the habit of going to Hendersonville Saturday morning and spending Saturday and Sunday in the work of the pastorate. But one Saturday I was delayed in some way, and did not go till Sunday morning. It was a very bright morning, but soon after I started an unaccountable gloom settled down on my mind. I could not account for it. It was a palpable portent of evil for which I could think of no cause. I tried to banish it, but could not. I could reason myself into the conclusion that it was causeless and foolish, but could not drive it away. All the way to town it hung like a dark cloud before me till it became horribly oppressive. An unusually large congregation came to church, and they seemed attentive; but through the whole service I was enveloped in a cloud of gloom. As the congregation went out of the church one man shot and killed another in the door. They had a quarrel; and the murderer was cowardly enough to waylay his adversary at the door of the church and shoot him as he came out. I am sure that my gloomy foreboding was in some way related to that horrible tragedy; but how, I leave the reader to determine for himself.

As our school drew to a close Brother Price began to show some signs of restlessness. We had had all the success we could have expected, but he began to long to see a railroad and hear

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the whistle of a locomotive. So he accepted a proposition, which came to him from Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City) and engaged to take charge of a school there. I was considerably put out. I wanted to stay longer and keep my children in school, but I feared to undertake the school without Price. Finally I determined to try it; but before I had completed my arrangements, I received a letter from home announcing the death of my father. That made it necessary for me to return to Tennessee to wind up his business.

At the close of the Conference year I loaded up my household goods and my family, and started back to Tennessee. As we drove through Asheville we met Gen. R. B. Vance on the street. Not long before he had been up to our place and delivered a Sunday school address. When he came opposite to us and recognized us, seeing the large number of children, he threw up his hand, as if amazed, and exclaimed; "Hello! you've broken up the Sunday school!"

We continued our weary journey from day to day till we reached the beautiful Powell's Valley, which lies along the base of the Cumberland Mountains, and which to me is the loveliest land on all the earth. The tedium of the journey was somewhat relieved by the presence and playfulness of the children, who were unusually animated and cheerful at the prospect of reaching the old home and seeing kindred and friends again. The last day of the journey, coming to the top of a high ridge south of Powell's River, all at once we came in sight of Cumberland Mountain. There were its granite cliffs and its forest-covered crest for miles and miles in full view. It was the familiar face of an old friend whom I had not seen for years. As I gazed upon its benignant face a hundred sacred recollections came rushing in upon me. The fountain of my tears was broken up, and I wept like a child. There were the home of my childhood and the graves of my ancestors, and the majestic old mountain keeping silent watch over their sleeping dust. As I turn toward that sacred scene today the heart hungers for a reunion with the loved ones who are silently sleeping there. "Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF FORTY-SEVEN

XXXVII

MORRISTOWN DISTRICT

“From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures—peace and health.”



IN 1869 our Conference met at Abingdon, Va., Bishop D. S. Doggett presiding. This was the first time this polished Virginian had held our Conference. He captured all hearts. In the social circle he was a little more stiff and dignified than we mountaineers had been used to; but he was affable and considerate in the chair, while he was sufficiently firm, and in the pulpit he was a prince. He was a diligent student, and his sermons were all thoroughly prepared. As a result, he never failed or fell below himself, but the last sermon was always the best. His habit of hard work and thorough preparation was kept up to the end of his life. Those who heard his sermon at Cleveland, Tenn., in 1877, when he attended our Conference for the last time, will never forget it. His person seemed to grow luminous as he went through his theme with the march of a giant, and the pathos and power of the sermon were overwhelming.

The following incident will illustrate his profound piety and his tender solicitude for the welfare of the preachers whom he appointed to work. At Chattanooga in 1872, when he was holding the Conference, there was more difficulty in making the appointments than I have ever witnessed. It looked like it would be impossible to make the appointments without sorely afflicting some of the preachers. The Bishop studied and planned and toiled, saying time and again: “These appointments can be made without hurting any of these preachers.”

and it must be done." The presiding elders were in sympathy with him, and some of them were skilled veterans in the work. At last, near midnight, when the Conference was about through with the work and ready to adjourn and all our efforts seemed unavailing but the skein grew more tangled all the while, the Bishop said; "Let us pray." We all bowed down together and the Bishop led the prayer himself. I doubt if I ever heard such earnest entreaty, such passionate pleading. It was the piteous cry of conscious helplessness for help. I seemed to feel myself lifted up toward the throne of light. The Lord heard and answered. When we went to work again, the increased light was as manifest as when the sun rolls his broad disk above the eastern hills, and the appointments were soon satisfactorily arranged. Brothers Boring and Carroll will remember the incident. No one who witnessed it can ever forget it.

In 1869 I was appointed presiding elder of the Morristown District. It embraced Hamlin, Hawkins, Granger, and Claiborne Counties, in Tennessee, and part of Jefferson and Lee and Scott Counties, in Virginia. My private business made it necessary for me to live on my farm in Campbell County, Tennessee. This made a great deal of travel for me, and most of it was to be done on horseback. I went home once in four weeks, and stayed four or five days. I preached almost constantly. The brethren knew the roads I would travel from appointment to appointment, and they made intervening appointments for me, sometimes two or three in a week. I enjoyed it very much. The people seemed anxious to hear preaching, and it did not hurt me to preach. Sometimes these wayside appointments were very enjoyable, and, I think, very profitable to us all.

When I got home to the farm, I found it very much run down. The buildings and fences were very much dilapidated. Along the fence rows and in some of the richest places in the fields there were thickets of briars and bushes, and the land had been repeatedly plowed and planted till it was very much exhausted. A good part of the time there had been a

Morristown District

tenant on the farm; but in those days in East Tennessee most people regarded the holdings of a rebel as common property, and the rebel was powerless to help himself.

I was without money and without everything else needed on a farm. I borrowed a little money, bought a meager supply of farm implements, and we went to work.

I have had a home on the farm most of my ministerial life, but I never let it interfere with my work or duties as a preacher. I let the bishop send me where he thinks best, without any conditions. If convenient, I live on the farm; if not, I move elsewhere. When living on the farm, so far as I now remember, I never let the business there, however pressing, detain me half an hour after the time to start to an appointment.

The worst feature of the case was that I had a large, growing family of children, and there were virtually no schools in the section where I lived. I commenced at once talking school to my neighbors, both in public and in private. I found it difficult to interest them on the subject. I made three different appointments for a public meeting to consider the school question before I got any considerable number together. Finally, after several meetings and much discussion, we organized a joint stock company for the purpose of starting and running a high school. The company had no capital, but the members bound themselves to make good any deficiency there might be after using the income from tuition, etc., in meeting the expenses of the school. We secured from the trustees the use of an old brick church at Fincastle, belonging to Southern Methodists, in which to begin the school. Most of the citizens agreed to board students from abroad at very low rates. I was authorized to hunt up and employ a suitable principal.

A Professor Wilson had at Morristown what was regarded as the best school for boys in East Tennessee. My oldest son had attended the school for a year, boarding with Professor Thomas P. Summers, who had at Morristown a fine school for girls, and paying his board by working mornings and

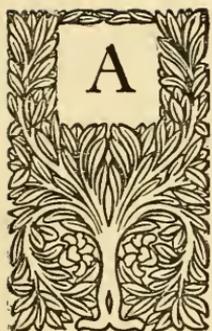
afternoons and Saturdays. I attended Mr. Wilson's commencement. Among the graduates was a young man, J. E. Johnston, who attracted special attention because he alone received no flowers when he made his graduating speech. As he came out of the chapel, he remarked to a friend: "They will hear from me again." I liked his appearance and his speech, sought his acquaintance, and talked with him, and inquired of Professor Wilson about his character and habits. The result was that I engaged him to take charge of our new school enterprise at Fincastle. We engaged a primary teacher and a music teacher, and opened the school. It was a big success. We soon found it necessary to build an academy. Johnston stayed several years, and then went to Jacksboro and taught there. Meanwhile he studied law and went to the bar, where he made a decided success. He moved to Knoxville, and died some four years since. He was a man of noble physique and fine intellectual and moral character. He was a genuine Christian, and his religion adorned his whole life and character. Peace to his ashes! Joseph A. Stubblefield succeeded him as principal of the Fincastle school. He went from Wilson's school to Emory and Henry College, and graduated there. He taught some years at Fincastle, joined the Holston Conference, and became professor and afterwards President of Centenary College at Cleveland, Tenn. The school at Fincastle sent a large number of young ladies and young gentlemen into our colleges; and there came out of it a number of successful physicians, lawyers, and preachers, and one judge and chancellor.

If we would spend more of our time and energy and money building up and sustaining training schools of that character and not exhaust ourselves trying to build and sustain a few colleges according to an arbitrary and sometimes impossible standard, it would be better for our pupils, our colleges, and our Church. Any system of education which begins with colleges and universities is like a carpenter trying to hang a beautiful cornice in the air. And the attempt to tax people for the maintenance of schools for which there is no demand is both foolish and wicked.

XXXVIII

PREACHERS AND ELSE

“Even till, when life departs,
Death from dross the spirit frees,
Cherish in thy heart of hearts
All thine olden memories.”



AMONG the preachers working with me in the Morristown District were George Stewart, Richard N. Price, Phillip S. Sutton, Tobias F. Smythe, Daniel H. Carr, Charles K. Miller, David R. Smith, and James (now Bishop) Atkins. It would be difficult to find an equal number of preachers working together in any section of the Church at any time superior to these. Differing in the quantity and quality of their gifts each one was a man of marked ability. Constant and varying association with such a band of Christian soldiers was to the presiding elder compensation for much of the self-denial and hardship of his life.

Stewart was a native of Ireland, but was brought to this country when a child and brought up in Southwestern Virginia. He was tall, straight, and lithe. He had a light complexion, blue eyes, and a pleasant face. His voice was strong, flexible, distinct, and musical. His preaching was exegetical and practical. There was a spiritual fervor and unction accompanying his sermons which stirred the hearts of his hearers. He was the first presiding elder of the Knoxville District after the war; and while persecution abounded, he went everywhere without harm, seeming to have a charmed life. He was a member of the General Conference which met at Atlanta in 1878.

Brother Stewart had many of the traits of the Irish character—their generosity and bravery, and especially their wit and

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love of fun. Warm hearted and witty, he was a most enjoyable companion. I never had a more pleasant associate. He and I ran together at the Conferences, and he was in the habit of taking advantage of a weakness of mine in this way: While the Conference was in routine and everything quiet he would slip up to me and in a whisper relate some new, rich anecdote, causing me to break out in a cackle of laughter and disturb the order. He is a grandfather of J. Stewart French.

Price speaks for himself.

Sutton was fluent in speech, a topical preacher, and apt at illustration. He had a musical base voice of great compass, and was a very popular preacher, especially at camp-meetings and on other state occasions.

Smythe was a born orator and a graduate of Emory and Henry College. His sermons were very popular and useful, but lacked something of the polish of close study and thorough preparation.

Carr was a man of the people. Without a thorough academic education, his quick mind absorbed everything good in sight; and he had a fine practical education. He was gifted as an evangelist and a most adroit manager of men and manipulator of affairs. I do not mean to be invidious when I say that he came nearer doing all the work of a Methodist circuit preacher perfectly than any one I ever knew. He would have made a fine presiding elder. If more frequent changes had placed many men of his class in the presiding eldership who never had any promotion, it would have been better for the Church.

Miller was a good preacher and an excellent pastor. He mixed well with the people, and was a good administrator of Church affairs. His consecration and earnestness were worthy of all praise, and in spite of physical febleness he achieved gratifying success.

Smith was a self-made man. He had a robust body and mind and a great, loving, sympathetic heart. He was abundant in labors, and left his impress for good wherever he labored.

James Atkins was a young man fresh from school. He was a junior preacher, under Price, at Morristown and Mossy

Creek. The son of an eloquent and distinguished Methodist preacher, he was well versed in the peculiarities of Methodism and in sympathy with her sublime mission. He was full of zeal, and especially for the cause of missions. I admired the young man, and felt special interest in him from the first. It was a long time after I reached my majority before I realized that I was not a boy. Indeed, I have scarcely come to the full realization of that fact yet. Consequently, James and I were quite companionable. One day, for the lack of something better, we got up the subject of tobacco for discussion. We were both given to the use of the weed rather extravagantly. We came to the conclusion that it would be a good thing to quit, and entered into a treaty on the subject. There were just three months till Conference; and we stipulated that each of us would smoke three cigars a day for the first month, two for the second month, and one for the third month, have all we wanted during Conference and then quit. You can readily see what a handsome arrangement that was, and how it graded us out of the uncomely habit in exquisite style. But unfortunately we let a fly drop into the pot of ointment in the shape of a proviso that if either of us found that the privation was more than he could bear he might notify the other, and the treaty would be dissolved. I got on pretty well through the first month. There was an uneasy sense of vacuity about the stomach, but I bore it heroically. When the second month came, the craving was intensified, and I grew quite restless and was seriously pondering the propriety of writing James and dissolving the compact, when, to my exquisite gratification, I received a letter from him absolving me from any further obligation in the premises.

I continued the use of tobacco till January, 1889, when I was stationed at Cleveland the first time. I had always said, when approached on the subject, that I would quit the use of the weed whenever I found it would injure me in any way. I believed myself sincere; but, without very special care, one cannot be sure of his logic when arguing with himself concerning an appetite or a passion the gratification of which

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furnishes him much pleasure. My memory of names and dates, etc., was never good, and at the time I speak of it grew worse and I became alarmed. After thorough consideration I attributed the evil to the use of tobacco, and determined to quit. After I quit, I was confirmed in the opinion that it was injuring my memory and convinced that it was hurting me in other ways of which I was not conscious while I used it. I am sure that I should have been in my grave long since had I continued the use of it.

I never told any one of my resolution to quit, not even my wife. I did not ask the Lord to take away the appetite. I would have been ashamed to do that after assiduously cultivating it for forty years. But I did ask him to help me in the fight. I had a hard struggle. It lasted probably two years with diminishing fierceness. Sometimes, without any exciting cause, the appetite would come up with almost irresistible force. But the Lord helped me, and I held out and have not tasted tobacco in any way since I resolved to quit. Reformed tobacco users are often overzealous in their opposition to the habit, and render themselves unpleasant by ill-timed and intemperate speech. I have tried to be temperate and conservative. I have said very little on the subject; but I want to say now, once for all, that my experience teaches me that the use of tobacco is a great evil. It injures the physical, intellectual, and, in many cases, the moral manhood. It is a most insidious evil, and capable of deceiving the very elect. My advice to all who do not use it is to let it alone; and to all who use it, to quit.

George Stewart, of whom mention is made above, and I walked to the Conference room together one morning, as we often did. Arriving before the opening, we found a group of preachers standing in the yard and seemingly much interested in the discussion of some subject. Approaching them, we discovered that a young preacher was telling the others, in a somewhat boastful way, about quitting the use of tobacco during the year. When he closed, Brother Stewart asked: "Is this the first time you ever quit?" With a rather puzzled

Preachers and Else

expression, the young man answered: "Yes." "Uh!" said Stewart, "that's nothing. I reckon I've quit a dozen times."

William M. Kerr was a most substantial and solid character. He was not much given to wit, which made an occasional sally from him especially enjoyable. While he was a steward at Emory and Henry College, a former student attended a commencement who was full of the happy consciousness of having recently quit the use of tobacco. He did not seem inclined to talk about anything else, and injected a speech on that subject into every circle of which he was a part. One morning to quite a number of gentlemen in Kerr's office he made his speech. After he had blown off and the conversation turned to something else, Kerr got out his pipe and tobacco and began to load up for a smoke; seeing which, our young friend said to him: "Why don't you quit that ugly habit?" "I'm afraid it would make a fool of me," said Kerr.

XXXIX

SUNDRIES

"The world in all doth but two nations bear:
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere."



BISHOP KAVANAUGH held the Conference in 1870, at Wytheville, Va. He was a great preacher, but not a great bishop. Wherever he went he gathered great audiences and electrified them by the power of his speech; but his executive and administrative ability was meager. He was not expert in presiding in an Annual Conference or cabinet; and in the General Conference, when great excitement prevailed and motions and counter motions filled the air, he was as helpless as a child. But he always kept in a good humor, and kept every one around him in like mood. Better than all, he was a great Christian. His faith in God never failed, and his great heart overflowed, with kindness to his brethren.

Bishop Keener presided at Marion, Va., in 1873. He was a unique character. His sermons were full of vigorous thought, with a mixture of the mystical and the misty. At the worst he was incomprehensible, but in managing the affairs of the Church he manifested the clearest insight and the most robust common sense. Morally and spiritually he was a man of the purest and loftiest type.

At this Conference my time was out on the Morristown District, and so was that of John M. McTeer on the Knoxville District. A number of the brethren in the Knoxville District requested my appointment to that district, but instead I was appointed to the Jacksboro Circuit. Thereby hangs an unpleasant tale.

The Conference was very much under the dominion of what

Sundries

is called in politics a "ring" or a "clique"—the only time such conditions have prevailed since my acquaintance with the Conference began. I do not believe that the organization of this ring was premeditated with evil intent, but the continued holding of ambitious men in positions of authority resulted in gathering favorites around them naturally. These favorites became their pliable satellites. Finding themselves thus possessed of power, the temptation to use it was natural and the yielding to the temptation human.

Without any fault of mine, so far as I know, I was under the ban of the ring, resulting in such influence on Bishop Keener that he spoke to me in the cabinet in a way to mortify me and excite my indignation. I was scarcely ever so hurt in my life, and my resentment was fully aroused. When the Bishop and I parted, I said to him: "Good-by, Bishop; I hope to meet you in heaven, but I shall be pleased if our paths never converge in this world." Bishop Keener was grossly misinformed, but that did not justify him in being rude; and I had strong provocation, but that did not justify me in being impertinent. Subsequently I learned to love and honor the good Bishop.

Our bishops are just men. They are good men and nothing more. Their position is one of great trial and peril, and they deserve the sympathy and prayers of the Church. The tendency of the constant exercise of autocratic power is to mar the character, and this result is inevitable without the grace of God to restrain and modify this influence. Our episcopacy as now constituted is not in harmony with the spirit of the age. Autocracies are not popular in the twentieth century. There is great need of legislation to adjust our episcopacy to existing conditions. The conservatism that resists such legislation will imperil its existence and that of the excellent system of which it is a prominent part. Happy is that Methodist preacher who is not a bishop and has no desire to be.

I did not object to my appointment to the Jacksboro Circuit, but to the manner of it. I considered the appointment good enough for me, and without any murmuring went cheerfully to

From Sunrise to Sunset

work on it. It was good for me that I was taken out of the presiding eldership. I have been fortunate in that I have been frequently moved from one class of appointments to another.

I had a large circuit, reaching from Carryville to Cumberland Gap. It was very pleasant to be among my relatives and early associates. They could hardly classify me with the prophets, but were very kind nevertheless. The ostracism and persecution resulting from the war was still sufficiently rife to keep us close to the Master and close to each other. The M. E. Church had received a majority of our members in that section, and claimed everything in sight. In some places they took possession of our churches and essayed to turn us out. Where they suffered us to occupy our own houses, they came in as if they were at home and unceremoniously appropriated whatever was in sight. We built a new church at Jacksboro, toward the building of which one of their members subscribed "twenty-five cents in Confederate money." They were quite as much at home in that church, as in the old one. They built a new church and called it "Elm Grove." Some of our members living in that neighborhood and remote from any church of their own subscribed liberally toward it, but they put a provision in the deed that we should not organize a Church in it.

Prior to the war, near the center of the circuit, in a fine agricultural community, we had a flourishing Church, with a nice brick house of worship—Pleasant Grove (now Well-spring). When W. B. Lyda, who was our first preacher in that section after the war, went to that church to fill an appointment for preaching, he found the door closed and propped with pews, the lock being broken. Before the door were bundles of hickory withes and a grapevine with a noose ready constructed. Posted on the door was a fearful warning not to preach. Brother Lyda told the people if they would open the door he would preach to them. The men were afraid to move; but two elect women, Mrs. F. P. McNew and Mrs. D. S. Owens, being helped through a window into the house, opened the door. The people went in, and Brother Lyda

Sundries

preached to them; and all their hostile demonstrations proved to be only a little cheap intimidation.

At this church, prior to the war, I thought I had a great many friends; and the older people were the life-long friends of my parents. But those who joined the M. E. Church at once became too good to hear a fellow like me preach. When my appointments came round, they religiously absented themselves from church. But one afternoon, having a special appointment, when I reached the church, I found my congregation much increased. They were all there. They had an appointment for religious service at the same hour, and were unaware of my coming. I did not know of their appointment, and proceeded at once to open the service. It would have amused you to see them. They were much confused, and exchanged curious glances with each other, and for a time sat in the attitude of readiness to move. But no one went out, and they quieted down and listened to me preach. After that most of them came out to hear me, the ice having been broken.

At Gap Creek, near Cumberland Gap, we had a large union church built of hewn logs, in which all denominations had equal rights. Going to that church one Sunday morning to fill a regular monthly appointment, I found two Baptist ministers there from Kentucky closing a protracted meeting. I relinquished my rights in the premises and permitted them to occupy the time. They had been quite successful, and had several candidates for Church membership. They began the day by administering the ordinance of baptism in the creek hard by. Then each of them preached a long sermon, in which they magnified in due form the virtue of water baptism by immersion. After that they administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. They collected those of their own faith and order in one corner of the church, from which all others were carefully excluded. The uncircumcised sat and looked on, each one doubtless occupied with his own thoughts. I confess that I felt mortified at the exhibition of such sectarian narrowness in the face of a discerning public.

From Sunrise to Sunset

Before dismissal I announced to the audience that if they would come back next morning I would preach on the subject of baptism and show them my way. There was sufficient curiosity to bring out a large audience. I had some candidates for church membership there, one of whom had peculiar views of the mode of baptism. After preaching we all repaired to a big spring near the church. The gentleman above mentioned knelt down beside the spring, and I baptized him, pouring water on his head from a long-handled gourd, with which I dipped it from the spring according to his request.

This spring is called "Butcher's Spring" because in the early settlement of the country some white men drinking from it were surprised by Indians and murdered. They are buried not far away at the edge of a public road, and their graves are substantially marked by limestones.

While I was on this circuit the county court elected me Superintendent of Public Instruction without any solicitation from me. They made a mistake; for Dr. Charles Russel, who consented to be removed, was a better superintendent than I. I did the best I could, trying to do the work of two men, which is always a mistake. By the way, Dr. Charles Russel came as near being an ideal character as any one I ever knew, and was a highly esteemed friend.

I remained there three happy years on this circuit, and we had a good measure of success in our work.

C. K. Miller, who preceded me on the circuit, was given a supernumerary relation on account of failing health. He continued in the parsonage, as I occupied my own house. He was a great help to me, not only in Church work, but also in promoting the school. He has a warm place in the hearts of the people of that section.

VARYING FORTUNE

“Whoever bides his time, day by day,
 Faces defeat full patiently,
 And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
 However poor his fortunes be.
 He will not fail in any qualm
 Of poverty—the paltry dime
 It will grow golden in his palm,
 Who bides his time.”



HE Conference met at Bristol in 1876, Bishop Wightman presiding. I was surprised when I was appointed to the Jonesboro District. I was perfectly contented where I was, and thought the work was doing reasonably well. It was a large, rough district, embracing Sullivan, Johnson, Carter, Cocke, and Greene Counties, Tennessee, and part of Hawkins. A large part of the members had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and our Church was very weak throughout the district. The preachers received only a meager support. There was no district parsonage, and it was not practicable for me to move my family to the district. It was not, therefore, what the place hunter would call a “good appointment” for me.

The only members of the Conference now who were associated with me in the work there are L. C. Delashmit, J. D. Hickson, T. R. Handy, and G. W. Simpson; and none of them are on the effective list, so rapidly does the personnel of the Conference change. These were all successful and popular preachers. Delashmit was at Blountville, Hickson at Greeneville, Handy at Jonesboro, and Simpson at Johnson City.

In the first Quarterly Conference at Bluff City, when the amounts allowed the preachers and presiding elder were called for, the Chairman of the Board of Stewards, after making his report, stood for some little time in confusion, as if he had some

unpleasant task to perform. Finally he said: "The stewards think the presiding elder ought to take part of the produce collected for preachers' support. A large part of what is collected is in produce, and they think it would be nothing but right for the presiding elder to take his part of it." It dawned on me at once that there had been some friction resulting from division of funds, and I had to think fast to determine what was best to be done. After a little consideration, I said to a merchant present: "Brother Massengill, will you be so kind as to receive at your store any produce the brethren may bring in to pay on my salary?" He said he would be pleased to do so. I said: "You would have no trouble to cash it, would you?" He said: "No." Then I said: "All right, brethren, I'll take all mine in produce. Please deposit it at Brother Massengill's store." That was the last I ever heard about produce. They paid my pro rata regularly in cash, and said nothing about it.

We had a fine camp meeting at Bond's Camp Ground, on the Blountville Circuit. Something of the old time fervor was manifest in the pulpit and among the people, and there were a number of conversions and additions to the Church. But in the midst of it there came the sad intelligence of the death of Dr. Joseph Dulaney, which cast a gloom over the entire audience. I was called on to conduct the funeral service. It was a sad service to me, for the deceased had been a fellow-student and special friend of mine at Emory and Henry College. He was an excellent student, a very pleasant companion, and a young man of much promise. He had become a very successful and popular physician, but was cut down in the midst of his years and usefulness.

From the Conference of 1877, which was held at Cleveland, Tenn., by Bishop Doggett, I was appointed to the Knoxville District, the quadrennium of Carroll Long having expired. Brother Long was a fine preacher, a sweet-spirited, Christian gentleman, and an efficient presiding elder.

My home has been within the Knoxville District the greater part of my life. I was born and brought up within its bounds.

Varying Fortune

I have been its presiding elder twelve years, and have spent fourteen years of my ministerial life besides within it, making twenty-six years in all. My relations and associations with the people have been exceedingly pleasant. I have known and served three generations of Methodists in that district. With two exceptions, I have been treated by them with marked courtesy and kindness. I have had access to their homes and their hearts, and the sweetest fellowship with them both social and religious. I have married many of their children and buried many of their dead. A multitude of them have died in the faith and gone over to the better land. Ere long I expect to meet them there and reestablish the old bonds of love, never to be broken.

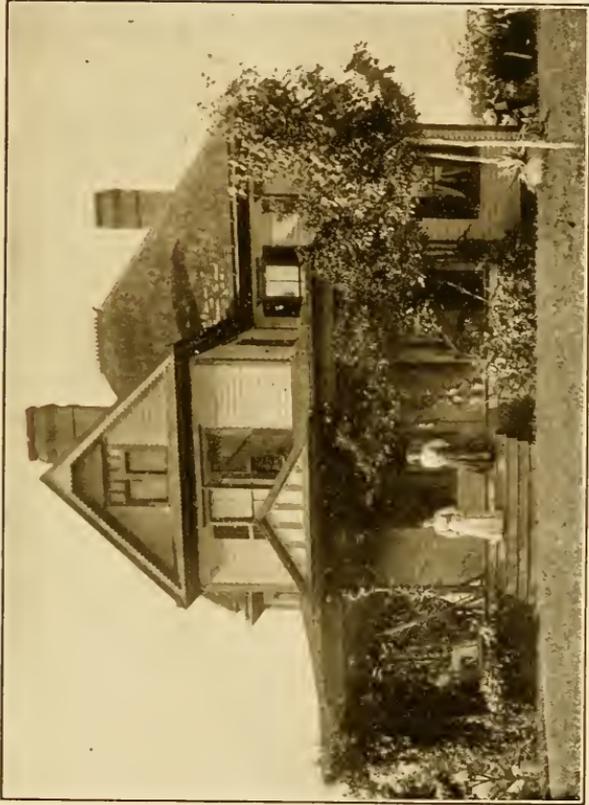
When I was first appointed to the district, it embraced Sevier, Blount, Knox, Anderson, Campbell, and Union Counties. In 1880 Bishop McTyeire came to our Conference with the big district bee in his episcopal bonnet, and proposed to enlarge the districts of Holston. The members of his cabinet, without exception, as I remember it, were opposed to it, and mildly remonstrated with him. But *a la* McTyeire, not regarding the exceeding roughness of our mountain territory and our lack of railroads, he went ahead with his scheme. He made the Knoxville District reach from the top of the Cumberland to the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and from Tellico Plains, Tenn., to Jonesville, Va. The Abingdon District, to which E. W. Moore was appointed, also came to Jonesville. The Jonesville Camp Ground was on the line between the two districts, and Brother Moore and I held there a joint camp meeting, each of us holding a Quarterly Conference. The next year Bishop McTyeire was to hold our Conference again; but, as a kind providence or good luck would have it, he could not reach the seat of the Conference the first day; and the presiding elders met, organized, and restored the districts to something like their former size. When the good Bishop came in and saw what had been done, he looked grum enough; but went on with the appointments, without any allusion to the subject.

From Sunrise to Sunset

I was invited to Hiwassee College to deliver an address at the commencement. According to the fashion of the times, the authorities elected me a doctor of divinity. When the diploma was offered me, I declined to accept it, on the ground that they were not qualified to confer the degree and I was not worthy to receive it. I did this deliberately, but reluctantly, because I did not want to give offense to any one and because I knew that I was liable to be misunderstood and regarded as simply trying to play the "smart Alex." But that Board of Trustees were plain farmers, most of them having only a common school education, and wholly incapable of determining the fitness of any one for such a degree; and I was a plain Methodist preacher, whose stock of divinity was short indeed, and was in no sense a fit subject for doctoring. The whole performance was funny. I meant no disrespect to the faculty or trustees, all of whom were excellent gentlemen, and my personal friends; and I certainly meant no disrespect to myself, for I tried to be worthy of self-respect and of the respect of others in my sphere. I simply desired to be honest and true; and if it were to do over, I don't see how I could be honest and true without pursuing the same course.

In a conversation with a brother preacher, I said if I were in search of honors I would not seek the degree of doctor of divinity, for it has been debased till it does not mean anything, and I would as soon be called "captain" or "squire" as "doctor." Soon after that I received a pamphlet from Hiwassee College addressed in Dr. Brunner's hand, as I thought, to "Captain Frank Richardson."

The history of events since that time has confirmed me in the opinions and sentiments then expressed.



KNOXVILLE DISTRICT PARSONAGE

SWITCHED OFF

“There is no rest! The mills of change
 Grind on—the gods are at the wheels!
 The same fierce impulse, swift and strange
 We feel, that every planet feels.”



T the close of my first term on the Knoxville District I determined to try to get to Emory and Henry College. I had three boys to educate, who were old enough to go to college. I was not able to pay their board and other charges at college; so I determined, if possible, to move to the college and board them at home. Then the mother could look after them. A boy had better never cut the cord that ties him to his mother's apron string.

I requested Bishop McTyeire, who held our Conference that year, at Wytheville, Va., if he could do so without detriment to the work or to any preacher, to give me an appointment that I could fill and live at the college. He had put me down for Emory Circuit when I was solicited to work for the *Holston Methodist*, Dr. Price having been elected Professor of Mathematics at Emory and having resigned his position with the paper. They proposed to me to become both the editor and the business manager. With much misgiving as to my ability to meet the demands of the case, I finally consented to try. I engaged John Slack, at Bristol, to print the paper, and moved my family to the college. Brother Slack was a Christian gentleman of the noblest type, to be associated with whom was a benediction. I was expected to edit, manage the business office, and travel over the Conference to solicit subscribers, which I did very imperfectly. I was so busy that I had never time to ask myself whether I enjoyed it or to parley with my conscience about being out of the regular pastorate.

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Sullins, Price, Hoss, Jordan, and Kerr lived at the college, and, with other good neighbors, made an excellent society. Sullins, the President, was prosecuting his scheme for the endowment of the college vigorously, and he and I traveled over the Conference together. I think I heard every one of his large store of good anecdotes up to that time. One year Bishop Wilson held nearly all of the District Conferences of Holston, and Sullins and I attended them. I heard more good preaching that year than any year of my life. I esteemed Bishop Wilson the greatest living preacher and Dr. Sullins a good second, though they were as unlike as possible in their modes of thought and expression.

Dr. Sullins' endowment scheme failed, and the world does not know why. His theory was right. He proposed to endow the college by endowing young men and enabling them to attend it. This is the only way any college ought to be endowed beyond buildings, furniture, and apparatus. No man among us was so well qualified to promote an enterprise of that kind. He had the ear and heart of the people, and our leading laymen endorsed the plan and subscribed cheerfully.

Why, then, did it fail? Because it did not have the local endorsement of the college. A moneyed man, who had more influence at the college than was good, furnished the cue. They did not like a conditional endowment. They wanted money that could be used at will.

Accordingly the people were surprised to learn that those in charge of the local affairs at the college were not in sympathy with Sullins or his work. Instead of the support and help which was expected, they threw cold water on the enterprise. Their want of faith prevented them from making a vigorous effort to operate it. One cannot try hard to do what seems impracticable; and we are not apt to labor for success where we have predicted a failure. They managed to change it to an unconditional endowment. So doing, they lost much of it, and engendered prejudices against the college which will not disappear in one generation.

I shall always believe that that endowment would have been

Switched Off

an eminent success and would have increased in means and efficiency as the years went by, if there had been a proper effort to operate it. It might have required the borrowing of a little money and some special energy to start it, but it was right and would have prevailed. It was certainly better than the present plan, which makes a mendicant of the college and stands it at the back door of the Holston Conference, with open, itching palm to receive the pennies which are annually collected from our people by taxation for its support. And I fear that as this monster mendicant grows and becomes richer the capacity of its stomach will increase and its appetite become more voracious.

Dr. Waterhouse was a young preacher and student at the college when I lived there, and I found him a pleasant companion. Once we went together on horseback to a District Conference in Russell County. As we went through a gap in a ridge we met a gentleman driving some beef cattle, probably twenty in number, assisted by a shepherd dog. He was a stranger, and we passed him without any special notice. A year later I went over the same road by myself on my way to deliver an address at the close of a school. I am sure that I had not thought of the gentleman or his cattle during the year; but when I reached the place where I met them, the whole scene was before me just as I saw it. The image of the man, his horse, his cattle, and his dog were as vivid as if they had been before me. Such is the influence of association of ideas on our mental processes. By the way, surprise has been expressed that I remember so minutely and distinctly the incidents of long ago. I have been surprised myself, and account for it by the operation of the law of association. The writing of these reminiscences has awakened the recollection of hundreds of persons and incidents which had been lost to memory.

B. W. S. Bishop was presiding elder of the Abingdon District and lived near the college. He had a very bright mind with a poetic gift. He was specially fond of lyrics and could repeat from memory more hymns than any one I ever knew. He had an extensive acquaintance with classical poetry, and was

no mean critic in that line. He was a fine preacher and a sweet-spirited, companionable gentleman. On one occasion Sullins, Hoss, and myself accompanied Brother Bishop to a camp meeting on New River, in the North Carolina mountains. That was a congenial company, and the social enjoyment of the trip was intense.

Sullins had produced a sermon of superior merit, even for him, and had preached it quite a good deal at District Conferences and on other popular occasions, which we called his "tree sermon." He is not foolish enough to be embarrassed by the presence of one or more fellow-preachers who have heard the sermon before as some of us are. The spirit of mischief was often on us as we trudged along through the mountains; and when we came to a specially large tree, one of us would apostrophize it, quoting from Sullins' sermon, and another would answer for the tree. We kept that up at intervals all the way.

When we reached the camp ground Saturday morning, a large congregation was assembled, and Brother Bishop appointed Dr. Sullins to preach the first sermon. You can imagine our astonishment when he announced for his text: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," etc. But he had perfect liberty, and filled his audience with religious intoxication. And Bishop and Hoss and myself were swept along by the tide of religious enthusiasm, laughing and crying alternately, and wholly oblivious to the fact that we had ever made the tree sermon the occasion of fun.

A young member of the Conference attended this camp meeting who was quite well acquainted in the community. One night the rowdies broke loose, and the police, knowing this young preacher's courage, summoned him to help subdue them. He went out in the dark and succeeded in capturing one of the culprits. He brought him to the preacher's tent and when the light fell on him, lo! it was his own cousin.

We spent a night, going and coming, with some friends who were summering on the top of White Top Mountain. The social tide was out of banks those nights. There was a feast

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for the soul and the body. Our friends had an abundance of speckled trout, and knew exactly how to brown them to the orthodox color, which, with other rich viands, made a feast too good for a king—good enough for a Democrat. The intellectual feast was exquisite.

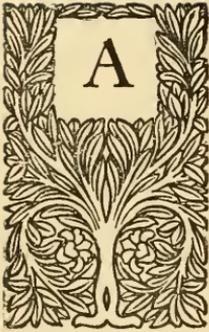
White Top is a conic-shaped mountain, which lifts its summit high above all its surrounding fellows. The approach to its top is by a spiral bridle path. Near the base the forests are dense, and the trees of immense size. As you ascend, the trees grow smaller until they are quite scrubby, except in the coves. Then the trees all disappear, except a variety of evergreens. Finally, all the timber disappears and the summit is covered with a rich carpet of green grass, interspersed with an abundant variety of beautiful flowers. To add to the life and beauty of the scene, snowbirds are there in great abundance in midsummer, rearing their young.

I witnessed a sunrise from the top of White Top. I never saw nature in a brighter or happier mood. There was not a fleck of cloud in all the blue sky, and not a breath of air was stirring. The green valleys around were partly filled with fog, almost as white as snow. It lay in rounded heaps, perfectly still. The flush of gray over the eastern sky grew brighter and brighter till the sun shot some silver spangles above the horizon, and then rolled his broad disk in sight and spread his wings of light abroad. Presently the banks of fog in the valleys began to stir and rise till they drifted away from the tops of the surrounding mountains, and were lost in the prevailing light. The king of day was supreme.

XLII

ON THE TRACK AGAIN

“As laborers in the vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.”



AFTER serving the *Holston Methodist* two years, I was appointed to the Abingdon District by Bishop McTyeire, who held the Conference at Chattanooga in 1883. The district embraced Washington, Russell, Scott, Wise, and Dickenson Counties, in Virginia, and parts of Blount and Hawkins Counties, in Tennessee, and was to be traveled almost exclusively by private conveyance. It was hard work. Nevertheless, I was delighted to get back in the regular work of the ministry. I continued to live at Emory, that my boys might have the advantage of the school.

When I went to Abingdon to hold my first quarterly meeting, I found J. N. S. Huffaker (to whom Dr. Sullins alludes in his reminiscences) living there. He was a supernumerary and one of our best preachers. He was modest almost to a fault, and had as delicate sensibilities as a woman. I was surprised to find that he had been living there quite a while and had never been invited to preach in the town. So soon as I took in the situation I hunted him up and invited him to preach for me Sunday night. He wanted to decline, but I told him that I would take no denial. He finally consented to preach. There was a large audience present, and he captivated the whole of them and created quite a sensation. There is a moral here, but I will leave the reader to find it for himself.



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE

On The Track Again

The last time Bishop Pierce held our Conference it met at Abingdon. The Bishop was near the end of the journey with a throat malady which resulted in his death in a short time. He was so pale and emaciated and looked so feeble that we did not think he was able to preach. He talked all the time in a hoarse whisper. Much as we delighted to hear him preach, the presiding elders and others persuaded him not to try to preach. He answered that he would see about it. When he waked up Sunday morning he could not articulate a word. He sent for Dr. McFerrin, who was being entertained with him at the home of V. C. Litchfield. McFerrin gave him some medicine, which he carried with him, according to prescription of his physician, and after a while he could talk in a whisper. Dr. McFerrin told him he was not able to preach and it would be folly to try. He persisted in making the effort. The old town hall, which holds an immense audience, was engaged for the occasion. It was packed long before the preaching hour, as long as standing room could be found. When the Bishop began the service, his pale, feeble appearance enlisted the tenderest sympathy of every one present. He began in that hoarse whisper common to him then, and could not be heard distinctly in the rear of the hall. He went through the entire service himself. As he proceeded his voice improved till, by the time he was well into the sermon, it rang out like a trumpet and was sweet as a lute. His form expanded and straightened up, and his face became seraphic. I am sure that I never heard a greater sermon than that, nor one that made a profounder impression on an audience. The Bishop said but little before or after the sermon about trying to preach under such hard conditions, but I am sure that he saw the end just before him, and had one more opportunity to preach the Gospel he loved so well, and was unwilling to let the opportunity pass by unimproved. The Lord was manifestly present and helped his faithful servant, and eternity alone can reveal the amount of good done by that sermon.

At the end of one year on the Abingdon District I was appointed again to the Knoxville District by Bishop Keener

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who held the Conference at Bristol, Tenn., in 1884. I removed my family to the old Powell's Valley home, and spent four pleasant years on the Knoxville District, which, I trust, were not fruitless.

At the end of the quadrennium I was appointed to the Cleveland Station by Bishop Hargrove, who held the Conference at Asheville, N. C., in 1888. As I learned afterwards, Dr. Sullins was instrumental in my appointment. Some little friction grew out of it, for which, I think, no one was much to blame. The station had no parsonage, and I could not find a suitable house in which to live in the little town. I was compelled, therefore, to leave my family at our home and board. Now, when you consider that the salary was only seven hundred dollars, you can readily see that my appointment was not so rich a prize as some persons seemed to think it was. However, the people treated me kindly, and I appreciated it.

The next year, at the Conference held at Morristown, Tenn., by Bishop Wilson, I was appointed to Main Street (now State Street) Station, Bristol. I never had a more pleasant appointment than that one. I never served a more loyal church or one I liked better. The whole town treated me with the utmost kindness and consideration. The only opposition I had was from some temperance extremists who thought I was not enthusiastic enough on that subject. They have had plenty of time to reconstruct their opinions, and I hope they have done so.

We had a good old gentleman who was a little eccentric, and whose name was Moses Childers, in our Church. "Uncle Mose," as he was familiarly called, was without educational advantages in his youth, and was therefore illiterate. But he had a good mind and especially much business sagacity, and had accumulated some property. Withal he was quite a wit, and was in the habit of uttering expressions which charmed by their oddity as well as their wit.

One day it was reported to me that the wife of Uncle Mose was sick, and I set forth to make her a visit. As I went along I met a minister of another denomination on the sidewalk, and

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we fell into a friendly chat. Presently he asked me: "How are your congregations?" I answered: "They are tolerably good." "How are Straley's?" (Straley was stationed at Mary Street.) I said: "Very good. I understand that he has a full house." "That's strange," said he; "I don't understand it. My congregations are thin. Do your people electioneer for a congregation for you?" I said: "I do not know; I never question them on that subject." "I don't believe," said he, "that my people ever ask any one to come to our church." When I reached the home of Uncle Mose, I found his wife convalescent and sitting up. In the course of the conversation I told them what had occurred between me and my brother minister on the way, and without any hesitancy Uncle Mose said: "My neighbor across the street told me that he gave a boy ten cents a day last summer to bring up his cow off the range, and very often he did not get her. I told him that I put the ten cents in the trough, and my cow came up every time."

XLIII

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

“Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.”



BISHOP Fitzgerald held the Conference at Wytheville in 1892, and appointed me to Broad Street Station, Knoxville. I was pleased with the appointment. I had known Broad Street from its organization, and liked it very much. I anticipated a happy time, but had much shadow mixed with the sunshine.

My wife's health began to fail soon after we reached the station. She gradually grew worse, and the disease seemed obstinate. The attending physician called for consultation two of the most eminent physicians of the city, and their report excited alarm. All that skillful treatment and tender nursing could do was unavailing. She lingered, gradually growing worse and patiently suffering much pain, till July 23, 1894, when she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. No one ever had a better wife. The memory of her virtues is a benediction to me and a rich heritage to her children.

My brother-in-law, Squire Hunter, who lived at Knoxville, was sick at the same time, and died after a lingering illness. Of course I was much hindered in my work. I acknowledge my indebtedness to John B. Carnes, who was thoroughly acquainted with the entire congregation, for valuable assistance. By the way, Knoxville and Knoxville Methodism owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Brother Carnes for valuable services in the cause of Christ.

At the end of my second year at Broad Street, the Conference was held at Abingdon by Bishop Granbery. At

Sunshine and Shadow

the solicitation of Bristol friends, I went down there and preached Sunday morning. Returning, I went to church Sunday night, and saw two members of Broad Street's Board of Stewards present. I was rooming with Brother J. C. Woodward, of Knoxville. When we went to our room after church, he told me that these Broad Street brethren were reporting that there was a perfect clamor among the people for my removal from Broad Street Church. I said: "I have not heard of any such thing, and I don't believe it; but if it is true, I don't want to return to that Church." When I met my presiding elder, W. W. Hicks, next morning, I told him what I had heard, and proposed that he and the kicking brethren and I should all go to the bishop together, that they might make their statement and he represent conditions at Broad Street as he understood them, and I would bind myself not to say a word, and let the bishop do what he thought best. He carried the proposition to them, and they declined to accept it. Nothing more was said on the subject till late Monday evening, when Brother Hicks came to my room and told me that the bishop said he would be glad to see me if I wanted to say anything about matters at Broad Street. I said: "I have nothing to say. You are my legal representative; just tell the bishop how matters stand at Broad Street, and let him be governed by his godly judgment in the matter." When the appointments were announced, I was reappointed to Broad Street. I went to Radford to visit my daughter. Bishop Granbery and I occupied the same seat in the car, and discussed men and measures generally, but neither of us ever mentioned Broad Street Church.

I remained two years longer at Broad Street; and if there was any demand for my removal, I never heard of it. The Broad Street people treated me with the utmost kindness and are my fast friends to this day. The good will is mutual. I had, I suppose, an average degree of success there, but felt a little blue when I left because I had not succeeded as well as I expected when I went there.

In 1896 I was appointed by Bishop Galloway, who held the

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Conference at Cleveland, to Abingdon Station. I was pleased with the appointment again, as I have usually been. I had known Abingdon from my schoolboy days. I found it to be what I anticipated—a cultured, pleasant town. Our Church there has few equals. My work and associations during the whole year were exceedingly pleasant, and I was surprised when I was removed at the end of the year.

We had a District Conference in our church, which was a delightful occasion.

A peculiar incident occurred during that Conference. We kept open house at the parsonage, and tried to entertain as many of the members as possible. Each day we made a list of as many as could sit at our board, and invited them to dinner. One day the list included a local preacher whom I had known in another charge and with whom I had been on terms of the most friendly and intimate association. He accepted the invitation, and after dinner took me aside and said: "Brother Richardson, I want that little difficulty between us to be dropped and forgotten." I answered: "My dear brother, I don't know what you mean. I was not aware that there ever had been anything unpleasant between us. I am sure I never had the least ill feeling toward you in my life." He looked confused, dropped his head, and stood a moment as if hesitating what to say, and walked away, without another word. And I don't know to this day what he meant.

Saturday morning before Emory and Henry commencement I received a message from Dr. Waterhouse, the President, saying that Dr. (afterwards Bishop) A. Coke Smith, who was engaged to preach the baccalaureate sermon, was detained by sickness and could not be present. Would I please come up and preach for them? The idea of trying to fill Coke Smith's place was frightful, but after a little consideration I answered that I would come.

Next morning was a bright, lovely morning, such as that climate often produces in the early summer. The sun shone with unusual splendor, and all nature was rejoicing in exuberance of life. Wife and I went in a buggy, and the old

Sunshine and Shadow

horse, Rowdy, exhilarated by the happy scene, lifted up his head in genuine pride and sped along at a Kentucky pace. The road was alive with people. Every little byway brought in new accessions, till there was an unbroken procession moving toward the college. The gay color of the ladies' apparel still further illuminated the picture.

Amid all this life and gayety I felt oppressed by the onerous duty which I had assumed. I felt a crushing weight of responsibility; but, as I have often done in like circumstances, I tried to shake it off by making a joke of it. When some new company came in from the right or left, I would say: "There are some more people going to hear Coke Smith."

There assembled an immense audience, *a la* Emory, the number and character of which were enough to inspire any preacher under ordinary circumstances. The people were very polite, and listened attentively, and the embarrassment wore off, and I had at least ordinary liberty in preaching.

Some one is ready to say: "I would not have accepted that invitation. Why did they not invite you at first?" That is the suggestion of a foolish pride. Dr. Wiley treated me in a similar manner while I lived at Emory. With only one or two days' notice, he asked me to preach both the baccalaureate and missionary sermons at a commencement of Martha Washington College, when some one whom he had invited failed him. And I never had a better friend than Dr. Wiley. In both cases I reflected that I had an opportunity to accommodate a friend and to preach the Gospel, with the possibility of doing good, and that I could not afford to let a cheap pride hinder me from improving the opportunity.

XLIV

DANCING



WHILE I was stationed at Broad Street, Knoxville, five prominent men, who registered themselves as the "executive committee of the charity ball," announced in the morning papers a charity ball for Wednesday night of the next week, stating that leading members of all the churches favored the project. I thought I saw a net spread in which the feet of unwary young people might be entangled, whether it was so intended or not.

So I determined to forewarn the young people of my congregation. That I might say what I wanted to say, and that there might be no misunderstanding of what I said, I wrote a short address on the subject, and read it to my congregation before preaching Sunday morning. The reporters got it, and it was published in the papers next morning, as follows:

"Since it has been given out in the papers that leading members of all the churches favor the charity ball, it seems proper for me to say a word on the subject. I have investigated, and so far as I can learn, no member of this church favors the ball.

"I am not a fanatic on the subject of amusements. I do not regard dancing as the worst of crimes. I do not put it in the same category with murder and theft and such like. St. Paul mentions revelings, and the dance is certainly a species of revelry, in connection with murders, drunkenness and things which exclude those that practice them from the kingdom of God, and St. Peter mentions revelings in the same sentence with lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, etc., but I do not think that either of them intends to convey the idea that all the offenses mentioned are equal in turpitude. But

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the dance is wrong. All the Protestant churches in the land, so far as I know, condemn it. It is not wrong because the church condemns it, but the Church condemns it because it is wrong. The spirit of the ball room is at variance with the spirit and teachings of the Bible, and experience confirms, more and more as the years go by, the judgment of the Church that the associations and influences of the ball room are altogether unfavorable to the cultivation and enjoyment of the religion of the Bible. No Church could long survive if it had to depend for moral, or even material support on dancing members.

“Church vows count for something. They are as sacred and binding as an oath administered in a court of justice, and who ever estimates them lightly, or disregards them, reveals a sad state of character.

“While Protestant Churches do not claim infallibility for their opinions, nevertheless the general concensus of the opinions of Church authorities ought to have some weight. It is not a special manifestation of modesty, when a young man, who probably has never read the Bible through, says: ‘It is true that the Church condemns dancing. Bishops and elders and deacons and conferences and synods and conventions say that the dance is wrong, that its spirit is at war with religion, and it endangers the piety of those who engage in it, but I don’t believe it.’

“But if dancing was an innocent and harmless amusement, a charity ball is a monster. Something is due to propriety. You had as well dance at a funeral as to make the sufferings of the poor an occasion of revelry. Suppose you have been among the very poor and witnessed their sufferings, and you come to me and tell me what you have seen. Among other things, you say that you went into a dark alley, where the poverty and wretchedness of the inhabitants was visible in all the conditions. That you ascended to an upper-room and knocked at the door, and your knock was answered by a feeble voice from within. That you entered and found a number of ragged children, cold and hungry, and, on a bed of straw,

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a poor, sick woman without any one to comfort or help her. While you are relating these things, I show every evidence of satisfaction, and before you are through I rub my hands and chuckle with glee, and when you are done I jump to my feet and dance all over the room. What would you think of me? You would think, and truly, that I was a fit subject for the asylum for the insane. Take another case: Visiting among people I come across a respectable family on the verge of suffering. Such families are not rare in Knoxville now. The wife and mother tells me how the husband and father has always been sober and industrious and always provided well for the family, but they have a large family and have been able to lay by but little. Now he has been out of work for months and is unable to get any employment. It looks like they will come to want, and her husband is so troubled about it she is afraid he will lose his mind. I listen with unconcern and when she is through with her tale of woe, I tell her, 'You need not have any concern about the matter, madam. The Christians of Knoxville have heard of your extremity and are very much in sympathy with you. They will help you. They are going to get up a big ball for your relief. They are going to assemble in a finely furnished and brilliantly lighted room, with the most costly decorations and refreshments, clad in the finest apparel, and the brilliant and happy throng are going to dance all night to the sound of merry music, and the noise of their revelry will keep the whole community awake while they are making money for your relief with their heels.' What a solemn and shocking mockery!

"Sympathy for the poor does not get up any balls. The idea is absurd. It is an illy concealed insult to charity. A man with thousands, or tens of thousands, pays three dollars for the privilege of taking his partner to a ball room and spending the night in revelry, and imagines that he is moved by sweet charity. He is self-deceived, or has stepped into a net laid by the devil, and so poorly laid that none but the most simple ought to be caught in it.

"I hope no member of this Church will ever mock God's

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poor and defile his conscience by giving encouragement to a charity ball. Give the poor your sympathy and your prayers and your money if you have it. Imitate your divine Master and go to them with the touch and voice of a genuine sympathy and helping hand, and in the final day of accounts he will say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

The next morning the papers published the following answer by the executive committee of the charity ball:

"The Executive Committee of the Charity Ball asks leave to reply to the card of Rev. Mr. Richardson, of the Broad Street Methodist Church, which appeared in your paper yesterday. We refer to the publication as a 'card' for the reason that the article in question, as published in both the Journal and Tribune, is couched in the same language, and we therefore assume that the Rev. Mr. Richardson is its author and is responsible for the same.

"It is needless to say that as Christian men we are not opposed to dancing—one of the most natural manifestations of merriment—rejoicing and approved of the Holy Scriptures, wherein the parable of the Prodigal Son, this language occurs: 'And as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.'—St. Luke, xv chapter, 25th verse.

"If necessary we might cite other instances from the Holy Scriptures in support of our position. We protest that St. Paul and St. Peter did not class 'dancing' with 'murder, drunkenness, lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine,' etc., for, to so class this 'species of revelry' would be to rebuke the Saviour himself. Mr. Richardson says 'dancing is wrong. All Protestant Churches in the land, so far as I know, condemn it.' Again he speaks without authority or knowledge of the facts—the oldest Protestant Church in the world today—the Protestant Episcopal Church—holding no such narrow view—its Bishops, priests and deacons approving the dance and often by their very presence encourage the dancer. This Church,

notwithstanding the opinion of the Rev. Richardson to the contrary, does largely depend for both 'moral and material support on its dancing members.' Mr. Richardson goes on to say 'but if dancing were an innocent and harmless amusement the charity ball is a monster. Something is due to propriety. You had as well dance at a funeral as to make the sufferings of the poor an occasion for revelry.'

"We fail to see anything monstrous or improper in the proposed Charity Ball. The ladies and gentlemen who are interested in the ball are the peers of the best Christian people in the broadest sense of the term and are incapable of the monstrosities and improprieties ascribed to them by the Rev. Richardson.

"Charity Balls have been given in the largest centers of civilization—such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore for years past and they have been generously supported by the highest type of Christian people, large sums of money having been thus realized for the relief of the poor, 'feeding the hungry and clothing the naked,' as commanded by the Savior.

"We do not believe that dancing and praying are incompatible—'there is a time for all things—a time for dancing and a time for praying'—and we conscientiously believe that the Charity Ball is the time for dancing—and that our efforts in this way to 'feed the hungry and cloth the naked' will be approved by all truly charitable Christian people, and whose support we respectfully solicit.

"In conclusion and with the view solely of proving the sincerity of our motives in giving the Charity Ball, and disproving the statement that it is an 'illy concealed insult to charity,' we are authorized to say that if the Rev. Mr. Richardson and those who think with him on the subject will agree to raise one thousand dollars for the relief of the poor of our city, to be disbursed by the associated charities, we will agree to abandon the Charity Ball and add a like sum to the fund."

The reading of the committee's challenge created quite a sensation among the genuine Christians of the city of all

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denominations. I was awakened by the ringing of my telephone bell, and the same message came from every direction "Take them up, take them up." I answered, making an appointment for an early meeting, and by 9 o'clock we had the \$1,000.00 in the bank. I reported to the chairman of the executive committee, and asked him if they would not like to go a few thousand more in the same way. Though a very intelligent gentleman, he took on a silly grin, and never answered. I published the following rejoinder, and that ended the episode:

"My 'card' anent the charity ball seems to have excited some interest. All right, a good-natured and temperate discussion of the subject may do good. I suppose we all want to know the truth.

"The Scriptural argument of the committee will be more likely to amuse than convince those who are in the habit of studying the word of God carefully and critically. I have only time to glance at the subject this evening, but will discuss it more elaborately if they show a desire for such discussion. The Bible gives an account of several dances, but it no more approves of them than it does of many things which it relates as historic facts, which are accepted as antagonistic both to good morals and to good taste. A peculiarity of God's book is that it gives a faithful history of the men and the times in which it was written. Take for instance Israel's dance around the golden calf and the dance of Herodias' daughter which resulted in the murder of John the Baptist. No one will claim that God approved of these dances. There is no place in the word of God where the word 'dance' has any such meaning as attaches to it now. The dance as it now prevails is a meaning of the New Testament word 'revelry,' the unsavory associations of which I only hinted at in the talk which I made to my Church last Sunday morning. The high character of the gentlemen of the committee inclines one to the opinion that they are only joking when they intimate that the Savior of the world favors the dance, the german, the round dance, etc., as now practiced.

“The committee say that they and their associates ‘are incapable of the monstrosities and improprieties ascribed to them by the Rev. Mr. Richardson.’ I did not allude to any monstrosities practiced by them, but said: ‘If dancing were an innocent and harmless amusement, the charity ball is a monster.’ By this I meant that the sympathy for the suffering poor does not express itself that way and that a dance suggested by the sufferings of the poor is unnatural and monstrous, as much so as a dance at a funeral. The committee go to Ecclesiastes instead of the Sermon on the Mount for a standard of morals, and quote Solomon’s declarations that there is a time to dance as conclusive. If they had noticed in that same connection Solomon says there is a time for several things not at all proper or desirable. If a time to dance proves that dancing is right ‘a time to hate’ proves that hating is right. But even Solomon, who was not over scrupulous about social sins, would not have danced over the miseries of the poor because that is not ‘the time to dance.’

“I said all the Protestant Churches in the land, so far as I know, condemn the ‘dance.’ From this the committee dissent, and make a single exception of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There is a difference of opinion. Fortunately they narrow this part of the controversy down to a single Church. If they can show where in any of its authoritative publications that Church endorses or favors the dance, I will confess I am mistaken. If not, the public will be apt to think that they are mistaken.

“The charge of narrowness is no longer alarming. That old beast has long since lost all of its teeth from age. The Protestant Episcopal Church is but a small per cent. of the Christians of the country. If it should turn out that that Church endorses the dance (and I do not believe it does) it seems to me that it would not be exactly the proper thing for them to bring a charge of narrowness against all the others. It would be a little like the one juryman adding the charge of narrowness to that of stubbornness against the perverse and obstinate eleven that did not agree with him.

Dancing

“ ‘Charity balls have been given in the centers of civilization,’ and so have a great many other things that are unseemly and unsavory. It is a well established fact that extremes meet in the centers of civilization. It is a novel idea that large cities are to be taken as standards of moral excellence. Are we all to imitate Gotham?

“The Churches have accepted the challenge to raise the \$1,000 for the poor. They had no need to do so to prove their sincerity or their consistency. They have their regularly constituted committees and are all the time raising money for the poor. Besides, individual members of the Churches are constantly giving private gifts to the poor, of which no account is taken. And the Churches have just given, at Thanksgiving and Christmas, special donations to the poor. It is safe to express the opinion that the Churches of Knoxville give monthly for charities more than the sum at which the committee estimate their ball. So that the Churches did not need to contribute the \$1,000 in question to vindicate themselves. But they saw in the challenge of the committee a fine opportunity to get up a handsome sum for the relief of the poor during these hard times, and, according to their uniform spirit and bearing, they accepted the challenge. I am sure that it will have a fine effect on the Christian gentlemen constituting the committee. They are not only saved from the perilous position in which they were about to commit a grievous wrong, but they have opportunity of doing much good. They will evidently sleep sweetly Wednesday night, instead of spending the night in revelry, for there is nothing that furnishes the human spirit such exquisite sense of blissful quiet and satisfaction as a consciousness of having relieved human sufferings and increased human happiness.

“In the publication of the names of leading members of various Churches on a committee of arrangement for the ball, I saw, whether it was so intended or not, a trap in which the young and unwary were likely to be caught. And I felt that it was my duty, as far as I could, to save the members of my Church and congregation from such unwhole-

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some influences. Accordingly I expressed to them my deliberate views on the subject. I give this as a reason why I made the talk to my Church, but I make no apology for it. I did what I had a right to do and what was right. A number of those whose names were in that committee claim that the use of their names was unauthorized. The public is curious to know how that happened. The executive committee can doubtless make a satisfactory explanation.

“Very respectfully,

“FRANK RICHARDSON.”

MARRIAGE AND ELSE

“But happy they! The happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend.”



ARCH, 16, 1897, I was married to Mrs. Florida C. Oldis. Some of my best friends thought it was unwise to marry at my time of life, but time has vindicated my judgment. Sometimes and in some things one must be governed by his own sense of right and propriety, however much he may regret to differ from others. Marriage is emphatically one of those things. In matrimony, as in religion, we believe with the heart. The abstract exercise of the intellect in such cases would be monstrous if it were possible. Therefore no one can choose a husband or wife for another. I have always avoided intermeddling with such matters. I have known occasional preachers who were expert matchmakers, but they usually got poor pay for their pains.

My mother's death occurred several years before that of my father. He was quite a jolly old gentleman, and sometimes joked about the widows and old maids of his acquaintance. In one instance my sisters, who were at home, concluded he was joking in earnest. They sent for me and told me with evident concern that they thought father contemplated marriage and wanted me to try to dissuade him from it. “No,” I said, “I can't do that. He is of age and competent to attend to his own business. Besides, he did not interfere with me when I concluded to get married. Excuse me; I can't do that.” They looked disappointed and a little vexed; but I persisted in letting the old gentleman determine for himself a matter in

which, more than anything else, his personal happiness was involved.

Wife is a native of Grayson County, Va., but she had lived at Knoxville, Tenn., seventeen years. Her maiden name was Stone, and her mother's name was Atkins. Her parents having died when she was a child, she was reared in the home of her grandfather, who was a local Methodist preacher. She had no trouble, therefore, in adjusting herself to the Methodist preacher life. She is capable, faithful, and true. We make our home as cozy as possible, fill it with the spirit of love and forbearance, meet our friends who call with a genuine, hearty welcome, and enjoy life to the full.

Bishop Key, who held the Conference at Bristol in 1897, appointed me to the Chattanooga District. Here I had the hardest trial of my life. The district was a good one—equal to the best in the Conference—and the people, except the members of one Church, treated me with all the kindness and consideration I could have desired. We never enjoyed a home anywhere more than we did our home among the kind people of St. Elmo. But I was pursued with a petty persecution because of an effort to build a new church in the city of Chattanooga.

I had been stationed at Cleveland when our work was being planned for that young and growing city. A. J. Frazier, the presiding elder, lived at Cleveland. We often discussed conditions at Chattanooga. I contended that a mistake was being made in that we were planning for but one church in the city proper, and were going to the outer suburbs to build small churches and leaving the intervening space to be pre-occupied by others. I knew that the bishops visiting the city had been uniform in the conclusion that we needed one or more additional churches in the city, and that one of them had left an appointment to return and help inaugurate a movement for building one, and had been written to not to return. I went to the district, therefore, convinced of the urgent need of a new church in the city, and determined to do all I could to promote the building of one.

Marriage and Else

When I first looked over the ground, I reached the conclusion that west of Market Street was the proper location for a church. But when I began to talk about the enterprise, one of the first I approached was our brother, John S. Martin. He said: "Yes, and it ought to be located in the eastern part of the city. We have a committee appointed now to survey the ground with a view to moving our Citico Mission, which is not succeeding where it is, down into the more populous part of that section." That induced me to review the situation; and making a more careful survey, I adopted Brother Martin's suggestion. I talked with several members of the various Churches, and met with no opposition. When the District Conference met (in July, I think), the committee on missions recommended the establishment of a new charge and a liberal missionary appropriation, with a view to building a new church. The report was adopted, Dr. Monk alone opposing it.

Sometime before the meeting of the Annual Conference I asked Brother Straley if he would be willing to undertake the new enterprise. He answered that he was the servant of the Church, and would try to do any work the proper authority might assign him. At the Conference Cherry Street Church and Citico Mission were united in one charge and given a missionary appropriation and Brother Straley appointed to the charge for the express purpose of building a new church.

The first move after Conference was to visit the board of stewards of Centenary Church and propose to them that Centenary purchase the site for her share. They answered that they had no authority to pledge the Church to do so, but they had no doubt that the individual members would contribute liberally. We selected the present site on McCallie Avenue.

Dr. Monk told me that there was a local Board of Church Extension in the city, and suggested the propriety of calling it together and getting it interested in the enterprise. I had not heard of the existence of such a society, and set about trying to find it. I was told that such a society had been organized, but had never had a meeting after the organization. I could not find any record of such an organization. Dr. Monk then

suggested that if I would call a meeting of that Board I might find evidence of its existence and legality. I did so, and a number of the members of all the Churches in and around the city assembled; but the legality of the meeting as a local Board of Church Extension could not be established. However, the meeting was organized by calling Brother John Boring to the chair. Then a cut-and-dried resolution was presented, recommending the removal of Cherry Street Church farther from the river and nearer to Centenary Church. It was manifest to many of the friends of the new church that there was no serious intention of building a church there. In view of this fact and the illegality of the meeting, we refrained from voting. The resolution was adopted. It is proper to state here that a chief objection to the present site was its nearness to Centenary Church, but the site recommended in that resolution was nearer by half.

Next morning Brother Straley and Boring came to the district parsonage for consultation. I told them that there was no legality in what had been done, and that Cherry Street and Citico had a right to remove their plants to any desired site. I called a meeting of that Quarterly Conference, and they voted to move to the present site of Trinity, with one exception, and he was not a member of either Church.

The next meeting of the District Conference was at St. Elmo and a committee on missions recommended a continuation of the appropriation to the new charge.

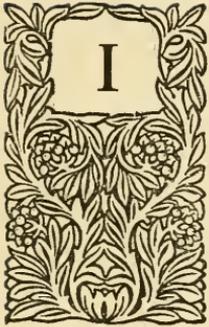
Trinity Church has the best location of any church in Chattanooga, and I venture the prediction that the time is not far distant when it will be the leading Methodist Church in the city.

My only offense, so far as I know, while I was on the Chattanooga District, was my effort to secure a much needed new church in the city; but for this I was vexed with almost every conceivable petty annoyance.

XLVI

THE END

“How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility;
Fresh as if day again were born
Again upon the lap of morn!”



N 1891 I was appointed to Cleveland Station. I had not thought of Cleveland in connection with my appointment, but I had thought of some other small stations which I supposed would be open. My appointment was therefore a pleasant surprise. Cleveland is a good town. It is beautiful and healthful with a population which is a fair average. Its middle class is large and of very superior quality.

Centenary College is its best institution and its chief attraction. The influence of a college community on a local Church depends on the attitude and bearing of the college authorities toward the Church and the attitude and bearing of the Church authorities toward the college. Proper carefulness will produce a spirit of unity and harmony which will be mutually beneficial, and a little carelessness may result in a spirit of jealousy which will produce hurtful friction.

A large number of the best friends I have are at Cleveland. I am tempted to call names; but have not room for all, and therefore forbear.

In December, 1903, I was removed to the Knoxville District by the grace of Bishop Hoss, whose friendship has been a benediction to me through all these years. God bless Bishop Hoss with many years of increasing usefulness and happiness and

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then a triumphant entrance into the heaven of our hopes! The occasion of my appointment to the Knoxville District for a third time was the removal of C. O. Jones, who had been appointed to the district, to Atlanta, Ga.

I spent a third quadrennium on the Knoxville District very pleasantly and, I trust, not without some profit to all concerned.

The growth of Southern Methodism in the bounds of the Knoxville District, all things considered, has been gratifying. The demoralization of the Civil War and the subsequent division of the Church were paralyzing in their influence; but the Church has adjusted itself to the changed conditions, and has gradually grown to a position of prominence and usefulness second to that of no Church in that section.

Knoxville has had a phenomenal growth, and has drawn her citizens largely from contiguous rural territory. This constant removal from the country into the city has strengthened and quickened the city Churches, but the country Churches have been constantly weakened by it. Besides, a number of the members who have moved into the city have let their Church membership lapse, and have been lost to the Church and the cause of Christ. Others—and quite a large number of them—while they live in the city, hold their membership in the country and are worth but little to the Church in town or country. The process therefore produces a constant drain on the aggregate resources of the Church. Many of the country Churches have been thus weakened till they are threatened with death; and if they die, the city Churches will have lost a chief means of replenishing their ranks and renewing their life and strength. So, you see, the condition presents a difficult problem. What is to be done? I have contended and still believe, that we ought to give our rural sections a more thorough cultivation. I am confirmed in the opinion that we place too much stress on work in the city—not abstractly, but comparatively. I believe that the thorough culture of rural sections contiguous to a growing young city like Knoxville will be worth as much to the Christianity of the city as the same amount of work expended directly in the city.

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But amid it all Knoxville Southern Methodism has had constant and comparatively gratifying growth. The organization is a good one. The Churches are well distributed and advantageously located. They cover well-nigh the entire territory, and are in reach of the entire population. In the immediate future the energy and enterprise of the Church need to be directed toward the cultivation and improvement of existing plants rather than to the establishment of new plants.

The greatest obstacle to the success of the Church in the cities—and elsewhere in a less degree—is the fact that an increase of numbers, wealth, intellectual culture, and social influence does not produce a corresponding increase of zeal and evangelistic effort, but the reverse. Poor human nature cannot bear success in anything, and in religion probably less than anything else. This fact accounts for the slow progress the race has made in the past, and for the decay and death of so many bright civilizations.

While a Church is poor and obscure and struggling for existence her members are humble and devout and full of zeal for their personal improvement in piety and the salvation of their friends; but when it grows populous and rich and moves into a fine church and becomes possessed of all the means and appliances for first-rate work for Christ, its members sit down and cross their hands on their laps. The goodness of God in furnishing them the best means for service becomes a snare to them, and they sit down and do nothing. They are filled with a self-satisfied spirit. They are "rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing." They become wonderfully conservative, but they fail to conserve the best things. They meet Sunday morning and go through the forms of worship in a stiff and orderly manner and pay their part of the Church dues, and that is enough. No need now of attending church Sunday evening or the mid-week prayer meeting. Really, they are finished Christians themselves; and if others don't want to accept Christ and be saved from their sins, it's none of their lookout. It is a fact with rare exceptions that the fruitfulness of a Church is in inverse proportion to its capacity

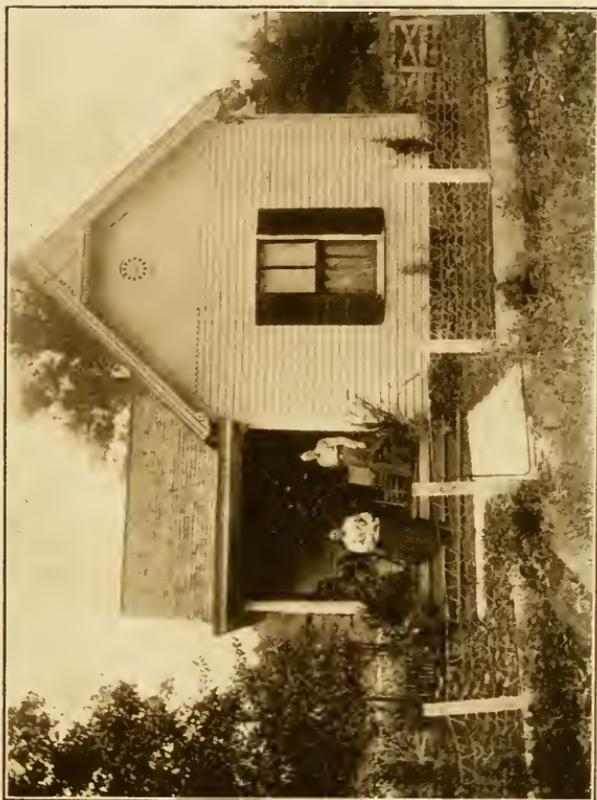
From Sunrise to Sunset

and opportunity. Our great Churches not only bury one talent in a napkin, but they hoard great treasures of religious endowment so as to make them utterly useless. This is the palsy that is deadening the heart and limbs of the Church. He who will prescribe a successful remedy for this disease will be the greatest benefactor of the age.

I am now at Morristown, in the midst of a clever people, preaching in a fine church and living in an elegant new parsonage. In the next paragraph I shall try to avoid a silly blowing of my horn, but will tell the truth as I see it.

I am in my seventy-eighth year, and am working seven days in the week. I thank God for the ability to work and to enjoy work. I think I do as much work as I ever did, and almost with as much ease. I preach twice (sometimes three times) on Sunday, teach a class in Sunday school, and attend the League meetings when I have time. I hold the prayer meetings and attend the women's meetings through the week. I visit and read and write. I remodel old sermons, and sometimes produce a new one. I get additional physical exercise in the care of my horse, my cow, my chickens, and my garden. My theory is that God made the whole man, physical and spiritual for use, and that there can be no health or harmony in the system without the regular use of both. I hold that there cannot be any excuse for idleness as long as one is capable of useful employment. I have a supreme contempt for the idle, young or old, rich or poor. The possession of money does not relieve any one from the obligation to be usefully employed. Voluntary idleness is vagabondism. There is a vagabondism among the rich that is more reprehensible and hurtful than the corresponding squalid vagabondism in the lowest stratum of society.

I never was more interested in the welfare of the Church and the world than now, and never had a greater anxiety to be useful. My greatest longing at the present time is for a great revival of religion that shall grow out of the heart and faith of the Church and reach every home and heart in our town. There are signs of its coming, the most palpable of which is



FOUNTAIN CITY PARSONAGE

The End

the filling up of the prayer meeting and its increasing interest.

I have reached the close of these papers. I have written much more than I expected to write when I began. I have tried to fulfill the promise of the introductory chapter. I have written of little things and big things, of pleasant things and unpleasant things, and have written honestly. I am obliged to the reader for his patience, and fully appreciate the kind words which my friends have spoken concerning these chapters.

The sun is hanging in the western sky and is going down slowly. I would not accelerate or retard his movements. My times are in the hands of the Lord. I am not leaning on the hoe handle and counting the moments as I watch the dilatory sun in the west, but am digging away with might and main. When the sun sets and the shadows gather about me, I shall go home to rest. Good-by.

Miscellany

SEMICENTENNIAL SERMON

(Delivered by Rev. Frank Richardson, D. D., to the Holston Annual Conference, at their request.)

Text: "Say thou not, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." (Eccl. vii. 10.)

When an old man looks back through the long vista of past years to the time of his youth, distance lends enchantment to the view. Memory has secured the roses and secreted the thorns, has held tenaciously to what was pleasant and let what was unpleasant fade away. Every young man is an optimist. He is in the springtime of existence, and the currents of life are at high tide both in and around him. The earth is clothing itself in its softest mantle of green, the flowers are blooming, and the birds are singing their sweetest carol. There is a sheen of light on all about him, and a halo of glory over all the future. It is time for daydreams and air castles. As he advances through life and his bright ideals are not realized, his air castles fall to pieces, and his pleasant dreams fade away, he is likely to imagine that the tide of events is turning backward. If he becomes discouraged and ceases to study and work at the active problems of life and lies down and lets the world go by him, he is sure to think that the world and all it contains is degenerate. At the best, in any comparison of the present with the past, the old man needs to make allowance for the unavoidable bias in favor of the past.

Within the bounds of my observation and reading, vast changes have taken place in fifty years. Not all of them have been improvements. Imperfect man can never be sure that every step he takes is in the right direction. He can only learn by experience, and that hard master will often teach him that his best plans are imperfect and his best efforts misdirected. But he learns wisdom in this school, and makes his mistakes stepping-stones to higher position and better achievement. While the history of the past half century contains many

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mistakes and blunders, and part of that we now have is tentative and may yet prove unprofitable, there can be no doubt that real improvement has been made and that the speed of advancement is constantly increasing. This improvement is found alike in the material, intellectual, and spiritual realm, and has therefore the promise of stability and increase.

There has been a vast change in material things and physical conditions. I doubt if there is a section of the globe in which nature has been more prodigal of material wealth than that included in the bounds of the Holston Conference. Fifty years ago this wealth was almost wholly unknown. The inhabitants were naturally an industrious, brave, generous people; but there was very little stimulus or opportunity for enterprise and achievement, and peace and contentment reigned to stagnation. The virgin freshness and voluntary products of nature were a snare to the people. There was scarcely any market for a surplus in any department of labor, and a competence could be secured without effort. The choice lands in the valleys were tilled in a very primitive style, but the vast timber and mineral wealth of the land was almost untouched. The silence of the centuries rested on our magnificent mountains which were used only for a grazing ground for an inferior grade of stock. The surplus stock was driven on foot hundred of miles to find a market, the surplus grain floated down the rivers in flat-bottom boats, and store goods were hauled from the Eastern cities in wagons. There was scarcely a wagon road in the whole land that was safely passable in the winter time, and bridges and ferries across the streams were rare conveniences. The people lived mostly in log houses, with here and there a painted frame house, and more rarely a brick house. They manufactured most of their own clothing, and the buzz of the spinning wheel and bang of the loom could be heard in almost every farmhouse. There were just a few small towns. Knoxville was an unpretentious little town clinging to the banks of the Holston River, and Ross' Landing had just grown into the struggling village of Chattanooga. There were no telegraphs nor telephones nor street cars nor electric lights nor a thousand

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other conveniences the product of our wonderful civilization.

Fifty years ago the spirit of enterprise was just entering our fair and languid domain. The East Tennessee and Virginia and the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads were in process of construction. The cars on the latter were running to Loudon, where they stopped for several months, awaiting the completion of the bridge over the Tennessee River. A magic change has come over the land since then. The spirit of ease and contentment has given place to the restless ambition and the feverish rush of a mining, manufacturing, and commercial people. The whole land is checked over with railroads and covered with a net-work of telegraph and telephone wires. The smooth and serpentine turnpike is threading the valleys and encircling the hills in every direction, and iron bridges, a marvel of beauty and of strength, are spanning the rivers and creeks at almost every crossing. Towns and cities are springing up as if by magic, and elegant farmhouses crown the summit of the hills and nestle in the coves. Large herds of blooded stock graze in rich pastures of green or contentedly chew their cuds in the cooling shade. The smoke of the steam engine encircles the brow of our mountains as a crown, and its shrill whistle has startled the wild beast from his hidden lair. The eagle sits upon his lofty perch and watches the busy and noisy scene as erst he watched the thunder-fraught storm cloud making a track of deeper desolation in nature's unbroken wilds.

There has been a general and radical change in intellectual conditions. Then there were only a few imperfect schools. The free school system was in its infancy, and private schools, academies, and colleges were limited in their curriculum and much hindered by want of competent teachers and necessary appliances for work. A large per cent of the children were not in reach of any school. Books were very few. The daily papers were unknown, and the weekly papers made a meager report of current events weeks, and sometimes months after they happened. Mails reached only salient places, and were furnished at long intervals and at considerable cost, the postage in a single letter being ten cents. A great many homes did not

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contain any reading matter at all, and many others only a Bible. The Methodist preacher was school master, book peddler, and mail carrier. Now a school is at every man's door, and a key that will unlock the store-house of useful knowledge is placed in the reach of every child. The daily newspaper reports the occurrences of yesterday the world over every morning, and the rural free delivery hurries away with it into the obscurest places. The press is teeming with books and magazines and reviews on every conceivable subject and of every conceivable variety, which are quickly and easily placed in the hands of the people by our marvelous facilities for transportation. The telegraph and telephone are removing distance and bringing distant friends into daily social intercourse. Mental food and stimulus are everywhere abundant, and intelligence is rapidly spreading into the darkest corners.

Conditions have so changed and immorality has assumed so many new phases that it is difficult to compare the morality of the past with that of the present. Vice is so congested in the towns and cities that both its gloom in the slums and its tinsel and glare in the high place make a much stronger impression than would be possible if scattered throughout the country. The same immorality manifests itself in different ways. Then we had no railroads or street cars or other like public institutions to promote Sabbath desecration ; but hunting, fishing, and playing a great variety of games were common on Sunday, and regular church attendance confined to a smaller per cent. of the people than now. I am inclined to the opinion that a much larger per cent. of the population manifests a proper regard for the Sabbath now than fifty years ago. And so of gambling. Card-playing, horse-racing, chicken-fighting, shooting matches were common forms of gambling all over the country. I am very sure that drinking intoxicants and drunkenness were much more common than now. We did not have the modern saloon; but distilleries abounded, and dram-shops were found at every crossroads, and the idleness, vagabondism, and vice resulting from the use of strong drink were



F. RICHARDSON

D. SULLINS

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found in every community. Methodist preachers were pioneers in the temperance reformation. They were the vanguard of the temperance army. I remember very well when it was a common thing for them to be persecuted, even by respectable ministers of the Gospel, for their fanaticism on the subject of temperance. There were those who believed, like the good Bishop of New York, that dram-drinking and drunkenness might be made respectable by baptizing them into the Church. Thank God, the race of religious cranks of that type has well-nigh died out. But the immorality of civic life is much more prevalent now than then. Political virtue was well-nigh universal then, and the suggestion of a sale of the franchise would have shocked the humblest and most obscure citizen. On the whole, there has been a great improvement in morals. Vice and virtue are each more intense and in greater contrast with each other, but that the good has in some measure overcome the evil cannot be doubted by a careful observer.

Religion is known by its fruits, and, judged by this standard, the religion of our time will not suffer by comparison with that of any time. Improved morals are evidence of improved religion, for good morals always have their root in religion. But there is more in religion than a simple improvement of the morals and manners of the people. Its universal love and sympathy and help to the helpless are its chief credentials. Private efforts and public institutions to help the helpless abound now as never before. The good Samaritan is found in every church and community, and the missionary spirit is more universal and a hundred times more intense than heretofore. The religion of this age is not so noisy and demonstrative as that of fifty years ago, but it is not less reliable and fruitful. It is not more genuine and sterling, perhaps, and its increased fruitfulness is doubtless the result of more general intelligence and greater opportunity.

Yes, the Gospel seed which the fathers sowed has produced abundant fruit, and each golden harvest brings an increased yield. Science, which blind philosophy has tried to make the enemy of religion, has proved to be her handmaiden, and the

two are walking hand in hand, and gently leading the race up the steeps of progress and improvement. They are opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, and giving life to the dead.

It may be profitable to narrow the view to our own Church and her work. While preserving mainly the same doctrine and spirit, Methodism has always sought to adjust herself to the changing conditions, so far as mere plans and forms are concerned. Accordingly, the style of our work has been much changed in a half century. Then there were only three or four small stations in our Conference, and the remaining territory was covered by large circuits embracing from twelve to twenty-five appointments. The country roads were so rough that the travel was on horseback, and sometimes afoot, where it was dangerous to take a horse. Swimming swollen rivers and creeks was a common occurrence. There were but few churches and of an inferior quality, and scarcely a parsonage in all the Conference. The salaries were mere pittance, and the preachers never thought of luxuries, and scarcely of comforts, but were content with the necessities of a frugal life. With a single aim in life, they adjusted themselves to existing conditions, and were contented and happy.

I suppose my first circuit was about an average. It had nineteen appointments, covering Anderson, half of Union, and a section of Knox Counties, Tennessee, to be filled in three weeks. There were four churches, and the other appointments were in schoolhouses and dwelling houses. Some of the appointments were in dwelling houses with but one room above and below, the ascent to the upper room being over a ladder. Clinch River and some large creeks flowed through the circuit, making the travel difficult and sometimes dangerous. The salary was \$200, of which \$175 was paid. The people were very kind and hospitable, and every door was open to the preacher and his young wife. It was a happy time.

You will see that there was little time for study and preparation for the pulpit. It was necessary to improve every hour, day and night. I often waked up at night and spent an hour

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or two in bed preparing the sermon for the next day. I also converted my saddle into a study. I have read many a good book on horseback. I remember once I was reading a new book—"Diuurnity" by Dr. Abbey—as I crossed the big mountain between Webster and Franklin, N. C. All at once my horse stopped, and, looking up, I found that he had turned out of the public road into a new road cut out by some mountaineer to haul firewood, and coming to the end of it, had stopped. I retraced my steps and found the road easily enough; but I had some difficulty in determining which end of it to take, for I did not know whether he turned to the right or to the left.

Necessity compelled me to prepare my sermons without the aid of pencil or paper, which plan I have observed, for the most part, through life. When I write, I have the plan of the entire article laid out in the mind before I touch pen or pencil or paper. This plan may not be best for others, but I am sure it is for me. Under these circumstances, you can well imagine that the preaching was not first-class. It had only one redeeming characteristic: the preacher believed then, as he does now, the message which God had given him to the people, and was tremendously in earnest. He had learned to some extent to think and talk on his feet, first at a debating society in an old field country school, and afterwards in the Calliopean Society of Emory and Henry College, which was quite a help to him. Then God's books were all open to him, and the weighty obligations and demands of his calling were constantly emphasizing the rule, "Never be unemployed and never triflingly employed." It will help to a realization of the great advance which has been made in our work when I state that there are six preachers operating in the bounds of my first circuit, and that it contains twenty churches and four parsonages.

The General Conference has been constantly changing the autonomy of the Church. The laws requiring six months' probation precedent to membership, making attendance at a class meeting a test of membership, and fixing uniform salaries for preachers have been repealed, and laws have been enacted extending the term of the pastorate from one to four years,

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providing for Church and District Conferences, introducing lay representation into the Annual and General Conferences, conferring veto power on the episcopacy, establishing courts for trial of ministers and members, providing for the organization of Women's Foreign and Home Mission Societies, Epworth Leagues, and the Church Extension Society, besides many other laws making minor changes in existing forms and institutions. The standard of ministerial education has been constantly set higher, and the Sunday schools have been vastly improved in their organizations and methods of work. Our people are furnished a much better and more varied and extensive literature, and our Church schools have been increased in number and improved.

In changes which have taken place we have lost the class meeting, but we have gained the Epworth League and the women's societies. There is a vast gain in that, for the organization of the women and children to work for the Master has given a much greater inspiration to the Church than anything that has occurred in modern times, and spans the future with the bright bow of promise.

We have lost the camp meetings; but for every lost camp ground we have gained from a half score to a score of well-organized Churches, housed in good buildings, and well furnished with necessary appliances for Church work. We have also gained the District Conference, which, if operated according to its original aim and scope, will supply the place of the camp meeting, in some measure, in its wonderful social and spiritual influence. The class meeting and the camp meeting were invaluable in the early history of the Church; but as the country fills up with Churches settled in their own houses and supplied with pastors having constant oversight of the members, the necessity of these primitive agencies becomes less obvious.

You will see that the framework of the Church has been so changed as scarcely to resemble its former self, and yet the Church has maintained its conscious identity and is easily recognized as the same. The identity of either a man or a

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Church does not depend on an unchanging body. A man passes through life, his body constantly changing from that of a child to that of an old man bending to the tomb, and his identity is preserved. And so of the Church. The identity is in the undying spirit. So long as the vigorous, elastic, fervent spirit of Methodism is in the world the Church will remain. What we need to do is to hold fast essential doctrines and keep the heart warm. But if the time ever comes when the leaders shall bind the conscience of the people with forms and rituals, then the young giant will have his feet fast in the stocks and his hands manacled with chains.

The trend of the legislation of the Church has been all the while toward a more liberal and free government. When Methodism was an infant, Mr. Wesley acted the paternal part in good style. He carried the infant in his arms and fed it from a spoon and did all the thinking and planning for it. This was all right; but as the child grew toward maturity it was found necessary, as in case of every other child, to teach it self-reliance and self-direction. This could be done only by teaching it to think and plan and act for itself. The episcopacy, which at first was an autocracy, has been limited from time to time by statutory provision, the General Conference itself has had checks put upon it by constitutional enactment, and laymen, who at the beginning had very little voice in the government of the Church, have had their prerogatives and influence constantly enlarged. There is need of more of this kind of legislation, to keep the Church in harmony with the spirit of freedom, which is a characteristic of the age in which we live and a product of our religion. Especially does the Annual Conference, which is nearest the people and the most influential body in Methodism, need to be allowed to determine the qualifications of its own members and to have its prerogatives enlarged.

While we have gained so much, we have suffered some loss. There has been a distinct loss in congregational singing. I do not decry culture in music or anything else; but when we swap the devout and hearty praise of congregational singing for

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any kind of performance of the most cultured choir, there is a loss to religion. It is not necessary to make a discord to praise God in song, but less is it necessary for a whole congregation to turn over the service of a song to a small organized choir to avoid a discord. Whoever has heard a great congregation of devout worshippers, filled and thrilled by the Spirit, singing, and been wafted heavenward on the wings of spiritual fervor and faith, can never afterwards be satisfied with the worship of song by proxy. The choirs that help the congregation to sing are useful, and all others are trespassers in a Methodist Church.

We have suffered loss in exhortation. I do not mean so much the disappearance of the licensed exhorter, for it is of doubtful propriety to license one man in a Church to exhort where all men ought to exhort, but I mean that the spirit of exhortation has in some measure died out in the ministry. The fathers pressed home on their congregations the necessity of accepting at once the offer of life and salvation in almost every sermon, which is a much more efficient style of preaching than the methodical delivery of gospel truth in a half-careless manner.

We have also suffered loss in the matter of discipline. The Church has let the reins of government fall from her hands in many places, very much to the detriment of the cause of Christ. We have suffered our sympathies to becloud our judgment and blunt our conscience on this subject. The stamp of the Conference on a preacher's character is not worth as much as it was fifty years ago. It is possible that the fathers went to an extreme in placing too much stress on minor offenses, but we have gone much farther toward the other more dangerous extreme.

On the whole there has been wonderful improvement and achievement, which call for devout gratitude to God. This improvement is the more remarkable when we consider that during the interim we passed through four years of bloody fraternal strife, which created general and widespread demoralization and almost razed the foundations of the Church

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and of society. And the period of greatest prosperity embraces the years immediately succeeding the reign of carnage and death. There is no way to account for this, except that the loss of all earthly good and hope turned the heart of our people toward God, and caused them to take hold of him with a firm grasp as the only Help in time of need. The manifest lesson of this chapter in our history is that the personal piety of the people, and especially of the ministry, is the most potent influence in the work of religious propagandism. None but a pure Church can be the depository of God's saving grace, and none but a pure ministry can be the channel through which it is imparted to the world.

We live in a wonderful age. The accumulated light of the centuries is falling on us. The race is moving forward and upward much faster than ever before. The ensign of our religion is in the front of the advancing column, and the light of the cross is dissipating the gloom and night of sin. The intense life and wonderful prosperity of the age are throwing wide the door of religious opportunity, but they also bring peril. There was never greater need of strong faith, intense zeal, and unshaken loyalty to our Lord than now. Let us hold fast the form of sound words, and keep close to the heart of our Christ.

I congratulate you, my brethren, whose ministry begins with the twentieth century. I have been tempted to wish I could have begun mine now, but that would be a vain wish. I feel devoutly thankful to God that he has spared me to see this day, and given me some little hand in projecting the work of the Church into a century so full of promise and so radiant with hope.

This retrospect has been a delightful employment to me. It has waked up many forgotten memories and revived many fading scenes. The heart-strings have been tense with excitement as the old battles were fought over, and laden with joy at the shout of victory. But I turn from these scenes with increased interest toward the future. My faith embraces the unfolding panorama of the Church's conquest of the world. And then I anticipate with an indescribable delight the reunion

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over the river with the companions of my earthly labors. I have gotten closer to them than ever before. They crowd about me now, and I see their familiar faces and hear their triumphant songs in the kingdom of light and love.

So far as my personal record is concerned, it is blurred with many imperfections and blunders. But God's love has been a boundless sea, and his sustaining grace an ample sufficiency. In the midst of it all, by God's help, I have kept my faith. The day's work is well-nigh done, and the sun is hanging low in the heavens; but, thank God, the sky is cloudless and the home-coming full of intense delight. Let us meet over the river, where the weary soul shall find an eternal rest.

PASSING A MILE-POST

It is said that the mariner crossing the equator has a peculiar experience. It awakens sensations and reflections no where else realized. The equator is called an imaginary line, but it is not. It is as real as if you could see it with the eye or touch it with the finger. It is real, but obscure; hence the peculiar effect. A real, conscious, but invisible presence always arrests the attention, and stirs the inner depths of the soul.

So in the journey of life, when one reaches the natal day of the year, he comes to a real, but occult line dividing the future from the past. Hard by the path, there stands a veritable sign-board, on which is written days and weeks and months and years. The soul stops to read, and falls into a meditative mood. Memory is busy with the past, awakening forgotten scenes and touching up obscure pictures. Consciousness is quick to register the slightest impression. And imagination carries much of the past into the future, and paints coming years with colors dark or bright, according as the past has been.

I am passing such a mile-post today, the seventy-fourth. Every avenue to the soul is wide open, and all its faculties are alive and alert. Scenes and associations are trooping through the mind in endless procession. Events long forgotten are revived, and portraits long turned to the wall are looking me full in the face. I stand upon high ground, and the retrospect and prospect are alike open to view. Imagination assists the memory, and then lends her wings to hope. The strings of the heart are tense, and the soul is crowding an eternity into a day.

The most remarkable thing is the distinctness with which I recall the time of my childhood. Not only are its events fresh in the memory, but also its impressions and thoughts, its feelings and moods. I never had such a realization of what childhood is, nor could ever so well enter into sympathy with the nature and life of children. And I never had so full a sense of the influence which the experiences of childhood exercise over the character and life of manhood.

"Second childhood," did you say? All right, so let it be.

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If the evening is to be as the morning was, let it come. Then the life was buoyant, and fresh as the dew-drop. The spirit was guileless and free, untainted by sin, and unclouded by sorrow. The song of the bird was a thrill of joy, and the opening flower an unfolding mystery. The gambols of the frisky lamb were a rich entertainment, and the frolicsome puppy was a pleasant companion. Nature was speaking in a thousand tongues, and the young spirit listened with eager delight. I used to go out into the deep, dense forest, and lie down on a bed of moss, and look up into the tangle of branches as the great trees spread them above me, and watch the graceful birds flitting from twig to twig, and listen to their cheerful chirp and the sweeter melody of their tuneful song, or watch the nimble squirrel chase his merry fellow up and down and through the tree-tops, till the consciousness was lost in the sweet harmonies of nature, and the glad young heart beat in happy unison with her exuberant pulse. After little sister, Mary, died, I often watched at sunset the many colored clouds gather in great columns and castles above the top of the majestic, old Cumberland Mountain. And as they moved and stirred like living entities, assuming all kinds of shapes, I would gaze into their mystic depths till I saw a gateway open through them into the bright world whither my sweet little sister had gone, and which was to be my home in the future. And I could hear the sweet music of the angelic choir. Then I had perfect faith in God and in all the blissful verities of the future. My young heart overflowed with affection, and was constantly feeling out after something to love. I had no fear, but a constant, happy sense of peace and safety. It was unalloyed happiness, exquisite delight. Yes, if the evening is to be as the morning was, let it come. Then, when the sun goes down, and night hangs out her sable curtains, and the song of the catbird dies away in the hawthorn, I will rest my head on my mother's knee, say my prayers, and sweetly fall asleep.

FOUNTAIN CITY, TENN.,
February, 14th, 1905.





