

GENEALOGY AND BIOGRAPHY
OF THE
CONNECTICUT BRANCH
OF THE
CHURCHILL FAMILY
IN
AMERICA,

CONTAINING ELEVEN GENERATIONS AND EIGHTY
PORTRAITS OF THE FAMILIES.

BY
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PREFACE.

In presenting this little book to my relatives I ask but one condition, and make but one request, which is, *preserve it*, and hand it down to future generations as you would an "heir-loom" of great value. Some of you may not care for it more than to read what is said of yourself, and this you may criticise and think it is unjust or not what it should be, etc. Of course this is your privilege, but above and beyond all this, if you will preserve it, and hand it down to future generations some one along down the ages will prize it above rubies or diamonds, and commence where I leave off and carry on the record of an honorable and worthy line of patriots. If you enjoy this book one-half as much as I have enjoyed the work of searching out the old records and compiling them in a condensed form, I shall be doubly repaid and feel that my work is greatly appreciated.

I have employed several experts in genealogy to search the records, and I am under special obligations to Rev. Geo. M. Bodge, of Westwood, Mass., Henry R. Stiles, A. M., M. D., of New York City, Hon. H. C. Clark, of Sheffield, Mass., Miss M. L. Whitman, of West Hartford, Conn., and Geo. B. Knapp, Esq., of Boston, Mass., for the complete and valuable records I obtained from them, which are authentic in every respect and can be relied upon in reference to the first four generations. I found the book my grandfather, Amos Churchill, wrote in 1855 of great value, although it was not written for genealogical purposes, for in it he speaks of his grandfather as Mr. Samuel Churchill and merely mentions himself as the oldest son of Joseph Churchill. I find it much easier to get complete records of families that existed between

1600 and 1800 than during the last century. In olden times a complete record was kept by the town clerk of all the noted families; but in these latter days too many of us go on the principle of the man that prayed: "Oh, Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. Amen." I have found it hard work to interest some of my near relatives enough to get their family record. I cannot say that this is a commendable spirit, and I am very happy to say that it does not exist to any extent in the Churchill blood. I consider the portraits in this book of great value. Some of us may think that we are not good looking enough to have our picture in a book, but that is not the principle. How much we would prize this little book if it contained the portraits of our ancestors back in 1600 and 1700. I would give more than I have to spare if I had the picture of my father, born in 1800. Then consider how valuable our portraits will be to our posterity in the centuries to come. We should look more to the future and get out of that miserable, selfish rut, that is looking for a mere existence of "me and my wife" for a day. Great care has been taken in the compilation of this book and every opportunity possible has been given to those represented to insure correctness in what has been written; and I flatter myself that there are very few errors of consequence. It tells of some, commencing life in poverty, who by industry and economy have accumulated wealth and honor. It tells how others, with limited advantages of securing an education, have worked their way up and have become learned men and women. It tells of those in every walk of life who have striven to succeed, and records how success has usually crowned their efforts. It tells, also, of many who, not seeking the applause of the world, have pursued "the even tenor of their way," content to have it said of them, as Christ said of the woman performing a

deed of mercy, "They have done what they could." It tells of some who, in the pride and strength of young manhood, at their country's call, went forth valiantly "to do or die," to preserve the Union. In the life of every man and every woman is a lesson that should not be lost upon those who follow after us. In reference to the closing lecture, I will say, we are all on the "voyage of life." Some have nearly finished their course; have been guided by the "light-house of Jesus," and are looking forward to a triumphant entrance to eternal life. Some have just started, and, perhaps, think they have a long voyage before them, but "we know not when the Son of Man cometh," we have not the assurance of a moment of time, and the only safe way is to look to Jesus for light to guide our frail bark continually. In the Niagara river, above the falls, there is an under current not perceptible on the surface of the stream which no human power can withstand, and so it is in the "voyage of life" if we trust in our own strength, before we know it we are in the rapids and human help can not avail. Let us keep in the way, neither turn to the right nor the left, pressing onward and upward, taking the word of God for our chart and compass, sailing in the light of Jesus, and we will have a successful voyage.

Yours in love,

SAMUEL JOSEPH CHURCHILL.

The Origin of the Churchill Family.

In the New England Genealogical Register, Volume 2, page 36, is the roll of Battle Abbey, so-called because the lists of names of the Normans who came from France to England, at the time of the Conquest in 1066, were hung up in Battle Abbey. In this roll is the name F. de Courcy, and a note says that he is claimed as the ancestor of the Churchills, who, according to the Leliard, were of the best blood of France, and renowned long before the Norman Conquest.

John, son of Sir Winston Churchill, was one of the ablest generals England ever had, and attained his greatest honors as Duke of Marlborough. The extract above is also quoted by Hinman in the account of the descendents of Josiah Churchill. We see the same name, "Winston S Churchill," as a noted reporter in the late Boer war, who has just made his first speech at Westminster.

Dealing with Mr. Churchill's maiden speech, Mr. Dillion paid it a generous tribute: "One might have thought," he said, "that it was Lord Randolph talking. Mr. Churchill scored a great success. He is worthy of his American mother."

There are three branches of the Churchills in America. The first or Plymouth branch descended from John of Plymouth; second, the Connecticut branch, descendents of Josiah of Wethersfield, Connecticut; and third, the Manhattan branch descended from William of Manhattan. There is a Churchill coat of arms in Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.

I am a descendent from the Connecticut branch, or from Josiah Churchill of Wethersfield, Connecticut, whom we will

call the first generation. In comparing dates and incidents of record, I conclude that Josiah was born in 1615, and emigrated from England to Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1635. In 1638 he married Elizabeth Foot, daughter of Nathan Foot, who came to Wethersfield in 1635. The following is from Hinman's Puritan Settlers of Connecticut, page 590:

“ Josiah Churchill drew eighteen acres in the land division in Wethersfield in 1680. He was a juror from Wethersfield at the particular court in June, 1643, and in June, 1649, and held other responsible places of trust in the town. He was a gentleman of more than medium estate for the time in which he lived, and of reputation in the colony.”

The children of Josiah and Elizabeth, all born in Wethersfield, were: 1. Mary, b. March 24, 1639; 2. Elizabeth, b. May 15, 1642; 3. Hannah, b. November 1, 1644; 4. Ann, b. 1647; 5. Joseph, b. December 2, 1649, (he is the second generation in line); 6. Benjamin, b. May 16, 1652, (he was a lieutenant); 7. Sarah, b. November 11, 1657. All of Josiah's children were living in 1683 when his will was made, excepting Hannah, whose name is not mentioned in the will. Josiah died January 1, 1686, and his wife died September 8, 1700, aged 84 years. Josiah's will was dated November 17, 1683.

An inventory of his estate was taken by James Treat and John Buttolph, selectmen of the town of Wethersfield, Connecticut, January 5, 1686. It was valued at 618 pounds 12 shillings and six pence. The will was probated March 5, 1686-7. Some authors spell his name Josias, but I have a copy of his will, a tracing of his signature as he signed the will, which is Josiah, and I consider this authoritative. I will copy that part of the will that refers to his son Joseph, (the second generation):

“I give unto my son, Joseph, that house & hom lot he now lives on, w'h all other buildings thereon, & one Lott in

the little west field, containing ten acres. & another Lott in sd west field containing six acres. Item: I give unto my son Joseph my fifty acre Lott at ye west end of Wethersfield bounds. These parcels of Land I give unto my son Joseph and to his heirs of his body lawfully begotten forever. I doe give unto my son Joseph after the decease of my dear wife Elizabeth & to his heirs forever of his own body lawfully begotton, five acres in the great swamp & two acres of meadow lying towards the lower end of sd meadow. & half my five acre lott, be it more or less, at the upper end of the great meadow."

Second Generation in Line.

Joseph, born December 2, 1649, in Wethersfield, Connecticut, married Mary Toucey May 13, 1674. They had nine children, all born in Wethersfield. 1. Mary, b. April 6, 1675; 2. Nathaniel, b. July 9, 1677; 3. Elizabeth, b. in 1679; 4. Dinah, b. in 1680; 5. Samuel (the third generation), b. in 1688; 6. Joseph, b. in 1690; 7 and 8. David and Jonathan, b. in 1692; 9. Hannah, b. in 1696. Joseph's will was dated April 1, 1699, which he made on his death-bed. He died the same date. His estate was appraised at 461 pounds.

Third Generation in Line.

Samuel (an ensign), born in 1688, and married June 26, 1717, Martha Boardman, daughter of Daniel and Hannah (Wright) Boardman. She was born December 19, 1695. They resided at the south end of Newington parish (then a part of Wethersfield), on land inherited from his grandfather, Joseph. Ensign Samuel was a leading man in the parish. He was of the first foot company on alarm in 1757 to go to the relief of Fort Edward from Sheffield, Massachusetts. They had six children, all born in Newington parish. 1. Giles, b. June 11, 1718; 2. Samuel, b. April 27, 1721, (he is the fourth generation); 3. Charles (a captain), b. December 31, 1723; 4.

Jesse (a deacon), b. August 31, 1726; 5. Benjamin, b. April 10, 1729; 6. William, b. November 6, 1732. The father died July 21, 1767. His wife died December 14, 1780. Their tombstones still exist in Newington graveyard.

Fourth Generatin ino Line.

Samuel, born April 27, 1721, in Newington parish, Connecticut. He married Thankful Hewitt, and settled in Sheffield, Massachusetts. They had ten children. 1. Marthy, b. January 14, 1747; 2. Joseph, b. February 28, 1749, (he is the fifth generation); 3, Lȳdia, b. May 22, 1751; 4, Louis, b. May 30, 1753; 5. Thankful, b. March 7, 1755; 6, Samuel, b. May 20, 1756; 7, John, b. March 21, 1758; 8. Silas, b. January 12, 1760; 9, William, b. February 10, 1763; 10, Ezekiel, b. June 27, 1765. All born in Sheffield, Massachusetts.

Wishing to settle his children around him he traded his farm in Sheffield, estimated at \$3,000, and took a deed to 3,000 acres of land in the town of Hubbardton, Rutland county, Vermont. He located his land, which was nearly all timber, cleared a place and built a log house, and in the spring of 1775 moved his family and considered himself settled for life.

On July 6, 1777, General St. Clair evacuated Ticonderoga. On the same day a party of Indians and Tories, painted like Indians, commanded by a Captain Sherwood, came into the town and made a number of prisoners. General St. Clair passed through the town the same day and left Colonels Warren Francis and Hale with their regiments as a rear guard. They encamped on the farm owned by John Sellick, a little north of where the Baptist church now stands. On the morning of the 7th of July, Colonel Warren sent a detachment of soldiers to warn Samuel Churchill, who was north of his encampment, of his danger and to assist them to escape. They immediately started. The women and children were

mounted on three horses and the men on foot. They had got but a little way when the battle commenced. They all pushed on as fast as possible until they were among the slaughtering balls, and two horses were wounded. Mrs. Churchill, when she saw her horse was wounded, jumped from his back, exclaiming, "I wish I had a gun: I would give them what they deserve." They all retreated back to their house except John and Silas Churchill, who had their guns and entered into the battle and fought bravely. Silas was taken prisoner, but John made his escape and went back to the house, where they were all surprised and taken prisoners by Captain Sherwood and his party, who, after plundering the house of all the provisions he could find, most of the clothing and every thing else he could use, the barbarous wretch ordered the women and children to leave it or he would burn the whole together: at any rate the house should be burnt. One of the young women, taking her bed in her arms with a heavy heart, proceeded to the door, then let it fall, saying: "You have taken all our provisions, all our men prisoners, and now how can you be so cruel as to burn our house?" Saying this she fainted and fell to the floor. This, with the cries and entreaties of the others so softened his savage heart that he left them their shelter.

Samuel Churchill, the head of the family, was taken some distance from the house into the woods by the Indians and tied to a tree, and dry brush piled up around him, they often saying to him: "Tell us where your flour is, you old rebel." Sherwood suspecting that he had some concealed which they had not yet found. After keeping him bound to the tree three or four hours, questioning him about his flour, threatening and taunting him, and he constantly asserting that he had none; they had got it all, etc. and while in the act of setting fire to the brush Sherwood came forward and ordered

them to desist, being thoroughly convinced that he had none. His cattle and hogs were killed, and such parts as they could use were taken, and each one of them was ordered to take as much as he could carry. They then took the father and his two sons, John and Silas, with others, and marched them off to Ticonderoga. The mother and her remaining seven children being left destitute of provisions could not remain there, so they, with what clothing was left them and some blankets fixed off as well as they could, with two horses, which had been secreted. Those that could not walk were mounted on the two horses with what baggage they had. Thus equipped, this disconsolate family started on the dreary and wearisome journey through the wilderness, for the place of their former residence in Sheffield, Massachusetts; but instead of taking the most direct route, they took a round-about way in order to avoid the enemy, crossing over the Green mountains to Connecticut, and thence re-crossing to Massachusetts, their old home, a distance, as they traveled, of not less than 350 miles. Much of the way there was scarcely any road and but few inhabitants. They were about three weeks on the journey. Their progress was slow and distressing, but the mother, being a resolute and perserving character, led the expedition with much fortitude. The men, who were prisoners at Ticonderoga, were set at work in the day time, and at night confined in the cells. Samuel Churchill and his neighbor, Hickok, were set at boating wood across Lake Champlain. At first a number of British soldiers would go with them as guards, but as they worked faithfully and manifested no discontent, they were sent off with but one soldier. Him they persuaded to go with them, and so fastening the boat on the eastern shore of the lake, they left for their homes in Hubbardton, a distance of about fifteen miles. Here they found nothing but desolation, carnage and putre-

faction. Not a live human being was found to gain any intelligence from or condole with. In Hickok's house lay the putrid body of a man. This they buried, and then proceeded over the battle ground. Here they could discover nothing but a mass of scattered fragments of putrid carcasses, clothing, firearms, and direful desolation. Proceeding on to Churchill's house where he had left his family and all he held most dear on earth, what a heart-sickening scene presented itself. Nothing could they behold but death, desolation and destruction.

Here, where a few weeks before was a happy family, all in health and prosperity, now no living creature to be found. There was the tree to which he had been bound, the brush lying around and the fire-brand amongst it. They left these dreary, heart-sickening scenes and proceeded on to Castleton where Hickok found his family in health and safety. But Churchill, not finding his family or gaining any intelligence concerning them, wended his weary way on foot and alone to the place from which he had formerly moved. Here, with a grateful heart, he found his family, which had arrived some days before, safe and in good health. His two boys remained prisoners until October when they were retaken by Colonel Brown.

In the fall Churchill moved his family to Castleton, ten miles from his home, and with his boys went to his home and saved some of his corn and potatoes, cut and laid up some poor hay for his horses, and in the winter of 1778, moved his family home in Hubbardton where they thereafter lived in peace. He gave each of his children 100 acres of land, nine of whom settled near him, and he, by strict economy, prudence and industry obtained a competence. He died January, 1801, at the advanced age of 80 years. His wife died the following September, aged 80 years.

Fifth Generation in Line.

Joseph Churchill, the oldest son of Samuel, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, February 28, 1749, and moved to Hubbardton, Vermont, in the winter of 1783. He married Ame Stiles December 7, 1773. They had twelve children, as follows: 1. Amos, b. October 1, 1774; 2. Worthy L., b. May 13, 1776; 3. Levica, b. March 19, 1779; 4. Sylvia, b. August 24, 1781; 5. Cyrus, b. February 9, 1783; 6. Huldah, b. November 12, 1785; 7. Charles, b. December 10, 1787; 8. Roxana, b. November 19, 1789; 9. Daniel, b. January 4, 1792; 10. Alvah, b. May 15, 1794; 11. Joseph, b. September 9, 1796; 12. Ame, b. October, 1798. The mother died December 9, 1836; age, 82. The children all lived to be men and women. The youngest that died was 24 years old. His fourth son was killed by the Indians December 31, 1813, at Black Rock.

Joseph Churchill was much employed as agent by the settlers in their land troubles. He served as justice of the peace and as selectman many years. He was a very stout man and a great mower in his prime. As an instance of his great strength, he once carried two strong men up three steps through a door, in spite of strenuous efforts at resistance. His descendents were scattered over six different states, his oldest son Amos only remaining in Vermont. He died of a cancer March 21, 1820; aged 72 years.

Sixth Generation in Line.

Amos Churchill, the oldest son of Joseph Churchill, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, October 1, 1774, and moved to Hubbardton, Vermont, with his father in 1783. On January 20, 1799, he was married to Nabba Haven, who was born May 23, 1776, and died September 2, 1842. They had five children:

1. Louisa, born October 21, 1799, married Ebenezer Cook, who died in the prime of life. She lived to see her great-grandchildren. They had two children: 1, Aurilla, who married Chancy Fay. They lived to an advanced age. Now dead. 2, Elisha, who married Minerva Flag. They had six children. She is living. He died October 17, 1887,

2. Samuel Sumner. (See seventh generation.)

3. Orrilla, born September 23, 1802. Died August 4, 1803.

4. Isaac Newton, born July 14, 1805, married Margaret Ann Perry in 1832. They had two children. 1, Milton P., born March 15, 1833. He married Emma E. Cutts October 4, 1860, who died soon after marriage. On October 17, 1864, he married Abbie Perry. They now live in Fairhaven, Vermont, having obtained a competence; they are resting from labor in peace and quietude; they are members of the Baptist church and take an active part in religious service. 2, Eliza, born December 5, 1841, died April 20, 1858. She was a beautiful Christian character—like a rose-bud just blooming, was rudely plucked on earth to bloom in heaven. Isaac Newton was a farmer and lived in Hubbardton until after the death of his father and the settling of his father's large estate. then sold his farm and bought a farm near Fairhaven, Vermont, in New York state. He was a deacon in the Baptist church, a faithful, earnest Christian, and gave liberally to the benevolences of the church. He died January 14, 1892, at the advanced age of 87. His wife died February 2, 1892.

5. A daughter, born July 1, 1812. Lived only seven hours.

My grandfather, Amos Churchill, was a remarkable man in many ways. In a book that he wrote and published in 1855, (*The History of Hubbardton*) at the age of 81 years, in reference to himself, he says: "I had no chance at school until the winter after I was 15, when I went to school ten weeks in the back room of a log-house to a very ordinary teacher. I

never studied any book at school but the New England Primer and Dillworth's spelling book; these I learned by heart."

The articles he wrote were first published in the Rutland Herald, and afterwards compiled in a book. I find the following from the editor: "The writer of the articles in the Herald, in reference to Hubbardton, is over 80 years of age, yet his manuscript is handed to the printer without correction or transcribing. It is a plain fair hand, and his articles are read with interest.—EDITOR."

The thrilling experiences of Samuel Churchill in 1777 I have extracted from his writings. With no advantages, except what he made for himself, he got his education by hard and diligent study by the light of pine knots in the corner of the fireplace in a log house. Very few of the educated men of to-day could outshine him in prose or poetry. He was a very strong man and a great worker. I have heard him tell how he worked when clearing up the forests. He would not stop chopping to eat his dinner, but would take a mouthful at a time of his frozen dinner in between the blows of his axe. He was the main pillar of the Baptist church, and gave liberally to its support. He was instrumental in raising a large monument on the Hubbardton battle ground, and on July 7, 1859, the anniversary of the battle, there was a very large celebration held on the battle ground, the monument was unveiled and I heard him make a speech. He told of the 340 worthy patriots who shed their blood and yielded up their lives in defense of the liberties of this country upon this battlefield. He was a great abolitionist in later years, and in 1855 wrote the following verses, which show what the "paramount issue" was before the civil war:

THE OLD MAN ONCE MORE.

THE OLD MAN once more being somewhat at leisure,
 His friends would address in new style and new measure,
 Being, as he supposes, the last he may offer,
 In taking his leave some reflections may proffer.

I do not intend to be vers'd in instruction,
 In laying down rules, or in giving directions
 In Science, or Morals, or Faith, or Religion
 At home or abroad, or in this or that region.

Nor am I at all in affairs of the Nation,
 In Banks, or in Tariff, or in Annexation;
 But this I believe, that the Slavery question
 Is paramount far to all other suggestion.

All other things talked of whate'er we can mention,
 This thing in our nation will be the contention,
 Will always prevent any just legislation,
 That can be a benefit to the whole nation.

We may blame each other and cast hard reflections,
 And say 'tis by you and your party's directions,
 That this or that evil has come on the nation,
 Still Slavery and Freedom can have no relation.

It is not the Whigs, the Know-Nothings nor Locos,
 That this thing will settle and bring to a focus;
 But it is a stanch standing up firm for Freedom,
 By all who are not slaves, and all who don't need 'em.

But here I will stop, and will not be aspiring
 To dictate our Rulers, nor e'en be inquiring
 In this or that matter, far out of my reaching,
 And much less will I now attempt to be teaching.

I have my own duty at home to be doing.
 And may I that duty be ever pursuing;
 To God and His people I am a great debtor,
 O, that I may serve Him more constant and better.

I quote from his book what he said of the girls and boys of over 100 years ago: "Then young women understood how to spin and weave wool, flax, and tow. All their garments for

common wear were manufactured by themselves from cloth of their own spinning and weaving. Every young lady who could procure it by her own labor had one calico dress. A young lady in this town worked at spinning and weaving for fifty cents a week to enable her to purchase a calico dress at a dollar a yard.

“The boys of that period could chop down trees, clear land, split rails, make fence, reap, mow, thrash, get out flax, etc., and if a book fell into their hands it was carefully studied. Their progress in arithmetic was not measured by the number of pages run over, but by the amount of practical knowledge acquired.”

About the year 1846 he married Chloe Smith, of Brandon, Vermont, who was a faithful companion the remaining years of his life, and outlived him but a short time. In his old age he was very active, doing some outdoor work every day to the day of his death, when he went to bed at night and closed his eyes in sleep never more to awake. He died March 2, 1865, at the advanced age of 91 years. When I consider the life and death of this righteous man I can but exclaim: “May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last days be like his,” ripe in age, and faith, and full of good works.

Seventh Generation in Line.

Samuel Sumner Churchill was the oldest son of Amos Churchill, born November 26, 1800, in Hubbardton, Vermont. He had much better advantages than his father, and acquired a fair education and was one of the foremost young men of the town and a great favorite with the young people. On March 22, 1820, he married Polly Richardson. Her father and mother had six children. Her sister Clara married Solomon Millington and raised a large family in Hubbardton, Vermont. The children all went west. One son, Lanson, was a soldier in the Mexican war and was killed. Azro D.

was a merchant in Leavenworth, Kansas, St. Louis, Missouri, and Fort Scott, Kansas. He finally settled in Winfield, Kansas, and was editor for many years of the Winfield Courier, where he died at an advanced age. His widow and four daughters are still living. Samuel was a Methodist Episcopal preacher and presiding elder. He, too, has passed away, leaving three boys, now in Kansas City, Missouri. Alvira married a Manley. He died young, leaving a widow and one child, Annette, who married Lundy, an old soldier, now living in Winfield, Kansas. Mrs. Annette Lundy is department treasurer of the Ladies of the Grand Army of Kansas.

My mother's brother, Jerry Richardson, settled near Buffalo, New York. He was married twice and raised sixteen children which were scattered over the western states. There were some doctors and ministers among them. One, "D. A.," gained national fame as the proprietor of the Detroit match works, and the "D. A. Richardson matches" were known far and near. He became very wealthy and lived to a good old age. I regret that I am not better posted concerning my mother's side of the family. I have written many letters of inquiry but to no avail. I will now return to my father.

He bought a farm and settled in the town of Pittsford, just east of the old homestead in Hubbardton. He added many improvements in buildings to his home; was a prosperous and frugal farmer. He bought more land, until he had about 400 acres. In the winter of 1838, one cold, stormy night, his house burned down, and they were unable to save but little of their household goods. Having then seven children, from one year up to twelve years old, they had to wade through the deep snow, about a half mile to the nearest neighbor, his sister, Louisa Cook, with whom they staid until spring. On the west part of his farm stood a large two-story house and two frame barns, the first frame buildings that were built in

Hubbardton, built by his ^{great} grandfather, Samuel, the fourth generation. To this place he moved in the spring and commenced again. He had a



MY MOTHER.

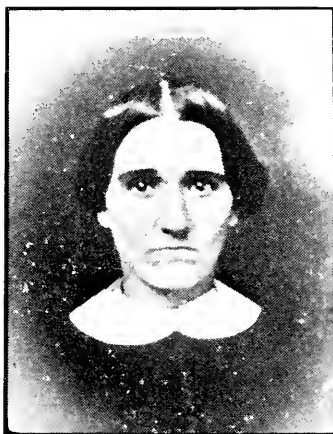
large flock of sheep which was very profitable in those days, wool being fifty cents a pound. He and mother, all my sisters and brother were members of the Baptist church, were constant attendants and all sang in the choir. Father, for many years was the leader of the choir and Sunday school superintendent. Our house was the home of all the traveling ministers that came that way, and the prayers at the family altar went up as a sweet incense before the Lord and brought down blessings upon this happy Christian family. "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." My father was stricken with typhoid fever, and on January 23, 1845, he passed away to the better land, at the age of 44. My mother was heart-broken, left as she was with eight daughters and the baby boy. It was years before she could become reconciled to the loss of her oldest son and husband, so near together; and she never recovered her former vivacity, but was a prematurely old woman. She was well provided for with a good home and loving children, who were all the joy she seemed to have in her lonely widowhood. She spent much of her time with her children, making two trips to Illinois. She was much broken down for her years and failed

rapidly in health, and on January 8, 1862, at the age of 59 she joined those that had gone before in that land where tears and sorrow never come, at her home then in Sudbury, Vermont.

The Descendents of Samuel S. and Polly Churchill.

Eighth Generation in Line.

The Broughton Family.

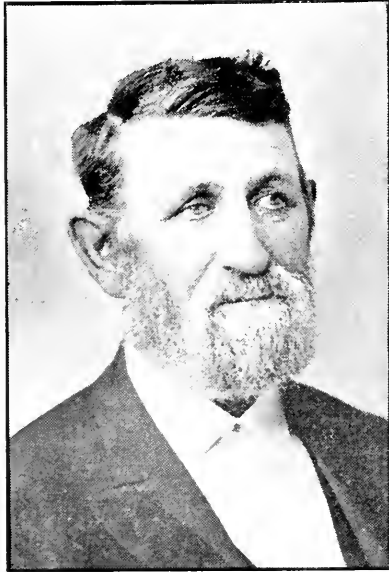


MRS. MARY C. BROUGHTON.

1. Mary Churchill was born in Pittsford, Vermont, December 27, 1820. She received her education at the home school and at the seminary at Brandon, Vermont, where she became acquainted with and married Chancy Washington Broughton, of Brandon, Vermont, on May 2, 1843, at her home in Hubbardton, Vermont. He was born July 22, 1813. His father, William, was born July 12, 1787, at Ashby, Massachusetts, and married Ruth Winters on February 11, 1810, at Ashburnham, Massachusetts. She was born April 11, 1785. They had three children: Phoebe, Chancy W., and John. John died when young. Phoebe lived to be over 70 years old.

The father, William, died March 4, 1831. His widow married Jeremiah Robbins October 2, 1831, and died in 1870. Chancy W., at the age of 13 years, was bound out to his uncle John Conont, of Brandon, Vermont, and lived with him until he was of age, when he received \$100 and two suits of clothes.

He learned the miller's trade and worked at that until after he was married. Their first and only child, Charles Preston, was born February 23, 1844, at Brandon, Vermont. The same year they moved to Kaneville, Kane county, Illinois, where he took up a large tract of government land. They were among the first settlers of that county. By hard work and many deprivations they succeeded well and accumulated much property. In April, 1854, he sold out in Illinois and located in Fayette, Fayette county, Iowa, where he commenced breaking the prairie and making another home, but preferring to live in Illinois

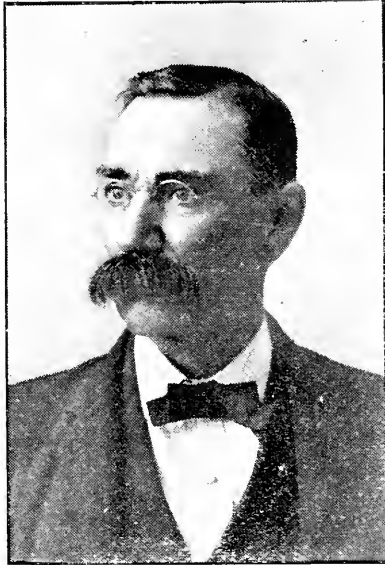


C. W. BROUGHTON.

he sold out, and in 1855 located in DeKalb county, Illinois where he lived the remaining years of his life. Here he bought large tracts of land, built a large fine house and made extensive improvements.

His son Preston, as he was always called, grew up to manhood. He had liberal advantages for education, and was an important factor in the management of his father's large estate. In February, 1866, he came to Lawrence, Kansas, and worked for H. L. Enos by the month, until December, when he bought 400 acres of wild land in Allen county, which he improved. In June, 1871, at the urgent request of his father, he rented his farm, and returned to the old home in Illinois and superintended his father's farm for five years.

On December 22, 1875, he married Etta Beers, the youngest of seven children of Charles and Mary A. Beers, of Sycamore,



C. P. BROUGHTON.

Illinois. In the spring of 1877, they located at Lee's Summit, Missouri, and engaged in farming and succeeded so well that in a few years he had bought all the farms that joined the home place, until he owned 820 acres in one body of splendid land. He also has two houses and lots in Kansas City, Missouri. He is a stockholder and director in the bank of Lee's Summit; his wife is also a stockholder. In Masonry he has attained the degrees of Knight Templar and Shriner. He is noted for

his integrity and strict business methods, also as a great friend to the poor man, and his liberality in helping the poor. His wife is a lady of high attainments, a leader in society and a faithful, loving companion. Their only child, Chancy Preston, born February 24, 1890, died June 6, 1890.

Now, in order to complete the Broughton family, I must go back to Vermont after my sister, the eighth child of the family, Caroline Cook, born March 23, 1838. At the age of eight she came to Illinois to live with her sister Mary, where she lived about eight years, then returned to Vermont and taught school several terms, making her home with her sister Sylvia. She was very bright and succeeded well as a teacher.

In 1859 she was called to the bedside of her sister Mary, who was stricken with consumption and died May 4, 1860, in the prime of life, after passing through the struggles incident to a new country and by hard and faithful work had assisted in building a beautiful home with abundance all around her. The summons came and she was prepared to meet it. She united with the Baptist church when a girl and had always lived a consistent Christian life. Carrie, as we called her, then took charge of the Broughton home until January, 1861, when she went to her sister's in Joliet, Illinois, where, on January 30, 1861,



MRS. ETTA B. BROUGHTON.

she married Chancy Washington Broughton, who had been a father to her in her girlhood days, but now a loving and devoted husband. There were born to them five children: 1, William A., b. February 18, 1863, died January 6, 1866; 2, Ella, b. January 26, 1865; 3, May, b. May 7, 1867; 4, Judson K., b. April 18, 1869, died October 26, 1869; 5, Ben, b. May 25, 1871; and now the saddest of all came the death of Carrie, May 29, 1871, when her child was only two day's old—a loving and devoted wife and mother in the prime of life when her children needed her most and when life to her seemed almost indispensable. But she was prepared to cross the river, and now from the other shore she is lovingly watching her dear ones and beckoning them to meet her.

At this trying time the father called his son Preston from Kansas, who with his mature experience was able to take



MRS. CARRIE C. BROUGHTON.

charge of the large farm, and with his tender heart help care for the little ones. Ella B. grew up and developed into a splendid woman. She had liberal advantages for education. She was the main stay at home. She seemed to take the place of her mother in looking after the children and household affairs. On January 30, 1895, she married John Woods, born September 26, 1866, and the oldest son of six children of Isaac S. and Pluma E. (Orvit) Woods, of De-

Kalb county. They located on a large farm near Waterman, which they have improved by building a fine house with all the modern appliances and other buildings to correspond. To this union were born four children: 1, Carrie May, b. January 14, 1896; 2, Addie Mary, b. February 1, 1897; 3, Ruth Ella, b. September 15, 1898, died January 10, 1899; Alta Rose, b. October 8, 1899. Mr. Woods was a school teacher of note; is a good farmer and a fine Christian gentleman.

May B. had liberal advantages for an education and made the best of them. She was not as strong and healthy as her sister in her younger days, but is very bright and vivacious. On March 12, 1896, at the home of her aunt Lucinda, in

Joliet, Illinois, she married Jeddie J. Kingsley, born November 1, 1869, the son of Henry and Mary (McDole) Kingsley of DeKalb county. He has two sisters and one brother.



MR. AND MRS. WOODS AND FAMILY.

They located near the city of DeKalb on a large farm, on which they have made extensive improvements. They have a beautiful home and are living very happily. Mr. Kings-

ley is a business man, a good farmer and able to take the heavy end of things. He is a genial gentleman of high standing.



MR. AND MRS. KINGSLEY.

Ben seemed to inherit the sturdy business qualities of his father. He launched out in business for himself, at an early age. He made the very best of all his advantages. He was raised on the home farm and was a great help to his father in his declining years. He first engaged in the hardware business at Lake View, Iowa. On December 19, 1894, at her home in Carlton, DeKalb county, Illinois, he married Alice Belle Cleveland, born October 25, 1872, and the second daughter of Frederick Morrell and Phoebe Ann (Rawley) Cleveland, parents of seven children, as follows: 1, Luman Adelbert, b. November 27, 1868; 2, Mary Maybelle, b. August 27, 1870; 3, (see above); 4, Anna Coral, b. August 16, 1874; 5, Fred Elliott, b. September 20, 1878, 6, William Rawley,

b. April 4, 1883; Jessie Louise, b. October 9, 1892. They all live now in Sac county, Iowa, and are prosperous farmers.



MR. BEN BROUGHTON.



MRS. ALICE B. BROUGHTON.

Ben is now located at Lake View, Iowa, on a 125-acre farm, known as the Sunny Slope Stock Farm, and valued at \$100 an acre. He also has a 360-acre farm three miles out, valued at \$50 per acre. He is engaged in raising thoroughbred cattle and hogs. He is a man of popularity and high standing in the community, holding the positions of councilman, township trustee, and master in the Masonic lodge. His wife is an accomplished lady, popular in society and queen of the home. They have one child, Lois Marie, born February 22, 1897.

In March, 1875, Chancy W. Broughton married Isabellah Beers, his third wife. They had two boys: 1, Charles, b.

June 18, 1877; 2. Chancy W., b. September 18, 1879. In closing the career of this good man, much might be said



LOIS M. BROUGHTON.

sight, he died May 8, 1893.
over \$100,000.

of his life. He started a poor boy and worked his way up through many difficulties. He never sought notoriety or position. He was noted, however, for his sterling integrity and kind heart. He owned many mortgages on the homes of his neighbors, but he was never known to oppress any one. In his opulence he was plain and unassuming. After a protracted illness, in which he nearly lost his eyesight, he died May 8, 1893. His estate was valued at

The Franklin Ward Family.

2. Elizabeth Churchill was born in Pittsford, Vermont, April 28, 1822. She received her education at the home school and later at Brandon Seminary. She had an excellent mind and was a natural poet. She taught school several terms, and in December, 1841, at her home, in Hubbardton, married Franklin Ward, of West Rutland, Vermont, the son of Aaron and Olive (Southworth) Ward, an old and honored family of West Rutland. In 1845, soon after the death of my father, Franklin Ward was appointed administrator of



MRS. ELIZABETH C. WARD.

my father's estate and moved his family to the old home in Hubbardton, and for five years managed the estate, making a home for my younger sisters and mother. He then moved to West Rutland and was for some time superintendent of some marble quarries. In 1852 he moved to Fairhaven, Vermont, where he owned a share in some slate quarries. In 1856 he sold out and bought a dairy farm in Orwell, Vermont, where he spent the remaining years of his life. To this union were born five children: 1, Adalaide J., b. October 10, 1842. She had fair advantages for an education, and was a good scholar and made the very best of all the chance she had. She taught school for several terms and was a dearly beloved teacher, and a great comfort in the home, where, on September 4, 1866, she married Hiram Benjamin Scutt, from a prominent family in Delhi, New York, where he received a

very liberal education. He also learned the carpenter's trade. He was born in 1841. Before the war he came to DeKalb



MR. FRANKLIN WARD.

county, Illinois, and taught school and worked at his trade. On August 6, 1861, he enlisted in Battery G, Second Illinois Light Artillery, and served forty-nine months, being honorably discharged September 5, 1865. To write his war record would be writing my own, for he was my bunk mate. I met him the day he came to camp. We fell in love at sight and got married, as army life goes, and we staid that way until

we were discharged. In sickness we watched over each other, and on the long and weary marches we helped each other. He was a splendid penman and was detailed as company clerk, which relieved him of many of the hardships of army life; but whenever a battle was on hand he was always at his post of duty. On January 1, 1864, we re-enlisted, or veteranized, which entitled us to a veteran furlough, this we took in April, and on May 4 he was best man at my wedding, where he met for the first time Adda J. Ward, who was bridesmaid, and this was another case of love at first sight, which terminated as above stated. He was in every battle that I was in. His hearing was badly injured by being too near the cannon in battle. He was a brave and gallant soldier. In reference to the battles we fought together I will refer the reader to my army record, found in family No. 10. In 1866 he located at Joliet, Illinois. He built a nice home

and engaged in the manufacture of barb wire. He was a great genius and inventor. He got out several patents on barb wire and machines to make it. He was very successful as a business man and accumulated a fortune very rapidly. He made two trips to Europe in the furtherance of his business. In about 1875 he built a \$40,000 residence and lived in affluence, then reverses came, law suits on patents and disreputable partners in business caused him great trouble and the loss of much property. He had spirited horses, and in a runaway he was thrown



MRS. ADDA J. SCUTT.

very violently on some rocks and received severe injuries in the head, from which he never recovered. He died July 30, 1889. I attended the funeral and looked for the last time in the face of him, who, for twenty-eight years, had been my comrade and friend. His life had been so interwoven with mine in army life and business that I felt that a part of myself had gone.

They had two children: First, Frank W. Scutt, born May 29, 1868. He had great advantages for education and was a very promising youth. While attending school in New York he became acquainted with, and married at her home in Long Island City, New York, Mary J. Payne, daughter of A. G. Payne, a prominent lawyer and an old resident of Long Island City. He came from a family of ministers and

lawyers. Her mother, Martha (Brown) Payne, came from a prominent family of Providence, Rhode Island. Frank W.



MR. H. B. SCUTT.

Scutt took his wife to Joliet, Illinois, where he, during his father's last sickness, managed his father's business, which was then the manufacture of bicycles, which he continued some time after his father's death. He finally sold out, closed up the business and then located at Hollis, Long Island, where he engaged in the insurance and real estate business. They now live in a beautiful, modern home.

His wife is a beautiful and accomplished lady, having always had the best advantages in school and society. She is a devoted wife and mother. They have two children: 1, Harold B., b. May 11, 1890; 2, Winifred, b. May 15, 1892. These children are the eleventh generation mentioned in this book and the fourth generation living; and I hope to live to see their children, making five living generations.

The second child of H. B. and Addie Scutt was Grace Adelia, born July 12, 1876, and died November 4, 1876. After the death of Mr. Scutt his widow gave up the mansion and built a two-story modern house for a home in Joliet, Illinois, which she still owns and rents, making her home with her son at Hollis, Long Island. Through all the changing conditions of life she maintained a Christian fortitude which is unexcelled. She is well provided for, and may her last days be her happiest.

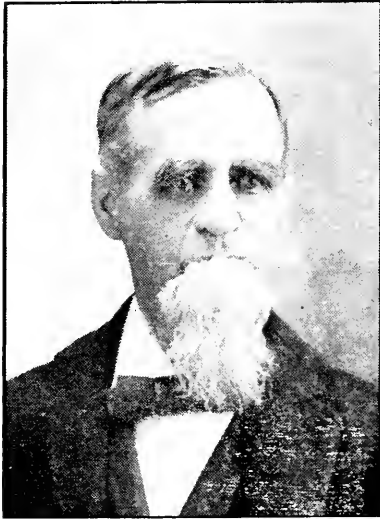
The second child of the Ward family was Helen, born in 1843, and died in infancy: 3, Annett, born January 24, 1845. She had a remarkable mind, and had she had the opportunities she would have made a mark in the world. She made the best of all her advantages and commenced teaching very young. In 1868 she came west to Lee's Summit, Missouri, and taught school. She was a very successful teacher. May 28, 1870, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Pearson, of Lee's Summit, Missouri, she married Wm. E. Thorp, born in 1833 in Illinois, son of Joel and



MRS. ANNETT W. THORP.

Harriet (Stillson) Thorp. natives of Connecticut, and moved to Illinois in an early day. They settled at Lee's Summit, Missouri, where Mr. Thorp was engaged in the grocery and dry goods business. She was a good musician and gave lessons on the organ to a large class. She was elected superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school and succeeded well. She was also organist of the same church for several years. Mr. Thorp sold his store and engaged in farming near Belton, Missouri, in the spring of 1873. and she taught school near Greenwood. The elements were against him, and in 1875 they moved to Joliet, Illinois, where he worked for his brother-in-law, H. B. Scutt, in the barb wire mill. Here their first child, Benjamin Ward, was born January 23, 1878. That spring they moved back to Lee's Summit, Missouri. and rented a farm, where they lived

for four years and succeeded very well. Then they bought a 120 acre farm near Ocheltree, Kansas, where their second



MR. W. E. THORP.

boy, Joel Rex, was born July 12, 1882. Mr. Thorp was very industrious and a good farmer. They succeeded very well. He was a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal church and stood high in the community.

On October 12, 1894, Annett died very suddenly with paralysis of the brain and nerves. It was a severe shock to the family and friends. Ben attended the district school and grew up on the farm, and on January 25, 1898, he enlisted

in Company F, Twentieth United States Regulars at Fort Leavenworth. When war was declared with Spain, he went with his regiment to Cuba. Returning to Fort Leavenworth in the fall of 1898 the regiment was ordered to Manila, where he now is. I think he is a very good soldier.

Joel Rex was a great comfort and solace to his father after the death of his mother. He was a very promising youth and has great mental capacity; and considering the advantages he has had he is far above the average. He came to Lawrence in 1896 and served an apprenticeship in the Fowler shops of the Kansas State University under his cousin, Prof. Ward, making splendid advancement. He is now getting \$30 a month as an assistant to Prof. Ward. He is very trustworthy and competent.

The fourth and fifth of the Ward family were Evaline and Emaline, born July 16, 1853. They were beautiful children. Emaline died in February, 1854. Evaline was a lovely girl with her golden ringlets and sweet disposition. She was a sunbeam in the home only a short time. She died December 17, 1866, following her mother, who died with consumption June 15, 1859. A noble Christian woman had performed her life work well and faithfully, and was prepared for that upper and better life with the redeemed.

In the winter of 1860 Franklin Ward married Betsy Miller, the widow of John Miller, of Fairhaven, Vermont. She had two children, Julia and Bert Miller. On August 2, 1862, was born their first and only child, Estella A. Ward. She grew up a beautiful and accomplished lady. She married Mervin R. Hack, a banker of Ticonderoga, New York. She died January 24, 1901. Franklin Ward died October 10, 1886, at the age of 69. He had been a very strong, vigorous man in his day, and had accumulated by hard and industrious work a competence. He was especially noted for his honesty and sterling character. He was buried in the Orwell cemetery beside Elizabeth.

John Bower Preston Churchill.

3. My only brother, John Bower Preston, was born February 4, 1824, in Pittsford, Vermont. He grew up to manhood, making the best of all the advantages he had. He was his father's mainstay. He was a member of the Baptist church and the leader of the church choir. He had a bright future before him but he was stricken with the typhoid fever and died December 25, 1844. This was a very heavy blow to his father who had watched him night and day, from the effects of which he took the same disease and died twenty-nine days later.

The Holmes Family.

4. Sylvia Churchill, born in Pittsford, Vermont, May 29, 1826. She was small, sprightly and very bright. She, with



MRS. SYLVIA C. HOLMES.

the others, had liberal advantages and made the very best of them. At the time of the death of father and Preston, she being the oldest at home, was the mainstay. Father called her to his bedside and requested her to take charge of the baby, and she has always seemed more like a mother to me than a sister. She taught school, and on October 25, 1874, at the home in Hubbardton, married Fayette Holmes, the

oldest son of Pliny and Vesty (Caldwell) Holmes, of Hubbardton, and grandson of Walter and Abigail (Bradford) Holmes. She was a direct descendent of Governor Bradford of the Plymouth colony. She lived at the father's home until about 1850, when he bought a part of my father's estate, moved in the old home and took charge of settling up the estate. He moved a house from the east farm in Pittsford (that had been built after the fire for a tenant house), down near the old home, and fixed it up for a home for mother and Roxy, my youngest sister. In 1858 he sold his farm in Hubbardton to his brother, B. F. Holmes, and bought a large farm in Sudbury, Vermont, where he built a large house and also made a comfortable home for my mother as long as she lived. Fayette had some aspirations in

politics, and represented the town of Hubbardton, and later the town of Sudbury in the state legislature.

They had four children that grew up to maturity and one that died in infancy. 1. Julia Sylvia, born July 10, 1849. She had good advantages for education and improved them well. She had a very sweet disposition and was a great favorite in society. About the year 1870 she came west and taught school several terms, making her home with me at Lee's Summit, Missouri. She was very successful as a teacher. She returned to her home



MR. FAYETTE HOLMES.

in Sudbury, Vermont, where, on August 11, 1874, she married Hiram Smith, who was a soldier in the civil war—private Company E, Eleventh Vermont Volunteers—and lost a leg and an arm at the battle of Harper's Ferry, Virginia. They settled at Cameron, Missouri, where they built a nice home. He was a lawyer and had a good practice. He was elected district judge, I think, two terms. He was also elected in 1888 department commander of Missouri, Grand Army of the Republic. He was appointed first assistant commissioner of pensions under Commissioner Tanner, Washington, D. C., serving eighteen months. He was a man of high standing in church and in the community, and accumulated a large property.

To this union were born two children: Sherman Edwin, b. December 18, 1876, and Fayette Lois, b. August 29, 1879. They had excellent advantages for education. Sherman graduated at the Cornell University in June, 1900, and now has a good position at Cleveland, Ohio. Faye has a splendid voice and has a great talent for music, which she is now

developing. She is a very sweet, gentle girl and has a bright future. She lives at Joliet, Illinois, and is the protege of her



MRS. JULIA S. SMITH.

Aunt Cora Holmes. Julia had poor health, and in spite of everything that could be done for her pulmonary consumption set in. She was taken to her mother's home in Denver, Colorado, with the hope that the change might help her, but to no avail. She died at Denver, Colorado, October 15, 1887, and was buried at her home in Cameron, Missouri. She had those rare qualities of mind and heart that distinguished her far above the average.

She was a devoted Christian, wife and mother, and a great help to her husband in his profession.

On October 7, 1888, Judge Smith married Miss Fanny F. Rice at her home in Vermont. To this union were born Shirley, March 5, 1890; Earnest R., July 3, 1891, and Phillip, June 9, 1893. Judge Smith was born in Vermont April 11, 1845, and died of heart disease June 28, 1899, and was buried at Cameron, Missouri, beside his first wife, Julia Holmes Smith.

Second, Willard Clay, born November 8, 1851, in Hubbardton, Vermont. He grew up and was his father's standby on the farm. He had good advantages for schooling. In 1874 he married Hattie M. Amidon of Whiting, Vermont,

daughter of a prominent family. In 1883 he moved to Russell, Kansas, and was engaged with his father in raising sheep. He has always been a great sheep man and is still in that business, living at Gibbon, Nebraska. His wife is a lady of superior mind and refinement, and has raised their family judiciously. They have five children: One, Louie Ruth, born September 19, 1875, in Sudbury, Vermont. She was very bright, pretty and a good scholar, and graduated at the high school at Gibbon, Nebraska; taught school, and on Sep-



MRS. CARRIE M. SMITH.

tember 30, 1896, married Ernest Peck. They have one child, Grace Manrene, born August 23, 1897. Two, Robert Willard, born June 10, 1877, in Sudbury, Vermont. He was smart and active, and a great help to his father. When he was about eight years old he would go on the prairie alone with his dog and herd a large flock of sheep. On June 15, 1898, at Idaho Falls, Idaho, he married Wirtley Paine. They have one child, Willard Lewis, born June 15, 1900. Grace and Willard are of the eleventh generation mentioned in this book. Three, Florence Sylvia, b. April 12, 1883, in Sudbury, Vermont; 4, Howard Royce, b. December 24, 1885, at Russell, Kansas; 5, Cora L., b. January 9, 1891, at Gibbon, Nebraska. They are smart children and are now receiving their education.

The third child in the Holmes family was Carrie Mary, born

October 16, 1853, at Hubbardton, Vermont. This dear girl was born to trouble, which she bore with great patience and



MISS CORA E. HOLMES.

Christian fortitude. She was very lovable, of sweet disposition and attractive.

When I think how much she suffered with her lungs and knee, (which was broken), I wonder that she lived as long as she did.

She came west with the family and the high altitude of western Kansas seemed to help her lung trouble for a time. She

was married at Russell, Kansas, on July 16, 1884, to Albert Smith, son of a

prominent Smith family in Russell. In 1885 they moved to Denver, Colorado, where he engaged in business and they were prosperous and happy for several years, but the lung trouble came back, and after a severe sickness that lasted six months, she died August 12, 1894, at Denver, Colorado, where she was buried.

Fourth, Cora Elizabeth, born November 14, 1860, at Sudbury, Vermont. She was a bright scholar and had good advantages. She came west with the family and lived some time with her sister Julia at Cameron, Missouri, where she taught a private school. It seems to me that her greatest mission in life was to take care of her sisters, mother and father through their frequent sickness for many years and their last sickness and death. What could be more ennobling and self-sacrificing than this? How well and lovingly

she administered to those dear ones in those trying times. Her reward can not be too great, and I believe it will surely come. Her natural adaptation and varied experiences in a sick room has fitted her for a trained nurse, which avocation she has followed for the past five years in Joliet, Illinois. She is a lady of culture and high attainments in literature.

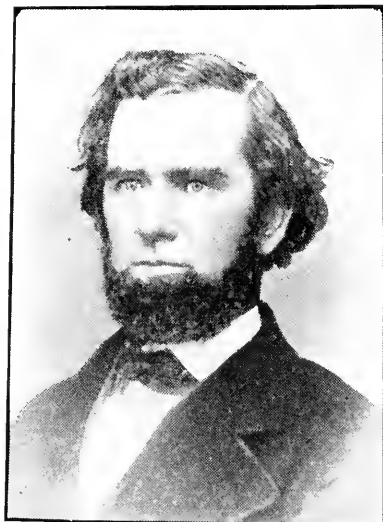
We now return to the father and mother in Sudbury, Vermont. He was prosperous in his farming and raising fine sheep for many years, but finally the crash came in sheep, and reverses followed, and he lost his farm; but he did not lose his courage. He sold his stock and in 1878 moved to Joliet, Illinois, and started again in the sheep business. In the spring of 1879 he moved to Russell, Kansas, and located on a large sheep ranch. There he prospered again and accumulated a large flock of fine sheep. In 1890 he sold out and moved his family to Denver, Colorado, where he spent the remaining days of his life. He was much broken down in health. His wife passed through very much sickness in Vermont and Colorado with wonderful Christian fortitude. Consumption preyed upon her from a young woman to her death. Her last severe sickness lasted three years. She died at Denver, Colorado, August 19, 1894, a faithful Christian and a loving, devoted wife and mother. Her husband died September 19, 1896, and was buried beside his wife and daughter Carrie, in the beautiful cemetery at Denver, Colorado.

The Charles E. Ward Family.

5. Louisa Churchill was born January 14, 1828, in Pittsford, Vermont. She was a strong, resolute girl, with high



MRS. LOUISA C. WARD.



MR. CHARLES E. WARD.

aspirations. She devoted herself to acquiring an education. At the age of sixteen she commenced teaching school and supported herself. On April 25, 1848, at her home in Hubbardton she married Charles E. Ward, of West Rutland, Vermont, born March 3, 1824, the son of Deacon Luke and Fanny Ward, an old and highly respected family. They first settled in West Rutland, Vermont, and engaged in farming. In April, 1852, they moved to DeKalb county, Illinois, and located on new land. In November, 1854, he sold his farm and bought a large planing mill and sash and door factory in Joliet, Illinois, where he did a large business for twenty-three years. In 1871 the mill was burned and rebuilt the

same year. He was a thorough, conscientious business man and succeeded well until the fire, which was a great loss to him. In 1863 he built a large, fine house on the hill in the west part of the city, where he owned five acres of land, much of it in small fruit. He was elected a member of the city council two terms. He united with the church at the age of fifteen, and was always a constant and active member of the church and Sunday school.



PROF. F. E. WARD.

To this union were born four children: One, Abbie Churchill, born February 14, 1855. She had good advantages for school and music. She was organist of the Sunday school for some time and gave music lessons on the organ. She also taught school several terms. On July 31, 1883, at her home in Joliet, she married Ferdinand William Schroeder, born February 14, 1855, and son of Frederick and Theresa Elizabeth Schroeder, natives of Germany. They died at Toledo, Ohio, the mother in 1873, the father in 1883. The son was educated as a druggist, but left that business on account of his health, and in 1875 engaged in the grocery business, which he still continues, doing a large business. He has also been largely interested in real estate, owning many houses in Joliet. They have had six children: One, Charles Ward, b. May 8, 1884; 2, Helen Theresa, b. June 6, 1886; 3, Pearl Ferdinand, b. May 10, 1888; 4, Raymond Churchill,

b. July 6, 1889; 5. Glen Wilson, b. October 11, 1891; 6. Lloyd, b. February 7, 1898, died May 6, 1900. They are



MRS. ALICE S. WARD.

very bright children and are being well raised and educated. This interesting family has a beautiful, modern home among the hills in the west part of the city of Joliet. They are members of the Presbyterian church and active in church and Sunday school work.

Second, Cora Louisa, born January 19, 1860. Her advantages for an education were good and she improved them well. She taught school several terms

and succeeded well as a teacher. She is a lady of culture and refinement. On September 6, 1882, at her home in Joliet, Illinois, she married Joseph Handwerk, of Joliet, born December 8, 1854. He is a hardware merchant and is doing an extensive business, both wholesale and retail. They have a lovely home on the west side of the city. Her health has been very poor for several years. She is a member of the Presbyterian church and has always been an active worker when her health would admit.

Third, Frank Emerson, born April 8, 1866. He attended the city schools until about the age of fifteen, when he commenced work in the machine shops at Joliet, Illinois, thoroughly mastering the trade and becoming foreman at the age of nineteen. He attended the Normal school at Valparaiso,

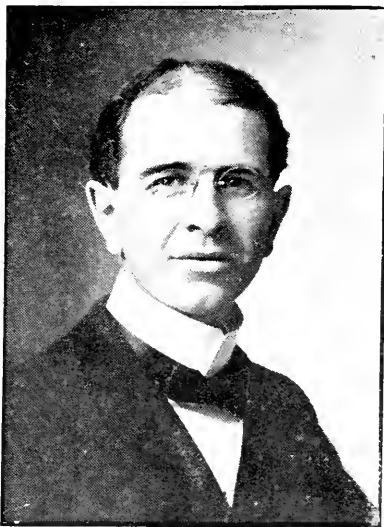
Indiana, for two years, and on April 17, 1899, at her home in Joliet, he married Alice Sandiford, born June 2, 1864, . 1



THE CHILDREN OF PROFESSOR AND MRS. WARD.

Manchester, England, the daughter of Mark and Dorothy (Isherwood) Sandiford, who came to Joliet, Illinois, about 1867, where they now live. On October 8, 1899, they moved to Lawrence, Kansas, where Mr. Ward accepted the position of superintendent of the machine shops at the Kansas State University. He bought a nice home at 1334 Kentucky street, which he has improved. To this union were born three children: 1, Charles Emerson, b. November 11, 1891; 2, Dorothy Sandiford, b. February 6, 1893; 3, Winifred Emily, b. April 7, 1898. They are exceptionally bright and are receiving the best of training. Mrs. Ward is a true, devoted wife and mother. She was educated in Joliet, Illinois, and is a lady of refinement and culture. Professor Ward has worked his way up until he now holds a very enviable place in the hearts and minds of all the faculty of the University. He is not only a master of his profession but his business qualities are

of great value to the state. He has been promoted from time to time until he is now superintendent of the Fowler shops



REV. R. R. WARD.

and professor of mechanical methods and practice. Professor and Mrs. Ward are members of the Congregational church and Sunday school. They are active and devoted Christians. The professor also has the title of deacon.

Fourth, Ralph Rollo, born June 12, 1870. He commenced his education in the city schools, going through all the grades. In January, 1887, he entered Park College at Parkville, Missouri, and graduated June 8, 1893, working his

way through with some help from his mother. In September, 1893, he entered the McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago, Illinois. During his vacations he preached in western Kansas, where he became acquainted with, and on December 24, 1895, at Syracuse, Kansas, married Alma Rodgers, born January 1, 1875, in Cass county, Missouri, daughter of S. H. and Margaretta (Sanderson) Rodgers, natives of Athens, Ohio. He graduated May 7, 1896. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Fort Wayne at Albion, Indiana, June 2, 1896. He was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Albion, Indiana, until June, 1898, when he received a call to McPherson, Kansas, and, wishing to come west, he accepted the call. Here the Lord greatly blessed his labors:

the church was greatly revived and built up spiritually. It soon became apparent that he was destined for larger fields. He received a call to Arkansas City, Kansas, and, although against the unanimous wish of his church, he felt that he could not afford to miss the opportunity of laboring in a larger field, and in February, 1900, he accepted the call and moved to Arkansas City, Kansas, where he now is; and is meeting with great success in the deepening of spiritual life in the church and bringing souls to Christ. The two moves that he has made since May, 1896, when he



MRS. ALMA R. WARD.

started as a regular pastor at Albion, Indiana, have been deserved promotions. His record is one that all his friends are proud of, and we bespeak for him in his future work great success, which consecrated work, superior ability and education is bound to achieve. His wife is a very estimable lady of refinement and education. She is a great help to him in his good work.

The father, on account of failing health and hard times, was not able to withstand the terrible loss occasioned by fire. He had many warm friends that stood by him to the last. He died September 4, 1877. The mother, heart-broken but not discouraged, continued the business for four months. In settling up the estate there was little left to her. She

gave up the beautiful home and bought a smaller, but very pleasant home, and turned her attention to the education of her boys, the oldest being only nine years. Her superior management, great faith and sacrifice has resulted in what has been related in reference to her boys: and now at her advanced age she rests in peace and plenty, looking back over a well-spent life in the service of her blessed Master and the betterment of mankind. For many years she was superintendent of the infant department in the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church of Joliet, Illinois. She now makes her home with her daughter Abbie, spending much of her time with the other children and making herself useful wherever she is.

The Knapp Family.

7. Alzina Maria Churchill, born January 20, 1830, in Pittsford, Vermont. At an early age she developed a very



THE KNAPP FAMILY.

superior mind and intellect, and it soon became apparent that she was a chosen vessel of the Lord and consecrated to his service. She was a teacher of very rare ability and success. While attending school at Castleton Seminary she met with a very severe accident from falling on the ice and fracturing her skull, and she had to rest from study for several months. This was a school of patience and endurance to her and helped to bring out those finer qualities so necessary to success in her after life. She was employed as governess

of the seminary at Castleton, Vermont, where she became acquainted with and married George Cushing Knapp, born October 30, 1823, at Lyndon, Vermont. He was the eighth generation from William Knapp, the emigrant, who came to this country in 1630, and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. He is supposed to have come from the county of Suffolk in England, where now resides a Rev. Mr. Knapp, vicar of Evesham. He lives in a charming old house (the vicarage) several hundred years old.

His grandfather James was born May 26, 1767, in Peter-sham, Massachusetts, and married Louis Stearns November 26, 1787. She was born August 4, 1766, died February 11, 1841. They had six sons and four daughters. They removed to Danville, Vermont, in 1807, and to Lyndon, Vermont, in 1817, where he died November 6, 1839.

His father, John, was born December 5, 1797, at Lyndon, Vermont, and married Sally Cushing January 1, 1823, who died December 28, the same year, leaving a baby, George Cushing, our subject. The second marriage was to Cynthia W. Hubbard on January 10, 1825. She was a most estimable woman and was a real mother to the little motherless babe. From this union were born Charles Mason, July 14, 1827, died December 15, 1862; Horace Carter, May 11, 1829, died May 27, 1899; Sally Paulina, January 24, 1833, married John C. Hunt; Elizabeth F., May 4, 1878, married Jesse B. Losey, died December 28, 1898; John, the father, died March 30, 1865; and now I introduce the reader to Mrs. Knapp, who has written a sketch of her life in Turkey, which appears in her own words:

MRS. KNAPP'S SKETCH.

We were married September 6, 1855, in the Congregational church in Castleton, Vermont, by Dr. Child. My husband, George C. Knapp, from Benson, Vermont, graduated from the Theological Seminary at Andover, Vermont. He prepared for college at Burr Seminary, Vermont, and took his

college course at Middlebury, Vermont. He was under appointment for the American Board of Foreign Missions at the time of our marriage, and was ordained the next day after at Rutland, Vermont.

We visited his friends and relatives in Lindon, Vermont, which was his native place, and they, also my friends in Castleton, generously helped us in our outfit. We started on our mission the early part of October. Rev. O. P. Allen and wife, Rev. Mr. Aiken and wife and Dr. Haskell accompanied us as far as Smyrna. We went in the *Georgiana*, a small sailing vessel. We encountered a great storm the second day out when the second-mate was washed overboard and drowned. We had another severe storm among the islands, and our captain become so drunk that the missionaries had to take the chart and compass and steer the vessel through the archipelago in the bay of Smyrna, where we arrived the last of November. We were welcomed and cared for by missionaries residing there. Oh how hungry we were! How good everything tasted, and it seemed as though we could not get enough of the black native bread to eat. How strange everything seemed. The dress of the people, their language, their manners—everything was so different that I was surprised to hear a dog bark or a rooster crow as I had been accustomed to at home. We spent three months in Smyrna, studying the language of the people for whom we were to labor. Our destination was Diarbekir, in eastern Turkey. As soon as spring opened, so that we could travel in the interior, we started for our future home. We went in a steamboat to Alexandretta, and from thence on horseback, arriving in Diarbekir the first of April. This is a large walled city of 70,000 inhabitants, situated on the Tigris river on a broad plain and very hot in summer. I began very soon to hold meetings with the women, but with my imperfect language my talks were very simple. I also employed a boy who could read well to go around to the houses with me and teach the women to read. In this way I learned the language so I could understand the people very soon. But, accustomed as we both were to Vermont climate, we could not endure the climate of Diarbekir; and by the time we had been there two years the fever and ague had reduced us much. In the spring of 1858, we, with our associates, Rev. and Mrs. Walker and Dr. and Mrs. Nutting, sailed down the Tigris on a raft made of skins filled with air to attend the annual meeting of the mission. While there we were advised to seek a higher elevation for the summer with a view of improving our health. We had heard of the city of Bitlis, up among the mountains, but no missionary had ever visited the place.

It was decided to spend the summer there. Accordingly, the 28th of May,

1858, found us wending our way through the irregular, narrow streets on horseback in the city of Bitles. What curiosities we were! They had never seen an European, and they wondered what we were. A crowd followed us, and we only escaped from violence by the word "Englase" (English) being whispered, as at that time the English were helping the Turks against the Russians. We had sent a man ahead to secure a house for us, and we were very glad to get into it and lock the doors to keep the crowd from pressing upon us. They stayed around on the flat roofs of the adjoining houses for two or three days trying to get a sight of us. Finally they left us free as we thought to get out in the open air a little. We started out on horseback toward the mountains but they followed us and wondered where we were going—perhaps to the mountains to find their gold—perhaps to sacrifice their children to our gods. And because Mr. Knapp performed the usual courtesies to me they said he must be a woman worshiper. They came out of curiosity to see us a great deal the first few months, especially the women, and they soon learned that we would not harm them, but often in their sickness we could do them good. I remember once a woman came to me, pale and emaciated, and wanted our medicine. I gave her a little peppermint. Such was her faith that she forgot her fear and recovered. Then she told all around what wonderful doctors we were, etc. So little by little we gained their confidence and an influence over them.

Bitles is a rough, straggling city, up hill and down, and although having 30,000 inhabitants they are scattered, and distances are great. For this reason I could not visit many at their houses regularly, so I employed a boy to go around and teach the women and girls to read. I do not think there was a female in the city when we went that knew anything about reading, and very few of the male sex. I could gather the girls and children living near into my room and teach them, and in that way many learned to read; and the missionary established schools for boys, but the ecclesiastics of the old Gregorian church did not like it, and they were persecuted. We were working for the Armenians and not the Turks who are Mohammedans. They broke up our schools and threatened our native teachers. They ostracized all who came to us, and the people were so ignorant and superstitious that it frightened them very much and they came to us secretly. Some of our best friends would come thus to us and advise us to go away before we suffered any more, for they said no one will ever embrace your religion. Mr. Knapp would answer, "Well, we will wait on the Lord."

I omitted to say in the right place that the climate of Bitles agreed with us so well and there was so much need of missionary work there that we

proposed to our mission to remove us there permanently, which they did. After two years the board sent out Rev. L. T. Burbank and wife as our associates in the missionary work. We had been in Bitles four and a half years when our first born, a boy three years old, died. Only one of our native friends dared to come near us to offer sympathy. This was a young man who came by night. He knelt and kissed the lifeless form and offered consolation that was very grateful to us. The next year, when our second child left us—a little girl—there was a goodly number of young men to stand around the grave and sing with us in the Armenian language, "There is a happy land not far away." Soon after this the missionaries were able to get a class of young men to teach, with a view of their becoming preachers and teachers. After they had studied a while they began to think that some time they must have wives, and where should they get them. How could they marry the ignorant girls of the city that did not even know how to read. They needed companions and helpmates. The mothers were very anxious that their girls marry. Indeed it was considered a sin and a shame if they did not, and the younger they married the better; but they were very much opposed to their learning to read. These young men who were studying, knowing all these things, talked among themselves and agreed to marry each other's sisters if they could persuade the mothers to allow them to come to school and be educated. We had beaten every bush in our efforts to get a boarding school started for the large girls without success, but the students' plan worked, as no other line of approach would have availed with the mothers, and the boarding school for girls was started.

Not long after this we had a precious revival—many were taught of the Spirit and learned what true Christianity was. It seemed to influence the whole city, and how we did rejoice and yet how it humbled us. We really felt now that the Lord was taking the work into His own hand and by His Spirit was teaching the people more in a short time than we had been able to teach them in all those years. From this time on the work progressed rapidly; but the extra labor connected with the revival almost broke down the missionaries and they were obliged to go home to recruit, which was in 1866. When we returned in 1868 the Misses Ely, sisters, accompanied us and took charge of the girls' boarding school, which left me free to care for the boys. The young men who had been educated had been in the villages round about and preached the Gospel, and a desire had been created for the village boys to be educated. Therefore, we started a boarding school for boys, and gathered the brightest boys to prepare to be preachers and teachers. I had the care of this until I came home in 1896.

In 1877 we sent home our oldest living son, George, for his education. He was nearly fourteen. His father accompanied him to the sea coast, 300



MRS. ALZINA C. KNAPP.
(In Armenian Costume.)

miles, and expected to take him to Constantinople and give him in charge of Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, who was coming with his family to America; but receiving a telegram saying war was declared between Turkey and Russia, therefore he must turn back immediately. He gave him in care of the captain of an Austrian steamer who could not speak a word of English, and turned his back upon him! It was a hard experience for the boy, but through the kindness of friends in Constantinople he finally arrived safely in Boston and was cared for at the Walker Home in Auburndale while he attended school. The second son, Herbert, came a year later with the Misses Ely, who were having their vacation. Mr. Burbank did not stay in the missionary work but ten years, and Mr Knapp was the only missionary much of the time, and when the Misses Ely came for their vacation we were all alone with our two little girls. By this time we had many friends among the natives. There was a large protestant community—a church of 200 members which supported its own native pastor, many schools in the city as well as in the villages about in our field; for in our whole field there were 300,000 people. I looked after the girls' school and also the boys' while they were away, and we had so much work upon our hands that the time did not drag.

In 1883, in company with Rev. H. S. Barnum and family, who were missionaries at Van, I came with my two little girls, twelve and eight years of age, to America. The Misses Ely were back then and they kindly offered

to look after Mr. Knapp, who stayed in the work. I put my little girls in school and stayed with them four years. When we arrived in Boston my sons, whom I had not seen for six years, came to meet us. They had grown from little boys to be men, and I did not know them. To convince me they began to talk to me in the Armenian language, which they had not forgotten. Mr. Knapp came after sixteen years' stay for his vacation, and we went back to Turkey for the third time in the spring, sailing April 7, 1887, from Boston. Rev. R. M. Cole and family came to Bitles, which relieved Mr. Knapp so he could come. We left all our children in the home land in school. Three years after our son George graduated from the Theological Seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, married and came out to Bitles as our associate in the missionary work. Six years after, in 1893, Grace, our older daughter, graduated from Mount Holyoke College and came out to help in the missionary work. Both George and Grace were able to work immediately with the Armenians, for the language they had learned in infancy came back to them so that they could speak with and understand the people. It was a great relief to Mr. Knapp to have his son to lean upon, for he was beginning to show feebleness. His work had been preaching and teaching. In 1893 he had to give up teaching, and he gradually failed until March 12, 1895, he passed away. The whole city seemed to mourn, and the demonstration of love and respect from all classes was something wonderful and ever to be remembered.

The summer after the Misses Ely came to America for their vacation and my daughter Grace had the sole charge of the school. When the school vacation occurred she was so tired that we thought a trip to Van—three days distant by horseback travel and our nearest missionary neighbor—would do her good since she could visit with other American teachers. The vacation was nearly over, and we were preparing to send for her to come home when the dreadful massacre occurred, when about 800 Armenians were killed, but not one Turk. It was the 25th of October, 1895. The horrors of those days cannot be described. Grace couldn't get back and I was glad to have her escape the dreadful scenes; but O how I longed for company that long winter following! My son George was the only male missionary at Bitles at the time of the massacre and they were threatening him. They, the Turks, jealous of him on account of his popularity with the Armenians, brought false accusations against him and finally forced him to leave Bitles, taking him as a prisoner to the seacoast with the intent to exile him from the country; but the war ship *Marblehead* being in the Mediterranean Sea at the time came to the rescue and he went from Alexandretta to Constantinople

and demanded a trial. The Turk answered, "You must wait," and although he waited several months they never were ready to prove their charges against him, and he came to America, where were his wife and children who had come with me in July, starting from Bitles the first of May, 1896. Grace came in from Van and met us at Erzroom expecting to come to America with us, but we found that they needed a teacher there, and Rev. W. N. Chambers and wife who were the missionaries there at that time invited her to make her home with them and take charge of the boarding school for girls, and she decided to do so, and we came away and left her.

Now after four years George is back in Harpoot, Turkey, with his family, working under the American Board, and Grace is in Bitles with the Misses Ely, and I am in Colorado Springs with Herbert and Edith and have just passed my 71st birthday

MRS. ALZINA C. KNAPP.

JANUARY 22, 1901.

1010 N. Wahsatch Ave., Colorado Springs, Colorado



MRS. ANNA J. KNAPP.

To Rev. and Mrs. Knapp were born six children, all in Bitles, Turkey: 1. Arthur Churchill, b. November 8, 1859, died October, 1862; 2. Mary Elizabeth, b. February 28, 1861, died October, 1863.

Third, George Perkins, born June 13, 1863, married Anna J. Hunt July 2, 1890, daughter of Addison A. Hunt. To this union were born Winifred Hunt, March 8, 1892; Addison Ely, November 2, 1894; Margaret Washburn, September 7, 1896. A complete history of this interesting family is given in the sketch of Mrs. Knapp.

Fourth, John Herbert, born October 24, 1865. At the age of thirteen he came to America to receive his education and



GEORGE AND ANNA'S CHILDREN.

attended school at Auburndale, Massachusetts, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He located at Colorado Springs, Colorado, May 1, 1889. He is a civil engineer and draftsman. In January, 1892, at her home in Colorado Springs he married Helen Hastings, born February 7, 1871, at Detroit, Michigan, daughter of A. E. and Sarah Rice (Hubbard) Hastings, natives, he of Utica, New York, she of Concord, Massachusetts. To this union were born Agnes Churchill, October 24, 1892; Charlotte Hastings, April 2, 1894, and Helen Louisa, December 22, 1895. The mother, Mrs. Helen H. Knapp, died August 6, 1896. She was a most estimable lady of culture and education, a true and devoted wife and mother. This was a trying time for Herbert, left with three small children. He had built a nice home and his future seemed to be very bright; but how little we know what is in store for us. "Man proposes, but God disposes." His sister, Edith,

was with him and assisted in the care of the little ones, and soon after his mother came to make her home with



MRS. HELEN H. KNAPP.

him. In August, 1898, at her home in Colorado Springs, he married Mary Specht, born February 7, 1871, daughter of Thomas and Maddilena (Schupp) Specht, natives of Wurtemberg, Germany. She is a lady of culture and refinement and a gracious mother to the little motherless children. To this union were born Arthur Specht, February 4, 1901. (Just in time to get in this book.) Mr. Knapp is at present one of the directors of The Echo Canon Tunnel and Gold Mining Company. He is a man of rare ability and a master of his profession. He is also deputy county surveyor.



HERBERT AND HELEN'S CHILDREN.

Fifth, Grace Higley Knapp, born November 21, 1870. A history of her life and work is given in Mrs. Knapp's sketch.

Sixth, Edith Alzina Knapp, born November 4, 1874. She is the little girl in the family group. She came to this country when quite young and lived for a time with Mrs. Scutt in Joliet, Illinois, and attended school. Later she attended school with her sister Grace near Boston, Massachusetts. After finishing there she came west to Colorado Springs, Colorado, making her home with her brother Herbert. She took a preparatory course for teach-



MRS. MARY S. KNAPP.

ing in the most approved way in the kindergarten, which she has made a specialty and has had great success as a teacher. She is a lady of rare ability, education and many personal attractions. She and her mother are now living together, happy and prosperous. Much might be said of Rev. and Mrs. Knapp who spent over forty years as missionaries at Bitles, Turkey, and have raised up a son and daughter to take their place in mission field.



MISS EDITH A. KNAPP.

The Pearson Family.

7. Sarah Lucinda Churchill, born January 14, 1832, in Pittsford, Vermont. She attended the district school and



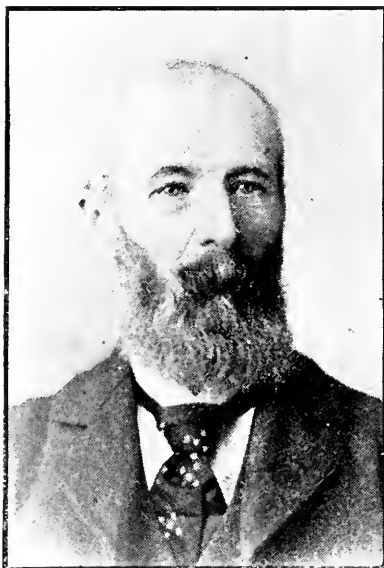
MRS. SARAH LUCINDA C. PEARSON.

later the Brandon, Seminary. She had to make her way in the world like the rest of us, and she was equal to the occasion. She had a good voice and attended singing schools. I can remember about her singing and how we used to enjoy it. September 1, 1854, she came to Joliet, Illinois, where she became acquainted with James Rodney Royce Pearson, whom she married November 21, 1855, at her sister's home in Joliet, Illinois.

He was born April 27, 1830, in Rutland, Vermont, where he was raised and attended school. He was the son of James K. and Bathsheba H. Pearson of Rutland, Vermont. His father was born April 8, 1799, and died March 6, 1853. His mother was born March 14, 1801, and died May 6, 1877. They were married November 8, 1826. They had five children: 1, Mary E., b. February 15, 1828; 2, J. R. R.; 3, Helen R., b. November 18, 1832; 4, Josephine A., b. February 15, 1836; 5, Edward F. H., b. April 26, 1842. Edward was a soldier in the Union army from 1861 to 1865 and received a severe wound in the leg which crippled him for life.

Royce, as he was always called, came west September 11,

1854; bought a home in Joliet, Illinois. He was foreman in C. E. Ward's planing mill, where he worked for twenty-three years, except the time he spent in Missouri. To this union were born five children: 1, Charley Royce, b. September 11, 1858, at Joliet, Illinois; 2, Fred William, b. May 20, 1866, at Joliet, Illinois; 3 and 4, Addie Elizabeth and Bert Churchill, b. November 2, 1867, at Lee's Summit, Missouri. Addie E. died May 6, 1868, and Bert C. died September 3, 1870. They were buried in the Greenwood cemetery at Greenwood, Missouri.



MR. J. R. R. PEARSON.

Fifth, Belle Minette, born April 13, 1870. She was a very bright, pretty child. She drank concentrated lie, which, after about eighteen months, caused her death August 18, 1873. She was buried at Joliet, Illinois.

In the spring of 1867 Mr. Pearson moved to Lee's Summit, Missouri, and located on an 80-acre farm, joining my farm on the east. He built a nice house and improved his farm. In 1870 his house was burned. He rebuilt the same year. On account of sickness in his family and hard times he sold his farm, and in 1872 moved back to Joliet, Illinois, where he bought a home. Later he built a nice, modern home on the hill in the west part of the city, where he now lives. His son Charley received his education at Lee's Summit, Missouri, and Joliet, Illinois. He is an engineer. On July 15, 1878, at the

home of the bride, he married Nellie Emily Porter, born in Joliet, Illinois, January 6, 1859, the adopted daughter of a



MR. CHARLES PEARSON AND FAMILY.

wealthy family in Joliet, Illinois. To this union were born Clara Louisa, April 15, 1879; George Edward, March 3, 1880; William Nutt, September 22, 1882; Royce Eugene, March 7, 1884. These children have had good advantages for schooling, and the boys have an eye for business. Their father enlisted in Company B, Fourth Infantry, Illinois National Guard, June 5, 1878; promoted to corporal February 12, 1880; promoted to sergeant January 12, 1881; commissioned second lieutenant August 10, 1883; commissioned first lieutenant July 11, 1884; resigned July 11, 1887. This is a very interesting family. They have a very pleasant home and seem to be prosperous.

The second son, Fred, was educated in Joliet, Illinois, at

an early age. He started in to learn the printers' trade, and he thoroughly mastered the business, becoming the foreman.



CAPTAIN F. W. PEARSON.

in a large establishment in Joliet, Illinois. He enlisted in Company B, Fourth Infantry, Illinois National Guard, July 2, 1887. He passed through the grades of promotion and was commissioned captain. He brought his company up to a high standard in drill and discipline, and when war was declared with Spain he was among the first to offer his company for volunteer service. On April 26, 1898, he took his company to Springfield, Illinois. On May 7, 1898, they enlisted as Company B, Third Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and he was elected and commissioned captain. They started for the front, and on July 27, 1898, they landed on the Island of Porto Rico, and Captain Pearson was the

first man to step foot on the Porto Rican soil. He looked well after the health of his men, insisting on cleanliness in



MRS. JENNIE J. PEARSON AND HER TWO BOYS.

camp; and as a result his company all returned in health which was very extraordinary. The regiment returned to Illinois November 11, 1898, and was mustered out January 24, 1899, and he returned to his old place in the printing office. He received many very flattering notices through the press of his gallantry as an officer. On January 25, 1884, at the home of the bride, in Joliet, Illinois, he married

Jennie Johnson, a very estimable lady. She was born August 18, 1866, and received her education in Joliet, Illinois. To this union were born: Charley Harold, August 21, 1887, and Fred Richard, March 26, 1889. They are boys in all the word implies, smart and active. They are receiving their education in the city schools and good training at home. This is a prosperous, happy, interesting family. They now live with Father and Mother Pearson, but expect soon to build a home of their own.

Grandpa and Grandma Pearson are getting well along in years. They are members of the Presbyterian church and have always lived a consistent Christian life. He has always been like an own brother to me, and I shall never forget the very kind and tender care I received at his home when I was a sick soldier on furlough. They can now look back over a well-spent life, full of good deeds and many sacrifices for the amelioration of mankind.

9. Roxyan Churchill, born in Hubbardton, Vermont, March 27, 1841. She seemed to be the odd one of the



MRS. ROXYAN KINNEY.

family, having light, flaxen hair, all the rest had dark-brown or black hair. She was not quite four years old when father died. She attended the district school and lived with mother. Later she attended the Brandon Seminary and taught school. On November 16, 1859, at the home of her sister, Sylvia, she married Morton J. Kinney, of Hydeville, Vermont, where they went to keeping house. Soon after she was married she was taken sick. Her sickness lasted for several years, and on June 16, 1866, she died. She was a great sufferer; yet, through all her suffering, she was cheerful and hopeful. She had a beautiful voice; and I remember of visiting her when she was compelled to lie on her back all the time, yet she seemed to delight in singing and I never heard a voice more sweet. She is singing with the angels now and I hope to recognize that voice "some sweet day, by and by." Her husband was an estimable man.

The S. J. Churchill Family.

10. Samuel Joseph was born in Hubbardton, Vermont, November 1, 1842. At the age of two his father and only brother died. At the age of four he commenced going to school, not especially to learn but to be gotten out of the way. At the age of seven Fayette Holmes was appointed his guardian and he was bound out. After he was eight he was not permitted to go to school in the summer time, but kept at home to work, thus having only three months' schooling a year. At the age of fourteen he left the old home and started out for himself: and he never got any more floggings. He saved his money and soon was able to attend school six months in a year. He lived with Deacon Luke Ward, of West Rutland, Vermont, one year and got \$6.00 a month when out of school, and worked for his board while going to school. At the end of the year he had \$28.00 saved. During this year he united with the Congregational church. He attended singing school once a week all the year, and having a good voice he was taken into the church choir. He then attended school at the academy in Sudbury, Vermont. In the spring of 1861 he went to DeKalb county, Illinois, and worked for C. W. Broughton. He had engaged to teach a school in the fall, but instead, at the first call for 300,000 men, he enlisted August 6, 1861, as a private in Battery G, Second Illinois Light Artillery and was mustered into the United States service at Camp Butler. Not being able to get equipments the battery was detained in this camp for about five months, drilling every day and became very proficient. In December he was taken down with the measles, which was very prevalent in camp. He tried to get out of the hospital



S. J. CHURCHILL.
At 45.

too soon and took a relapse and barely escaped with his life. About February 1, 1862, we received our battery of six guns and were sent to Kentucky, opposite Cairo, Illinois. We had no horses, so could not move our guns. Most of the battery was placed on gun-boats, went up the river and participated in the battle of Fort Donaldson, February 16, 1862. Soon after this we received our full equipment of horses and were ordered to Columbus, Kentucky. We were the first troops to enter this rebel stronghold. From thence we were ordered to Hickman, Kentucky. On March 31, 1862, we were ordered out by night to Union City, Tennessee, and surprised a rebel camp early in the morning, completely routing them, capturing the garrison and many prisoners and eating the breakfast the rebels had cooked. The rebel officer in command escaped on a mule bareback in his night clothes. We returned to Hickman, Kentucky, and soon received order to march to Trenton, Tennessee, where we camped for some time. In the fall we joined General Grant's expedition at Lagrange, Tennessee, and marched south with the intention of capturing Vicksburg, Mississippi. Our battery was attached to General Logan's Second Division and General McPherson's Seventeenth Army Corps. We proceeded south on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad to Oxford, Mississippi. From here our battery was ordered on an expedition with the cavalry to Coffeerville, Mississippi, where, on December 5, 1862, we encountered a large rebel force which was many times greater than ours. The battle was fierce and lasted for several hours. Our loss was ten killed and fifty-four wounded. We managed to retreat, saving our supply train, back to Oxford, Mississippi.

The base of supplies for the Union army was at Holly Springs, Mississippi, and on December 20, 1862, the rebels raided the town, capturing 1,000 of our troops and burning all

our supplies. We were camped then on the Tallahatchie river, where we were obliged to subsist three weeks on corn that was foraged in the country. I will never forget the joy we felt when we heard the whistle of the first train that brought us rations. We then marched to Memphis, Tennessee, and in the spring of 1863 we were ordered down the Mississippi river on transports to Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, where General Grant massed a large army for the attack on Vicksburg, Mississippi. From thence we marched to Hardtimes Landing, Louisiana, below Grand Gulf, Louisiana, where we took a transport to cross the Mississippi river and get in the rear of Vicksburg, Mississippi. In crossing the river another boat collided with us which caused our boat to sink. We had a very narrow escape from being drowned. We lost all our guns, nearly all of our horses, (except what broke away and swam out); but all our battery was saved except two men, who were in the stern of the boat with the horses and could not get out. This was before daylight of May 1, 1863. We had to retrace our march back to Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, where we embarked for Memphis, Tennessee, to get a new equipment of guns and horses; also clothing, for we had lost everything we had, except what was on our backs. We soon got our equipment and started again for Vicksburg, Mississippi, this time by way of the Yazoo river. Our battery was stationed in front of Fort Hill, which was undermined and blown up. We were in the siege and under fire about six weeks before the surrender. I saw Rebel General Pemberton when he came out with a flag of truce to negotiate terms of surrender with General Grant. They stood just in front of our battery for some time, and the rebel soldiers—whom we had not seen for weeks—came upon the breast-works to look over. We did the same thing. It was a beautiful sight—down the line of fortifications as far as we could see were the

soldiers in blue on one side and the rebels in gray on the opposite side all standing in bold relief, where but a few moments before not one on either side dared to show his head. Our battery was among the first to march into Vicksburg, Mississippi, the morning of July 4, 1863. It was a glorious Fourth to us. Our battery was stationed here for some time, and many of the boys got sick. I among the rest was taken down with the malarial fever, and had I not got a furlough just when I did I would have been buried with the innumerable in southern soil. I was placed on the United States hospital boat, and that was the last I knew until I reached Cairo, Illinois, five days later. I was taken from the boat and placed on the cars, and by the time I reached Joliet, Illinois, I was barely able to walk.

I shall never forget the hearty welcome and the good nursing I received from my sisters and brother-in-law in Joliet, Illinois. As soon as I was able I returned to my battery, but the chills and fever did not leave me; and I have suffered at times all my life from the effects of that sickness. Soon after my return to the army we were ordered to Memphis, Tennessee, to join General A. J. Smith's command, the Sixteenth Army Corps. On October 14, 1863, we took part in the battle of Brownsville, Mississippi. Some of my battery were killed; I don't remember how many, but I do remember John Weir. The top of his head was shot off by a cannon ball and his brains spattered in my face. Soon after this we were ordered to Union City, Tennessee, where we camped during the winter, which was very cold. Some of the soldiers froze to death in their tents.

On January 1, 1864, nearly all of my battery re-enlisted as veteran volunteers, and I among the rest. This entitled us to a veteran furlough. I received my furlough in April, 1864, and I went home to Sudbury, Vermont, where, on May 4,

1864, I was married to Adelia Augusty Holmes, to whom I was engaged in 1860, returning to my battery which was then at Memphis, Tennessee. I was promoted to corporal and had command of a gun detachment of eight men and the right gun of our battery. On July 14, 1864, was the battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, our battery taking a very conspicuous part. My comrades charged the killing of Rebel General Falkner and his fine gray stallion, (as he was leading the rebel charge on our line), to the explosion of a shell shot from my gun. I do not care to know that I killed any one, even a fine horse; but I did my best at sighting the gun upon that occasion. This was a very bloody battle in which about 700 rebels were killed and wounded. The Union loss was eighty-five killed and 453 wounded. Our victory was complete. We also participated in the battles of Harrisburg, Mississippi, July 13, and Old Town Creek July 15, and Hurricane Creek August 14 16 and 22, 1864.

Soon after we were ordered to Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, Missouri, and, during Rebel General Price's invasion of Missouri, from September 24, to October 28, 1864, we were on the march all the time—across the state of Missouri—camping one night in Kansas, thence back to St. Louis, marching about 700 miles without stopping to rest. Here, after two days' rest, the Sixteenth Army Corps, under General A. J. Smith, embarked for Nashville, Tennessee, to join General Thomas; and a part of the corps arrived in time for the Franklin battle, November 30, 1864. During the siege of Nashville, Tennessee, by Rebel General Hood, we were in line of battle two weeks, firing more or less every day. We could hear the rebel band play, "Whose been here since Use been gone." To answer them our band would play, "Yankee Doodle." On December 15, 1864, the Union line advanced and attacked the rebel army in their fortifications. We had

to march for some distance under a galling fire from the enemy before we could get our battery in position. Number one, of my gun detachment, seemed very anxious to get into the fight. He would hug the cannon with both arms and say, "We'll give it to 'em, won't we, old Bett?" Old Bett was his pet name for the gun. Our battery was ordered in position on high ground in plain view of two rebel batteries, one to our right and the other directly in front, about 240 yards distant, which were doing their best to dislodge the Union forces, and several men and horses were killed before we could get our battery in position. My gun, a 12-pound Napoleon, was located about eight feet to the right of a large brick house. At the command "load!" number one of the cannoneers (referred to above) took the sponge staff, sponged the gun, and while waiting for number five to come up with the ammunition, a volley from the rebel batteries caused him to become terror stricken. He dropped his sponge staff and ran behind the brick house. His terror spread to the other cannoneers, who also fled, and neither command or entreaty could move them to return to their gun. It was there that I won my medal of honor. In the face of a terrible rain of shot and shell from the enemy I loaded and fired my gun eleven times alone before assistance came. The rebel batteries were silenced and driven back and the Union forces took an advanced position. The result of the battle is well known in history. Over thirty-two years after I received the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, January 20, 1897.

Mr. Samuel J. Churchill, Late Corporal Battery G, Second Illinois Light Artillery:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, by direction of the President and in accordance with the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished themselves in

action, the Assistant Secretary of War has awarded you a medal of honor for most distinguished gallantry in action at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, December 15, 1864.

In making the award the Assistant Secretary used the following language:

"This non-commissioned officer, commanding one gun detachment, and when the enemy's batteries opened upon his gun compelling the men of his detachment for a short time to seek shelter, stood manfully at his post and for some minutes worked his gun alone."

The medal has been forwarded to you to-day by registered mail. Upon the receipt of it please advise this office thereof.

Very respectfully,

F. T. AINSWORTH,

Colonel U. S. Army.

Chief Record and Pension Office.

The part within the quotation marks is taken from the Official War Records, Volume XLV, Series 1, Part 1, page 492.

I did not know until then that a "special mention" had been made of me in the official war records. My reply to the letter was as follows:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, January 25, 1897.

Chief of the Record of Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR COLONEL. Yours of January 20 was received the 22d, and the medal was received the 23d. I am very happy to be accounted worthy to receive such an honor, and I assure you that I appreciated it very highly and thank you most sincerely. I just want to say to you that there was a private soldier in my battery that deserves a medal of honor as much or more than I did. It was at the battle of Nashville, December 15, 1864; he was the wheel driver of the caisson and his position at the time was comparatively out of danger. He saw my situation as I was manning the gun alone, and asked permission of the lieutenant to come and help me, which was given and he came boldly up where the missiles of death were flying thick and fast and said to me, "Let me help you; the lieutenant says I can." I never was so glad to see a man as I was to see him. He took the

sponge staff and went to work like an old warrior, and he was ever after that my number one of the gun detachment, and the number one that left me had to take his place as driver. That was true gallantry. His name was J. A. Thorp, private, Battery G, Second Illinois Light Artillery. I have not heard from him since the war, and know not if he is dead or alive. I shall always hold him in grateful remembrance as a true and brave patriot.

Thanking you again for your kind remembrance, I am very truly,

SAMUEL J. CHURCHILL

This letter was published and copied by many papers all over the country, and finally I received the following letter from the man himself:

MONTROSE, KANSAS, February 6

Samuel J. Churchill,

FRIEND AND COMRADE: In reply to your letter of inquiry, which has been published, will say that J. A. Thorp is still in the land of the living and well. I came to Kansas in the spring of 1883, and settled here in Jewell county. My occupation is farming. For a good many years I have been trying to locate some of the Battery G boys, but never have succeeded in hearing from any of them until I saw your letter, and it came to me in such a way that it does me lots of good—it revives old memories. I congratulate you for the medal of honor that has been awarded you for your heroism at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, December 15, 1864. It was the men that stood by their guns in the heat of battle that won the victory, not the skulkers. And when number one dropped the sponge staff and skulked to the rear and you were left alone, I could hardly wait for my relief to come, and when I took that sponge staff there wasn't a man on earth that felt any better than I did. If you remember I pulled my jacket off and rolled up my sleeves as if I was going to chop wood. I really thought for a while that we were going to get the worst of it, but the victory was ours, and the old battle stained flag—Stars and Stripes—looked brighter than ever before.

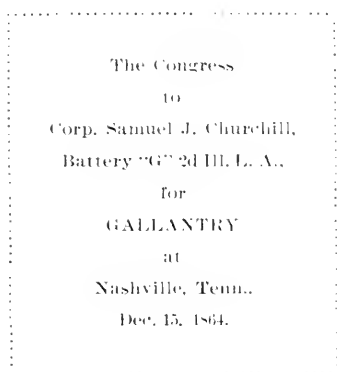
I must say that words are inadequate to express my gratitude for the part that you have taken in my behalf, and if I should succeed in obtaining a medal it will be through your kindness. Give me the address of as many of the battery boys as you know, as I would like to hear from every one of them. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain as ever,

Your friend,

JAMES A. THORP,

Formerly of Battery G, Second Illinois Light Artillery

I have seen this comrade several times since and have done my best to get him a medal, but have failed for the reason that no "special mention" was made in the official war records of what he did. I am very proud of my medal, and shall hand it down to my posterity whom I trust will prize it enough to take good care of it. The time will come in the future generations when this medal will be looked upon as a great relic of a soldier of the war of the rebellion. The medal is engraved as follows:



To return to my war record: On December 16, 1864, we fought from early morn until 4 p. m., when we succeeded in putting the rebel army to flight, capturing many cannon and small arms. The Union loss was 400 killed and 1,740 wounded: the rebel loss was 4,462 killed and missing. We followed up Rebel General Hood's retreat as far as Eastport, Tennessee, where we were obliged to stop on account of our rations giving out; and for two weeks we subsisted on dry corn. Soon after this the Sixteenth Army Corps was ordered down the river to New Orleans, Louisiana, and took ship for Mobile Bay, Alabama, where was one of the last strongholds of

the rebellion. From March 25th to April 12, 1865, we were fighting continuously in the siege of the Spanish forts, Forts Blakeley and Mobile, Alabama. Our victory was complete. I had become quite an expert as a marksman and in these battles I succeeded in dismounting several rebel cannon. I was promoted to quartermaster sergeant of my battery, but when there was a fight on hand a man was detailed to take my place in issuing the rations, and the captain requested me to take my old place as gunner, which I was glad to do. We marched from Mobile to Montgomery, Alabama. While on this march the news came, through rebel sources, of the surrender of Rebel General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865, of 26,000 prisoners. This gave us great joy, and we realized that the war was over. The next day came the news from the same source that President Lincoln had been assassinated. We could hardly believe this at first, but it cast a deep gloom over the whole army. Stalwart men cried like children.

From Montgomery, Alabama, we received orders to proceed to Springfield, Illinois, and be mustered out of service, and on September 5, 1865, I was honorably discharged, having served forty-nine months and participated in nineteen battles. I was never wounded but had very many narrow escapes. I proceeded to Sudbury, Vermont, to join my wife, who had been watching, waiting and praying for me through these long weary years of war. How many, many times I had been cheered and encouraged by her loving and prayerful letters that came so constantly. Her spirit seemed like a guardian angel round about me continually, for I knew that she was praying for me without ceasing; but it was all over now and our cup of joy was overflowing.

My wife was born February 5, 1844, in Hubbardton, Vermont. She was the youngest daughter of Pliny and Vesty

(Caldwell) Holmes, and the granddaughter of Walter and Abigail (Bradford) Holmes, a direct descendent of Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony.

There were five children in the Holmes family: 1, Fayette, who married my sister, Sylvia; 2, Benjamin Franklin, born in 1826, married Katherine Rice, and had four daughters: 1, Eva A.; 2, Lillie; 3, Belle; 4, Gertrude. They are all living. The mother died in Lawrence, Kansas, in 1880; the father died in Wichita, Kansas, in 1889. He was buried in Lawrence Oak Hill cemetery, by the side of his wife.

Third, Charles, born 1829, died in New York City about 1876. Fourth, Aurilla, born 1837, married Henry Graves; had one son, Charles. She now lives with her son in Poultney, Vermont. Fifth was my wife.

Father and Mother Holmes died near together in Sudbury, Vermont, about 1875. They were buried in the old graveyard in Hubbardton, Vermont, where there are six generations of Churchills buried, including my father, mother and brother.

Soon after I returned from the army I bought some fine Merino sheep, and together with my brother-in-law, B. F. Holmes, shipped a car load to Wisconsin, where I sold them, and in February, 1866, I moved to Lee's Summit, Missouri. I marched over this country during the war and thought it



ADELIA A. CHURCHILL.

was the best land for farming I had ever seen, and I have never changed my mind, except the Kaw bottom land in Kansas. B. F. Holmes, Royce Pearson and myself bought eighty acres each, joining. I built a small house on my eighty and improved it for a home. My wife came in April. Holmes came later and built a house. His family came in the fall of 1866. The country filled up very rapidly by eastern people, and we soon had a good neighborhood. We lived on this farm three years, then sold and bought 160 acres four miles south of Lee's Summit, Missouri, all prairie. I built a much larger house here and improved my farm, and fortune seemed to smile on our home for a season: but hard times set in, failure in crops, drouth and grasshoppers - all combined to make life burdensome. But notwithstanding all this we were very happy and did the best we could. Our home was blessed with five children: 1, Adelia May, b. June 1, 1867; 2, Frank Holmes, b. September 28, 1868; 3, Estella Maud, b. February 26, 1870, died August 9, 1870; 4, Winifred Grace, b. July 23, 1873; 5, Lena Blanch, b. October 12, 1874.

In the summer of 1872 my wife made a visit to the old home in Vermont, taking with her May and Frank. She was a perfect picture of health at that time. In the summer of 1876 she was taken sick with consumption of the blood and gradually wasted away. The doctors gave her up. I called Dr. O'Conner, of Pleasant Hill, who had been recommended very highly. He thought he could cure her if he could have her where he could see her every day, but he lived twelve miles away. I moved her to Pleasant Hill and we had some hope for a while, but alas! nothing could help her. She crossed over the river March 31, 1877, at Pleasant Hill, Missouri. Her last words were: "My Father is looking me straight in my face and saying, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joys of heaven.'" Her

mind was clear to the end. She closed her eyes in sleep. Thus ended a perfect life on earth, to begin the life eternal, where death never comes. The funeral was held at the Congregational church in Greenwood, Missouri, Rev. S. G. Griffith preached the sermon and we buried her beside little Stella in the Greenwood cemetery. Her life has been a benediction to me all these years. I feel that I have more loved ones in heaven than I have on earth. The responsibilities of life never seemed so great to me as at that time, with four little, motherless children to care for: but I did not shrink or lose my courage. My farm was heavily mortgaged and I concluded to let it go for the debt. I had met with heavy losses by signing notes to help my friends. I had a good deal of stock and grain which I sold, and after paying every dollar that I was held for and all my own debts, I had about \$3,000 left as the result of thirteen years of hard work in Missouri.

I found that it was impossible to keep my children together, and, as Adelia had requested that her sister Rilla should take Lena, and my niece, Mrs. Addie Scutt, wanted to take Winnie. I concluded to break up housekeeping. I sent May to Joliet, Illinois, to live with my sister, Louisa Ward. Frank went to Cameron, Missouri, to live with my niece, Mrs. Julia Smith, and I took Winnie and Lena with me, leaving Winnie in Joliet, Illinois, and taking Lena to Salisbury, Vermont, to live with her Aunt Rilla Graves.

It was very hard to be separated from my children, but I was looking to their interest—not mine. I took the general agency for Kansas and Missouri to sell the Scutt barb wire, manufactured by H. B. Scutt & Co., of Joliet, Illinois, and started out to travel. I succeeded so well at this, that after traveling two years I was able to commence a business of my own as wholesale and retail dealer in barb wire. I located in Lawrence, Kansas, and my trade ran up to \$200,000 a year.

On August 4, 1879, at the home of Mrs. F. P. Nichols, (sister of the bride), in Council Grove, Kansas, I married



MRS. LOUANA G. CHURCHILL.

Louana Grant, born February 26, 1844, at Coopers-town, New York. She received her education in Starkey Seminary, New York, and Albion College, Michigan. She was the youngest daughter of three children. Her brother, Solon E. Grant, was a captain in a Michigan regiment during the civil war. He died at Independence, Kansas, August 27, 1879. Among her relatives were several who attained national fame during the civil war. Her father, Rev.

Jacob Grant, was born in Columbia, New York, graduated from Hamilton College and entered the Baptist ministry, in which he continued until he died, in January, 1854, at the age of 54. He was the son of a Revolutionary hero who received a medal for bravery in that conflict. Her mother, Louana, was a daughter of Major Clough and was born in Madison, New York. She died when her daughter and namesake was only three weeks old.

I rented a home in Lawrence and sent for my children—May and Frank came at that time. Winifred came the next Christmas and Lena in 1882. My object in settling in Lawrence was to give my children the best advantages for an education. They all graduated at the Lawrence High School.

Winifred and Frank made a record of not being tardy or absent for five years. Frank had an eye to business and took a course at the Lawrence Business College. All the girls attended the State University.

May graduated in the class of 1888, and received the degrees of A. B. and B. D. Her grades were excellent. She taught school in Ottawa, Kansas, two years and had good success as a teacher. On November 7, 1890, she married Alva Leslie Sloan at the home of his sister, Mrs. Patterson, in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Sloan, Alva's



MRS. MAY C. SLOAN.

mother, accompanied May from Kansas to Portland, and was present at the wedding. Alva L. Sloan was born April 11, 1865, at Ashland, Ohio. He attended school at Fairfield, Iowa, and the High School at Newton, Kansas, and six years at the Kansas State University, graduating in the class of 1889, receiving the degree of B. C. E. He accepted a position under A. S. Riffle in building a railroad in Oregon, and later with the Bear Valley Irrigating Company in southern California, and lived at Redlands, California. This company failed and he lost several hundred dollars in salary. He was then employed in the engineering department of the Santa Fe System, and now lives at Los Angeles, California. He has been promoted from time to time and now holds the position of masonry

inspector and assistant engineer on the Southern California Railway—a part of the Santa Fe System. He is the son of



MR. A. L. SLOAN.

Samuel and Elizabeth (Sheridan) Sloan, natives, he of Westmorland county, Pennsylvania, she of Ashland, Ohio. They removed to Fairfield, Iowa, in 1865, and to Kansas, near Hutchinson, in 1878. They now live in Hutchinson, Kansas. Alva has a sister, Adella, and a brother, Jay. He is the grandson of James and Sarah (Smith) Sloan. They had two sons and one daughter. The Sloan family are an honorable, highly respected class of farmers, owning their

own farms. They are a long-lived, hardy stock—four generations now living—all Republicans and Methodists. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan enjoy the confidence and respect of a large circle of friends. She united with the Methodist Episcopal church in Lawrence, Kansas, when a young girl; was organist of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school for many years, and sang in the church choir. She has always been active and very efficient in church and Sunday school work. He is also a great worker; has been Sunday school superintendent, member of the official board and chorister, and is regarded as one of the substantial men of the church.

To this union were born: Winitred Newlin, December 25, 1891, and Della Marion, December 7, 1893. They are

very bright, smart, little girls, and well advanced in school. They have beautiful voices and are natural singers.

My son, Frank, on whom I had built so many fond hopes, at the age of 21, was stricken with consumption. We did everything that could be done for him—sent him to Denver, Colorado, in hopes that the change might be of benefit to him, but all that could be done was of no avail. He died at his home in Lawrence, Kansas, January 18, 1891, and was buried in Oak Hill cemetery. The funeral was very



WINIFRED AND DELLA SLOAS.

large, and the many beautiful floral offerings gave evidence of the very high esteem and respect of his friends. He was a member of the mandolin club and showed rare ability in music, which he loved. He was a member of the drum corps of the Lawrence Republican Club, and with the club attended the inauguration of President Harrison. It was on this occasion in Washington that he contracted a severe cold from which he never recovered. My last hope of perpetuating the Churchill name was gone. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and gave marked evidence of his faith in Christ, his Savior. He has gone to join his sainted mother in the home of the redeemed.

Winifred graduated in the class of 1884 and received the degree of A. B. Her school work was accomplished very easily and her grade marks were always very high. She was

a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity and was a great favorite in society. She taught school in the city of



FRANK H. CHURCHILL.

Lawrence, Kansas, for one year, and was elected for the next year.

At her home, on November 5, 1896, she married James Owen, born in Marshalltown, Iowa, June 7, 1872, the only son of Doctor W. R. and Martha (Andrews) Owen, natives, he of Indiana, she of Ohio. They have one daughter, Mrs. Anna Ricker, of New York City. James was the grandson of Rev. James and Martha (Bay-

les) Owen of Indiana. He was a very noted Quaker preacher. James received his early education at Pueblo, Colorado, where his parents then lived. The doctor had a very extensive practice and was largely interested in real estate, owning much property. On account of his health he moved to San Antonio, Texas, where he has a very large practice. James entered the Kansas State University and graduated in the Art Class of 1893, and Law Class of 1895, receiving the degrees of A. B. and LL. B. He is a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, and was very popular in society and a leader in his class at the University. He immediately started in law practice at Pueblo, Colorado, and later at Cripple Creek, Colorado, where he has built up an extended practice, and is meeting with great success. He owns a very pleasant

home in Cripple Creek, and has the best law office with the largest library in the city.

Winifred united with the Methodist Episcopal church when a small girl. She was assistant superintendent and organist in the infant department of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school and was a great favorite with the children. She took lessons on the piano and acquired a fair musical education. She has a fine piano in her beautiful home which has been blessed by the advent of little Margaret, born July 25, 1899. "What is home without a baby?"



MRS. WINIFRED C. OWEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen have a bright future before them.

Lena entered the School of Arts of the State University and succeeded well for over three and a half years, standing high in her class and only lacking three months' work of graduating in the class of 1895, when her health failed. Her great ambition was to prepare herself for foreign missionary work. She was a very proficient worker in the Epworth League, and for some time was the leader of the Junior League. She had a beautiful alto voice and sang in the Methodist Episcopal choir for some time. It was very hard for her to give up her church work and plans for future work. I shall never forget how sweet and patient she was through all her sickness, and how determined she was to get well, not

giving up until the very last, when she became resigned and was ready to go and meet her Savior. She spent nine months



MR. JAMES OWEN.

in California with her sister May, where she had the best of care and medical attendance, without improvement. After returning from California she thought that a trip east might help her, and she spent about eight months with her Aunt Rilla in Poultney, Vermont, where, notwithstanding the tender care she received, she grew worse. Her case seemed to baffle the skill of all the best physicians, and not until six

weeks before her death were they able to give a correct diagnosis of her disease, which was tuberculosis of the bowels. She wasted away and died July 8, 1898. During her three years' sickness she seemed to be ripening for heaven, and when the summons came there seemed to be a halo of light and glory that filled the room; and methinks I heard the angels sing as they bore her away. Who could call her back to this world of suffering? She had suffered a thousand deaths, but now she is at rest in peace. We laid her body beside her brother in beautiful Oak Hill. Many were the sweet and beautiful tokens of love and respect brought by loving hands and sympathizing hearts to the last sad rites performed at the home. The choir sang: "We shall meet beyond the river." How sweet and realistic is that hope. Right here I wish to pay a tribute to the untiring, never-ceasing devotion, love and

care to my children by their stepmother. An own mother could not have done or sacrificed more for them, and I am sure that they will agree with me in this, and from the other side would come the sweet response. "she hath done what she could."

In 1881 I bought a home at 717 Ohio street, where I lived five years. In 1883 I bought a lot joining the two lots I then owned, on the north, for which I paid \$1,000; and in 1886 I built a nice, new home. It was a two-story, ten roomed house with furnace and all modern improvements,



MISS MARGARET OWEN.

with barn, which cost me over \$4,000. We moved in August 9, 1896, and I considered myself settled for life. I then sold the old home for \$3,000, reserving a half lot which gave me 75-foot front. This, added to the cost of the building, gave me a property costing over \$5,500. The same year I was offered \$6,000 for my home, but it was not for sale.

I continued in the barb wire business until 1886, when I closed out and went to Las Cruces, New Mexico, as general superintendent of the Oregon Mountain Mining and Smelting Company, of which I was vice-president. After spending about \$100,000 the enterprise was abandoned and the company lost everything it had invested. My loss in this was about \$12,000. I was also stockholder in the Lawrence Sugar Refining Company which was a failure. I invested \$1,000 in this enterprise and it cost me \$600 more to get out honorably, thus losing \$1,600.

In 1887 I invested about \$7,000 in the grocery business—wholesale and retail—under the firm name of S. J. Churchill



MISS LENA CHURCHILL.

& Company, (the company was my wife). I continued this business for some time and was very successful, doing a large business; but the hard work and worry was telling upon me, and having, (as I thought at the time), a splendid offer, I traded my grocery for real estate valued at \$8,500. These were "boom times" which collapsed and real estate went down. I still own some of this property which is paying a fair income.

Since retiring from business I have been employed most of the time in clerical work. In 1893-4 I was Deputy Clerk of the District Court. In 1898 I was appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of Kansas, Grand Army of the Republic, with offices in the state house at Topeka, under Department Commander D. W. Eastman, at a salary of \$1,000 a year. My work that year was very pleasant. I traveled nearly all over the state, attending G. A. R. reunions. I made many speeches and aroused the old boys with patriotic songs. At the Hutchinson encampment, held April 26 and 27, 1898, Department Commander in his report to the encampment, said: "I would especially call attention to the report of Assistant Adjutant General Churchill and his work during the year. The books under his charge are models of neatness and correctness.

He has been faithful and painstaking in all his work. Not an unpleasant word has passed between us, and we part with the ties of comradeship firmly welded." The committee appointed to examine my report to the encampment made the following report:

To the Department of Kansas, G. A. R.:

We, the undersigned committee on report of Assistant Adjutant General, do most respectfully report, that, after giving said report a careful consideration, and because of the faultless and thorough manner of its preparation and the methodical arrangement of the valuable information it contains, do unhesitatingly approve the same. It contains all that a painstaking mind can suggest, and because of its completeness furnishes a model for all future officers occupying this important station. We recommend this department pass a vote of thanks to our gallant Assistant Adjutant General for the efficiency he has shown.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. and L.,

W. H. FLETCHER,

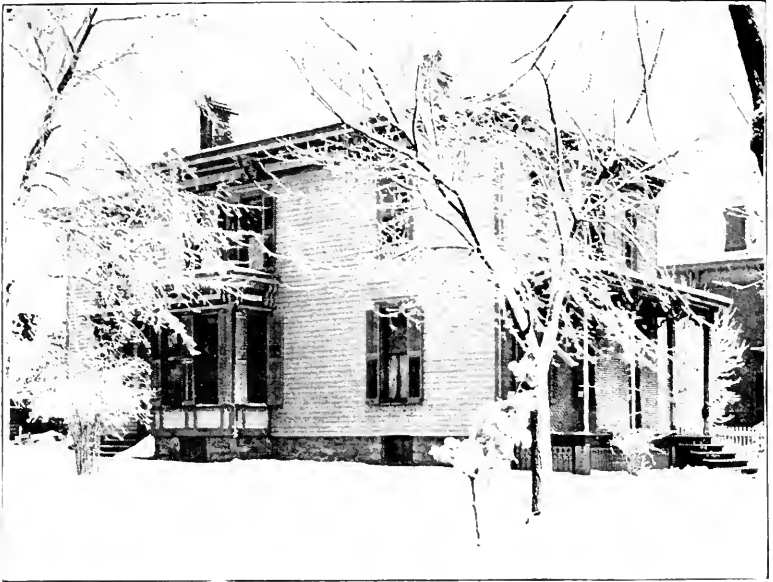
F. P. COCHRAN,

W. F. HENDRY,

Committee.

I am now Assistant Inspector General of the Department of Kansas, Grand Army of the Republic, on the staff of the National Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. I am also assessor of the city of Lawrence, Kansas, which position I have filled for several years. My wife and I are members of the official board of the First Methodist Episcopal church. She is a great worker in the church and Sunday school, and for several years sang in the choir. I have filled the offices of class leader, chorister and Sunday school superintendent. I am a Past Grand of Halcyon Lodge, No. 18, I. O. O. F., Past Post Commander of Washington Post, No. 12, G. A. R., and now its adjutant; also a member Lawrence Camp, No. 798, M. W. of A., in which I carry \$2,000

insurance. I served as councilman from the first ward in the city of Lawrence, Kansas, for two years.



THE CHURCHILL HOME.

My wife is a lady of rare, social qualities, a great worker at home and very efficient in the sick room. She is purely unselfish and will not spare herself in the least when she can help the sick at home or in the neighborhood. She is highly respected in church and society.

In closing I will say that the reason I have made more extended remarks in reference to my family than others, is because I know more about it. I have tried to be just and generous with all. In all my searchings I have not found one family skeleton to cover up, and this is remarkable, for it is said that every family has a skeleton to conceal.

I have traversed through 268 years of my line of the

Churchill family in America, and I have not found a law-breaker in any form, an inebriate, or even a moderate drinker, or even a person of unsound mind: but all have been loyal to their country and loyal to their God—a band of patriots and Republicans. No one need be ashamed of the record, for it is glorious, and one to be proud of.

Wishing all the readers of this little book a long, happy and prosperous life of usefulness, and consigning them to the tender love and constant care of Him “who doeth all things well,” I bid you adieu, and subscribe my name this 15th day of February, A. D., 1901.

SAMUEL J. CHURCHILL.

Appendix.

BY ROBERT HAZZARD CHURCHILL, OF MARINETTE, WISCONSIN.

Continuation of the genealogical record of the Churchill family, beginning with "Cyrus Churchill," taking up the history of his descendents where it was left by Samuel Joseph Churchill, down to the present time, compiled from family and public records gathered together after several months corresponding and careful research. I refer the reader to pages 9 to 16 for the first five generations.

Sixth Generation.

Cyrus Churchill, my grandfather, the third son of Joseph, the fifth generation, and brother of Amos Churchill, spent the latter part of his life in Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he died. He was born February 9, 1783, in Hubbardton, Vermont, died August 18, 1860. He was married to Rachel Hustler February 23, 1813, who was born February 1, 1789, died October 21, 1844. She was the daughter of Thomas Hustler, an Englishman who came to America as a soldier in the British army during the Revolutionary war. During an engagement between the British and American armies he deserted and joined the Americans and served during the remainder of the war. After the close of the war he remained in the army until after the defeat of St. Clair in 1791, obtaining the rank of major. During the war of 1812 the British government offered a reward of \$25,000 for his capture, but were not successful. He died about 1824. During the war with the Indians in the year 1790 his wife and infant daughter were captured by the red men. The mother was released in a short time, but the baby was held a prisoner for about six

years, finally being given up through an exchange of prisoners.

Cyrus and Rachel had six children, four sons and two daughters: Amy K. R., b. December 11, 1813, died February 6, 1886; Joseph T. H., b. December 28, 1815, now living; Sylvia A. J., b. August 5, 1824, died March 18, 1892; Lewis M., b. October 3, 1827, now living; Elias C., b. May 8, 1829, now living; Alfred W., b. May 10, 1832, died November 9, 1864.

Amy K. R. Churchill was never married, but always lived with her father, caring for him until his death and occupying the old home until her own death.

Seventh Generation.

Joseph T. H. Churchill left home when a young man, coming to Wisconsin in an early day and being engaged in the lumber business for a number of years. He was married at Pensaukee, Wisconsin, December 20, 1845, to Harriet Arnold, widow of John Arnold, her maiden name being Harriet Hubbard. He helped to build the first saw mill that was erected on the Oconto river at Oconto Falls, where he was living in 1845. He came thither by boat to Kewaukee, Wisconsin, from Chicago: then across the country through the woods to Green Bay. Soon after his marriage, he, with his wife, moved to the banks of the Wisconsin river, in the central part of the state, in the vicinity of Stevens Point. Here he was also engaged in lumbering. In the autumn of 1848 he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, floating down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers on a lumber raft. At this time there was one child, Robert H., born April 10, 1847. From St. Louis, after a short stay, he moved to Beardstown, Illinois, where another child was born and died. From there he went back to Ypsilanti, Michigan, his old home. After a short stay there he moved to Brockway, St. Clair county, Michigan,

settling on a piece of land in the woods, which, together with his brother Lewis M., he cleared up making a good farm in four years, when it was sold and the family moved to Grand Traverse, Michigan, and, after a year's stay there, moved again to Kaneville, Illinois, living there a few months, and then to Green Bay on January 1, 1858. Since that time to the present Joseph has lived at some point on Green Bay; his present residence being Abrams, Oconto county, Wisconsin. He is now over 83 years of age. He has never been very prominent in political or church relations; but for many years was a consistent member of the Baptist church at Fort Howard, as was also his wife and daughters. He was always a Republican in politics, and has held the office of justice of the peace many years in several different places where he has resided. Three years after the death of his wife he married Mrs. Mahala Sutton, widow of Hiram Sutton, September 14, 1884, with whom he is living at present.

Sylvia Ann Jennette Churchill, born August 5, 1824, died March 18, 1892; was married three times, her first husband being Daniel Lockwood. No children were born to her.

Lewis Marquis Churchill was born October 3, 1827, and was married in about the year 1860 to Rebecca Cordelia Mapes. They have no children. He came to Wisconsin in 1858 with his brother, and is now living at Duck Creek, Wisconsin, four miles from Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Elias Cass Churchill, born May 6, 1829, was married to Jennie Terwilliger. They have two children—both boys: Bayard, born September 5, 1865, and John, born February 4, 1867. The family reside at Carson City, Michigan, at this time. Both sons are married and have children of their own, names not known.

Alfred Wilson Churchill, born May 10, 1832, died November 9, 1864. The cause of his death was a wound received

while serving as a volunteer in the war of the Rebellion, at the battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, October 19, 1864. He was therefore with General Sheridan at the memorable battle after his ride from Winchester. I have been unable to learn the number of the Michigan regiment or company. His wife's name is not known. They had no children.

Joseph T. H. Churchill and Harriet Hubbard, his wife, had six children, three sons and three daughters: Robert Hazzard, b. April 10, 1847, on the Wisconsin river; Hazstine J., b. July 25, 1849, at Beardstown, Illinois, died November 25, 1849; Haswell Bennett, b. October 24, 1850, at Ypsilanti, Michigan; Ludrovick Marquis, b. June 15, 1852, at Brockway, Michigan; Eveline Elizabeth, b. July 31, 1856, at Brockway, Michigan, and married to George Wilson, October 19, 1882. They had no children. Angeline Aristine, b. June 15, 1858, at Ft. Howard, Wisconsin, married to Samuel A. Wood July 23, 1887, died March 5, 1889. They had no children.

Eighth Generation.

Robert H., the first of the family was born April 10, 1847, on the Wisconsin river at a place then known as Du Bays Landing, about half way between what is now Mosinee and Stevens Point. He was always an active worker in the cause of temperance, and for quite a number of years has been a member of the First Baptist church of Marinette, Wisconsin, where his home has been since 1876. He was married April 14, 1874, to Amanda Amelia Moore also of Marinette, Wisconsin. She was born September 18, 1850, at Manitowoc Rapids, Wisconsin, and is also an active member of the First Baptist church, being one of the first to join after its organization in 1878. The children of R. H. and A. A. Churchill are: Arthur Moore, b. September 5, 1876; Sarah Harriet, b. August 29, 1881, died December 7, 1881; Myron Robert b. September 9, 1879; Florence Ethel, (adopted) b. April 27,

1867. All the children are members of the First Baptist church of Marinette, Wisconsin.

Haswell B. Churchill, the second son of J. T. H. and Harriet Churchill was born at Ypsilanti, Michigan, October 24, 1850. He has never married and his home has been in Marinette, Wisconsin, for the last fifteen years.

Ludrovick M. Churchill, the third son, was born at Brockway, Michigan, June 15, 1852. He was married to Sarah J. Vaughn January 13, 1878. Their home has been in Marinette, Wisconsin, for the last ten years. Their children: 1. Allen H., b. June 26, 1879; 2. Eva L., b. April 18, 1881; 3. Amy L., b. May 28, 1883; 4. Harrold B., b. February 21, 1886; 5. Robert R., b. March 21, 1888; 6. Myrtle C., b. April 27, 1890; 7. Loyal N., b. September 12, 1892; 8. Laura S., b. November 27, 1894; 9. Harriet, S., b. March 27, 1899.

Eveline Elizabeth Churchill, the oldest daughter, was born July 31, 1856, at Brockway, Michigan. She was married to George A. Wilson October 19, 1882. No children were born to them, and their present home is at Abrams, Wisconsin.

Angeline A. Churchill, the second daughter, was born June 15, 1858, at Fort Howard, Wisconsin. She was married to Samuel A. Wood July 23, 1887, and died March 5, 1889. They had no children.

Synopsis of Miscellaneous Families.

John Churchill, the seventh of the family of Samuel Churchill, of the fourth generation, and Thankful Hewitt, his wife, was born March 12, 1758. Married to Martha Baldwin. Died in 1805 or soon after. Their children were: 1. John, b. April 13, 1787, died September 27, 1817; 2. Sylvester, b. October 7, 1788, died November 3, 1829; 3. Anice, b. October 14, 1790; 4. Electa, b. December 19, 1792; 5. Alvin, b. November 7, 1794; 6. Sylvina, b. August 25, 1796, died October 14, 1797; 7. Jacob, b. November 10, 1798.

died November 24, 1816; 8, Sarah, b. January 14, 1801; 9, Irene, b. October 8, 1802; 10, Jotham, b. December 29, 1804; 11, Chauncy, b. October 3, 1808, died February 18, 1896.

Chauncy Churchill, eleventh of the family of John, was born October 3, 1808, died February 18, 1896. Their children were: 1, Sylvester C., b. December 20, 1834; 2, John W., b. August 13, 1836; 3, Olive C., b. February 16, 1838, died May 11, 1838; 4, Sylvenas Amos, b. November 26, 1839; 5, Oliver C., b. March 22, 1841; 6, Martha A., b. 1842; 7, Olive C., b. 1844; 8, Lafayette M., b. March 19, 1846; 9, Chloe J., b. October 4, 1847; 10, Catherine H., b. 1849; 11, Caleb W., b. November 27, 1850; 12, Benjamin F., b. July 30, 1852; 13, Jason M., b. April 2, 1855.

Sylvenus Amos Churchill, fourth of the family of Chauncy, was born November 26, 1839, married Caslia Eadie and had three children when she died. He afterwards married Erminie Woodworth, by whom he had two children. Their children were: 1, Herman, b. October 9, 1869; 2 and 3, Eadie and Edith, twins, b. August 20, 1875; 4, Sylvenus W., b. July 14, 1894; 5, Lois, b. 1896.

Herman Churchill, of Menominee, Wisconsin, first of the family of Sylvenus Amos, born October 9, 1869, married Cora French June 15, 1898.

William Churchill, the ninth of the family of Samuel Churchill, of the fourth generation and Thankful Hewitt, his wife, was born February 10, 1763, married to Eunice Culver, who was born December 31, 1762. Their children were: 1, Russell, b. December 21, 1787; 2, Clarissa, b. September 28, 1789; 3, Pamela, b. October 2, 1791; 4, Darius, b. April 25, 1793; 5, William, Jr., b. March 23, 1795; 6, Samuel, b. August 2, 1797; 7, Ezekiel, b. July 15, 1799; 8, Julius, b. March 20, 1802; 9, James, b. November 9, 1804; 10, Eunice C., b. May 20, 1807.

Darius Churchill, fourth of the family of William and Eunice, born April 25, 1793. His children were: George, William, Samuel, Lowell and Caroline. The home of some of the sons is in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

William Churchill, Jr., fifth of the family of William and Eunice, born March 23, 1795, married Isabella Johnson. Their children were: 1, Washington; 2, Eleanor; 3, Clarissa; 4, Benjamin J.; 5, William Henry; 6, James.

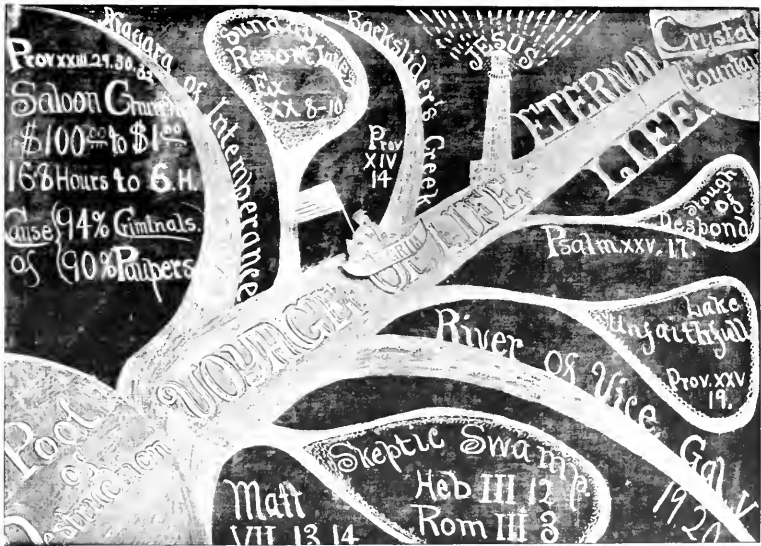
Julius Churchill, eighth of the family of William and Eunice, lived to be 79 years of age. He was a doctor and on the day of his death rode fifteen miles to visit a patient. His children were: Russell, Cornelia, John and Matilda.

James Churchill, ninth of the family of William and Eunice, born November 9, 1804. His children were: 1, Pamela, b. June 20, 1828; 2, Joseph, b. October 22, 1829; 3, Helen E., b. February 23, 1835; 4, James, b. June 19, 1837.

Alfred and Joseph Churchill, brothers and sons of Worthy L. Churchill and Ruhama Whelpley, married sisters by the name of Wilson. There is nothing known of Alfred's family. Joseph had two sons and one daughter and probably more. Two of his sons, Worthy L. and H. D. Churchill, are now living at Alpena, Michigan; are wealthy lumberman. James, the third son of Worthy L. and Ruhama, was married; lived for a time in Watertown, Wisconsin, and died there. He had two daughters.

The Voyage of Life.

This blackboard drawing was made by S. J. Churchill and illustrated by the following lecture, which he delivered at the Methodist Episcopal church, and also at the Young Men's Christian Association Sunday afternoon meeting:



Text Matt. vii. 13, 14: "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the way, which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."

That is "few" compared with the countless millions who are on the voyage of life with all its allurements. Here is

where the "Devil goes forth as a roaring lion." He does not interfere with those that are going down with the current, but to those that are struggling upward; he is ever striving to turn their course or switch them off into some of these various streams of vice; and we hear men crying: (sung)

"Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night;
 I'm a pilgrim, a-wearied and spent is my light,
 And I seek for the palace that rests on the hill;
 But between us a stream lieth, sullen and chill

CHORUS—Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross,
 Like a gray friar cowed in lichens and moss.
 And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span,
 That bridges the waters so safely for man.

Which way shall I take for the bright golden span,
 That bridges the waters so safely for man?
 To the right? to the left? Ah! me! If I knew;
 The night is so dark and the passers so few

CHORUS—

See the lights from the palace in silvery lines!
 How they pencil the hedges and fruit-laden vines
 My fortune! my all! for one tangled dream
 That shifts thro' the lilies and wastes on the stream "

CHORUS—

The writer of these lines evidently got in the "Slough of Despond," but looking across (pointing out) saw the "Light-House of Jesus." There is great hope for him. This is what might be called the ups and downs of life. There is no standing still. The current will take us down unless we make some effort and look to Jesus, who is ever ready to help us. No voyager was ever lost that looked to Jesus and trusted His light to guide him. The starting point in the "Voyage of Life" is near the "Crystal Fountain." Every child that is born into the world is pure, and they remain so until they

arrive at the age of accountability. Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How we love and enjoy the children. We are sometimes annoyed by their crying, and we walk the floor at midnight with our child in our arms trying to soothe the pain, but in heaven there is no pain or crying. The children will always be joyous and happy. There will be nothing to mar our joy with them there. I have three dear children there, but how could I speak of them sadly.

"I who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty grew over their face."

The advance of christianity in this new century depends largely upon the young fathers and mothers of to-day in training their children. We drive them away from God by thoughtlessly deceiving them, thus teaching them to deceive. Jesus said: "Except ye become as a little child, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." We must have that simple, child-like faith and trust and take God at His word, never doubting. To illustrate the child's faith, I will relate an incident. When my sister was a missionary in Bites, Turkey, she was very sick. Her friends had lost all hope, and had gathered around the bedside, when her little boy came running into the room with a shining face and said, "Mamma is going to get well. I have been praying for her and the Lord has answered my prayer." From that moment she was better and recovered from her sickness in a short time, and is living yet. How important it is that the children are brought to Christ before they pass out of the clear waters that flow from the crystal fountain into the turbid stream, full of temptation and vice, down the voyage of life until they land in skeptic swamp, there to flounder in the quagmire of infidelity and never "look up to the hills whence cometh our strength."

Heb. iii. 12: "Take heed brethren lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God."

Rom. iii. 3: "For what, if some, did not believe shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect." No. A truth will always stand whether we believe it or not. The infidel would take from us our hope, peace and joy, and give us nothing but dark forebodings. Our children are often taught infidelism at school. I speak from experience, and know what I am talking about. One of the qualifications of a teacher, which should be required, is that they believe in the fundamental teachings of the Bible and accept the faith of Christ. It would help them to keep sweet. I shall never forget a teacher I had when a small boy, and very bad. Instead of flogging me she would keep me after school and talk to me. Then she would take me by the hand and kneel down and pray for me. Those prayers have been ever before me.

Prov. xxiii. 29, 30, 32: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

This tells the awful story. If we could get rid of this gigantic monster what a happy world this would be. How many children would have shoes to wear and plenty to eat, that are now half clad and half starved. When we compare the saloon and church we find that there is \$100 to the saloon to \$1.00 spent for church. The saloon is open 168 hours to six in church. Intoxicating liquor is the cause of ninety-four per cent of the criminals and ninety per cent of the paupers. So many men say they can drink or they can let it alone. I believe that if this class of tipplers would stop drinking it would put an end to the saloon business. I am sure it would, for the drunkards all come from this class. After a young

man has navigated this filthy stream of intemperance and drank of its dregs he is a fit subject to plunge into the "River of Vice." He will take his "jug" with him.

Gal. v, 19, 20, 21: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variances, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like: of the which I tell you before as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This needs no comment—"Sunday Resort Lake."—Exod. xx, 8, 9, 10: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

There seems to be a growing tendency to make Sunday a gala day for excursions, picnics, games, etc. The church should stand squarely against Sabbath desecration in every form, and see to it that the church is not represented at these Sunday festivals. Did you ever think that when you ordered your meat to be brought Sunday morning you were asking some one to break the Sabbath?

"Lake Unfaithful."—This is a resort for Christians. How many of us have been there? Prov. xxv, 19: "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint."

How important that we should maintain the confidence of the world by being faithful to what we profess. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." A religion that will not keep us sweet all the time is not worth much. It is the unfaithful Christian that brings reproach upon the church.

We have heard much about backsliders. Some one has suggested that this creek should have been a large river or lake. But many are classed with the backsliders that never took a slide forward. "Backsliders' Creek."—Prov. xiv. 14: "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways; and a good man shall be satisfied from himself." We get out of the Christian life just what we put into it. If we are cold and indifferent we have no sweet peace, joy, and rest.

"Slough of Despond."—Psalm xxv, 17: "The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses." David got into this slough; but he erred unto the Lord, and the Lord brought his feet out of the miry pit and placed them on the solid rock. There is hope for the despondent Christian, but not much joy.

How about this Pilgrim? Gal. v, 22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." This Pilgrim has all of these qualifications. You will notice that he has a firm grip on the wheel that guides his boat, and his eyes are fixed upon Jesus, "the light of the world," and methinks I hear him singing:

"Every day, every hour, let me feel thy cleansing power;

May thy tender love to me draw me closer, closer, Lord to thee."

He is sailing under the banner of freedom, that heaven-born banner. It is an inspiration from the Father of light, truth, and wisdom. Its blue field was cut from the blue dome of heaven, studded with stars and brought down to earth: its stars are a beacon light to the oppressed of every tribe and nation: its stripes are taken from the east when the first rays of the morning sun paint in crimson hue the receding clouds, and tell us of a new day of light, joy, and hope. Oh! glorious inspiration. Oh! beautiful emblem. It stands

for the highest type of Christian civilization in the world. This Pilgrim is a loyal Christian; loyal to God, and loyal to his country. The Christian warfare is worth much more than it costs. We have Jesus for our captain; and my constant prayer is expressed in these words, which I will sing:

“Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom; lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home; lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent till the night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”

What could be more fitting as the Pilgrim on the “Voyage of Life” sails into eternal life, than the last words of Mr. Moody: “Earth recedes and heaven opens before me. If this is death there is nothing awful here? It is sweet. This is bliss. Do not call me back. God is calling me, I must go. There is no valley here. It is all beautiful.”

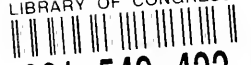
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