HOME MISSION HEROES

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
PRESBYTERIAN HOME MISSIONS
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FOREWORD

To know the history of our Church in our land is to be interested in Home Missions.

Our Board of Home Missions and our Woman's Board of Home Missions are therefore placing before our young people—for general reading or for use in study classes—a series of sketches which trace the planting and progress of gospel truth among our Indians, Mexicans, Mormons, Mountaineers of the South, Alaskans, and the dwellers in Porto Rico and Cuba. This book of the series introduces its readers to seven typical home mission heroes.

This little library of seven volumes, written by those who know the work, is warmly commended for accuracy and attractiveness.

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PIONEERS—O PIONEERS!

"Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready.
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers—O Pioneers.

"For we can not tarry here;
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger;
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend.
Pioneers—O Pioneers.

"We, the primeval forest felling;
We, the rivers stemming; vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within;
We, the surface broad surveying; we, the virgin soil upheaving;—
Pioneers—O Pioneers.

"See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear, we must never yield or falter;
Ages back in ghostly millions, frowning there behind us urging,—
Pioneers—O Pioneers.

"We, detachments steady throwing
Down the edges through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways.
Pioneers—O Pioneers.

"All the past we leave behind—
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march.
Pioneers—O Pioneers."

HOME MISSION HEROES

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA'S PIONEER HOME MISSIONARY, FRANCIS MAKEMIE.

1658—1708.

By the Rev. Samuel McLanahan.

Francis Makemie deserves the title of pioneer home missionary among American Presbyterians. He himself came from abroad. Other Presbyterian ministers had preceded him. Presbyterian churches had been founded before he came. But Makemie first in an eminent degree embodied the home missionary spirit and illustrated home missionary methods. In his compassion over the tender souls in an American desert ready to perish for want of a "vision," in his care for weak congregations and his zeal to establish new ones, in his efforts and journeys to secure men and money to supply these fields, in

bringing the separated laborers together in the first Presbytery, in his public spirit and personal self-sacrifice, Francis Makemie appears at once the leader and the incarnation of Presbyterian home missions in America.

To find his birthplace we must go to the north of Ireland. There in a cottage on the hillside by a long arm of the sea called Lough Swilly, Francis Makemie was born about 1658—the year Cromwell died. There were at least two older brothers, John and Robert, and two sisters, of whom "Sister Ann" was youngest. The family was what we know in America as Scotch-Irish. They were members or descendants of that considerable company of Scotch people who, under royal encouragement, had helped to repeople this desolated region of Ulster, during the preceding half century. The family attended church at the village of Ramelton, nearby. The children were strictly governed and diligently taught the Scriptures at home by parents who sought to train up not "vassals for the Devil" but "servants for the living God."

Makemie wrote in later life that when he came before Presbytery he was able to give "satisfaction to godly, learned and judicious discerning men of a work of grace and conversion wrought in my heart at fifteen years

of age, by and from the pains of a godly schoolmaster, who used no small diligence in gaining tender souls to God's service and fear."

Evidently he soon felt called to be a minister. In February, 1676, "Franciscus Makemius Scoto-Hiburnus" was enrolled as a student at the University of Glasgow. Four years later, January twenty-eight, 1680, he appeared as a candidate for the ministry in the Presbytery of Laggan,* at St. Johnstown, a few miles from his home. He bore a commendation from his pastor, Mr. Drummond. For more than a year he was under the direction and examination of committees that reported favorably. Twice the meeting heard him preach, and finally Presbytery licensed and ordained him somewhere in the years 1681–2.

Of the latter acts no written record is known to exist. The probable reason is interesting and suggestive. The period of Makemie's youth was a hard time for Presbyterians in both Scotland and Ireland. The treacherous, profligate, time-serving Charles II was on the throne. Repeated efforts were made to enforce episcopacy. Wave after wave of persecution threatened to destroy every vestige of Presbyterianism. But when

* For full extracts of Minutes, see Bowen, p. 515 sq.

the ebb came, the strong foundations reappeared and earnest hands quickly rebuilt the superstructure.

Just when Makemie sought the Presbytery, one of the worst of these waves was swelling. So severe was it that in after years this period was known, by eminence, as "the killing time." It was particularly dangerous to be a Presbyterian minister. Makemie's pastor, Drummond, had been one of sixty-one ministers driven from their pulpits in 1661. They were forbidden under heavy penalties to perform any ministerial act. Three years later this same pastor, with three others, had been thrown into prison for six years for disobedience. Just at the time that the written minutes which tell of Makemie's trials break off, the Rev. William Trail, the Moderator, with others of the Presbytery, was arrested for holding a fast day.* That in such circumstances, Francis Makemie sought the Presbyterian ministry, is proof of his zeal and courage.

In December, 1680, while Makemie was under the care of the Presbytery and was probably present, its minutes record:

"Colonell Stevens from Maryland beside Virginia his desire of a godly minister is pre-

* For full and interesting report of trial see Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

sented to us. The meeting will consider it seriously and do what they can in it."

When the Rev. William Trail was released from the imprisonment above noted, he came to America, probably in 1682. In 1684 the majority of the ministers of this Presbytery of Laggan intimated to other Presbyteries their purpose to emigrate to America "because of persecution and general poverty abounding in those parts (Ireland) and on account of their straits and little or no access to their ministry." Makemie was not afraid to preach in Ireland. He did so as we know at Burt, April second, 1682. Yet from hindrances in Ireland on the one hand and the Macedonian call from over the sea on the other, Makemie seems to have gathered "that the Lord had called" him to preach the gospel in America.

A letter from Elizabeth River of July twenty-second, 1684, shows that he had been in "Maryland," doubtless the eastern shore. There Colonel Stevens, who had written to the Presbytery, lived. There we suppose Mr. Trail already was as pastor of Rehoboth, a position we know he held a little later.* Probably the Rev. Thomas Wilson,† known

* Somersett records give marriage by him 1684. Bowen, 523.

† A Thomas Wilson obtains land 1681. McIlvain, p. 20.

to have been pastor at Manokin (Princess Anne, Maryland) and perhaps the Rev. Samuel Davis,* earliest known pastor of Snow Hill, Maryland, were also in that region. At all events Mr. Makemie had not settled there then and did not intend to do so. He was prospecting for himself and others. He wrote letters to points as widely separated as Massachusetts and South Carolina. He had projected a journey south. He was hindered from fully carrying out his plan, as we will see. Under these circumstances he writes in the letter quoted above:

"But for the satisfaction of my friends in Ireland, whom I design to be very nice in inviting to any place of America I have yet seen, I have sent one of our number to acquaint me further concerning the place" (Ashley River).

On his way south he had preached for a time to little companies of Presbyterian Puritans † on the Elizabeth River, Virginia, near the present site of Norfolk, Virginia. Then proceeding to North Carolina, he embarked for Ashley River (near Charleston, South Carolina). Buffeted by contrary winds for

* Somersett records give marriage by him 1684. Bowen, 523.

† See article by Rev. E. Mack, D.D., Pres. Ortly, July, 1901, p. 398.

five weeks and driven as far north as Delaware Bay, the vessel finally put into the Chesapeake for supplies.

Some of the Elizabeth River congregation happened at the landing and renewed their importunity that he should become their minister. It seemed to him the hand of God. He resolved, as he says, "to submit myself to the sovereign providence of God, who has been pleased so unexpectedly to drive me back to this poor, desolate people, among whom I desire to continue till God in his providence determine otherwise concerning me."

This was evidently his first settlement; he obtained a house and lot there. When he appeared on the eastern shore a few years later he was already a man of some property. Under these circumstances it seems probable that while ministering to the Elizabeth River congregation, Mr. Makemie began for his own support the West India trading in which we know he was subsequently engaged. His successor in that charge, the Rev. Josias Mackie, conducted a store and plantation, although he had four registered preaching points. All that we know indicates that Mr. Makemie remained on the Elizabeth River until about 1690.

It is in 1690 that we first find him established on the shore of the Chesapeake. In

that year his name appears on the list of taxables in Accomack County, Virginia. He was assessed for three "tithables" (servants). He became possessed of a plantation on the south side of Matchatank Creek. Almost certainly the occasion of his removal is to be found in the return that year of the Rev. Mr. Trail to Scotland, where he took charge. This would leave vacant Rehoboth, apparently the most important charge. By the terms of a will dated in 1691, Mr. Makemie had become "minister of the Gospel at Rehoboth Town." He was bequeathed "five thousand pounds of pork," convenient to him or his order within twelve months.

Apparently about this time Mr. Makemie issued his first publication—a Catechism for "young ones." No copy of it is known to exist. George Keith, then a prominent member of the Society of Friends, came into the region. He visited Mr. Makemie at his house at Pocomoke (Rehoboth?) and challenged him to a public discussion. This Mr. Makemie declined, as likely to be indecisive and profitless, but suggested instead that Keith should write a criticism of the doctrines taught in the Catechism. To this Makemie would reply in writing. This was done, and the whole, with some additional strictures by Mr. Makemie, was ultimately published by

him in Boston in 1693. Increase Mather gave the book his "Imprimatur" in black letters; and he, his son Cotton and other prominent ministers united in commending the discourses as "seasonable and profitable," and speak of the "faithful endeavours" of the "reverent and judicious author."

Probably late in that year Mr. Makemie went abroad. He was in London.* He returned early in 1692. He seems to have brought some colonists with him, for in February of that year the court of Accomack grants him four hundred and fifty acres of land for bringing nine settlers into the province. One of these was his nephew, William Boggs. As the Rev. Josias Mackie, who took his place on the Elizabeth River, was from his old home region in the north of Ireland and qualified as a minister in Virginia, June, 1692, it is entirely possible that he too had been induced to come over for this purpose by Mr. Makemie.

It is about this time that Mr. Makemie alludes to "my tedious affliction"—as enigmatical as Paul's thorn in the flesh. Whatever it was, it hindered his transcribing his answer to Keith for a year.

It was in this year 1692 also that he made his first visit to Philadelphia, "Having," he

* Webster, 299.

says, "satisfied my longing desire in visiting Pennsylvania." Webster makes the very probable suggestion that he preached there, but of this there is no note. His visit was particularly related to his discussion with Keith.

Mr. Makemie's name disappears from the tax-roll of Virginia in 1693. Probably in that year, certainly before 1696, he went to the island of Barbadoes. This is the most easterly of the islands associated with our American continent. It was the chief calling place of vessels between the new and old worlds. An active trade was carried on with the Chesapeake. It had then as now a very mixed population. Motives of health and of business may have had something to do with Mr. Makemie's going, but all that we know of him there relates to religious work. It is chiefly contained in a tractate, vindicating the Non-Conformists, which was called "Truths in a True Light: or a Pastoral Letter to the Reformed Protestants in Barbadoes"; and in two letters to Increase Mather. In the former letter he expresses his disappointment that Samuel Mather, whom he had expected to come and take his place, seemed to have decided to go elsewhere. Makemie wrote under date of January 17, 1698:

"I shall be necessitated to leave this people,

and many strangers, who resort to this island desolate, being purely confined these two years from going off for my health, for want of supply."

The Mather letters, just referred to, and notices of his presence in the Virginia records later in that year, enable us to fix the early part of 1698 as the time of his return to the eastern shore of Virginia. The movements of Mr. Makemie himself and indications drawn from the will of his father-in-law, made on July twenty-third of that year, point to the spring of 1698 as the date of Makemie's marriage. His wife was Naomi, daughter of William Anderson, a wealthy planter and trader, whose home, "Pocomoke," was on the bay and near the mouth of the river of that name. By the will of Mr. Anderson, who died in August, this plantation with much other property passed into the hands of the Makemies. It became their home. Mr. and Mrs. Makemie were executors of the will. They were called to fill a like office in 1701 for Edmund Custis, a wealthy neighbor who, passing by relatives, committed his children as well as his estate to their care. The new responsibilities must have made large drafts on Mr. Makemie's time and attention. He built a mill near one of Mr. Anderson's outlying estates. He purchased additional prop-

erty in his own name. His business transactions brought him frequently into the local courts, where he appeared as his own lawyer. But these secular affairs did not lead him to demit his ministry, nor so far as we can discover, to remit his zeal.

It is matter of tradition that Mr. Makemie was arrested for preaching in Virginia, and that he was taken to Williamstown, where he so ably pleaded the cause of the dissenters as not only to clear himself, but to secure the formal recognition of the Toleration Act by the Governor and Council. It is of record that the latter action was taken in April, 1699, and that in October of that year Mr. Makemie was granted a certificate which authorized him to preach, and named his own dwelling-house at Pocomoke, also his own house at Onancock, as "the first places of his constant and ordinary preaching." There is evidence that he ministered also at points in Somersett County, Maryland.

The opening of the eighteenth century was marked in many of the colonies by an effort to enforce conformity to the English Church. The accession of Queen Anne in 1702 and the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were the immediate occasions. The special agent of the latter society was the former Friend, George Keith, who after a few

years' absence had returned to America in Episcopal orders. With him was associated the Rev. John Talbot. They traveled widely through the colonies from 1702–4.

Dr. Briggs (p. 138) is doubtless right in finding in this active propaganda one of the occasions, but certainly only one of the occasions, which incited Mr. Makemie to go abroad for reinforcements. He at first intended to go in 1703, but did not get off until 1704. Two things mark this visit.

One was his publication of what he calls "A Plain and Friendly Persuasive to the Inhabitants of Virginia and Maryland for Promoting Towns and Co-habitation." The advantages of the towns for promoting religion as well as temporal well-being is set forth in it. The other and more notable feature was his success in securing two young ministers to return with him. They were George McNish, a Scotchman who subsequently labored in Maryland and on Long Island, and John Hampton from Mr. Makemie's old Presbytery of Laggan in Ireland. He presently settled for life at Snow Hill, Maryland. Mr. Makemie also secured from the London ministers the promise of support of these two young men for two years, during which they were to itinerate among the scattered settlements. After that time they were

expected to settle as pastors, and two more young men were to be sent out and supported for a like purpose. This scheme, which was undoubtedly Mr. Makemie's, shows that he had the whole field in his mind and was planning for persistent extension. The arrangements were not carried out after his death.*

In 1706, the year following Mr. Makemie's return, the first Presbytery on American soil was formed in Philadelphia. Its members were Mr. Makemie, Rev. John Wilson, Nathaniel Taylor, and Samuel Davis (who were Mr. Makemie's older co-laborers on the peninsula), John Hampton and George McNish (just brought over by him), and Jedediah Andrews, of Philadelphia. That Mr. Makemie was the leading spirit in forming it and that he was its first moderator can scarcely be questioned. He held the latter office at the second meeting, which was held at Freehold, New Jersey, December, 1706.

Immediately following the second meeting of Presbytery Mr. Makemie and Mr. Hampton set out for Boston. Probably the trip was in the interest of extending the new organization, for a letter written a few months later shows that he had such extension in mind.

Being in New York they paid their re-

* See Briggs, p. 165.

spects to the Governor, Lord Cornbury. They were invited to dine with him. Subsequently Mr. Makemie was asked to remain over Sunday and preach. He consented. The Dutch would have given their church, but the Governor, when approached by the promoters of the service, refused to allow Mr. Makemie to preach. But Mr. Makemie, "Considering," as he afterwards wrote, "the solemn obligations I am under both to God and the souls of men—to embrace all opportunities for exercising those ministerial gifts vouchsafed from heaven," preached, nevertheless, in a private house. Mr. Hampton preached on Long Island. For this they were arrested and illegally held as prisoners for more than six weeks, in the face of numerous pleas and petitions. At length they were released on bail, and Mr. Hampton was presently discharged.

"Being let go," like the Apostles, "they went to their own company"—the little Presbytery in Philadelphia, which had adjourned a few days to await their coming. There Mr. Makemie discoursed to his brethren by appointment on Hebrews I: 1, 2. He went thence to Virginia but he was back in New York, accompanied by his serving man, ready to stand his trial in June. The question involved the right of dissenting ministers in the

colonies under the Toleration Act of Great Britain. The judge, Mompesson, said in the trial,

"This is the first instance I can learn [there] has been of a trial or prosecution of this nature in America,"

and Mr. Makemie reiterates this statement in his published account. He regarded himself as engaged not simply in defending himself, but in establishing a vital principle in the religious and civil life of the colonies. Able professional counsel assisted in the defence, but Mr. Makemie himself made the most able, broad, and striking speech. His passes with the Governor and the attorneys in this controversy show his readiness and clear-headedness. Although the Governor and the Court were evidently against him, the jury quickly brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." But the Court imposed all the charges, including those of the prosecuting attorney, upon the man who had just been declared innocent, and had already suffered much unjustly.

It is quite characteristic that Mr. Makemie, after acquital, remained in New York over the following Sunday, and again preached. It is equally characteristic of the Governor that he attempted to have him re-arrested on a false charge about another matter, and that

Mr. Makemie with difficulty escaped from New Jersey into New England. There Mr. Makemie published an account of the imprisonment and trial.

The trial made a great stir in New York and throughout the colonies. It is said to have been an influential factor in the recall of Lord Cornbury shortly after. Makemie's account was re-published in 1755 for its bearing on the growing conflict between the colonies and the mother country, which issued in the Revolution, 1776.

In the summer of 1708 Mr. Makemie died at his Virginia home. He was scarcely fifty years of age. Just one half of his life had been devoted to promoting the cause of Christ in the New World. Mr. Makemie lies in an unmarked, if indeed it be not an unknown, grave. He left a widow and two daughters. The elder of these, Elizabeth, died shortly after her father. The younger, Anna, married and lived to old age, but had no children.

There is no contemporary description of Mr. Makemie's appearance. A picture from life existed until 1831, when it was burned. Dr. Bowen bases an imaginary description of him upon the recollection of that picture given nearly half a century after its destruction by a daughter of Mr. Balch, in whose home it hung when destroyed. He speaks of Mr.

Makemie as "Wearing the black Genevan gown and the white bands"; as having "an intellectual forehead, crowned with brown locks"; "a fair complexion, expressive blue eyes and, over all, the mein of an Irish gentleman."

The bequests and trusts committed to him, his numerous namesakes on both sides of the sea, the explicit testimony of contemporaries both lay and clerical, and the fragrant tradition * which still lingers about the scene of his ministry, attest the confidence and affection which he inspired.

His correspondence shows that he was a lover and reader of books. He possessed at the time of his death what was then a large library, about a thousand volumes, on theology, law and miscellaneous subjects, including books in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. His productions which survive are not always smooth and clear in style, but they show keen intelligence, original and vigorous thought, sane and comprehensive judgment, and a forceful, if sometimes rugged, utterance. Tradition ascribes to him the native Irish trait of eloquent speech.

Lord Cornbury in an intended slur paid him a true compliment when he said,

"He is a Jack-at-all-trades; he is a preach-

* See particulars, Spence, p. 81.

er, a doctor of physic, a merchant, an attorney, a counsellor-at-law, and, which is worst, a disturber of governments."

He was called upon to do many things in many different places, and he seems to have wrought effectively in all—disturbing even Lord Cornbury's unrighteous government. Circumstances, disposition and intention seem to have conspired to make him a champion of religious liberty. The experiences of his youth gave him an understanding of what was involved in the question. His observations in the Barbadoes led him to study and write upon the subject. His arrest (or arrests) in the colonies summoned him, thus fitted, to do public battle for the principles he had espoused. It was his privilege to win victory not for himself alone, but for the great body of Christian people then on this continent. His account of the trial gave publicity and permanence to it.

But before all and in all Francis Makemie was a Missionary. He came to America without pledge of support behind him or promise of place before him. On account of the general poverty he did not seek a fixed salary, but received such offerings as were freely made. Like the Apostle Paul, he engaged in business; but he portrays himself when he is describing ministers who "Have been neces-

sitated to labor with their hands and to betake themselves for a time to merchandising, and yet would never dare to lay aside the preaching of the gospel."

It was the destitution not the emoluments which led him to Elizabeth River, which held him for years in Barbadoes. He became a man of property, but it was held for the Lord's use. His houses were preaching points. Rehoboth church was built on the lot which he gave. Even on the Lord's business, he traveled at his own charge. His soul was burdened for the immigrants, of whom he says that they, "Removing to remote settlements, neglected by others and careless of themselves, continue grossly ignorant of many necessary parts of the Christian religion"; and for native whites "born in ignorant families," and who "by distance seldom hear a sermon." His interest extended also to "all pagans, whether Indians or negroes." He gave his best efforts to the ministry of the gospel, whatever else he did, seeking "by all means to save some."

It is impossible now to tell what share he had in establishing particular churches. The organization of the first Presbytery through his statesmanship and influence gave a crown, a permanence, and an extension to his work of which he never could have dreamed. His

works follow him. Churches he tended still live and fruit. The Presbytery which he helped to form has become three Assemblies. In these great organizations, the missionary spirit and methods which Francis Makemie exemplified survive, and through them the gospel is being carried to men of our own and all lands.

KNOWN PUBLICATIONS OF THE REV. FRANCIS MAKEMIE.

A CATECHISM. About 50 pages. 1691 (?) No extant copy.

AN ANSWER TO GEORGE KEITH'S LIBEL AGAINST A CATECHISM PUBLISHED BY FRANCIS MAKEMIE. Boston, 1693. Two copies known, one in Old South Church Library, the other in that of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

TRUTHS IN A TRUE LIGHT OR—A PASTORAL LETTER TO THE REFORMED PROTESTANTS IN BARBADOES, Vindicating the Non-Comformists, etc., Edinburgh, 1699. One copy. Library of Harvard University.

A PLAIN AND FRIENDLY PERSUASIVE TO THE INHABITANTS OF VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND FOR PROMOTING TOWNS AND COHABITATION. By a well-wisher to both Governments. London, 1705. One copy. Library of Harvard University.

A GOOD CONVERSATION. A sermon preached at the City of New York, January 19, 1706–7. Boston, 1707. Republished in Collections of New York Historical Society, III, 1870, p. 411.

A NARRATIVE OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL AMERICAN IMPRISONMENT OF TWO PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS: AND PROSECUTION OF MR. FRANCIS MAKEMIE, ETC. By a Learner of Law and Lover of Liberty. Reprinted in Force's Historical Tracts.

FIVE PRIVATE LETTERS. Most fully and accurately given in Briggs' American Presbyterianism, Appendix X.

PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES ON THE LIFE OF MAKEMIE.

BOWEN, REV. L. P., D.D. "The Days of Makemie." Philadelphia, 1885, p. 558.

BRIGGS, REV. C., D.D., "American Presbyterianism." New York, 1885.

HILL, WILLIAM. "History of the Rise, Progress, Genius and Character of American Presbyterianism," Washington, 1839.

MCILVAIN, REV. J. WILLIAM. "Early Presbyterisnism in Maryland, Notes Supplementary to the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science," 1890, No. 8.

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CHAPTER II.

AN APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS, DAVID BRAINERD.

1718—1747.

By The Rev. Samuel McLanahan.

Valuable, even wonderful as men accounted what Brainerd did, the power and pathos of his story lie chiefly in what he was. His diaries are the main source of information. Extracts were published by the Society which employed him during his lifetime. After his death Jonathan Edwards edited and published much of the remaining portions in his "Life of David Brainerd." This has been a religious classic on both sides of the sea for a century and a half. It is significant of the real communion of saints that John Wesley, the Arminian, re-published a briefer edition of the life of this high Calvinist, and that Henry Martyn, the early and devoted missionary of the Church of England, found the impulse and example for his devotion in the life of this non-conformist. Dr. Prentiss calls him "the missionary saint of New Eng-

land," while Pennsylvania and New Jersey claim him because he wrought there. Trained among Congregationalists, he was ordained and labored among Presbyterians.

David Brainerd was born at Haddam, Connecticut, April twentieth, 1718. His father, Hezekiah, and his father's father, Daniel, had been active in business, church and public affairs. His mother, Dorothy Hobart, came of a double line of ministerial ancestors. Of her five sons, four chose the ministry. John, next younger than David, became the latter's successor among the Indians. His father died when David was nine and his mother when he was fourteen. The next year he left home and lived for four years at East Haddam. At the age of nineteen he started to work his own farm at Durham, Connecticut. But his longings for a liberal education led him to abandon farming within a year and devote himself to study.

Of his religious experience in this early period we have this brief but interesting sketch from his own hand:

"I was from my youth somewhat sober, and inclined to melancholy; but do not remember anything of conviction of sin, worthy of remark, till I was, I believe, about seven or eight years of age. Then I became concerned for my soul, and terrified at the

thoughts of death: and was driven to the performance of religious duties; but it appeared a melancholy business, that destroyed my eagerness for play. And though, alas! this religious concern was but short-lived, I sometimes attended secret prayer: and thus lived at 'ease in Zion, without God in the world,' and without much concern, as I remember, till I was above thirteen years of age. In the winter of 1732, I was roused out of this carnal security, by I scarce know what means at first, but was much excited by the prevalence of mortal sickness in Haddam. I was frequent, constant, and somewhat fervent in prayer: and took delight in reading, especially Mr. Janeway's *Token for Children*. I felt sometimes much melted in the duties of religion, took great delight in the performance of them, and sometimes hoped that I was converted, or at least in a good and hopeful way for heaven and happiness; not knowing what conversion was. The Spirit of God at this time proceeded far with me. I was remarkably dead to the world: my thoughts were almost wholly employed about my soul's concerns: and I may indeed say, 'Almost I was persuaded to be a Christian.' I was also exceedingly distressed and melancholy at the death of my mother, in March, 1732. But afterwards my

religious concern began to decline, and by degrees I fell back into a considerable degree of security, though I still attended secret prayer."

During the four years at East Haddam he "went a round of secret duty"; went little into the company and amusements of the young and felt uncomfortable when he did; but had some "good frames," in which he found satisfaction. Later he wrote of them,

"But, alas! all my good frames were but self-righteousness, not founded on a desire for the glory of God."

Of himself at twenty, when he decided to devote himself to study, he writes:

"I became very strict and watchful over my thoughts, words and actions, concluded that I must be sober indeed, because I designed to devote myself to the ministry: and imagined that I did dedicate myself to the Lord."

He went to live with the pastor at Haddam, who encouraged him in these austerities. It is interesting to note that young people's meetings were held even then, for he writes,

"So much concerned was I about religion, that I agreed with some young persons to meet privately on Sabbath evenings for religious exercises."

He read the Bible diligently, prayed much,

reviewed carefully the sermons he heard, "and had many thoughts of joining the church. In short, I had a very good outside, and rested entirely on my duties, though I was not sensible of it.

"Thus I proceeded a considerable length on a self-righteous foundation, and should have been entirely lost and undone, had not the mercy of God prevented. Sometime in the beginning of winter, 1738, it pleased God one Sabbath morning, as I was walking out for a prayer, to give me on a sudden such a sense of my danger, and the wrath of God, that I stood amazed, and my former good frames presently vanished. From the view of which I had of my sin and vileness, I was much distressed all that day."

Then began a weary struggle of months as he tried by voluntary humility and by increasing his own convictions to *merit* God's pity in some way. The only result was a deepening sense of his own unworthiness, helplessness and hopelessness. Rebellious thoughts against God arose. He was especially irritated by the strictness of God's law, by the fact that faith alone was the condition of salvation, by his inability to find out what faith was and, especially, by the sovereignty of God. At last he writes:

"I was brought quite to a stand, as finding

myself totally lost. I had thought many times before that the difficulties in my way were very great: but now I saw in another and very different light, that it was forever impossible for me to do anything towards helping or delivering myself."

Then it was (July twelfth, 1739) in the same place where God had begun to show Brainerd his own heart, that he was given a vision of God's glory and grace. It was not "any external brightness" but a "new inward apprehension or view that I had of God." "My soul rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see such a God, such a glorious divine being: and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that he should be God over all for ever and ever." "Thus God, I trust, brought me to a hearty disposition to exalt him, and to set him on the throne, and principally and ultimately to aim at his honour and glory as the King of the universe." "At this time the way of salvation opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness and excellency, that I wondered I should ever think of any other way of salvation. I wondered that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation,—entirely by the righteousness of Christ."

Such definite and supreme devotion to the glory of God and such entire reliance on His

grace through Christ, Brainerd ever after regarded as the essential elements and marks of true religion. His last religious teaching (at Boston) was devoted to vindicating this view in opposition to current views of the way of salvation, which he considered untrue.

In September, 1739, he entered Yale. He went, as he says, "With some degree of reluctance, fearing lest I should not be able to live a life of strict religion, in the midst of so many temptations." But he adds:

"I enjoyed considerable sweetness in religion, all the winter following. Yet, owing to hard study, and to my being much exposed on account of my freshmanship, as I had but little time for spiritual duties, my soul often mourned for more time and opportunity to be alone with God." "My ambition in my studies greatly wronged the activity and vigor of my spiritual life, yet God's comforts principally delighted my soul."

He broke down in health and was obliged to leave college for a time. He returned shortly before the "Great Awakening" began in New Haven. Brainerd was naturally very much interested and very enthusiastic in this movement. He was one of a little band of students who had associated for mutual assistance in spiritual things. Two or three of these were together just after one of the

tutors had conducted prayers. Some one asked Brainerd's opinion of the tutor's piety. Brainerd replied,

"He has no more grace than this chair."

The remark was overheard and reported. Those present were required to reveal the speaker and the person spoken of. Brainerd was directed to make a public apology. He felt himself ill-used in the method pursued and in this requirement of a public apology for something said in private conversation. He refused. He also persisted in attending a religious meeting when forbidden. He was expelled. It was toward the close of his junior year. Although he never changed his opinion regarding the treatment he had received, he later sorely bewailed his own "spiritual pride" and "the imprudences and indecent heats" of this period. He destroyed the diaries covering it. He made ample apologies subsequently, and offered every possible reparation; friends and even ministerial councils interceded on his behalf. It is an interesting revelation of the strength of feeling and the sternness of the times, that although he was one of the purest characters and the finest scholars in the college, the authorities refused to allow him to take his degree with his class.

Thenceforward he pursued his studies under direction of ministerial friends in that

region. His minute self-scrutiny continued. Ebbs in the tide of his religious feelings often gave him distress. He perceived more and more "the wickedness of my heart." He bewailed particularly the stubbornness of his will and the cursed pride of his heart. But he could and did rejoice almost continually in God. "I seldom prayed without some sensible joy in the Lord." He found himself growing in his desire and purpose to live for God only.

Now appears a new burden in his prayers. He begins "To wrestle earnestly for others, for the kingdom of Christ in the world and for dear Christian friends." "I found myself willing, if God should so order it, to suffer banishment from my native land among the Heathen, that I might do something for their salvation, in distresses and deaths of any kind." He prays "For special grace for myself to fit me for special services,"—for ministerial qualifications. His soul is drawn out "for multitudes of souls." Hours together and sometimes whole days were spent in prayer. On these days he fasted also.

Brainerd was examined and licensed by a council of Congregational ministers at Danbury, Connecticut, July twenty-ninth, 1742. The next three months were spent in visiting friends and preaching at various points in

that region. Although sometimes depressed, he was generally happy in his work and in the sweet fellowship which he enjoyed with ministers and others. His services were much sought after.

"The honorable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge" upon solicitation from America agreed to maintain two missionaries among the Indians. The Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton of New York, the Rev. Aaron Burr of Newark, New Jersey, the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and others were requested to act as correspondents of the Society, and to take immediate supervision of the work. They had difficulty in finding suitable men who were willing to undertake the mission. Their attention was directed to David Brainerd, and they prevailed on him to accept the appointment. The original plan was to send him to the Forks of the Delaware. But conflicts between the whites and Indians in that region led them to send him to a place then known as Kaunaumeek, in the woods half way between Stockbridge in Massachusetts and Albany in New York and about twenty miles from each.

Before going, he sold property and devoted it to educating a young man for the ministry. This was in some respects the saddest period in his existence. He had external trials. He

was in poor health; he was much exposed to cold and storm on long and lonely rides. His bed was a pallet of straw on the floor of a wretched hut of a Scotch woman; then he removed to a rude wigwam among the Indians and finally to a log house, built largely with his own hands. He rarely and with great difficulty obtained suitable food; he was cut off not only from friends but for weeks from anyone with whom he could converse in English, except his Indian interpreter. But these things were as nothing compared with the melancholy that preyed upon him. The impression of his own utter unworthiness and unfitness for any service to God or man almost drove him to despair. But, terrible as were the storms, the anchor of his hope did not slip.

There were seasons of brightnes and calm. His heroism and consecration came out in unflagging efforts to promote his own spiritual life, to fit himself for service and to confer immediate benefit upon those to whom he was sent. The Indians showed some appreciation of his services and he thought he saw some marks of grace. But after a year's labor, he decided that he ought to seek another field because of the small number within reach and the fact that they could be ministered to by Mr. Sargeant at Stockbridge,

to which place Brainerd had persuaded them to remove.

The correspondents consenting, he set out for his original destination. He visited among New England friends on the way. East Hampton on Long Island, then regarded as one of the most desirable churches, was urgent to obtain his services. Millington, near his old home, also wanted him. But turning his back upon comfort and friends he set out for his long and lonely horse-back ride, through what seemed to him a "desolate and hideous country," to find a new home among the savages on the Delaware.

He arrived about the middle of May on the Delaware where Easton, Pennsylvania, now stands. Soon after, on June eleventh, he was ordained by the Presbytery of New York at Newark, New Jersey. He preached to frontier settlements of whites in the region of the Forks, as well as to the Indians. He was better in health and his spiritual experiences were happier. In July he wrote:

"Last year I longed to be prepared for a world of glory, and speedily to depart out of this world: but of late all my concern almost is for the conversion of the heathen: and for that end I long to live."

But the number of Indians permanently in the neighborhood was small. Having learned

that the Indians were more numerous on the upper Susquehanna, he set out in October to visit them. He was accompanied by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Byram, and three Indians. It was a journey of a hundred and fifty miles through an unbroken wilderness over great and rugged mountains. It was the most dangerous traveling any of them had ever seen. Brainerd's horse broke her leg and had to be shot. It is characteristic that he found even in this accident occasion for thanksgiving because he himself escaped unhurt. Four days were spent among the Indians near the present site of Berwick, Columbia County, Pennsylvania. Returning to the Forks he spent the winter there and thereabout.

In early spring (1745) he went for a month into New England to secure a colleague and raise money to support him. He hoped in this way to escape the dreadful loneliness and to increase the efficiency of the work. He was ready to contribute largely from his own scant salary. But he was unsuccessful.

He was planning to remove to the Susquehanna, and in May made his second journey thither. It was again a hard trip and involved much exposure. Brainerd lay sick for a week in the rude hut of a trader. He ex-

plored the settlements of Indians for a hundred miles along the river, and sought to interest them in Christian truth. But he was much discouraged by the general indifference and gross idolatry. He came back worn out, sick and greatly depressed. He feared that the money spent in his support was wasted, and began to think of resigning his commission since he seemed to himself to be an unprofitable servant. Of this time he wrote: "As my body was very feeble, so my mind was scarce ever so much damped and discouraged about the conversion of the Indians, as at this time."

A week after his return to the Forks, however, he started for a place called Crossweeksung, now Crosswicks, near Burlington, New Jersey, where he heard Indians were to be found. He visited churches in Pennsylvania and New Jersey on the way. He arrived at Crosswicks on the nineteenth of June, but again found the Indians much scattered. His first audience consisted of a few women and children. But they were interested and spread the announcement of the meeting next day over a radius of ten or fifteen miles. The audiences grew rapidly. Brainerd preached daily, sometimes twice a day. In the intervals of public service he spoke in private with those interested. He reports: "God was

pleased to put upon them a spirit of awakening and concern for their souls, and surprisingly to engage their attention to divine truths." But Brainerd "Had passed through so considerable a series of almost fruitless labors and fatigues" and "his rising hopes had been so often frustrated among these poor pagans" that he "could not believe, and scarcely dared to hope" that "God would give any special success to his labors."

After two weeks of almost incessant preaching and teaching, worn out but happy, Brainerd returned by slow stages to the Forks. There, a few days later, he baptized his first Indian converts—Moses Finda Fautaury, his wife and their children. This man, about fifty years of age, had been his interpreter for more than a year. He knew Indian lore and English well. He had been a hard drinker. At first indifferent, he had come under deep religious impressions about a year before, and for six months had appeared to Brainerd "another man" and he hoped "a new man." "His heart echoed to the soul-humbling doctrines of grace."

It was the sheaf of first fruits. The transaction deeply impressed the other Indians. But what was far more important to Brainerd, this man, having now an experi-

mental as well as an intellectual apprehension of the truth, became a thoroughly sympathetic medium for Brainerd's discourses. He also himself exhorted the Indians.

By the first of August (1745) Brainerd was back at Crosswicks. He was eagerly welcomed. The interest previously kindled had not cooled, with his coming it burst into fresh flame. Indians, and whites too, came from far. While some of the latter were impressed, of others to their shame Brainerd reports,

"They behaved more indecently than any Indians I have ever addressed."

Among the Indians old and young were led to cry out,

"Guttum Mauhalummet—Guttum Mauhalummet"—"Have mercy upon me! Have mercy upon me!"

The influence that swept over the audience seemed to Brainerd like "the irresistible force of a mighty torrent." God's manner of working appeared to him clearly supernatural and almost independent of means. But he reports also the effective theme—Christ crucified. His testimony is:

"It was remarkable from time to time that when I was favored with any special freedom in discoursing of the ability and willingness

of Christ to save sinners and the need in which they stood of such a Saviour, there was then the greatest appearance of divine power in awakening numbers of secure souls, promoting convictions begun, and comforting the distressed."

Almost daily some souls found peace. The converts sought to help and guide others. At the end of three weeks he baptized twenty-five, fifteen adults and ten children.

In September he went to the Forks and from there with only his interpreter visited many Indian settlements along the Susquehanna. He suffered much from the hardships of the wilderness and more from the indifference and gross idolatry of the savages, but came back somewhat encouraged.

The region of Crosswicks had now become his home. The remarkable interest kept up through the winter, and Brainerd was incessant in preaching, catechising and visiting. He set about establishing a permanent community, raised and paid off more than eighty pounds of debts on the land of the Indians, established a school and in the spring set the Indians to work clearing for a new town—Bethel—located near Cranberry, New Jersey, whither they and he soon removed. The community now numbered one hundred and fifty.

He baptized altogether nearly one hundred, about one half of whom were adults. Many others were impressed and under instruction. The changed life of some who had been openly vicious, and the rapidity with which both religious and secular knowledge was acquired, astonished all.

But he did not forget the Indians at the Forks and on the Susquehanna. In mid-winter he took half a dozen converts to the former place and held meetings. In August, 1746, he made his fourth trip to the interior Pennsylvania Indians. It was a terrible experience extending over a month. He was so weak as scarcely to be able to sit on his horse at times. The evening dews of the forest chilled him, night-sweats and hemorrhages wasted him. From very weariness sleep sometimes forsook him. Still he traveled and preached.

It was late in September when he finally got back to Bethel. He tried to maintain services. When too weak to go to the meeting place he gathered his Indians at his hut and spoke from chair or bed.

In November he started for New England, hoping to recuperate among his friends. But he got only to Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he was ill through the winter. It was the

last of May, 1747, when he reached his destination, the home of Jonathan Edwards at Northampton, Massachusetts. A physician pronounced his case hopeless, but advised continued horse-back riding. He went to Boston, where notable ministers and others visited him. He aroused great interest in Indian missions. Returning to the house of Edwards (to whose daughter Jerusha he was betrothed) and busy still with voice and pen in his Master's work, he calmly, even joyfully, awaited his change. The purpose of his life here and the hope of life hereafter breathe in one of his last utterances:

"My heaven is to please God, and glorify Him, and to give all to Him and to be wholly devoted to his glory—that is the heaven I long for."

He fell asleep Friday, October ninth, 1747, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Brainerd's story contains elements of profound sadness. Ill health and melancholy temperament threw dark shadows on his path. It can scarcely be questioned that the type of piety he cultivated, in common with the best people of his day, was excessively introspective. As he became actively concerned in the salvation of others, he escaped largely from the self-torture of earlier days.

But this dark background brings out his gaining qualities. Always weak and often suffering, he shrank from no service however hard. He so jealously guarded each moment and so fully expended each atom of strength that he accomplished what would have been prodigous tasks for a well man. In a single year he rode over four hundred miles on horse-back, beside all his preaching, counseling and studying.

His splendid devotion appears in the fact that, although he was of unusual intellectual ability and tastes, personally attractive and delighting in congenial friends, possessed of some private means and sought by eager congregations, he deliberately chose and continued in the isolation and loneliness, the lowliness and hardship of work among savages.

Brainerd's chief end was to glorify God, and in God he found rare joy—even here. Hours and days of meditation and prayer were not only the means of his spiritual power but the seasons of his greatest happiness. Even upon the blackest pool of self-reproach, the fair lilies of adoration and trust are found. Upon the darkness of his deepest discouragement, there rose a glorious morning of great and blessed success. His path shone more and more unto the perfect day.

The note of pity is swallowed up in the song of thanksgiving to God, who giveth the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

[It is interesting that so introspective a life as that of David Brainerd should have impressed itself indelibly upon young men, as is shown by the organization of the Brainerd Evangelical Society in 1832 in Lafayette College. The original object of this society was to cultivate a missionary spirit. Of late it is allied to the group of college Young Men's Christian Associations. On August first, 1904, the forty-third missionary from its membership started for China.

On December sixth, 1894, the Brainerd Society dedicated a neat marble monument, five feet high, at Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania, seven miles north of Easton, on the spot on which David Brainerd built the first cabin for his sole use. The inscription on the west side reads,

"Erected by the Brainerd Society of Lafayette College, 1894."

The inscription on the south side reads,

"A few rods north of this spot David Brainerd erected his missionary cabin, December sixth, 1744, in which a part of his memorable 'Journal' was written."—EDS.]

CHAPTER III.

A PIONEER OF THE OLD "SOUTHWEST," GIDEON BLACKBURN, D.D.

1772–1838.

By Edgar A. Elmore, D.D.

Gideon Blackburn was a pioneer. He was born with this blood in his veins. He had a part in the "great deeds of a border people." He was one of those early Presbyterian preachers of whom it has been said,

"Wherever one of these settled he first prayed, then preached, built a church, a school house, and spent the rest of his life praying, preaching, teaching, and on occasion fighting."

He was born in the only part of Virginia where "dissenters" were encouraged to settle by the intolerant churchmen of those early days—that was the frontier settlements on the west of the Blue Ridge, where they might be for a defence against the bloody incursions of the Indians. Dr. Baird tells us that from 1729 to 1750 twelve thousand Scotch-Irish came annually to our shores from Ulster.

Many of them turned southward to find homes in the valley of Virginia—"a people bringing little money, but strong hands and stout hearts and divine principles, to improve their own condition, and to bless the land that gave them a home." Augusta County was settled almost entirely by Scotch-Irish, and here on the frontier, "amid a bold, hardy, austere people," Gideon Blackburn was born in the year 1772.

It was a good time to be born. A new spirit was in the air. The great continental movement across the mountains had begun.

"It had taken the Americans over a century and a half to spread from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies. In the next three quarters of a century they spread from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. In doing this they not only dispossessed the Indian tribes but they won the land from the European owners."

In 1769 William Bean had built the first cabin in the State of Tennessee. In 1770 the van of Presbyterian immigration from Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Carolinas entered the same State. In 1772 Samuel Adams at a public meeting in Boston moved that a "committee of correspondence be appointed to state the rights of the colonies"—"the step that fairly organized the Revolution."

The same year the "Watauga Association"

along the head-waters of the Tennessee River "adopted a written constitution, the first ever adopted west of the mountains, or by a community composed of American freemen." In 1774 the first Continental Congress assembled, in 1775 the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill were fought, and the Mecklenburgh Presbyterians in North Carolina declared "America should be free." It was in such a time Gideon Blackburn was born.

He came of fighting stock, General Blackburn being his grandfather. His father's name was Robert, and his mother was a Richie. They were poor, but Christian; from them he received his Scotch-Irish blood and a Presbyterian training. He had robust health and a mind of more than usual promise. An unmarried uncle on the mother's side, Gideon Richie, generously helped him to get an education, though himself only a day laborer. He was converted at the age of fifteen.

While young his family was caught in the movement that was carrying many families into Tennessee. This immigration was unlike that of any other State in the Union. There were no roads through the mountains. Not until the year 1776 was a wagon seen in Tennessee. The pilgrims journeyed mostly on foot, with a horse or two to carry the older women and children and "a few necessary

things, such as cooking utensils, salt, seed corn, medicine, wearing apparel, and some meal or flour."

In Washington County, Tennessee, Gideon Blackburn came under the influence of two men who were to educate and fit him for his life work. One was the Rev. Samuel Doak, D.D., "the apostle of learning and religion in the Southwest." Educated at Princeton, and carrying a diploma signed by John Witherspoon, he preferred a field on the frontier "and, tramping through Virginia and driving before him an old flea-bitten gray horse loaded with a sackful of books, crossed the Alleghanies and came down the blazed trails to the Holston Settlements," there to organize Salem Church and establish Martin's Academy (now Washington College), "the first literary institution in the Mississippi Valley." This was the man also who, when Shelby Campbell and Sevier assembled their men at the Sycamore Shoals to march on the King's Mountain campaign, to strike the blow which was to turn the tide in the war of the Revolution, met them there to offer prayer for their success, and give them as their watchword, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Under this patriot, missionary, scholar, young Blackburn almost completed his lit-

erary course. Then, owing to the removal of his family some fifty miles westward, he finished his education and fitted himself for the ministry under Dr. Robert Henderson, pastor of the Hopewell Church, at Dandridge, Tennessee, and a preacher of such power and eloquence as to become a mighty inspiration to him in the power of speech which later characterized his ministry. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Abingdon in 1792.

To the ordinary man facing his work it was not a pleasing prospect. There was no Home Mission Board to appeal to, for not till 1802 did the General Assembly appoint a "Standing Committee on Missions." He had no money, but few books, no church organized to call him. There was only the frontier, of which some one has said:

"It is the edge of civilization, and rough and shaggy enough it is, as edges are apt to be. It is the battle ground where men and nature meet to fight it out. Ah! and the men have hard times there, I can tell you. They have to turn to and use every bit of stuff that is in them or they get the worst of the conflict. But nature is a friendly foe. When she has proved them she grows kind. The trees fall, the stumps come out of the ground, every year the work tells more and

more, and the frontier is pushed further and further away."

Add to this the Indians resisting all progress, striking at every exposed point; no family safe unless near a fort; "the warlike borderers, the restless, reckless hunters"; the incoming of new people; the constant struggle with the Indians, "developing traits of cunning, fierceness and cruelty, as well as courage and adroitness"; the hunger and struggle for land, as shown by the "hardy, dogged farmers, Calvinistic in faith, God-fearing in practice, building their cabins, clearing their farms from the everlasting forests, and by dint of grim tenacity displacing the Indians and making homes for their children in the wilderness"—and you have a picture of the life he was facing.

Yet how well fitted he was for such a field of labor. He was a part of such a life. He had grown up in it. He was accustomed to its every hardship. He knew the people, understood their ways of looking at things, shared in their hopes and fears and plans. He was not afraid of danger, or of the honorable poverty of the frontier. He had a love of adventure, and was ready to lead a military expedition if necessary, as he did sometimes. He was a born leader, and above all he had the true spirit of a missionary.

The scattered, endangered people without the bread of life was all the call he needed to begin the ministry.

He found his first field of labor by marching with a company of soldiers to defend a fort, threatened by Indians, some forty miles away, where Maryville, Tennessee, is now located.

With hunting shirt, rifle and knapsack, as well as with Bible and hymn book, he went forth to preach to soldiers and settlers. Near the fort at Maryville he built two log houses in 1794, one for a church and one for his residence. To this he brought his young wife, whom he had married in 1793. Then began a most arduous and self-denying ministry. As everybody was poor and struggling, and he received scant support from the people, it was necessary for him to cultivate his farm for a living. Many of his sermons were prepared by taking inkhorn and paper to the field, and jotting down the thoughts that came while busy with hoe or plow. He worked by day and studied by night, until his people could do more for his support.

The settlements of people clustered about the forts for protection. He went from fort to fort, under the escort of soldiers, and often in great peril, preaching and teaching either in the forts or under the trees. Intense,

earnest, courageous, believing in the Word of God implicitly, anxious for the souls of men, and possessing a wondrous natural eloquence, his preaching found great acceptance. The people flocked to hear him when it was known that he was to preach. We soon find him preaching to two organized churches, New Providence at Maryville, and Eusebia ten miles away, both of which still exist, and are sending forth streams of influence. In these churches his ministry was greatly blessed.

"He kept himself not only on familiar terms, but in exceedingly kind relations with, all his people and exerted a powerful and most benign influence in forming their characters. He took special pains both in private and public to make them well acquainted with the Bible and, by accustoming them to frequent meetings for devotion, he taught them to cultivate both the gift and spirit of prayer, thus rendering many of them, at least, at once intelligent and spiritually minded Christians."

But while pastor of these two churches his parish was wherever new settlements were forming. He was constantly preaching in the regions round about. Several churches were organized as a result of these outside labors, so that we find him (1797) uniting

with Carrick, Henderson and Ramsey to organize Union Presbytery, the strongest Presbytery now in the Synod of Tennessee. Alert, active, sensitive to all the life about him, deeply impressed with the needs of the people, and a sturdy defender of the faith, he was a good Presbyter, who laid deep and well the foundations of Presbyterianism amid the valleys of East Tennessee. He ministered to this people for sixteen years.

Not satisfied with the increasing work among the white settlers, his heart soon began to go out to the Indians in the region about him. The Cherokees were the mountaineers of their race. They "dwelt among the blue tipped ridges and lofty peaks of the Southern Alleghanies, in the wild picturesque region where the present States of Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas join one another. Their towns stretched from the high upland regions to the warm coast of the low country. Each village stood by itself in some fertile river bottom, surrounded by apple orchards and fields of maize, for the Cherokees were more industrious than their northern neighbors, and lived by tillage and agriculture as much as by hunting. They were a bright and intelligent race, and better fitted to follow the white man's road than any other Indians."

As to Dr. Blackburn's work with this people, this is his own story:

"I settled in that part of the State called Blount County when the Cherokees were engaged in a bloody and destructive war with our frontiers. As this circumstance frequently called out the youths of my charge in defence of their country and exposed them to the vices attached to military life, I chose at some times to go with them, and was thereby led into the causes of the savage and wretched state of those Indians. From that moment my mind began to be agitated with the question, Can nothing be done with this people? Is it impossible they should be civilized and become acquainted with the gospel? Some rays of hope would flash upon my mind when I reflected they were of the same race with ourselves.

"It was evident that a plan must be laid with expectations of having to combat ignorance, obstinacy, and strong prejudices. I conceived it therefore necessary to prepare the mind by the most simple ideas, and by a process which would associate civilization with religious instruction, and thus gradually prepare the rising race for the more solemn truths of religion, and fit this strong minded and high spirited people eventually to become American citizens, and a valuable part of the Union.

"This subject became frequently the object of request at the throne of grace until 1799. That year I introduced the subject to the Presbytery of Union, but found many embarrassing difficulties. The year following I laid a plan for a missionary society in that county, with a special reference to this object. The scarcity of money and the poverty of the people in that newly settled country were such that I was compelled to give up the attempt. In 1803 I came to General Assembly as a delegate hoping I might find some method of bringing the subject before that body. For this purpose I had drawn up the outlines of a plan for the education of Indian children.

"I presented this plan to the 'Committee of Missions,' and was requested to undertake its execution, and two hundred dollars were given for its support, and to engage my services as a missionary for two months.

"On my return to Tennessee I collected four hundred and fifty dollars and some books. I had several interviews with the chiefs of the nation, taking care not to promise anything in the performance of which I could not exceed the promise, as a single failure would have destroyed my credit and ruined the design. In October a council of two thousand Indians assembled, including

all the chiefs. I received their approbation in writing, with a declaration that they would send their children and assist in fixing a place for the school.

"A place on Highwassee River was chosen, and a school house and one for the teacher erected. The school house was so constructed that it might serve the children to eat in and be comfortable for the lodging of the males. The females were appointed to sleep in the master's family. I was remarkably fortunate in the choice of a master. He was a man of prudence, good sense and piety, with a heart fully set on the work. The school was opened in 1804, with twenty-one children. The order of the day for the school is:—the children rise and pray and wash, then the school opens by reading the Scriptures first and public prayer; then engaged on lessons until breakfast; then an hour for recreations, and again engaged from nine to twelve; play two hours, then in school till evening. In evening have spelling lessons and close by singing hymns and prayer. The children were all neatly clothed, mostly in striped cotton or plain linen. The first principles of religion as contained in the Shorter Catechism were early taught, many hymns of praise were committed to memory. They were taught to sing plain melodious

tunes with a great deal of ease and sweetness."

The principal chiefs of the nation, many Indians and two or three hundred white people, with General Smith, Colonel Meigs and Governor Sevier, met on the Highwassie River to make a treaty. Dr. Blackburn thus describes the attendance of his school:

"Then I attended with my school, consisting of twenty-five children. Figure to yourself twenty-five little savages in the forest, all seated in a large canoe, the teacher in one end and myself at the other, steering our canoe down the stream about twenty miles. See the little creatures neatly dressed in homespun cotton (presented them by the females of my white congregation), their hearts beating with the anticipation of their expected examination, frequently reviewing their lessons, and then joining in anthems of praise to their Redeemer.

"Thus we arrived at the place of treaty. It was a large bower in the midst of a delightful grove, where the school was introduced, marching in procession between the open ranks of white and red spectators. Each scholar read such part as requested, the different classes spelled a number of words without the book, specimens of their writing and ciphering were shown, and the exhibition

closed by the children singing a hymn or two committed to memory with a clear, distinct voice. The scene was very impressive, many shed tears plentifully. The Governor (Sevier), a hardy veteran, who had often braved the danger of war in the same forest, said to me:

"'I have often stood unmoved amidst showers of bullets from Indian rifles, but this effectually unmans me. I see civilization taking the ground of barbarism, and the praises of Jesus succeeding the war-whoop of the savage,'—all the time tears streaming down his face.

"The red people immediately requested a second establishment in the lower districts of the nation, and by the twenty-sixth of August I had another school in operation.

"About this time my circumstances were truly embarrassing. I had the care of a congregation among the white people—generally poor. I had also a rising and helpless family for which provision must be made, and by the fatigues and being exposed to cold, hunger and wet, together with all the wretchedness of savage accommodation in my visits to the nation, and hard labor at home, I was attacked by a complaint which settled in one of my legs, causing much pain. My schools were increasing, my funds exhausted, my

credit sinking, and my health to all appearances gone; but in 1806, in a tour through the South, I collected upward of fifteen hundred dollars and was relieved of my affliction."

In 1807 he made a tour through the northern States and collected in seven months over five thousand dollars, with books and clothes. He preached a sermon before the General Assembly, for which he received a vote of thanks from the Assembly.

In 1808 and 1809 he made tours of seven and twelve weeks through the Cherokee Nation, and was much encouraged with their progress towards civilization. Seven years he gave himself to this service, and would gladly have continued it, but failing health and his own pecuniary embarrassment growing out of his work constrained him to retire from the field.

His labor had not been in vain among the Indians. He had developed agriculture, also the formation of civil government, with a constitution, legislature and laws. He had taught them how to build roads. In one of his letters towards the close of his work he gave these facts, showing advance of Cherokees towards civilization: Population, 12,395; negro slaves, 583; cattle, 20,000; horses, 6,100; hogs, 19,600; sheep, 1,037; grist mills, 13; sawmills, 3; saltpetre works, 3;

powder mill, 1; wagons, 50; plows, 500; spinning wheels, 1,600; looms, 464; and 49 silversmiths, and in the schools four or five hundred had been taught to read the English Bible, and several persons had been received as hopeful Christians.

In 1810 he gave up the work, and the General Assembly not being able to find a man to replace him, the work among the Indians passed into the hands of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Owing to continued impaired health, and the growing needs of his family, he resigned also in 1810 the charge of the New Providence church, which he had continued all through his work with the Indians, and settled eventually at Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville, Tennessee.

Here he took charge of the Harpeth Academy, and for twelve years the core of his work was teaching. He was not a finished scholar, but was strong in logic, rhetoric, mental and moral philosophy.

He was a good disciplinarian, yet governed largely by moral suasion, appealing to such motives as were calculated to develop manly and religious character. In addition to the ordinary duties as teacher he superintended the studies of several young men preparing for the ministry, thus laboring to increase the

number of ministers so greatly needed in the Southwest.

Though thus engaged in teaching he by no means gave up preaching, for he soon had five preaching points, a rotation circuit of fifty miles, to which he gave his Saturdays and Sabbaths. He found religious life at a low ebb, but was soon greatly blessed here too in his ministry. Churches were organized, and at his first communion service three thousand persons were present, and forty-five members added to the church. His vacations were given to evangelistic labors, and in the great revivals held in the early part of the century multitudes were converted under his preaching. Throughout this period he was still the home missionary, reaching out to regions beyond.

In 1823 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Louisville, leaving his son, the Rev. John N. Blackburn, as his successor at Franklin. After a fruitful pastorate of four years at Louisville he accepted the presidency of Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. For three years he held this office, performing an immense amount of ministerial labor in addition to the duties of president.

In 1830 he resigned and removed to Versailles, Kentucky, where in addition to his

care of the church, he became the agent for the Kentucky State Temperance Society, which afforded him ample opportunity to make burning appeals in the interest of temperance.

He removed in 1833 to Illinois, but never had charge of a church. He became agent for the Illinois College to raise funds in the eastern States. While engaged in this work he conceived the idea of establishing a theological seminary in Illinois. This plan he did not live to carry out, but after his death such an institution was established at Carlinville, Illinois, and named for him. It was under the control of New School branch of the Church. In 1838, at the age of sixty-six, he died at Carlinville, of dysentery, though he had suffered for some time from a cancerous affection on the lip and a severe fall on the ice, which had confined him to his bed for six months before death came.

Dr. Blackburn had eleven children, seven sons and four daughters. Two of the sons became useful ministers, and one died while preparing to preach. The degree of D.D. was conferred on him by Greenville College in 1818.

In person he was of military bearing, stood six feet two inches; was well-proportioned; had strongly marked features; he

had a large head, fair complexion; high forehead; eyes large, full, light blue, or rather grayish; a firm but benignant expression; dark hair, parting in the middle and reaching almost to his shoulders. Although a fine-looking man, yet the only picture ever taken of him was secured unawares by some friends in Boston, who had an artist sketch him while they kept him busy talking on his "only hobby, the Southwest." This picture was a grief to him, as he did not approve of pictures.

In his manner he "was of the old school, easy, gentle, mild, courteous, affable, but always dignified." There was always something of reserve about him. No one could treat him with familiarity. His bearing inspired reverence. At times he could be severe and haughty. One time General Jackson attempted to assign a company of young men that Blackburn himself had raised and led to the army to the command of an officer that Blackburn had promised them they should not serve under.

"Thereupon a difficulty arose. General Jackson was imperious, the Doctor was firm. It came to words, high words; many feared it would end in blows. The Doctor was as haughty in his bearing as the General was imperious and threatening." But he was calm,

collected and firm, and he carried his point; and then with a bow of great dignity he ended by saying,

"General, that is all that I ever asked, and now with the greatest confidence I commit these noble young men to your care whose parents have committed them to me."

"They parted with mutual civilities," and Jackson spoke of him ever afterwards as my "much respected friend, Dr. Blackburn." It is said that when Jackson was president Dr. Blackburn sent a personal letter to him by a friend, to urge him to fulfil a promise that he had made to confess Christ—thus showing how close their friendship had become.

But Blackburn was first of all a preacher. He was a master of assemblies, he had all the elements of a natural orator—a tall and commanding figure, a strong personality, dignity in bearing, musical voice, appropriate gestures, intense earnestness, a passion for souls, absolute confidence in the Bible as the Word of God, and such a vivid power of description as to make his audiences forget they were hearing, and act as if they were seeing. He preached without notes.

His rule in preaching was,

"Get your head, heart and soul full of your subject, and then let nature have its own way."

"His sermons were generally didactic and analogical in the beginning, but highly descriptive, and abounding in appeals to the imagination, conscience and hearts of his hearers towards the close." Though his sermons were an hour and a half long he held his audiences to the end.

He had many qualities that fitted him to be a pioneer home missionary. He was a conscientious, earnest pastor, he delighted to preach the gospel; this led him to "range" and make long preaching tours. We hear of him in many different States, everywhere pleading with men to be saved.

He had the spirit of a reformer, freeing his own slaves and sending them to Liberia, and using his influence to lead others to do the same. He was an ardent advocate of temperance. His religion was of the active type, not the introspective. "Doing good" was his motto. He lived for the future, not the past.

He influenced men who held public office. He was frequently invited to preach to the legislature of his State, and often consulted by those in authority. In that period, when great States were emerging from the wilderness, and calling for the equipments of Christian civilization, when school houses and churches had to be built, when standards of right living had to be set up and maintained

under adverse conditions, when the moral and religious character of hundreds of communities had to be shaped, this man wrought. His is one of the influences that has "leavened the nation." He spared not himself, but devoted every gift to his Master's use.

His work remains. Many of the churches he established still abide in strength. The foundations he laid are still there, the principles he taught still shape the lives of those coming after him. He labored not in vain for the old "Southwest."

Daniel Baker, D.D., 1791–1857

CHAPTER IV.

A WINNER OF SOULS, DANIEL BAKER, D.D.

1791—1857.

By Henry S. Little, D.D.*

The key-note to this wonderful man's life was expressed on his deathbed in 1857:

"I want this epitaph carved on my tomb:

Here lies Daniel Baker—
Preacher of the gospel—
A sinner saved by grace.

"Remember," he added, "a sinner saved by grace."

Daniel Baker was born in Midway, Georgia, August seventeenth, 1791. He was born again when fourteen years of age. He joined the church April nineteenth, 1812. He entered the junior class at Princeton in 1813. He died at Austin, Texas, December tenth, 1857, at the age of sixty-seven.

He lived a boy's life, with its longings for the good, and sometimes the practice of the

* Synodical missionary in Texas. See p. 78.

bad,—at least one would say so if his morbid diary can be trusted. For years he depended too much on frames of mind. He tried to live an impossible life, sometimes in the most delightful frames of mind and often berating himself for depressions that needed physical exercise and a physician. He needed to learn, as a young man and a college student, to cast his frames of mind, along with his sins, on Jesus and then to go right on with the Master's work and be hopeful whether happy or not.

In his college diary he writes:

"In the review of the past year I find many things to weep and lament over; many follies, many sins and backslidings to lay me low in repentance and humility, and I likewise find many things for adoring love and augmented gratitude to God. I have experienced many vicissitudes of heavenly affections during the past year; sometimes the light of God's countenance beamed upon me, which let in sweet comfort and joy into my soul; at other times, under the hidings of God's countenance, under the heavy pressure of temptations and afflictions, my enjoyments were dried up and I went sorrowing. Sometimes, but especially about the first of spring, I had clear manifestations of the love of God, brighter hopes of a joyful immortality. At other times heavy

clouds hung over my soul and shed a dismal gloom on all things. I began to imagine all my former experiences to be mere delusions; that I had never sincerely loved my God; my views were low, my hopes almost extinguished; but, blessed be God, even in these seasons of darkness and distress God did not utterly forsake me; some glimmerings from above would, now and then, cast a bright though transient gleam into my soul, and I was enabled to persevere."

It may be remarked here that up to this time and for years after Dr. Baker lived in the swamps of Georgia and was of a sallow, slender, sickly appearance, giving no promise of the health and vigor he afterwards possessed. It would be well for those who bewail their spiritual darkness; their fearful apprehensions in regard to things of earth and heaven; their manifold prayers, fastings and efforts for God without result, to see if the cause of their unhappiness and inefficiency does not lie in their want of bodily health. The man who stands in the pulpit, broad-chested, in evident possession of health and happiness, exerts a living force upon an audience, even apart from what he has to say. Dr. Baker's college melancholy was the result of over-study, under-exercise and indiscreet eating. It was all wrong to charge God with

it. Student sins like all other sin are punished directly and indirectly, and invariably, by the laws of health.

Afterwards Dr. Baker's incessant travels and preaching developed and strengthened his constitution to a remarkable degree. He became the happiest and most hopeful man living. His capacity for labor became almost unlimited—bounded by consideration for his hearers, not for himself. And there is never a word of, "Oh, dear me!" in his grand life. As to his untiring energy, it was remarked of him by a business man, himself by no means lacking in this quality,

"Dr. Baker's energy would be worth to me ten thousand dollars a year."

Owing to his health, his cheerfulness was also never impaired; in fact, it amounted all the year round to steady joyousness. No one, in or out of his family, can remember even a momentary cloud of depression on his sunny brow or a breath of petulance on his smiling lips. He may have been angry at times but never for an instant cross. Into the fun of children he entered as cordially as themselves. Of all "croaking," as he termed it, he had a cordial dislike. Whatever else may be said of him, since Adam left Paradise a happier man never walked the earth. It need scarce be said, his energy, cheerfulness,

buoyancy, had their fountain-head in his faith in God, manifested in Christ; but their deep, wide, unobstructed channels were in his healthy body.

When Dr. Baker entered Princeton College he found, of the one hundred and forty-six students, only six who professed to be Christians, and only two who seemed to care much about it. With these two he instituted a prayer meeting which became an object of ridicule. This meeting grew into a great revival, and of the fifty students then converted twenty became ministers of the gospel. Two of them have been distinguished bishops of the Episcopal Church; one has been a president of a college; another, according to British print, is "the greatest divine now living." Another has become famous in the Sandwich Islands as a missionary. It was a glorious work of grace, and verily its blessed consequences will not only run along down the whole stream of time, but will not lose their traces through the wide ocean of eternity.

In 1818 Dr. Baker took pastoral charge of Harrisonburg and New Erection, Virginia, and preached in all the villages and country round about with wonderful success. Three years later he was called to the Second Church of Washington, D. C., where he had as parishioners President John Quincy Adams

and General Andrew Jackson. Mr. Adams never failed to be in his pew on the Sabbath, and was a most attentive listener. This brought the Second Church into notice, and Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Judge Southard, the Secretary of the Navy, each took a pew. The meetings were usually well attended and, although they never had what is called a revival, they had what might be called heavenly dew. They had professions at every communion, so that when Dr. Baker resigned in the spring of 1828 the number of communicants had increased from thirty-nine to one hundred and forty-two, not including those who had died or been dismissed.

Having removed to Savannah, Dr. Baker writes to his former people at Washington as follows:

"After laboring in your midst a little more than six years, with much comfort to myself, and I hope some usefulness to you, I have withdrawn. I am now far away; another city is the place of my residence; another people the people of my charge. Was this of my own seeking? It was the providence of God —most remarkably the providence of God. The field of usefulness open to me in this place is very extensive, and very promising. My congregation is decidedly the largest in

Savannah, and embraces a great portion of the wealth and intelligence of the city. I am happy to add, it embraces much piety too, much more than I had expected. Our prayer-meetings are crowded; I have a very flourishing Female Bible class—the present number is forty-six. There are two things which now, in review, afford me satisfaction —a consciousness that I endeavored to be faithful whilst I was over you in the Lord, and a conviction that my labors were not in vain in the Lord. O, that the number had been a thousand times greater! But what a shade is that which comes over my soul? What pang was that which even now I feel? O, it is the recollection that some, that many too, heard me preach, heard me invite, heard me warn, heard me, even with tears, entreat them to attend to the great concern, and all without profit. My preaching with them is now over; my warnings are now ended, my work is now done; the volume of my pastoral labors is now closed, is sealed, is laid up by the throne of God against the judgment day. God have mercy upon them, and save them from the death that never dies."

One secret of Dr. Baker's success is his craving for souls. It was his one great business here to win men to Christ.

In a great revival in Savannah twenty were

added to Dr. Baker's church. This being noised abroad, meetings sprang up all about. Dr. Baker was in great demand. At Gillisonville sixty were hopefully converted; two of these entered the gospel ministry. Shortly after this he attended a meeting in Grahamsville, South Carolina, and also in a certain church on May River, both of which were greatly blessed. But a meeting held about this time in Beaufort, South Carolina, was of all others most remarkable. It continued to increase in interest. The crowds which attended were very great. About two hundred and fifty were hopefully converted, of whom many were heads of families, and individuals from fourteen to eighty-six years of age. Eight devoted themselves to the ministry. One, a talented lawyer, grasped Dr. Baker's hand with strong emotion and exclaimed,

"O, Mr. Baker, I have an ocean of joy! What would have become of me if you had not come here?"

Another, seeing Dr. Baker pass by the door of his house, rushed out, and seizing him by the hand said,

"Only to think, that that Name which I used to blaspheme is now my only hope!"

The *Beaufort Gazette* summed up the meeting as follows:

"The Rev. Daniel Baker has been with

us for some time, and never, surely, since the days of the Apostles, has more fervid zeal, or ardent piety, or untiring labor been devoted by a Christian minister to his cause. For ten unwearied days, from morning until nine at night, have we heard the strongest and most impassioned appeals to the heads and hearts of his hearers. All that is terrible or beautiful; all that is winning or appalling; all that could steal and charm and soothe the heart, or shake the confidence of security and command its attention to the truths of religion, we have seen pressed upon the community with an earnestness, energy and affectionate persuasiveness almost irresistible. The effect no one can conceive who was not present."

A whist club received one of Dr. Baker's notices. With many sneers and much ridicule they accepted the invitation. Eight of a party of eleven were converted, and one is now a bishop in the Episcopal Church. Eleven ministers came out of this revival, six of whom exchanged the profession of law for the ministry.

This meeting determined Dr. Baker to become an evangelist. He resigned his charge at Savannah, received a complimentary gift of five hundred dollars from them, and preached his farewell sermon in 1831.

As an evangelist his most remarkable tour embraced twelve protracted meetings in twelve consecutive weeks, those hopefully converted averaging forty-five for each meeting. They were mostly held in South Carolina.

The limits of this sketch forbid me to follow this great evangelist through Ohio and Kentucky, where he had great results in winning men to Christ. We have seen him at his best and at his accustomed power with God for men. There will be many stars in the crown of his rejoicing at that day when God makes up his jewels.

We must now follow Dr. Baker to Texas, where his great life-work was done. In 1838 he heard the Rev. John Breckenridge, D.D., make a masterly plea for Texas, and after it was done, Dr. Breckenridge laid his hand upon Dr. Baker and said,

"Brother Baker, you are the man for Texas."

At repeated times others made a like assertion, and so he was led to think that the hand of the Lord was in it and he must go. But after starting he could not refrain from holding meetings by the way, and one hundred and fifteen were converted. At Memphis he met his old-time friend and parishioner, General Jackson, from whom he bore a letter of introduction to General Houston. From New

Orleans he went by boat to Galveston, arriving in 1840. The town had grown in two years from three houses to three hundred. A Presbyterian church had been organized a short time before his arrival. There were then six Presbyterian ministers in Texas. Sabbath, February third, 1840, the first communion season under Presbyterian control on Galveston Island was observed. Four were added on profession.

On April third, 1840, Dr. Baker was present at the organization of Brazos Presbytery in the Christman school house at Independence Settlement, the first Presbytery organized in Texas. At the first meeting of the Presbytery of Brazos the building of a college was suggested. The burden of securing means for it fell on Dr. Baker. Six different journeys he made to the States in its interest, and he was wonderfully successful. Besides securing the gift of many thousand acres of land he collected one hundred thousand dollars. The details of these wonderful journeys as recorded in his published memoirs are full of romantic and thrilling interest. The self-denial of such a man in his constant separation from his family, with meagre compensation, hardships indescribable and heroism almost unexampled, places him among the wonderful men of the past century. His

methods were his own. He believed in the power of the gospel. This he preached and then made his appeal. In his last tour, including eight months soliciting for the college, he won seven hundred converts.

"Lead a man to Christ first if you want him to say, 'The half of my goods I give to the poor.'" This was Dr. Baker's method, and Austin College, Sherman, Texas, confirms its correctness.

About this time Dr. Baker wrote a letter, which reads as follows:

"I have been to Texas. I have just returned; and so well pleased am I with what I have seen and heard in that new Republic, that I think I shall make it my home. The lands in general are very rich, and some parts of the country are extremely beautiful. But what is more important, the people set a very great value upon a preached gospel, and come out wonderfully. I have often said, on week evenings as well as on Sabbath days, Where do all these people come from? I think the associations of early life have something to do with it; a mother's prayers and a mother's tears are not forgotten. Moreover, there seems to be a disposition to roll away the reproach cast upon them, that they are a set of outlaws and demi-savages; and, besides, you know that what is scarce is much

prized. I have preached in places where no gospel sermon had ever been preached before; and I have seen adults who have not heard a single discourse, some for eight, some for twelve, some for twenty years. I saw a lady and gentleman who, on a Sunday morning, rode eighteen miles to church, without having any certain information that there would be preaching that day. You may judge how much delighted they were to find that it was a communion season, and that there was a blessed revival of religion going on. Having both of them been professors of religion in the old States, I trust they received spiritual benefit that day. I will not enter upon any particulars; suffice it to say, I had the pleasure of witnessing several precious seasons of refreshing in Texas, and had the satisfaction of seeing some of Austin's colony brought in. Laus Deo!"

As a kind of accident Dr. Baker visited Nashville, Tennessee. According to the almost universal custom of the West, a four days' meeting was held by this church at its communion season. On the occasion Dr. Baker accepted an invitation to assist at the communion. After Dr. Baker's second sermon a great deal of solemnity was apparent through the congregation. From this time there was no diminution of the interest dur-

ing his stay of about a fortnight, during which he preached twenty-seven times, besides giving exhortations and conversing with those who attended the inquiry meetings. Two weeks after the first communion it was adjudged expedient and proper by the pastor and session to hold another, when about forty were admitted. Although the special meetings were suspended soon after, the good spirit that was kindled seemed to remain in the church, and at the next communion another large number was added, making a total of nearly one hundred who were brought into the church as the fruit of this man's faithful labors. The great glory of this work of grace was its genuineness and permanent effect upon the church. Years after its pastor said he could not remember one who had been made a subject of discipline.

In fact, if not in office, Dr. Baker was the first synodical missionary in Texas. The Indians were hostile and cruel. The distances were vast. He suffered exposure and fatigue. Coming into a town where he was unknown, he rang his own bell, beat his own triangle, or used other methods personally from house to house to gather people together. At first probably the audience was small, but afterwards no house would hold the throngs that came. Doors and windows were removed to permit those on the outside to hear. With

the earth for a bed and the sky for a roof this man of God, many times called to large churches and comfortable salaries, passed many of his nights. Often wild beasts or wilder men threatened his life. In the East faculties and students of colleges helped to pack audiences to hear him preach, and hundreds of them were born again. This man was all things to all men that he might save some. To a man of the world it must have seemed a life thrown away; but he gave his splendid capabilities to those who otherwise would have gone to the bar of God without hearing the gospel.

The writer once received a letter saying:

"I want to commend to you Rev. ——, a dear, good brother, a spotless man, who has never succeeded very well anywhere, but he is just the man for Texas."

Not so thought Dr. Baker. Send the best to home mission fields and let good men, who don't succeed, stay where people have some church-going habits.

"Christ gave until He felt it," Dr. Baker was used to say. "Do you give until you feel it?"

Holding places easily supplied was not to be compared with laying foundations, so thought Dr. Baker. He believed that if the heart is to be kept in healthy working condition the extremities must be kept warm.

The reflex influences of his life are to be measured by the hundred thousand dollars eastern churches were willing to give him for his college. He lives twice who lives once for home missions. To use Dr. Baker's own words:

"Home missionaries have no beds of roses, but they have wide fields of usefulness. They have little California gold, but they have precious souls which as jewels are safely casketed for eternity."

Dr. Baker might have been distinguished as a politician, rich as a financier, famous as a scholar or teacher, or eminent as a statesman, but "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Deeply indeed did his spotless life, his abundant labors and his holy influence impress the people of Texas. On the first news of his death the legislature in both of its branches adjourned, though in a thronged and excited session. Fervent and eloquent addresses were made. One said:

"I consider the death of Dr. Baker a public calamity. His is justly entitled to rank as one of Texas' benefactors. There has been scarcely a State in the Union but has heard his eloquent pleading in behalf of religion and all the great interests of society."

Rev. Thomas Smith Williamson, M.D., 1800–1879

CHAPTER V.

THE PIONEER AMONG THE SIOUX, REV. THOMAS S. WILLIAMSON, M.D.

1800—1879.

By the Rev. John P. Williamson, D.D.

The Rev. Thomas S. Williamson, M.D., labored as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church among the Sioux or Dakota Indians for forty-five years, dying June twenty-fourth, 1879. When he entered the work the Sioux were one of the largest and most savage tribes on the continent, among whom as yet not a single convert had been made to Christianity. When he died he left behind the largest and most thoroughly organized missions of the Presbyterian Church among any tribe of Indians. A whole Presbytery of Indian churches is the monument that stands to his memory.

Dr. Williamson was without doubt chosen of God for this work; and it is interesting to notice how God prepared him for it. He

came of godly ancestry who had been trained for generations to the conscientious observance of God's law. His father, the Rev. William Williamson, was of Scotch-Irish descent and a Revolutionary soldier, who at the close of the War enlisted in the army of the Lord and preached Christ for over forty years. The mother of the Rev. William Williamson was Anne Newton, a near relative of Isaac and John Newton. Those acquainted with the history of John Newton will not be surprised to learn that she was a South Carolina slave-holder. Notwithstanding this she was an independent thinker, and when God in His providence led her to consider the bearings of moral law upon the southern institution, she freed her slaves; and, among other things which she did to help them start out in their new life, she gave two of them a liberal education. One of these was the Rev. Benjamin Templeton, pastor of a colored church in Philadelphia; and the other, John Templeton, was one of the early graduates of Ohio University, and afterwards for many years a successful teacher in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

William Williamson's wife, Mary W. Smith, was a woman of the same noble and consecrated spirit as his mother. Sitting one morning in the small parsonage of the Fair

Forest Presbyterian Church, South Carolina, a baby girl in her arms and a little boy at her knee, just old enough to prattle and drink in his mother's feelings, some one knocked at the door. It was the patrol, who immediately proceeded to read to her the order from the officers of the district that she must at once cease instructing her slaves, or be prosecuted according to law. The order was not unexpected to Mrs. Williamson. As the minister's wife, the community felt that she must not be treated roughly. So every other means were employed to dissuade her from continuing her instruction. Near and dear neighbors and learned expositors of law had labored in vain to show her the folly of her course. So something had to be done. As early as 1803 the wise men of the South could see that the cannon of education must be muzzled, or it would blow the institution of slavery to atoms. But in Mrs. Williamson's eyes God's law was far above man's law. So the patrol had hardly shut the door when she said,

"Thomas, the gospel must be taught to every creature; go to the cabin and tell the children to come to school."

Further notices, a trial, a fine followed. It was a terrible effort for the faithful officers to bring the law down thus upon a lady

of the most high repute, but as they viewed it the salvation of the country depended on it, and it was done. The immediate result was that in less than twelve months that delicate mother, with baby Jane in her lap was climbing the Alleghany Mountains on horseback. Just ahead was her good husband on another horse, with little Thomas astride behind him, and their twenty-seven negroes stringing along as they pleased—all bound for the Ohio River, across which was the land of liberty.

The strong-hearted mother was not spared to Thomas and Jane for many years, but long enough to impress upon their hearts her devotion to God's law and the love of Jesus for all men. So it was not surprising when her two children reached the age of maturity in 1821, knowing that slaves had been left them by a deceased relative in South Carolina, that they should make the long horseback journey thither to liberate them instead of having them sold. They knew the value of time, and the money would have given them what they did not have—some capital to start out in life. But these losses touched them lightly. The trip, however, brought other experiences which were like frigid blasts to their tender hearts. As they neared the old stamping ground of their fathers, they

were filled with expectancy and longing as they called to mind the stories their parents had told them of the large circle of dear friends and relatives who there lived. They stopped one night at the plantation of one of these near relatives. The large house with wide porches stood some distance from the road, with negro quarters in the rear. They were courteously though somewhat cautiously entertained. In the morning when prayers and breakfast were over the negro boys who had taken their horses the evening before were seen holding them by the reins at the mounting-block. The host then called Thomas to one side and said,

"Now, Thomas, as you have told us of the object of your visit, I wish to tell you that it will be impossible for us to entertain you on your return; and for the future, if you continue in your present course, the farther away you stay the better."

Thus it was that "for conscience' sake" the ties which bound them to earthly kith and kin were rudely severed. One family alone, a dear sister of their father's, followed them to Ohio with their twenty-four slaves. This loss, however painful at the time, was more than made up by the love of Jesus.

A liberal education at that time was only attained by the favored ones. Thomas Will-

iamson was a favored one, being an only son. Besides his sister Jane he had four older sisters by another mother, but higher education was not for girls in those days. So by the combined effort of the family, and his own economy, he was graduated at Jefferson College when nineteen years old. After leaving college he taught school for a time, and then decided to study medicine. Slow of speech and wielding a clumsy pen, neither he nor his friends seem to have thought of his entering the ministry. Tutoring was common then. His father had tutored him for college, and now his oldest sister had married William B. Willson, M.D.; so he read medicine with him, and afterwards took lectures in Philadelphia, and then at New Haven, where he took the degree of M.D.

He settled for the practice of medicine at Ripley, Ohio, where he had been the principal of an academy for two years. He soon built up a large practice, and married Margaret Poage, the daughter of the town proprietor. He took an active interest in the academy, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, and was the means of starting several young men to prepare for the ministry. The Rev. S. R. Riggs, D.D., who afterwards became his co-laborer, was one of the students at the time, and wrote,

"Whoever else is absent from the examinations, Dr. Williamson is always present, and for a purpose."

From directing others to work for Christ he was doubtless led to think more of what he could do for Him. The story of the Nez Perces who came from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis in search of Christ moved him deeply. He felt his heart going out after them. But he had too many little children. God was still following him, and arranged for their better care. An old marble slab still standing in the cemetery at Ripley tells how. The inscription reads:

"In memory of William Blair, Mary Poage and Gilliland, children of Thomas S. and Margaret Poage Williamson, who died in the year 1833."

He recognized the voice of God calling him to be a missionary. His wife, though of weak constitution, joined heartily in his decisions. He immediately closed up his professional work and went to Lane Seminary to study theology. The next spring he was licensed to preach and, under appointment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, made a tour of exploration among the Indian tribes of the upper Mississippi Valley. Returning that fall he continued his theological studies, and in the

spring of 1835 was ordained to the ministry by Chillicothe Presbytery. He secured as assistant missionaries Mr. Alexander G. Huggins and wife and Miss Sarah Poage, his sister-in-law. The party took a steamboat for St. Louis, and there another for Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

As the steamboat hove in sight of Fort Snelling the little mission party peered out to catch a first sight of the field to which God had called them. Were it the earth they were to cultivate,—truly it was a goodly land. But their work was to be in the vineyard of souls, and the appalling darkness was enough to chill the stoutest heart. Thirty thousand Sioux and every one a heathen!

Then what of the bodily safety of the missionaries? The last white settlements had been passed several days before at Prairie du Chien. True, they were in territory claimed by the United States, but no land in Minnesota had yet been purchased of the Indians, except nine miles square upon which Fort Snelling stood. The Indians knew nothing of the sale which France had made thirty years before of the great territory west of the Mississippi to the United States. Minnesota had been the home of the Sioux from time immemorial. The best blood of every generation had been spilt in protecting it

from the incursions of Indian enemies. Neither could the white man have it without their consent. Such was their statement then, and the long string of ghastly battle-grounds and blood-crying camps that stretch from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains bear witness to its truth.

The location for a station was now to be decided. Fort Snelling was the natural place. The rivers were then the channels for business, and it was at the confluence of all the streams on which lived the Sioux of Minnesota. The Government had already placed there the Indian agency and the military post for that region. The principal fur company had also just located their supply depot for the traders of the Northwest at that point. A few officers had brought their wives—the only white women in the country. Fort Snelling was also the only post-office, where they received mail once a month, postage being twenty-five cents.

However, Dr. Williamson decided to locate elsewhere. The American Board had appointed another missionary, Licentiate J. D. Stevens, who was already on the way. Also two remarkable young men from Connecticut had come to teach the heathen at their own charges, and had located at an Indian village near by. Their names were Samuel

W. and Gideon H. Pond, and both afterwards became ministers. He would leave this field for them. His Lord had not located at Jerusalem. Perchance he would lead him to the Sea of Galilee.

On his tour the previous year he had met a French half-breed, Joseph Renville, who interested him much. He had a small trading post at Lac qui Parle, two hundred miles west of Fort Snelling. He met him again at this time, and his cry was,

"Come over and help us."

The Doctor prayed over it and was assured in his heart it was God's call. He told Mr. Renville he would go.

During his few weeks' stay at Fort Snelling he had not been idle. Quite remarkably, the commandant of the post, Major Loomis, with his wife and daughter, were active Christian workers. He asked the Pond brothers to come and hold meetings at the post on the Sabbath. The result was a dozen or more conversions. The timely arrival of an ordained minister suggested the advantages of a church organization. Dr. Williamson accordingly organized the church with twenty-two members, over whom four elders were ordained, one of whom was the commandant, another the head trader of the fur company, and another the older of the Pond

brothers. This was the first church organized in what is now the State of Minnesota, and was the genesis of the First Church of Minneapolis.

Some time in June Dr. Williamson and his party again started West. Their conveyance was a large lumber wagon bought for the purpose. But it was found the first eighty miles was a dense forest, through which no road had been cut. Mr. Renville, however, came to his assistance and loaded everything except the horses on his Mackinaw flat-boat, which was already well filled with his yearly supply of store goods. The horses Dr. Williamson took by land. The dozen or more Canadians made slow progress shoving the boat against the current, so Dr. Williamson easily made their camps every night. Reaching a point near St. Peter, Mr. Renville's caravan of some fifty Red River carts was found waiting. All took to wheels for one hundred and twenty miles, over great rolling prairies to Lac qui Parle, which they reached on the sixth day.

Mr. Renville's trading post consisted of a cluster of a dozen or more log cabins, surrounded by a stockade. He offered the mission party the use of one of these cabins until they could build. Mr. Huggins built a cabin for himself that fall, but Dr. William-

son remained with Mr. Renville through the winter, and a son was born to him there.

Dr. Williamson had now entered upon the great work of his life. A voice rang in his ear,

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

And again the message came,

"Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones."

Before the Lord would enter the hearts of this savage heathen people much work had to be done. They did not even have a name for God, as they had no conception of Him. To teach them, the teacher must learn their language. The first services Dr. Williamson held, he spoke in English. The trader's clerk translated it into French. Then the trader, Mr. Renville, translated it into Indian.

As Dr. Williamson had discovered on his exploring tour that the few interpreters to be found were French, he had spent considerable time the intervening winter studying French. So before long he was able to speak in French, and needed only Mr. Renville to interpret. To learn the Indian language was a much greater task. It was as yet not reduced to writing, and the few interpreters, like Mr. Renville, were uneducated men who

did not know a noun from a verb, and soon became wearied at being queried. The best help he had was the few days he spent with the Pond brothers. To them belongs the credit of forming the Dakota alphabet which, with some slight changes, is still used in all Dakota books. They gave him a list of Indian words, and also facts as to the construction of the language. What it took them months to learn they could give to him in a few words. The next need was Christian literature in the Indian language—especially the Bible, and some Christian hymns. At first the missionary would translate as best he could a verse, or short passage, for his next service. The first printed selections were made by the Rev. S. W. Pond. The complete Bible as we now have it was all translated (or revised) by the Rev. Thomas S. Williamson, M.D., and Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., who spent a large part of their time for forty years upon it. The last proofs were corrected by Dr. Williamson to his great joy only a short time before his death.

Heathenism among the Dakotas was a stone wall in the way of Christianity. Being polytheists they did not look upon the worship of a number of gods as inconsistent. So when the White Sacred-man came to them, and a word for God was formed, they looked

upon it simply as the name of the white man's god, and had no more objection to their people adopting it than to their adopting the white man's dress, or mode of life. So it was several years before the nation generally realized that the adoption of Christianity meant the abandonment of their worship.

In these years the mission at Lac qui Parle was prepared. In March following his arrival he organized a small church of the lay members of the mission and a few Indians. Of the first seven Indians received, one was a man and all the rest women. The cause of this disproportion was not probably to be found in the fact that women are more religious than men, but because among the Indians religion, like war and the chase, belongs only to the superior sex. The women therefore were less bound to heathenism, and more ready to listen to Christian truth. For the first seven years there were additions every year, averaging seven, making in all forty-nine and in the latter years a larger proportion of men. Nine were added the seventh year, of whom three were men.

About this time the idol worshippers began to see the foundation of their institution crumbling. A council met and determined that Christianity must be wiped out. Vari-

ous means were used to accomplish it. All Indians were forbidden to attend either school or church, and policemen were stationed on the road to punish them; so women came to church a number of times with their blankets cut in strips. The officers would deride and make sport of the church-goers in the most vexatious ways. Sometimes they would use flattery and lead them into sin, perhaps drunkenness. Sorcerers would bewitch them so they would die mysteriously—probably from poison.

Efforts to drive away the missionaries were also made and might have been carried out, as no government officer was near enough to give any immediate protection. Sometimes the missionaries were directly ordered to leave the country. More commonly the Indians tried to vex them beyond endurance so that they would leave. One winter all the mission cattle and horses were shot or stolen, except one ox and cow that the missionaries had managed to protect. This ox and cow were all the two families had with which to haul firewood, put in their spring crop, and do all necessary transporting of goods. Again, a large body of men would come galloping up, all decked for war, and surround the house, and with fearful yells give an exhibition of the war dance. Then

the spokesman would make some exorbitant demand for pay for living in their country. Not receiving it they would renew the dance and keep it up for hours.

By such means the progress of the work was stayed. Several years there were no accessions, and some of the weak members fell. Yet there was always a little band of faithful ones ready to endure all things for Christ's sake. And had brighter days never come, the Doctor would have gone down to the grave rejoicing that he was permitted to have a part in the salvation of these few souls.

There were other sources of trial. Famine and pestilence came and scattered the whole band. Many went to Fort Snelling. Dr. Williamson followed them and settled at Little Crow's village (now South St. Paul), where he remained some six years. During this time the persecution continued. The Lower Sioux were harder to reach than the Western Sioux. Being nearer the whites and better off, they were too proud to listen to the missionaries. Also they were able to get more whiskey. So although much more missionary labor was expended on them, much less was accomplished than for the Lac qui Parle Sioux.

In 1851 a treaty was made with all the Minnesota Sioux which opened to settlement all their country except a reservation on the

upper Minnesota River, and thither the Indians were all removed. Dr. Williamson then chose a new location at Yellow Medicine, where the Lac qui Parle Indians were to settle. A government agency was also established near by, and not a great way off was Fort Ridgely. The near presence of government officials prevented much of the former persecution. The Indians being located closer together and roving less, the facilities for church and school work were improved. Converts were again coming forward, now almost as many men as women. At the end of the year (1862) the church membership had increased to sixty-four Indians, besides a few white persons. These members were connected with three churches; Yellow Medicine in charge of Dr. Williamson; Hazlewood in charge of the Rev. S. R. Riggs, D.D.; and Redwood in charge of the Rev. John P. Williamson.*

Then the Christians had grown in character much more than in numbers. In the three churches there were six elders—all noble, heroic leaders. The Christian Indians were the foremost in civilization, and some of them were moving to the front in the tribal councils. This was as might be expected,

* (Son of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, and writer of this sketch.—EDS.)

for up to this time the mission schools had done all the educational work. Thus the outlook was more encouraging than it ever had been.

But in proportion to the hopefulness of the church work the heathen leaders were despondent and casting about for retribution. Occasionally they destroyed the property of some Christian and even took a life by poison; but these methods were getting to be too risky. Then religion was not the only cause of grief. The Government had several times sorely disappointed them. This was partly due to the Indians' misunderstanding, but partly also to mismanagement of the Government. So the spirit of revenge was heaving their breasts. And it was just the time when the War of the Rebellion was engrossing the nation to the neglect of the Indians. The bombshell was only waiting to be ignited.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that five Indians got into a quarrel over a shooting match, and murdered a number of whites. The shell had exploded. In twenty-four hours not a white person was left in his home over an area of sixty square miles. Some had fled, but over five hundred lay weltering in their blood.

I have said that in twenty-four hours not a white was left; but two days after the

massacre Dr. Williamson with his wife and sister Jane were still kneeling as usual for morning prayer in his own house. He had told his children and son-in-law to flee, but he would stay—perhaps he could help the Christian Indians. Messengers and war-parties were continually flying by. Day and night his friends had stood guard, but early that morning they told him that if he stayed it would be the death of them all. The Doctor told afterwards that he still felt that he would rather stay, and if God willed die at his post; but that, after praying, his mind was at once changed and under the guidance of his Indian friends he fled.

The power of God to "make the wrath of man to praise him" was wonderfully manifested in this terrible massacre. What could redound more to the glory of God than the conduct of the Christian Indians in the massacre! No families were so much exposed as the missionaries, and yet not one was killed. Why? Because the Christian Indians saved them. And they saved not only them but many other whites. John Otherday saved the party of sixty whites from Yellow Medicine. Simon Anawangmani saved the family of Mrs. Newman. Lorenzo Lawrence saved Mrs. De Camp and children, and others. John B. Renville and Paul Maza-

kutemani were the means of rescuing one hundred captive women and children. All these deliverers were Christian Indians. With one exception no heathen man raised a finger to save a soul. That exception was Wakinyantawa, a heathen who saved his friend, George Spencer, a trader. Thus we see the power of the gospel to change the savage heart.

But God be praised for a greater victory—a spiritual. As of old the enemies of God's people were swallowed up in the "Dead Sea." The war-prophets, the conjurers, the medicine-men were in the lead promising victory—such a victory as would enable them to dictate the terms of peace, and they would roll back all these new innovations and reinstate the supremacy of their gods. Instead came defeat. Four hundred warriors were prisoners at Mankato, and their families to the number of two thousand souls were under guard at Fort Snelling. The rest of the tribe were fleeing for their lives to the Northwest, and to Manitoba. Where now are their gods? Like themselves, lying helpless in the dust. They were humbled.

It was God's opportunity. Dr. Williamson saw a new light. God had saved him for a purpose. He hastened to Mankato to preach Christ Jesus the Saviour of sinners.

Seated on the ground, chained two and two, with their blankets over their heads, sat the prisoners—distrustful, wild, sullen. At first his words were like water on the hard rock. But he continued. He searched out individual ones, and spoke words of sympathy. He told them they were bad off, but God was merciful, and he knelt down and prayed for them. He told them of the love of Jesus and how he could save their souls. The Spirit of God came down on them like the gentle rain on the clods of the valley. Many a man expecting to be executed as thirty-eight of their number had already been, and who had such nerve that he would have ascended the scaffold without a tremor, shook like a leaf as he rose and asked that God would forgive their sins for Christ's sake. Three hundred were baptized in one day.

Dr. Williamson continued to minister to the prisoners till they were released, four years afterwards. Dr. Williamson was then sixty-six years old—too old to go West where the Indians were sent and open out mission work. So he settled in his home at St. Peter, Minnesota, where he died in his eightieth year. During these last years however he was not idle. Every summer he made a tour of the Indian churches. And the superintendence of the work of the native helpers, who were

quite numerous, was largely in his hands while he lived.

In conclusion we may ask, wherein lay Dr. Williamson's success? He was no orator, no poet, did not wield a ready pen, and had little confidence in himself.

He was a man of faith—not only theoretically, but practically. He believed in God with all his heart. He believed God had called him to preach to the heathen. He believed God would take care of him and of the results if he followed him.

He was a man of the Bible. He believed it was God's directory. He was loyal to his church creed because he believed it was drawn from the Bible.

He was a man of prayer. The family altar and the closet were sacred institutions, as well as the house of God. In days of doubt and fear, and he saw many such, the altar of prayer was his refuge, and brought peace to his soul.

He was a man of unflinching integrity. Success was a secondary consideration.

He had the unaffected sympathy which is born of the love of Jesus for sinners.

He had a good judgment, the grounds of which he could not always give, but which was probably the result of a comprehensive view of the whole situation. When the first

church among the Indians was organized at Lac qui Parle, in 1836, some thought it hasty. There were so few (the number is not known) and their faith was not proved. However, we know that they all died in the faith, and of the descendants of the first sixteen who united there six have become ministers, and the little community of church workers thus started wherever they have gone to this day are among the leaders in the worship of God.

[The Rev. John P. Williamson, in the preparation of the preceding outline of his father's life, has modestly hidden his own large share in the work of the Dakota Indians. For more than a generation he has labored with untiring and self-sacrificing heroism. He would not wish us here to enlarge upon his own work. Suffice it to say, that as the result of his father's labors, ably followed by his own, the six tribes of the Sioux nation constitute an entire Presbytery and have a membership in the Presbyterian Church of more than fifteen hundred communicants. There are seventeen native ministers under the superintendence of Dr. Williamson and two other American ministers. For home missions they raised for the year closing April first, 1904, the sum of $2,375. A large part of this is placed by them among their own people for the support of churches which would otherwise require aid from the funds of the Home Board. Of their twenty-seven churches reported in the Minutes, twenty-one are aided by the Home Board. They have a Sabbath school attendance of over eight hundred.—Eds.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATRIARCH OF TWO SYNODS, HENRY LITTLE, D.D.

1800—1882.

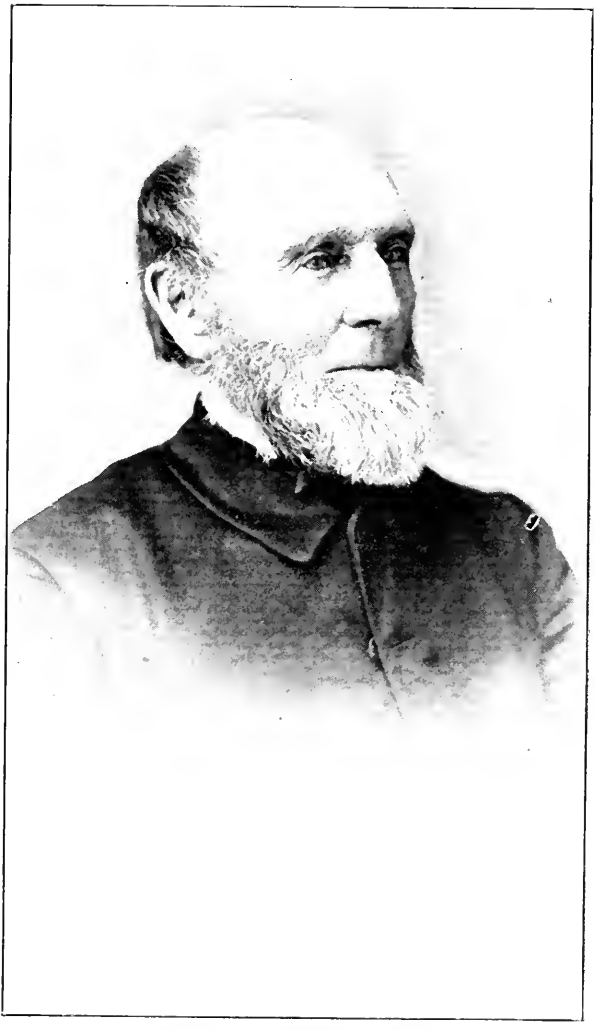
By George O. Little, D.D.*

Dr. Little was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, March twenty-third, 1800. He died in Madison, Indiana, February twenty-fifth, 1882.

"His religious life," says one of his biographers, "dated back so far into his childhood that of its beginning there is no incident to be related. In it there was no break until death. Rather, it would be correct to say that the little rill that began away back among the hills of New Hampshire almost insensibly widened and deepened and grew until it reached the waters of the great ocean of immortal life.

A man who is connected with the management of large railroad interests in an im-

* Son of Dr. Henry Little.—Eds.



Henry Little, D.D., 1800-1882

portant centre and who is highly respected for his religious character, Mr. W. N. Jackson of Indianapolis, sends me this encomium:

"Dr. Little's character from the meridian to the end was one of the most perfect that was ever presented to a community in which I have lived."

One of the most attractive features of his religious character was his Christian activity. For him to be at his Master's work seemed to be as natural and as necessary as it is for the physical vitality of a child to manifest itself in the exercise of its bodily powers.

He spent all his early years, almost up to his majority, on the farm. For farm life, not only agriculture but the raising and tending of cattle, he had a love that amounted to a passion. When imported merino sheep were worth a thousand dollars each he was chosen to take care of a flock of them, watching them all day and folding them by night with a knowledge and a care of each sheep and lamb very much after the manner of the oriental shepherd. The increasingly felt necessity to preach the gospel made him decide at twenty to give up the farm, but his love for it, his interest in it, and his knowledge of it, which continued unabated all his life, became one of the most important elements of his usefulness and success in his

missionary itinerary among the agricultural population of the West.

He entered Dartmouth College at twenty-two, graduating in the class of 1826, standing second in rank of scholarship and being offered a tutorship. He gave up this scholarly life, so inviting to his tastes—as he did farming—for the sake of the gospel. Nevertheless, it had a great deal to do with his future success.

His first pastorate was in a college church connected with Miami University, and some of the greatest results of his preaching were found among college students of Marietta and Wabash.

He was an ideal evangelist, first with the young people of his home church, later with his pupils in the schools he taught, and afterwards in college and theological seminary after a great revival in one of his schools led him to decide to enter the ministry. His marvelous success in the signal revivals that occurred in his student life largely decided the form of his future activity. He was chosen for his first work, as agent of the Education Society in New England, by Dr. Cornelius and others because of his peculiar aptness in turning young men first to Christ and then to the Christian ministry. It had also a great deal to do with his being twice

taken from successful pastorates to engage in home missionary work.

He was ordained September twenty-fourth, 1829, in Park Street Church, Boston, Massachusetts, with fifteen other evangelists. The hymn

> "Watchman! tell us of the night—
> What its signs of promise are,"

was sung then for the first time to a tune composed for the occasion by Lowell Mason, which has ever been wedded to it in an inseparable union. It was the keynote of his evangelistic work.

As agent for the Education Society, he traveled for a year in New England and then, with headquarters at Cincinnati, for another year in the West. In June, 1831, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian church at Oxford, Ohio. The young pastor not only satisfied such men as President Bishop and Prof. McGuffee with his preaching, but under his ministry there was a great revival and in his two years' pastorate an addition to the church of two hundred and ninety-seven members.

But he was not let alone in his congenial work. Greatest pressure was brought to bear upon him to become agent of the American

Home Missionary Society. This was urged by the professors of the University and the prominent members of his church. Absalom Peters, corresponding secretary, says in one of his letters:

"And now, if you find yourself beginning to waver and hesitate, I trust you will do me the favor to read this letter to Dr. Bishop and Prof. McGuffee and tell them for me that I depend on them to hold you to the point *and compel you to come.* I do not ordinarily tease a brother at this rate, but immense results are depending upon your decision of this question. I dare not let you go wrong without earnestly entreating you to go right."

He writes later that his salary of six hundred dollars has been donated by Joseph Brewster, so that "his support was provided for in a most desirable manner."

He yielded and took for his first field Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. When, five years later Dr. Little became pastor of the Second Church, Madison, Indiana, after only two years, during which his church was doubled, he was brought back by an ever increasing pressure to home missionary work, in which he then continued to the day of his death. The Rev. D. H. Allen writes,

"I most heartily rejoiced to learn that you

were about to resume the agency of the American Home Missionary Society. The good cause has dragged ever since you left it."

The Rev. T. A. Mills writes,

"Your friends have always thought your talents for our agency superior. I have no doubt you could accomplish more in that capacity for the cause of Christ than you could as pastor."

The Rev. John M. Bishop, son of President Bishop of Miami, at the golden wedding, quoted such words as having been said to him at Oxford and added,

"My father objected to this statement, saying, 'No one who knows you as a pastor will say that.' "

In later years he received flattering calls to churches at Ottawa, Illinois; Bowling Green, Lexington and Louisville, Kentucky; Georgetown, Troy and Portsmouth, Ohio; Columbia, Tennessee, and St. Louis, Missouri.

Of the latter the Rev. A. Bullard of the First Church writes,

"There is no one in the land I would be more pleased to have pastor of the Second Church than you."

But henceforth he withstood all calls and invitations that took him away from home missions. Although thus compelled to deny himself the congenial pastoral life, his ac-

quaintance with the difficulties and opportunities of the pastorate was of the greatest use to him in his visitation of the churches, where he often acted as adviser, arbitrator and peacemaker between pastor and people in churches split by divisions.

Dr. Little had also fine business qualities, New England thrift and economy, good judgment, a cool head, and both insight and foresight. Willing to advise and help others in business affairs, and with abundant opportunities for gain, yet he would not turn aside from his work for any enterprise, however lucrative. One of his associates in the ministry in Indiana invented and patented what was called a "Fruit House," the forerunner of the cold storage plants of our day. In an address to students of Wabash College Mr. Nice gave Dr. Little credit for great help in mastering the principles of cold storage. Together they worked out the problem. When it was all done and a patent had been secured which was supposed to be worth a great fortune, Mr. Nice said,

"Brother Little, if you will go in with me we will give half to the Lord and the other half we will divide equally between us."

In an instant the reply came,

"Oh no, Brother Nice, my business is to preach the gospel."

At first, until mismanaged, it brought in large returns daily and he was asked if he had not made a mistake in refusing. He answered,

"It did not amount to a temptation."

Again, Dr. Little was of a most universally cheerful and genial disposition, a ready conversationalist, a fluent talker, and an interesting story teller and narrator of remarkable incidents and notable events, so that both in private and in public he was always sure to have admiring listeners. A veteran minister has lately told how when a boy riding in a stage from Cincinnati to Oxford the passengers were greatly entertained all the way by the versatile conversation of one of their number whose name they did not know, and how surprised he was next morning to find this man in the pulpit and to learn that he was the Mr. Little who had been announced to preach. He said he preached as well as he talked, and that in all his association with him in after life he had found him under all circumstances the same interesting talker, the life of every circle in which he moved. But this power to entertain was never used for itself alone, much less for his own popularity, but always to interest men in the work of saving souls through the gospel of Christ.

These marked characteristics of Dr. Lit-

tle,—his pre-eminent religious life and Christian activity, his practical knowledge of and interest in farm life, his scholarly attainments and tastes, his aptness for and success in the pastorate, his fine business sagacity and management of monetary affairs, his power as a conversationalist and fluent talker,—furnished the warp of his uninterrupted half century's work in the ministry, whose busy labors were the woof, and his remarkable record the web.

Dr. Little was the veteran pioneer home missionary of the nineteenth century, having given nearly one half of it to continuous work in connection with the different agencies of home missions,—from 1833 to 1861 with the American Home Missionary Society; from 1861 to 1869 with the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions, New School; and from 1869 to 1882 with the Board of Home Missions of the reunited Church. In all this period—as was said at his golden wedding—he never took a vacation, never made a visit except in connection with some work of the Church, never had a quarrel, and was very rarely sick, although he constantly traveled in a malarious climate. He handed down such a vigorous constitution to his eight children that twenty-one years after his death all are living. His own years of

service, with those already rendered by his four sons who followed in his profession, complete two centuries of continuous work in the ministry of the gospel. Dr. Little more than any other man, as pioneer and veteran, created the office which in the evolution of the work has been successively styled Home Missionary Agent, Synodical Missionary and Superintendent of Home Missions. He became the model exemplar for the many worthy men who have followed in this position of responsibility and trust.

Dr. Little's forty-eight years' work in home missions in the West may naturally be divided into three parts. First, the raising of money for the support of home missionaries. Secondly, the organizing and care of churches. Thirdly, the evangelistic work for the salvation of souls.

First. As home missionary agent his chief work was to present the cause and collect funds. He proved to be a wonderful money collector. Some one said at the General Assembly at Madison, Wisconsin,

"His obituary sermon ought to be preached from the text, 'And the beggar died.'"

His ability in this direction was utilized in two great emergencies,—to secure fifty thousand dollars for Lane Theological Seminary and ten thousand dollars for Western Female

Seminary, other ministers acting as substitutes for him while he was engaged in this work.

The pastors of strong churches did not then as now take up their own collections for missions, being furnished with needed information and statistics; but they depended upon the agent to present the cause on the Sabbath and take a collection. Dr. Little had the gift of interesting all classes in his work and of getting an adequate expression of this interest in liberal contributions,—not dragged from them unwillingly to be regretted afterwards, but to be poured out willingly from a full heart with regret that the purse was not as full as the heart.

In raising these funds from the churches as much was done out of the pulpit as in it. His business qualities which have been mentioned won the confidence of the rich men and they intrusted him with their growing wealth. The majority of the members of the churches and congregations were farmers; and his own love and knowledge of farming was so full and complete that in his conversation with them in their homes and in his agricultural addresses he not only helped them to make money by farming, but so interested them that the money they made they freely gave to missions.

At that time the churches that could give all cash contributions were few. Money in the earlier periods of his labors often was harder to get than other articles of value which could be sent for the use of the missionary laborers or sold for their support. Consequently some of his collections were quite unusual in their character. For instance, he says of his first visit to a certain church:

"I asked the minister, 'How much more would your folks give to subscribe now (in April) wheat or corn they would sow and pay next Christmas?' And he said, 'At least twice as much.'

"So I preached a missionary sermon on the Sabbath. And Monday morning they came together, and one gave a horse, one a two dollar calf, one his highest priced fat wether, one the making of a suit of clothes, one a half and another a quarter of an acre of wheat, one a pound of butter a week till Christmas, and so on; and as much cash as if I had asked only for cash. Then a man gave a new bridle, and it was on the horse which stood there, and the men who were looking on knew I had to ride twenty-five miles and preach that night; and I told them I could not ride well without a saddle; and in five minutes seven of them gave two dollars each

and put a fifteen dollar saddle on my horse, the saddler who gave me the bridle throwing in the profits. The next six years they gave me eight horses for eight home missionaries, and all with the most hearty good cheer as at the time when young Stuart gave me the colt."

This is only a sample of what constantly occurred. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

These products were sent directly to the home missionaries in place of salary, or were shipped to persons who would convert them into cash. His business abilities served him in good stead in these commission transactions. Another way of maintaining the missionaries was by the home mission boxes which were not prepared especially for and sent directly to each missionary as they now are, but were packed indiscriminately in one box and sent to Dr. Little as agent to be sorted over and distributed. He had to know the needs of each family; the number, ages, sizes and sex of the children in each family; and assort for each; and, being thus prepared, to save expressage or freight, to carry them on his next visit to the different missionaries.

In the course of his ministry another large source of income for missions was the large

personal contributions made to Dr. Little at the close of his evangelistic services, out of gratitude for what he had been able to do for the donors or for members of their families. All these, in spite of earnest protest of the givers, were turned over to the treasury as regular collections for missions.

The second work of Dr. Little was the organizing and care of home missionary churches. As the pastors more and more undertook the collection of needed funds the character of his work changed, and instead of agent he became synodical missionary whose chief work was to visit destitute fields; to hunt up and awaken church members whose letters were in eastern churches; to organize churches and after grouping them wisely to secure suitable ministers for them and then to care for their development and growth.

He combined in himself many admirable qualities that especially fitted him for this ever widening work. He was universally known, respected and welcomed. He was tactful with ministers and people. He was unwearied in his efforts, both by correspondence and personal visits, to meet the varied wants of the different parts of the field. He was singularly free from partiality and favoritism. He always chose the harder and more difficult work to do first. He was pa-

tient, forbearing and forgiving, never taking offence and never giving cause for any. He was alike successful in wise initiatory work of forming churches and in caring for them in all the trying stages of reaching self-support. He was a good organizer, a good judge of both men and means, a wise adviser and a superb helper. He always did good and—equally important—never did harm. Furthermore, he carried the golden rule into practice with other denominations in the formation of new churches. He was so fair to them and their interests that they coöperated with him, often holding union services while he was gathering together the Presbyterians in a church organization.

As the States grew in population and the number of churches increased, his field was gradually narrowed,—first to the two States of Ohio and Indiana and then to Indiana alone; and he, with a more general work, became Superintendent of Missions, the patriarch of the two Synods finally merged into one.

In the first and second forms of work already named there was of course a good deal of similarity with that of others occupying the same position then and since, the special difference being that he antedated them, originating rather than copying.

But in the third great work of his life, that of an evangelist, he was unique. He thus modestly expressed himself in a private letter to a relative in a review of his life:

"When about fifty years ago, beginning for a year as agent for the Education Society in New England, then coming West and locating at Cincinnati with the whole West for my field, and preaching at many camp meetings and in school houses, in private houses, in barns, in groves, on canal boats and steamboats, also in many large cities and towns, and often in new fields where no minister had ever preached a sermon before, *I do not know that I ever* looked at the question in just this light before, but really I cannot think of a bishop, presiding elder, agent, evangelist, or any old minister in any of our church work, whose duties have given him a chance to preach in so many places in the more than forty-eight years since I was licensed."

He was everywhere the effective preacher, the winning evangelist, the awakening revivalist. He talked so naturally and easily that he never knew fatigue in preaching. He so trusted God for results that he was never worn out by nervous strain of anxiety even in the most protracted and excited meetings. It was estimated that he averaged one ser-

mon a day through the year, as he generally preached three times on the Sabbath and daily through the week whenever protracted revival services could wisely be held. The only cessation, sometimes for weeks together, would be the time taken for travel from place to place. He seemed equally adapted to rural or city churches, to uneducated workmen or to college students. He became all things to all men, everywhere so telling the old, old story that men were led to see how sweet is His service and how safe is His fold.

Dr. Tuttle, President of Wabash College, writes:

"He never appeared to better advantage than in a revival. There he was at home. His desire to save sinners seemed like a fire in his bones, a holy passion. As I have heard him it has ceased to be a wonder that he has been honored of God in an extraordinary number of conversions in revivals. He has often aided in revival services in the older churches but his glory is in having been the revivalist of home missionary fields, the waste and neglected regions. What a preacher, what a soul harvester, what a wise friend, what a sagacious judge of places needing churches, what a peacemaker has he been!"

No biography of Dr. Little would be complete which did not make loving and appre-

ciative mention of his wife, Susan Norton Smith. If there were "perils" innumerable and "the care of all the churches" for the loving heart and broad shoulders of the great missionary, think you there were no perils and cares in the Madison home under the hills? It fell to her to manage the meagre salary so that eight children could have the best education afforded by the schools, colleges and seminaries of that day. To her far more than their father, who was absent most of the time, these children owe the training which gave high ideals of life and broad and inspiring views of the kingdom of God. She interpreted the Bible and translated it into the language of childhood. She made a manual training school of the home, for which she was especially fitted as a pupil of Mary Lyons.

If Dr. Little had the care of all the churches, she had the care of all the ministers —yes, and of their families too—who used to come and stay until a field of labor could be found. The old tent of Sheik Abraham afforded no truer hospitality than that brick house in Madison where nearly all the children were born, where they all grew up and where "angels" — and some others — were cheerfully and lovingly cared for.

On September nineteenth, 1881, a few

months before his death, the golden wedding of Dr. Little and his wife was appropriately celebrated at their home in Madison. The exercises had been arranged and were in the main conducted by a committee of the Presbytery of New Albany appointed for this purpose. It afforded an opportunity for his many friends, either by their presence or by correspondence, to give expression to their appreciation of his life-work and to show by loving words and liberal gifts their admiration, love and gratitude to this noble husband and wife for what they had been able to do together in their busy, self-denying fifty years of married life.

One of the latest utterances and noblest speeches of Dr. Little was made in the Synod of Indiana when the poor pay and hard work of the ministry were being discussed. Dr. Little arose and with loving protest began to tell of his happy ministry,—how many thousands he had seen accept the great salvation; how many young men he had turned toward the ministry; how many friends he had; what evidence of divine favor. "And now," said he, "I am near the end of the journey, but I have four sons to hold forth the word of life after I am gone. Let no man pity me, a very humble but a very happy minister of the gospel."

His mantle has fallen upon the son named for him. Following in his father's footsteps with much of the same ability and success for twenty-five years he has filled the same office of Superintendent of Home Missions in the great State of Texas.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE OF THE "MISSOURI TEN," TIMOTHY HILL, D.D.

1819—1887.

By John B. Hill, D.D.*

It is difficult to condense into the short limits of a sketch a statement of the facts necessary to the right understanding of any life-work worth studying. So at least we find it in writing of Timothy Hill, perhaps the best known synodical missionary of his day.

He was descended from pious and patriotic, energetic and thrifty Puritan pioneers, long-lived and fairly influential. His were scholarly antecedents, inclination and opportunities. His life was filled with continuous ministerial activity from ordination to death, attended with more than ordinary honors and, presumably therefore, with reasonable success. His varied labors required constructive and executive ability. He had historical instincts and literary tastes, for whose gratifica-

* Son of Dr. Timothy Hill and synodical missionary in Missouri.—Eds.

Timothy Hill, D.D., 1819–1887

tion little time could be taken from the engrossing cares of official life. The predominant spirit of the whole life was evidently missionary.

The childhood of Timothy Hill was doubtless fairly happy and useful; but neither theoretically nor experimentally could he endorse the oft-expressed sentiment that "A boy is seeing the happiest days of his life."

His own experience was that every period of life, however great its perplexities, was, as it should be, happier than any that preceded. His home experiences will be reasonably understood when we say that he was born and reared on a farm, in a small, retired village, fifty miles from Boston. His brothers and older sisters, all much older than he, soon left home for distant homes of their own. But to the youngest six of his sisters he was a companion, helper, pet and tease. At seven he fell from a stone wall and broke his right arm. About fifty years later, in Kansas, he was thrown from a spring wagon, and broke the other arm. Neither arm ever fully recovered its strength, a fact which, in his years of missionary travel, caused many a weary rest, when between depot and home or hotel he had to carry his own heavy satchel. In his teens came another accident —so called—which incapacitated him for

farm labor, and thus opened for him the way to college and to the ministry. Years afterward the effect of that same accident again wrought a sudden change in his life, and transferred him from a village to a city work.

Of his early religious life, the Rev. Dr. John Spaulding, who had assisted his father, the Rev. Ebenezer Hill, in a revival season in 1827, when eighty-six united with the Mason church, wrote sixty years later:

"For a while special religious interest was confined to adults and heads of families; but now it reached the young, a large number of whom have since shone as lights in the world. But where was the youngest son of the family? I inquired for him one day, and found he was in the field, hoeing his father's corn. I went to him; told him that many had chosen the good part, and assured him that now was his accepted time, and the day of his salvation. He believed it and acted accordingly, frankly and freely saying that he wanted an interest in Christ. Thus Timothy, at the age of eight years, like Josiah, King of Judah, began to serve the God of his father. At the late anniversary of the Union Theological Seminary, he very tenderly reminded me anew of that scene in the cornfield, intimating that then and there he consecrated his mind and heart to the Lord."

But—possibly because he was then thought too young for church membership—he did not unite with the church until he was sixteen years of age, at which time he wrote on a slip of paper, still carefully preserved by his family,

"I am now resolved to be the Lord's, to resign myself to the will of God.

(Signed) "TIMOTHY HILL."

From that time on he was unceasingly active in Christian work, careful of his own religious life, and intensely missionary in spirit.

The desire to go as a foreign missionary, preferably to India, was uppermost in his mind for years while in college and seminary. But the close of his course found him so deeply in debt for his education that he could not honorably go until that debt was paid. He therefore went to Missouri in the fall of 1845 as one of a band of ten young theologues induced to go by the Rev. Dr. Artemas Bullard, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of St. Louis, who was then soliciting funds for the starting of the Missouri Church Erection Fund, the first such fund established by any denomination. But on the small home missionary salary of those days ($350 to $400), from which he had to deduct the cost of several trips to the old home during the declining years of his

parents, it took him over ten years to pay that debt, and left him almost a physical wreck—glad to do even a small work in the home land.

Dr. Hill's ideal ministerial life was that of his own father,—a lifetime settlement over one charge. Yet—like most western ministers—he himself was never installed. Western fields then as now offered little promise of long pastorates,—not because smaller or weaker than eastern villages where such pastorates are common, but because of a population more restless and less homogeneous, constantly shifting from or to the older States, or from frontier to frontier.

From his readiness at public speaking one would never have suspected what was nevertheless true,—that his father was also his ideal sermonizer, habitually preaching from carefully prepared manuscript. Very few such sermons did he himself ever preach. Rather his first preaching experience, while still in the Seminary, was a sort of foretaste of what he would have to do in later years. He used to relate that the congregation in Dr. Hatfield's church, which he then attended, one morning gathered as usual, but the pastor came not. A little after the hour for service one of the elders asked the young theologue if he would not preach, as other-

wise the congregation must be dismissed without a sermon and too late to go elsewhere. He finally consented, gave out a long hymn, during the singing of which he collected his thoughts as best he could, and then gave off-hand the substance of a recent theological lecture he had heard. When he went West, he had to preach in much the same way, as western audiences were then even more averse than now to written sermons. Their feeling, as expressed to a brother minister of his, was that manner counted for more than matter:—

"We *can* eat hoe-cake, sir; but we want it hot, sir,—we want it *hot!*"

Dr. Hill's first charge kept him almost constantly in the saddle, serving three small churches. He left it mainly because of his pronounced disapproval of slavery, which permeated the whole life of the community. Believing nevertheless that slaveholding Missouri was as legitimate a mission field as caste-bound India or priest-ridden Mexico, he took a second and a third field in the same State. In each field—in spite of continued opposition to slavery—he labored for years with fair success, preaching in good houses of worship erected under his ministry. Then came the Civil War with its attendant controversy and bitterness, which wrecked his church and sent him to labor for four years in Illinois where

again his people erected a house of worship under his leadership. The War had scarcely closed when he was back in Missouri organizing the Second Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, building its house of worship, and getting it started on its noble career of local and missionary effort.

During all these years in obscure pulpits Dr. Hill had much to do with the home mission work of his presbytery and synod. He conducted evangelistic meetings for his brother ministers; was the colaborer and successor of Dr. Artemas Bullard in the management of the Missouri Home Missionary Society and of the Missouri Church Erection Fund; wrote much concerning Missouri and the West to the American Home Missionary Society and to the religious press; and spoke in many eastern pulpits while on his frequent trips on various ecclesiastical errands and on visits to the old home. On all these journeyings, whether for business, for pleasure or for health, he became acquainted in a remarkable degree with the religious conditions and needs of the wide territory traversed. He thus gained an accurate, personal knowledge of the whole field north of the Ohio and east of the Rockies. In later life he visited all parts of this country, except the Southeast.

In the work of his denomination he was

ever intensely interested, not as a sectarian (though he strongly preferred Presbyterianism to any other doctrine or polity), but because through it as through other denominations souls were reached and brought into the Kingdom of his divine Master. Beginning his ministerial life almost at the time of the division of the Presbyterian Church into Old School and New School, he threw his energy into the New School so fully as to have a personal acquaintance with nearly every minister of prominence in the denomination. His varied experience and his long residence in St. Louis and in Kansas City largely increased that acquaintance and made warm friends of many of these distant acquaintances. He was a splendid judge of men and of opportunities; as for example in the case of Dr. Henry Kendall, whom he did much to place in the office that the great Home Missionary Secretary so long filled with distinguished ability.

There were in Dr. Hill's life three long periods of serious ill health, though never a day when he was not up and dressed. The first, which was an outgrowth of the accident of his boyhood, kept him months indoors and finally broke up his work in St. Charles. The second was aggravated by his teaching, while also doing full work in his St. Louis church in the last desperate struggle to wipe out

that long-standing debt. The third sent him at the request of Dr. Kendall on a winter journey of six hundred miles, by ambulance and on horseback, to explore the war-blasted missions among the Cherokees of the Indian Territory, and later for several weeks with a surveying party among the forests of Wisconsin.

The visit to the Cherokees in 1867, by whom he was thereafter beloved to the day of his death, gave him his first sight of a people in whom he had been deeply interested ever since his seminary days. At that time he had considered a position as missionary teacher among their eastern brethren in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia. His report on his visit aroused the denomination to reopen the missions (which had been abandoned by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions during the War), and as soon as possible to appoint a District Secretary to superintend the home mission work in the Southwest. For that office, whenever established, he had long been Dr. Kendall's choice. He preferred the pulpit. But when health would not permit his preaching regularly he finally accepted the place offered him, and entered upon it in October, 1868. That work proved the very tonic needed. Arduous as it was, especially in the

days before railroads, it probably prolonged his life, as it certainly did his usefulness.

Western church history has many times been largely moulded by missionary bands, sent out to labor in a given State or Territory. The American Home Missionary Society sent out several such bands by which the early history of some regions was made predominantly Congregational in some instances, in others Presbyterian. Of the latter class were "the Auburn Seven" who came to Missouri in 1830, and the "Missouri Ten," of whom Dr. Hill was one, in 1845. No doubt partially in remembrance of the work of such bands, he corresponded, while still in his pulpit, with members of the senior class of 1868 in Union Theological Seminary, and took advantage of his attendance on the General Assembly that spring to visit the Seminary also.

Among the students of that day were many young army officers and others, who had interrupted their educational courses to serve their country at the front. Of such students, largely as the result of Dr. Hill's effort, eight members of the graduating class and two others from the same Seminary went west that summer under the splendid leadership of Colonel James Lewis. Settling in eastern Kansas and western Missouri, some

of them over churches they themselves gathered, they so added to the strength of their Presbyteries that in the fall the new Synod of Kansas was set off from the Synod of Missouri, including three Kansas Presbyteries and those of Santa Fé and Colorado. Dr. Hill then gave up his pulpit and became District Secretary of Home Missions over a territory covering practically all the country west of the Mississippi River and south of Iowa and Nebraska to the Gulf of Mexico.

That was a time when there was much to do—and to do quickly. Immigration was then unprecedented in volume and various in character. The railroads beat the immigrants' wagons into hundreds of beautiful valleys and smiling plains. Cities sprang up like mushrooms, many of them to become permanent. Religious activity was never more needed. Providentially the divided forces of Presbyterianism were then fast hastening to the Reunion of 1870. Under the leadership of the new Synodical Missionary (as the District Secretary was soon called) churches were organized in residences, halls, store buildings, railroad depots and plains' dugouts, according to the frontier necessities in each case,—many of them "in advance of all others," as the New School organizers always endeavored to be. Often the first ser-

mon in a new town was preached by Dr. Hill, his hearers gathered in some unfinished room or in the open air, seated on boards laid on nail kegs or beer kegs, while his extemporized pulpit was a dry goods box, possibly lighted with a tallow candle attached to the box by its own grease. These primitive conditions soon gave place to those of civilization; and dedications, installations, and numberless meetings of Presbytery followed. In all of these the Synodical Missionary was expected to have some part.

Missouri was the older State of his bishopric. After the War it grew rapidly for a time, but soon the wave of population flowed over it in reaching the farther West. Before that time Missouri had come to need the full time of a Synodical Missionary of its own, and Dr. J. W. Allen was appointed as Dr. Hill's successor. The mountain region also began to fill up and before Timothy Hill had time to visit it Sheldon Jackson, a more picturesque pioneer, was appointed to supervise it. But in the vast interior region that was left him there remained a work that taxed to the utmost his time, strength and thought. The unprecedented growth of Kansas was checked by the grasshopper scourge of 1874–5, only to be redoubled by the prosperity of 1876, when Kansas made a mag-

nificent showing at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

In that year Dr. Hill prepared for the meeting of the Synod a Historical Sketch of the Presbyterian Church in Kansas (published as a forty-six page pamphlet), in which he called attention to the missionary aspect of that whole history. He said:

"Kansas Synod in its origin, growth and all its life, is missionary in the fullest sense. Here the foreign missionary who began to preach to pagans continued until his work came into the present home mission work. As he met and cared for the children of the Church, who left their churches behind, as they came seeking new homes, so now the home and foreign missionary are in the same Presbytery, and near neighbors in the localities in which they dwell. The foreign and the home interblend in inseparable union here.

"Every church in all Kansas Synod owes its origin to missionary work. The Mission Boards have cared for this Synod with a most liberal hand; and in harmony with them the Church Erection Board has come in to aid in sheltering the tender flocks. There is but a single church in Kansas that has never drawn home mission funds, and that had its origin in the same way, and is exceptional only because its pastor was a missionary Board to

himself. . . . Patriotic they were withal, and anxious to develop the country, for each one is by vote of Presbytery a committee to induce settlers into his neighborhood."

To cover so large a territory, especially during the years before Texas was released from his bishopric, required almost constant travel. Returning home from his long trips he could take no time for rest, but must turn at once to the great pile of accumulated correspondence, far different from the same sized pile of correspondence that daily faces the business man who can dictate many short, formal letters and statements to be written and sent by his stenographer. Dr. Hill's average letter, always penned by himself, embodied his own personal knowledge and estimate of the field or man mentioned; his plea for a forward movement or for the strengthening of things that remained; his report on recent journeyings; his plan for a campaign, or his advice in a matter of business.

Few commercial travelers of his day were more steadily "on the road" than Dr. Hill, and none of them had his chance to study life in all its aspects. Unlike them, he was expected not to stop at the hotel but to be the guest of some home in every town or neighborhood visited. And in every home, whether of city elegance or of frontier primitive-

ness, a welcome guest he always was or soon became on account of his genial spirit, his ready conversation and vast fund of anecdote, his earnest purpose and his sunny religious life. He thus acquired such a thorough knowledge of a wide territory—in its agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and railroad possibilities and development, no less than in its political, educational and religious life—that he was known for years as "a walking encyclopædia of the West." His business judgment as well as his knowledge was respected and was always at the disposal of any that asked. Naturally he was consulted on a great variety of questions foreign to the chief occupation of his life, and earned the lasting gratitude of many a person, and of many an institution, for the information and advice he freely gave.

Time has but emphasized the admiration in which Dr. Hill was held by his large circle of acquaintances. As the father's life closed, his oldest son was entering upon the ministry. That son's lot has called him to speak in many pulpits other than his own. With scarce an exception, in all the years of his ministry, he has never closed such a service without hearing from some stranger a reminiscence of his father's visits and ministry, accompanied by words of affectionate regard.

Another marked proof of the esteem in which his father was held came very unexpectedly fifteen years after his death when the son was a visitor at the General Assembly of 1902 in New York City. During the celebration by the Assembly of the Home Mission Centennial there were three eloquent addresses upon the work of home missions,—east of the Alleghanies, in the Mississippi Valley and on the Pacific Coast. These were listened to with quiet and interested attention throughout, except that when the name of Timothy Hill was mentioned there was immediate and generous applause from all parts of the house. Truly such is a son's richest possible heritage.

In closing this fragmentary sketch, we cannot do better than to quote from some of the many tributes to Dr. Hill's memory soon after his death. Among them that of Dr. D. C. Milner before the Synod of Kansas speaks most fully of his work in Kansas, for which he will ever be best known. Dr. Milner said in part:—

"The growth of the State of Kansas has been without a parallel. . . . The growth of the Presbyterian Church is also unparalleled. During these years when the population of the State has increased six fold, the membership of the Presbyterian Church has

more than multiplied thirteen fold. This marvelous growth has been due in large measure to the energy, wisdom and devotion of Dr. Hill. We believe that no other man has done so much for the growth of the Church of Christ in Kansas, as well as that of the Presbyterian Church. His reports as Synodical Missionary would be almost a complete history of the Presbyterian Church in Kansas for seventeen years. We sometimes hear of the slowness of the Presbyterian Church. In this Synod it has often been in advance of all others. . . .

"He had preëminent qualifications for his work as Superintendent of Missions. He was devoted to the missionary idea. He has been well called 'a born missionary.' His whole clerical life of more than forty years was spent in home mission work. He had broad ideas of the work to be done in the West. He had studied carefully the question as to our exceptional populations. . . . He had not only planned for the rural districts and the smaller towns, but had advanced ideas on the needs of the cities and the importance of Church Extension in those great centers of population. He was emphatically a western man, and Dr. Nelson well styled him a 'walking cyclopædia of the West.'

"He was a man of unusual business ability.

His shrewdness, however, was of the wise and helpful kind, and his judgment was of vast value to many Church enterprises. He had a remarkable power in reading men, and his prophecies as to the future of ministers rarely failed. He had a good deal of sympathy with weak men; but he had no patience with the 'dead beat,' who occasionally takes the rôle of the preacher, and tries to force himself upon churches to their destruction. Presbyteries would have saved themselves much trouble, if they had in some notable instances profited by his judgment. There is sometimes expressed a fear of the 'one-man power'; but it is especially true in the work of missions that the wisdom and experience of one man is superior to the confused counsel of many. We hear at times of the need of a 'ministerial bureau' to bring ministers and vacant churches together. Dr. Hill was himself such a bureau. There are many churches in the Synod to-day that are thankful for his wisdom in sending them 'the right man for the right place.' . . . He was the great medium of intelligence between ministers and churches. He visited the Theological Seminaries, and urged upon them the claims of home mission fields. He was connected, directly and indirectly, with the organization of a large proportion of our churches, and as-

sisted at the dedication of many houses of worship. In his visits to our Presbyteries, how often did he show that he knew more about the work in their bounds than any member. He assisted in settling many a church quarrel. He deeply sympathized with ministers in their trials, and letters of tender comfort from him can be found in homes of bereavement. . . .

"We sometimes hear of a Bishop in charge of a great Diocese. Here was a Bishop of the true Apostolic succession, and a Superintendent of Missions of Kansas. What growth and what conquests for Christ did he witness under his administration! On the twenty-first of May he was found dead, with his glasses in place, and a letter concerning missionary work dropped from his hand. A few moments before he looked out of a western window from the Bluffs of Kansas City and said, 'What a splendid prospect!' His last vision of this earth with mortal eyes was of that State for which he had an intense love, and for which he had given so many years of labor, and his last thoughts were of the work among the Indians."

Of his work in the Indian Territory a volume might be written. We have space, however, for only the touching *résumé* of it contained in an incident related by Mrs. Judge

Moore, Superintendent of the Indian Training School at Nuyaka, which was included by the Board of Home Missions in its little leaflet concerning Dr. Hill, published soon after his death. She then wrote of one of his later visits to the Indian Territory:

"He came to us a day or two before the meeting of that child of his own heart, the Muskogee Presbytery, and three of us went to Okmulgee with him to the meetings. He sat through them all, wide awake, alert, but saying little, except occasionally, if there was a little hesitancy, or some subject came up where his advice was needed. But the last night of the Presbytery, after the sermon by an applicant for licensure, and the other exercises were over, he arose and gave the Presbytery one of the most touching and effective talks it was ever my privilege to hear. His heart seemed to be full of the magnitude of the work, and the responsibility resting upon the first Indian Presbyteries. The one before him was composed of white men and of Indians, some of whom could understand only his manner, but none of his words. It was like a father's charge to his sons whom he never expected to see again, but upon whose shoulders he was leaving his own life.

"The following morning the Presbytery broke up; but there seemed to be scarce one

of the members and visitors who felt they could leave without coming to the pleasant home of Mrs. Robertson (i.e., Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, the translator of the Bible into the Creek language), where Dr. Hill was entertained, to bid them both good-by. So there were twenty-six in that parlor when Mrs. Robertson handed the Bible to Dr. Hill, requesting him to conduct family prayers once more before we parted. There were present the representatives of Tahlequah, Park Hill, Nuyaka, Muskogee, and Tulsa of the Home Board; of Wealaka, Eufaula and Wewohka of the Foreign; and of Pittsburgh Mission under the Freedmen's Board. Among them were the veteran missionaries, Revs. R. M. Loughridge, D.D., and J. R. Ramsay, and their former pupils, Rev. T. W. Perryman and Messrs. J. C. Perryman and D. C. Hodge; and, of later years of Mrs. Robertson's pupils, Rev. Dorsey Fife and Henry Land, together with the last pupil ever received at Tallahassee before it passed into the hands of the Freedmen. Mrs. Robertson's two sisters were with her, for the first time in several years, as also one who in former years had been associated with their father, Dr. Worcester, at Park Hill, who was much like a daughter in the family, now again in the work for the Indians at Nuyaka Mission (Mrs. James E.

Latta), and also Mrs. Robertson's eldest daughter.

"Dr. Hill seemed almost oppressed with the immensity of the work represented by these many workers in fields which he himself had been the means of opening. After reading a chapter from the Bible, we united in singing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we knelt together, and listened to one of the most wonderful prayers I ever heard. He prayed in such a manner that each one felt his own special work and himself commended to God; that they might all have the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit in the work, the difficulties of which seem never to have impressed him so much. He prayed that they might have a special grace and wisdom given them for reaching the heart of this '*peculiar* people' among whom they were placed. He thanked God for what had been done, and prayed that it might be only the beginning. He then prayed specially for a blessing on the reunited family and their children, engaged as their forefathers had been in the work for souls. We all seemed drawn nearer together and to God, as our spiritual father bore us together to the throne of grace, and I think there were few dry eyes. The leavetakings were solemn and tender when we rose to our feet, and, although the distance

to be traveled was great, every one seemed loath to break away."

At the funeral of Dr. Hill, the present Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, Dr. Charles L. Thompson, then pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, made the principal address. In closing he said:

"Dr. Hill was a born missionary. It can be truthfully said of him that he organized and helped to organize more Presbyterian churches in this country than any other man. Directly or indirectly he was concerned in the organization of most of the three hundred churches of Kansas. When he was at his own request released from the care of the churches of Kansas, he threw all his energy into the work in the Indian Territory. Those who have talked with him much during the past year know how unspeakably full his heart was of the work and its promise. In the last conversation we had with him, just before his departure for the East, he referred to it at length and with great enthusiasm, and then said it was a long story and he would talk it over with us again. The Church, he said, had no conception of the opportunity that is there presented. The last rich months of his life he lived for the Indian Territory, and that last long journey to the East,

fatiguing as it proved to be, beyond his strength, was undertaken in part . . . that he might once more plead before the Board of Missions the claims of the Indian work. His love for the work at the closing days was a touching reminder of the foreign missionary zeal of the student days. Thus his desire to preach to the heathen was reached at last; and he illustrated in his work the sentiment he expressed in print only a few months ago when he said: 'Foreign missions and home missions are so blended that no man can tell where one ends and the other begins: and no man who is not cordially interested in both has any true conception of the spirit of the gospel.'

"These words, as Dr. (Henry A.) Nelson said, are indeed worthy to be printed in gold; they are worthy of the man who in purpose as a boy would go to the heathen, who gave his strength to founding churches in our own country, and his ripest and tenderest months to those who are the neglected heathen of a Christian land.

"His knowledge of men was commanding. We have never known a man who could give a fairer, clearer, juster estimate of people. With charity toward all and malice for none he held and expressed his own convictions in no uncertain way. His trumpet gave a ring-

ing sound. And yet, while he was tenacious of his opinions and extremely frank in avowing them, there was something so manly in his manner and so kind withal that firmness seldom offended and frankness seldom wounded. He had no smooth arts of speech; he never sued for favor; he went straight on, but with consideration so tempering earnest conviction, and a kind heart so appearing through a plainness of speech, that those whose opinions or conduct he crossed were still his stanch friends.

"The cause of our Church in all the West has sustained a great loss. How many enterprises will miss his counsel and help! The Presbyterian Alliance of Kansas City into whose projected work he threw himself with great energy; the Ladies' College at Independence in which he felt a great interest; and especially Park College for which he had the highest hopes and to which he gave himself in most unstinted measure,—how all these works will miss his strong hand and ready word!

"The history of Presbyterianism in this and neighboring States is also a great loser in his death. He knew more about the religious development of Missouri and Kansas, and more about the marvelous and even romantic history of missions among the Indian nations

than any living man. So impressed with this fact was the Synod of Missouri that a few years ago they asked him to prepare from the valuable materials in his hand and in his memory a history of our Church in this State. To this large work he hoped to give his declining years. Much knowledge will be buried to-day. The busy hand and brain are still, and much of our history has gone into the irrecoverable past.

"Two of the fairest of our States will be forever associated with the name of Timothy Hill. Hundreds of churches will be his monuments; streams of blessing across the desert will tell to remotest times of the faith and toil of the prince of Presbyterian Missionaries.

"His son found him dead; but the angels had called him into life,—into life and everlasting reward. He had fought the good fight. He had finished his course. The saints he had gathered into the Kingdom met him at the goal, and the angels lowered the crown to his forehead—crown of righteousness, crown of glory. 'I have kept the faith.' Kept it he had in stormy days, when to stand for human rights and an undivided Nation was perilous; kept it in stormy days, when to stand for the faith once delivered to the saints, for the unity and purity of the Church,

required courage; kept the faith in days of high debate and in years of loyal service,—and the Master has received the steward with the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

Date Due