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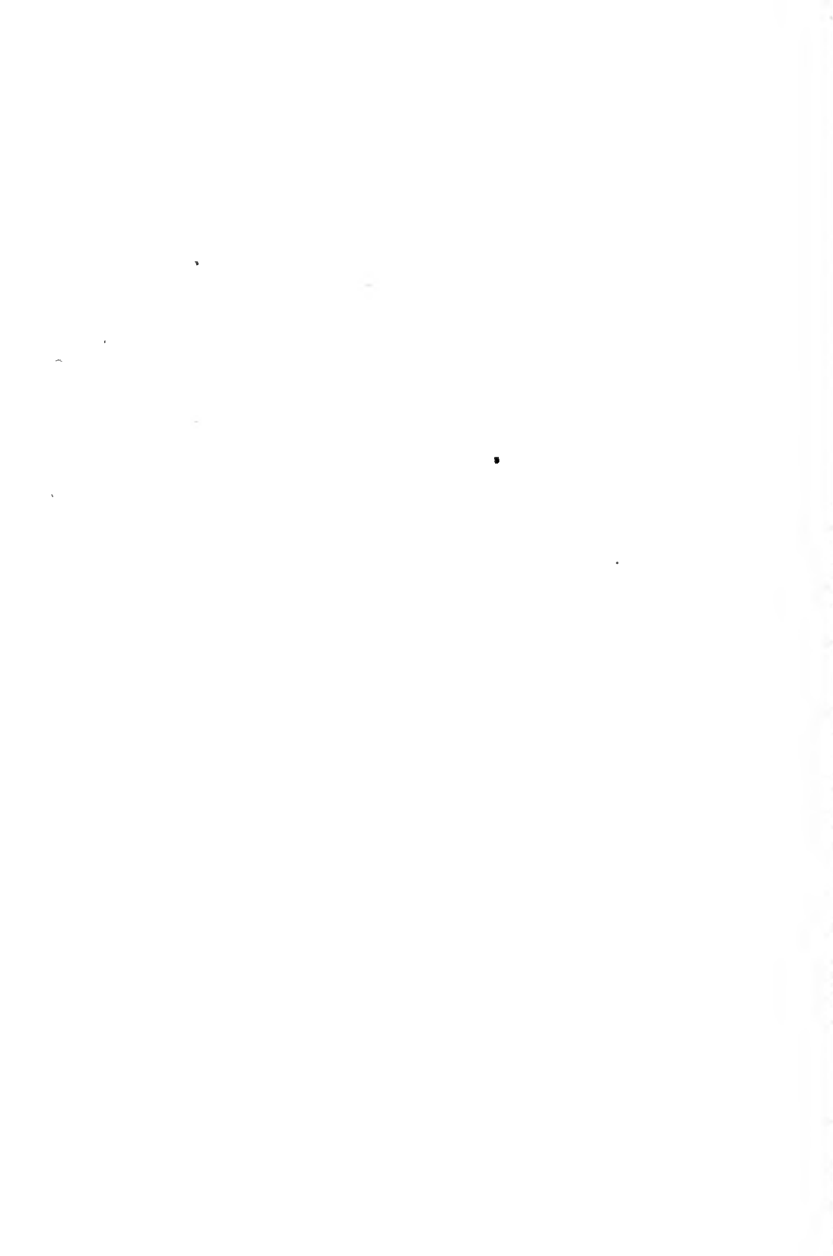
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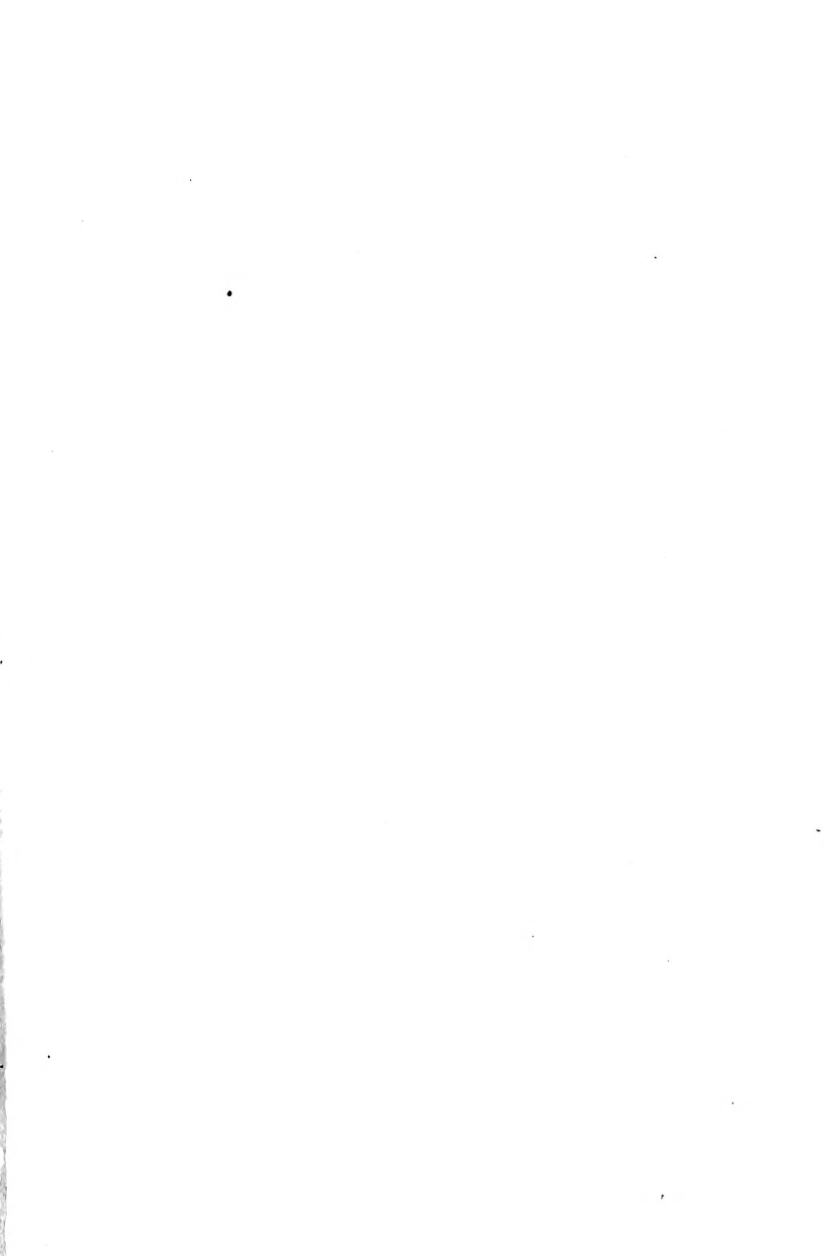


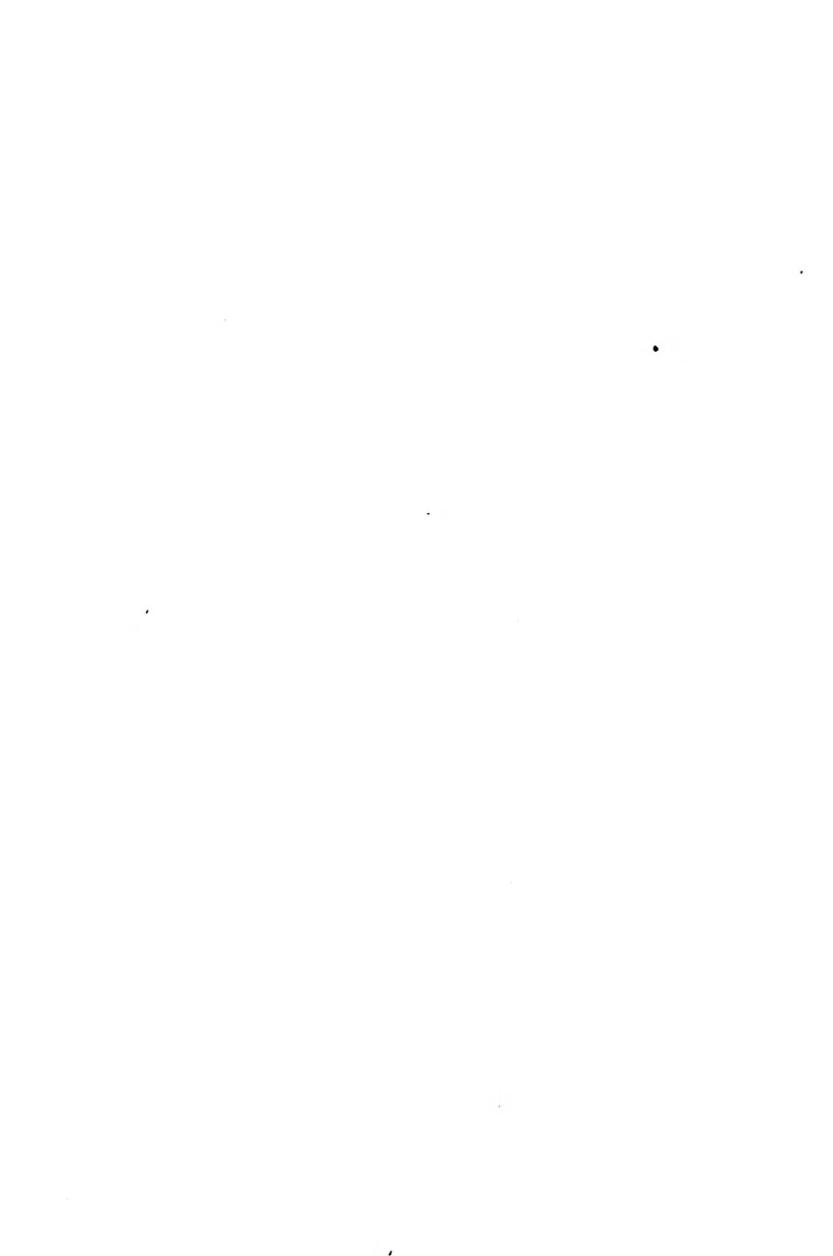
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REV. JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.





INDIANA METHODISM,

A SERIES OF SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS, GRAVE
AND HUMOROUS CONCERNING PREACHERS

AND PEOPLE OF THE WEST

WITH AN

APPENDIX

CONTAINING PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
PUBLIC ADDRESSES AND OTHER
MISCELLANY

—BY—


JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.

OF THE NORTHWEST INDIANA CONFERENCE,
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

For Fifty-five Years a Methodist Preacher.

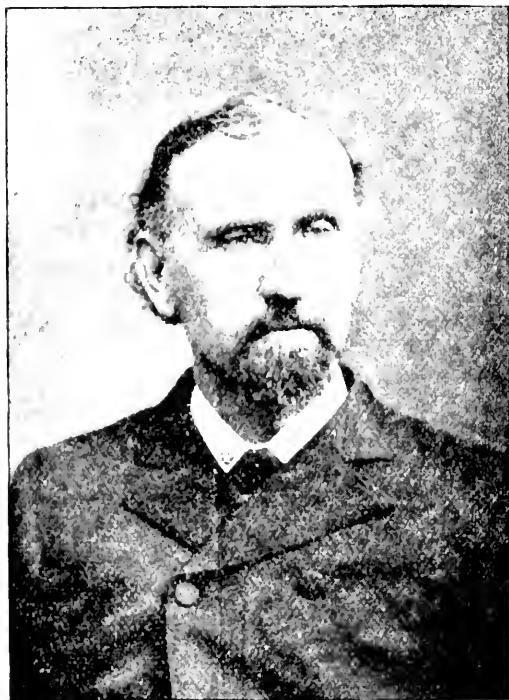
VALPARAISO, IND.

1892.



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REV. R. D. UTTER, A. M.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE NORTHWEST INDIANA CONFERENCE, at South Bend, Indiana, (1891) requested me "to prepare a history of Indiana Methodism."

While in my deliberate judgment, I dared not attempt to assume the dignity of the historian, yet, in loyal respect to the wishes of my brethren, I have "done what I could."

Four years' service in the Indiana Conference, eight years in the North Indiana, and forty years in the Northwest Indiana Conference—having never transferred—I have endeavored, in the following pages; wherever my lot fell, to speak of revivals, sketch character, and dot down incidents by the way—among both people and preachers.

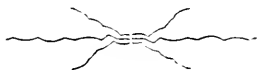
In all I have written, it has been my studied aim, not only to be just, but generous to all.

And now, so near life's "sunset," I would rather be "dull, than bitter," and so, if in the characterization of any brother, my ideal in this respect has not been reached, I am still happy in the reflection that even my "failings leaned to virtue's side."

J. L. S.

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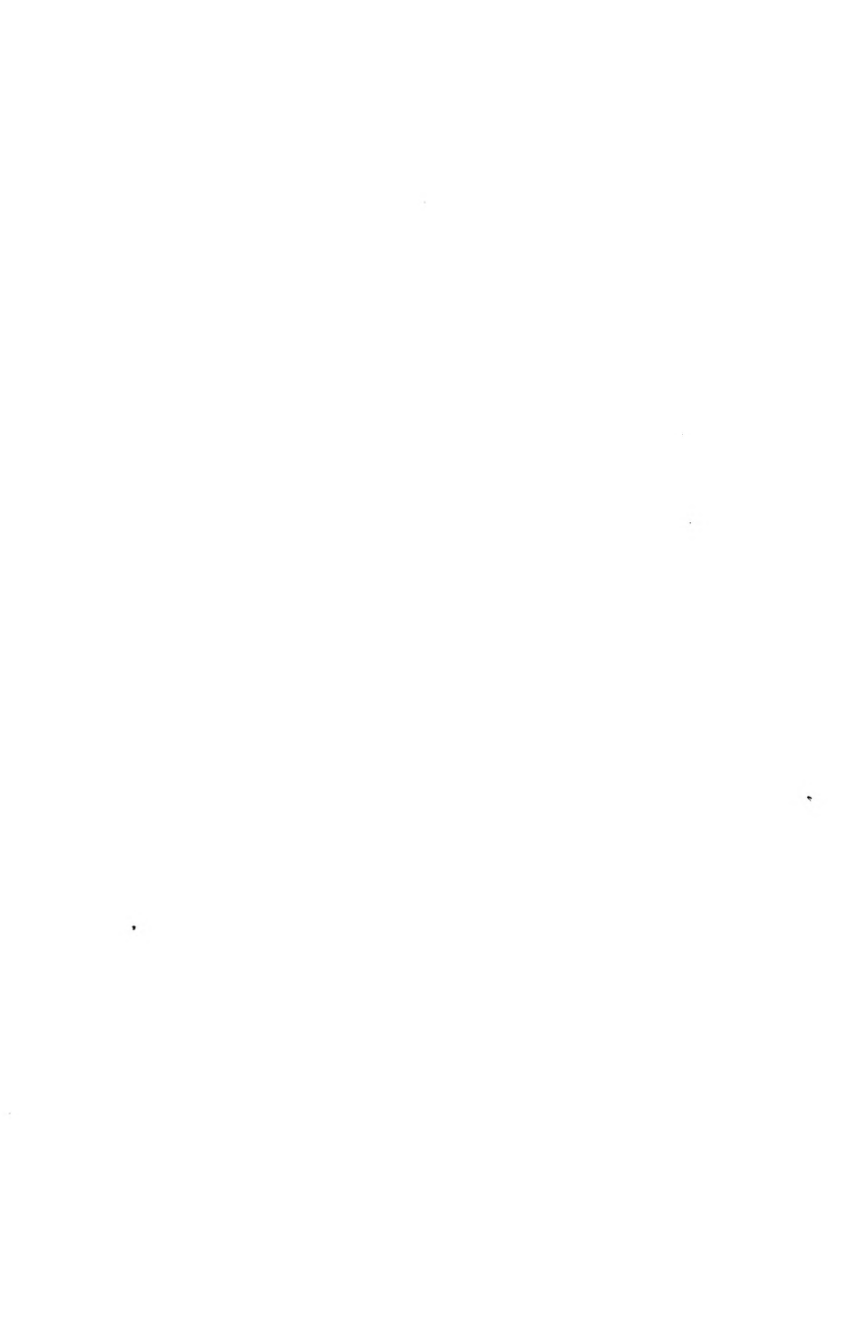
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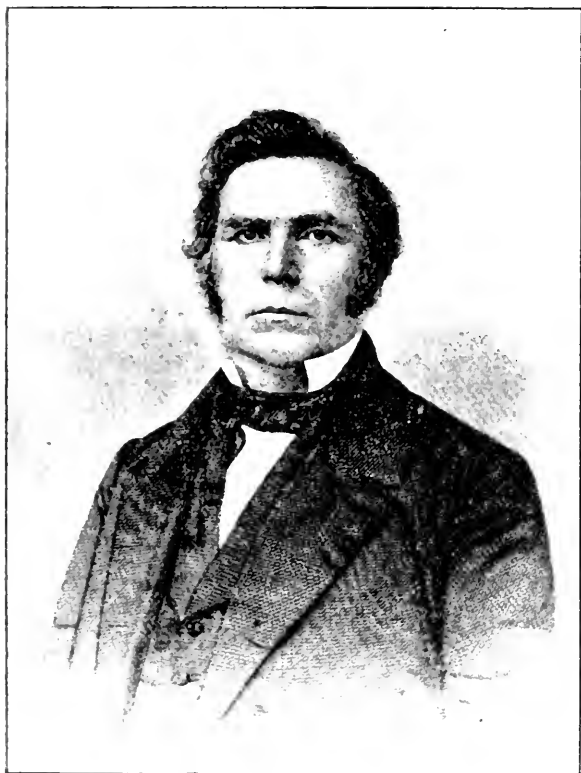
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REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES, D. D.
The great Church Statesman.

INTRODUCTION.

THE HISTORY OF INDIANA METHODISM contains so much of heroism, struggle, self-sacrifice, courage and romantic adventure that the church cannot afford to leave it unrecorded ; and I know of no one better qualified to write it than the author of this book. No other living Methodist has had so long, so wide and so intimate an acquaintance with his church in the state as has Dr. John L. Smith. No other has been a more important figure in shaping its history ; standing amid its memorials he may say truthfully and without egotism, "*quorum pars magna fui*"—"of which I have been a great part."

He was one of its first circuit-riders ; has preached at camp-meetings and in frontier cabins ; has been active in the presiding eldership ; has been closely identified with educational enterprises and has often represented his conference in the general councils of the church.

It is his peculiar good fortune to be able to write the history of Methodism in his state as an eye-witness and a participant from the beginning. He is able to present original pen pictures of noble and strong men, who would not otherwise become known to the general church.

Indiana has given to Methodism great men, who are known throughout all her borders. Simpson, Ames, Bowman and the younger Eddy with others

have occupied so large a place in the whole denomination that their record will never be overlooked.

But another class, not less talented and equally wise and heroic, have made their own history and that of their church within the borders of the state. John Strange, Allen Wiley, James Havens, Lucien W. Berry, Augustus Eddy, Aaron and Enoch Wood, Richard Hargrave and a score of others possessed enough talent, courage and pulpit ability to give them church wide recognition, had it not been their fortune to live and labor in a new country before the days of easy and constant inter-state communication.

These were

“Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.”

Equally worthy of record are many splendid laymen whose zeal and liberality contributed largely to the foundation of Indiana Methodism.

It has not been my privilege to read the book to which I am writing an introduction, but I am sure from my long and intimate acquaintance with its author, it will prove a worthy record of noble men and stirring times; a contribution to the general history of Methodism which the church will receive with affectionate gratitude.

C. N. SIMS.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sept. 8th., 1892.

CHAPTER I.

VIRGINIA—EARLY LIFE.

The author of these pages, John Lewis Smith, son of Bowlin and Lovewell Smith, was born near Gholsonville, Brunswick county, Virginia, on the 24th day of May, 1811. His paternal grandparents were Aaron and Edith Smith. Edith Smith, nee Perry, was a not distant relative of Commodore O. H. Perry, of Rhode Island. His maternal grandparents were William and Mary Owen. Mary Owen's maiden name was Bachelor.

William and Mary Owen were Welch emigrants, who, soon after their marriage, settled near Portsmouth, Virginia. Having been brought up under its teaching, they were staunch members of the Church of England. How at length they came to be identified with the rise of Methodism in Virginia, is deemed worthy of a brief explanation.

A certain Methodist preacher, in 1772, made a missionary tour through Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. His name was Robert Williams. On arriving at Norfolk, Virginia, Mr. Williams mounted the court-house steps, and began singing. A crowd soon gathered about him; but, almost as soon as he began preaching, his audience became boisterous and threatening. Observing the mob rapidly organizing to break up the services, William Owen, one of the associate justices of the county, who happened to be

present, urged his way through the crowd, and, taking his stand beside the preacher, commanded the peace. And for thus doing his duty as a magistrate he was rewarded with the unsought privilege of hearing an excellent gospel sermon.

The evident piety and earnestness of the preacher impressed Mr. Owen so favorably that he took occasion, at the close of the services, to invite Mr. Williams home with him for the night. The invitation was of course cheerfully accepted by the almost friendless preacher. As soon, however, as Mrs. Owen discovered that her husband's guest was a Methodist preacher, she declared that no such creature should stay in her house. "But I have invited him," said Mr. Owen, "and I cannot turn him away now." "Very well, then," she replied warmly, "if you are determined to have our home disgraced by a babbling Methodist preacher, I shall go and stay over night with one of the neighbors." Suffice it to say, the good woman finally yielding a few points, the preacher was permitted to remain. When the hour for evening worship came, Mr. Williams, by request conducted the family prayers, devoutly calling upon God in behalf of the parents, their children and servants. The prayer was not fruitless; for it was during the progress of this prayer that Mr. Owen awoke to the consciousness that he was an unsaved sinner.

The next morning as the minister was about taking his leave, Mr. Owen made bold to say to him: "Can you not leave an appointment to preach at my house on your return from the Carolinas?" "Certainly," said Mr. Williams; "you may expect me four weeks from to day." On returning to meet this en-

gagement Mr. Williams was happily surprised to find Mr. and Mrs. Owen and five of their neighbors gloriously converted.—all boldly witnessing for Christ and rejoicing in the love of God.

These seven, organized as a class by Mr. Williams, constituted, as the family tradition has always claimed, the first Methodist society in Virginia. Lednum's History of the Rise of Methodism in America, chapter 12, page 78, says: "In the beginning of 1772, Robert Williams went to Norfolk, Virginia. He was the first Methodist preacher in the Old Dominion." The home of Mr. Owen, as long as he remained in the vicinity of Portsmouth was the meeting-place of the new society.

The next day after his conversion Mr. Owen went over to Norfolk, and manumitted his slaves, eighty-three in number. Not long afterwards, he went out into Brunswick county, where land was comparatively cheap, to settle his freedmen. And some years later, near the close of the Revolutionary war, on learning that his ex-slaves were being mistreated by the neighboring slaveholders, he moved with his family to Brunswick county, in order to give better protection to the interests of his freedmen.

Once, while the Owen family remained near Norfolk, a company of foragers from the British army, or, in the phrase of the times, a "press gang," visited Mr. Owen's plantation in his absence, and drove away every foot of live stock on the place. Soon after the "gang" had gone with their booty, a British officer in regimentals, booted and spurred, rode up to the front gate, and hallowed. Mrs. Owen, on stepping to the door to answer the call, was commanded to pre-

pare dinner for him at once. He then dismounted, and deliberately walked into the house. Dinner ready, she invited him to the table, at which she presided with such grace and dignity as readily won his respect. Laying aside the imperious airs at first assumed, he became, in her presence, a courteous gentleman. She made no mention of the "press gang" until he opened the way by saying: "The soldiers raided your plantation, I believe, this morning?" "Yes, sir," she calmly responded, they drove away all our live stock, they left us nothing." He made no further allusions to the subject for the time, but on rising to leave he said: "I am Captain Lovewell, of the British army and have charge of the men that raided your plantation this morning." About five o'clock in the afternoon the "press gang" returned, bringing back every thing they had taken away in the morning.

On returning home at night-fall Mr. Owen listened with eager interest as his wife recounted the incidents of the day, and then added: "In memory of the kindness of Captain Lovewell, I am resolved, if the Lord, in his good providence, shall ever favor us with an addition to the number of our children, either boy or girl, that the name of the child, with your consent, shall be Lovewell." At length a daughter was given to inherit the name; and so Lovewell became to the writer the most precious of names,—the name ever dear of his now sainted mother. She passed through the gates of pearl, into the realm of light, in 1852.

One of Mr. Owen's neighbors in Brunswick county was the Rev. Edward Drumgole. Mr. Drumgole was

admitted on trial at the conference of 1774. He itinerated a few years, then married, and located. Location was a penalty imposed upon many a Methodist preacher for getting married. There were no wealthy charges to support married men in those early times. The located preachers, however, did not cease to do effective service. They were zealous and efficient minister's of the gospel.

The early Methodists of Virginia were strict observers of the Discipline, always keeping the Friday before quarterly meeting as a day of fasting and prayer "for the prosperity of Zion." Among Mr. Owen's freedmen was a queer old specimen, a native of Guinea, whose name was Quash. On a certain fast-day one of the little darkies came running to the "great house," and reported that Uncle Quash had been eating hominy, contrary to the rules of ole massah. Quash was summoned at once, to account for his misconduct. "Quash," said Mr. Owen, "is it possible, after all I've done for you, that you've been so wicked as to eat on fast-day? Don't you know, Quash, that I bought you out of a slave-ship? and have you forgotten how I set you free? You were taught, in your native land, to worship the devil and eat fire, but I have tried to teach you the gospel. And is this the way you remember my kindness?" Quash then made answer for himself, and said: "Well, massah, in de first place, Dick need n't be a runnin' to de great house a tellin' tales on me, sah. Now, in de nex' place, I tells you de God's trufe 'bout de mattah. Cauze you see, massah, dis niggah, when he hab nuthin' to eat all day, gits monsus hongry befo' night, an' so dis mornin' I jes take two pan ob homny so's

I mout be able to stan' it better to fass."*

The first American conference of Methodist preachers was held at Philadelphia in June, 1773. Ten preachers were reported, to wit: Thomas Rankin, George Shadford, John King, William Waters, Francis Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, Abraham Whitworth, Joseph Yearbry, Richard Wright, and Robert Williams. (The first American-born Methodist preacher was William Waters.)

The report of lay members was as follows: New York, 180; Philadelphia, 180; New Jersey, 200; Maryland, 500; Virginia, 100; in all, 1160.

A large majority of those reported from Virginia were credited to Brunswick county, the rest being divided among the cities of Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, and Portsmouth. The Virginia report of lay members at the conference of 1774 was, Fairfax, 350; Norfolk, 125; Brunswick, 1611. Evidently Brunswick county was one of the strongholds of Methodism.

The Methodist churches or preaching-places in Brunswick county at the time of the writer's earliest recollection, were: Hobb's meeting-house, Drumgole's or Woo'sey's barn, Ellis's chapel, Salem chapel, Rock church, and Pelham's meeting-house.

Rock church was dedicated by the Rev. Alexander Mc Cain. The only Irish woman in the county at the time was a zealous Methodist, and a great shout-er. Mr. Mc Cain, who was an able man in more ways than one, made some remarks in the course of his ser-

*The flying pen of those days with its long handle, was held over an open fire, and might contain from one to four quarts.-- cooking stoves were unknown.

mon that highly offended a certain wicked young man by the name of Tom Washington. Thereupon W. determined to insult the preacher. The opportunity came at the close of the service. Preacher and people were making their way towards the door, when W. lingering at a convenient point, accomplished his purpose by spitting in the preacher's face. Instantly Mc Cain, who was a powerful left-hander, let drive his double fist against the rowdy's head, knocking the fellow sprawling between the benches. The good Irish woman, shouting along not far behind the preacher, on noticing how handy he was with his fist, suddenly changed her tune, exclaiming in tones of glad surprise: "The Lord bless the dear mon! Why, he can turn his hond to almost inything."

Brunswick was for many years the chief rallying-point of Virginia Methodism. Within the bounds of the circuit lived the great revivalist, John Easter; as also the Myricks, the Jameses, the Swards, the Rainey's, the Gholson's, the Ellises, the Dentons, the Drumgoles, the Booths, and the Owens. Several Annual conferences were held on Brunswick circuit by Bishop Asbury. The bishop says in his Journal: "Thursday, Nov. 19, 1795, I preached at Richmond, Va., and next day, came, cold and hungry to my affectionate, kind, adopted son, J. Harding's, in Petersburg. Here several of the preachers met me to accompany me to the quarterly meeting in Brunswick. Tuesday, 24, our conference began at Salem chapel; there were present about fifty members and sixteen probationers. Sunday, 29, was a great day. I preached on 1 Tim. iii, 15, 16. There were ten elders and nine deacons ordained. Monday, 30, I had a few people

and several preachers at Brother Seward's. The next day at Woolsey's barn (now Drumgole's chapel) I had a few people, they having had short notice. I spent that evening with Brother E. D., whose house is not with the Lord as he prayeth and longeth; yet I trust God hath made an everlasting covenant with the father, well ordered and sure. Wednesday, Dec., 2, I preached at my old friend W. Owen's, whom I first knew at Portsmouth. We had a small house and a good meeting." Lovewell Owen then between ten and eleven years of age was converted at this meeting, and received into the church by Bishop Asbury.

The Owen family was large, consisting of the parents, William and Mary, and their children,—Sophia, Sarah, William, Mary, Thomas, Lovewell, and Nancy.

Of the Smiths, two brothers, Moses and Aaron, settled in Brunswick county. Aaron, as already intimated, married Edith Perry; to them were born three sons,—John, Lewis, and Bowlin.

Bowlin Smith and Lovewell Owen were united in marriage by the Rev. Edward Drumgole in the year 1800. This union was blest with ten children, all of whom lived to adult age; namely, Nancy P., Mary N., Sophia S., Elizabeth F., John L., Sarah L., Harriet B., Matthew A., Catharine R., and Benjamin F. They were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; each one died in the hope of a blissful immortality.

In 1811 William and Mary Owen, with their son William and their daughters, Sophia and Sarah, quitting their Virginia home, settled in Green county, Ohio. Here they found a number of their old-time Virginia friends and neighbors,—the Bonners, the

Pelhams, the Sale's, the Heaths, and Davises,—several of whom were representatives of the first class formed in Virginia, and became charter members of an Ohio class at a point called Union meeting house.

Another Virginia family, Bowlin and Lovewell Smith, with their children, were attracted to Green county, Ohio, in November, 1826. Among the children of this family was a boy of fifteen, John Lewis, or, as they usually called him, Lewis. A month or two after the family arrived in Ohio, Lewis, while attending a meeting at Union, was by the Holy Spirit deeply awakened—at a meeting conducted by William H. Raper and George W. Maley, the preachers then in charge of Union circuit.

On the morning of April 1, 1827, while Horatio Maxey, sen., brother to the Rev. Bennett Maxey, formerly of the Virginia conference, was singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," John Lewis Smith, then in the 16th year of his age, was powerfully converted to God. He soon felt it his duty to call sinners to repentance, but found much to discourage the undertaking, especially in his lack of education, not to mention his youth or his sense of unfitness generally. There was no doubt in his mind as to the supreme necessity of at least a good English education, and, such as his opportunities were, he resolved to improve them. Being the eldest son of a large family recently located in the woods of a new country, his father unused to manual labor, the burden of making a farm,—grubbing, rolling logs, mauling rails, making fences, etc.,—devolved mainly on him. Every day was a day of toil. The day's work done, he took up his books, pursuing his stud-

ies in the light of the blazing shell-bark.

One of the best of mothers aided him much in his studies, as well in the study of theology as other subjects. She was a woman of extensive reading and of much more than average culture. Besides the Bible she was familiar with the theological writings of Wesley and Fletcher, especially with such volumes as Wesley's Sermons, Fletcher's Appeal, and Checks to Antinomianism. Thoroughly posted on the subject of Bible doctrines, and well informed on the religious topics of the day, she was by no means an incompetent instructor. She was a thorough-going Methodist, withal, by virtue of the training, antecedents, and traditions of her early life. The father of Episcopal Methodism was indeed her spiritual father. Very naturally, and justly enough, she revered the name of Bishop Asbury. The good bishop was the frequent guest of her father's family in Virginia, as also their occasional guest in Ohio, and so became the means, when she was quite young, not only of leading her to Christ, as heretofore stated, but also of establishing her fully in her devotion to the doctrines and usages of Methodism.

Nine long years or more the boy was in training by the devoted mother. Encouraged by her prayers and instruction, yet not without many misgivings, sometimes hoping and sometimes despairing, backsliding and repenting, at last he resolved to go forward in what seemed to him plainly the path of duty. Survive or perish he would preach the gospel.

His first license as an exhorter bears the date of June, 1836, and the signature of William Sutton, preacher-in-charge. When the question of grant-

ing the license came before the class, a lengthy discussion ensued. Some thought it was not a very "clear case." At last, when the vote was taken, it was found to be a tie. As it happened, Mother Sale, widow of the Rev. John Sale, of precious memory, was present, and, at this juncture, inquired of the preacher whether it was lawful for women to vote. Being answered in the affirmative, she voted "aye" and the license was granted.

The young man, on being recalled to the class room and informed as to the action of the class, forthwith announced an appointment to "hold meeting" at 4 o'clock the next Sunday afternoon, at the house of Brother Thomas Owen. A little incident happened about this time that resulted in giving the announcement wide publicity. A clever, hard-working man by the name of Price, had traded a favorite family horse to the then prospective exhorter; but, on finding his wife and children loth to part with the horse, Price came to the young man, saying, "I'll make you a thousand rails if you will consent to rue the bargain." The offer was accepted. Price made the rails, which was equivalent to the payment of five dollars, and received back his horse. The young man, after thinking the matter over, decided not to exact anything from his neighbor and paid Price for making the rails. Price was elated. As soon, therefore, as he heard of the announcement, he took it upon himself to go abroad over the neighborhood, commending the "new preacher," and urging everybody to attend the meeting. The result was, that, when the hour for meeting came, Thomas Owen's house and door-yard combined, could hardly hold

the people that turned out, all curious to hear the "new preacher" as he was called by his friend Price. Not long after this Mr. Price and several members of his family were soundly converted.

The following Sunday night, Exhorter held a meeting at the house of Brother John Loyd, whose son is now an esteemed member of the Cincinnati conference. The writer cannot vouch for the truth of it, but it was said, in reference to this occasion, that the reading of the opening hymn was distinctly heard at Lick Branch, a distance of a mile or more. Soon after the meeting opened George B. Owen, who for some time had been in a backslidden state, on account of his unwillingness to preach the gospel was called on to pray. He refused to respond. Again he was called on to pray, and again he refused. Having a notion that nothing else would do, Exhorter reached over to where Owen was kneeling, and gave him a blow on the short ribs, saying: "This is my last call to you; we've come to a dead lock; and, if you are determined not to pray, I shall proceed to dismiss the meeting." At last he began in a low, mumbling way, but soon began to warm up, and in a few minutes was praying for mercy at the top of his voice. He was there and then triumphantly reclaimed. The house was crowded. And so wonderful were the manifestations of divine power, that, before the meeting closed, everybody in the house was either shouting the praise of God or crying aloud for mercy. No one was invited to the mourner's bench, but the unconverted found a place for prayer wherever they happened to be. The revival flame there kindled, spread abroad over the country; and souls

not a few were converted ;—in the fields, along the highways, coming to church or returning from it, as well as at the house of prayer. George B. Owen whose reclamation has been mentioned, became a zealous and useful minister. After traveling about twenty five years in the Cincinnati conference, he was called from the labors of earth to his reward in heaven.

The Exhorter aforesaid was licensed to preach in February, 1837, by the Rev. James B. Finley, presiding elder, and was at once employed by Mr. Finley as a supply on the Wilmington circuit, J. Laws preacher-in-charge. Among the many good people then living in the bounds of the circuit, mention may be made of the Wrights, the Hibbens, the Morrises, the Shephards, the Gustins, and the Showalters at Willmington, in the country were the Jenkinses, the Fortners and the Trimbills, Mother Fortner, as she was called, lived at "Oliver Branch." She had been raised a quaker,—was a woman of culture, deeply pious, and especially gifted in public speech. On a certain Sunday morning, at one of the quarterly-meeting love-feasts, a tedious old brother, by the name of Babby, and Mother Fortner rose at the same time to speak. Not seeing her, Brother Babby proceeded to tell his experience, she taking her seat. Nobody cared to listen to Brother Babby, but all were anxious to hear Mother Fortner. A feeling of disappointment was manifest—by no one more visibly than by the presiding elder, Mr. Finley. Brother Babby continued his talk, telling, among other wonderful things about the "sea serpents," he had seen as he was coming over from England.

Becoming very impatient, Mr. Finley interrupted him with, 'Be Short, Brother Babby, be short many others desire to speak.' "Child," responded the complacent Babby, "I recon you can wait till I tell my tale, can't you?" And on he went with his story. He had not proceeded far, however, until Mr. Finley again suggested the importance of brevity. "Be short, Brother Babby, you must be short! we've no time for long speeches." Babby returned almost the same response as before. "It looks strange, child," he said, "that you can't wait till I tell my tale," and, as before, proceeded to unwind his yarn. Unable to endure the imposition any longer, Mr. Finley began to sing, the congregation joining with a will—and Brother Babby took his seat! Mother Fortner then rose, and began in her tender, plaintive way to speak of her religious enjoyments and hopes. The people listened with intense interest, anxious to catch every word that fell from her lips. The good woman had well-nigh reached the climax of her telling talk, the congregation already deeply moved, when Brother Babby, the irrepressible Babby, began to sing at the top of his voice. "Stop that, stop that, Brother Babby, Sister Fortner is speaking," exclaimed Mr. Finley, in tones that fairly blazed with indignation; but the imperturbable Babby only sang the louder, and continued to sing until Sister Fortner was seated. The Englishman had caught up with the presiding elder.

The assistant preacher had just closed his first sermon at the Jenkins appointment, when a little boy about eight years of age, rose in the congregation, and, with tears streaming down his face, exclaimed,

"I love Jesus, oh, I love Jesus"! The preacher received him into the church, and, after the close of that conference year, never saw him again until 1884. The boy, now over fifty years of age, was visiting some friends in Thorntown, Indiana, and again heard the man preach that received him into the church. He sought an interview with the preacher, and said: "I have always remembered that the preacher to whom I gave my hand, was named Smith; but, if ever I knew, I have never been able to recall the first part of his name. I have for years been wanting to find him, and now I believe you are the man." "Did you," he continued, "ever preach at Salem? or what was sometimes called the Jenkins meeting-house?" "Yes," said the preacher, "I preached there in 1837 as a supply, now forty-seven years ago." "Do you remember a little boy's joining the church there any time that year?" he queried. "Yes," said the preacher, "and I remember distinctly how he impressed me and the congregation, when, with streaming eyes he exclaimed, 'I love Jesus, oh, I love Jesus!'" "I am that boy," said he, "and I thank God that I have at last found the man that received me into the church; and, now I want to tell you that I still love Jesus, and am on my way to heaven."

CHAPTER II.

OHIO CAMP MEETING—UNCLE BILLY ROWE.

The local preacher was variously engaged from 1837 to 1840, sometimes in secular business, sometimes traveling as a supply. His first effort at preaching from a text occurred at the house of a Brother Brewington, in Madison county, Ohio, about five miles from London. Thus it happened. He had gone to Mr. Brewington's in company with a friend, Brother G. B. Owen, visiting, to spend a certain sabbath, and enjoy the privilege of hearing a sermon by the Rev. Joel Havens, (a brother of the Rev. James Havens, knowing that Mr. Havens had an appointment there for that day. Mr. Havens preached a powerful sermon, and then met the class, the exercises proceeding amid sobs, and tears, and many loud halleluias. Mr. Havens called on the local preacher to conduct the closing services, after which he announced: "Bro. John L. Smith, of Green county, will preach to the people here this afternoon at 4 o'clock, and Brother Owen will exhort after him." A clap of thunder in a clear sky could not have taken the young man with greater surprise.

Overwhelmed with a sense of the responsibility now resting upon him, actually to face a congregation in the capacity of a preacher, but feeling he dare not, at the peril of his soul, refuse to respond to the announcement, he betook himself to the grove, there to wrestle with God in prayer for divine aid. His mind was led by the Spirit to Matt. xxi. 28, l. c., "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." The young preacher

thought he saw the counterpart of his own experience in the first son's refusal and after obedience, and this determined the drift of the discourse. It is fairly supposable that he did not preach a very methodical sermon, but he was happy in trying to preach,—the people indulged in frequent amens, and he was greatly encouraged.

Sometime in 1838 he was invited to attend a camp-meeting in Fayette county, Ohio, a few miles from Jefferson. On his way thither he preached at Sabina, in Clinton county, and at the Sugar-creek appointment, between Sabina and the camp-ground. The school-house at Sabina was full, yet only one person in the audience, and he a backslider, had made a profession of religion. Christian people in those days usually knelt in time of prayer, but, on this occasion, there was not one to bow with the preacher at the throne of grace. After discoursing to the people as best he could under the circumstances, he was invited to the home of his friend, the backslider, where, as he cannot forget, he was kindly entertained.

Early the next morning he started for the other appointment, where he found the people waiting, on his arrival at 11 o'clock. His theme at this point, Sugar-creek, was "Practical religion."

The camp-meeting referred to was largely attended both by the laity and the ministry. The Revs. Edward Estell, Samuel Clark, and Moses Trader were among the ministers in attendance; also the then celebrated exhorter, Billy Rowe, a host in himself, was there in the fulness of his zeal and strength. Trader and Clark were considered the lions of that particular forest. Trader preached on Sunday morn-

ing. His text was Heb. iv. 14. Two hours or more he towered with his grand theme, the priesthood of Christ, the swaying multitudes unconsciously nearing the pulpit, until, at the close, carried away by the burning words, the mighty thoughts and melting pathos of the "son of thunder," there was first a murmur of applause like the low rumble of distant cannonading, then an outburst of loud halleluias rarely, if ever before, witnessed even in those days of wonderful camp-meeting revivals. The camp-meeting custom then was, to have two or three sermons in succession on the Sabbath day, without intermission. Clark was to follow Trader. As soon as Trader sat down Clark arose, and, chafing like a mettlesome steed in restraint, or a proud-spirited warrior whose defeat is assured, he announced as a text Acts xii. 22,—“And the people gave a great shout, saying, it is the voice of a God, and not of a man.” How frail is man! The choice of the text was in itself suggestive of a wrong spirit. All through the discourse there was an evident wish to strike at his predecessor as both grieved and mortified his audience. At the close of the harangue the people went mourning to their tents.

The day was made further memorable by another failure, of less importance to be sure than the one just mentioned, of a different character, but never to be forgotten by our local preacher. About three in the afternoon he was informed that he would be expected to preach at 4 o'clock. Anticipating the remote possibility of such a call as this, he had already prepared himself for the emergency by carefully memorizing one of Burder's "village sermons". The

only thing for him to do now, was to make sure of his preparation; so he took to the woods forthwith, there to repeat and re-repeat his piece. When the horn blew, calling the people together for the afternoon service, the young preacher, now well-nigh frightened out of his wits, was accompanied into the stand by Father Rowe, who had the goodness to say, for the young man's encouragement, "I will stand by you," a word of promise that was royally fulfilled. After singing and prayer the young man arose, and announced his text, "I am the way", John xiv. 6. He went on smoothly enough for about ten minutes, "when in an instant all was dark ;" then, having made several fruitless attempts to recover his self-possession, he sat down, chagrined almost beyond endurance. This humiliating experience taught him an important lesson; for then and there he vowed unto the Lord never to violate the law, "Thou shalt not steal," which vow, as he believes, he has faithfully kept. His first was also his last attempt at plagiarism.

That wonderful man, Uncle Billy Rowe, promptly rose, spoke tenderly and kindly of the young preacher, and told how he himself, in his more youthful days, had often failed in his attempts to exhort. Men could not control the conditions under which they were to preach, and the most able ministers, he had observed, did not escape the mortification of occasional failures. Having at length fully enlisted the sympathy of the congregation, he reannounced the text, "I am the way," and, taking hold of his subject with the grasp of a giant, redeemed the failures of the day, "snatching victory from the jaws of defeat."

He drew largely from Thompson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, and Milton's Paradise Lost. Young, however, seemed to be his favorite author. He touched the key note, when, in devout attitude and thrilling tones, he poured the fervor of his soul into the invocation:—

O Thou great Arbitrer of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of thy golden day,
 And triumph in existence: and couldst know
 No motive but my bliss: and hast ordained
 A rise in blessing! with the patriarch's joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown:
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust:
 Or life, or death, is equal, neither weighs:
 All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

Eloquence, some one has said, is in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. However that may be, Mr. Rowe's address rose to the dignity, sweep, and power of the highest order of sacred eloquence. His sublime mastery of the occasion was attested by the simultaneous weeping, praying, and shouting of the vast congregation. There were a few in the audience that were apparently indifferent,—a few of the disciples of Paine, who were grouped together at the left of the speaker. The speaker, well knowing they were present and the motives that prompted their coming, appeared for sometime not to notice them; but just at the proper point in the progress of his discourse, sweeping round in that direction, his eyes fell full upon them: for a moment he stood

motionless, intently gazing upon the group, then, lifting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "O Father, help me!" and with a glow of heavenly inspiration upon his countenance, addressed them in words that must have burned to the very core of their hearts:

Ye brainless wits! ye baptised infidels!
 Ye worse for mending! washed to fouler stains!
 The ransom was paid down: the fund of Heaven,
 Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amazed, poured forth the price,
 All price beyond: though curious to compute,
 Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum:
 Its value vast, ungrasped by minds create,
 Forever hides, and glows in the Supreme,
 And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
 The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot: midnight veiled his face:
 Not such as this: not such as nature makes:
 A midnight nature saddened to behold:
 A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres,) from her Creator's frown!

Turning now toward the western sun, earth and sky glowing in the supernal beauty of the sunset's golden beams, the great exhorter continued:

Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bowed his blessed head: o'erwhelmed his cross:
 Made groan the center: burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
 Hell howled: and Heaven that hour let fall a tear:
 Heaven wept, that man might smile: Heaven bled that man
 Might never die!—

Again addressing the audience, his face aglow with rapture, he dwelt for a time on "Jesus the way",—the way, through death to immortality, from the sor-

rows of earth to the blissful life of heaven, closing with the words:

In his blessed life,
 I see the path, and in his death, the price,
 And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death.
 Oh the burst gates! crushed sting! demolished throne!
 Last grasp of vanquished death! Shout earth and heaven!
 This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
 Then, then, I rose——

“Let us sing,” he said, and more than a thousand voices thrilled with the triumphant strains of old Easter Anthem. The effect was sublime. The disciples of Paine had fled. The ministers were shouting, and embracing each other in their arms; sinners were falling by the scores, and crying for mercy; and all over the camp-ground, the saints were rejoicing with exceeding great joy.

In the course of the meeting, which lasted about a week, three hundred and seventy souls were reported as having been brought to the knowledge of sins forgiven. Many also professed the blessing of “perfect love.” “He that winneth souls is wise.” “And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”

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CHAPTER III.

SURPRISE—INDIAN SQUAW.

The winter of 1839-40 brought with it many changes. Westward, at length, Providence having opened the way, the path of duty led our Local preacher. In the month of March, 1840, he set out on horseback for the far west, which, as he then understood it, meant eastern, or, at most, central Indiana. After visiting some friends that lived on the Raccoon, near Ladoga, Montgomery County, he went into the Mississinewa country, to see his sister and her husband, the Rev. Eli H. Anderson. While at Mr. Anderson's house he met, for the first time, the Rev. John H. Hull, now of the Northwest Indiana Conference. Brother Hull, then a lean, lank, wiry, little fellow, a mere boy, was on the circuit,—the circuit having Muncy town, now Muncie, as its chief appointment, and embracing no inconsiderable portion of the regions round about, a —circuit bounded on the east by Bear creek; on the south by New Castle circuit and Blue river, on the west by Pipe creek; and on the north by "limberloss and loblolly."

The presiding elder, the Rev. Robert Burns, was wanting an assistant for Brother Hull. Pastor Hull and his people promptly decided that the Buckeye local preacher had been divinely directed thither, to become the pastor's much needed assistant. Accordingly, a few weeks after his arrival, at a quarterly meeting held at Smithfield, on White river, he was authorized, by the presiding elder, to co-operate

as Junior preacher with Brother Hull the remainder of the conference year.

The Buckeye was fairly inducted into Hoosierdom at the aforesaid quarterly meeting, and soon learned to love the Indiana people and admire their ways. Among the sturdy members of the church then living at Muncy town were Samuel Harlan, Job Swain, Abram Baurgelt, James Hodge, and James Nottingham. Jack & Russey was the style of the principal mercantile firm. (Both members of the firm had Christian wives.) Dr. Anthony was one among the leading physicians.

Early in the spring Brother Hull and his colleague held a two days meeting at Moores school house. The times were stirring. Both religious and political excitement ran high. The meeting was not in vain. Souls were converted, and believers sanctified. On the Sabbath the preacher-in-charge said to the junior, "You must preach," and, without flinching or whining, the junior went at it in the name of the Lord of hosts. He announced as his text the 5th verse of the 20th Psalm, and did what he could to turn the tide of public feeling in favor of the "banner" of the cross, and the government of Christ. This well meant effort was followed by an exhortation such as only John H. Hull could give.

During the summer of this year, 1840, some of the most remarkable revivals took place that were ever witnessed in the West. They were not, as a rule, the result of "protracted meetings," as the phrase is usually understood, but of what were known as "two-days meetings." At one of these meetings held by Hull and Smith, at the house of John Life, on the

north bank of the Mississinewa river, the divine power was so manifest that some of the most ungodly old trappers and hunters present, were heard to say, "We never saw anything like this before." Mr. Life's house was a log cabin, 16x18 feet, with a broad, open fire-place; puncheon floor; "cat and clay" chimney; clapboard roof, held on by knees and weight poles; home-made, clapboard doors, with wooden hinges and wooden latches—"the latch string out." The door latch, in all such houses, was operated from the outside by means of a string; taking the latch string in, was, in effect, to lock the door as against outsiders; to say, "Our latch string is out," was a profession of hospitality. The one room of Mr. Life's cabin served as a church, sitting-room, parlor, and bedroom. When the weather permitted the cooking was done by a huge log-fire out doors, and, at such times, the door-yard became the dining hall.

The meeting at Mr. Life's began on Saturday. Large numbers were present at the first service. The interval between the forenoon meeting and the night, was mainly devoted to singing and prayer in behalf of penitent seekers of salvation. The morning sermon by Brother Hull had brought a number to repentance, and, before the day closed, not a few of them were converted. Some devoted the afternoon to secret prayer, retiring for that purpose into the depths of the forest, and coming to the evening service happy in a Savior's love. That which gave character to the meeting, however, more than any thing else, making it ever memorable to all present, was the conversion of Mrs Life, the lady

of the house, at the love-feast Sunday morning.

Mrs Life was a native of Pennsylvania,—a woman of flashing intellect and superior culture. Having been brought up a Lutheran, she had become strongly prejudiced against the Methodist church. She married John Life, as she afterwards said, because she loved him, and believed him to be a good man in spite of his Methodism. Her friends were outraged, and disinherited her, because she married a Methodist. And for his sake she was willing, as an affectionate and devoted wife, to undergo all the labor, care, and inconvenience incident to such an occasion, all the while feeling that, aside from pleasing her husband, she had no personal interest in the meeting. After a number had given in their experience at the love-feast, the junior preacher, being most solemnly impressed that Mrs. Life ought to speak, yet hardly knowing whether to suggest it audibly, at last ventured to say, "Will Sister Life speak a few words?" All was silent for a moment, till Brother Hull exclaimed, "The Lord bless Sister Life!" She then quietly rose, and said: "I was baptized in infancy; I studied the catechism in childhood; I faithfully attended the church; I say my prayers; I am a member of the church; I have been religious all my life. My husband is a Methodist, and I do not oppose him; I am a Lutheran, and my husband does not oppose me in reference to my church. I was a Lutheran when he married me; I am a Lutheran still; and I expect to live and die a Lutheran." Here she paused, started to resume her seat, and had almost reached her chair, when, suddenly turning about, her eyes uplifted and arms

extended, she cried out,—“ But, oh, I'm a sinner ; O God, be merciful to me a sinner ! Oh, my friends, I thought I was a Christian, but I'm not ; oh, I'm a sinner ! Oh God, save a poor sinner like me ! Save me ! save me ! save me ! O my God ! save me now ! ” And she was saved then and there. There in the love-feast, in the open day, in the presence of all that could crowd into the cabin, (for many had to remain without,) she was soundly and scripturally converted to God. The effect of such an occurrence, of such a miracle of grace, for miracle it was, may be imagined possibly, but it cannot be described. She was not long in changing her church relations, and ever after was a helpmeet indeed to her devoted Christian husband. Their house was fully dedicated to God and his service, and became, from that time on, a most delightful resting-place for the way-worn itinerant or weary Christian pilgrim. The consecrated old cabin long since, gave place to the modern mansion, but the fragrant memories which cluster about the hallowed spot will perish never. The displays of divine power there witnessed, at the two-days meeting, will linger among the sweetest memories of earth, and become a theme of joyous thought in heaven.

Among the church workers living at the time along the Mississinewa, memory calls up the Andersons, the Harbors, the Kings, the Smiths, the Porters, the Vincents, the Gregorys, the Allegrees, the Downings, the Strongs, and the Wilsons. Most of these were from Green county, Ohio, and formerly members at Old Union, on Union circuit.

The third quarterly conference decided on hold-

a camp-meeting in connection with the fourth quarterly meeting. A convenient location was found on Campbell's creek. At a time appointed the two preachers, together with a goodly number of the good people, both male and female, met on the designated camp-ground, to clear away the rubbish, and make ready for the meeting.

The first thing in order, however, was a sermon by Brother Hull. Mounting the stump of a "coon tree," he delivered an appropriate discourse on, "Work while it is day; for the night cometh, when no man can work." The sermon over, the people went to work with a will, to prepare the way of the Lord, and "a highway for our God."

The camp-meeting came on in the latter part of August. Among the ministers in attendance were: Robert Burns, the presiding elder; Joseph Ockerman, Bardin H. Bradbury, Seth Smith, Hezekiah Smith, John S. Donaldson, and the two circuit preachers. Burns was modest, amiable, and tender,—a capital preacher, and a powerful exhorter. Bruce was of Teutonic mould, strong in argument, and somewhat pugilistic. Ockerman was delicate in person, feminine in voice, and a sweet singer. Bradbury was mighty in prayer, mighty in the Scriptures, a sound theologian, and an able preacher. Seth Smith was a chaste speaker, a Christian gentleman, and a pious, lovable minister. Hezekiah Smith was a great worker, an excellent pastor, a persuasive exhorter, and a most successful minister. Donaldson was of Hibernian extraction—eccentric, ready witted, an expert at repartee, a good exhorter, and a good preacher.

One of the rules adopted by the tent-holders for the government of the meeting was, that, when the trumpet sounded at the close of the night service, all should retire to rest or leave the ground.

The preaching on the Sabbath by the presiding elder and others had been as "good news from a far country" to the multitudes that thronged the gates of Zion, and the evening services had extended far into the night, when, the altar exercises having come to a close, the night bugle, so ominous to the rowdy, sounded forth the notice for all to retire.

Soon the camp was in comparative quiet, with most of the lodgers in the preachers' tent snugly folded away in the arms of Morpheus. The presiding elder had taken his place for repose between Brother Bruce and the junior preacher, the last of the clerical occupants of the place to resign himself to slumber. At a late hour three of the baser sort among the rowdies, sought shelter and lodging in near proximity to the sleeping parsons, under the preachers' stand. They had not been there long before they commenced growling, barking, howling, and hooting. Among the names they assumed in addressing each other were, Mocking-Bird, Big-Gray-Wolf, Old-Towser, Etc. Finally they began to sing a parody on a familiar hymn, when the presiding elder began to soliloquise: "Oh dear me! what shall I do? Such miserable rowdies! And the fleas! the fleas! I can't sleep at all!" And then with an emphasis born of irritation, the good man exclaimed: "Brother Bruce, you and Brother Smith, get up at once, and move those night-owls

from the camp-ground." The two brethren sallied forth in obedience to the orders of their district commander. Brother Bruce, taking the lead, planted himself at the entrance of the strange apartment where the disturbers of the peace were lodged, and called out to them, "Come out of there instanter; come out of there, I say." Reluctantly they crawled forth, when Brother Bruce continued, "Don't you know that the sounding of the trumpet at night, after service, is the signal for all to retire or leave the ground?" Two of the three instantly fled. The other, standing like a statue, was thus addressed by Brother Bruce: "Sir, I say, you must retire to rest or leave the ground." The man protested that he had no place to retire to. "Then leave the ground," was the prompt response of Brother B. "Well," said the rowdy, "may I go where I have a mind to?" "Anywhere, sir, so you leave the ground." And you promise not to interfere with me if I leave the ground?" "Yes, go where you please, sir; all I ask, is, that you leave the ground." The fellow, who had been standing all the while with his back to a tree, instantly whirled and, with a cat-like bound, sprang up into the tree. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded Brother Bruce. "I mean to obey orders," responded the rowdy; "you ordered me to leave the ground; I have left the ground as you required; and now I hope the preacher will be as good as his word, and let me alone."

The fourth quarterly conference was held on Monday afternoon, at a little log school-house about a quarter of a mile from the camp-ground.

One of the important questions to be decided,

was, Shall the junior preacher be recommended as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection? When this question was called the junior retired, and the powwow began. Noble Gregory, Thomas Vincent, William Downing, Thomas Leonard, and Elisha Harbor, local preachers; Abraham Baurgelt, Borter Gipson, Jacob Windowmaker, and Father Goff, exhorters; Daniel Brewington, Job Swain, Nathaniel Dickson, and about twenty-five others, class leaders, besides the preacher in charge, all took a turn at "representing" the candidate. After all the others had spoken Brother Hull made substantially the following speech: "Mr. President, I have patiently listened to the representations of the brethren. Some of these representations; as I think are just; some of them are erroneous. I have diligently watched Brother Smith's progress from the beginning. At the close of his first round on the circuit, some of the people were not very well pleased with him as a preacher. They said he was cold and formal; they thought he would make a good Presbyterian minister, but doubted whether he would do for a Methodist preacher. The second round he did better. The people began to say, 'Why, the young preacher is warming up; he needs a little more fire, but he preaches well, and we believe he will come out all right.' And now, Mr. President, for the last two months, and especially since his last round on the circuit, the people every-where testify that his preaching is as clear as an icicle and as hot as a salamander." The recommendation was granted without further ado. Meanwhile the subject of the discussion was seated on a log some two hun-

dred yards from the school-house ; but, had he been much less than a half mile away, he thinks he should have heard every word of Brother Hull's speech !

Among the orders issued by the presiding elder at the close of the camp-meeting, for the enlargement of the work, was one requiring an exploration of the "north country" by Hull and Smith. In due time they were in the saddle and on their way. Beginning at the mouth of the Salamonie river, they went from one settlement to another, preaching wherever they could make an appointment. Their first meeting, in this tour, was at a Brother Swims, where they had good success in the work of the Lord. A number embraced the truth, and united with the church. One of the converts was a little son of Brother Swim's. He was a very bright little fellow, and, for a child, talked of religion with unusual readiness and fluency. These many years he has been a useful local preacher.

The next point at which the missionaries pitched their moving tent, was at the house of a Brother Alexander, a recent emigrant from Kentucky. Mr. Alexander had brought with him two of his former servants, a man and his wife, once slaves but now free, whom the missionaries had the pleasure of leading into the liberty of the children of God. The aggregate avoirdupois of these dusky descendants of Ham was 486 ; 220 for Aunt Agnes and 266 for Uncle Aaron. Having found the pearl of great price, they were ready of course to be baptised and received into the church. "In what manner do you wish to be baptized?" inquired Brother Hull. Uncle Aaron promptly responded : "Why, chile, we wants to be 'mersed,

De Laud he went down into de water, an' he come straight up out of de water ; an' me an' Aggy wants to follow right 'long in de good way our blessed Jesus go."

Brother H.—"All right, Uncle Aaron ; but where shall we go to baptize you ?" Uncle A.—"Why, chile, doan you know what Philip said to de Unerk ? Come an' see." There was a creek not far from the house, and Uncle Aaron declared he knew of a deep hole under a willow tree, not more than a half mile away. At once preachers and people set out for the place where "John" was about to baptize, because there was supposed to be "much water there." The deep hole proved to be a shallow pool, with much grass in it, and a high bank on either side. The prospect didn't seem very encouraging for a successful immersion ; anyhow the administrator, in viewing the ground over, could hardly conceal the fact that he felt a little dubious as to the results of the proposed undertaking. The Apostles' creed had been repeated by each of the applicants, the baptismal vows had been taken, and the time had come for a going down into the water, when Uncle Aaron, who had been critically surveying the pool and considering his own huge dimensions, exclaimed, "Shore's you're born, Brudder Hull, dat water am to low ; but I tells you now what to do : you jest take Aggy down dar, an' put her into de water as much as possible, an' if de water kivers her all over proper good, den I goes in." The lithe, active administrator bounded to the waters edge ; Aunt Aggy was assisted to his side ; and while Uncle Aaron, with deep emotion sang,

“I’m a Zion traveler.
Won’t you go wid me dere?”

the twain, Brother Hull and Aunt Aggy, found on reaching the deepest part of the pool, the water was about half way to the knees, a little dextrous management on the part of the preacher, brought the huge form of Aunt Aggy to a horizontal position. It was no fault of hers or of the administrator that she was immersed only on one side; and so poor Aggy received only a partial immersion. She had gone down into the water; now the serious question was, how to bring her up out of the water. The law of gravitation, so helpful in the descent, was no longer to be counted on except as an opposing force. The task was not an easy one, but, with Uncle Aaron on the bank and Brother Hull in the water, working like two engines at a heavy train, one pulling and the other pushing, at length, the ascent was accomplished. Uncle Aaron was disappointed. “Now, brudders,” he said, “doan you see de water am to scace? Not ’nuff water to kiver Aggy: not ’nuff water anywhar to kiver me. Kase, you see, de season am very dry; I waits den till the fall rains sets in ’fore I’s baptised. De Laud bless you, Brudder Hull. Dey calls you Hull, but you is no hull—you is de kernal, de very marrow in de bone. And de Laud bless you, Brudder Smith. We po’ critters is mighty thankful to you ’an Brudder Hull for comin’ way out here in de woods to preach de eberlastin’ gospel to us sinners. May de Laud bless you bofe’ an give you a heap o’ souls for your pay, Such in substance were a few of his utterances. The speech of the poor unlettered African was so artless,

simple, sincere, and pathetic withal, that tears came unbidden to the eyes of many, even of those who had just witnessed the grotesque scene of Aunt Aggy's immersion.

Bluffton, the now flourishing seat of justice of Wells county, was the next objective point marked out on the route of the missionaries. Here they were kindly received, and most hospitably entertained at the house of that good man, and prince in our Israel, Brother Studabaker. Main street had been cleared out, i. e., the trees had been felled, but the high stumps were standing, and the logs had not all been removed. A rude court-house had been erected, which the missionaries were permitted to use as a sanctuary. After preaching and visiting a few days, they took leave of their kind host and his estimable wife, with a sincere "God bless you" at the parting, and going forth, sowing the seed of the kingdom as they went, they returned, *via*, "limberloss and loblolly," to their own circuit.

The same autumn another camp-meeting was held, this time at the Timberlake settlement, the same corps of preachers as at the Campbell's-creek meeting. The junior preacher set out for the meeting from Sutton's, one of the preaching-places of the circuit, a place identical with the spot where Dunkirk, in Jay county, now stands. The road or trail along which he threaded his solitary way led through a dense forest twelve miles without a house. As he pressed forward on his journey he came at length to a place where two ways met. Here he sat for a time on his horse, wondering which of the two ways he should take, when, peering about through the

brush, he discovered this inscription on the smooth bark of a beech-tree, "Take the right-hand road for the camp-ground," an inscription which some one had written by dipping his finger in mud.

Further on he passed a man making boards to roof a cabin. The cabin had just been raised to the square, and "scutched" down, being now ready for the rib-poles and roof. The man was familiar with the forest and gave the preacher some practical directions to help him on his way. A strange experience, after leaving this point, awaited the itinerant. He was making his way, as best he could, over fallen trees and through prickly-ash swamps, when, to his great surprise, he suddenly emerged upon a large clearing. In the distance he saw a house, barn, and orchard, with surroundings similiar to those seen in old and well settled countries. Behind him was the dense, gloomy forest, so dense in many places that no ray of sunshine had ever penetrated its somber shades; before him, a large well-cultivated farm, with all the appointments seemingly of convenience and comfort. The transition was so sudden, so unexpected, and the contrast so great, the traveler could hardly credit his senses.

As he drew nearer the large full-bearing orchard and well-constructed dwelling, wonder quickened his curiosity to learn something about the large family, as it appeared to be, that occupied the premises. Hitching his horse, he approached the house, and gently knocked at the door, when a sort of grunt from within answered, "Come in." As he opened the door, the children, some fourteen in number, scattered in every direction. Some shot out at the

back door, others ran under the beds, while some of the smaller ones gathered about the mother's chair gazing wildly at the stranger. Hardly knowing what to say, yet extremely desirous of making himself agreeable, he ventured to inquire how long they had lived there. The woman answered with a peculiar kind of growl, from which he rightly inferred that she was a half breed or compound of French and Indian. Having failed in several attempts to draw her into conversation, the preacher finally bethought himself to inquire about her husband. She seemed agitated, if not alarmed, at the reference to her husband, and, stepping into the back yard, gave two or three shrill whistles. The husband was out on the farm somewhere at work, but the alarm she had given soon brought him to the house. The preacher now tried to talk with the husband, but found him, at first, almost as unwilling to converse as the grumpy matron of the household. The man looked to be at least three score and ten; he was bronzed, weather-beaten, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism through exposure; he had the eye of a lynx, and a face expressive of savage ferocity. The woman was long, lean, and lantern-jawed, with fiery flashing eyes, and savage mein. There were several bad scars about her face and neck, as if she had been attacked with a butcher-knife in some drunken row. The children were all girls. Some of them had reached woman's estate, but they were still children. They had grown up like the wild flowers of the woods, innocent of the arts of fashion or fashion's whim. The lord of the "manor," after considerable questioning and encouraging on the part of the

preacher, gave substantially the following account of himself and family :—

At an early day in the settlement of the Scioto valley his father with a large family, emigrating from Pennsylvania, settled near Chillicothe, Ohio. The Indians were still numerous there, and, the two races being on the best of terms, the children of his father's family and the Indian children of the neighborhood were constant companions and playmates. One day he and his brother had been plowing in the fields ; at the noon hour his brother climbed into a cherry-tree to help himself to the luscious fruit. B (for so he was called) essaying to do as his brother had done, was peremptorily ordered by his father to go to work. Though deeply incensed at his father, he said nothing. He hitched his horses to the plow, drove to the lower side of the field, left his horses standing in a fence corner, deliberately climbed the fence, and took to the woods. He was then about fifteen years of age and from that day had never seen, or heard from, his father, or any member of the family. While relating this part of his story he grew furious, stamped, and frothed like a madman. He then went on to say, that, for three days after he left home, he ate nothing but berries, such as he found wild in the woods, and slippery-elm bark, which he gnawed from the trees. The fourth day out, he came upon a camp of hostile Indians. The hostiles determined to burn him at the stake, but, the chief's daughter interceding for him, his life was spared. The chief adopted him as a son, and so made him the brother and companion of his benefactress. That was how he came to adopt

the life of an Indian. He had been all over the West, and seemed perfectly familiar with such places as Ft. Wayne, Tippecanoe, Prophet's Town, Wea, Vincennes, and Chicago, the Sangamon, Illinois, Fox, and Mississippi rivers.

Early in his Indian life, when he became the owner of a rifle, in company with an Indian companion, he went back to his father's neighborhood in mid winter, for the express purpose of taking his father's life. He and his companion lived in the woods for several weeks, he said, whence they would stealthily creep about the premises, trying to get a shot at the old "he bear," as he styled his father. Failing of a chance to accomplish his murderous intent, he bid a final farewell to the scenes of his childhood, to roam with the children of the forest. The Indian maiden that saved his life in due time became his squaw. After a roaming life of many years he and his squaw made up their minds to settle down. "And we settled here," he said. "These apple-trees we packed on our ponies from Vincennes." "We went to work. I cleared ground in the summer, the old woman and the gals pickin' trash and burnin' brush. In the winter I hunted and sold furs and deer skins, and by the time the land came into market I had money enough to get me a quarter section, and here I am about worn out. I have always had good range here until now. Beats all how the people are crowdin' into this country. Just now there's a fellow buildin' a house out south a piece, not more'n four or five miles from me. I recon you passed his house comin' through? Old as I am I shall have to sell out and go to a new country; for

I tell you, boss, I can't stand it to be jammed and scrouged in any such way."

Bidding adieu to these queer backwoods people, the young preacher hastened on towards the campground. He reached his destination in time for the evening service, and had the pleasure of listening to an able, soul-stirring sermon by the Rev. John H. Bruce. The country was new, and the "sickly season" was now at its height; as a consequence there were but few tent-holders on the ground. Sinners were converted and believers strengthened, but, all in all, the success of the meeting was hardly up to the usual-standard.

The "fifth" quarterly meeting for the conference year, was held at Jackson's, on Prairie creek. The sum allowed the preacher-in-charge for the year was \$216; the claim of the junior preacher, for the time he served, was received on the basis of \$100 a year. Letter postage for five hundred miles or over was 25 cents, payable at the office of delivery. The scarcity of money may be inferred from this, that well-to-do farmers, or others, were known to permit letters to remain in the post-office for weeks and even months, being unable, as they often were, to raise sufficient money to pay the postage. At this last official meeting for the year, the circuit was well represented. Leaders and stewards, one or more, were present from each of the twenty-eight appointments. These good men had been hard at work, to collect in full the sums estimated for the support of the preachers. A more liberal people, it ought to be said, than the people of Muncy town circuit, in 1840, were not to be found. Money, as a

rule, they did not have, but such as they had, they freely gave—as, for instance, linsey-woolsey, tow-linen, jeans, blankets, socks, wheat, corn, pork, venison, wild turkies, Etc. Every appointment had been thoroughly canvassed, and the reports brought in were found to be quite respectable. The money paid in amounted to the sum of \$7.37½. This was placed on the table, and one of the stewards piled it up, piece at a time, in a conical pile. The money of course was all silver, and consisted of 12½ cent pieces, “bits,” and 6¼ cent pieces, or “fips.” This unexpected liberality in the form of money made old Brother Jackson especially happy. Walking round the table with his arms akimbo, his eyes fixed on the glittering pile of silver, he exclaimed, “Bless the Lord, our preachers won’t starve this year.”

CHAPTER IV.

BISHOP SOULE AND SON.

The Indiana Conference of 1840 was held in the hall of the House of Representatives, beginning on Wednesday, October 21. Bishop Soule presided. The presiding elders were: C. W. Ruter, E. G. Wood, A. Eddy, John Miller, T. J. Brown, E. R. Ames, H. S. Talbott, James Havens, Robert Burns, G. M. Beswick, Aaron Wood, and John Ercanbrack.

Twenty-four were admitted on trial: namely, Philip I. Beswick, Daniel S. Elder, Elam Genung, John L. Smith, Charles W. Miller, Daniel McIntyre, John W. Mellander, Robert H. Calvert, John B. DeMotte, Brinton Webster, Isaac M. Stagg, Allen Skillman, Martin J. Hofer, Charles B. Davidson, Asbury Wilkinson, Colbreth Hall, Morris Benton, Nathan S. Worden, Freeman F. Sheldon, Thomas Goodwin, Samuel Smith, William C. Smith, John Kisling, and William C. Jones.

Thirteen were admitted into full connection; to wit, Seth Smith, John L. Kelly, Cyrus Nutt, Francis A. Conwell, James Hill, Josiah J. Cooper, Joseph S. Beswick, John Talbott, Lucien W. Berry, George W. Stafford, John H. Hull, George Havens, and James Crawford.

Fifteen were ordained elders; namely, Isaac Crawford, William Meginnis, William H. Goode, Ezra L. Kemp, William M. Fraley, Anthony Robinson, Lucien W. Berry, Miltiades Miller, Amos Bussy, Jared B. Mershon, John H. Bruce, George M. Boyd, Jacob Colclazer, and Josiah J. Cooper.

Some of these received ordination as elders by virtue of their having been local deacons for two years.

Allen Wiley was the stationed preacher at Indianapolis. On arriving in the city Brother Hull and his colleague (now an applicant for admission on trial), called on Pastor Wiley, to receive their assignments for entertainment during the conference session. Having received his own assignment, Brother Hull inquired, "And where is the young man, my colleague, to go?" The old gentleman grew red in the face, nervously threw his glasses astride of his nose, ran his eyes hurriedly over his list of assignments, and said, "He can go to John E. Foudry's, but,—as the name of your friend is not on my list, I'll see about that." Candidates for admission were not expected to attend conference, and no provision was made for their entertainment. That was the rule. Pastor Wiley was a little embarrassed therefore by the situation, especially in view of Brother Hull's solicitude. The junior was well provided for, however; and, if it need be said, he greatly enjoyed the conference,—having nothing to do but to take note of men and things as he loitered in the lobbies and committee rooms or carefully watched the conference proceedings.

Promptly at the hour appointed for the opening session, 9 o'clock, a man whose appearance would attract attention anywhere, deliberately walked down the main aisle, ascended the platform, and, after kneeling a few minutes in silent prayer, seated himself in the Speaker's chair. That remarkable

person, the observed of all observers, was Bishop Soule. His years were not yet three score; he was tall, muscular, athletic; even as compared with the heroic men of the conference, he seemed like another Saul among the prophets.

This illustrious man, Joshua Soule, was born in Bristol, Maine, in 1781; he was admitted on trial in the New York conference in 1799, and appointed to Portland circuit, in the province of Maine, with Timothy Merritt, preacher-in-charge; in 1804 he was appointed to the Maine district as presiding elder, and became a member of the General conference which met that year, on the 6th of May, in the city of Baltimore. He was again a member of the General conference in 1808, and, as chairman of a committee appointed for that purpose, drew up the restrictive rules, which, with slight changes since made, yet remain the organic law of the church. He was chosen Book Agent in 1812; in 1824 he was elected to the episcopacy. He had been a member of each General conference from 1804 to 1824 inclusive. This remarkable man, as it thus appears, was admitted on trial in the traveling connection at eighteen years of age; was appointed presiding elder, and became a member of the General conference, at twenty-three; selected as committee chairman, to draft the plan of the delegated General conference, and write the constitution of the church, at twenty-seven; elected principal Book Agent at thirty-five; was made a bishop at forty-three, and at sixty-two became senior bishop.

An incident occurred the first morning of the con-

ference that must have been as mortifying to the bishop as it was painful to the conference members. Joshua Soule, junior, living at the time in Indianapolis,—eking out a precarious subsistence by the practice of dentistry,—reputed as frequently and freely indulging in his cups,—came into the hall just as the temporary secretary finished calling the roll. He tarried not, on entering the hall, but, striding rapidly to the front, was soon at the speaker's desk with his father. The scene presented a contrast that was suggestive and striking. The bishop was attired in a faultless suit of black; the profligate was also a conspicuous figure, with collapsed plug hat, threadbare pants, and untidy linen, or, in the words of Dryden, "unkempt his locks and squalid his attire." The effect upon the audience can be imagined better than described. There was first a subdued smile in the conference room, a titter in the galleries, quickly followed by a look of mingled sorrow and pity on the part of the preachers,—of disgust on the part of spectators.

Of the twelve good and true men, who, at that conference, composed the bishop's cabinet, all have been transferred to the celestial city.* They have gone to reap the reward of the righteous. Their memoirs have been written. They all died in the faith. Once they were mortal; like all other sinners saved, they were saved by grace divine. A few words regarding each of them may not be out of place.

Calvin W. Ruter had a rather fine physique, with a considerable tendency to obesity; a good deal of apparent dignity, with a sort of sanctimonious, aris-

ocratic air ; and, but for his evident desire to please everybody by taking both sides of all questions in controversy, he would have been a fair conference debater. He was said to be a wise administrator, a good presiding elder ; and doubtless he filled an important place in the itinerant ranks wherein he served his day and generation.

Augustus Eddy was a man of easy manners, pleasant address, and, in the days of his strength, a powerful preacher. His kindness of heart, amiable disposition, and manly, Christian bearing, won for him a host of friends wherever he went.

Thomas J. Brown was a native of Western Virginia, and grew to be a man among the rough mountain scenes of his native country. Though of a rugged exterior, he had a brother's heart ; grace had done much in the way of polishing the rough ashler. He was literally a "terror to evil doers." His speech and preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom. He was a power of good in his day.

James Havens was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He has often been represented in a light that gives no proper idea of the man. Usually he has been shown up by newspaper scribblers as a notable pugilist, fond of indulging in what such writers are pleased to call "muscular Christianity." True, when he felt it to be a religious duty, he did not hesitate to employ force to quell rowdyism and preserve order ; yet he was proverbially kind and tender. He was a born general, and, when in command, as at camp-meetings, or on other popular occasions, woe to the man that violated the rules of the meeting. Affable, kind-hearted and courteous,

fearless, brave and true, he was greatly esteemed by the better classes of the people every-where. The preachers especially loved and honored him as a presiding elder. He regarded the preachers of his district in a certain sense his family, and was always ready to assume any official responsibility for their protection and defense. Were a case of alleged immorality brought to his notice, he, as presiding elder with jealous care for the purity of the church, speedily sought to ascertain the facts involved. A court of inquiry was at once instituted. When the accused, duly tried, was found guilty, Mr. Havens showed him no quarter; if, on the other hand, the accused was honorably acquitted, Mr. Havens at once espoused the cause of the injured man, often, too, at the expense of his own popularity. He was not the man, for fear of losing the favor of a preacher's enemy, to listen in silence, and thereby consent, to the words of a defamer; but, like the brave man that he was, never shirking his responsibility as a custodian and defender of the men committed to his official care and oversight, he was ever ready to do, to dare, and, if need be, to die for the right. The intrepid and stalwart heroism of this grand man, won for him a name that will not, can not perish. When trimmers and time-servers shall have been forgotten, or, if not forgotten, yet remembered only to be despised, the name of James Havens will continue to be as ointment poured fourth. "James Havens," said the late U. S. Senator, Oliver H. Smith, "has done more to lay broad and deep the foundations of Christian civilization in the West, than any other man in the Mississippi valley."

George M. Beswick was a model man physically, a model man as a Christian and as a minister. He had the largest head, and was the youngest man of the twelve presiding elders. His words in the pulpit "dropped like the rain and his speech distilled as the dew." He was modest and unobtrusive in his intercourse with his brethern. As a preacher he was the peer of any man in the conference.

Of John Ercanbrack not so much is known. After the year 1840, he was not associated with Indiana Methodism. The General Conference of that year so changed the conference boundaries as to connect his district with Michigan.

Enoch G. Wood was thus attacked by our quill a few years ago, while he was yet living and in active service in the church: "Dr. E. G. Wood is the present efficient presiding elder of the Moore's Hill District, Southeast Indiana Conference. What about him forty years ago? 'There seem,' as our notes of 1840 say, 'to be two Enoch Woods in the conference. They call one long Enoch and the other Enoch G. Long Enoch looks to me to be good natured, but not very smart; Enoch G. looks smart, put not very good natured.' Long years of faithful labor have shown Dr. Wood to be a man of sterling integrity, a safe and able theologian, always equal to his responsibilities in every place to which the church has called him." Had he been favored with a larger share of the "milk of human kindness," or with less austerity of manners, possibly he might have been a still more useful minister. He fell with his armor on. He has finished his course; he has joined the heroic band above.

John Miller, tall, manly, sweetly dignified, his face full of sunshine, deeply impressed one by his personal appearance as being more than an ordinary man. He was a good preacher, an excellent exhorter, and one of the most successful members of the conference in winning souls to Christ. When he lifted up his voice in song he captured all hearts.

Edward R. Ames had represented the Greencastle District from the conference of 1839 to May, 1840, when he was elected by the General Conference to the office of missionary secretary. He still held his place, however, in the Indiana Conference after his appointment to the secretaryship. He was elected bishop at Boston in 1852. As a profound thinker, presiding officer, sagacious and far-seeing church statesman, he perhaps had no peer; as a preacher, he was impressive, highly instructive, and sometimes exceedingly touching in the simplicity of his gospel illustrations. Take him all in all we shall not soon see his like again on the Episcopal board.

H. G. Talbott was, in his early manhood, a successful medical practitioner. A sense of duty impelled him to abandon his profession for the work of the Christian ministry. He was a sound, sensible preacher, an agreeable companion, a man of God, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Robert Burns was the writer's first presiding elder in Indiana. He may be properly styled "Robert the Amiable." He was a good man and true. He died a superannuated member of the North-Indiana conference. Never knew a man to whom the words of the prophet might be more fittingly applied: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of

the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Dr. Aaron Wood, the lively, vivacious, sparkling preacher, the genial and companionable brother, esteemed, honored, and loved by everybody, was the last of the twelve to pass away. In the fall of 1885, at the session of his conference (Northwest Indiana) at Valparaiso, he made the following request: "Dearly Beloved Brethren,—At the close of the eighty-third year of my natural life, the seventy-second of my spiritual life, and the sixty-third of my itinerant life as a Methodist preacher, I respectfully ask the conference to grant me the superannuated relation. Respectfully,

A. Wood.

He ascended in triumph to his reward August 20, 1887.

In the course of the session—conference of 1840—several things occurred well calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of a young man with nothing to do but to look, listen, and observe. One incident may be mentioned. Presiding-elder Havens brought forward the recommendation of a young man for admission on trial, the initials of whose name were A. P. The Elder, after representing the case in his forcible style,—speaking in glowing terms of the young brother's powers as a preacher, exhorter and singer,—resumed his seat, evidently feeling confident of a large vote in favor of his man. The Bishop said: "Is the conference ready to vote?" Just then a sonorous voice came from the other side of the hall, "Not ready," when Presiding-elder Eddy rose to inquire whether the young

man commended by Bro. Havens was "any kin to his brother," a certain Dr. P. "Old Sorrel" (a sobriquet given to Mr. Havens by the rowdies.) promptly sprang to his feet and said: "Mr. President, Bro. Eddy asks if the young man is any kin to his brother. Why, sir, are we to be governed by a rule like that? Was Abel responsible for Cain? or Joseph for the meanness of his brethren who sold him into slavery? Who, sir, could stand to be judged by such an unrighteous rule as that? could you, Mr. President? (Here, doubtless, the scene of the day before came up before the bishop and the conference.) No, sir, there is not a man on the conference floor that would consent to be judged in that way. I know I would not, and I know you would not, sir; and, as I happen to know, if a rule like that had been in force when the question of admitting my friend Eddy was brought up—a rule like that, sir, would have been the last of him." This impromptu speech, especially the closing sentence, was uttered in the impassioned style peculiar to the heroic old Roman, and evoked a round of applause from the galleries. (The applause, of course, was promptly suppressed by the chair.) The effect of the speech upon the conference may be judged from the fact, that the young man was admitted on trial by a vote almost unanimous.

The bishop's address to the class about to be received into full connection, was listened to with profound attention by the large audience present. The eloquent and forceful utterances of the bishop made a lasting impression on the mind of the young man from Muncytown circuit, and doubtless had much to

do with the shaping of his after career as a traveling preacher. Some of the bishop's sayings are distinctly remembered. Commenting on the rule, "Be punctual," he gave some illustrations drawn from his own experience and the experience of others; warming up with the progress of his interesting and telling argument, he rose on tiptoe, and stretching forth his long arm, came to his climax with the words, "Brethern, let nothing but absolute impossibilities hinder you from keeping your engagements."

Just before the appointments were read the bishop made another telling address, which he closed as follows:—

"Some of you brethern will be disappointed: but, remember, some of the people will also be disappointed. All of you preachers will not get the places you have expected; nor will all the churches get the preacher they have expected. Disappointments are inevitable; they cannot be avoided. To the preachers I would commend the example of one of the most able and pious ministers of the South. There was a certain appointment in that good brother's conference, among the lagoons, mosquitoes, and alligators,—a place dreaded by all, it was supposed. The work had been supplied by inexperienced, and, often, inefficient men. The time had come, it was thought, to give the charge a more efficient ministry, and so the good brother alluded to, was appointed to that work. The presiding bishop read the appointments slowly, and, on coming to the name of the dreaded charge, pronounced it, and then made a long pause. A death-like stillness ensued. A horrible nightmare seemed to rest upon the conference.

At last the name of the brother appointed to the charge was announced ; but, to the surprise of everybody, instead of manifesting a sense of affliction, the good man bounded from his seat, and, exulting cried out, 'Thank the Lord for any place to preach Christ, and win souls.'

"And now to the people," continued the bishop, "I would commend the example of the Choctaws. A missionary had been with them for years that was greatly beloved ; but, in the judgment of the appointing power, it was thought advisable to move him to another field. The Indians, greatly distressed at the loss of their beloved minister, Father Smith, sent their chief to the bishop with the request that the order removing the missionary be countermanded, and that he be sent back without delay. The bishop, reasoning the case with the chief at some length, and telling him, 'The change was not made to afflict your people, but in view of the pressing demands of the work,' sent him back to explain the matter to his people. After a little the chief returned, and said, 'We will take the new man, and pray for him six moons ; then, if he will not do, we shall expect you to take him away, and send us back Father Smith.' Now that is the way for you people to do," said Bishop Soule. "Kindly receive your preacher, whoever he may be, and pray for him six moons ; and doubtless God will bless him and make him a great blessing to you. Certain it is you will think much better of your preacher after you have thus prayed for him."

The reading of the appointments was followed, on the part of the preachers, by a little hurried hand-

shaking, a few brief parting words,—a “God bless you,” or a “Good-by,” and all were off to their work for another year.

CHAPTER, V.

WINCHESTER CIRCUIT—SMOKED HAM.

Among the appointments announced by Bishop Soule at the close of the Indiana Conference, October, 1849, for the ensuing conference year, were: Winchester District—a new district—R. Burns, presiding elder; Winchester Circuit, J. H. Bruce and J. L. Smith. Brother Bruce, who had traveled the circuit the previous year, continued his residence at “Economy,” a small village in Wayne county; his assistant, the junior preacher, made his headquarters at Spartanburg, in Randolph county.

Winchester, the head of the circuit, contained a kind-hearted and very hospitable population. Here lived the “Kisers, the Goodriches, the Monks, the Browns, the Wades,” and many others quite as worthy as these. Judge Goodrich, formerly a distinguished attorney, had but recently moved from Virginia; and, for the purpose of providing better business facilities for his younger brothers, had established himself as a merchant in the goodly county-seat of Randolph.

By advice of the preacher-in-charge, Junior, on making his first appointment at Winchester, put up

at Judge Goodrich's. He was received at the Goodrich home with a hearty welcome, and was entertained according to the generous style of Virginia hospitality—the heartiness of his welcome in no way diminishing on its becoming known that he was a native of the Old Dominion, and the son of a family classed as one of the F. F. V.'s. On making a call at the judge's store, Junior was surprised to see, among the numerous customers present from the surrounding country, an old neighbor from Ohio, a now aged man, who, at an early day, had migrated to Indiana. Junior had not seen him for many years, and had almost forgotten that such a man as "Zebedee Cantrell" had ever lived. He was a man in good circumstances, and respectably related; but unfortunately; had contracted habits of intemperance, and, at the time now referred to, was evidently, to some extent, under the influence of strong drink. The unexpected meeting of the man, awoke the power of slumbering recollection. A panorama of forgotten scenes were brought up in rapid review. Junior secretly wished he might not be introduced to the man, and said to himself, "If I am introduced, I hope I shall not be recognized. But before there was time for any formal introduction, the old pioneer drew nigh, and, surveying the preacher from head to foot, thus began: "I say, stranger, ain't your name Smith?" Here the Judge interposed with—"Yes, Mr. Cantrell, that is our young preacher, Brother Smith; I hope you will come and hear him preach, and get better acquainted with him." "See here, Jedge," said Zebedee, "your nowhere; why, I've knowed this boy from his

childhood ; he had the best old Methodist mother in Green county ; and he is the best boy you ever saw. Why, Judge, this boy once saved me from a big lickin' at a general muster at Caesarville. You see, I was a little , "how come you so," and two big strappin' fellows jumped onto me ; but this boy happened to be at hand, and he just cleaned 'em both out in less than no time ; and you see, Judge, I've kinder liked him ever since. And I can tell you more, Judge. Once I was in Xenia when Main street was knee deep in mud—well, it was not just exactly what one would call mud, but a kind o' fritter batter ; and I was "putty well up," swingin' long first one side and then t'other side of old gray, when my saddle girth broke, and down I come kerwhallop in the mud ; it was cold and rainin', and there lay old Zeb from shoulder to flank in the loblolly. And then the clerks and the people in the shops and stores all went to laughin' at me ; but this here boy, Judge, just waded right out in the rain and mud, fixed my saddle girth, helped me into the saddle, and fixed my hands in old gray's mane, and I went right straight home ; and, Judge, this is the first time I've seen the boy since. And now, Judge, I want to do something for him ; so, if he wants anything out of your store, let him have it, old Zeb's good for it." Then turning, to Junior : " Now, my son, anything I've got is yours. I want you to come to my house and see me. You know I'm no Christian. I'm a poor, wicked, old man ; but I have a large family of boys and girls, and may be you can do them some good. I'm a hardened old sinner, but I want you to come and see me."

Trading, meanwhile, had ceased ; clerks and customers were all attention, eager to catch every word of Zeb's speech.

Years had passed since the occurrences he related. The wonder is that any trace of them should have remained in his memory, he being, as he was, under the influence of strong drink when they transpired. Even after so many years of constant inebriation he was able to relate the facts, including minutest details, in consecutive order, exhibiting a remarkable memory, despite the whiskey-soaked condition of his brain. Poor Zeb ! All through the upper Mississinewa country he heralded the name of the young preacher, preparing a way for the gospel messenger to the cabins of the people ; nor did he fail to give freely of his substance for the support of the church. His wife and several of his children made a profession of religion ; the old gentleman also became serious, but it is not known whether he ever overcame his appetite or how he finally left the world.

Within the bounds of Winchester circuit there then lived many whose names still honor the annals of Indiana Methodism. Among the number should be mentioned the Hunts. The Rev. Wm. Hunt was one of the early Methodist preachers of Kentucky, a pioneer in Indiana. He was a man of mark in the days of his strength ; he was mighty in the Scriptures, and—woe to the unlucky wight that tempted him into a doctrinal controversy. This venerable servant of God lived to smile upon the fourth generation of his descendents.

The home of the honored parents of the Rev. Ner

Philips, now a prominent member of the North Indiana conference, was ever the welcome home of the weary itinerant. Ner—was then a nice little boy, fond of riding the preachers' horses to water, and ever ready, like his pious father and mother, to make the preachers comfortable. Not far from Brother Philips's, near Brother Edmund's, and close to a meeting-house called Union, there lived a pious little German brother, at whose house, on a certain quarterly-meeting occasion, the presiding elder, Brother Burns, and the two circuit preachers, Bruce and Smith, all took dinner together. While they were at the table the following colloquy took place: Burns (addressing the German)—“Well, Brother, how are your preachers getting along?” German.—“Vell, I does not hardly know; vats you dinks Brudder Bruce?”

Bruce.—I would rather you'd say.

German.—Vell vats you dinks, Brudder Smitt?

Smith.—Nothing to say, Brother; you go on and make the report.

German.—Vell, den, I vill. Vell, Bradder Bruce, he ish de pig breacher, und ven 'e rains 'e blows und 'e snows, Brudder Bruce, (he ish de pig breacher,) he ish not dere. Brudder Smitt, he ish de little breacher, und ven 'e rains, und 'e blows, und 'e snows, Brudder Smitt, (he ish de little breacher,) he ish dere. And Brudder Bruce, (he ish de pig breacher,) ven 'e don,t rain, und 'e don't blow, und 'e don't snow, he ish dere, and de beoples dey ish not dere; but Brudder Smitt, (he ish de little breacher,) ven 'e don't rain, und 'e don't snow und 'e don't blow, he ish dere, and de beoples dey ish

dere too."—This droll speech of the honest German giving an account of his preachers, completely upset the characteristic gravity of the presiding elder, and to all others present, except the preacher in charge, was the cause of much merriment.

At Bloomingsport lived Brother and Sister Hyatt, who were always ready to welcome the toiling itinerant to their comfortable home. Brother Webb was the class leader. Junior preached at this point on a certain week-day occasion, and, in the absence of the leader, met the class. Brother Webb could not attend the meeting, but gave his family a special charge to bring the preacher home with them for dinner. On Brother Webb's coming in from his farm work at the dinner hour, the preacher, after the usual salutations, inquired for the class-book, in order to mark those present or absent, or sick, as the case might be, according to the uniform custom of the times. The rule was that the class-book should show a correct record of attendance at each class-meeting. The leader, Brother Webb, seemed surprised, somewhat embarrassed, at the inquiry; but, soon recovering himself, he said, "Why, haven't you heard the news?"—"No," said the preacher, "what news?"—"Why, that the church here has been devoured, swallowed up, and is all gone, every member of it."—"Why, what do you mean by such talk as that?"—"Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was out at work in my clearing, and had the class-book in my hat. I took off my hat and vest, and laid them on a stump. A cow belonging to one of the neighbors was browsing about in the clearing as I noticed at the time, but I thought nothing of it

After awhile I happened to look, and there stood old Bos, the vest partially protruding from her mouth, chewing as contentedly as if she were standing over a basket of nabbins. I ran with all my might, but, before I could reach the spot, the vest had disappeared—vest, hat, and class-book! That cow had swallowed the whole business, and now there isn't a church member left—all swallowed up and gone."

John Grubb and Barton Andrews were among the active and efficient laymen at the Grubb's appointment, as also George Robbins, (father of Rev. Caldwell Robbins, now diseased, of Wisconsin,) and Daniel Worth at Economy, who was the recording steward, became, in the winter of 1840-41, a convert to the extreme views of the Abolitionists as led by the notorious Arnold Buffom, who had been brought over from England to enlighten the American people on the slavery question. Buffom was in the habit, in his public lectures, of holding up a copy of the constitution of the United States between his thumb and fingers, and saying, "If his satanic majesty, the devil, had been appointed a committee of one to draw up a bill of rights, he would have written just such an infernal paper as that which I hold in my hand." The spirit of strife thus engendered at Economy and at some other places, resulted in the withdrawal of Daniel Worth and others from the church.

One of the leading citizens of Randolph county, John Sumwalt, a brother-in-law to Henry T. Sample, Esq., of Lafayette, opened his house for preaching. His house became one of the regular preaching-places of the circuit. There Junior held a watch-night meeting, Dec. 31, 1840, the mercury ranging

from 12 to 15 degrees below zero. The house was built of hewn logs, was 18x24 feet, and had a huge old-fashioned fire place, which, on the occasion referred to, was well filled with green beech wood. The house being crowded, a chair for the preacher, at which he stood while preaching, was placed at the front door. The door-shutter being an inch or more short, left an open space at the bottom, through which poured a steady stream of cold air during all the service. As the clock struck 12, all kneeling, and led by the preacher, the covenant hymn was sung. The power of the Most High came down upon the people. Some cried for mercy, some prayed for the mourners, and some shouted aloud for joy. The meeting continued till about 2 o'clock in the morning. The people having at length dispersed to their homes, the preacher, on taking off his boots, found, to his great surprise, that his heels were both frozen.

In Spartanburg lived the McKims, the Pomeroy's, the Flemings, the Locks, the Loves, and the Borders's. The McKims were Irish, warm hearted, zealous members of the church, and devoted to their preachers. Ralph M. Pomeroy was a clever sinner, his wife an excellent Christian lady. They were both very kind to the preachers, and liberal supporters of the church. Mr. Pomeroy was then comparatively poor, but he is now, it is said, a millionaire, of Boston, Mass. Brother and Sister Fleming were among the excellent of the earth. Their example was a power for good in the community. Sister Locke was a great shouter and a good woman. Brother Locke was a quiet Christian. He and Brother Love, a local

preacher, and their wives, uniformly, according to a preconcerted arrangement, prayed twice every day for their preachers and the success of the preached word.

At the Hopewell church worshipped the Laceys, the Williamses, the Freemans, Peeles, and others. Mother Williams, a devout woman, has long since gone to her reward in heaven. The preacher-in-charge had instructed Junior to preach a missionary sermon at Hopewell, and take up a collection. Money was scarce and collections were generally small yet several on this occasion contributed a dollar each. Mother Williams had but a quarter to contribute ; but, with a warm heart and a countenance all aglow with enthusiasm, she stepped forward to the pulpit, laid her offering on the book board, then turning toward the congregation, she offered such a prayer for missions as perhaps was never heard before or since. Apparently under the power of a direct inspiration did the elect lady, mother in Israel, supplicate the throne of grace in behalf of the minister at home and the missionary abroad. All hearts were moved by the mighty faith and pathos of the supplication.

That good man Brother Lacey, whose son, the Reverend J. H. Lacey, is now an active and honored member of the Northern Indiana conference, like Mother Williams, and others of the Hopewell class, had been a Quaker or, rather, had descended from a Quaker family. He was a native of North Carolina, and claimed to be of "Quaker warp and Methodist filling."

Revival power, like a tidal wave, was rolling over

the country. It was not an unusual thing for people to be powerfully converted while hearing a sermon, or at a class meeting, or in the fields, or in their shops and stores. Hundreds were brought to Christ at the family altar.

At the Murray and Kenneday appointments were many precious Christians. The country was new, and the people were plain in dress and manners, but a kinder-hearted people could not be found. Not merely the stewards or official members, but the people in general seemed concerned for the welfare of the preacher and his family. In the vicinity of one of the above-named appointments, an incident occurred, which it may be well to mention for the benefit of such as can trust the Lord only when their coffers are full. Junior, when making one of his grand rounds, called, as his custom was, at a number of the road-side houses on his way. On his taking leave the people would slip into his "dandy-wagon" a present for his family—something, a cabbage head, may be, or even a bacon ham. Such at least was the general practice. Silver and gold they had not, but such as they had, they freely gave. Just before reaching one of his preaching-places, he called on a very poor family, living on a lease. The man, about sixty years of age, looked haggard and wan. There were eight children, the eldest about fourteen, the youngest about two years old. The mother, sick and seemingly heart-broken, was trying to weave tow-linen on a rickety home-made loom under a frail shed adjoining the cabin. After talking with the parents and children, and offering prayer, the preacher was somehow led to reflect,—“There are

seven hams now in my wagon, and, may be, for this poor family, there is more gospel in one of those hams than in all my prayers." And remembering the words of the Savior, "Freely ye have received, freely give," he took one of the hams and had almost reached the door of the cabin, when the spirit of selfishness whispered, "These hams were given to you, why not keep them yourself?" Determined to rebuke the selfish spirit, he answered, "I will give two instead of one." The two were taken and laid by the door. As the preacher was about to depart, the evil spirit came again, saying, "You ought to have kept those hams for yourself." Alighting from his wagon, the preacher gathered two more hams and laid them down by the other two. This he felt confident would silence the grumbler, but no sooner had he regained his place at the wagon, than came the selfish whisper, "Now you have made a fool of yourself." Thereupon the preacher reined up his horse once more, and taking the remaining three, carried them to the house and placed them beside the others. Then calling the poor woman from the shed, where she had resumed her place at the loom, he said, "Sister, be kind enough to accept these hams, and please say nothing about it." "Oh," she exclaimed, "do you give them to us?" "Certainly," said the preacher. She made an effort to speak, but her utterance was choked with emotion. The tears that filled her eyes spoke louder than words the gratitude she felt. As the preacher drove away she waved a "God bless you" with her hand. Never before had Junior felt the force of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Junior went on to his appointment, preached and met the class. In the afternoon, as he was returning towards Spartanburg, his home, pleasantly ruminating on the so new and novel events of the day, he was suddenly aroused by a voice at the road-side, — "How are you, Lewis?" A man coming forward extended his hand, and was recognized as a cattle dealer from Clark county, Ohio, who had come over into Indiana to buy stock. "How are you getting along out here?" continued the cattle merchant. "Do these Hoosiers give you anything to live on?" "Oh, yes," he was answered, "they are very clever indeed; they are very kind and liberal, and willing to give anything they have to spare." "But," said the dealer, "have they much money?" And without waiting for an answer he said, "You don't get much money, I recon." On taking leave he reached over to shake hands, and dropped something in the hand of the preacher, saying, as he started on, "Be a good boy, Lewis; your father was a noble man, and one of the best friends I ever had." Junior resumed his journey towards home, wondering what kind of a coin it was he held in his hand, but he did not continue long in suspense. After driving a little way, he opened his hand, and there lay a glittering ten-dollar gold piece. His first thought, on beholding the coin, was, "Hams pretty well sold after all."

The conference year closed up with a camp-meeting, and religious re-union, for the whole circuit, near Spartanburg. The meeting was one of great interest. The Spirit of grace was poured out upon the multitudes in attendance.

The Annual conference met in the city of Terra-

Haute, Oct. 6, 1841. Brother Bruce reported, after deducting the losses, as by removals and deaths, 929 members, a net gain of 96. The net gain, for the whole conference, was 2520.

CHAPTER VI.

PREDESTINATION. — THE OLD SAILOR.

The appointments for 1841-42, Indiana Conference were in part as follows: Winchester District, R. Burns, presiding elder; Winchester, J. H. Hull; Portland, Joseph Okermon; Muncytown, J. L. Smith; Granville, B. H. Bradbury; Marion, Hezekiah Smith, B. Webster; Andersonstown, J. W. Bradshaw; Pendleton, J. S. Donelson; Bluffton, H. H. Badley; New Castle, J. H. Bruce, S. C. Swaze.

The old Muncytown circuit had now become two charges,—Granville circuit and Muncytown station. And Junior, having been placed in charge of the station, was permitted to doff the title of Assistant and don the title of Pastor. The Station, with one country appointment (Borter Gipson's), had 242 members. Muncytown, now Muncie, was so named in memory of a celebrated Indian chief Munsey, whose dust reposes on the bank of the White river in the immediate vicinity of the town.

The only house of worship in Muncytown, 1841, (situated at one side of the village, remote from the center of population,) belonged to the Methodists. The trustees, with consent of the pastor, freely permitted the Presbyterians, with their pastor, the Rev.

R. Irvin, to occupy the house when not in use by the Methodists. Early in the year a meeting of the presbytery was held in the church, the attendance from abroad included a number of ministers and lay elders. Among the more distinguished of the clergy was a Mr. Munfort, who had been selected to preach an ordination sermon. The old doctrinal controversies, as they are now styled, were then rife; and on this occasion, to which the community had looked forward with much interest, it was confidently expected a lively battle would begin. Mr. Munfort delivered a learned and very dignified discourse on the subject of "decrees and foreordination," advocating the highest of high Calvinistic views. Had a bomb-shell been exploded in the quiet little town it would have produced nothing like the excitement caused by Mr. Munfort's sermon. A furor for disputation ensued. Everywhere, in the shops, in the stores, and on the streets, the people, all classes, engaged in a general discussion of "election" or "reprobation" versus the doctrine of "free grace." The presbytery closed its meetings, but the ghost of controversy wouldn't down. The leading men, therefore, of both churches, determined that the controversy should be settled by single combat, and selected the two pastors, Smith and Irvin, respectively as their champions. A joint committee of the two churches was appointed, to arrange plans, settle details, and agree upon a mode of warfare,—to see that neither party did injustice to the other, and requiring that the articles of war be strictly complied with on the part of the contestants.

Mr. Irvin at his first interview with the committee

of arrangements was asked the question : "Why, if you believe it, do you not preach Calvinism ?" He answered that his church in Muncie was made up mainly of young members, who needed milk rather than meat. "You surely would not think," he said, "of giving a leg of mutton to a babe, but the time will come, when my people will be able to bear strong meat."

This honest avowal of his sentiments was exceedingly distasteful to not a few of his communicants; for, as a matter of fact, a number of them indignantly denied the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. Some of his people had claimed, by the way, that he believed, like the Methodists, in the doctrine of free grace. However it was agreed, at this meeting, that Mr. Irvin should select his own time and method for the statement of his doctrinal views, and that he should not be interrupted while making his statement. Mr. Irvin, therefore, after observing that he was easily confused in the presence of an opponent, announced that he would preach a sermon the next Sunday evening, in which his views of Calvinism should be clearly defined and explained. The hour came. The church was crowded with eager listeners. Mr. Irvin rose and announced as his text, Rom., 8, 32,—“He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things ?” Precisely as some had predicted he would do, the preacher went through his discourse without even alluding to the matter in controversy, stoutly maintaining that, according to the text, Christ died for all. At the close of the discourse every eye was turn-

ed toward the Methodist pastor, who then rose and said: "Does it not seem a little strange—no, not a little strange, that our friend, having solemnly promised to state his "belief" at this time and in this presence, should close his sermon and take his seat without so much as alluding to the subject?" And is it not passing strange that he should select a text for this occasion, the doctrine of which, he himself being judge, is in perfect harmony with Arminian theology? But, my friends, there is much in the force of habit. Our brother has been so long preaching in a Methodist pulpit, and to a congregation made up so largely of Methodist people, he has become something of a Methodist himself, unconsciously of course, by absorption. Some times men do marvelously escape from the darkness of Calvinism into the light of free grace. And now for the encouragement of my friend and others of like faith with him, I will relate an incident that came under my own observation some twenty years ago. There was a love-feast at a place called Old Union in the State of Ohio. The Rev. James B. Finley, presiding elder, was seated in the pulpit. Near the close of the meeting a venerable looking man, with flowing white locks and palsied limbs, arose, and, with quivering lips and tremulous voice, asked permission to speak a few words for the cause of his master. 'Speak on,' responded the presiding elder, 'speak on, brother.' The venerable man then proceeded to relate his experience in about the following terms: I am by profession a sailor. I was born on the Emerald isle. My Protestant father, to get me away from papal influences, bound me to a sea-captain,

and I went on board a merchantman as cabin boy at eight years of age. After awhile I set out for heaven, but, my strange friends, it pains me to say, I was led to embark on a Predestination ship. Unfortunate craft! After much rough sailing,—driven about by the winds of “fore-ordination,” and broken on the rocks of “partial atonement,” and pounded by the waves of “election and reprobation,”—the crazy old hulk foundered in the deep water of “eternal decrees.” When it became evident the ship must go to the bottom, I became greatly distressed, thinking my fate was sealed; but, to my joy, as I looked out over the watery waste, I saw a magnificent ship, under full sail, heading toward our wrecked and sinking craft. As she drew nearer I saw a brilliant star flaming on her colors, and beneath it written in letters of gold, “The Star of Bethlehem: free Grace to a dying World.” I made signs of distress, and the captain sent his long-boat and took me on board. This grand old ship, in spite of adverse winds or stormy weather, speeds prosperously on her way. Soon she will anchor in the harbor. This morning, brethren, in triumphant faith I pace the deck, sniffing the spicy breezes that float down from the fields of the blest, and—I can almost see the land ahead.” Mr. Irvin rose and said: “I take this as a reproof from God. I ought to have preached the doctrines of our church tonight; and I now promise that hereafter I will try to do better.” With deep mortification he and his people withdrew. And so, almost before it was begun, the controversy was ended.

During the conference year a commodious par-

sonage was erected in Muncy town, and paid for; the church-building was repaired; and the membership was increased from 242 to 332. So by the close of the year Muncy town was fairly in the field with her sister stations of the conference.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 15, 1842, two presiding elders,—Aaron Wood, of the South Bend District, and Burroughs Westlake, of the Fort Wayne District,—together with a goodly number of preachers from the north, on their way to Centerville, the seat of the conference, arrived in Muncy town, to spend the Sabbath. Elder Wood gave the people a rare treat Sunday morning at the Methodist church, preaching one of his great sermons on "Government as related to the Family, Church, and State." At night the youthful, smooth-faced, graceful Boyd, then stationed at South Bend with the eccentric Walter Griffith, preached from Psalm 23; 1,—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." On Monday morning, Oct. 17, the troop, mustering eighteen strong, set out at an early hour, on horse-back, for conference. The company was composed of the two presiding elders, and G. M. Boyd, W. L. Huffman, W. Griffith, H. B. Beers, E. Holdstock, W. F. Wheeler, J. C. Medsker, C. W. Miller, I. M. Stagg, W. J. Forbes, E. S. Blue, O. V. Lemon, A. Skillman, S. Smith, J. Sparks, and J. L. Smith.

CHAPTER VII.

WYANDOTTE INDIANS—JAMES HAVENS.

The Indiana Conference met at Centerville, Wednesday morning, October 19, 1842. The conference was called to order by Bishop Thomas A. Morris. The secretary, Mathew Simpson, called the roll, after which several visiting brethren were introduced. Prominent among the visitors were James B. Finley and E. S. Janes.

The church then had six bishops. Naming them in the order of seniority, they were,—Robert R. Roberts, Joshua Soule, Elijah Hedding, James O. Andrew, Beverly Waugh, and Thomas A. Morris.

The impressions of our Pastor as he looked upon the conference, the presiding bishop, and distinguished visitors, were those of awe and veneration, Bishop Morris was of course the central figure of the assembly.

On the second day of the session a certificate of location in behalf of J. T. R. was presented, with the motion that the brother be re-admitted to the traveling connection. Silence reigned for a time no one seeming disposed to say anything either for or against the motion. Uncle Jimmy Jones at length rose and said: "Mr. President, I know this brother well; I have known him well for a long time, sir. He is a good man, sir, in his way. He is a great eater, he is a great sleeper, he is a great smoker; but, sir, he don't visit, he won't read and he can't preach at all, sir." The motion to re-admit the brother did not prevail.

Bishop Morris, though then the junior member of the episcopal board, had already reached a commanding position in the church. As a presiding officer he was the peer of any of his colleagues ; as a preacher, he was a model. Clear in statement, logical in argument, cogent in reasoning, he was the especial favorite of thoughtful people. Sometimes he rose above himself into a height of impassioned eloquence that gave him irresistible influence over an audience. Taciturn in society, he was, nevertheless, a most genial and affable companion. The inmates of the homes he visited, parents, children and domestics, honored and loved him. With horse and carriage, as the custom was, he "traveled through the connection at large," encouraging the preachers, preaching the gospel, and caring for the churches.

Edmund S. Janes was the lithe, lean, sharp, eloquent secretary of the American Bible Society. Representing his work, he made an address to the conference that was superb. It may be doubted whether in all the great speeches of the bishop's long and useful life, he ever rose to a higher point in sacred eloquence or commanding oratory than on this occasion. If he was scared, as some alleged, while making this address, one might reasonably wish he had always remained scared. No thoughtful member of the Indiana Conference was at all surprised to learn, less than two years afterwards, that E. R. Janes had been elevated to the episcopacy.

The Rev. J. B. Finley, then presiding elder of the Dayton District, Ohio conference, was given a royal welcome. A number of the Hoosier preachers had known him in Ohio, in the days of their boyhood or

early ministry,—some of them having been licensed to preach under his presiding eldership. He moved among them like a father among his children. The great occasion of the conference was a sermon by the "old chief." The fine new church was packed almost to suffocation. The Rev. James Havens, even then called "old Father Havens," sat in front of the preacher, deeply affected by the tearful utterances of his father in the gospel. The entire audience seemed at times spell-bound. The old hero's recitals from his experience as a missionary among the Wyandotts, including accounts of remarkable conversions and triumphant deaths, were thrilling beyond expression. Once he had been absent from his station a few weeks, visiting friends in southern Ohio, and collecting stores for mission. On his return he was met a mile or more from the station by a deputation of Indians headed by their chief, "Between-the-logs." The first salutation of the chief was, "Squaw dead," and pointing downward, "in the ground." "She git so much sick, and she git so much happy." "She sick, she lie down ; she jump up, she so much happy. She say 'Good-bye, my chief ; good-bye, Squire Gray-eyes : good-bye, Mononcue ; good-bye, my sisters ; good-bye, my children ; and tell Brother Finley me make a good die.'" Many such incidents were related. His manner was so artless and effective one listening to him could almost think himself seated at a camp-fire in the wilderness, listening to the words of the simple children of the woods. The preacher, in closing his discourse, after giving a somewhat detailed account of his early life of wickedness, with a vivid description of his turning to

God, and call to preach the gospel, said : "As all my old companions and acquaintances thought I was crazy, they flocked in great numbers to hear me preach my first sermon. My father was a Presbyterian minister, and so, thinks I, I'll get one of his old sermons and preach it. The one selected had a good deal in it about 'Bel and the Dragon,' and so I laid it all out with seven heads and ten horns, and started in, but soon found myself in a condition somewhat like to that of a man starting on a journey afoot with a fifty-six pound weight tied to each big toe. I was completely confounded. I then dropped on my knees, and called upon my God, saying, 'O Lord, if I am thy servant, if thou hast called me to persuade sinners to flee from the wrath to come, help me, and help me now.' I rose from my knees full of light and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Lord did help me. My stammering tongue was loosed. I shouted, exhorted, preached, and sung; then I sung, preached, exhorted, and shouted. Then I held a class-meeting. I spoke to all in the house, then to all in the yard, then to all in the lane, even going out in the big road. Returning to the yard gate, I mounted the wood-pile, and spoke at the top of my voice, telling the people, if any of them desired to join the church, to come on. I took one person into the church that day, and he was soon converted. He was a stripling, an awkward, green boy. He came to Indiana : God called him to preach ; he is now a son of thunder. He was not afraid of Indians. Scalping knives and tomahawks did not frighten him. He blazed his way through the woods of Indiana. He became familiar with the growl of

the bear and the scream of the panther. He is now a veteran leader among you ; he is here to night—there he sits ! ” pointing to the Rev. James Havens. “ I wish,” were his concluding words,—“ I wish to the Lord I could always get such good fellows as Jim Havens into the church.” The scene that followed cannot well be described. A sudden impulse of some unseen power instantly brought the vast multitudes to their feet. Havens sprang from the altar to the pulpit, to embrace the “ old chief ” in his arms. The people shouted and screamed. Directly the conference choir, as they used to be called,—John H. Bruce, Wm. F. Wheeler, Walter L. Huffman, D. F. Stright, and C. W. Miller,—struck up the grand old missionary hymn, “ From Greenland’s icy mountains,” when the scene became one of awful sublimity. No tongue or pen could describe it.

Our young Preacher-in-charge was, by the clemency of the brethern, admitted into full connection at this conference. His appointment was to Cambridge and Dublin, and immediately after the conference closed, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, 1842, he set out for his new field of labor.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT REVIVAL AT LEWISVILLE.

At Cambridge City lived Ex—Congressman James Rariden, Sol Meredith, Ira Lackey, Wm. Conwell, sen., and others, who, though not members, were strong friends of the church. Prominent among the members, were Frederick Drayer, John Hosea, Dr. Whelan, and their good wives, together with Brother and Sister Conkling, Brother and Sister Berry, and the two elect ladies, Mother Wright and Mrs. Sol Meredith. There was no house of worship in the place, so religious services were held either in private houses or in the seminary. The Methodists were few, but the Disciples were numerous. Their preacher was Elder S. K. Hoshour, who also had charge of the seminary.

Mr. Hoshour was a scholarly man and a competent teacher. He was endowed with many noble qualities of mind and heart. He was a popular speaker, an estimable citizen, a Christian gentleman. He had been eleven years a successful minister in the Evangelical Luthern Church; but, like many others of his day, was led to adopt the views of Alexander Campbell, of Virginia, as to the subjects and mode of baptism. This rendered him unacceptable to his Luthern brethern; he therefore changed his church relations, bringing his great wealth of piety and learning over to the new sect, now known as "Disciples." Mr. Hoshour, however, did not surrender his piety or integrity of character; nor did he cease to maintain the cardinal doctrines of the

gospel. He continued to preach with such power and demonstration of the Spirit that the Disciples to whom he ministered, preachers and people, were often "astonished at his doctrine." Sometime afterwards he was called to occupy a professorial chair in the Indiana Asbury University,—not, as he said, to teach religion, but the German language and literature. At a later date, and for many years, he occupied either the president's or a professor's chair in the Northwestern Christian University. Now well stricken in years* and full of honors, he is ready to depart, waiting and watching for the summons that shall call him home, to the rest prepared for the people of God.

There was a house of worship at Dublin, two miles west of Cambridge, and a society of eighty members. As to the members, honorable mention may be made of the Fortners, the Lebricks, the Hoods, the Pierces, the VanBuskirks, the Parsonses and the Albrights. William Fortner, a local preacher, was a man of mark. Though raised a Quaker, he was entirely innocent of the non-resistance, anti-war principles peculiar to the society of Friends. Upright, honest, conscientious, with strong common sense, energetic and persevering, an ardent lover of Methodist doctrines and usages, he was a good man and a useful minister. Doubtless many have arisen to call him blessed, he having taught them the right ways of the Lord. In him the young preachers always found a special friend.

Mother Hood was one of the excellent of the earth. She raised a respectable family, died in the faith,

* Deceased.

and went shouting home to heaven. Her children, ornaments in the church she loved so well, live to honor her memory. Brother and Sister Lebrick, emigrated from Pennsylvania, and settled among the earlier pioneers at Dublin. Their house was ever the welcome home of the itinerant. Havens, Burns, Carter, Scott, Tarkington, and others of the fathers, have shared the hospitalities of this "preachers' home." The Parsons family were distinguished for their intelligence and love of learning. Grandfather Parsons was the leading temperance man in the community : by the pro-whisky people, and beer guzzlers generally, he was usually spoken of, as "the old fanatic." He had brooded so much over the evils of intemperance, had made the temperance cause so much of a specialty, and for so many years, first in New York and then in Indiana, that his mental balance was probably a little disturbed. However that may be, he was a power for good wherever he went in promoting reform. Parties in Cambridge and Dublin were preparing to erect a large distillery equidistant from the two villages. They had purchased building material and machinery, involving an outlay of several thousand dollars, when they were informed by Father Parsons, in a very emphatic way, that, if they persisted in building the distillery he would burn it to ashes. At first they paid little heed to what they seemed to regard as the idle threat of a crazy old man. Day after day work on the building proceeded ; day after day he repeated his threat. Finally he told the proprietors that he had burned one large distillery in New York, and was now just waiting for an opportunity to de-

stroy one in Indiana. The parties wrote to New York for information, and, finding that the old gentleman had burned a distillery as he said, and that he had been acquitted by the courts on the ground of insanity, they determined to abandon the enterprise. So the distillery was not built.

Brother James Parsons, son of the elder Parsons just mentioned, raised a lovely family of children, under the maternal care and guidance of one of the best of wives and mothers. This elect lady, Sister Laura Parsons, was a model woman. She was descended from one of the best families of Virginia, in which State she was reared and educated. She added to the grace of great personal beauty, the charms of a refined taste and a cultured mind,—adorned with that “meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.” Willie, her only son, died in his youth. Doting parents and fond sisters were thus early called to walk in the valley of mourning. The three lovely daughters, all members of the Methodist Episcopal church, were liberally educated. They married respectably, and are now, with their husbands, influential and useful members of society. Frances, now Mrs. Tompson, resides in Lansing, Michigan; Virginia, now Mrs. McTaggart, in Ross-ville, Illinois; Lydia Ellen, now Mrs. Curtis, in Columbus Ohio.

The pastoral charge embraced, besides Cambridge and Dublin, Lewisville and New Lisbon, making four appointments in all. To these Germantown, on the east, was added in the course of the year. A distinguished local preacher, Thomas Leonard, and Dr. John P. Taylor, once a member of the Ohio

Conference, lived at New Lisbon.

The writer, in his boyhood, had often heard Dr. Tayler preach in Ohio, on the Old Union circuit. Misfortune had overtaken the doctor in Ohio. He first entered into some secular speculation; he became involved in debt, lost his property, and quit the ministry; finally lost his standing in the church; then he came to Indiana, and resumed the practice of medicine, in which he had been proficient before entering the ministry.

The doctor was earnestly and affectionately urged by the Pastor to re-unite with the church. At the close of the first service the doctor rose, and, addressing the preacher, said: "Reverend sir,—I was for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, I might add, an acceptable minister. How it came to pass that I am out of the church, who is most to blame, or whether any one at all is to blame, except myself, for my present unfortunate position, I shall not here attempt to explain. Suffice it to say, that, after so many years of isolation,—a loneliness so utter as to drink up my spirits,—I have this day resolved, with the permission of you my neighbors and this young friend (pointing to the preacher), to return to my first love. The young man who now in the providence of God is our minister, I knew well in other years. The son of my friend—his friends were my friends. And allow me to say in his presence: You have known me only in the late dark years of my humiliation and sorrow; he knew me in the days of my joy and gladness. You have known me only since 'the sound of the grinding has become low'—the grass hopper

a burden,' and 'the windows darkened ;' he knew me in the bright days of prosperity, and in the high noon of my manhood. The strange influences, diabolical or otherwise, that marked out the devious path for my erring feet ; the concatenation of events that has brought me to where I am—these are all matters of interest to me personally, but not fit subjects for contemplation at this time or in this place. I read in the holy Book that 'there is forgiveness with the Lord that he may be feared ;' and, if I have backslidden as basely as did Peter, I pray God I may be as triumphantly reclaimed. I pause to see whether there be any objection to my becoming an humble probationer in the church." Many sobs, and prayers, and tearful eyes witnessed the sincere good-will of the congregation,—bade him welcome back to the church ; and once more his name was recorded among the children of God.

Doctor Taylor, in 1818, traveled as junior preacher on the Limestone circuit, Ohio conference, Henry McDaniel, preacher-in-charge, Samuel Parker, presiding elder ; and thereafter, for nearly twenty years, he occupied a position of distinction among the leading ministers in Ohio. He was a brother-in-law of the Rev. John Sale, of precious memory, their wives being sisters,—daughters of Frederick Bonner, one of the old Virginia Methodists who early settled in Green county, Ohio, and of whom mention has already been made. Dr. Taylor lived many years after his restoration, an able and useful local preacher. He acquired a competency by the practice of his profession ; he lived and died in the confidence of his brethern ; dying in the faith, washed in the

blood of the Lamb, he has gone to share the bliss of the saved in heaven.

Lewisville, some eight miles west of Dublin, though then a small dilapidated village, and not yet a city, deserves, for several reasons, a somewhat particular notice. The village had been connected, the year before, with New Castle circuit, John H. Bruce and S. C. Swazee, pastors. It was usual then for each preacher-in-charge to make out a plan of his work, at the close of the conference year, for the use of his successor. The plan, when properly made out, was especially useful to a new pastor, unacquainted with the field. On the plan received by the writer for the Lewisville appointment was the following entry: "Seventeen names on the class-book; wont go to meeting; seven years quarrel between two leading families; never do any good; needn't go there at all." This singular note had the effect to awaken a curiosity in the mind of the new preacher to see what he could do there rather than to drop the appointment. His first effort to preach there came on Thursday at 11 o'clock. The congregation, assembled in an old, rickety, log school-house, consisted of seven persons, all women. Having preached and met the class, he announced that there would be preaching again at night. During the afternoon he visited from house to house in the village and immediate vicinity. Thirty-seven turned out to the evening service, nine men and boys, and twenty-eight women and girls. The services seemed to awaken some interest, which of course was encouraging. On returning to fill another appointment two weeks later, the preacher was sur-

prised to find a largely increased attendance. The house was crowded at night, and was comfortably filled the next morning at a general class-meeting. He preached again on Friday night, when, without any previous arrangement or design, a protracted meeting was fairly inaugurated. The meeting lasted four weeks, and resulted in one hundred and seventy conversions and accessions to the church.

The first man converted was a ringleader in wickedness,—a brother of the Rev. Zelotes Clifford, formerly of the Indiana conference. Two weeks to a day, and just about the same hour of the day in which Clifford was converted, his corpse was placed on the identical slab bench at which he had knelt in penitence, and from which he had risen happy in the love of God. The congregation was deeply affected at his funeral.

The work of conviction for sin among the people was deep and pungent ; great religious concern rested upon the community. The Spirit of prayer was given in special manner to the seven faithful women that met the preacher at his first appointment. Conversions took place at every meeting. Universalists and unbelievers of every grade were swayed by the sweeping tornado of revival power. The hotel of the village was kept by a Mr. Webster, a boasting Universalist. His house was the headquarters of the somewhat astute George C. McCune, a Universalist preacher, the man with whom the Rev. Lucien W. Berry held the famous Knightstown debate. Webster had a large library, mainly of Universalist and other infidel books, and was always ready to supply his preacher with literature

or brandy, or both, as occasion might require. The meeting, however, played havock with the infidel headquarters. Webster was converted, and received into the church. Henceforth he had no use for brandy, or infidel books or Universalist preachers.

Another notable case was that of Squire Turner. His wife was one of the sacred number seven, already mentioned. She had prayed for her drunken and besotted husband almost thirty years. Some six months after his conversion and reformation he was attacked with typhoid fever. On account of his prostrated condition the physician prescribed brandy. The sick man refused to take the prescription. As he was evidently fast sinking, he was urged again and again to swallow a little brandy. Answering the importunity of his friends, he at last said: "If you will send for my preacher, and allow me to tell him what power there is in one teaspoonful of intoxicants to arouse the demon of appetite; then, if the preacher will advise me to do so, I will take the brandy." The interview was secured. The dying man, amidst tears and prayers, and half suppressed shouts of praise, related his experience as a Christian, short as it was, in contrast with his thirty years of drunken dissipation; and, after drawing a fearful picture of the power of appetite, he closed by saying, "Now, Brother Smith, what do you advise me to do?" The Preacher answered; My dear brother, this is one of those cases in which I do not feel at liberty to advise. The responsibility is more than I can think of assuming. The question is one for you alone in the fear of God to determine." "Well, then," said he, "all of you retire from the room and leave me alone

for thirty minutes, or until I knock on the wall as a signal for you to return." Alone with God he fought the terrific battle. Which shall prevail—the love of life? or the fear of shame and final death by the fiery serpent? The conflict was soon terminated. In less than ten short minutes the decision was reached. "No," said he, "not a drop will I take." Again the physician importuned him: "Your life is at stake; without stimulants you must certainly die, and that very soon." The triumphant response was: "For me to die is gain. I can live but a few years at most, and, by the grace of God, I intend to die a sober man. If I die now I know I shall be saved, but, if I take your brandy, and get well, with the love of strong drink coming back upon me, I shall be ruined." This moral hero lived but a few days more, but, to the last, he was steadfast in the faith. He died happy in the Lord.

The power of God was no less remarkable in reclaiming backsliders than in the conversion of sinners. The habit of bickering gave place to the spirit of forgiveness and charity. Contention was supplanted by brotherly kindness and forbearance. Under the mighty power of the gospel stubborn hearts yielded, strong wills bowed, and contentious spirits, which for seven years had been in fierce conflict, were reconciled. Brethren, once enemies, embraced each other in Christian affection. The grace of God had made them friends. Brother Messick said to Brother McMeans: "Oh, I was to blame much more than you." McMeans: "No, no, it was I, it was I. Oh, how I loathe myself for having treated you so badly. Forgive me, brother, for-

give me the great wrong I have done you. God has forgiven me, and will you not also?" Messick: "I do forgive you; with all my heart I forgive you. And will you not forgive me? Yes, I feel, I know, you do. Henceforth we will be friends and brethren too."—Sisters Messick and McMeans, whose hearts had likewise been divided, were also made one in Christ Jesus. There were several grown up children in each of these two families. The young people were more or less involved in the long standing strife between their respective parents; but, during the progress of the meeting, the young people on both sides were all converted. The devil of contention was thus defeated; not a single ally was left to rally under his banner.

The most remarkable feature of the meeting, however, was the conversion of a Disciple preacher and some forty or more of his congregation. Elder Joseph Paul came out at an early stage of the meeting, as was his wont, to take notes, to criticise the Methodists, and get up a debate. At the close of the second service he approached the preacher, and said: "If you preach the truth, I don't: if I preach the truth, you don't. But if what you have preached to-night about the witness of the Spirit, be so, and you and your people enjoy that consciousness of peace and pardon which you claim, why, there is no man more interested in knowing that truth than myself." There was an air of sincerity in his speech that impressed the bystanders as well as the preacher that possibly the man was in earnest. Announcement had been made that "Family prayer" would be the subject of discourse the next evening.

Perhaps most, if not all, that heard the remarks of Mr. Paul, shared with the preacher a feeling of regret that the subject of the next discourse had been announced, the thought uppermost in the minds of all being that some other subject might, under the circumstances, be more appropriate. The saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes," had in this case a good illustration. The next night, at the close of the meeting, Mr. Paul, without stopping to say a word, left the house, and went directly to his home, some three miles distant. Arriving at home, as he afterwards informed the brethren, he found his family had retired, and were sound asleep. Being in great agony of mind, he woke his wife, insisting on her getting up so they could have family prayer. She suggested that he wait till morning. "No," said the trembling Saul, "I have been a Christian by profession fifteen years, a preacher seven years, and we have never had family prayer in our house; it is time for us to set up the family altar, and I propose that we begin to-night." She reluctantly complied with his request. He picked up a Testament, and, where the book happened to open, he began reading, at the ninth chapter of Acts. "And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His utterance choked; his eyes filled with tears; he closed the book, and knelt with his wife in their first attempt at family prayer. After praying a few minutes, Joseph Paul was powerfully converted to God, and made to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. By this time his wife was earnestly praying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He

then prayed for his wife, his first attempt to pray for a mourner in Zion. Like Jacob of old he wrestled with the Lord until the break of day, not for himself, but for the mother of his children. Ere the new day had fully dawned the light and joy of a new life dawned upon her soul. They were now prepared to walk in newness of life, to the honor of him who had called them to glory and virtue.' A speaking meeting was held the next morning. The new converts were both present at the meeting, and there told, in their own words, the story of Jesus and his love.

The Rev. Townsend Truslow, a noble old Virginian, a man of culture and talent, eccentric without, but a highly polished Christian gentleman, and the Rev. James Reed, young and timid, a clear, logical, and able minister of the New Testament, both local preachers, were then residents of Lewisville. They were the Aaron and Hurr of the circuit preacher, holding up his hands, and causing Israel to prevail. Nor shall mother Truslow be forgotten—How much her ardent prayers and amiable Christian life contributed to the success of the revival—eternity alone may reveal. "George, my son," as Mr. Truslow used to call him, was then a mere boy. He exhibited in his after life as a man many of the noble traits of his distinguished father. George W. Truslow was universally esteemed. He was worthy. His life was an honor to the church. He died a happy, triumphant death, January 23, 1882, at Rochester, Indiana.

The next evening after the speaking meeting above-mentioned, at the earnest solicitation of the

circuit preacher, Brother Paul preached. His text was 2 Cor. iii. 18. The sermon was one of great power, producing a wonderful effect on the congregation. Rich in thought, and burning with evangelical truth, the sermon was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Conversions multiplied. About a week after Mr. Paul's conversion, after he had laid the matter fully before his people, he and his people, with a few others, making seventy-three in all, came in a body, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Ever memorable that Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Paul's former associates, especially the preachers, and they were numerous, became much exasperated at his course, and soon cited him to trial on a charge of heresy. He seemed a little cast down at first, in some doubt as to what course he should pursue, but his friend encouraged him to meet the issue, which he did in a most manly way. The writer declined a request to assist in the defense, but, being ready to help his friend in any prudent way, suggested that the prosecution be allowed to go on, make their charges and arguments against him, and that, when they were all done, he should, by way of reply and defense, preach them a gospel sermon, using as a text the words of his namesake as recorded at the 24th chapter of Acts, 14th verse. The time set for the trial came. The place selected was a beautiful grove, where more than a thousand people gathered to witness the performance. The charges were read, and the defendant was asked, "Guilty, or not guilty?" to which his answer was, "Thou sayest." After the

prosecution had exhausted themselves in shameful abuse of the good man, he rose, serene as a summer morning, and, in tones that showed the sweetness of his temper, thus addressed the chairman: "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets." Proceeding, he poured forth, for more than an hour, a torrent of gospel truth and eloquence that was simply irresistible. Even his persecutors wept when he portrayed the power of the gospel over his own heart. His triumph was complete; his enemies were routed; and the gospel of Christ was glorified in the presence of the multitude.

The closing words of the Preacher on this memorable occasion were—

The worst wish I have for any of you my former brethern, my prosecutors, I will not say persecutors, is this—"I would take you in my arms as Jesus' call who would bless, convert, and save you all." This man of God now "Paul the aged," soon after the scene described above removed West with his large family and settled in the state of Iowa "where, so far as known, he still lives and is yet a faithful and successful local preacher, commanding the respect and esteem of all who know him. He has "kept the faith," and is looking to the not distant future for his reward in Heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

PREACHERS ON HORSEBACK.—CRAWFORDSVILLE.

The Conference met in the fall of 1843, at Crawfordsville, Bishop James O. Andrew, presiding. The preachers in the eastern part of the State, falling in with each other on their way to the conference, formed, by the time they reached Indianapolis, a company of thirty itinerant horsemen. The Rev. John Leach was one of the number. Leach a tailor by trade, was noted for neatness of dress. On this occasion he wore a regulation suit of broadcloth and a shining beaver. His nag was a pacing, sorrel pony. The pony, for some cause, had been deprived of his natural means of defense against the flies by a total loss of the covering that once ornamented his caudal appendage. The company left Indianapolis in the morning. Late in the afternoon they passed Jamestown. Soon afterwards they encountered a stretch of corduroy almost surmerged or half-afloat in black mud. When about midway of the swamp, "Norway," as the sorrel pony was called, getting his feet entangled among the rails or brush in the yielding road-bed, gave a lurch to one side, followed by a grand tumble, which threw horse and rider sprawling into the black sea of fritter-batter mud. Even a smile among the spectators would have been cruel while the grave parson was standing "first to his ankles and then to his knees" in the "dark waters," combing the mud from his hair with his fingers, lifting it from his bosom, or emptying it from his beaver. When he was re-instat-

ed in the saddle, with "Norway" again on the war path, it is needless to say whether the preachers were moved to immoderate laughter. Night dropped her sable curtain over the company before they reached Crawfordsville, kindly hiding from the gaze of the curious the bespattered condition of the unfortunate brother. He was in the conference room the next morning, however, as neat and tidy as if nothing had happened.

The personnel of the conference was especially striking. John C. Smith, then at the zenith of his popularity as a puijit orator, was the polite and gentlemanly presiding elder of the Crawfordsville district. Samuel Brenton, a rapidly rising man, was recognized as an eloquent preacher. Sometime afterwards he represented a district in congress. Mathew Simpson, then president of the Indiana Asbury University, was yet but little known in the West. His wonderful career as educator, editor, and bishop had just begun. As a gospel preacher he was without a peer on the Lord's footstool. Edward R. Ames, afterwards the great bishop, was the Western corresponding secretary of the Missionary society. He was a man of great wisdom and far-reaching influence. He was the best presiding officer in America; the ablest church statesman in the world. The Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., on whose recommendation mainly Simpson was elected to the presidency of the University, was the honored guest of the conference. He represented the Western Christian Advocate, of which he was the learned, able, and spicy editor.

Bishop Andrew proved an efficient presiding of-

ficer. He was prompt, ready, parliamentary. His orderly methods greatly facilitated the dispatch of business. He was affable and courteous in his intercourse with preachers and people, and easily won their esteem. His preaching on the Sabbath moved many to tears and to higher resolves in the Christian life. The sermon is yet gratefully remembered by some of the older members of the church at Crawfordsville and by the preachers then present that yet remain. His text was Luke xxiv. 32.—“And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?” His theme was, “Communion with Christ.” The sermon was sublimely simple and correspondingly effective.

On Monday morning the bishop reported the ordinations that took place on Sunday, as follows: Deacons,—Charles Mapes, Alfred Nesbit, James Corwin, Jacob Bruner, S. C. Swazee, Milton Mahin, H. N. Barnes, O. V. Lemon, E. S. Blue, J. C. Medsker, Jacob Whiteman, D. S. Elder, I. M. Stagg, and N. S. Worden; Elders,—J. L. Smith, P. R. Guthrie, J. W. Bradshaw, Edward Oldham, J. R. Williams, J. V. R. Miller, R. C. Rowley, Stephen Ravenscroft, J. S. Donaldson, Enoch Holdstock, William Wilson, Landy Havens, G. W. Ames, Draper Chipman, Lealdes Forbes, Wesley Dorsey, Samuel Reed, W. F. Wheeler, W. L. Huffman, George Havens, Eventus Doud, John Talbott, and William Campbell. Very few of the twenty-three elders then ordained remain on the effective list.

The slavery question had been much agitated throughout the country. Among the preachers of

the conference, though it was but little apparent on the surface, there was a deep under-current of anti-slavery sentiment. Several questions were present to the minds of the preachers when it came to the selection of delegates to the ensuing General conference of 1844; as, the slavery question, the proposed division of the Indiana conference, and whether, if the conference should be divided, the leading members would choose this or that side of the dividing line. These were the leading questions. There were others of minor importance. Among the many men of experience and ability in the conference, worthy and well qualified to represent their brethren in the General conference, some of course had to be elected to stay at home. Which to prefer as delegates was somewhat perplexing to the younger members of the body.

The burden of the hour Monday afternoon was how to make an equitable division of the conference. The debate was warm and earnest. Some of the General conference aspirants, whose minds, it was believed, were already made up as to their future conference relations, provided the division should take place, were especially careful to conceal their preferences. Calvin W. Ruter made a long speech in which he took great pains to eulogize the north, and then dilated in glowing terms on the advantages of the south, referring to northern and southern Indiana. He labored to show the great importance of having the division "just right," but failed to define a boundary, or express his judgment as to the issue in debate. This luminous (?) speech was answered by John C. Smith. "Mr. President," he

said, "I move the brother be now requested to inform the conference which side of the question he is on." This unexpected sally brought down the house. As but few cared to define their position very closely, the debate here ended. The boundaries finally agreed upon were as follows: "The Indiana conference shall include that part of the State south of the National road, with Elizabethtown in Ohio, and the Western charge [now Meridian Street] in Indianapolis, with all the towns immediately on the road [west of Indianapolis] to the State line, except Terre Haute. The North Indiana conference shall include that part of the State north of the National road, the Eastern charge [Now Roberts Park] in Indianapolis, with all the towns immediately on the road [from Indianapolis] to the east line of the State, together with Terre Haute in the west."

The following resolution was then adopted: "Should the conference not be divided by the General conference, we will hold our next session at Indianapolis; if divided, the southern portion will meet at Bloomington, and the northern portion at Ft. Wayne." The Conference next proceeded to the election of delegates to the ninth Delegated General Conference, to meet in New York City, May 1, 1844. The Indiana conference was entitled to eight delegates, and the following brethren were elected in the order here given: Mathew Simpson, Allen Wiley, E. R. Ames, John Miller, Calvin W. Ruter, Aaron Wood, Augustus Eddy, and James Havens.

The year had been one of great religious pros-

perity. A revival tide had swept over all sections of the country. Many losses by death had also occurred. One of the notable ministers of the church, Robert R. Roberts, senior bishop, had died March 26, 1843. Indiana preachers mourned the death of Bishop Roberts as children mourning the loss of a father. Roberts was a general superintendent in the best sense of the term. His home was in Indiana, and by Indiana preachers and people he was greatly admired, honored and loved.

The conference closed on Tuesday afternoon. Brother Burns was no longer presiding elder. He had taken a superannuated relation. Centerville, instead of Winchester, now gave name to the district over which Burns had presided, and Joseph Tarkington had been announced as the presiding elder. The other appointments for the districts were: Centerville, J. H. Bruce; Richmond, J. H. Hull; Winchester, L. M. Reeves and Arthur Badley; Hagerstown, J. W. Bradshaw; Manzytown, Z. S. Clifford; Granville, John Leach; Hartford, H. H. Badley; Portland, A. Carey; Williamsburg, B. Webster; Cambridge and Dublin, J. L. Smith, second year. The bishop had detached Lewisville and New Lisbon from Cambridge and Dublin; so J. L. Smith's charge now consisted for 1843-44, of the two villages, Cambridge and Dublin, with the privilege of cultivating any new ground in the vicinity. The new presiding elder, though a very different man from his predecessor, proved to be the right man in the right place. He soon won a high position in the esteem and affection of preachers and people by his zeal for the cause, his uniform kindness, and his ef-

ficiency both in and out of the pulpit. Take him all in all, Joseph Tarkington, was one of the best presiding elders in the conference. He was a good man, a genial companion a sound preacher. He had the art, moreover, of controlling men. Nature fitted him to exercise great moral power over men whether in or out of the church. He was a noble man. The Pastor of the Cambridge and Dublin charge, soon after conference, doing as he was advised, moved to Cambridge City, having lived the previous year in Dublin. The society in Cambridge, though few in number and by no means rich in purse, resolved to build a church. The undertaking, under the circumstances, seemed hurculean; but, believing that whatever ought to be done, could be done, pastor and people went to work with a will. Their efforts were heartily seconded by such men as Rariden, Meredith, Ira and Sanford Lacky, Conwell, Conkling and others. These men, though not members of the church, were in full sympathy with the little society struggling to build a house for the Lord. The preacher borrowed a wagon and one horse from Wm. Conwell, senior, and by adding his own riding horse, he made up a team, with which he hauled the lumber, brick and other material for the building. The preacher also kiln-dried the lumber and superintended the work of construction. The better class of people encouraged the enterprise, but there were some people in the community whose sympathies did not run in that way. Those "some people" tried to hinder the work in various ways—sometimes telling the workmen they would never get their pay—urging people not to sub-

scribe to the building fund, and persuading subscribers to repudiate their subscriptions. One of the men employed on the building was a Polish nobleman, who had been exiled for political causes, his work was to wait on the masons with brick and mortar. One day while the preacher was gone for a load of sand, a busybody in other men's matters, coaxed away the Polander. When the clerical teamster returned, he found the brick-layers sitting serenely, waiting for "mort"; the preacher thereupon seized the hod, and for seven August days, the mercury averaging about ninety in the shade, carried that ancient and useful implement, the hod, until the walls were up, and the last brick brought on with rejoicings. The church though not finished, was supplied with temporary seats, and used at the last quarterly meeting. The completion of the building had to be deferred for the want of means. At the close of the year it could be truly said that the Lord had greatly blessed and prospered the church both at Cambridge and Dublin. A new society had also been organized in the course of the year at Germantown.

The Universalists were numerous and influential at Dublin, with John Whippo at their head; at Cambridge City the Disciples were the numerous party, their leader being the scholarly Rev. Dr. Hoshour, who has already been mentioned. On one occasion at Dublin the writer preached on Matthew xxv. 46, — "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment;" and, at the close of the service, he said: "The demise of Universalism having taken place in this village at a quarter before 12 o'clock this day, a funeral

discourse will be delivered, D. V., and a faithful sketch of the life and character of the distinguished personage given, in this church two weeks from this evening." It is safe to suppose that Mr. McCune, of Knightstown, was informed by the next day's mail, of what had taken place, and notified to be present at the funeral, to defend the faith. The excitement ran high; and, at the time appointed, the great Universalist preacher and his followers were out in full force. The house was crowded almost to suffocation. The service was opened by the reading of a part of the 18th chapter of Ezekiel, beginning with, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and going on to the end of the chapter. One of Charles Wesley's best hymns, number 790 "Methodist Hymnal," was then announced. Mr. McCune, by the way, had taken his seat near to, and in front of, the pulpit, where with hat upturned, and with paper and pencil in hand, he was ready to take notes of the discourse. The preacher read the hymn with the best emphasis or expression he could give it, pointing directly at McCune at each pronouncement of the term "wolf" or other word referring to his wolfship.

Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For O, *the wolf* is nigh!
 He comes, *of hellish malice full*,
 To scatter, tear, and slay;
 He siezes every straggl'g soul
 As his own lawful prey.

With the reading of the fourth stanza a murmur of excitement or discontent became distinctly audible.

We laugh to scorn *his cruel power*
 While by our shepherd's side ;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide

The fifth stanza was the feather that broke the camel's back.

O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree :
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.

Just as the preacher finished the line, "O do not suffer him to part" old "Father" Custer, an octogenarian Universalist, sprang from his seat, and, violently swinging his hat, exclaimed in a loud voice, "I wont stay to hear such stuff any longer. I've read the Methodist hymn-book through again and again, and there's no such hymn in it as that. The man is making the hymn as he goes, every word of it." As the venerable man excitedly left the house the preacher quoted Proverbs xxviii,¹ "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Order being restored, the Methodists and members of other evangelical churches in the audience, united in singing the hymn with much spirit, after which all were invited to join in solemn prayer. The discourse delivered, the benediction was pronounced ; and thenceforth all trouble with the contentious Universalists of Dublin was at an end. The membership was increased by nearly one hundred at Dublin during the year ; the class at Cambdidge City was more than doubled in numbers.

The general conference of May, 1884, having divided the Indiana conference according to the plan

adopted at Crawfordsville, the North Indiana conference met at Ft. Wayne the next fall. A *voyage* of more than a hundred miles on horseback was required, to reach the seat of the conference from Wayne County. The pastor of Cambridge and Dublin must needs plough through the wet lands of Randolph, brave the quicksands of Jay, risk his neck in the loblolly of Wells, sniff the fetid odors of the black swamps of the St. Mary, and cross, without bridge or boat, the White, Mississinewa, and Wabash rivers, to reach the ancient fortification named in honor of General Anthony Wayne. Allen Wiley, Joseph Tarkington, J. H. Bruce, and J. L. Smith formed themselves into a squad of four, "to walk or ride the dangerous road." They had a time of it in getting through, but at length they arrived safe and sound at their destination on Tuesday evening, October 15, 1844.

CHAPTER X.

FT. WAYNE.—NORTH IND. CONFERENCE ORGANIZED.

The first session on the North Indiana Conference was held at Ft. Wayne, beginning Wednesday morning, October 16, 1844. Bishop Beverly Waugh presided. The session was a very harmonious one. The venerable Bishop Waugh endeared himself to the hearts of all.

Thanks to the management of the smooth-faced,

popular presiding elder, G. M. Boyd, and the sagacious, gentlemanly pastor, H. B. Beers, ample arrangements had been made for the entertainment of the conference, including the faithful horses that carried the preachers to Ft. Wayne ; for, in the language of ancient hospitality, "there was straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in," not to mention the many kind attentions the ministers received. The Cambridge and Dublin pastor found the best of quarters at the pleasant home of Major Edsell, in company with Pastor John S. Bayless, who had just closed his second year at the Eastern charge, Indianapolis.

The conference organized with eight presiding elders, eighty pastors, and nine assistant pastors ; two agents for the Indiana Asbury University, and two University professors ; and with four on the superannuate list,—making in all a conference of one hundred and five members. Mathew Simpson, Jacob Myres, B. T. Griffith, Zelotes S. Clifford, and F. F. Sheldon were at the close of the session, transferred to the Indiana conference. The eight presiding elders were : G. M. Beswick, J. C. Smith, Aaron Wood, B. Westlake, C. M. Holliday, G. M. Boyd, Joseph Tarkington, and Joseph Marsee. These noble men were the heroic leaders of the itinerant host which had now taken possession of Ft. Wayne.

The following brethern had the honor of constituting the first class received on trial by the North Indiana conference, and at the first annual session ; namely, James Johnson, L. B. Eaton, Hezekiah Smith, Abraham Koontz, James Burns, L. M. Hancock, Martin S. Morrison, J. C. Ferris, Daniel Crum-

packer, Jeremiah Early, J. C. Robbins, and James Sparrh.

The church membership of the new conference, estimated by districts, was : LaFayette, 3312 ; Peru, 3010 ; South Bend, 2625 ; Fort Wayne, 2639 ; Centerville, 4173 ; Indianapolis, 4389. The aggregate membership, including probationers, as it thus appears, was 27563 ; an average of 344 members to each preacher-in charge ; or, an average of 287 members to each effective preacher, including presiding elders and assistant preachers.

The presiding officer, Bishop Waugh, was in full sympathy with the preachers. He wept with them at the recital of their sorrows, and rejoiced with them in their triumphs. Like toils and hardships he had himself experienced. Many of them had received but a modicum of the meager allowances made for their support. Though coarsely clad, and much of the time shaking with the ague, they had traveled their large, muddy circuits, halting not for rain or storm, abundant in labors, toils, and privations, yet, nothing daunted, they were come to receive their appointments for another year, prizing it above all things that they were accounted worthy to suffer, if need be, for the Master's cause.

The time has probably come, by the way, for the church to enter a solemn protest against the selection of general superintendents on the ground of mere literary or scholastic attainments. An *episcopus* ought of course be a man of respectable learning, but, in addition to all other qualifications, including personal piety and common sense, he ought to be a man of experience in the pastorate, acquaint-

ed with rural circuits and districts, and not incapable of a fellow-feeling with the rank and file of traveling preachers. The notoriety easily attained in numerous prominent positions due to the growth in the church—may the day never come when such notoriety may be sought as a means of gaining episcopal honors! Thus far the church has been exceedingly fortunate in the choice of men for the episcopal office; yet, the fact cannot be concealed, that, in a very few instances, literary distinction was permitted to influence the episcopal election fully as much as sound church-statesmanship could by any means justify.

The address of Bishop Waugh, introductory to the reading of the appointments, was kind, paternal, appropriate, inspiring. A more timely, touching, effective address has rarely, if ever, been given on such an occasion.

The bishop had called Allen Wiley into the cabinet, to assist in making the appointments. Wiley, by virtue of his ministerial office and experience, was a scriptural episcopos. He had traveled the Madison district when said district included Ft. Wayne. He knew the country from the Ohio river to the lakes; he also knew the men of the conference as no bishop could know them. Taken as a whole the appointments, it is believed, could hardly have been more judiciously or satisfactorily adjusted.

The following, which is a full list of the appointments, indicates the working force of the new conference:—

1. Greencastle District, George M. Beswick,

Presiding Elder ; Greencastle, Amasa Johnson ; Greencastle Circuit, D. D. Demotte ; Bruners-town, J. C. Ferris ; Terre Haute, Samuel T. Gillette ; Roseville Wm. H. Smith ; Newport, J. B. Birt, L. B. Eaton ; Rockville, Jacob Colclazer, Rockville circuit, Jared B. Mershon ; Russellville, Wm. Wilson, M. S. Morrison ; North Salem, James Johnson ; Indiana Asbury University ; Wm. C. Larabee, B. F. Teft ; Professors ; Aaron Wood, Agent.

2. Crawfordsville District, John Daniel, Presiding Elder ; Crawfordsville, Walter L. Huffman ; Crawfordsville Circuit, Wade Posey ; Alamo, J. J. Cooper ; Perrysville, Draper Chipman ; Williamsport, Joseph White ; Covington, H. N. Barnes ; Newtown, Richard Hargrave ; Dayton, Thomas Bartlett ; Thorntown, George W. Stafford ; Lebanon, Abraham Koontz.

3. LaFayette District, S. C. Cooper, Presiding Elder ; LaFayette, Samuel Brenton ; Independence, J. M. Stallard, R. C. Rowley ; Monticello, A. D. Beasley, G. W. Warner ; Rensselaer, N. N. Wordon ; Pittsburg, Brinton Webster ; Logansport, Zachariah Games ; Kokomo, James Burns ; Delphi, Allen Skillman ; Rossville, John Edwards ; Frankfort, Enoch Wood.

4. Peru District, Burroughs Westlake, Presiding Elder ; Peru, Hawley B. Beers ; Wabash, Orville P. Boyden ; Marion, Ancil Beach ; Bluffton, James Sparrh ; Liberty Mills, Warren Griffith ; Warsaw, Nelson Green ; Leesburg, George Guild ; Plymouth, Arthur Badly ; Rochester, Jesse Sparks ; Winamac, Franklin Taylor.

5. South Bend District, G. M. Holladay, Presid-

ing elder ; South Bend, John H. Bruce ; White Hall, Daniel Crumpacker ; Mishawaka, Orange V. Lemon ; Middlebury, Eventus Doud ; Terre Coupee, J. C. Medsker ; Michigan City, J. W. Parrett ; Crown Point, Jeremiah Early ; Valparaiso, Jacob Cozad ; Union, Samuel Lamb ; LaPorte, John B. DeMotte.

6. Fort Wayne District, G. M. Boyd, Presiding Elder ; Ft. Wayne, John S. Bayless ; St. Joseph, Benjamin Winans ; Decatur, Elijah Lilliston ; Auburn, Enoch Holdstock ; Steuben, Charles W. Miller ; Lima, John P. Jones ; La Grange, Elijah S. Blue ; Goshen, Lanson W. Monson ; Wolf Lake, W. J. Forbes, J. B. Johnson ; Huntington, William G. Stonix.

7. Centerville District, Joseph Tarkington, Presiding Elder ; Richmond, Wm. F. Wheeler ; Centerville, Philip May ; Cambridge and Dublin, J. H. Hull ; Hagerstown, Luther Taylor ; Williamsburg, Robert Burns (superan.), T. H. Sinex ; Winchester, J. W. Bradshaw, J. C. Robbins ; Muncy town, I. M. Stagg ; Hartford, F. M. Richmond ; Granville, G. W. Bowers ; Portland, Abraham Carey.

8. Indianapolis District, J. Marsee, Presiding Elder ; Indianapolis East, J. L. Smith ; Augusta, R. H. Calvert ; Danville, Daniel F. Stright ; Cicero, John R. Tansey ; Noblesville, H. H. Badley ; Anderson town, John Leach, L. M. Hancock ; Pendleton, James Scott, Michael Johnson ; New Castle, Bardin H. Bradbury ; Knightstown, Hezekiah Smith ; Greenfield, John S. Donaldson ; Indiana Asbury University, John C. Smith, Agent

Presiding-elder Tarkington became, in the course of the session, very much concerned about the un-

finished church at Cambridge City, especially as a new pastor had to be appointed to the Cambridge and Dublin charge. The retiring pastor had been there two years, a full term, and could not be returned. "What shall I do?" inquired the presiding elder. The answer of the retiring pastor was, "Send J. H. Hull there; he is just the man for the place; you can depend on him to finish the house." Brother Hull was appointed. He had been only one year at Richmond. He was well received by the people, and expected to return, but—those were not the days for Methodist preachers to think of ease or personal emolument. The question then was, "Where ought I to go?" or "Where can I probably accomplish the most good?"

The first move Brother Hull made after arriving at his new field, was to sell his horse, and apply the proceeds towards finishing the house. The people, inspired by his zeal, came to the rescue of the enterprise. Early next spring, by invitation of the preacher and the trustees, President Simpson and the pastor of the Eastern charge, Indianapolis, attended the dedication of the new church at Cambridge City. The debt to be provided for at the dedication amounted to \$640. After the morning sermon \$340 was raised; and the balance, \$300, was raised in the evening. The leading contributors were: Hon. James Rariden, Gen. Sol Meredith, Ira and Sanford Lacky, John Hosea, Wm. Conwell, John L. Starr, sen., Dr. Wheelan, Dr Johnson, Jacob Waltz, Thomas Tyner, Wm. Elliott, and Pleasant Johnson. The preaching of Dr. Simpson measured up to the standard of his best effort. During the morning ser-

vice Dr. Hoshour occupied a front seat, and was thoroughly absorbed in the sermon. He listened with great interest from the beginning, but as the discourse advanced the minister becoming more animated, the German scholar and former Lutheran preacher came very near losing the power of self-control. The minister had occasion to speak of the Reformation. While dwelling in his eloquent way on Luther's noble stand at the Diet of Worms, Dr. Hoshour fairly breaking down, wept freely.

The new appointee to the Eastern charge, Indianapolis, arrived at his post of duty on a certain Thursday in time for the regular week-night-prayer-meeting,—the day on which arrived the first authentic news in regard to the presidential election.

The political campaign had been a very exciting one,—the Whigs huzzaing for Henry Clay, of Kentucky ; the Democrats, for James K. Polk, of Tennessee. Late in the afternoon of that well-remembered Thursday, the mail-coach arrived, bearing the news so long and anxiously awaited. Some idea of the condition of the National road may be inferred from this, that the aforesaid mail-coach came in minus coach, minus rear wheels, minus everything except the two front wheels and indispensable rigging, to which was attached a kind of pannier. On the mail-bags, which were piled in the bottom of the pannier, were seated the driver and one passenger. This lone passenger made it his business to herald the news of Mr. Polk's election to the anxious crowds at the hotels, cake-shops, and cabins, all the way from Richmond to Indianapolis. On crossing Pougé's run, or at Lytle's tavern, an old frame building on

Washington street, near the eastern limits of the city, the herald began to vociferate the news ; thence to the post-office, he made the welkin ring with "Polk's elected !"

A number of the leading men of the charge were present at the prayer-meeting, which met at Brother Goldsberry's. The new preacher was a stranger to all of them, but before the meeting closed, he regarded himself pretty well informed as to their politics. The Democratic jollification began on the streets while the meeting was in progress. The preacher noticed that; at each boom of the cannon or burst of loud huzzas from the excited multitudes that thronged the streets, Brothers Phipps, Wilkins, Goldsberry, and others sighed as if in great sorrow; while, at the same time, the effect seemed to be of an entirely different character in the case of Brothers Beck, Tutewiler, Brouse, and others. The booming cannon only increased their animation.

The new preacher found his congregation without a house of worship. Robert's chapel had been commenced the year before, in the pastorate of the Rev. John S. Bayless ; but the walls were raised only one story, when work on the building was suspended for the want of funds. The court-house, however, had been secured as a preaching place, and was so occupied till sometime in the summer of 1845, when the basement of the church was so far finished that it could be used for public services and Sunday-school purposes.

The winter of 1844-45 was a season of refreshing to the churches of Indianapolis. A revival spirit seemed to prevade the city. Many souls were

awakened and converted.

The pastor of the Western charge at this time was Wm. W. Hibben,—Lucian W. Berry, presiding elder. The two Presbyterian churches had for their pastors—the Old school, Phinneas Curley ; the New school, H. W. Beecher.

Mr. Gurley was a man of deep piety, a learned and dignified gentleman, an able and thoroughly evangelical minister. He had honest convictions, and was outspoken in defense of his creed. He was true to the inspirations of the gospel, kindly and charitable, and catholic in spirit. Both as a man and as a minister he was highly esteemed, not only among his own people, but by the community in general.

Mr. Beecher was fluent and flippant, ready at any time to make a speech on any subject, always as trifling or as sober as the occasion required. Anything to gain notoriety, seemed to be the motto of his life. "Mankind", said the Rev. John S. Bayless, 'includes three distinct classes,—the righteous, the wicked and the Beecher family.' Beecher was a man of great genius and versatility of talent. This everybody readily admitted ; but, that he was a gospel preacher, or had any well defined theological views or fixed principles either in ethics or religion, those competent to judge, who knew him best, did not pretend to claim. Artful and cunning, he had a way of winning people to his church that was peculiar.

The following illustrations of Mr. Beecher's peculiar methods were given to the writer by Rev. Mr. Gurley. Many, as already stated, were awakened in the course of the winter, and led to inquire, "What

shall we do? Among the number was a certain merchant, a man of wealth and high social position. He had been raised a Calvinist, and it was supposed he would join Mr. Gurley's church. The man's business partner, who was a member of Mr. Beecher's congregation, arranged for an interview between the penitent brother and Mr. Beecher. The penitent, addressing Mr. Beecher, said: "I should like well enough to be a member of your church, but there is one insuperable difficulty in the way." "Why, what is the difficulty you refer to?" inquired Mr. Beecher. "Why, sir," responded the penitent, "I was raised among the Scotch Covenanters, and, as you might expect, I am a firm believer in the doctrine of fore-ordination; but, as I understand it, you New-school people have split off from the old school Presbyterians on this very doctrine. I do not see therefore how I can consistently join your church." Mr. Beecher, producing a copy of the Westminster Confession, answered: "Here sir, is what we believe; why, sir, we have never changed this grand old creed one jot or tittle; we hold the creed in its unadulterated form, just as it came from the fathers." The penitent's scruples were thus overcome, and he was soon received into the church. Another penitent now appears on the scene. Mr. Beecher has an interview with him also. Mr. Beecher: "The thing for you to do is to join my church." Penitent: "I should like very much to be a member of your church, but, —there is an insuperable barrier in the way. I was raised a Methodist, and I can never join a church that holds the God-dishonoring doctrines of the Westminster Confession." "My dear sir," respond-

ed Mr. Beecher, "you seem to have forgotten that it was on account of these objectional doctrines, decrees, fore-ordination, partial atonement, etc., that we split off from the Old-school church. Why, my brother, we believe in, and preach, free grace, just as the Methodists. The Methodists, to mention another important matter, have what they call class-meeting. We have about the same thing in our church. The conference meeting with us is really the same thing as the class-meeting among the Methodists." A little time for reflection, and an opportunity for the "manipulating committee" to second Mr. Beecher's efforts, and the man is received into Mr. Beecher's church.

Mr. Beecher was the recognized embodiment of "liberal Christianity," Indianapolis brand, which, in spite of its emasculated theology and laxity of moral discipline, was rendered attractive to many by the brilliancy of his genius.

The Eastern charge had a protracted revival meeting at the court-house, their usual place of worship. The first week or ten days the meeting did not seem very promising and many were becoming discouraged. On a certain Monday evening, at the close of a prayer-meeting, the pastor, in his exhortation, said: "Thus far we have seen but little fruit of our toil: but I am willing to hold the meeting ten days longer, if I can be assured that there are three persons in the house that will stand by me, and labor for a revival." Brother Foudray, though a very modest man, instantly sprang to his feet, and clapping his hands, cried out, "Go on Brother Smith, I'll stick to you while there is a button on my coat!"

The Hon. John McLain, U. S. District judge, then holding court in Indianapolis, was present at the meeting. He was visibly effected by Brother Foudray's earnestness and zeal, and, at the close of the meeting, came to the pastor, and said, "Go on, brother; you have nothing to fear. I have no doubt the Lord will give you the victory; with such men as Brother Foudray to hold up your hands, you cannot fail." The people left the house, greatly encouraged. The next evening the work began in earnest, and for seven weeks the meeting continued with unbating interest.

Occasionally the brethren indulged in remarks often heard in times of revival, remarks born of zeal, not intentionally wrong, but thoughtless, such as—"Now, if we could only see such men as Judge Wick, Col. Henderson, and Judge Blackford converted, and brought into the church, how glad we should be!" How often men forget the meek and lowly Savior's caution,—“Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.” The writer's observation these many years has fully satisfied him that in all genuine revivals history repeats itself,—in revivals as in other matters. Accepting the popular notion of two classes in society, the high and the low, or the rich and the poor, it may be confidently affirmed that revivals, with scarcely an exception, always begin among the so-called poorer classes. So it was at the beginning. Tax-gatherers, fishermen, and those generally that belonged in the ranks of the poor, were the people that gathered about the lamb-like Son of God. To the anxious disciples of John the Baptist, who inquired, “Art thou he

that should come, or do we look for another?" the Savior answered, "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. Every-where the great mass of society consists of the very classes to which the gospel was preached by the Master. And while the higher classes were saying, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," the common people heard him gladly. The work begins at the foundation of the social fabric, not among the rich and great, but among the common people. The first convert at the court-house meeting was a hod-carrier. His wife took care of the baby while he sought and obtained pardon; the next night she was converted while John held the baby. The immediate fruits of the meeting were 250 accessions and 258 conversions. Many of the converts were men and women of high social position and large influence. Some of them yet live to honor God and bless the church, but many have fallen asleep in Christ—have gone to the world of bright spirits above.

The congregation moved from the old court-house into the basement of Roberts chapel, on the corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets, in the summer of 1845, and remained there a little more than a year, until the main audience room was finished, in 1846. Several circumstances connected with the completing of the church, the best church-edifice then in Indianapolis, ought perhaps to be mentioned. The facts may be of interest to some of the descendants of the good men and women, who, for the

Master's sake, toiled and sacrificed in behalf of the enterprise.

Three thousand dollars were required to finish the building but where was the money to come from? especially as the people generally felt that they had already contributed to about the utmost limits of their ability. The pastor was exceedingly anxious to have the building completed before the expiration of his term, two years, as pastor. Several official meetings were held, to devise ways and means to raise the needed funds, but all seemed unavailing. John Foudray was a man of prayer and wonderful faith. His liberality was evinced by his contributions to the building fund. The pastor was not a little worried over the apparently desperate case. At length, after much prayerful reflection, the thought came to him that John Foudray's prayers, and Calvin Fletcher's money were the main factors to be considered in the solution of the problem. He formed his plans accordingly: then opened his mind to brother Foudray, who said, "Why, the Lord is in this, I spent much of last night in prayer about this very matter. Why, there is no longer any doubt about it; we shall certainly finish the church before you go to conference. Brother Fletcher has already given a thousand dollars, and if he will give another thousand, (I am now confident he will,) we can pull through." Inspired with new confidence the pastor went immediately, to lay the matter before Brother Fletcher, and ask him for the money. Seeming to anticipate the pastor's errand, Brother Fletcher, of his own motion, said: "Brother Smith, I have a plan for finishing our church. I will

give one thousand dollars more, if you will collect a like sum outside of the church. Brother Foudray and the rest of the brethren can pay a little more; we can raise something at the dedication, and so make out the other thousand." His proposition was gladly accepted. He at once handed over five hundred dollars, and the builders were soon at work, finishing the now historic Roberts Chapel. For some twelve or thirteen weeks the pastor plied his trade as solicitor, on the streets, in the shops, stores, dwellings, and hotels, in order to make good his part of the contract. He received one hundred dollars from Gov. Whitcomb, fifty from Judge Wick, and smaller sums from Judge Blackford, Col. Quarles, Judge Dewey, and many others "too numerous to mention." Suffice it to say the pastor collected his thousand dollars. The house completed, Dr. Simpson, president of the university at Greencastle, was called to dedicate the house to the worship and service of God.

The building and grounds cost, in round numbers, eleven thousand dollars,—a large sum of money for that day. There was no debt to be provided for at the dedication. The leading men of the congregation, in a spirit of noble generosity, came forward before the day of dedication, and cancelled every dollar of debt against the church. And so Roberts Chapel, as a lamb without blemish, was presented as an offering unto the Lord.

CHAPTER XI.

BISHOP HAMLINE—DR. ELLIOTT.

September 24, 1845, the North Indiana Conference met in the city of Lafayette, Bishop Hamline, president.

The Sunday before conference the Roberts-chapel congregation had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Hamline and Dr. Charles Elliot, who were stopping over at Indianapolis on their way to the conference. On Monday morning the bishop, Dr. Elliott, and the pastor of Roberts chapel set out in a private carriage for Lafayette. Just before starting it was agreed that the bishop should act as purser for the company, Dr. Elliott as chaplain, the pastor as charioteer. At noon of the first day the company brought up for dinner at the house of the Rev. James Ross, on the old Michigan road. The charioteer saw the jaded horses well provided for at the barn, and, on returning to the house, found the venerable doctor leisurely promenading under the shade-trees in the yard; he also heard the sound of cooking going on in the house, and the bishop's voice in prayer! "Why, Dr. Elliot," said the charioteer, "why ar'n't you in the prayer-meeting?" "Because," responded the doctor in his Irish style, "you, Brother Smeth, have to look after the quadrupeds, jist; I have to study editorials for the Western Christian Advocate; and the bishop has nothing to do but to pray, and—may the Lord bless 'im, let 'im pray on."

The bishop, in his Sunday sermon at Indianapolis, took occasion to speak of popular amusements, and sharply criticised attendance at theaters, circuses, and the like. Becoming, in the course of his remarks, intensely excited, he said, "The man that makes me laugh is my enemy, and I cannot forgive him except on my knees before the Lord." The pastor, on hearing this inconsiderate and foolish remark, said to himself,—“If it is a sin to laugh, then the bishop shall commit the sin of laughing the first chance I have to bring it about.” On the second day out from Indianapolis, as the company was crossing the Twelve Mile prairie, the opportunity came. The bishop and the doctor, who sat together in the back seat, fell into a discussion of the question whether, if the African Methodist Episcopal Church should decide to propose a union with the Methodist Episcopal Church, it would be wise, all things considered, to favor any compact of union giving the two sets of bishops, white and colored, co-ordinate authority. After a very earnest and exhaustive debate, the bishop favoring and the doctor opposing the suggested union, the doctor, leaning forward, thus appealed to the charioteer: “Well, Brother Smeth, and what do you think of it, sir?” Charioteer, anxious to improve his opportunity, answered: “I am of your opinion, doctor; it won't do at all; and, if you choose to hear me, I will relate a bit of experience that has, I think, some bearing on the question. Last week the African Methodist Episcopal Church held an Annual conference in Indianapolis, Bishop Quinn presiding. I had the privilege of attending. And being invited

by the bishop to a seat on the platform, I had an excellent opportunity to witness the proceedings of the conference. The fact came out in the examination of character, that a certain brother had, sometime during the year, withdrawn from the church, the African M. E. Church, and joined the Wesleyans. After a time he repented of his course, and came back to his presiding elder, asking pardon, saying he wanted to be restored to the bosom of his mother, and begging the presiding elder to re-instate him on the circuit to which he had been assigned by the bishop, the charge he had abandoned. The presiding elder said to the brother,—“I will comply with your request with this understanding, that the question of your re-instatement shall be re-opened, and the whole matter fully investigated, adjusted, and adjudicated at the annual conference next ensuing.” When the name of the recusant brother was called, and the presiding elder had made his statement of the case, a spirited discussion arose among the members of the conference. The main question at issue in the debate was, not whether he should be disciplined at all, but what degree of punishment ought to be inflicted on the culprit. Finally this motion prevailed, ‘that the brother be *gently admonished* by the chair, and that his character pass.’ As soon as the vote had been taken, Bishop Quinn arose from his seat, and, looking most solemnly dignified, said, ‘Where is that fellow?’ ‘That fellow’ was pointed out to him. ‘Walk up here, sir,’ said the bishop sternly. The poor man, like one going to the whipping post or gallows, with down-cast eyes, trembling with fear,

presented himself before the august episcopos. 'Stand right there, sir,' said the bishop. 'You know where you are? I want you to understand that, by a vote of this conference, you are now in my hands; and, if, by the time I get through with you, there is a whole bone left in your skin, you may thank your stars. Why, here is Brother Smith, a white elder, who knows that, if a man in his conference had done as you have, they would have killed him right straight. You are meaner than Arnold, who sold the troops at the red banks; you are meaner than Judas, who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver; you ain't fit to live, and you ain't fit to die; the Lord, I know, wouldn't have you, and I don't b'lieve the devil wants you. Two years ago I married you to the church. Think of your ordination vows. On your knees, at the Terre Haute conference, you took the church for your spouse, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death should you part; and now, low and behold! you have left the wife that I married you to, and run off with another gal. Go and sit down, sir.'" Addressing the bishop, Dr. Elliot exclaimed, "Well, well; there's episcopacy for you with a vengeance, sir. Brother Smith is right; your notion of union won't do at all, sir." The charioteer had accomplished his purpose; for, as he was careful to notice, the story of Bishop Quinn's "gentle" admonition, was too much for the sedate Bishop Hamline. His sides fairly shook with laughter.

The conference met in the basement of the Fifth-street church, which had just been completed under the able pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Brenton.

The preachers, thanks to the pastor for his painstaking arrangements, were splendidly entertained in the young but goodly Star City. Conference over, the bishop and Dr. Elliott concluded to return to Indianapolis via Crawfordsville and Greencastle, in order to visit the Elston family and the Indiana Asbury University. The party was most hospitably entertained at Crawfordsville by the facetious Major Elston, his queenly wife, and accomplished daughters. Thence they made their way, facing a drenching rain, to the seat of the university, where they received a royal welcome at the homes of the Rev. S. C. Cooper and President Simpson.

While en route from Greencastle to Indianapolis the bishop good humoredly remarked, "Well, Brother Smith, we thought we would send you back to finish your work at Roberts chapel; to take care of the lambs you have received into the fold, and to complete the unfinished house of worship. Think you can do it?" "Yes," it was answered, "with the help of the Lord."

The second year of the author's experience at the capital city has been to some extent anticipated. Mention has also been made of some of the good people of Indianapolis with whom the writer was associated during his two years' sojourn in the city as pastor. A few additional personals may be of interest. The following extracts are therefore inserted, from a paper read in May, 1873, at the semi-centennial of the introduction of Methodism into Indianapolis.

THE LAITY.

BY REV. DR. J. L. SMITH.

The North Indiana Conference was organized at Ft. Wayne October 16, 1844, Bishop Waugh presiding. From that Conference I was appointed to a pastoral charge in this city. The whole number of members returned on the minutes for Indianapolis was 670; of these 282 belonged to the Western charge, now Meridian Street, and 388 to the Eastern charge, now Roberts Park. In the brief time allotted me I dare not attempt even a mention of a tithe of the worthy names which graced our records of that day. Among the more prominent at Wesley, I may name Morris, Paxton, Hanaman, Holland, Roll, and old mother Dobson. Nor could any of those mentioned pray more devoutly or shout more gracefully than could this mother in our Israel, whether in the church or at her daily toil. The children loved her, and hailed with delight the appearance of wash-day when mother Dobson was coming to sing them pretty songs and tell them about Jesus and his love; and, like the woman of the Gospel who was to be remembered, so shall mother Dobson not be forgotten.

AUSTIN W. MORRIS,

an earnest Christian, a man of large heart and broad views, enterprising and sagacious in business, devised liberal things, both for the progress of the church and the prosperity of the city. To his skill and liberality was attributable mainly the erection of Wesley Chapel, as is also due to his enterprise

and far-seeing wisdom, the credit of laying the foundations of the growth and rapidly increasing wealth of the city, with its centralization of a rail-
~~road~~ road system, that is now one of the wonders of the age.

In the Eastern charge we had Foudray and the Fletchers, the Richmonds, the Phipps, the Becks, the Browns, the Brouses, the Wilkins, the Tutewilers, the Goldsberrys, the Coburns, the Coopers, the Coldstocks, and Aunt Betsey Lawrence. "Aunt Betsey," although occupying a very different social position, was, nevertheless, the Mother Dobson of Roberts Chapel. The old court-house was our sanctuary, and private houses our class-rooms. In the double parlors of Brother Goldsberry's house on the evening of Thursday, November 8, 1844, we held our first prayer meeting together.

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CALVIN FLETCHER,

than whom I never had a better friend ; kind, plain, sometimes exacting, always just, often generous, and ever true. He was a rare man. He despised ostentation, he sounded no trumpet, his alms and his offerings were done in secret. Professionally, and in his business relations, doubtless many knew him better than I ; but without arrogance, I may say, that, in his church relations, in his religious life, and in his charities none knew him better than myself. I am glad of this opportunity, which now for the first time occurs, to say, in this city, and in this presence, that he was one of the most scrupu-

lously honest, conscientious, upright and charitable men I ever knew. Some wondered why, with his ample fortune, he did not found an orphan asylum, build a college, or endow a university. I confess that I honor the men who do such things, even if their accumulations are the result of "grinding the faces of the poor" or of gambling in Wall-street stocks; for it were better than the wages of unrighteousness be used in a good than a bad cause. Mr. Fletcher's charities, for the most part, were private, and he studiously labored to have them so. As an intimate friend I knew much of him. I have met the good man in almost every lane then in this city. He made it well nigh a daily business to call at the houses of the poor, having a systematic plan of visiting the sick and needy in the whole town; inquiring at each place what was needed; giving orders to grocers, millers, and dry goods merchants, and the next day settling his bills. We had an understanding with each other that, if, in my pastoral visitation, I should find any needy family which he had failed to see, I was to report to him, and so he in turn was to report to me any case where he thought I ought to go as a minister. Revivals began now, as in the days of the first gospel preaching, at the foundation, with fishermen and tax gatherers for their first fruit. There are those in this city to-day, with others in the far West, and with still others in the heavenly world, who, thirty years ago, in their poverty, were induced, by the counsel and charities of Calvin Fletcher, to rise to positions of respectability and usefulness. Eternity alone can show the results of such a man's work in co-operation with his minister

in bringing souls to Christ. In a free conversation, on one occasion, he said that when he came to Indianapolis he had but fifty cents in the world. He paid that for two bushels of potatoes, and his wife gave one bushel of them to a poor family in the neighborhood. Just as he had brought his potatoes home, having wheeled them from the west side of White river, Dr. Coe called on him for a subscription to help build a Presbyterian church. The Doctor put the case strongly, saying "this is now the capital of the State and no church in the village." Mr. Fletcher told him he had nothing to give, but, said he, "Doctor, I will try to be as good at least as the Scribes and Pharisees; I will give you one-tenth of my income this year. Time passed on and little more was thought of the matter until the end of the year, when the Dr. called again. Footing up the year's business it was found that according to agreement there was due on subscription \$75; Mr Fletcher added, "I have not from that time to this permitted a new year to usher in and find in my hands the Lord's money, but have uniformly given at least a tenth (often more) of my annual income every year of my life since that time, and by the help of God will do so till I die."

I called on him once for the payment of \$1,000 he had subscribed towards the building of Roberts chapel. He went to his desk and took out two notes of long standing, which he held against our architect. Looking steadily at the old papers, for a few moments, which he was about to place in my hands for collection, "No," said he, "this will not do. I must not offer a lame lamb in sacrifice, but one without

blemish." Then turning leisurely to his drawer, and laying the notes back again, he handed me the thousand dollars in gold. I could fill a volume with the history of the good deeds in the life of this great and good man, but I forbear.

MRS. MARGARET GIVANS,

who had been a member of the first class, organized in this city, an "elect lady," for many years president of the Bible Society, and a true mother in Israel, used to delight in narrating incidents of early Methodism in the city, when the eccentric Cravens was her pastor. This good woman died at a comparatively recent date full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

MOTHER LITTLE,

converted under the ministry of Gideon Ousley in the North of Ireland, who could repeat almost entire sermons as she had heard them from the lips of John Wesley, was no less remarkable for her intellectual strength than her power of simple child-like faith. She was even then well stricken in years, but had a mind unclouded and a clearness of spiritual vision rarely witnessed. Her lessons of wisdom, her holy life and her wonderful relations of Christian experience, I trust will never be forgotten by her pastor of nearly thirty years ago.

JOHN FOUDRAY, SR.,

a pioneer Methodist in Indianapolis, was a great man and a model Christian. As a class-leader I never saw his equal. His faith was abiding and unswerving. He seemed always and everywhere to

know just what to say and how to say it. He was a mechanic without having learned a trade, a man of learning without a school education, and a prince in Israel by the power of the Holy Ghost.

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JOSHUA COOPER,

a shoemaker by trade, a good man, singular in his manners, quaint in style, a regular Connecticut Yankee, had a way of drawing all his comparison or figures of speech from his trade. On one occasion a clerical brother from Illinois preached for us in the court house. He seemed a little confused in thought and somewhat awkward in manner. Services ended, some one asked Brother Cooper what he thought of the sermon. "Well," said he, "I think the brother got the bristle off." Roberts Chapel was dedicated by President (now Bishop) Simpson, who preached as he only can preach. During the sermon Brother Cooper was much agitated, yet true to his Yankee nature, he was not very demonstrative. Returning home he was again asked what he thought of the sermon. "Oh," he replied, "that's a good job; that work won't rip."

JOHN WILKINS,

than whom few better men ever lived, had peculiarities also. The following extract from a letter written by him to Bishop Morris in 1846, at the close of my two years' labor, which the good Bishop kindly permitted me to copy at the time, I know will sound familiar to those who knew Brother Wilkins: "Dear Bishop—Brother J. L. Smith has been our preacher

for two years, and I suppose he cannot come back to us, according to our Discipline. Brother Smith has done us good, because he gets up before breakfast; and after breakfast, on Sunday mornings, he goes to class; and the congregation don't have to wait for him when preaching hour comes. I think about two hundred have been converted in the two years that Brother J. L. has been with us. I don't think that Brother Smith converted them; the Lord did that. Our new church is done. Brother Smith worked hard to get it all finished up before conference, and it's paid for. Now we want another preacher. We don't make any choice, only we want a man that will visit the sick, and get up before breakfast."

"Yours truly,

JOHN WILKINS."

MRS. ELIZA RICHMOND,

whose husband in his lifetime had been a law partner of Mr. Fletcher, was a woman of rare gifts and accomplishments. For many years she taught a private school of young ladies and little boys in her own house. Her solicitude for those committed to her care was unremitting, not only as it regarded their duties, but as it also regarded the salvation of their souls. During the revival season with which we were favored, both in the old court house and in the basement of Robert's Chapel, Mrs. Richmond was a power for good. Many in this city who were led by her in early life to embrace the faith of the gospel have risen to prominence and to positions of influence in the community and in the church of

god, to call the name of Eliza Richmond blessed for having taught them the "right ways of the Lord." The autumn of 1846 was for many years distinguished as the "sickly season." We had a praying band for the spiritual watch-care of the sick, of which Mrs. Richmond was the acknowledged leader. One of the principal families of my charge was prostrated with typhoid fever. Two of the children died, and were buried without the knowledge of their parents, both of whom were apparently very rapidly sinking to the grave. In a few days, however, the father rallied; consciousness returned, and with it bitter weeping at the loss of his children. On Thursday, September 10, at the close of our weekly prayer-meeting, a little company composed of Sister Richmond, Brother Foudray, and two or three others, called at the house of mourning. It proved to be a memorable occasion; for, on the night, there was a remarkable test of faith, and a never-to-be-forgotten proof of the power and efficacy of prayer. At ten o'clock the attending physicians, Drs. Dunlap and Stipp, informed us that, in reference to the sick woman, all was over, nothing more could be done, and that she could not possibly live longer than midnight. Some of us followed Dr. Stipp to the gate and urged him to remain, hoping against hope that her life might be spared to her stricken family and to her sorrowing church. "I repeat," said the doctor, "nothing can be done; the patient's extremities are now cold." "Shall we not rub them, doctor?" asked some one. "Nonsense," said the doctor, "she is now dying."

The doctor departed; and, on our returning to

the sick room, Mrs. Richmond said, "Do not the scriptures teach,—'is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up?' And now that the doctors have done all they can, let us apply to the Great Physician." For nearly two hours incessant prayer was offered, and such manifestations of divine power are rarely witnessed as was realized on that occasion. Just as the clock struck twelve the doctor's dying patient awoke from a sweet slumber and smilingly said, "Oh what delightful dreams I have had; I hear now the sweet music floating through the air." Her life had returned, and with it a conscious fullness of joy. In direct answer to prayer her life was spared; and she and her honored husband still live in this city to bless the church and attest the "profit of prayer," Tyndallism and every other form of infidelity, to the contrary notwithstanding.

IN CONCLUSION.

Following the fashion of the times, though contrary to my own judgment, I had intended to allude to those only who had passed away from earth. But now, having in one case referred to the living, allow me one other allusion and with that I shall close these hasty and very imperfect sketches.

A young man had returned from an Eastern college to his home in this city with health so impaired as to be unable to pursue his studies. His father, thinking that traveling with moderate manual labor, might do his son good, concluded to

place him in the care of a Mr. Gentry, of Independence, Missouri, who was then engaged in fitting up a caravan of mules and muleteers for the transportation of goods to Mexico. When my young friend was about leaving he came to my study and asked if a person could join church without being at meeting. I answered he could, and picking up what we called "the receiving book," a book for the names of probationers (which I trust has been preserved), I requested him to write his name, which he did. I then gave him a church letter, with a pledge on his part that he would try to give his heart to God. I immediately wrote the minister at Independence that he might soon expect a young man from Indianapolis—to seek him out and otherwise give him such attention as the case demanded.

The following brief extract from my young friend's first letter after his arrival at Independence may show how he was impressed :

"Dear Brother—I find the preacher here very kind. He called for me to go with him to church and Sunday-school ; and, don't you think, they have away out here in Missouri the same kind of little blue-backed Sunday-school hymn books that we have at Roberts Chapel ?" His second letter stated that the train of pack mules would leave on the next day, sufficient in number to carry one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods to Santa Fe. In his next he gave a glowing account of the country, roaming bands of Mexicans, their use of the lasso, wild Indians, and how his company had almost famished for water, and closed in these words : "We camped

last night among the ruins of an old city. My turn came to watch the mules grazing ; was out at midnight, but instead of going to sleep I wandered away for secret prayer. While bowed beside a broken column in this once great city, I surrendered all, and gave my heart to God. I know that my dear father and blessed good mother, and you and Sister Richmond, and Father Foudray, and all my friends, have been praying for me. I have been trying to pray for myself ever since I left Indianapolis, and last night the Lord powerfully converted my soul, and I rejoice and praise His name amid the ruins and fallen columns of this ancient city of Pecos."

Our young convert and party were afterwards captured by the Mexicans, but Mr. Gentry being a native of Canada, claimed protection under the British crown, and was sent under escort to Monterey, where General Taylor was in command, and from him obtained a safe conduct out of the enemy's country. It was a day to be remembered, for it was a day of joy and rejoicing, when, with restored health, and happy in the love of God, our young friend returned to his native city. Soon, however, was he again at college, where he graduated with distinction, became a traveling preacher, was once stationed at Wesley Chapel in this city, and to-day, though with broken health, and no longer able for the more active work of his high calling, lives in your midst, a useful citizen, a worthy son of a noble sire, an honored minister—the Rev. Elijah T. Fletcher, A. M.

Much as I would love to speak of others, some gone to their reward in heaven, others yet linger-

ing on the shore of the river, I am admonished that already I have possibly trespassed on the time of the distinguished gentlemen who are to follow. I should be glad to say more—less, I could not consent to say.

CHAPTER XII.

LAPORTE—FT. WAYNE COLLEGE.

The Conference of 1846, Bishop Morris, president, met in the city of LaPorte on the 16th of September.

Among the important acts of this conference was that of establishing the Ft. Wayne Female College. The herculean task of raising subscriptions, which were taken in money, lands, or building material, and of educating the people up to the point that assured success, was performed mainly by G. M. Boyd, presiding elder of the Ft. Wayne District, and John S. Bayless, pastor of the Ft. Wayne station. The pastor of Roberts Chapel, being at the end of his term, must at this conference receive a new appointment. Having attended the commencement exercises of the Indiana Asbury University, first in 1845, again in 1846, and then, a few months later, hearing the eloquent educational addresses made at the LaPorte conference, he became enthused on the subject of education. He was not unwilling, therefore, to accept from the bishop an appoint-

ment as agent for the university, to which office he had been elected by the joint Board of Trustees and visitors at their annual meeting in June.

A few weeks after conference the agent was snugly settled with his family among his old friends at Dublin, Wayne county, and at once entered upon his new work. That good man and grand preacher, George M. Beswick, was the popular and useful presiding elder of the district. John R. Tansey was the Dublin preacher. Wm. F. Wheeler, who had been stationed at Dublin the year before, having superannuated on account of broken health, was also residing in Dublin. T. S. Webb, afterwards so well known as a minister, was then living only two miles from Dublin, at Cambridge City. He was then a sturdy son of Vulcan, and a useful local preacher.

A revival occurred at Dublin in the winter of 1846-47, known locally as "the great revival," which spread over the eastern part of the State generally. F. A. Hardin, then a boy, now, for these many years, the flaming evangelist, was converted at the Dublin meeting.

The meeting had a splendid working force,—Beswick, Wheeler, Tansey, Webb, with Smith thrown in—Beswick to preach, Webb to exhort, Wheeler and Tansey to sing; and besides these, the minister, those mighty people in prayer,—Sisters Lebrick, Ream, Hood, Fortner and Van Buskirk, as also Brothers Ezra Hardin, Thomas Axe, Strickler Forrey, and Alfred Pierce. The Lord came down in wonderful power, to save the people. "The slain of the Lord were many." The power of divine grace "to kill and to make alive" was too manifest to be

mistaken. The influence of the meeting still lives. Many of the children, even grandchildren, of those converted at the Dublin meeting, owe to "the great revival" a debt which they can never repay. Through all these years the revival fire kindled at Dublin has been flaming in the life of F. A. Hardin. The Lord greatly blessed him and so made him a great blessing to the world. He now has a son standing by his side on the walls of Zion, to perpetuate his name and ministry.

John R. Tansley labored with great zeal and success in various fields in Indiana till 1852, when he was transferred to California by Bishop Waugh. He rose to still greater distinction on the Pacific coast, serving the church several years as presiding elder, and filling numerous important stations. His brethren elected him as their delegate to the General Conference of 1872, which met at Brooklyn, N. Y. He has recently passed to the land of the immortals, whither most of his interesting family had preceded him, leaving to the church the fragrance of a good name. Mrs. Tansley, a woman of uniform piety and good sense, who was favored with superior advantages in early life, had much to do with shaping the destiny of her husband. She still lives, a saintly heritage of the California Conference.

George M. Beswick, the Addison of Indiana preachers, full of faith and the Holy Ghost,—loved by most, respected by all,—a mighty man, a prince in Israel, has also gone to his reward. His devoted wife is still living. Several of his daughters are now the wives of ministers.

William F. Wheeler, the sweet singer, the earn-

est and useful preacher, the popular presiding elder, labored about twenty years as an itinerant. He occupied in the course of his ministry, many prominent stations, such as Peru, Richmond, Crawfordsville, Logansport, LaFayette, and last of all, Indianapolis district. He fell at his post, in the noontide of his manhood, having many seals to his ministry. Doubtless he now has many stars in the crown of his rejoicing.

Another minister mentioned in connection with the Dublin meeting, has also been transferred to the church triumphant,—T. S. Webb. He died at Lebanon, Indiana, March, 31, 1877. He entered the traveling connection in the fall of 1847. The long list of his appointments includes all of the more important charges of the Northwest Indiana Conference. Few excelled him as a revivalist. He was the means of bringing many souls into the Kingdom of Christ.

CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP JANES—TERRE HAUTE.

The fourth session of the North Indiana Conference was held in Roberts Chapel, Indianapolis, beginning on the 15th of September, 1847, Bishop Janes presiding—his first presidency over the conference. A few of the members had met Bishop Janes at the General conference of 1844, when he was elected to the episcopacy; many remembered his

great speech at Centerville in behalf of the American Bible Society, in 1842; and all hailed with delight his coming, to preside over the conference of 1847.

As a reminder of how the bishops and their widows, and the widows of other preachers who had died in the work, were provided for, the following report of sums collected and paid out for this purpose by the conference of 1847, is respectfully submitted: Bishops Hedding, Waugh, Morris, Hamline, each, \$14.13; Bishop Janes, \$16.57; widow of Bishop Roberts, \$4.35; Widow Armstrong, \$28; Widow Williams, \$36; Widow Blue, \$34; Widow May, \$28; Widow Games, \$28.

The above showing does not indicate the full amount of salary received by the bishops, for they had claims on all the conferences; but, for all the others, the report indicates the full amounts received for the year.

One of the preachers having been charged with immoral conduct, was brought to trial at this conference. The following question came up at the trial, and was submitted to Bishop Janes for decision: "Where there is a charge for immoral conduct (lying), may the specification be sustained and the charge be not sustained?" The bishop's decision was affirmative. The defendant's counsel thereupon admitted the specification (he said the words), but denied the charge, and the brother was acquitted.

A notable day was the Sabbath of this conference on account of the bishop's sermon at Roberts chapel. The text was 2 Cor. vii. 1,—“Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse

ourselves from all filthiness of the 'flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." For purity of diction, beauty of expression, wealth of thought, pathos and power, the sermon was peerless ; it fell upon the audience like a benediction from heaven ; and by the few yet living who were present, it will never be forgotten.

The University agent, terminating his labors as such at this conference, was appointed to the Terre Haute station. The good people of the Prairie City received their new preacher with great cordiality. They and their pastor were especially favored in having for presiding elder, the Rev. Wm. H. Goode, D. D. Dr. Goode was a scholarly man, a sound theologian, a model gentleman. He had a refined sense of propriety, a full measure of caution and Christian prudence. He was, withal, a good preacher. His quarterly visitations, always eagerly looked forward to by the people, were seasons of great profit to the church—"times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." He planned wisely and well for the enlargement of the work. He was a man of enterprise, as all useful presiding elders are ; a man of great industry and perseverance as all presiding elders must be—if the honor of the office is to be maintained.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

As the office of presiding elder has been, and still is, occasionally subjected to adverse criticism, it may not be considered out of place to give the matter a passing notice.

The following minute occurs in the records of the Wesleyan Methodist conference of England, in 1791: "The circuits are now formed into districts, each to have not less than three nor more than eight circuits." (The "chairman of the districts, were in reality presiding elders.) The next year, 1792, the General conference of the American church adopted a similar measure; but before this, even from the organization of the church at the Christmas conference of 1784, the presiding eldership existed in fact if not in name. "Notes on the Discipline" prepared by Coke and Asbury, in the early days of the church, present the subject in a light that is thoroughly rational and Scriptural. "And we can venture to assert," they say, "that there never has been an episcopal church of any great extent that has not had ruling or presiding elders either expressly by name, as in the apostolic churches, or otherwise in effect." * * * "On this account it is, that all the modern episcopal churches, have had their presiding or ruling elders under the name of vicars, archdeacons, rural deans," etc. * * * "The Moravians have presiding elders, who are invested with considerable authority, though they are simply termed elders."

The fact is also worthy of notice, that Bishop Asbury and the preachers of the District conferences, not only found this order of men necessary, as they thought, but agreed to give them the name "presiding elders," a name perfectly Scriptural, though not occurring in the English version. Their action in this matter afterwards received the approbation of Mr. Wesley. And the General conference of 1792, realizing the necessity of the office, not only confirmed all that Bishop Asbury and the District conference had done, but also adopted substantially the present section of the Discipline explanatory of the duties of presiding elders.

"The Conference clearly saw that the bishops needed assistants ; that it was impossible for the bishops to properly superintend the vast work on this continent, so as to keep everything in order in the intervals of the conference, without other official men to assist them ; and as these in a very important sense were to be a vital part of the 'plan of the general itinerant superintendency,' it was held that the authority of appointing them and changing them, ought, from the nature of things to be in the episcopacy." The power to appoint the suffragan bishop or presiding elder must be vested in the general superintendency, otherwise there might ensue the utmost confusion. Besides, the election of presiding elders by the Annual conferences would involve the preachers in feuds and heart-burnings, and cause great dissatisfaction among the people. Moreover, were the election plan adopted, it would soon be followed by an attempt to reconstruct the itinerant system.

Ever since the days of O'Kelly there have been restless spirits in the church, "given to change," desiring to remove the ancient landmarks set up by the Fathers. Occasionally quasi-organizations have appeared, favoring change, made up, for the most part, of men having little or no practical experience as traveling preachers,—men, may it not be said? who feel that they ought to be presiding elders or bishops. The unfortunate thing, is, that their qualifications for these important offices have been overlooked. Hence those tears! The ultimate purpose seems to be, to weaken or destroy the episcopacy. The attack on the presiding eldership is but the beginning of the campaign. When the presiding eldership is made elective the restless spirits that trouble Israel will have gained their first victory.

These malcontents are ever ready to strike at the power of the general superintendants. In the Annual conferences they are the movers of resolutions that tend to interfere with the bishops' prerogatives in the matter of making transfers. Sometimes they secure the passage of resolutions requesting the bishops to appoint no man to a district who has ever held the office of presiding elder for two terms or even one term, all of which means, when interpreted, that the bishops ought to be elected quadrennially. In the General conference they would take, and have taken, from the bishops, the power to appoint members of the General missionary committee. The General conference of 1876 appointed a committee on revision of the hymn-book. The report authorizing the appointment failed, in its original form, to give the bishops supervisory authority over

the work of revision, and but for a timely amendment, they would have been entirely ignored.

The office of presiding elder is indispensable. This is evident from the following considerations:—

1. The bishops cannot of themselves understand the practical needs of the work throughout the districts, or give it the personal supervision it requires.

2. There must be lodged somewhere, to be prudently exercised in the interval of the Annual conferences, authority to receive, change, or suspend preachers. This authority has been wisely vested in the bishops, or, when they are absent, in their representatives, the presiding elders.

3. Who but the presiding elder can have an adequate knowledge of the district—of its people, wants, resources, etc.? Who but he can properly look after the filling of vacancies in case of death, withdrawals, etc.? And who is so well prepared as he to carry the work into the “regions beyond”? How, for instance, could a preacher in charge of an important circuit or station superintend the multitudinous interests and enterprises of a district? The pastors can not do this work, neither can the bishops. The only men that can give the districts adequate supervision are the presiding elders.

The present system, a “wheel within a wheel,” has worked well. The experience of a hundred years has proved its efficiency. Why disturb it now? Let it alone Amen.

CHAPTER XV.

LITTLE GIRL'S TALK—ROBBER KILLED.

Two camp-meetings were held in the summer or early autumn of 1848 near Terre Haute, one, on the farm of Jacob D. Early, some five miles above the city; the other, in Brother Durham's grove, below the city, in the bounds of the Indiana conference, on Prairieton circuit. The pastor of Prairieton circuit was Elijah D. Long; Joseph Tarkington, presiding elder. Several hundred souls were converted at these memorable meetings. At the meeting below the city the writer witnessed two scenes which can never be forgotten while memory endures.

On Sunday night of the Camp-meeting, a little girl not above seven or eight years of age, the daughter of a Dr. Hamilton, was converted to God with a large number of others. Within about an hour after her conversion, while many seekers were at the altar, the writer standing in the pulpit, looking over the vast audience and giving direction to the services, the same little girl came on the stand, her face all lighted up with joy, and in her childish way, meekly asked the question, "Wouldn't you let me talk to the people?" She was at once lifted and stood on a chair, when she delivered an exhortation in connection with her personal experience, so clear and impressive, that it sent a thrill throughout the large assembly. It was believed then by the most intelligent men and woman present that the child was directly inspired. As the result of her talk more

than fifty souls were there and then so convicted of sin that they came rushing to the altar, to find peace and pardon in believing. Among the many who were brought to Christ through the child's speech, was her aged grandfather, who was a "Hicksite" Quaker, not to say a downright infidel. When the little girl had finished her talk to the public assembly, she said to the writer in a low voice "Now I'll go to the tent and see if I can find grandpapa." She did go, and, while seated on the old gentleman's knee, with one arm around his neck, looking him intently in the face through her tears of joy, she talked to him about his soul as only one soundly converted to God can talk ; and before the close of the meeting the poor old man was happy in the Lord, and in turn, he, too, talked to the people, telling them what a dear Savior he had found.

Among the many preachers who attended that remarkable camp-meeting was Rev. Thomas H. Files, a superannuated preacher of the Illinois conference, who died in 1848. The history of this man was a remarkable one. One incident only during his active labors in the ministry may here be mentioned. On a certain occasion, when on his way to an appointment, night overtook him while yet quite a distance from the place where he was to preach the next day. Sometime after dark he reached the house of a friend, where he was well acquainted, and where he frequently stopped with the good people. Methodist preachers in those days had learned from "Dr. Clark's Manual," or from other sources, to wait upon themselves ; so the preacher put up his horse before going to the house. When he went in and

spoke to the family he found that the husband was away from home, and that there was no one about the house except the woman and her two or three little children. Thinking over the matter, Brother Files concluded that perhaps he had better go on, although the next house where he could stop, was five miles distant. It is possible there were gossippers in those days as now, and, lest it might be regarded as a little indelicate for him to stop all night in the absence of the husband, he resolved not to stay. The good woman had given him his supper, when he, making a suitable apology, said to her that he would go on to Brother B—'s and accordingly brought out his horse, and got ready to leave. After he had mounted his horse, the woman came running down to the yard gate and said, "Brother Files, you must not go away to night." The preacher asked her if she was afraid to stay alone. She answered that she had stayed many a night alone with her children, but now she was impressed that he must stay. He insisted that he must go. At length she burst into tears, and said with great earnestness, "You cannot go, you shall not go; for, if you do, I shall gather up my little ones and go to a neighbor's, two miles away, and stay all night, for I cannot, and will not, stay at home unless you stay with us." At last the preacher yielded and consented to remain. The house was built of hewn logs, two stories high. After prayers in the evening, the woman gave the preacher a candle and sent him up stairs to lodge for the night. Sometime after midnight, the screams of a woman below, awoke the preacher from a sound slumber, and he heard a hoarse voice saying to her, "Where

is the money?" Her answer was, "Up stairs between the feather-bed and the straw-tick"; then the man below responded, "Tell me the truth or I will take your life." The preacher, while in the act of retiring, noticed an old rusty, British musket standing near the head of the bed, and when he heard the foot-falls of the robber on the stair-way, he silently arose from the bed and gathered up the old musket, determined, as soon as the thief came up to the head of the stairs, to knock him down with the breech of the gun; then, in a moment, fearing that, if he did so, he might, in his excitement, strike so hard as to kill the man, he changed his mind, and decided, as the man came up, to snap the old flint-lock at him, which he did, and to the preacher's great surprise, the gun fired, and the man fell dead and rolled down to the bottom of the stair-way. The alarm was soon given; the neighbors for miles around were gathered to the scene. The murdered man was found to have blackened his face and hands with burnt cork; and when his face was washed, the wife and neighbors, including the preacher, stood awe-stricken upon the discovery that the would-be robber was the brother and near neighbor of the woman's husband.

This unnatural brother had learned, the day before this tragedy occurred, that his brother, having sold a lot of cattle, had received eight hundred dollars in money, and had left the money in the care of his wife while he was gone on business, expecting to return the next day. The preacher was not arrested or otherwise called to account for what he had done. And as to the cause that prompted the

woman to insist so earnestly that the preacher should remain over night, declaring that she would not remain in the house unless he stayed also, is a question that this writer will leave to the casuist, the psychologist, or the believer in special providence.

On the day that the Camp-meeting closed, Brother Files, who was then an old man, was walking across the camp-ground in company with the writer, when they met a poor, old, and haggard-looking man, hobbling along with two canes. The stranger fixed his eyes on the old preacher, who at once engaged his attention. The two aged persons gazed at each other for a time, when the old man threw down his canes, and they flew into each others arms, and both wept like children. After sobbing, and trying for some time to talk with each other, the aged minister, Brother Files, turned to the writer and said: "Brother Smith, you don't understand this; this man and I were soldiers together; we slept under the same blanket for forty-nine nights. We parted after the battle of Tippecanoe, which was on the 7th of November, 1811. And for almost forty years we have never met until now; we have suffered together and therefore we dearly love each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS—DANCING.

During the summer of 1848 there came to Terre Haute a French dancing master; and, as it was found when his class was made up, he had persuaded one or two of the more thoughtless members of the church to patronize his school. This caused some excitement among the better people of the different churches, and the pastor of the Methodist church was requested by his official board to deliver a discourse on popular amusements. He delivered a discourse in response to this request, in which, while touching on circuses, theatres, cards, etc., by design he omitted all allusion to the dance, deferring that subject as suitable for the next Sabbath. At the close of the services he announced that, on the next Sunday morning, he would preach a special sermon on the subject of "dancing as an amusement." As the congregation was dispersing, Honorable Thomas Dowling, facetiously remarked to the preacher, "Brother Smith, I believe I know all about dancing that I want to know; and, if you will excuse me, I will go and hear Brother Jewett next Sunday" (the congregationalist minister.) Of course there was quite a stir among the people, on the subject of dancing and the dancing-school. And the Methodist and Congregationalist ministers, happening to meet during the week, talked the matter over; and Rev. Mr. Jewett learned that at least one of the official members of Asbury church would be present

at the services in the Congregationalist church, on the next Sunday morning. Brother Dowling, meeting his pastor during the next following week, addressed him as follows: "Well, Brother Smith, I'll never run away from home again, no matter what you preach about; for, I tell you, I simply 'jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire' for I haven't any doubt that Mr. Jewett's sermon was much more severe and uncharitable than yours." That the status of the Methodist Episcopal church, on the subject of dancing, nearly fifty years ago, may be known to the present generation: and, as the pastor at the request of the official board published his sermon at the time, it is here given verbatim.

The following is the correspondence that passed between the pastor and members of his official board:—

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 8, 1848.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: .

Entertaining sentiments similar to those held forth in your discourse on Sabbath, 6th inst., relative to the subject of Fashionable Dancing, and believing those sentiments too valuable to be lost: We, therefore, beg that you commit the subject-matter of that discourse to writing, and submit the same for publication.

By so doing you will confer a favor, and greatly oblige your brethern and friends,

T. C. BUNTIN,
CHAS. ANDERSON,
B. H. CORNWELL,
J. S. CASTO.

TERRE HAUTE, August 23, 1848.

BRETHERN AND FRIENDS :

Your kind note requesting a copy of my remarks on Dancing, was duly received, and after having taken some time for reflection, I have consented to comply with your wishes ; but as the discourse was delivered *extempore*, I cannot promise anything like a *verbatim* copy. It is therefore with some reluctance that I consent to its publication. If, however, it shall be made instrumental in preventing or saving one soul from the errors of his or her ways, I shall feel amply rewarded.

I am, dear sirs, your obedient servant and brother in Christ.

J. L. SMITH.

To T. C. Buntin, Chas. Anderson, B. H. Cornwell,
J. S. Casto.

A SHORT DISCOURSE
ON DANCING,
DELIVERED IN THE
ASBURY CHAPEL,
IN
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA,
BY THE
REV. J. L. SMITH,
OF THE NORTH INDIANA CONFERENCE,
August 6th, 1848.

A SHORT DISCOURSE ON DANCING.

Having, on last Sabbath morning, made some reference to popular amusements, in the form of Circuses, Plays, etc., with their moral effects, I shall

proceed, this morning, agreeably to previous notice to discuss the subject of *Modern Fashionable Dancing*; in the doing of which, it is not my design to be unkind in spirit, or severe in epithet, but shall studiously avoid anything like a personal attack upon *Master*, pupil, or patron. At the same time, however, shall, to the best of my ability, though *soft* in word, strive to be *hard* in argument—touching what I humbly conceive to be the *sin* of the practice, shall use the very *strongest* scriptural facts and illustrations; should these offend any, it is a result with which I have nothing to do, and about which I feel no concern. That public amusements of various kinds, are great and growing evils, I firmly believe; and that what is sometimes called *fashionable dancing schools*, is not the least amongst them, with me is a fixed fact. It is therefore to wake up the public conscience, and call the attention of our fellow-citizens, and the lovers of sound morals generally, to this subject that the following remarks are offered. But especially do I desire to appeal to Church members—to professors of the religion of Christ, upon this subject. Brethern, will you suffer “The word of exhortation.” He who said “Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind”—may He guide into the way of truth and righteousness—may He “try us, and prove us, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us into the way everlasting.” My text or motto, which I shall use on this occasion is recorded

Eccles. 3d chap., 4th vs.—“AND A TIME TO DANCE.”

One of the strongest proofs of the authenticity of

the Scriptures, and of the truth of religion, to my mind, is this: that the Bible has been pressed, at least bad men have tried to press the Bible into their service, to defend the worst of causes, to counterfeit religion, and imitate in their outward conduct, those who were really pious. A very striking example of which, is found in the conduct of those who bring the Bible to prove the innocency of Fashionable Dancing.—We propose, in a few plain remarks, briefly to review the history of Dancing, and then leave it with this enlightened audience to judge, both as to how far the Scriptures sustain it, and how far it may be *necessary* to practice it, in order best to promote morality, (not to say religion,) in this or any other community. Our text declares there is “a time to dance.” We will then inquire when is, or was the suitable time, and what the proper manner of performing it?

I.—When the suitable time?

1st. It was a suitable time immediately upon the deliverance of God's people, from Egyptian bondage. Therefore, we find in Exodus 15, 20, “And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the *women* went out after her with timbrels and with dances.

The occasion of the dance named in the above quotation, as well as the place, and the style of its performance, you will discover, was different in every essential particular from the modern Fashionable Dancing: 1st. The occasion was the miraculous deliverance of the children of Israel from a most cruel bondage, and was the most expressive manifestation of gratitude and devout thanksgiving to God. When

did we hear of the *Fashionable* Dance, being introduced for such purpose? Would it not be nearer the truth to say "God was not in all their thoughts?"

2. The place—it was on the banks of the Red Sea, in the open air—not the ball room, or parlor, from which so many of the unfortunate youth of our own loved land have gone to premature graves. But—

3. The *style* was different. There, it is said that when Miriam went out, all the *women* followed her. If the men danced at all, on that occasion, it was alone. How does this agree with modern manners in dancing?

II.—Another time to which the wise man may have referred, was the time of the annual feast, and is mentioned Judges 21, chap., 19, 21.

"Then they said there is a feast in Shiloh yearly, in a place which is on the north side of Bethel," etc. "And behold if the *daughters* of Shiloh come out to dance in dances," etc. This was probably the feast of the Passover, which God commanded should be observed in commemoration of that dark and fearful night, in which the first-born of Egypt were slain, but when the Angel of death was commanded to *pass-over*, or spare the children of Israel who obeyed God's commands. This was also an act of religious worship, and of the most solemn kind. As to manner, like the first mentioned case, it was performed by the "Daughters of Shiloh," and by them only, the principal woman going before, leading the exercises, and the rest following her example, imitated her steps, which were not conducted according to a set well-known form, but they praised God—they *danced* extemporaneously. Thus they expressed

their gratitude, and paid their homage to God, in this modest, chaste manner ; not in the city ; not in a mixed crowd of both sexes ; but in the fields, in the open air, in a company of pious women only.

III.—Another appropriate time, doubtless with Solomon, was when David (his father, then a young man,) demolished Goliath, of Gath, the champion of the Philistines. In 1st. Samuel, 18th, 6, 7, it is thus written: "And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands."

Believing, as they did, that God had, through the instrumentality of Saul and David, delivered Israel from a powerful foe, especially in David, did they see the power of God displayed. "For while the two armies were encamped on opposite mountains, and meditating an engagement that might decide the destinies of the two nations, there went out a champion from the camp of the Philistines, who proposed to settle the controversy by single combat. His height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head and was armed with a coat of mail ; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam," etc. Thus does the inspired historian faithfully and minutely describe this giant of olden times, who was a warrior by trade. On the other hand, David was a "stripling" accus-

tomed not to the field, but to the more quiet and gentle charge of "watching his father's flock"—not to the noise and din of battle, but to the bleating of the tender lambs—left by the direction of his father for a time, his pastoral labor to be performed by another, and went down to the armies, to see how his brethern fared, then under Saul's command upon duty. He heard there the gasconading uncircumcised, Philistine, "defy the armies of the living God." His heart swelled with patriotic emotions; he remembered how signally he had been delivered from "the paws" of the lion and the bear; nor would he in the fearful conflict about to be encountered, wear Saul's costly armour, but chose, rather the simple weapons with which he was familiar, made so, along the streamlets of his father's pasture ground: with the sling then, "In the name of the Lord God of Hosts," did he smite the mighty man, and slew him. Upon seeing of which the Philistines fled the field in wild confusion, and were "slaughtered with a great slaughter."

In the celebration of this victory there was music and dancing, not as a passtime, not of men and women promiscuously, but of women, in honor to God and his servants for the great deliverance wrought out for his people.

IV.—Another proper time to dance, and for men to dance to, was when the Ark was removed from Kirjath-Jearim, to the Tabernacle which David had built for it in Jerusalem; an account of which is given in 2d Samuel, 6, 14; "And David danced before the Lord with all his might, and David was girded with a linen ephod."

During the reign of Saul, religion was much neglected. After David, his successor, was firmly established on the throne, he determined to reinstate the nation in the practice of piety and spiritual worship; to this end therefore, "he gathered all the chosen men of Israel, to the number of thirty thousand, and with great demonstrations of joy, brought up the Ark of God to Jerusalem. Meanwhile, David, elated with joy, threw off the imperial purple, put on a linen ephod and danced with all his might before the Lord." Nor did he rejoice alone, but many, if not all, of the thirty thousand men followed him, as the women followed Miriam on the banks of the Red Sea, and thus, with timbrel, harps, and dance, praised God, expressing their warmest gratitude to the KING OF KINGS, who had so graciously vouchsafed the Schekinah, the symbol of His presence, to King David and his people.

And now I ask in all, or any of the cases above-cited, is there the least countenance given to modern Fashionable Dancing? Certainly not. Yet there are those who constantly wrest these passages as they do also the other Scriptures to their own destruction. But as these cases set forth in a sufficiently clear light, the manner, design, etc., of dancing anciently, that it was performed as an act of religious worship—never by a promiscuous company, and therefore can never be brought forward with any pretense in favor of modern dancing, in a ball room, or elsewhere, I shall content myself to leave this part of the subject and proceed to call your attention to two other cases recorded in Scripture, of a very different character from those given, which,

in some respects at least, answer more nearly to the practice on that subject, among modern dancing parties. But before proceeding further, let me state that it is my firm belief, that if an attempt were now made, to get up a popular amusement of any kind, in this community, by turning serious things into subjects of glee and fun, or solemn and sacred subjects into themes for jest and frivolity, with all the mania so prevalent, for scenes of mirth, that upon the man who should be guilty of the sacrilegious act, your just frowns and indignation would come down like an avalanche. What an unaccountable inconsistency then, that men who would frown with disgust upon the profane person just supposed, will nevertheless, patronize the modern Fashionable Dancing Master, who is following in the footsteps of those who first changed this act of religious worship into the ceremonies of heathen idolatry, and then in a no less heathen and criminal manner, make it a matter of mere amusement, or, if you please, of *polite* and fashionable breeding. The celebrated Dr. Jortin has remarked that, idolatry favored human passions ; it required no morality ; its religious ritual consisted of splendid ceremonies, reveling, DANCING, nocturnal assemblies, *impure* and scandalous mysteries, debauched priests, and gods who were both slaves and patrons to all sorts of vices. As early as the times of the historian Rollin, dancing had been made a part of the public amusements of the age. Speaking of the different athletic exercises he says, "the Greeks, by nature warlike, and equally intent upon forming the bodies and minds of their youth, introduced

these exercises, and annexed honors, in order to prepare the youngest sort for the profession of arms, to confirm their health, to render them strong in close fight, (the use of fire-arms being then unknown,) the strength of body generally decided the victory. It is true, these exercises introduced public Masters, who taught them to young persons, and practicing them with success, made public show and ostentation of their skill. This sort of men applied themselves solely to the practice of this art, and carried it to an excess. They formed it into a kind of science, by the addition of rules and refinements, often challenging each other out of vain emulation, till at length they degenerated into a profession of people, who, without any other employment or merit, exhibited themselves as a sight for public diversion." Our Dancing Masters, (he continues,) are not unlike them, in this respect. He regarded them in his day, (as he did the teachers of the athletic exercises in the latter times in Greece,) a set of degenerated mortals. And I know not that we have any reason for believing that *that* class of men have improved since the days of our historian. And I cannot see that it makes it better, that this class of men, or rather this same system of capering, jumping, and skipping, (called dancing,) should, in its journeyings, have gone to France, and in the great city of Paris, the beau-ideal of all that is *polite*, and then finally make its ways to our shores, over its own sign manual, "FRENCH DANCING MASTER."

I repeat, that I cannot see that these circumstances change it for the better. Let me then ask, if these are the men, these profane men—these, many

of whom, are mere renegades, are these to be the instructors of America's sons and daughters? And, will we, as parents, yea more, as *christian* parents, commit to such men as these, the instruction of our children? Will we voluntarily transfer the training of the little IMMORTALS, with which kind Heaven has blest us, to such hands? And, I ask again, will Christians do this? "O! tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the sons of Philistia rejoice;" lest infidelity triumph; lest "*black lodge*" French infidelity, should again uncover its brawny arm, and with gigantic step sweep over our happy land, and convulse this republic with a revolution, ten fold more fearful than that which brought down the curse of the righteous Jehovah upon the French as a nation.

Having shown how the practice of dancing has been changed from an act of devotion, and been made to subserve the cause of sin, I will now invite your attention to the two cases before spoken of.

The first is recorded Job 21, chap., 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, "wherefore do the *wicked* live, become old, yea are mighty in power; their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children DANCE—they spend their days in mirth." "Therefore they say unto God, depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? And what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" This is doubtless a clear case of dancing for amusement, nor can we

mistake the character of those engaged in it. They are said to be *wicked*; according then, to Job, *that* man or woman is wicked, who, in their acts or influence, exhibit any or all of the following characteristics:

1st. What they say—they say unto *God*, depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. They say what is the Almighty that *we* should serve *Him*? And what profit should we have, if we pray unto *Him*?

2d. What they do—they spend their days in mirth. And last, though not least, their children Dance. Here contempt for God and religion are associated, in God's own book, and by his direction, (the spirit of inspiration,) with pride, luxury, and *dancing for amusement*. And are the persons here described by the patient and pious Job, examples for us? or patterns in their moral character, according to which we shall endeavor to *have* our children trained for usefulness in the world?—for polite society. Is it true, as we sometimes hear, that unless they are thus educated in this school of wickedness, they cannot shine in company? cannot take rank among the *elite*? But let me enquire gravely, are Christians to be duped by such arguments from such men? Shall Christians become so contaminated by the foul breath of these itinerant masses of moral putrefaction, as to permit these tender "olive plants" to be blighted? Will they permit their dear children to inhale the pestiferous effluvium until untold numbers of the fair youth of the land, shall be infected with the moral poison—polluted—ruined—destroyed!

The second case to which you are referred, is recorded in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. 14: 6, 7, 8 vs.; "But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias DANCED before them, and pleased Herod, whereupon he promised, with an oath, to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she being before instructed of her mother, said give me here, John Baptist's head in a charger." This is also a clear case of dancing for amusement.

The fame of John, as the forerunner of Christ, his eccentric and abstemious habits, but above all, his universal popularity, probably induced Herod to desire an interview, supposing, perhaps, that John would flatter him as his vassals were accustomed to do. Instead of this, however, as a true and faithful minister, he reprov'd him for having married his brother Philip's wife, he being yet alive. This exasperated Herod, and he immediately threw John into prison, and had it not been that he feared the people, would have killed him at once. While John was in prison, Herod made a feast to celebrate his birthday. Present on that occasion were his lords, his high captains, and chief men of Galilee. It was before this company, *viz*; in the presence of the prince and his guests, that Salome, Herodias' Daughter, *danced*. He was so delighted with the performance, that he rashly promised to give her whatever she would ask, even to the half of his kingdom. The damsel applied to her mother for instruction. The mother, from the time the Baptist rebuked her and her husband so severely, yet so justly, had been "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and was only waiting an opportunity for revenge.

She therefore directed her fair, delicate, *dancing* daughter, to ask for the bloody boon, the head of this holy man in a charger.

This Herodias, and mother of Miss Philip, was the daughter of Aëstobulus and Bernice, and granddaughter of Herod the Great. Her first marriage was with Herod Philip, her *uncle*, who was the father of Salome, the celebrated *dancer*. Herodias, however, left her husband and lived publicly with Herod Antipas, her brother-in-law, who had before been married to the daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia Petrea. As soon as Aretas understood that Herod had determined to put away his daughter, he prepared to make war on him; the two armies met, and that of Herod was cut to pieces by the Arabians—and this, Josephus says, was supposed to be judgment of God on him, for the murder of John the Baptist. Dr. Adam Clark, in his commentary, thus remarks :

ON THE WHOLE WE MAY OBSERVE,

“that *feasting* and *dancing* are but too commonly the occasions of sin. After so fatal an example as this, can we doubt whether *balls* are not snares for souls, Behold here, ye professedly religious parents, the fruits of what was doubtless called, in those times, *elegant breeding* and *accomplished dancing* ! Fix your eyes on that *vicious mother*, that ruined daughter, and especially on that *murdered ambassador* of God, and then send your children to genteel boarding schools, to learn the *accomplishments* of Dancing ! where the fear of God makes no part of the education.” But do you ask now if Solomon

intended to say there is a "time to dance," as did the wicked family of which Job speaks? and as danced the daughter of Herodias? We answer, he also says, "there is a time to kill;" will any one therefore argue that it is right to kill? or that it may be done as a harmless and innocent amusement? But after all it will be said by some professed christians, and even some ministers: shame! that a minister of Christ should say it! but it will be said; *it has been said!*—that these things are necessary, that nothing is so admirably calculated to develop the physical powers, as the dance, nothing so good amusement for the mind, as the circus and play-house. I lately read a tract written by a MINISTER, upon the "Necessity of Amusements," who, with the help of Phrenology and Swedenborgianism, was enabled to get out some twenty-four pages in defence of what the vicious, the profane, the idle, the profligate, and often the unsuspecting and comparatively innocent—in a word, the irreligious world are already intoxicated with, and almost running crazy after. Howbeit, the author shows a talent worthy of a better cause, and I would kindly suggest that if *that* tract gives an expose of Baron Swedenborg's system of religion, which I learned the author of said tract is now teaching to the good people of Columbus, that he would do well at his earliest convenience to exchange it for a good stock of common sense, which he will find, I doubt not, on trial, will enable him to be much more useful to his fellow-citizens in promoting sound morals, and which would be to him, were he in possession of it, of unspeakable advantage, if practically applied amid the stern realities

of *real* life in this *real* world. For should an Angel from Heaven declare it to the contrary, still proof would be immutable, and a violation of the divine law would be sin. True, we may look for deluded men, and truckling, trimming, time-serving priests, to lend their influence to the powers of darkness, and who, catering to the spirit of the world, say, "Put me in the priest's office that I may have a morsel of bread ;" yet above all, these petty influences, we see hung out the banner of the cross, and on it inscribed, free grace ; then follows, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Then, if we would live with God in Heaven, we should have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. I cannot better sum up what I have attempted to prove than in the following words :

1st. That dancing was a religious act, both in the true and also in the idol worship ;

2d. That it was practiced exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national jubilees, or great victories ;

3d. That it was performed on such great occasions only by one of the sexes ;

4th. That it was performed usually in day-time, in the open air, in highways, fields, and groves ;

5th. That men who perverted dancing from a sacred use, to purposes of amusement, were deemed infamous ;

6th. That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible, in which the two sexes united in the exercise either as an act of worship or amusement ;

Lastly, That there are no instances upon record in

the Bible of social dancing for amusement, except that of "vain fellows," void of shame, alluded to by Michal, of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety, and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash acts of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist. I now leave the subject with you, to determine what is the duty of christian parents; indeed, of all parents to their children, in this matter. Will you give countenance to vice, or will you "be valiant for the truth." It is your privilege as christians and as christian parents, to "rejoice evermore"—to imitate Him who was the embodiment of perfect moral excellence, who never attended a place of mere amusement, "often wept but never laughed."

But let me ask, who are they that are found supporting and patronizing the dance? Is it the man punctual and faithful in all his religious duties? or is it he who has become *cold*, or at least lukewarm, in his zeal for God and *his* cause? consequently, in a great measure, if not wholly lost his spiritual enjoyment, now disposed to seek for pleasure where he has been so often disappointed before. Let his absence from the house of God—from the prudential means of grace—but especially from the Lord's table, answer these questions. Well might the prophet say of such, they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph—they are perfectly at "ease in Zion"—they love pomp and fashion—they, actuated by the spirit of the world, are fond of flattery and ease, and pleasure, and *dancing*, but they care not for the affliction of Joseph—the minister may weep and pray—Zion may be desolate, distracted, torn, but they have no

tears to shed, no prayers to offer—alas! for such *christians*—wo! wo! to them that are at ease in Zion, for God has not called us to ease, but to activity—not to sin, but to holiness. And you, my dear young friends, let me beseech you to avoid all frivolities, which are always useless, and often most injurious. “Come out from among them, and be separate, and I will receive you, and you shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” To His daughters, He says, “Let your adorning be that of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.” To both sons and daughters, He says, “Rejoice ever more, and let this be your rejoicing, the testimony of a good conscience, rejoice that your names are written in Heaven.” To the whole world, He says, “look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved. Be saved from sin, be saved from all desires to seek after sinful amusements of every kind, that you may live soberly, righteously and Godly in this present evil world.” Then shall you be fitted for usefulness in life, a glorious triumph in death, and a happy immortality in Heaven. That we may all live approved of God, and meet at last in the climes of unfading glory, is the prayer of your servant, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

On returning to the city after the close of the camp meeting, the Terre Haute pastor called on a friend, Mr. Jacob D. Early, on which occasion, Mr. Early grasped the hand of the preacher, and with much emotion, said: “Mr. Smith, I heard your sermon at the camp-ground on Sunday afternoon,

and I would give my check for a thousand dollars; yes, I would give ten thousand dollars cash, this morning, if I had religion." To which the preacher replied, "Mr. Early, although you are said to be the wealthiest man in Vigo county, yet, with God, there is no respecter of persons. You cannot purchase the love of God with money, and, if you are ever converted, you must be saved precisely on the same terms as the hired man in your pork-house. You must enter in at the straight gate; for, while salvation is offered to the rich and the poor alike, precisely on the same terms, the Savior hath said: "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and robber." Mr. Early, who was much of a gentleman, and exceedingly kind and liberal in the support of the gospel, was not a member of the church, but, in his general conduct, was an upright, moral man, and stood high in the estimation of the people. He was an ardent whig in politics, and, as in 1848 political excitement was at white heat, the sermon, to which he alluded at the camp-ground, on the previous Sunday afternoon, was preached from the words, "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set our banners."--Psalms xx, 5. Mr. Early, being a little dull in hearing, sat in front of the stand, and, while the preacher alluded to the banners floating over political gatherings, he became much excited; and afterwards wept freely, especially when the preacher grew warm, and described as best he could the "banner of the cross," saying: "This banner is waving over all, not only over this entire camp-ground, but over a world of redeemed sinners."

Among the leading families of our church in Terre Haute at the time, special mention should be made of Jabez Casto and wife, one of whose daughters is now the wife of Rev. Thomas Meredith; Brother and Sister Merry; Dr. George Clippenger, T. C. Buntin, Brothers Copeland, the Hagers, the Evanses, the Hartsocks, the Sibleys, the Nailors, the Jacksons, the Gobins, the Sasseens, the Snyders, the Clivers, the Andersons, the Conns, the Dowlings, and the Silver-mouthed, the Honorable Richard W. Thompson, who with his Christian wife, were among the elite of the city.

At the house of Brother Casto, the pastor's little daughter, seven years of age, and a daughter of Brother Casto, now Mrs. Meredith, with other little girls, were in the habit of holding prayer-meetings among themselves. On one occasion, when the children walked out into the sitting-room, at the close of their prayer-meeting, good Sister Merry had called in, whom the pastor's daughter addressed as follows,—“Sister Merry, are you a Methodist?” “Yes,” said she, “Lizzy, I am a sort of a one.” To which the child replied, “I think you are a sort of a one, or else you wouldn't be wearing ear-rings.” And it may here be added that jewelry was not so much worn by the members of the Methodist church fifty years ago as now.

The quickening forces growing out of the two camp-meetings before mentioned, were deeply felt through the membership of the Methodist church in the city, resulted in a gracious revival, which continued to the close of the conference year.

CHAPTER XVII.

APPOINTED P. E.—THE MEDSKER FAMILY.

On the 6th day of September, 1848, the North Indiana conference met at Greencastle, with Bishop Hamline in the chair, and S. T. Gillette, as secretary. At this conference the pastor of Terre Haute station, who had been elected a member of the board of trustees of the Indiana Asbury University in June of that year, (he has served in that capacity for thirty consecutive years,) was doomed to a great disappointment. He fully expected to be returned to Terre Haute for the second year, but, when the appointments were read out, they stood for the La Fayette district as follows :

John L. Smith, Presiding Elder,
 La Fayette, G. M. Boyd.
 Pittsburg, Benjamin Winans.
 Monticello Mission, Mathew Finemore.
 Rensselaer, S. N. Campbell.
 Harrisonville, James Johnson.
 Independence, J. White, N. E. Manville.
 Williamsport, Ithimar H. Aldrich.
 Perrysville, J. B. DeMotte.
 Newport, Rueben D. Robinson.
 Clinton, George W. Warner.

As soon as possible after the close of the conference, the new presiding elder removed, and settled his family for the year at Perrysville, in Vermilion county. Here he found excellent people and pleasant associations for himself and family ; among whom

may be mentioned the Jones', the McNeil's, the Brown's, the Blair's, the Dunlap's, the Smith's, the Goldsberry's, the Compton's, and Rev. J. B. DeMotte, the stationed preacher, then in his prime, and at his best. He was genial, modest, discreet, upright, and good as he ever has been. His wife was one of the excellent of the earth, and in their noble son, Professor J. B. DeMotte, the family name continues to be borne on with increasing luster. Most of the people then living, are now (1892) enjoying their reward in Heaven. Brother McNeil, his good wife, and their two sons, yet live and are still faithful and on their way to the final reward of the saints.

The first quarterly meeting held by the presiding elder was at what was then called Big Pine Church, now Pine Village. Here he found the Medsker's, who had moved to Indiana from Green County, Ohio. Jacob Medsker, at the time named, though about eighty years of age, was still active in the church. He had owned a little corn-mill on Caesar's creek in Ohio, where he formerly lived. To this mill, when a boy, the writer was frequently sent on horseback with a grist of corn. On one occasion, while waiting his turn, which was nearly a whole day, he was invited by the old gentleman to go up to the house with him to dinner. There he found Mother Medsker spinning flax on a little wheel, and, for the first time in his life, heard the story from her, with its signification, of what is known as ground hog day. They were good, honest, German people, and enthusiastic Methodists.

A few weeks after the time just mentioned, the writer attended a quarterly meeting in Xenia, Ohio,

where Rev. James B. Finley was present as presiding elder. At this meeting, among many others of the older Methodist people, father Medsker arose and spoke in the love-feast, and, turning to Mr. Finley, he said, "Brother Finley, you remember what times we use to have when we were young men together, drinking, fighting and carousing on Sunday as well as any other time. How well," said he "do I remember when you and John B. had that awful fight at New Market in Highland county"—brother Medsker was not telling how the trouble ended, but the presiding elder spoke out and said, "Yes, I remember it very well, and I remember another thing about it—I remember I whipped the fellow." At this love-feast another incident occurred of a much more novel and serious character. Hon. John A., ex-member of congress, who had very recently joined the church on probation, whose wife was a most excellent Christian lady, arose and spoke as follows: "politics is ruining the church" (the parties then were Whigs and Democrats.) Mr. A. was a pronounced Democrat, and Rev. J. B. Finley an enthusiastic Whig. Mr. A. continued,—“for instance, Brother Finley rode into town on Friday afternoon, and refused to put up at my house because I was a Democrat.” “That’s a lie,” responded Finley; to which Mr. A. replied, “I say it’s a fact”; and Mr. F. rejoined, “I say it is false, and now, sir, if you have any religious experience to tell, let us have it, but as to your lugging politics in this lovefeast, it cannot be done.” Mr. A.—“I will talk as I please, sir.” Mr. Finley—“Sit down sir.” Mr. A.—“I’ll sit down when I get ready.” Mr. F. then gathered up a large hickory

cane and started from the pulpit towards Mr. A., whereupon Mr. A. seated himself, and so ended this strange episode. But stranger still to tell, after all had occurred, of which mention has been made in this connection, the meeting wound up, not only with a shout, but with a general hand-shaking and good feeling; and none met more cordially to greet each other than the irate ex-congressman and the tender hearted Finley.

Returning to the presiding elder's first quarterly meeting at Big Pine. There were three generations of the Medskers; besides whom there were the Sales', the Little's, the Anderson's, and many others equally worthy who have passed on before. Time and space would fail to mention Benjamin Whitcomb, with his noble son John; Esquire Rush and Ryerson, with many others on Clinton circuit; On Newport circuit were brother Zener and family, brother Sexton, William Hall, and his cultured daughter, who married Rev. Luther T. Woodward, and were transferred to Oregon; the Porter's the Collett's, (the wife of Joseph Collett was the daughter of Governor Tiffin, of Ohio,) the Nailor family at Eugene, where the first Methodist church was built above Vincennes, on the Wabash, and dedicated by the Rev. James Armstrong. The father of the Naylor family assisted Mr. Armstrong, as the leading member of the church at Eugene, at the dedication. His honored son, Mr. Wilson Nailor, is now one of the wealthy and substantial citizens of the city of Terre Haute, who, with his good wife, stood by the presiding elder and the preacher-in-charge, in building the second, and still standing church, to take the place in Eu-

gene of the first church, as mentioned above.

On Independence circuit lived the grand old Methodist families as follow : the Boyers, the Johnsons, the Moores, the Vantattas, the Daughertys, Rev. Hackaliah Vredenburg, the Sappingtons, the Fosters. Of the Foster family, is the noble wife of Rev. C. N. Simms D. D., an Indiana boy, now Chancellor of Syracuse University, New York.

In the city of LaFayette lived William, Robert, Joshua, and Ralph Heath, and their families, the Fords, the Samples, the Welles, the Stockwells, the Jones, the Seversons, and many others of the faithful sons and daughters of the Lord. The wife of the distinguished Rev. Dr. McMullen was the daughter of Robert Heath, and this elect lady still lives, the pride of her husband and a benediction to her noble sons and amiable daughters.

In the fall of 1849 the Annual conference was held in the city of Logansport, Bishop Waugh presiding ; and Delphi circuit was added to the charges in LaFayette district, and the presiding elder was reappointed. Soon after conference, he removed his family and settled in LaFayette.

In the summer of 1850 a camp-meeting was held on Poolsville circuit, near the residence of Brother Thomas Boyer. The sweet singer and lovable Brother, William F. Wheeler, was the preacher-in-charge.

In those days it was the standing order at camp-meetings for the men and women to sit apart in the congregation. The Sabbath was a beautiful day and thousands gathered on the sacred ground. In the afternoon of that day, and just after the presid-

ing elder had announced that there should be no intrusion or violation of the order, a certain celebrated rowdy, C. W. by name, arose, walked across the central aisle, and seated himself on the women's side. The elder, who was busy at the altar services, said to Brother D, "Go and remove that fellow" (referring to the rowdy) Brother D. approached W., spoke to him kindly, requesting him to take a seat on his own side among the men. W. at once opened one side of his vest, and exhibited the handle of a dirk, which he carried in his side pocket; at this Brother D. was alarmed, and returned to the stand for help. The P. E. said to Brother D. "You remain here and help with the meeting and I will go and take care of the young man." W., seeing the movement, arose and stood immediately in the rear of several ladies who were dressed in white, and commenced spitting tobacco juice on the folds of their dresses. As the P. E. approached him, he clenched his hands behind him and around the limb of a tree by which he stood. The P. E. laid one arm around his neck and with the other hand loosed the hands of the rowdy, took him on his hip and started to go outside of the camp-ground. Meanwhile W. commenced plying the heels of his brogans against the lower limbs of his antagonist. The P. E. did not intend to strike, or in any way harm him, but, seeing proper to swing himself around with W. under his arm he let him go, and he happened to fall with his head against the end of one of the logs upon which the seats rested. He lay there and trembled for a few moments, in a state of unconsciousness, but soon revived, and, as he arose,

an officer, who was passing by, arrested him and took him before the Justice of the peace, where he was fined five dollars. His rowdy friends made up a purse and paid the fine ; and united to organize a force for the purpose of an attack at night-fall on the worshipers in camp. In order to prevent further trouble, the writer, before night, mounted a boy on a horse and dispatched a note to the sheriff of the county, who arrived on the ground before the time set by the rowdies for the attack. Just as the P. E. had presumed it would be, the presence of the sheriff was all that was needed, to quiet the fellows of the baser sort, and no further disturbance occurred. Many precious souls now in Heaven, and others on their way thither, date their conversion to that camp-meeting. It was a grand success. The grandest revival, however, of that conference year, took place in the city of LaFayette, under the leadership of Rev. Thomas S. Webb, of precious memory, where over three hundred souls were brought to Christ. During the latter part of that year, a lot was purchased and the preliminary arrangements made for the organization of the society, and the building of a new house of worship, to be called the Eastern Charge, now Ninth Street.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOVES TO LAPORTE.—“OLD VIRGINIANS.”

In the fall of 1850 the conference was held at Cambridge City, Bishop Janes presiding. Here the writer was among his old friends and former parishioners, where he had labored two years, from 1842 to 1844. Rev. Joseph Marsee had served four years as presiding elder (a full term) on the Crawfordsville district; and Rev. John Daniel, for the same time, on the LaPorte district. The bishop felt that the easy and natural thing to do, was to exchange these two brethren; but Brother Daniel preferred to go into the station work rather than continue as presiding elder. He was therefore appointed to Fifth Street, LaFayette; and Brother Webb, to the Eastern charge. Brother Marsee, who was reared in Southern Kentucky, had a terrible dread of the LaPorte district, on account, as he said, of the Lake winds. This dread worked upon the good man until he became quite despondent at the idea of going to Northern Indiana. The people of LaFayette district, so far as known, expected that, as a matter of course, their P. E. would be returned for the third, and most likely for the fourth year; but his sympathy was fully aroused as a young man for Brother Marsee, who was old and gray headed. And so in a private interview with the bishop, he said to him, “Bishop, if you think it wise or best I might suggest a plan which will relieve the case.” “How is

that, Brother Smith?" the bishop asked eagerly. The answer was, "Give Brother Marsee my district, and I will go to LaPorte; for, I assure you, I am not afraid of that hyperborean region, as Brother Marsee thinks it is." The bishop responded, "That certainly is very kind, and I honor any young and strong man like yourself that is willing to give place and preference to an older brother, already beginning to show the infirmities of age. At the next meeting of the cabinet the bishop divulged to the presiding elders the new plan, at which Brother Marsee was deeply affected. He arose from his chair, came around, and with much emotion, spoke as follows: "Oh, Brother Smith, I always did love you, but I never loved you half so well as I do now; it was kind of you to be willing to go to LaPorte, opening the way for me to go to LaFayette, which is just as far north as I ever want to go."

The work in the North for the year, 1850, stood as follows :

LAPORTE DISTRICT.

John L. Smith, Presiding Elder.

Laporte, William Graham.

Michigan City Mission, James C. Reed.

Crown Point, Abraham Carey.

Valparaiso, Franklin Taylor.

Union, Daniel F. Stright.

Kingsbury Mission, Levi Moore.

Byron, Nicholas E. Manville.

Whitehall, Abraham Salisbury.

South Bend, Elam S. Preston.

Mishawaka, John R. Tansy.

St. Joseph's Mission, Isaac Dean.

The town of LaPorte and a considerable portion of Door Prairie, in LaPorte county, was settled by Virginians, most of whom, were from Lynchburg, or Campbell county. Among these was the distinguished Old Virginia gentleman, Gustavus Adolphus Rose, M. D., his most excellent Christian wife and family. Two of the daughters were married respectively to James Walker and his brother Benjamin. David G. Rose, the eldest son, was at that time the wealthiest man in LaPorte county, and was married to a sister of the Walkers above mentioned. Adolphus Rose, junior, died, while a student at Asbury University, in Greencastle. Another son, Landon, became, as was his father, a distinguished physician. Another brother, Heber, who for some time was in college at Greencastle, received training in business as a merchant. For some years he was auditor of LaPorte county; he married a Miss Early of LaPorte—a cultured, Christian young lady, and some years after, removed and settled in Carthage, Mo. They were present during the commencement at DePauw university in June, 1891, where they had the pleasure of witnessing the graduating exercises of their eldest daughter, who had gone through the regular classical course, and who was said to be a very superior Latin scholar. Miss Early, afterwards Mrs. Rose, was a relative of the celebrated Rev. John Early, of Lynchburg, Virginia, who, after 1844, became a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. Dr. Rose, senior, was a great admirer of Rev. Mr. Early. During the year 1851, the Doctor visited his old home at Lynchburg, renewing his former friend-

ships among his old neighbors, and especially with Rev. Mr. Early. Soon after his return from Virginia to his home in LaPorte, he was taken sick and became quite reduced. During his sickness, the stationed preacher, Rev. William Graham, and the new presiding elder of the district, visited the venerable doctor. The sick man commenced speaking in very high terms of his old friend, Bishop Early, and, addressing his callers, said, "Ah! gentlemen, he's a giant oak," when the pastor, Brother Graham, not understanding the doctor distinctly, leaned forward, inquiring, "What did you say doctor, a giant ox?" The doctor, in a quaint, half-sarcastic way, answered, "O a-k, oak, sir. Elder, I presume you haven't had your dinner to-day as your mind seems to be running on the meat question."

Brother Tausy at Mishawaka that year, was blessed with a wonderful revival. Among those converted and brought into the church was a Mrs. Pomroy, a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. She occupied a beautiful home, and, her husband being absent in California, she rented a part of her house to the Methodist pastor and his family. Her rector, learning that she had made a profession of religion among the methodists, called upon her, to inquire why she was attending the meetings of another church, saying, among other things, "I hope you will not disgrace yourself and the church in which you were born and confirmed by leaving and going into the Methodist church?" To all of which the good woman replied: "Mr. W., I have lived in this town for years; you have never called at our house till now; true, I was confirmed in

the Episcopal church, but I have now realized that confirmation is not Scriptural conversion, since, among the Methodists, I have found pardon and peace, and become, 'in the language of the New Testament, 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' My arrangement is to give my hand to Brother Tansy and my name to the Methodist church; for since God has honored the Methodist people, and Methodist preaching, as instruments for my conversion, I will honor God, and myself and family, by uniting with that church on next Sunday." She did so, and became an active worker; and in her changed life, and through her Christian example, accomplished great good, especially among the young people in the community.

At the session of the conference at Cambridge City, South Bend was fixed upon as the place of meeting in 1851. Rev. Elam S. Preston, the pastor, was a good man, but, on account of physical weakness, was not able to accomplish all that needed to be done. The Methodists of the place then worshipped in a little weather-beaten, old frame church, in the north-west quarter of the town, which went by the name of "The Old Saw-mill." In view of the fact that the conference would hold its next session in South Bend, and for other good reasons the presiding elder determined to assist Brother Preston, by stirring up the pure minds of the people, to erect a new church for their own better accommodation and that of the next conference session. Among the leading people of the church at that time in South Bend were the Brownfields, the Samples, the Tutts, the Monsons, the Stovers, the

Lewis, the Greens, the Wilingtons, the Bakers, the Hackneys, and others equally worthy. The presiding elder spent about two weeks with Brother Preston in working the matter up, and securing subscriptions. The trustees not yet consenting to build a church at all, but finally said that, while they were satisfied a church could not be built, yet, if the preacher and presiding elder would raise a good subscription of five thousand dollars, they would agree then to take hold and help what they could. The church was built. Rev. Dr. Lucien W. Berry, then president of the Indiana Asbury university, at the united request of preacher, presiding elder, and board of trustees, dedicated the new brick structure on the Sabbath next preceding the opening of the conference session, and every dollar of the remaining debt was fully provided for. The present stately First Methodist church of South Bend, stands to-day on the same lot which the new church occupied. Through the efforts, and under the immediate supervision, of Rev. William Graham, a handsome brick church was also being erected at LaPorte, which, when finished, was the best church in the north. Since that time changes have been made, additions completed; and, through the efficient labors of different pastors, from time to time, the LaPorte church has been *much* improved; but especially through the skillful management and perseverance of Rev. S. P. Colvin, it has been adorned and beautified within the last year or two, and now stands a commodious and handsome house of worship.

The LaPorte district at that time embraced all

the territory between the Kankakee river and Lake Michigan, reaching from near Bristol in the east to the Illinois line in the west. At the date referred to there was great excitement among the people of Ohio and Indiana on the one side and the people of Michigan on the other, concerning the State Line dividing the first two from the latter. The trouble between these States was over a strip of land six miles in width, the Michigan people contending that the strip belonged to their State, and the people of Ohio and Indiana fully satisfied that in this their Michigan friends were mistaken. The contest eventually grew so warm that many of the common people believed it would take a bloody war to settle the question. After the question was settled in favor of Ohio and Indiana an amusing incident occurred. At the quarterly meeting held by the presiding elder within the bounds of the disputed territory, he was invited to dine at a farm house during the meeting, and listened with no little interest as the good woman of the house rehearsed her troubles during the war of words between the contending parties for the land. She closed the narration by telling the P. E. how happy she was when the question was finally settled; for, said she, "I tell you, elder, if, in settling that question, the line had been placed south of us, in which case we should have been left in the state of Michigan, I said to my husband, we wouldn't stay on this farm another day." "And why?" asked the elder with great animation. "Because," she said, "I have always heard that Michigan was such a sickly State!"

CHAPTER XIX.

BISHOPS ELECTED—THE PEW QUESTION.

The Conference was held in the new church at South Bend in 1851, Bishop Thomas A. Morris presiding. At this conference the following persons were admitted on trial, viz: Benjamin Smith, Lucas Nebeker, David Dunham, Charles Ketcham, John O'Neal, Moses Mark, Nelson Gillam, Wiley P. Watkins, Nelson L. Brakeman, Jacob Pearce, John W. Welsh, Moses Wood, William E. Hines, Philip F. Millnor, James Black, Samuel Godfrey, Abram C. Barnhart, William T. Smith, Charles Jones, James Armstrong, William H. Metts, James Spinks, William Youngker, Evan Snyder, and Thomas Colclazer.

During the conference a circus show was held in the town and it was reported that one of the young men just admitted on trial, had attended the circus, and otherwise amused himself by playing marbles with the boys on the streets. Dr. Henry C. Benson, now and for some years, of California, on the second or third day of the conference moved that the motion be reconsidered by which that young man was admitted on trial. The presiding elder asked for time to see the young man and talk with him before the conference took action; other brothers became impatient and desired to act at once. And had the vote then been taken, it was very evident to the presiding elder that the young man alluded to, would have been then and there discontinued. At

the earnest solicitation of the presiding elder the further consideration of the subject was postponed until the next day.

The election of delegates to the General conference, the dividing of the North Indiana Conference, setting off the west half of the territory to be called the Northwest Indiana Conference, and other pressing and important subjects being brought forward for consideration, just as the presiding elder had hoped, the question of disposing of the young man was overlooked and forgotten. And at this writing (1892), of all the twenty-five persons then admitted on trial he is the only one now on the effective list in the Northwest Indiana conference. He has proved himself to be one of the most logical, eccentric, and eloquent men in the conference. And to-day, for argument, quick perception, readiness in repartee, and dazzling oratory, is regarded as the peer of any man in any profession in the State of Indiana.

At this conference Isaac M. Stagg was located for unacceptability. This was done by a simple vote of the conference without any formal trial. Brother Stagg's friends insisting that the action was contrary to the law of the church, the case was carried up to the General conference which met at Boston in 1852, and was there reversed. See General Conference Journals, pages 18, 57, 58.

The conference at South Bend, by a large majority, decided in favor of dividing the conference as before alluded to above. It was accordingly done at the ensuing General conference. And the arrangements were made that the North Indiana

should meet in the city of Ft. Wayne ; Northwest Indiana, at Terre Haute.

The election of delegates from the two conferences in Indiana, that year, resulted as follows :—Indiana conference : Mathew Simpson, William M. Daily, Edward R. Ames, James Havens, Elijah Whitten, and Lucian W. Berry ; North Indiana : George M. Beswick, William H. Goode, Samuel T. Gillett, John L. Smith, Joseph Marsee, and John Dannel.

The General conference met in Bromfield-street church, in the city of Boston, on the first day of May, 1852. By the death of Bishop Hedding and the resignation of Bishop Hamline, there were but three Bishops remaining, viz., Waugh, Morris, and Janes. On the fourth day of the session a committee was appointed to make suitable arrangements for Bishop Hedding's funeral, consisting of L. Clark, N. Bangs, D. Webb, A. Griffith, and J. Porter. Accordingly on May 13, Bishop Waugh, the then senior bishop, delivered the funeral discourse in memory of Bishop Hedding ; which, by order of the General conference, was afterwards published by the book agents at New York.

On the tenth day of the session, the superintendents presented a communication from Bishop Hamline, tendering his resignation of the Episcopal office, which was read ; also, a letter from his physicians, which was read. His parchment of ordination was also presented. These documents were referred to the committee on episcopacy ; and on the next day the committee made their report as follows :

“Whereas it has pleased Almighty God deeply to afflict our beloved Bishop Hamline, and whereas he

has been laid aside from active service thereby ; therefore,

“*Resolved*, 1. That we sincerely sympathize with our beloved Superintendent in his affliction.

“*Resolved*, 2. That, after having fully examined his administration for the last four years, his administration and character be, and hereby are, approved.

“Whereas, Bishop Hamline has tendered his resignation in the following language, to-wit :—‘And now, I think that the circumstances warrant my declining the office. Eight years ago, I felt that Divine Providence had strangely called me to the office. I now feel that the same Providence permits me to retire. I therefore tender my resignation, and request to be released from my official responsibilities, as soon as the way is prepared by the Episcopal committee.’ Therefore,

“*Resolved*, 3. That the resignation of Bishop Hamline of his office as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, be, and the same hereby is, accepted.

“All which is respectfully submitted,

“P. P. SANFORD, Chairman.

“Boston, May 11, 1852.”

We have always had a minority in our church and in the General conference, who adhere to the doctrine, “Once a bishop always a bishop.” This view of the subject was, and it is believed, now is, the view maintained by at least a large majority of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Fortunately for the Methodist Episcopal

Church in the United States of America, Bishop Hamline despoiled the charm of that mischievous notion, and settled the question forever so far as the Methodist Episcopal church is concerned. All honor to Bishop Hamline, who not only broke that spell, but showed himself to be, in his resignation, perfectly consistent with the Rev. Dr. Leonides L. Hamline, in his great speech at the General conference at New York in 1844. Albeit at least one of our bishops of later years, now deceased, held the doctrine that Methodist Episcopacy was in the regular line of succession from Erasmus down to the present day. But the action of the General conference in 1852, in accepting the resignation of the good bishop, clearly defined the position of the church. When the yeas and nays of that body were called, it was found that there were 161 in favor of accepting the resignation, and ten opposed to its acceptance. And it is now believed, that the number of the minority party, during the last forty years, has been growing beautifully less by degrees; and it is to be hoped that, in the not distant future, the sentiment, "once a bishop, always a bishop," will be numbered with the figments of the dark ages, or relegated to the sea of oblivion. In this connection it may be added that this writer is fully convinced that there is a growing sentiment, in the church, not only opposed to everything that looks in the direction of the establishing of an heirarchy in Methodism, but, on the contrary, in favor of such changes in the present status of the episcopacy as will bring it into harmony with the otherwise systematic, and symmetri-

cal polity of Methodism; so as to put the office of bishop in a relation of harmony with all other positions elective by the General conference quadrennially. Indeed many of the preachers, and not a few of the people, believe that, when a bishop through age, or otherwise, is no longer *effective*, he should drop back as a superannuated member of an Annual conference; and that he and his family, in their support, should prorate with other worn-out preachers, widows and orphans, just as he would do, had he never been a bishop. Methodist episcopacy is an office, as the presiding eldership is an office; and why should it be considered any more disreputable for the worn-out bishop to become a superannuated member of an Annual conference than for the presiding elder?

During the General conference in Boston in 1852, one of the leading questions brought before that body,—a question of absorbing interest,—was that of the introduction of instrumental music, family sittings, and pews into our churches. New England was arrayed on one side in favor of pews, family sittings and instrumental music in the churches, the South was solid in opposition; while many in the middle States were also bitterly opposed to what was regarded as a most mischievous innovation. Rev. John S. Inskip, who had partially introduced that innovation into his congregation at Dayton, Ohio, was censured by a committee; and he appealed to the General conference. The delegations from Indiana—rather mild mannered men—were not disposed to great activity on either side of the question. Strange as it may seem to many at

the present day, this question entered largely into the matter of the election of bishops. The name of Mathew Simpson, from the beginning of the conference, was frequently and favorably mentioned in connection with the episcopacy, and there seemed to be a studied effort to have him commit himself one way or the other on the pew question. While the discussion was going on in reference to the erecting of a metropolitan church at Washington, D. C., Dr. Simpson took the floor, delivering a handsome and impressive speech winding up his remarks in something like the following manner: "Mr. President, I would be glad to see a church in Washington City, a representative church of our beloved Methodism, where the people from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, might gather and hear the gospel of the Son of God. I think that, that building in all its appointments, in architectural taste, in beauty of finish, and in all other respects should be a model. It ought to be at least equal to this beautiful church in which we are gathered, and I would be satisfied if it should be such a beautiful temple and in all respects equal to this magnificent structure." Then closing, in his impassioned style, in these words, pointing to the pews: "Save these bonds."

During the session of the conference, George M. Beswick and J. L. Smith did themselves a pleasure by visiting Old Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620, and spent a Sabbath with the good people of that ancient city. Mr. Smith preached in the morning and Brother Beswick exhorted. At

night B. preached and S. exhorted. Towards the close of the exhortation, the choir in the end gallery commenced tuning up their bass-fiddles and their violins, getting ready for the closing of the services. The exhorter seeing this, and growing somewhat warm in his talk, walked down out of the high pulpit, and noticing on his right hand a Christian woman apparently under deep emotion, said: "Sister, it is reported out West, that if any one down East were to get so happy in the Lord as to shout his praises, that such person would likely be put into a straight-jacket and sent to the lunatic asylum." By the time these words were spoken the good woman was audibly praising the Lord, and was immediately answered back by a brother on the left, when the exhorter struck up the old tune of Greenfield, singing the words of John Newton, commencing, "How tedious and tasteless the hour." The choir, be it spoken to their credit, laid down the "fiddle and the bow," and sang lustily with the congregation the time-honored hymn. At the close of this service a very remarkable incident occurred. The writer was approached by a tall, spare man with unshaven face, his pendant beard more than a foot in length. It was very uncommon in those days to see a man of respectability in society, wearing a long beard. And when the stranger said to the writer "I want you to go home with me," the latter stood, not exactly knowing in what manner to reply to this invitation; when the stranger, observing his hesitation, said: "I am a sailor and my wife here," pointing to a woman at his side, "is a good Christian, but I am a poor miserable lost sinner."

To this, answer was made,—“If you are a sailor, I will go home with you” On reaching the sailor’s humble home, he opening a door of a closet brought out about a peck of beautiful sea-shells, remarking: “These I gathered on the coast of Chili and I wish to give them to you.” To which the recipient replied, “My dear sir, I thank you most kindly.” He then stepped into another room and brought out a very handsome walking cane, remarking: “Our ship was once becalmed at Cape Horn for about six weeks. There was not enough wind to flap a sail. This cane I made from a whale’s jaw-bone, and the head of the cane out of a whale’s tusk; and, as you see, it is carved in what we sailors call a double walled-knot. I had no tools to work with but a jack-knife and pieces of broken glass, and I want you, with the shells, to accept the cane also as a present.” The writer deeply impressed by the kindly spirit of the man, responded, “My friend, you overwhelm me, and I know not how to recompense you for your generosity to one whom you never met until to-night.” “Yes,” said the sailor, by this time much agitated, “you can, and all I ask of you is to pray for me.” These last words were spoken in a tremulous voice, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and with which his good wife was manifestly in perfect sympathy. “Well,” said the writer, “My friend, there will never be a better time to pray than now,” and suiting the action to the word, went down on his knees with this man and his wife, where they together wrestled with the Lord in earnest prayer. After which a hymn was sung and earnest words of encouragement spoken

to the sailor and his wife. The parting came, since which time no word has been heard from the sailor and his wife; but the Indiana delegate confidently expects to meet them around the "great white throne."

On Monday morning, after viewing Plymouth Rock and securing a specimen, the visitors took a stroll through the ancient burying ground; where many of the tomb-stones were rude specimens, gathered up from the adjacent forest, with no marks of the stone-mason's chisel upon them excepting the rough lettering of name, date of birth, and death of the departed. One of these stones especially attracted the attention of the visitors. It was in memory of a Christian women, a wife and mother; and after giving the ordinary dates, were roughly chiseled these words: "SHE MADE HOME HAPPY." In the afternoon of that Monday, the wandering delegates returned to Boston, the seat of the General conference.

On the 25th day of the session of the conference, the election of four bishops having been made the order of the day, Henry Slicer, G. W. Walker and C. K. True were appointed tellers, and the result of the first ballot was thus announced: Levi Scott, Mathew Simpson, Osman C. Baker, and Edward R. Ames, having received a majority of all the votes, are duly elected bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Simpson and his good wife, had private apartments at the hotel, and in the evening of the day of the election, the bishop elect, invited a few select friends to take tea with Mrs. Simpson and

himself. This writer was one of the invited guests. At the tea-table, after mutual congratulations, the bishop said: "This day has the words of the prophet been fulfilled." "Which" (eagerly inquired half a dozen or more of the guests,) "is the prophet referred to?" "No other than Brother John L. Smith," replied the bishop. He proceeded to relate an incident which the writer had entirely forgotten, saying: "In 1846, after the close of our college commencement, Brother Smith and I took a stroll in the forest near Greencastle. Seated on the blue-grass, in the shade of a large tree, and taking a good rest, we indulged in a free talk over the matters which had transpired, both in the meetings of the board of trustees and the graduating exercises. Brother Smith spoke out and said: 'The spirit of prophecy has come upon me.' I answered "Son of man prophecy.'" He then proceeded as follows,—'Two years hence you will be a member of the General conference which is to meet in Pittsburg, Pa. In 1852 you will lead the delegation of the Indiana conference; and at that conference from two to four bishops will be elected, and Mathew Simpson will be one of that number; and so, Brother S. continued, 'I expect to live to see the day when I shall no longer address you as Dr. Simpson, or President Simpson, but I shall then address you as Bishop Simpson, claiming also, in our private relation and sacred friendship, still to say, Brother Simpson.'" As Bishop Simpson was one of the best of men, as well as one of the ablest bishops that ever blessed the Methodist church, so also, in the estimation of the writer of these pages, he stood, in his deep de-

votion, burning eloquence, and sublime pathos, next to the Apostle Paul as a gospel preacher.

At this General conference provision was made for establishing a church paper in the city of Chicago. James V. Watson was elected editor of the new paper with J. L. Smith a member of the publishing committee.

After the close of the conference, and on the return of the North Indiana delegates, a serious railroad accident occurred. At about half past twelve o'clock at night, some miscreant having broken a switch-lock, the train was run into a gravel bank. The fireman and engineer were killed, yet few of the passengers were hurt.

A little before the accident, when almost all the passengers seemed sound asleep, excepting two persons, one of whom was a very intelligent woman, who showed herself to be a very decided Calvinist in doctrine, the other was the writer. In the course of the conversation she maintained, among other things, that her doctrine was greatly superior to the doctrine as taught by Methodist preachers. "For instance," said she, "you people are always uneasy more or less for fear of an accident, as you call it, will happen." "Now with me," she continued, "there are no accidents, for if it is decreed that I am to die in my bed at home, that decree can't be changed; or, if I am to be drowned, or killed in a railroad accident, the matter is all fixed and I give myself no concern about it; for I feel just as safe this moment, on this car, as I would feel sitting in a rocking chair at home in my own parlor." Just at that moment the car in which the disputants were seated, fell over on

its side. The lights (then made of lard oil) were all out in a moment, but there seemed to be no confusion in the car; nobody screamed, but, as the writer went forward to open the car door and found it difficult to open, the Calvinistic lady became nervous, saying, "Let me out of here! open the door and let me out of here!" The preacher, with whom she had been conversing, said to her, in as quiet a way as possible, "Madam, are you not just as safe here as you would be seated in your rocking chair at home in your own parlor?" to which she answered excitedly, "I say, let me out of here!" "But," responded the other, "can you not trust the Lord?" "Yes, yes," said she, "I can trust the Lord, but I can trust the Lord better out of here than I can inside; let me out!" This little episode, even at that critical moment, excited a good deal of amusement among those who heard the earnest words of the good woman.

Looking back for a moment to Boston, and to the discussion of the pew question, this writer, though reared in the strictest sect of old-fashioned Methodism, had, before leaving for the General conference, through a singular incident at a quarterly meeting, at a certain town in his district, been wonderfully toned down, not to say radically changed, and brought out from under his deep prejudices against pews, instrumental music, etc., in churches; so that, during the discussion in the General conference, he felt very little interested. This change in his feelings, was brought about in the following manner: Mishawaka, four miles from South Bend, and like the latter, situated on the left bank of the

St. Joseph River, was settled mainly by people from New England, and it was frequently called the Yankee town of the North. The good people of that place had recently thoroughly repaired the church, refitted and numbered the pews, selling them out at public auction ; they had also organized a choir, put an organ in the church, and in all particulars made it as nearly as possible to correspond with the houses of worship among the Methodists in their native New England. The presiding elder, though he had not committed himself to any person by saying he would not preach in a Methodist church where the pews were sold, and choir and instrumental music introduced, had within himself determined that he would not and could not conscientiously ever contenance such an innovation with his official sanction as presiding elder. There lived at the time alluded to, in the town of Mishawaka, a sister Griffin, who was noted far and near as a devoted, cultured, and highly intellectual Christian woman.

The quarterly meeting came on, occupying a Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday morning the presiding elder preached, but the choir was not present, nor was the organ used ; and so it was again on Saturday evening at the public services. The love-feast was held at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, conducted by the pastor, while the presiding elder sat in the pulpit, in deep thought, communing with his own soul, as to what course he should pursue at the public services at half past ten o'clock. Should he denounce the selling or renting of pews in the Methodist church ? Should he deliberately forbid the use of the instrument and the singing by the

choir? Or what should he do in this dilemma? The spiritual thermometer was rapidly rising in the love-feast, and almost all, including the elder, was participating in the enjoyment of the blessed spirit that seemed to pervade the beautifully refitted church. At that moment the good woman, Sister Griffin, arose to speak, in the use of the following words: "Oh, Brethern and Sisters, even my visions of the past night overpower my soul with the sense of the goodness of God. I thought over with deepest gratitude what he was doing for us in Mishawaka,—that now we had a place to worship which would be a standing reminder of our childhood church-home; but, my joys were doubly great, if possible, this morning, when, for the first time the peals of our church bell rang out the sweet invitation to us all to come to the house of the Lord and bear witness to his goodness; and when I remember, that now, for the first time after so many years in this new country, we should have the unspeakable pleasure of listening to an organized choir, and the sweet tones of the organ; and, the grandest of all, in a church where each family has its own pew, bought and paid for, and where we can go with the husband at one end of the pew and the wife and mother at the other, with their dear little ones sitting between them; then, overcome with God's goodness and with the spirit of gratitude, more than I can tell, I said to my husband in the presence of my children, 'Oh pray and thank the Lord that we have lived to see the day, when, in the wilds of the Western country we can once more enjoy the beauties and blessings of *old-fashioned Methodism*.'" The presiding elder,

in his musings repeated to himself her closing phrase, "old-fashioned Methodism," and asked himself, "What is old-fashioned Methodism to me?" to which he answered, "It is a simple frame church in Old Virginia, innocent of paint inside and out, a high box pulpit, slab benches without backs,—the men with round-breasted coats and broad-brimmed hats—the women in very plain, though neat, attire, with plain black silk bonnets,—the preacher lining out the hymn, and as soon as through with his sermon, coming down out of the pulpit, with class-book and pencil in hand, calling the names of the members from the list, speaking to each member of the class present, marking the absentees, and finally winding up with shouts and halleluiahs." "With me what is 'old-fashioned Methodism' in the West? It is preaching in cabins, on puncheon floors, with a split-bottom chair in front of the preacher, upon the top round of which he rested the family bible until after reading his text, closing the book, and laying it down on the chair, preaching his sermon, meeting the class, and off again on horse-back to his next appointment. But what is 'old-fashioned Methodism' to Sister Griffin? It is a neat and handsomely painted house of worship, surmounted with steeple and bell, a quartette choir, a high-sounding organ, pews sold out or rented, together with family sittings. Now the question is, How is this matter to be settled? Shall I, taking counsel of my early education and prejudices in this behalf, raise a storm, and perhaps break up the church in Mishawaka, in order to carry out *my* notions of 'old-fashioned Methodism?' or, shall I gracefully yield to good

Sister Griffin and the other good people?" Following the dictates of his better judgment, as he has always believed, under the leadings of the Spirit, no vestige of the foolish and unfounded prejudice of his early life, has governed him for a moment. And so it is not so remarkable that he felt little concerned at General conference in the animated and heated discussion upon the pew question.

To close this chapter, one other instance touching the General conference in Boston may be given. The Unitarians in that city had erected a magnificent church on Hanover Street,—costing some seventy-five to ninety thousand dollars, and had mounted near the top of the spire, a huge gilded chandelier. Finding their people unable to pay for the church, it was sold to the Methodist people for about forty thousand dollars. On a Sunday afternoon, during the session of the General conference, a sacramental service appointed in that church was largely attended both by ministers and people. Walking down to the church in company with a clerical-looking gentleman, and supposing he was a Methodist preacher, and also a resident of the city, this writer inquired of the brother, "What do you suppose was the object or purpose of putting that big rooster up so high that everybody could see it?" then, not waiting for the gentleman to answer the question, the inquirer himself answered—"Oh, I just this moment think how it was; the architect, who must have been an orthodox Christian, put it there I presume in order to remind the Unitarians that, like Peter, they had denied their Lord," little thinking while indulging in these remarks, that, as he after-

wards learned, he was not only conversing with a Unitarian preacher, but with the identical man who had been the settled pastor in that church before it was sold to the Methodists.

CHAPTER XX.

CARTRIGHT, FINLEY, COOPER,

Organization of the Northwest Indiana Conference, 1852, at Terre Haute, Ind., Bishop Osman C. Baker presiding.

The conference began on the eighth day of September. The month of September was dry and warm ; yet our new bishop, having heard such horrible stories about Wabash chills and fevers, had provided himself with heavy overshoes, the better to protect himself against the sickly climate of the then far West. He presided in a very graceful, dignified, and agreeable way, and soon won the hearts of the conference. Lest over-exertion should bring on mortal sickness, he declined to occupy the pulpit on the Sabbath. Consulting the members of his cabinet he inquired who among the preachers he had better request to do the preaching at the morning and evening services ; and so Lucien W. Berry was chosen to preach at 10:30 in the morning, the ordination of deacons following ; in the afternoon, Richard Hargrave, his sermon to be followed by the ordination of elders. While listening

to these good, grand men, the bishop seemed utterly astonished ; afterwards, with apparent wonder, he said, "I never heard such preaching before, I had no idea that there were such men out here in Indiana."

In the division of the State into four Annual conferences, the city of Indianapolis was about equally divided into four parts ; the north-west quarter falling to the Northwest Indiana conference. In that quarter of the city there was a little frame church standing on the bank of the canal, which bore the name of the celebrated Rev. John Strange—"Strange Chapel." Brother George M. Boyd was taken from the Crawfordsville district and appointed to Indianapolis ; his brethren believing, and the bishop also, that he would be equal to the occasion of building up the church interests in that quarter of the city. Right royally did he meet the expectations of his friends.

The little church was moved from the canal to a more central location, the society reorganized, the church edifice enlarged and beautified, and it was altogether a prosperous year. But, before proceeding further, it may be a matter of interest, especially to the younger preachers and those who are to come after them, to have some knowledge of the men and their appointments at the beginning of the history of the Northwest Indiana Conference.

"Where are the preachers stationed this year?"

GREENCASTLE DISTRICT.

Richard Hargrave, Presiding Elder ; Greencastle, Thomas S. Webb ; Bainbridge, John Edwards, one

to be supplied ; Montgomery, James B. Gray ; Rockville circuit, William J. Forbes, Lewis Roberts ; Russelville, George W. Warner ; North Salem, Mathew Fennimore ; Danville, Michael Johnson ; Augusta, Harrison Burgess, one to be supplied ; Indianapolis Mission, George M. Boyd ; Ladoga, Jared B. Mershon ; Middletown, Joseph White ; Indiana Asbury University, William C. Larrabee, Professor, Daniel DeMotte, Agent.

TERRE HAUTE DISTRICT.

John H. Bruce, Presiding Elder ; Terre Haute— : Asbury Chapel, Aaron Wood, : North Chapel, Thomas Bartlett ; Numa, Enoch Wood ; Vigo, James Scott ; Clinton, John Leach ; Newport, Abraham Salisbury ; Eugene, James Rickets ; Perrysville, Wade Posey ; Williamsport, Moses Wood ; Coal Creek, John T. Jones ; Anapolis, Nelson Green ; Rockville, James L. Thompson ; Terre Haute High School, Allen D. Beasley, Agent.

LAFAYETTE DISTRICT.

George M. Beswick, Presiding Elder ; LaFayette— Western Charge, Jacob M. Stallard, Eastern Charge, Luther Taylor ; Thorntown, James Spinl's ; Lebanon, Edward A. Hazen ; Romney, Allen A. Gee, Philander Wiley ; Newtown Wm. F. Wheeler, Hezekiah Smith ; Shawnee Prairie, Jacob Cozad ; Covington, Ithamar H. Aldrich ; Crawfordsville, James Johnson ; Attica, Benj. Winans ; Independence, John W. Parrett ; Poolsville, Franklin Taylor ; Oxford, Thomas C. Workman.

DELPHI DISTRICT.

Joseph Marsee, Presiding Elder ; Delphi and Pitts-

burg, William Graham ; Dayton, Wm. C. Harker ; Frankfort, Philip I. Beswick, Jessie Hill ; Camden, David Reeder ; Rossville, Hermon B. Ball ; Lockport, David Dunham ; Monticello, Lucas Nebeker ; Harrisonville, George Guild ; Rensselaer, Wm. Hamilton ; Davidsonville, Alford N. Cave ; Kewana, Eventus Doud ; Winemac, Francis Cox.

LAPORTE DISTRICT.

John L. Smith, Presiding Elder ; LaPorte, to be supplied ; Michigan City, to be supplied ; Crown Point, Conrad S. Burgner, one to be supplied ; Valparaiso Station, David Crawford ; Valparaiso Circuit, Lyman B. Kent, Nelson L. Brakeman ; Union, John S. Donaldson, Samuel Godfrey ; Kingsbury, Wiley P. Watkins ; Byron, Levi More, one to be supplied ; Sumption Prairie, Arthur Badley ; South Bend, James C. Read ; Rochester, Robert H. Calvert ; Plymouth, John G. Osborne ; Samuel T. Cooper, John S. Hetfield, Francis M. Richmond, and Franklin A. Hardin, transferred to the North Indiana Conference ; John C. Smith, transferred to the Indiana Conference ; John Daniel, transferred to the California Conference ; Abram Cary, transferred to the Iowa Conference ; Isaac M. Stagg, transferred to the Missouri Conference.

Bishop Baker also presided at the North Indiana conference held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, two weeks after the Northwest Indiana conference, when the following transfers took place : John R. Tansey and Joseph C. Reed, to the Northwest Indiana conference, and stationed respectively at LaPorte and Michigan City. The Southeast Indiana confer-

ence, also organized by Bishop Baker, was held in the town of Rushville, commencing October 6, 1852, when the following transfers took place: James Hill, Elias H. Sabin, Bartlett Y. Coffin, and Elias Gaskins to the Indiana conference; John B. DeMotte, to the North Indiana conference, and stationed at Muncytown. And so the State of Indiana was organized into four Annual conferences, and has thus continued nearly forty years.

The Northwest Indiana Conference as one man, looked forward with joy and delight to the advent of their own Bishop Ames, who presided at the session held in the autumn of 1853 at Attica, Indiana. At this session some interesting as well as exciting scenes occurred. A superannuated preacher, A. B., who lived in the village, was charged with cruel treatment of his wife. He was an active member of the Masonic order. Among the preachers of the conference there were some zealous masons, and others who were bitterly opposed to all secret societies. In the appointment of the committee to investigate these rumors against the brother, the anti-secret-society men felt that they had done a very smart thing by managing to have only members of the order appointed on the committee, thinking, and even saying to their friends "Now you will see how in their report the committee will 'whitewash' their brother mason; for the masons are bound to protect one another, 'murder and treason not excepted.'" The committee investigated the matter and reported that in their judgment the rumors could be sustained by proof, and so moved that

Brother A. B. be put on his trial before the conference for immoral conduct, which was done. The accused was duly tried, his principal prosecutors being masons, and, by the verdict of his peers, was expelled from the conference and the church.

Another incident. Charges were brought against a young preacher for breach of marriage contract. And he was hotly pressed by the preacher-in-charge with whom he had traveled a circuit the preceding year. In this trial it was brought out that the young man had entered into a marriage engagement in good faith; and that a few months afterwards the young woman became what was called a spiritual medium. In some of her frantic movements as a medium she seemed to become totally deranged; so the young brother frankly told her that, if she continued these vagaries, he would at all hazards, break the engagement, and that she could never be his wife. She persisted in keeping up the spirit-rappings, and seemed to be fond of the notoriety she was gaining as a spirit medium. While the trial was going on it came to the surface, as had been suspected, that several of the older members of the conference, who were looked upon as grave elders, had been more or less tainted with this delusion; for they seemed to bear down heavily on W. P. W., while their sympathies were evidently in favor of what they regarded as the injured girl. Finally by a close vote this pious and honest young preacher was saved to the church. He lived for many years, and was a successful soul-winner; he died only a few years ago, and doubtless has many stars in the crown of his rejoicing in the better world.

At that same conference another incident occurred, not so serious as the former, but, contrarywise, very amusing. There lived and moved up and down the Wabash river at that time a semi-demented lawyer commonly know as Jack Stinson. He had been an intelligent and successful attorney, but by some means became partially deranged. He dressed very neat, and, though he often seemed incoherent in his conversation, was, nevertheless polite and gentlemanly. On a certain occasion during the session, and in the midst of conference business, Jack strode up the aisle, hat in hand, and approaching the bishop's table, complaisantly bowing, placed on the table in front of the bishop a paper, and then bowing himself out, quietly retired. The bishop was noticed, while reading the paper, to be evidently amused. The following is a verbatim copy of the letter:

“ATTICA, FOUNTAIN CO., IND., Sept. 9, 1853.

RIGHT REV. AND DEAR SIR :—My name is Jack Stinson, *alias*, Colonel John Stephenson, of the United States army, I was born in Louden county, Virginia, on the 29th day of March 1793, but being very young at the time of my birth, I now have no distinct recollection of that very important affair. I have the honor and proud distinction to be your most obedient and humble servant,

JACK STINSON,
alias Colonel John Stephenson,
Of the United States Army.”

The preachers gathered around the bishop after adjournment that morning, all curious to see the

letter Jack had written. After reading it to those near, the bishop said he would preserve this singular billet as a literary curiosity, to descend to his grand-children.

At the close of that conference the following transfers were made: John R. Tansey and E. H. Hazen to the California conference; Nelson Greene to the North Indiana conference; Enoch Wood, to the Iowa conference.

On the 6th day of September, 1854, the conference met at LaPorte, and Bishop Simpson, another of our Indiana bishops, for the first time presided over the Northwest Indiana conference. At this conference fourteen were received on trial, viz: Noah Lathrop, Philander R. Owen, George W. Crawford, G. W. Goodwin, Jacob Haun, Albion Fellows, Lemuel G. Welton, Abraham Davis,* Charles A. Brook, Landon Carson, Daniel Shonkwiler, William Hancock, J. F. Goodman, Elisha Adamson.

"Question 12. Who have died this year? Answer: George M. Beswick and John H. Bruce."

These two noble men, both presiding elders, falling at their posts at the high noon of their manhood and in the midst of their usefulness, brought a shadow over the hearts of the entire conference. This was the first death knell heard since the organization of the conference. The following record of the lives and labors of these men of God was unanimously adopted:—

"Rev. George M. Beswick was born in the State of

* Died during conference.

Kentucky, October 11, 1811. His father left Kentucky in 1815, and settled with his family in Harrison county, Indiana. Philip Beswick, father of the deceased, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a firm and intelligent Christian. Possessing a good library of religious books, and his house being a home for the ministers of the church of his choice, George was early impressed with the truth and necessity of religion. He was converted in the fourteenth year of his age, and immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal church. He was licensed to exhort in his sixteenth and to preach, in the eighteenth year of his age. At the age of twenty he was admitted on trial in the Indiana conference, and appointed to Salem circuit. From 1831 to 1838 he traveled circuits in different parts of the State. In the fall of 1838 he was appointed to the Logansport district. Since that he has traveled Greencastle, Centreville, and LaFayette districts, and has filled some of the most important stations in the State, and has served the church in the capacity of an agent for the Tract and Sabbath-school cause, and for the university. He was elected a delegate to the General conference of 1852. After an absence of eight years, he was appointed the second time to Greencastle district at the last session of the Northwest Indiana conference. He was at his work in due time, and labored with his usual faithfulness until he had nearly completed his third round on the district, when he was attacked with a malignant typhoid fever, and laid his armour by to resume it no more. His brain became involved at an early

period of the attack, and consequently he was much of the time delirious. He experienced lucid intervals, however, which were improved in rejoicing, exhorting his friends, and comforting his family. The subjects which employed his thoughts in health were his theme in sickness. Even in his delirium, his incoherent sentences gave evidence of the purity of his heart, and the chastity of his life and conversation. In Brother Beswick the virtues which constitute the Christian gentleman were most harmoniously blended. He was firm and decided, yet persuasive and respectful. As a husband and father, he was a model ; as a minister, he was talented. He was a bold, original thinker, always ready to attack sin in high or low places. His motto in preaching was to fear God and do right, no matter what the consequences might be ; and to this motto he adhered most tenaciously to the end of his life. But he is gone ; and with sincere emotions of grief we bid him adieu, till we meet on Mount Zion to make the final report of our ministry to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

"Rev. John H. Bruce was born in Montgomery county, Virginia, February 2, 1817; soon after which his father with his family emigrated to the State of Ohio, and settled in Miami county. Here his house became the home of the itinerant Methodist preachers as they traveled their circuits; and under their instructions, combined with the pious example of Christian parents, John became versed in the doctrines and practical workings of Methodism which characterized his subsequent actions.

At the age of fifteen he sought and obtained re-

ligion at a camp meeting held at Spring creek, under the supervision of Rev. Levi White. He soon after this received license to exhort, and on the 13th of June, 1835, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly-meeting conference of Sidney circuit, Ohio conference. He labored as a local preacher about sixteen months. In the fall of 1836 he was admitted on trial in the Indiana conference, and appointed to Rockville circuit; after which he traveled Monticello, Marion, Winchester, Newcastle, and Milroy circuits. In 1842 he was appointed to Centreville station; the next year to South Bend; the following year to Mishawaka; and the following year to Goshen circuit. In 1847 he was appointed to the agency of Fort Wayne Female College, which office he filled for one year. He was then sent to LaGrange circuit; and from 1849 to 1852 he traveled Logansport district as presiding elder. In the fall of 1852 he was appointed to Terre Haute district, where he continued to labor efficiently until the great Head of the Church, as we trust, transferred him to the Church triumphant. As a presiding officer brother Bruce was manly, courteous, and dignified. As a theologian, he was sound and clear. As a preacher, zealous and pathetic. As a husband and father, he was affectionate and kind; and we may safely say that those who knew him best loved him most. He was permitted to close his life at home in the bosom of his family. His death occurred on the 23rd day of August, 1854. After calling his children around him, and conferring a father's blessing on them, he exhorted his weeping companion not to weep, but to trust in Him who

is the widow's God, and has promised to be a father to the fatherless. It is supposed that he came to his death from the effects of having been thrown from his carriage, caused by a fright of his horses.

The stroke which cut him down in the midst of a career of usefulness, falls heavily upon us as a conference; but we meekly bow, with the full conviction that our loss is his eternal gain. May the Lord bless, and take care of, his bereaved widow and children."

At the close of this conference, the writer, with reluctance left his many friends in the North, for his next field of labor. The following is a partial record of the appointments :

INDIANAPOLIS DISTRICT.

J. L. Smith, Presiding Elder; Indianapolis Mission, T. S. Webb; Augusta, Joseph Marsee, J. F. M'Daniel; Lebanon, Jessie Hill, A. Gurney; Throntown, William Campbell, L. G. Welton; Dayton, Ferris Pierce; Crawfordsville, Hezekiah Smith; Ladoga, John Edwards, C. B. Heath; Bainbridge, H. S. Shaw; Springtown, Lewis Roberts; Pittsborough, Houghton W. Brown; Danville, Conrad S. Burgner; James C. Reede, Agent of the Tract society,—member of Indianapolis Mission Quarterly Conference.

The presiding elder moved from LaPorte to Indianapolis, and, although, his official connection with the city was now confined to the north-west quarter, yet he was rejoiced to meet many of his old friends and former parishioners of Roberts chapel. In a few weeks after his arrival at

the city, he was called to conduct the funeral services of the estimable wife of his distinguished friend, Calvin Fletcher, one of the leading members of his former pastoral charge. The elect lady's funeral sermon was preached from the text recorded in Proverbs, 31st chapter and 30th verse: "Favor is deceitful, and beauty *is* vain: *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised."

After remaining in Indianapolis some eight weeks or more, he decided, for the purpose of aiding in the founding of an academy or school of high grade for the benefit of his growing family and others, to move to Thorntown, in Boone county, where the "Thorntown Academy" was opened in the spring of 1855, with Rev. Levi Tarr, A. M., as its first principal. This institution of learning, which adopted from the beginning the then unpopular system of co-education, had a vigorous, useful, and highly successful career for quite a number of years. The first board of trustees consisted of the following named persons: Oliver Craven, esq., Rev. Wm. Campbell, Philip Kring, Nelson W. Weakly, sec'y, with J. L. Smith, president. Among the many educated at this institution not a few are found in the learned professions. The first graduating class consisted of Cynthia Cason, Russell D. Utter, James F. Scull. Miss Cason, a young lady of superior talents, died a few years after her graduation. J. F. Scull is the popular and efficient Superintendent of the Rochester (Indiana) city schools. R. D. Utter, who has achieved a fine reputation as a scholar, educator, and preacher, is a

member of the North-west Indiana conference. Rev. W. R. Mikels, pastor of Grace church, South Bend, was for some time a Thorntown student; also Rev. W. P. McKinsey, now stationed at Lebanon; as also Rev. L. C. Buckles, presiding elder of the LaFayette district; Rev. J. H. Claypool, Tacoma, Washington; Rev. Franklin Mikels, Stockwell; and Rev. L. S. Buckles, Thorntown. Others are found in educational work and in the legal and medical professions. Scores of gifted young women were educated at the Thorntown school, and but for them what would such men as W. P. McKinsey, J. H. Claypool, and W. R. Mikels have done for wives? The Rev. Dr. C. N. Simms, also, found his wife at the Thorntown Academy.

After a few years, Rev. Mr. Tarr resigned the professorship, to go into the pastoral work. His successors were Rev. C. N. Simms, D. D., now Chancellor of Syracuse University, New York; Rev. O. H. Smith, minister and educator in the Southwest; Professor John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., the distinguished historian, now resident of Greencastle; and others. At one of the annual commencements of this Academy, an amusing incident occurred. Among the students was a farmer's daughter, witty, brilliant and studious, who became a fine scholar. This young lady's mother was a cultured and refined woman. The father was almost a semi-idiot and very illiterate. Of course this young lady was more or less prominent in all the school exhibitions. On the occasion referred to this writer happened to be seated immediately in the rear of where the father sat by the side of a

neighbor farmer. The young lady read a taking essay, and, at its close, was cheered and otherwise highly complimented. At this moment her father turned to his neighbor and said, "That is my daughter, and, don't you see, blood will tell."

The work of the church on the district, went forward grandly and the close of the year showed a handsome forward movement along almost all lines of work, with a large number converted and many added to the membership.

The next session of the conference was held at Delphi, commencing August 28, 1855, Bishop Ames in the chair, Professor B. H. Nadal, sec'y. At this conference the exciting subject for discussion was the abolition of slavery. Not a few sought to have this question largely enter into the question of the election of delegates to the next General conference. While no member of the Annual conference by word or even innuendo declared himself in favor of slavery, yet the conference was divided, with conservative anti-slavery men on one side and the extreme abolitionists on the other. This writer had been taught from his infancy to look upon slavery as a great sin, and yet, by the extremists he was looked upon as a conservative; and, consequently, as the radicals slightly outnumbered the conservatives, he lacked two or three votes of being elected as a delegate to the General conference which met at Indianapolis, May 1st, 1856.

As before stated, one quarter of the city of Indianapolis was in his district, and so, though not a member, he was about as regular an attendant at the sessions of the General conference, and took as

much interest in the discussions, as any member of the body. Among the more aged brothers of that body were James B. Finley and Peter Cartwright, respectively of Ohio and Illinois. This writer, as well as the people of Thorntown, was greatly delighted, when these two venerable men agreed to go out with him and spend a Sunday at his home and each of them preach to the people of the village.

Both of these octogenarians were great smokers, having come into the church and ministry under the old dispensation, before the tobacco rule was incorporated in the discipline. It so happened that neither of them had with him his pipe or tobacco. Such was the effect of their suddenly breaking off this somewhat unseemly practice, that they appeared in a degree to lose their sweet and gentle manner in conversation both as between themselves and others.

Cartwright preached in the morning. The sermon was largely made up of reminiscences, relating some of his conflicts with the rowdies at camp-meetings, and many other things pertaining to the customs of the people in early days, especially in the rural districts. One incident only may be mentioned here.

At a certain camp-meeting, some one of the preachers, possibly Cartwright himself, whenever a seeker of religion would go forward to be prayed for, would speak out distinctly, "Thank the Lord, another sinner down," till the rowdies caught up the refrain, and would go outside the encampment and shout at the top of their voices, especially if they were wrestling or fighting and some one was

felled to the earth, crying out—"Thank the Lord, another sinner down." And so after the close of the meeting as Mr. Cartwright was on his way returning home in a very muddy lane, a number of the same rowdies overtook him, all on horseback. The rowdies seeing their opportunity, for there was a great deal of water as well as mud on the road from the late rains, concluded to spur up their horses and in a body dash through and get ahead of the preacher, intending, if possible to bespatter him from head to foot with mud and water. Just as the leader of the gang came up opposite to Mr. Cartwright, he spoke out in a loud voice "Thank the Lord, another sinner down," alluding to Cartwright, whose clothes by this time were almost covered with mud: at that moment the rowdy's horse fell down and threw his rider heels over head into the mud, and now it was Cartwright's time, so, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, he cried out, "Thank the Lord, another sinner down."

But his sermon was not all made up of stories of that sort. He gave the people a good many important things to think about. In the evening the "Old Chief," as Mr. Finley was called, came forward as a weeping prophet, and delivered a sermon worthy of the man, worthy of the occasion, and worthy of the cause he represented. Their host on Monday morning at an early hour supplied them with pipes and tobacco, when they became loquacious and genial as was their wont at all times when not deprived of facilities to indulge the acquired habit of using the noxious weed.

The delegates from the Northwest Indiana con-

ference to the General conference, of 1856, were as follows, viz. : Jacob M. Stallard, George M. Boyd, James L. Thompson, and William Graham.

The secretary of the General conference must have been very derelict in the performance of his duties in keeping the journals, as it is not shown from the records of the session that one of these good brethren made a motion, or offered a resolution, or presented a paper of any kind, excepting their "credentials," during the session of that honorable body.

The fraternal delegates from the Wesleyan Methodists to the conference were the Rev. Drs. Hannah and Jobson. Dr. Hannah was a very able preacher, a Christian gentleman, and seemed to win all hearts during the session. In regard to Dr. Jobson, rumors were rife at the time, in Indianapolis, that he felt that he must keep up and maintain the habits which he had acquired in early life, in England, and so he demanded his quota of lager beer as an indispensable part of his daily meal.

Rev. Samuel C. Cooper, a noble specimen of manhood, and a distinguished preacher, that year led the delegation of the North Indiana conference. Mr. Cooper died in July of the same year (1856), and a few years ago, this writer prepared a sketch of the life and labors of that grand pioneer preacher, which, in the belief that it will interest many of the readers of this volume, is here given.

"Few names forty years ago in Indiana Methodism stood more prominent or deservedly more honored than that of S. C. Cooper. He was one of the heroic band of itinerant pioneers who laid

deep and broad the foundations of American Methodism in Indiana. He was born in Baltimore, Md., May 17, 1799. While a child his parents removed to Ohio. In 1818 he was converted, and soon after was licensed to exhort, and felt a deep conviction that he was called to preach. Like many others, he resisted these impressions and devoted his energies to secular pursuits. For a time success attended his efforts, but through treachery and broken banks his earnings were swept away, and he sought a home farther west. He erected his cabin in Southern Illinois. Here a deeper sorrow overtook him. His young wife died, leaving him with two small children. God spoke to his heart, and he could no longer resist. His former impressions of duty returned with great force and he resolved to obey the call.

“Three months from the death of his wife, at the call of Rev. Charles Holliday, in December, 1826, he was laboring as an exhorter on Vincennes circuit, with Stephan R. Beggs as preacher in charge. During this year he was licensed to preach, and was admitted on trial in the traveling connection in September, 1827, and appointed to Cash-River circuit in Illinois. In 1828 he was appointed to the Princeton circuit, Indiana, where he married her who for nearly thirty years cheerfully shared the toils and sacrifices incident to an itinerant life in Indiana fifty years ago. Mr. Cooper by hard study and untiring industry, took high rank, so that in eight years from the time of his admission on trial he was made presiding elder of Bloomington district. With that wise forecast for which he was remarkable, he was among

the most active of the fathers in planning for a great university in Indiana.

“Such were his high business qualifications, his push and pluck, that the wise men of the conference chose him as financial agent of the new and daring enterprise. He gave seven consecutive years—the best of his life—to raising money and securing students for the infant college. In doing this he traveled on horse back in all weather, with an abandon of personal care or comfort, which made him a hero if not a martyr. There are three names which, in connection with the Indiana Asbury university, should never be forgotten,—S. C. Cooper, Isaac Owen, and Daniel DeMotte. To them belong the honor of so preparing and laying the financial basis of “Asbury” as to make “DePauw” possible. Brother Cooper was honored by election as delegate to the General conference at Pittsburg in 1848 and to that at Indianapolis in 1856. He served the church twenty-eight years—eight on circuits, seven as agent, and thirteen as presiding elder.

“He was in his place as delegate to the General conference in 1856, answering to the first roll-call. For the first ten days of the session he remained with that body, but finding himself daily growing weaker, he was compelled to return to his home in Greencastle. His work was done. He had fought a good fight, but worn out with overwork, he went sweetly to rest in Jesus, July 19, 1856, in his fifty-eighth year, and the twenty-ninth of his ministry. Although bordering on three-score, his death was premature ; for with his iron frame, but for the terrible exposure and excessive horseback riding east

and west, from one line of the State to the other, north and south, from the Ohio river to Lake Michigan, he might have reached four-score. His children, most of them daughters, he lived to see well settled in life, all occupying highly respectable social positions, and all members of the church. His honored son, *Rev. Samuel T. Cooper, of Northwest Indiana conference, residing at St. Joseph, Mich., inherited all the best traits of his distinguished father. Though now, and for several years superannuated, his praise is in all the churches as a man of God, an able minister, and of great success in looking after the poor and neglected in the adjacent neighborhoods, where there are no regular pastors. He, too, has raised a beautiful family. The energy, industry, and force of the father and grandfather softened by the grace and quiet dignity of a pious and cultured mother, seem to reproduce in the children the ancestral traits, so that father and sons are living examples of the Pauline ideal, in that they are not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Some one has said: 'It is not to him that acts the most conspicuous part in life's drama that shall be awarded the highest meed of praise, but to him, rather, who acts best the part in life's lot assigned him.' Judged by this rule, and measuring the lives of all who have borne the historic name of Cooper, whether it be Anthony Ashley, the philanthropist; Sir Astly, the surgeon; Ezekial, the preacher; James Fenimore, author of 'The last of the Mohicans,' or James, the American General and United States senator, no one has filled his appro-

* Died.

pritate sphere with more inflexible integrity, persistent energy, unflagging zeal, and ultimate success than Rev. Samuel C. Cooper. Noble man! moral hero! thy deeds live, thy worth abides! 'Death does not end all,' for 'the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.' "

CHAPTER XXI.

MISSIONERY COMMITTEE—FIRST CONFERENCE IN INDIA.

The conference was held in Crawfordsville in 1856 by Bishop Janes, beginning October 8, with Professor Nadal, sec'y. At this conference the following persons were admitted on trial: John H. Cox, Edward Roszell, Richard S. Robinson, L. S. Boyce, Albert Kellogg, John R. Eddy, George Guion, James W. Greene, Aaron Hays, Charles L. Smith, Jesse S. Woodard, Leonard S. Martin. Of these twelve, one only remains as a member of the North-west Indiana conference, viz., J. W. Greene, D. D. This distinguished brother has been highly successful in every part of the work to which, from time to time, he has been assigned; whether on Rennselaer circuit, Crown Point, Stockwell, Delphi Station, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Greencastle or Crawfordsville,—whether a circuit preacher, stationed preacher, or presiding elder, he has proved himself in his efficient and honor-

able career the peer of any man in the conference. This good brother was exceedingly fortunate in his selection as helpmeet the cultured Christian daughter of Samuel Organ, esq., of LaPorte, Indiana. Brother Greene and his good wife, under God's blessing have succeeded well in raising a fine group of noble boys, one of whom at least is married and settled in a Western city, and has already acquired a high standing as an attorney at law. Others are studying in the learned professions. And the father and mother have reason not only to be grateful to the God of grace, but justly proud of their promising sons.

Rev. John R. Eddy, a son of Rev. Augustus Eddy, and a brother of the distinguished T. M. Eddy, succeeded in his work, was highly esteemed by the people as a man, and a devoted Christian pastor. In 1862 his work was Attica station. During the year 1863, while the war of the rebellion was raging, Brother Eddy, at the earnest request of a number of his friends of the 72 Indiana regiment, accepted the chaplaincy. He joined his regiment at Murfreesborough, Tenn., and commenced his labors among the soldiers, Sunday, June 21, preaching from Prov. 16, 32: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Wednesday, June 24, during a fight between Col. Wilder's cavalry brigade and the rebel forces he was instantly killed by a shell. Chaplain Layton wrote back to the friends of Brother Eddy, "He sleeps, but no canon will wake him; he fell at his post, fearlessly doing his duty." He fell in the vigor of manhood

into a Christian patriot's grave. His blood mingled with the copious stream that America's loyal sons poured out to invigorate the tree of liberty, and fertilize the vales of freedom.

In view of the growing interests of the Thorntown Academy, and for other reasons, William F. Wheeler, the sweet singer of our Israel was placed on the Indianapolis district, and J. L. Smith was sent to Thorntown station, and Rev. William Campbell became agent for the school; and so three of the earnest workers in building up the institution resided in the village where the academy was located. At that time in Thorntown there were seven places where intoxicating drinks were sold. The trustees and friends of the school before named, determined to close up this nefarious business, so that no patron of the school should fear to send his son as a student lest he might be led astray through the saloon influence. Public meetings were held, earnest speeches were delivered, resolutions were passed, all showing the liquor sellers that the community was in earnest; and the better citizens of the place, being a large majority of the whole, adopted for their guidance and government,—“Peaceably, if we can; forceably, if we must.” Suffice it to say that in a little over one month from that time not a drop of liquor could be bought in Thorntown, even at the drug store. And for many years, and indeed until recently, no saloon has been established in that town.

The General Missionary committee, 1856—1860, representing the seven General conference districts stood as follows:

District No. 1, N. J. B. Morgan; District No. 2, L. Crowell; District No. 3, W. Reddy; District No. 4, J. M. Trimble; District No. 5, J. L. Smith; District No. 6, H. Crews, District No. 7, W. H. Goode.

In later years the members of the general Missionary committee have been elected by the general conference, but in 1856, and, for some time after that, they were appointed by the bishops. For the year above named, the committee held its first meeting in the mission rooms at 200 Mulberry st., New York, commencing November 12. During that year Rev. Dr. William Butler sailed for India, our first missionary to the people of that country. Soon after his arrival at Lucknow the Sepoy rebellion broke out, and he had to fly to the Himalayas for safety. He soon, however, made the acquaintance of an honest native whom he called Joel. And the church was very much interested in the doctor's letters from India, in some of which he speaks of Joel and himself as holding their first meeting in a sheep-pen. The same Joel was his first convert in India, and became a useful helper in the beginning of our work in that wonderful country,—a work now grown to such unlooked for proportions.

During that session of the General Missionary committee, or, rather, at its close, on Saturday evening, this writer whose zeal was perhaps superior to his knowledge, moved that the members of the committee, instead of leaving after midnight on Sunday night for their homes or even on Monday morning, have a ratification meeting on Monday night in St. Paul's church, not dreaming, when he made the motion, that he might be ap-

pointed as one of the speakers on that occasion. A committee was appointed among the laymen to arrange a program and all other matters necessary for the meeting on Monday night. The Rev. Dr. John P. Durbin, who was then missionary secretary, published in the "Missionary Advocate" a full report of the ratification meeting as follows :—

"MISSIONARY DEMONSTRATION."

"This was the notice given of a meeting determined upon at the close of the late session of the General Missionary committee. So favorably was the proposition entertained, that, with the exception of one of the superintendents and one member of the General committee, all found it possible to remain until Monday evening, November 7th, to attend a public missionary meeting at St. Paul's church, corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. The laymen of the committee were appointed to carry out the object, make the necessary arrangements, and the program for the exercises, etc., etc.

"This committee consisted of M. F. Odell, W. Truslow, H. M. Forrester, and J. H. Taft. Arrangements were made to secure the presence of the pastors of the city and places adjacent; indeed, they came from distances that surprised us. At the time appointed those who had by previous arrangement assembled with the members of the board in the chapel connected with the church, passed to the places assigned them within and around the altar of the church while the bishops and members of the General Missionary committee took their seats upon the platform.

“Bishop Morris opened the service by giving out a missionary hymn, which was sung by the whole congregation—a grand assembly for numbers and interest—after which prayer was offered by Bishop Ames.

“The Corresponding secretary being then called upon, gave a brief account of the temper and action of the church in sustaining the progress of the missionary cause during the current year just closing, and in the course of his remarks related the severe privations which had been endured by many of the home missionaries in the northwest during the year, some of whom had been obliged with their families to live upon nothing but corn bread, not having enough wheat even for sacramental services; and of money, in some cases, not enough to pay the postage on their letters; and yet these men said to the conference: ‘The people have done the very best they could; we have lived and suffered with them in their privations, we will continue to do so, and stay and share in their better times when, with the Divine blessing, better crops are given them!’

“The secretary further stated that the deliberations of the committee were marked with great anxiety, for it was apparent that greater aid must be offered to those suffering home-laborers; and it was equally apparent that the opening doors inviting our entrance, and the growth of our missions abroad, called for an increase in the appropriations to our foreign work. In this connection he also named the remarkable liberality of European residents in India to our mission in that land; the same was true of their liberality to our mission in China, and this too from

parties not members of our communion.

"The committee, after having severally given an account of the probable support to be hoped for from the sections of the country they represented, proceeded, after making the appropriation for Africa, to take up the *home work*, not as the most destitute, but as it had in some parts endured great privation, it was desired to extend all possible relief in that direction before proceeding any further with foreign fields. That part of the work being disposed of, provision for the foreign fields was made without much delay, and the result—after deducting the amounts which the good-will and zeal of several of the conferences led them to decline receiving—reached an aggregate of Two Hundred and Eighty-three Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-nine Dollars.

"*Bishop Baker* was the next in order to address the meeting, and he did it with admirable effect, giving a succinct account of the rise, progress, and present condition of our work on the Pacific coast. His allusion to Jason Lee, and his work of faith and labor of love, was both most tender and well-merited. He also paid a deserved and honorable tribute to the memory of the local preachers who were the founders of the church in California. A more compact and intelligent speech we have rarely if ever listened to.

"*Rev. W. H. Goode* came next, to inform the audience of the extension of the borders of the church of God into and far beyond the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, to Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains. This brother is emphatically, and has been

for years, a frontier missionary, and he dwelt with true nobility of character and manner upon the triumphs—the Cross of Christ had won, and with fervor spoke of the conquests he yet anticipated even in the very heart of Utah, confronting and overthrowing the scandalous, and worse than Mohamedan, and affronting system of uncleanness existing there; offering in conclusion, that, if the superintendents of the church could find no more fit and willing instrument, they might take himself! This minister is a fitting companion for the heroes of this or any other age of the church.

“*Rev. Hooper Crews*, of the Rock River conference, next gave the result of his observations in the West, having himself been a pioneer in Illinois, when obliged to go on foot forty-five miles without seeing the face of a white man or getting any refreshments, and at the end of such a route, on one occasion, to administer the sacrament to a man and his wife who dwelt alone in the wilderness, and with whom in this blessed rite he enjoyed a higher satisfaction than he would in being possessor of the town of Rockford, in which he now lived, but which, at the time he was speaking of, he might have possessed by simply staking it out and entering it in the land office.

“*Bishop James* now came forward in the order assigned him, and apologized for his position among them on the ground of his love of order and obedience. His appointment being made by the *laity*, he felt bound to stand up in his place, and justify their action in this respect and their devotion to the missionary cause. We had been hearing from the

circumference, and it was not perhaps amiss to hear from the center or heart of this great missionary movement. It gave him pleasure to testify to the health, and soundness, and activity of the heart, and of his confidence that still, as heretofore, in this seat of the origin and organization of our great missionary work, the heart might be relied upon. We can safely defy any one to do justice to the inimitable speeches of the bishop upon missionary occasions.

"*Rev. N. J. B. Morgan*, of Baltimore, being called upon, gave account of his field as the mother of missionaries, having them in China, India, Bulgaria, Sandwich Islands, in California, and in Oregon. The people of his region of country were lovers of the missionary cause, giving cheerfully of their sons and of their substance to it, and in devotion to this great calling of the Church were regarded in the relation of a twin brother to their brethern at New York.

"*Rev. W. Reddy*, of Western New York, then, in a happy manner, referred to the relation sustained to the cause by the section of country from whence he came, and argued, from present indications, that greater proof of genuine attachment would hereafter be given by all that section of country. Brother Reddy was especially happy in referring to the hallowing and liberalizing influence the conference of the Missionary Committee and Board had upon all concerned, and that the period of his connection with them had been a profitable one to himself in its catholic and sanctifying influences. Prayer for the conversion of the heathen world, and faith

in its more speedy accomplishment, would more largely hereafter occupy his heart.


"*Rev. J. M. Trimble*, of Ohio, announced himself a missionary by parentage, having in him 'the faith which dwelt in his grandmother,' who, from the time of her conversion, rested not from announcing the preciousness of Christ until she went to Abraham's bosom. If she went not 'everywhere preaching the word,' everywhere she *did* go she ceased not to

—'Tell it to all around

What a dear Savior she had found.'

Many who heard her, turned unto the Lord, and Brother Trimble declared from his personal knowledge that her faith did not abide alone. He touchingly adverted to the fact of the introduction of Brother Nast to him while he was yet under awakening; how he prayed with him, and dismissed him with a letter of introduction to the next preacher; of the visit of this German penitent to the camp-meeting; of his conversion and early connection with the conference, and of the now rapid extension of the German work at home and abroad.

"*Rev. J. L. Smith*, of Indiana, was now called out, and gave his *experience* of pioneer life, relating with great zest his early preaching efforts in a courthouse built of poles notched and laid up after the manner of a log house, and of wending his way by Indian trails to camp-meeting, until he came where two ways met, and he was directed in the true way by seeing on the bark of a smooth beech tree, standing at the fork of the road, written by some ingenious person who had dipped his finger in the mud to do

it:  'For the camp ground take the right hand road!' The first year of his itinerant life he shod his own horse, paid his own ferriage, and received for the year's labor *seventy-five cents!* Another year, when he had a married colleague, they had collected, or the stewards had, at the close of the year, seven dollars and some cents. This was spread upon the table at the fourth quarterly meeting, consisting of small pieces of silver, sixpences and shillings. A good man, seeing so much money in that then wild country, blessed his Maker because the preachers were not likely to starve *that year*. He then dilated upon the enjoyment of the days when, at quarterly meetings, the brethern could entertain as many visitors as they had puncheons in their floor, and that the same devotion to Christ's cause still obtained among those people; for when the wants of the missionary treasury and the sufferings of pioneer brethern were known in his conference they generously declined receiving any or next to any missionary appropriations. This warm-hearted man wound up by an allusion to the avowed twin relationship existing between Baltimore and New York, that it was well-known among woodmen that the hardest of all trees to split was one with *two hearts!* To say that the audience were moved by this happy hit is not exactly the thing, but he 'brought down the house' although it was a church.

"*Bishop Simpson* complimented Bishop Janes upon his usual classical excellence, and excused his appearance before the audience at so late an hour as a device of the committee of arrangements with which to 'taper off' the exercises. With this pleasant in-

roduction he took occasion to give the result of his observations upon our missionary field in Germany, Scandinavia, and Bulgaria; remarking upon the fruitfulness and true Methodistic character of our German work; upon the hunger of 'the word' apparent through all Scandinavia; men, women, and children pressing upon him, taking his hands in both theirs, and giving thanks with tears for the messengers sent them. He dwelt upon their devotion to the faith they had embraced, their great zeal in contributing of their own scanty means to build houses for public worship worthy of older societies; his admiration of their general character and appearance—their fair complexion, blue eyes, and noble bearing causing him to think that every man he met was a brother. He especially dwelt upon their innate love of liberty, on the advances made by Norway in the way to equality and the abolition of nobility or caste; relating that in the final struggle, when the nobles seeing the commons were in the ascent and would triumph, one of them arose and declared the impending event had determined him to expatriate himself from his native country, which he did, then and there, by addressing an apostrophe to the great mountains, the bulwarks of his native land, 'Farevell!' and to the rivers and streams, 'Farevell!' and to the associates of his youth and maturer years, 'Farevell!' Upon the conclusion of which one of the members quietly arose and said, 'I hear the mountains and rivers echoing, Vell! Vell!!'

"Reader, to appreciate this you should have been there. But did you ever hear Bishop Simpson?"

“He proceeded to say, that in Bulgaria we have missionaries fitted to their work, and paid a high compliment to the women of the American Board wherever found in the lands of the East. He most touchingly alluded to his failing health in the East, and the saddening effects the news of the great financial crisis had upon him, and again to the marvelous effect produced when he heard that New York had aroused herself and poured of her offerings into the treasury of the Lord, in a manner which served to inspire the whole church, and send a thrill of joy over all lands whither our missionaries have gone to preach the acceptable year of the Lord!

“*Rev. Thomas Carlton*, the indefatigable treasurer of the society, followed up this charming address by moving, and *Dr. M Clintock* by seconding, that the audience present do then and there ratify the proceedings and result of the General Committee and Board by a rising vote; whereupon, and before the chairman could submit the question, the vast assembly were upon their feet; when the Doxology, tune of Old Hundred, was sung, and the benediction pronounced by the venerable *Dr. Bangs* upon the largest and happiest meeting ever convened to speak so directly for, and in behalf of, the MISSIONARY CAUSE.”

At the first conference of the Indian mission of the Methodist Episcopal church, in 1859-60, the appointments stood as follow:—

REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, D. D., *Superintendent*.

Lucknow.—Revs. R. Pearce and J. Baume, missionaries. J. A. Cawdell, local preacher, and Joel, native preacher; Robert, Ameer, Mirza, teachers; Peggy, in charge of orphan girls No. 178.

Shahjehanpore.—Rev. J. W. Waugh, missionary. Sheo Ghoolan, Moonshee, Isaac Jones, teacher.

Bareilly.—Revs. J. L. Humphrey, and J. R. Downey, missionaries. Joel, native preacher; Zoor-ool Huck, and Isaac John, teachers; John, in charge of orphan boys.

Mooradabad.—Revs. C. W. Judd and J. Parsons, missionaries. Samuel, native preacher; James and Jamaut Sing, native exhorters; Mooassee Sing, and Bulloo Sing, teachers.

Bijnour.—Rev. E. W. Parker, missionary. William, native exhorter.

Nynce Tal.—Revs. J. M. Thoburn and S. Knowles, missionaries. Jacob, teacher.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE 1860—REV. S. T. COOPER.

At the conference held at LaFayette, Indiana, commencing October 1, 1857, Bishop Waugh presided, with Joseph C. Reed, secretary. The following named brethren were admitted on trial: William R. Mikels, Thomas C. Stringer, Francis M. Pavey, Wilson Beckner, Thomas C. Hackney, Dewitt C. Farrington, John B. Adell, John C. Mahin, Patrick H. Dutch, William T. Brooke, Charles N. Sims, James A. Clearwaters, Josiah Parsons, Moses

Blackstock, an elder, was received from Canada conference. Of these fourteen names only four remain upon roll of the Northwest Indiana conference at this writing (1892). W. R. Mikels has had a useful and successful career, having, in the last thirty years or more of his itinerant life, served some of our best stations and been a useful, active, and popular presiding elder eight years—four years on the Valparaiso district, and then four years on the Crawfordsville district. He is now the beloved, honored, and successful pastor of Grace church, South Bend. Rev. Francis M. Pavey, is a true gospel preacher, who, for purity of diction, perspicuity of statement, and clear-cut analysis, force and effectiveness, is perhaps not surpassed by any man in the conference. He did faithful and acceptable work for four years on the LaPorte district, was honored by his brethren with a seat in the general conference in 1884, and is now the esteemed pastor of Rockville station. J. A. Clearwaters, a man of high character, and a Christian gentleman, has done faithful and successful work in all the years of his ministry. After traveling circuits, occupying stations, and serving the Frankfort district five years as presiding elder, he is the same faithful, reliable, and able preacher; and the good people of Attica, this year, are to be felicitated on their good fortune in having such a man as their pastor.

Brother Thomas C. Hackney, a beloved brother after years of faithful labors, yet lingers, honored for the work he has accomplished, but in failing health, among the superannuated of the conference.

Rev. Charles N. Sims, a graduate of Asbury, now DePauw, University, was at one time the principal of the Thorntown Academy; afterwards, also, president of the Valparaiso "Male and Female College," now the great "Northern Indiana Normal," which averages year after year, two thousand or more students. Dr. Sims resigned the presidency of the college above named to go into the pastoral work; and after serving Richmond station, Evansville, Indianapolis, etc., was transferred East, where great success attended his labors as pastor,—in Baltimore, Newark, N. J., and Brooklyn, New York. He is now, and for several years has been, the successful and honored chancellor of the Syracuse University, N. Y.

By the conference minutes of 1857 it is found that, for Attica district, J. L. Smith was presiding elder. He had the good fortune to have associated with him as fellow-laborers, such men as Richard Hargrave, George M. Boyd, Samuel T. Cooper, and others, who, if of less note, were not less worthy. For many years, and that without controversy, Richard Hargrave stood in the conference without a peer as a great preacher. His volume of published sermons will stand as an enduring monument of the grandeur of the wonderful pulpit power. Also in the last few years Rev. William P. Hargrave, the worthy son of a noble sire, has published a volume, to still further commemorate the name and fame of his distinguished father. At his request this writer furnished some items concerning his father's ministry for that volume, and now takes the liberty of transcribing a paragraph or two from the article.

VALPARAISO, IND., FEB. 27, 1890.

Rev. W. P. Hargrave, A. M.:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My acquaintance with your honored father commenced at the session of the Indiana conference held in Indianapolis, in October, 1840. I was then quite a young man, was at the conference for admission on trial, and had nothing to do but to take notes of men and things. I there among others first met Allen Wiley, Aaron Wood, Enoch G. Wood, E. R. Ames, Mathew Simpson and Richard Hargrave. On the evening of the first day of the conference your father preached in the old church, which was densely crowded, with perhaps hundreds unable to gain admittance. The text and sermon I shall never forget. He was then in the prime of his physical and intellectual manhood, with broad shoulders and massive head, and, as he arose in the pulpit, I was reminded of the lion shaking the dew drops from his mane.

His text was chosen from Peter's second Epistle, and was read with a grandeur that deeply impressed me, and was as follows: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." There was stateliness and sublimity from the beginning, which gradually arose as a cloud in the heavens, accompanied by such lightning and thunder as I never before heard. Rev. George M. Boyd sat with him in the pulpit, and has often said to me that he made my acquaintance through my shouting "Amen!" during

that wonderful sermon of your father's. I had the honor in after years to be your father's presiding elder; and, as I became more intimately acquainted with him, my admiration for his unique manner, and profound talents, and power as a preacher, grew with the years.

When he was stationed at Frankfort in my district, I took with me to one of the quarterly meetings a young man who had quite a good opinion of himself, and we were invited to a turkey-dinner at the parsonage. Your father and I fell into a conversation on the subject of the introduction of evil, or sin, into the world. Knowing well with whom I was talking, I was cautious in my expressions of opinion, but listened with reverence to the masterly manner in which your father treated the subject. Before he seemed to be quite through, the young preacher struck in with his views, evidently thinking to enlighten both of us. We sat mutely and listened until the close of his effort, when your father, with a peculiar look and manner, said to the young man, "Who was telling you?"

At a camp-meeting, held at the Tippecanoe Battle Ground a few years ago, Bishop Ames preached on Sunday morning; and, as chairman of the committee on public worship, I requested Brother Hargrave to exhort, according to old Methodist style. "But," said I, "before you exhort, I want you to sing, 'Hear the royal proclamation.'" "But," said he, "I have forgotten it." "Go on," said I; "It will all come back to you." And so it did.

Present on the occasion were the leading profes-

sional men of LaFayette, with a crowd of possibly near ten thousand people. Judge V——, who was perhaps somewhat troubled with skepticism, said to me afterwards that he had been accustomed to hearing the finest performances in the opera as well as the best church-choirs in the nation, but that nothing he had ever heard anywhere affected him as did that song. For days and weeks, he remarked, he seemed to feel the swell of the music and the touch of the sentiment as your father with his sonorous voice and peculiar manner, came over the words :

“Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.”

J. L. SMITH.

Bishop Waugh's sermon on the Sunday of the conference was one of great power; and it was said by Dr. Elliott and others present on the occasion, who had often heard the Bishop, that they thought the good man had never excelled that effort. The Bishop closed the sermon with these words, which are still held by the surviving members of the conference in precious remembrance, namely: “I am an old man; I have almost finished my labors; I shall soon shake hands with time; but, beloved brethern, best of all, I know I have a home over the river.”

The venerable man of God preached but one more sermon after that, which was at “Carlisle, Pennsylvania,” and soon after went over and upward to his reward for, “the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

Beginning September 29, 1858, Bishop Ames held

the second conference north of the Kankakee river—this time at Valparaiso,—J. C. Reed acting as sect'y. At this conference only two were admitted on trial, viz., D. F. Barnes and Leander C. Buckles. These two noble men still live to labor for the Master. Early in his career, Brother Barnes was transferred to the Michigan conference, and has long been, and now is, an honored member of that body. Brother Buckles is at present, presiding elder of the LaFayette district,—a man of sweet spirit and deep devotion; a genial companion, loved and honored by his brethern for his many noble qualities of mind and heart. He has never been a failure in any part of the work. For many years he occupied some of the leading stations of the conference, (including a full term on the Greencastle district,) with great acceptability, until his health failed, when, for a short time, he had to cease from active labor. Appreciating his great worth as a man, as a Christian and successful minister, his brethern honored him with a seat in the General conference of 1884.

He is now having his wonted success as presiding elder, now in the first year of his second term in that responsible position

The appointments on the LaFayette district for 1858 stood thus :

J. L. Smith, Presiding Elder; Lafayette, Western charge, A. A. Gee, Eastern charge, J. C. Reed; LaFayette Circuit, W. R. Mikels; Delphi and Pittsburgh, N. L. Brakeman; Camden, J. B. Mershon; Burlington, J. F. M'Daniel; Frankfort, R. Hargrave;

Rossville, C. B. Heath; Clark's Hill, George Guion; Romney, J. White, J. Spinks; Dayton, J. Hill; Monticello, T. E. Webb; Thorntown, to be supplied. C. N. Sims, Principal, W. Campbell, Agent of Thorntown Academy,—members of Thorntown Quarterly Conference.

Dr. Gee, one of the leading members of the conference, who had faithfully served in some of the more prominent positions in the conference, was after the war of the rebellion, sent South by the church authorities to re-organize the societies of the Methodist Episcopal church in Tennessee, and, for a considerable time, did valiant service in that field of labor. When he felt that his work was accomplished there, he returned, and was welcomed back among his fellow-laborers of the Northwest Indiana conference. With the close of the conference session, October, 1891, he closed a six-years term on the Greencastle district as presiding elder. And successful as he may have been in all the former years of his ministry, the last six were possibly the most successful of his whole ministerial life. He is yet firm in his gait, with robust health, and vigorous constitution. It would seem that with the divine blessing, many years yet may be added to his valuable and useful life as a minister of the Lord Jesus.

Rev. Joseph C. Reed, D. D., was in all respects an honorable man, and had many elements of a successful pulpit orator. He was much loved wherever he labored; conscientious, amiable, sweet-spirited, and fully devoted to his work as a man of God, he was successful in his work from the begin-

ning. The conference possibly never had a better secretary, a position which he held for a series of years, being, year after year, elected by acclamation. Although frail in health, he was an active and indefatigable worker and the popular preacher everywhere. His hair became gray while he was yet a comparatively young man. At the Crawfordsville conference, in 1871, Mrs. VanCott was holding a religious service, and upon her invitation a large number of the ministers were knelt together at the altar, the good woman, passing from one to another and speaking to each as she passed, placed her hands upon the hoary head of Brother Reed, and in deep solemnity said: "The Lord bless this thy venerable, thy aged servant." That her remark caused smiles in the congregation is not so remarkable, but it would have been remarkable had the remark added solemnity to the occasion. A few years ago he finished his course with joy and went to his rest in the "beautiful beyond."

Rev. N. L. Brakeman, A. M., occupied before, and up to his appointment at Valparaiso, some of the most important positions in the conference. He served as chaplain through the entire war of the rebellion, and, after the war was over, he was retained in the South by the church authorities, serving as presiding elder, and largely aiding in re-establishing the work of the church in the State of Louisiana. So far as known he was the only chaplain of any church in Indiana, who remained at his post through the entire campaign. He was with General B. F. Butler at New Orleans, and heard the noted order of General Dix read to the officers of

the Union army, "If any man attempts to tear down the flag of the Union, shoot him on the spot." After Brother Brakeman returned to Indiana, he labored successfully at Fifth-st. church, Lafayette, Michigan City, Terre Haute, Frankfort, and Valparaiso. Constantly faithful like a brave warrior, which he was, he suddenly fell at his post in the city of Valparaiso, May 15, 1881.

Good Brother Jesse Hill's name now stands on the superannuated list, after long years of faithful, laborious and useful service in the cause of his Master. He had just enough lisp in his voice to fasten attention with his first utterance in preaching or exhortation, and a zeal and earnestness that could not be mistaken or misunderstood by the audience; these together with his devotional spirit—his wonderful power as one of the sweet singers in our Israel, his untiring activity in his work, are some of the elements of his success. It is believed that few men in our ranks have been instrumental in the conversion of more souls, or in winning a larger number to the church than Jesse Hill. Although somewhat advanced in years, with more or less loss of animal spirits, a loss which age cannot escape, he still loves the song of triumph, and delights the people with his earnest prayers, sweet spirit, and apparently unflagging zeal, still doing what he can to promote the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1858 the nearest approach to Valparaiso by rail was Westville, in the western part of LaPorte county, on the New Albany & Chicago railroad. But the good people of Valparaiso were equal to the occasion, and so, by arrangement, the preachers

coming to Westville from every part of the conference, were there met with carriages, buggies, and wagons, and were thus safely conveyed to the seat of the conference; and so, also, at the close of the conference, in a similar manner they were returned to the railroad at Westville, when each took his several way according to the location of his appointment.

At that time Rev. Franklin Taylor was, or had been the previous year, at Westville; and, with his usual forecast, he arranged for a meeting on the evening of the return of the preachers from the seat of the conference. It had been announced, both at Valparaiso and Westville, that Brother Richard Hargrave would preach on the occasion, and expectation was tip-toe to hear that prince of preachers. Brother Hargrave was at his best; and, as Dr. Aaron Wood was next to Hargrave in age, Brother Taylor requested Dr. Wood to take a seat in the pulpit, and, after the manner of former years, exhort at the close of the sermon. The preachers and people, under the sermon, were brought up to a high state of spiritual fervor, and many were their expressions of joy and gladness. Dr. Wood, though a very able expounder of God's word, was altogether of a different type and temperament from the great man he was then to follow. Beginning his exhortation with coolness and deliberation, and his thoughts taking a philosophical trend, he gave his audience no little truth in philosophy and science; and it is presumed the Doctor himself was not at all surprised at the result of his cooling process upon his audience. In leaving the church that night some were chagrined, some a little provoked,

others much disappointed, but all left the church with soberness and quiet dignity.

Two of the royal members of the conference during that year were removed to their reward in heaven, viz., William F. Wheeler and George W. Crawford. Brother Wheeler, a native of London, England, was born January 25, 1812. When ten years of age his father and family came to the United States and settled near Evansville, Indiana. William was converted under the labors of Rev. James Bonner, and taken into the church by Dr. E. G. Wood. He was admitted on trial in the Indiana conference at Rockville, in 1838. As circuit and stationed preacher, and also as presiding elder on the Indianapolis district, he was always useful, and much loved by the people. After laboring in the cause of Christ for about twenty-one years, he fell at his post at Thorntown, Indiana, on the 11th day of June, 1859.

Brother Crawford died comparatively young. He was a native of Orange county, Indiana; converted and brought into the church in early life; admitted on trial in the Northwest Indiana conference in 1854; serving the church for two years at LaPorte, one year at the Western charge, LaFayette; one year at Crawfordsville and, in 1858, appointed to Asbury Chapel, Terre Haute. That year his health failed, he was compelled to give up his work, and, after this short, yet brilliant and successful career, he died August 9, 1859. His race was short, but when called for by his Master he was ready; his last and dying words were "Glory, Glory to God."

At the conference held at Greencastle, September 29, 1859, with Bishop Morris in the chair, E. W. Lawhon, John Newhouse, J. H. Cissell, Issac W. Joice, and E. H. Staley were admitted on trial. E. W. Lawhon is still the active, laborious, and useful man of God, a character he has well sustained in all the years of his ministry. He is a dignified and instructive preacher, with perhaps less show of enthusiasm, but with more intellect than many others,—a good pastor, and always highly esteemed by the people among whom he labors.

J. H. Cissell, D. D., a man of prominence and dignity, a very able preacher, has faithfully and usefully served the church, in the leading stations of the conference, and, for a number of years, with great acceptability in the responsible office of presiding elder, and is now a delegate elect to the General conference of 1892.

E. H. Staley, A. M., received his first appointment as principal of the Battle-Ground institute; he afterwards successfully served as president of the Valparaiso Male and Female College; he is now, and for many years has been, an honored local preacher and the editor of a political paper published at Frankfort, Indiana. He still loves the church, honors her ministry, and sustains all the interests of the church of his early choice.

The Minutes of that year show that J. L. Smith was presiding elder, with John H. Hull stationed at the Western charge, LaFayette, Ferris Pierce and I. W. Joice preachers on Romney circuit.

Brother Pierce was good man, a fair preacher, a powerful exhorter, and remarkably able in prayer.

The colleague of Brother Pierce, beginning his work as assistant preacher on a circuit, and advancing in the grade of his appointments to the presiding eldership and city stations, is now one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church. Dr. Joyce was elected to the episcopacy in 1888. Bishop Joice passed through what this writer claims to be the ideal school for the training of bishops.

Rev. John H. Hull is also a *bishop*; not in a technical, but in the New Testament sense, he is a veritable *episcopos*. The author of these pages will ever be grateful that, in the order of divine providence, his lot was cast in Indiana, to become acquainted, and afterwards to be brought into a closer relationship as assistant on a circuit, with the the well known and renowned Brother John H. Hull, who, from 1838, a mere stripling then, to this year of grace (1892), has been a marked man in Indiana Methodism: with "a heart right with God," a sponteneity of good feeling toward his brethern, largely gifted by nature in skill and judgment, especially in the work of the Lord; with not many early advantages as to education, and yet with much natural ability, divine instinct or God-given intuition; it is doubted whether any man in Indiana has accomplished more in leading sinners to repentance and adding to the church such as shall be saved, than this good, and, in many ways, very remarkable man. With a voice like a trumpet, and with a zeal that flamed through all the years of his active ministry, he still manifests on occasion, even in his superannuated relation, especially at his conference sessions, many signs of his old time enthu-

siasm and power. He and his early colleague find their names now ranged side by side among those who have retired from the active work of the ministry, and it is hoped that as they loved in life so in their death they may not be divided.

In 1859 the Stockwell Collegiate Institute at Stockwell, Indiana, and the Male and Female College at Valparaiso, Indiana, were founded. In Tippecanoe county, in that year, there was formed what was known as the Stockwell Company, consisting of Robert Stockwell, Moses Fowler, William Reynolds, Dr. James Courtney, Honorable Albert S. White, and J. L. Smith. The company erected a commodious structure for school purposes, in a beautiful grove, with a campus of sixteen to seventeen acres, and then transferred the whole to a board of trustees for the use and benefit of the Methodist Episcopal church. This school with others of kindred character flourished for a number of years, until the State liberalized its policy in behalf of graded and high schools, when that, and all of its kind, ceased to flourish of necessity. The membership of the church being taxed with their other fellow-citizens for the support of the public schools could not afford to tax themselves for the support of denominational schools; hence most of the schools above-named were merged into graded schools under the State law.

The Valparaiso College prospered and did great good in the twelve or more years of its active existence. In its incipiency the people of the town took a very lively interest. After a general consultation among the friends and patrons of education, a pub-

lic meeting was called to be held in the court-house, on Tuesday evening, March 25, 1859; and after earnest speeches were delivered by S. G. Hass, John N. Skinner, Azariah Freeman, and J. L. Smith, the following gentlemen were requested to act as secretaries for the purpose of taking down the names of donors and amounts subscribed for the erection of a suitable college building. These persons were M. L. DeMotte, Elias Axe, Joseph Pierce, S. T. Cooper, and Lorenzo Freeman. At the close of the meeting, in footing up the subscriptions, it was found that the good people had manifested their interest in the enterprise by subscribing over \$11,000. The officers of the first board of trustees were J. L. Smith, president; A. Freeman, vice-president; E. L. Whitcomb, sec't.; with Sylvester Smith, agent.

At this writing (1892) co-education has become the rule in our best and most popular institutions of learning, but it was the exception in 1859, and this may account to the present generation, for what doubtless seems to them a peculiar name for a school—"Valparaiso Male and Female College."

The first of this class of schools was the Throntown Academy. The founders of that institution, in 1854 and '55, had become thoroughly convinced that, since it was the order of nature for brothers and sisters to be reared in the same family, it was according to the true order of things for them to be educated together in our schools of learning. At first there was a strong public prejudice against the new order; and it was not until years after that date, that,



REV. S. T. COOPER.

through the persistent efforts of the friends of co-education, the Indiana Asbury, now DePauw, University threw open its halls, admitting without distinction of sex all seeking the benefits of higher education. In order, therefore, that the public might distinctly understand that the college at Valparaiso was not for males nor females as such, but, that it was an institution where all, upon the same terms, were entitled to all the benefits of the school, they gave the institution the corporate name "Male and Female College."

Rev. Samuel T. Cooper was from the beginning not only deeply interested, but an active and a devoted friend of the Valparaiso Male and Female College. This good man was for a considerable time pastor of the church in Valparaiso, and for four years presiding elder on the Valparaiso District; and it is befitting, and this is thought to be the appropriate place, in view of his long residence in the city just named, that a brief sketch should here be given, not only of his connection with the institution as a friend and patron, but his life work as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the earnest request of this writer, Brother Cooper a few weeks before his death, furnished a brief sketch of his early life and labors, which is here given.

Samuel T. Cooper, son of Rev. Samuel C. Cooper, was born June 11, 1824; joined the M. E. Church, being received by Dr. W. M. Daily, and baptized by Dr. Aaron Wood (both of precious memory), in August 1837, and was soon after joyfully converted in a love-feast, on a Monday morning, while listen-

ing to the triumphant remarks of the first wife of Gov. Joseph A. Wright, who had been recently converted, and, with her honored husband, taken into the M. E. Church by my father.

I spent several years at Rockville, Indiana, and from there was for some time a student at Indiana Asbury, now DePauw University. For lack of means to finish my studies to graduation, I went to LaFayette, and was employed in business by my lifelong friend, Hon. H. T. Sample, but having, from the time of my conversion, felt called to the ministry, though too timid to reveal this impression to any one. I was called out by Rev. Charles M. Holliday, presiding elder, of LaPorte district, North Indiana conference. Rev. J. B. DeMotte, having divined my state of mind informed Elder Holliday, and I was drafted into the work in the fall of 1845. My earthly all was a horse, saddle-bags, Bible, hymn-book, and discipline. Having no parchment or license, I was furnished with authority as follows: "This is to certify that Brother Samuel T. Cooper is authorized to take Brother Early's place for the time being, to preach, exhort, and lead class and prayer meetings. November 1, 1845, C. M. Holliday, P. E."

After three happy months I was licensed to preach, and went to my original destination, "Union Circuit," where I stayed long enough to make the acquaintance of a host of the grandest and most devoted men of God to be found in any country. After some days I was removed to succeed Rev. T. C. Hackney on the Valparaiso circuit, which embraced all of Porter county. At the close of the year I was recommend-

ed and received into the North Indiana conference, at LaPorte ; was appointed to Roseville, with Rev. Nelson Green, in charge. After six months I was removed to Greencastle circuit, to succeed Rev. J. C. Robbins, who had been changed to Terre Haute, Rev. Wade Posey was in charge. The circuit had twenty-one appointments, and was a grand circuit.

I stayed to the close of the year, and was reappointed, Rev. Hezekiah Smith, in charge.

This was a year of great revivals and additions to the church. A great work of salvation occurred under the labors of such eminent men as President Matthew Simpson, Prof C. Nutt, Dr. A. Wood, W. H. Goode, and others.

At a camp-meeting near Walnut chapel conviction for sin, deep and awful, seemed to have seized the vast multitudes in attendance. One meeting, opened in a tent in the early morning, lasted till the lamps were lighted at night, with at least one hundred conversions. Many young men were saved, entered the ministry later, and the strange fact of several persons losing the power to move, lasting many hours, was witnessed.

In the fall of 1848 I was sent to Terre Haute, to found a second church. The available point was the northern portion of the town, then the most prosperous and promising part of the place. Forty years have made great changes, which could not be foreseen ; but in the good judgment of Dr. W. H. Goode, and others, it was then thought to be wise to locate the church in that part of the town. The beginning of our services was at the home of Brother and Sister Anderson. Sister Anderson was the

aunt of Rev. H. A. Gobin, D. D., and was a most devoted Christian woman, than whom there was not a greater spiritual force in that country. At once the Sibley Bros., John and Sylvester, Calvin Gobin, the honored father of Dr. H. A. Gobin, Jonathan Rockwell, and others, united to buy lots, and commenced the erection of a house to be used for a church until a permanent building should be erected, and then the first to become a parsonage. This church was built, paid for, and dedicated by W. H. Goode, presiding elder, on Christmas day. The dedication was followed by a great revival and rejoicing of the people, which continued till conference, when the pastor left a church which was self-supporting for many years, and at one time numbering within fifty of as many members as Asbury, the mother church.

On the west side of the river was a territory which had been supplied from Illinois, but the General conference had made the State line the boundary. Exploring, I found two unfinished churches and about thirty members who were reluctant to give up old pastors; but W. B. and Pleasant Rippetoe, Henry and David Smith, and others, were too loyal to give me trouble.

At the quarterly meeting in November a revival of wonderful power commenced. Elder Goode sent me to town on Monday to keep the church building going; for it had a habit of stopping as soon as the preacher was out of town. The presiding elder stayed in the country until Tuesday, and thought the meeting closed, but after he was gone, the people came together, and, though without a

leader, souls were converted at every meeting. On Sunday David Smith came to tell the preacher that they could not stop the meeting; so he went to them, and it was indeed a time of power. The revival spread over the entire country to the river and resulted in the finishing of the two churches and the building of three new ones, leaving two hundred fifty-two members and a good circuit, which continues to this day.

ASBJRY, NOW FLETCHER PLACE, INDIANAPOLIS.

In the fall of 1849 I was appointed to a mission charge in connection with the Indianapolis district, North Indiana conference. Rev. J. H. Hull was at Robert's chapel, Rev. W. H. Goode, presiding elder. We came to the city together by horse power. I attended Robert's chapel in the morning and at night. Opened my work preaching at Brother Hughey's private residence on the hill near the Fletcher place, with a congregation of eight persons. Brother and Sister Hughey and daughter, Calvin Fletcher and wife, and three others composed the congregation. The meetings were continued here another Sunday, when they were moved to a small wooden school-house (afterwards bought for a class and infant school room), which was quickly filled to overflowing with people, for the spirit of revival was at once developed. We soon again removed to Madison depot, and were given an upper room about 15x16 feet, which was furnished with a pulpit and seats suited to the size of the basement of our future church. In this room we had one hundred or more conversions, and gath-

ered a large Sunday-school. Many times our meetings were furnished with music by the trains running under us, for this was the capital depot of the only railroad in Indiana.

There were about fifteen thousand people separated from the city by the valley of Pouges Run, who generally rallied around our infant church. We took steps at once to buy a lot for a church. Brother Fletcher giving one hundred and sixty acres of land towards it, the balance was raised in small amounts, and the ground secured.

During the winter we were engaged in revival meetings, taking in a school-house on the Michigan road and one near where Irvington is now located. Our membership grew rapidly, so that the \$100 of missionary money for each of the two years was returned untouched. The people with the help of John Wilkins, Samuel Beck, John Dickinson, and others gave me free and pleasant entertainment, and such support as a single preacher was supposed at that time to need. In the spring of 1850 a church was built, and the money raised by subscription; nearly everything being done by the preacher. W. L. Wingate, Samuel Seybert, Samuel Daniel, Calvin Fletcher and John Dickinson were the first trustees. The money was collected by the preacher, and the workmen paid weekly; and in the fall of 1850 I was returned for a second year, and we entered the basement of the new church, called "Asbury Chapel."

During that fall we encountered the plague of Asiatic cholera, losing many of our best and brightest members. Many houses lost every inhabitant.

Some squares were almost entirely deserted, and houses nailed up. This afforded some of our members work day and night, administering to the sick and dying, and laying away the dead. Many thrilling scenes were witnessed, which eternity alone will fully explain.

At the close of the conference year we had a large Sunday school, eight class-meetings, with one hundred and seventy-three members. During the two years we had almost a continuous revival, so that, besides providing for the great loss by cholera, we left the two churches, Roberts and Asbury, strong in membership, with a good record in benevolences, and, as we had labored, loved and suffered together, so we parted to other fields and vocations. During the ensuing year I accepted the kind invitation of the trustees, through our Honored Dr. S. T. Gillett, to attend the dedication of the church. Rev. Elijah Whitten preached in the morning, and the writer in the evening. Time and space forbids mention of the many stirring memories rising out of my former associations with the good people of what is now known as "Fletcher Place Church."

In the fall of 1854 I was stationed at Robert's chapel, Indianapolis, North Indiana conference, Rev. J. H. Hull, presiding elder. Our year was a very pleasant one; the church was well organized, and deeply spiritual. Prayer-meetings were very large, the classes were also well attended.

During the year we were favored with an extensive revival, which was peculiar in the fact that we had scarcely any preaching except at the regular services on the Sabbath; but we had an array of

spiritual men and women, who, either in prayer or testimony, brought the meeting to the favorable moment of altar service, and we had a large addition to the membership.

There were ten or twelve notable intemperate men, of influence and wealth, who professed to be converted, which electrified the city; and though making a brilliant start, if any one of them continued faithful, I never new the fact. This and other instances show sadly how little we can expect as a permanent result, from mere reformatory efforts in this line, without true Scriptural conversion. It was during this year that the little wooden residence on the alley was superceeded by a commodious brick parsonage.

John Wilkin and wife, Lydia Hawes, Willis Wright and wife, Frederick and Mrs. Baggs, Dr. Abbott, Joshua Langsdale, and a host of others are names never to be forgotten.

The conversion of Joshua Langsdale was in several respects peculiar. During the pastorate at Robert's chapel of Dr. J. L. Smith, Mr. Langsdale kept a saloon on Washington street. Somehow he became interested in, and frequently attended, the public service at Robert's chapel. The pastor became satisfied that Mr. L. was becoming deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. Mr. L. endeavored to evade the preacher; but John L. Smith, for it was like him to do, sought every opportunity for even a brief word with the awakened sinner in order to lead him to Christ. On one occasion, as Dr. Smith was walking down the street, he saw Mr. L. coming from the other direction, but Mr. L., not

wishing to meet the preacher dodged into his saloon, feeling, doubtless, that he was there secure. Nothing daunted, the preacher immediately followed, and, there in the saloon, persisted in his effort to bring the man to a sense of his lost condition, and extorted a promise from the saloon keeper that he would come to prayer-meeting on the next Wednesday night. A terrible conflict was going on in the mind of Mr. L. between giving up his business and saving his soul, or loosing his soul and continuing in a business which he himself loathed in his very heart. This occurred near the close of Dr. Smith's second year in charge of Robert's chapel, but the former pastor was made happy in learning, at the very beginning of the succeeding year, that the man had quit the saloon business, made restitution so far as possible to those whom he had injured, and was soundly converted to God, under the pastoral care of Rev. S. T. Gillette. Dr. Gillette soon appointed Brother Langsdale as class-leader, which office he held forty years, and, in March, 1891, closed his earthly labors in triumph, to find a home in heaven.

May the pillar of cloud and of fire never leave this wonderful church.

S. T. COOPER,

St. Joseph, Mich.

The delegates elected in 1859 to the General conference were John L. Smith, Jacob M. Stallard, Richard Hargrave, and James Johnson. The General conference for 1860 was held in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. At this conference slavery was the leading question, taking precedence of all other subjects. Calvin W. Kingsley, afterwards bishop,

seemed to be the leading spirit in the animated, not to say heated, debates on the absorbing question.

The Episcopal board at that time stood thus : T. A. Morris, E. S. Janes, L. Scott, M. Simpson, O. C. Baker, and E. R. Ames. The thought was entertained by many that, at this conference, at least two additional bishops would be elected ; and so there seemed to be an agreement that one of these should be taken from New Jersey and the other from Indiana. The committee on episcopacy, however, to the great surprise of many members of the body, reported the following : "*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient to elect any bishops at the present time." This resolution, as it is now remembered, was adopted by a bare majority of one or two votes, and of course the episcopal bee ceased at once to buzz in anybody's bonnet.

According to custom the writer of these pages was entitled to a place on the episcopal committee, which he voluntarily and willingly awarded to his senior in the ministry, Rev. Jacob M. Stallard, who was then in the fullness of his strength, and one of the leading preachers of the conference. Brother Stallard gave the church many long years of faithful and efficient service. These several years he has been on the superannuate list. He resides in the city of LaFayette, loved and honored by his brethren and friends as a man of God, patiently waiting the summons to his exceeding great reward.

James Johnson entered the ministry at the session of the North Indiana conference at Ft. Wayne in 1844, and performed forty years of active and successful labor in the ministry. After laboring for a

number of years on circuits, he was stationed, in 1850, at Cambridge City, afterwards at South Bend and other points of importance. For a number of years he served the church as presiding elder. Everywhere he was loved and honored for his sweet Christian spirit, genial and brotherly bearing, and effectiveness as a preacher. At the Northwest Indiana conference of 1884 he asked to be placed on the superannuated list, closing then his active labors, and soon after, viz., on November 11, 1884, he fell asleep in Jesus, and gained his long sought rest among the saved above.

During the year 1860, after long and useful lives, Thomas J. Brown and William Campbell were called by the Head of the church from labor to reward.

Brother Brown commenced his labors as a traveling preacher in the Tennessee conference in 1822. He emigrated to Indiana in 1831, and was transferred from the Tennessee to the Illinois conference in 1832. The last-named conference included at that time a large portion of the State of Indiana. He was an able preacher, very circumspect in his walk and conversation, thought at sometimes to be somewhat severe in denouncing the ways of the wicked. After faithfully serving on many hard circuits, together with Crawfordsville district as presiding elder, he was superannuated in 1842; after resting a year or two he was again placed on the effective list, and was again superannuated in 1855. He died in peace at his own home on the 8th day of June, 1860, leaving no family but his wife. At her death, according to the will of both husband and wife, the farm on which they lived and died, the land having been

entered by Brother Brown as government land, was conveyed as a free gift to the missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. William Campbell was born in Warren county, Ohio, August 21, 1810. He came with his father's family to Indiana in 1826, and settled in Fountain county in 1832. He made a visit to the old home on the Little Miama river in Ohio, and, at the celebrated "Clear Spring" camp-meeting, was soundly converted to God on the 20th day of August, 1832. Brother Campbell was a man of God, and after long years of faithful and useful service, filling many important appointments, he sweetly passed away at his home in Thorntown, June 4, 1860. The venerable James L. Thompson assisted by Rev. Joseph White, Brother Campbell's old friends and fellow-laborers, performed the last funeral rites, and his remains were tenderly laid away near Asbury chapel in Montgomery county, Indiana.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE 1864—PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The conference in 1860 was held by Bishop Simpson, at Terre Haute, beginning October 11. Among those admitted on trial were Oliver C. Haskell, John L. Boyd, and B. W. Smith.

Brother Haskell is one among the best men in the conference; he is an able preacher, a conscientious

Christian gentleman, much loved by his people, faithful and successful in his work.

Brother J. L. Boyd, lithe, sprightly, very neat and genteel in his personal appearance; traveled for a number of years; a man of no mean ability in the pulpit; very sociable and agreeable among his people; did good work wherever he went; a few years ago went to Kansas with the understanding, on his part, that he was to be transferred and stationed at Wichita; but, for some reason, perhaps some misunderstanding between the presiding elder and the bishop, he was not transferred. At the next session of the conference his relation was changed from the effective to supernumerary; since which time he has removed to Denver, Colorado. This clever and kind-hearted brother is a son of our late lamented Rev. George M. Boyd, D. D.

Rev. B. W. Smith, A. M., D. D., a graduate of Asbury, now DePauw University, was for a number of years engaged in educational work, first in Cornell University, Iowa, and afterwards for quite a time, as president of the Valparaiso College. B. Wilson Smith is one of the manly men—a man of character and high intellect; he is a man who loves his friends, and doesn't forget them. After being stationed at Monticello, Centenary Church, Terre Haute, and other important points, he was pressed into service by his friends, and served for several terms in the State legislature. His name has been frequently mentioned for the congress of the United States. He is an interesting lecturer on moral, literary, and religious subjects—an able pulpit orator; and, in short, he is every inch a man. He is

now, and for some time has been, the popular postmaster of the city of LaFayette; he is the superintendent of the Trinity Church Sunday-school; and is ever ready for every good word and work. His honored father, Able T. Smith, of White county, Indiana, was one of nature's noblemen, and his no less noble sons have shown themselves to be worthy of such a father.

The LaFayette District that year stood as follows :

J. L. Smith, Presiding Elder; Lafayette—Fifth Street, W. Graham; Ninth Street, J. R. Eddy; LaFayette Circuit, T. C. Stringer; Romney, F. Pierce, W. R. Mikels; Crawfordsville Station, C. Skinner; Battle Ground Station, J. H. Hull; Battle Ground Circuit, G. Guild; Stockwell, J. W. Greene; Clark's Hill, H. O. Huffman, E. H. Staley, Principal, and G. W. Rice Professor in the Battle Ground Institute—members of the Battle Ground Quarterly Conference.

Dr. Graham is an able preacher, and, in the years of his active service, was an untiring worker. Whatever the church gave him to do, he did it well. Always the same faithful, diligent pastor, whether in charge of a circuit, station or district. He has been stationed in several of the leading cities of the conference. He is an excellent financier, and has accumulated some property without in any way neglecting his ministerial work. Beginning in 1878 he was for several years a member of the board of trustees of DePauw University. He is not now engaged in the active work of the ministry, but is doing good service for the church as agent of the Preacher's Aid Society.

Brother Clark Skinner has somehow always been a favorite,—highly esteemed both by his brethern in the ministry and by the laity of the church generally. He, too, has served in important positions as stationed preacher and presiding elder; is a good preacher, a man of sterling common sense, a genial companion; now retired and living in comfort with his family at South Bend.

Rev. George Guild was a man of faithfulness and large success in his work all through the years of his active ministry; but, for a number of years before his death, his name stood on the superannuated list. His good wife, a sister of Rev. John H. Hull, yet lingers, but is steadily looking forward to the reunion with the loved and blessed. Three of their noble sons are following the footsteps of their honored father in the Master's work. And good Brother George Guild will doubtless have many stars in the crown of his rejoicing.

In 1861 the conference was held in South Bend, beginning October 10, Bishop Simpson presiding at this conference also. Among those admitted in 1861 were S. M. Hayes, LaFayette S. Buckles, John H. Cissel, and O. H. Smith.

Brother Hayes is still in active work in the conference; a good man and a good preacher; loves the church; devoted to his friends, and successful in the work; he still enjoys good health and is destined, if his life be spared, to perform yet, many years of active service.

Rev. LaFayette S. Buckles, who has traveled a number of years with acceptability and usefulness, is now on the list of supernumerary preachers,

living with his family in Thorntown. In his active ministry, with his ability as a preacher, and superior gifts as an exhorter, and power in prayer, he never failed in his work, but glorious revivals of religion attended in almost every pastoral charge where he led in the work of the Lord.

The outbreak, during this year, of the Rebellion in the Southern states caused a number of the preachers of the conference either to enlist in behalf of the Union in the private ranks or to go as chaplains.

At this time O. H. Smith was principal of the Thorntown academy; G. W. Rice, principal of the New Carlisle seminary; C. N. Sims, president of the Valparaiso college: in the army were N. L. Brake-man, chaplain of the 21st Ind.; T. E. Webb, chaplain of the 14th Ind.; H. O. Hoffman, chaplain of the 17th Ind.; J. C. Reed, chaplain of the 29th Ind.

Necessarily in the examination of character, and very naturally, the question came up at this session, to-wit, what action should be taken in the case of brethren who had left their work and gone into the army. A distinguished minister, one occupying a very high position in the church was among the visitors attending the conference. As soon as the question was called by Bishop Simpson, the Rev. Gentleman just alluded to, commenced to speak about in these words; "You ask what you will do with these men, and there is nothing to do but one thing," he continued, "locate them, every one of them." Then taking a discipline from his pocket, he read to the bishop and conference what the

church laws said, concerning the preacher who should leave his work, etc.; adding, "The very least you can do, brethern, of the conference, is to locate these men, and teach them a lesson." The writer caught the trend of this remarkable speech from the first sentence of the speaker, and at once began to formulate a preamble and resolutions for the consideration of the conference.

As soon therefore as the distinguished brother took his seat something like the following was at once presented: "Whereas, A. B. C. D. and E., members of this conference, have gone at their country's call, to bare their bosoms to the battle's storm, to protect the flag of the Union, and our homes and firesides as well, and

"Whereas, In this, the hour of our great peril, it is the duty of every American citizen, in the pure spirit of patriotism, to do all in his power to preserve intact our undivided country, therefore,

"Resolved, That, should our beloved brethern, who are now either as private soldiers or chaplains in the army, be permitted, in the good providence of God to return to their homes and families, we will receive them with open arms and welcome them back to their appropriate fields of labor in this conference." He then added, "Our friend has read from the Discipline, but he has not read all of the paragraph bearing on these cases. The closing words of the paragraph are: "Nevertheless, the final determination, in all such cases, shall be with the Annual conference!" By this time the preachers and people were cheering all over the house; for they could readily "intuitize," as Dr.

Wheedon, would say, a degree of sympathy with the rebellion in the speech he was thus answering.

Bishop Scott held the conference at LaFayette which commenced October 9, 1862 with J. C. Reed, Secretary. Brethern admitted on trial at this conference were Russell D. Utter, Thomas Meredith, Henry G. Jackson, and Samuel Godfrey, readmitted.

Brother Meredith, now in the full vigor of his noble manhood, has served a number of our better-class stations. He is a unique and interesting preacher. As a church-builder few can excel or even equal him. The magnificent house of worship at Brazil is one of his monuments. He served a full term as presiding elder on the Frankfort district. His praise is in all the churches where he has labored.

Rev. Henry G. Jackson, D. D., now one of the presiding elders in Chicago, has had a remarkable career; he is an alumnus of Asbury, now DePauw University; but was elected during his senior year in college to the principalship of the Thorntown Academy; and from there called to the Stockwell Collegiate Institute; and at the close of the war was appointed by Bishop Ames as missionary in the city of New Orleans. For further account of Dr. Jackson, see Appendix, page —.

At the conference of 1862 Dr. Godfrey was stationed at Ninth-st. Church, LaFayette. In the spring of that year, at the close of the session of the North Indiana conference, held in Ft. Wayne, Bishop Simpson, transferred Rev. Dr. J. W. T. McMullen to the Northwest Indiana conference. Dr. McMullen filled a vacancy at Delphi until the meet-

ing of the Northwest Indiana conference, when he was stationed at the Fifth-street Church, Lafayette. With Dr. Godfrey in one church and Dr. McMullen in the other, it is no disparagement of other preachers to say that no two men of superior brilliancy and eloquence ever graced the pulpits of that city.

The appointments that year in the Terre Haute district were in part as follows:

J. L. Smith, Presiding Elder; Terre Haute, G. M. Boyd; Terre Haute Circuit, Thomas Bartlett; Greencastle, T. S. Webb; Belmore, Daniel DeMotte.

Early in 1862, this writer was appointed by President Lincoln, collector of Internal Revenue, with headquarters at LaFayette; and for that year, beginning in the fall, in addition to his work as presiding elder, he had the supervision of the revenue business by appointment of the president. There were twelve pastoral charges in his presiding elder's district and seven counties in the collection district. In each of these seven counties the collector appointed a deputy, and, at the principal office in LaFayette, a deputy and book-keeper. The district stewards met that year at Rockville for the purpose of fixing the presiding elder's salary; and proceeding without any hint from the presiding elder as to what in his judgment the salary ought to be, they agreed on the sum of twelve hundred dollars. The presiding elder then said to the brethren: "Waited down, as I am, with more than the double work of presiding elder and revenue collector it will be impossible for me to give full time to the work of the district. I do not expect to be absent from any quarterly meeting or quarterly

conference in consequence of my work as collector; and yet I feel that one-fourth of my time, at least during the week, will be absolutely necessary in looking after my work as collector of internal revenue. I therefore request it of you, as a personal favor to myself, that you will deduct twenty-five per cent. from the amount which you have so generously fixed as salary for the presiding elder." And, it may be added, the good brethern were not long in making the figures by which the salary was fixed at nine hundred in place of twelve hundred.

The preachers on the Terre Haute district that year were faithful and true in their labors. Brother Boyd at Terre Haute station had an exceedingly pleasant and prosperous year. Not only in Terre Haute, but, almost all over the district, there were gracious revivals, and many souls were won to Christ and his Church.

Having been requested by letter, both from Bishop Simpson and my old friend and family physician, Dr. John Evans, of Denver, now ex-governor of Colorado, to meet them at the session of the North Indiana conference at Fort Wayne, this writer was prompt to obey the summons. The following plan, he was informed, had been agreed upon by the bishop and Dr. Evans, who had just been appointed territorial governor of Colorado, to wit, that J. L. Smith should be appointed superintendent of missions in the Colorado country by the bishop, that he should settle with Dr. Evans in Denver, and by appointment of the new governor, become secretary of State. The doctor insisted that there would be no

difficulty in having the work of the secretary's office done by a deputy, so as not to hinder the evangelistic services of the superintendent of missions. This seemed very plausible; but when the husband and father returned to his home in Stockwell, full of the idea of going West, and laid the plan with a degree of minuteness before his wife, she replied: "The matter does not strike me at all favorably. Our daughters, who will very soon be young ladies, are now in a good school here, a school that has cost us a good deal of money; to pull up and move, and break up the education of the girls, and go out to that wild country, for the most part filled up with adventurers, renegades, and gamblers, will never do. Don't you know that girls will marry in the society or social grade of the people among whom they live? Now to take our daughters out of school, and run the risk of their marrying beneath themselves, throwing themselves away it may be, and lowering our family in social and churchly position,—for such a misfortune as might thus come upon us, all the gold and silver in the mines of Colorado would be no recompense."

Thinking over the matter a few days, and remembering that a celebrated author had somewhere said, "It is always safe for a man to take the advice of a good woman;" and, as the wife so persistently advised, the contemplated missionary superintendent and secretary of State decided to remain in Indiana, informing both the doctor and the bishop of his declination of the positions offered him.

The senior bishop, Thomas A. Morris, held the session of the Northwest Indiana conference in

Michigan City, beginning Sept. 30, 1863. Two brethren admitted on trial at this conference still remain among us, having, each of them, made an honorable record during the almost thirty years past. These two brethren, highly respected and much loved, are Reubin H. Sanders and Samuel P. Colvin. The former is now stationed at Door Village, the latter at Plymouth, the seat of justice for Marshall county.

Brother Sanders is a good man and able minister, esteemed by his people, and always successful in his work. He was prominently spoken of at the last conference as a suitable man to be placed on one of the districts as presiding elder.

Brother Colvin is generally known as the church lawyer of the conference. Woe be to the man that preaches heretical doctrines, especially if he should chance to fall into the polemical clutches of S. P. Colvin. Brother Colvin commenced his work on Clinton circuit, and, from the beginning, was a marked man. He has been occupied for a number of years in stations; was for four years presiding elder of the Greencastle district; and, before going to Plymouth, his present field of labor, he served a full term of five years in LaPorte station. For further notice of the commanding ability and general usefulness of this good brother, see Appendix, page —.

The delegates elected to the General conference were Aaron Wood, George M. Boyd, Jacob M. Stallard and John L. Smith. The General conference of 1864 met in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 2d day of May,—the month of

May that year, beginning on Sunday, as it will also this year, 1892. Bishops present, Thomas A. Morris, Edmund S. Janes, Levi Scott, Mathew Simpson, Osman C. Baker, and Edward R. Ames. At nine o'clock Bishop Janes called the conference to order and Bishop Morris conducted the opening religious services, consisting of reading the 84 Psalm, singing the 219th hymn and prayer; Bishop Janes continued the religious service by using the latter part of the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and the 237th hymn. The hymn having been sung, George Peck and Charles Elliott led the devotions of the conference in prayer. Dr. Aaron Wood, who led the Northwest Indiana delegation, had been a delegate to the General conference of 1844, and had voted in favor of the notorious "plan of separation." This vote his brethern regarded as a great blunder, and were just twenty years in pardoning his mistake. But time, it is said, makes all things even; so now, for the second time in his life, the grand old man was placed at the head of his delegation.

The great scheme of church extention was originated, and, in a degree, perfected, at this conference. Rev. Dr. S. Y. Monroe became the first secretary of the society; but in a few short months after he entered upon the duties of his office, he lost his valuable life by falling off the cars between Newark, N. J. and New York City.

The committee on the state of the country, Joseph Cummings, chairman, and Granville Moody, secretary, formulated, and reported to the conference, an address to the president of the United States, which was unanimously adopted. On the 14th

day of May a committee was appointed to present this address to the president, a committee consisting of Bishop Edward R. Ames, Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings, Rev. Dr. George Peck, Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, and Rev. Dr. Granville Moody. The committee proceeded to Washington, and presented the address, which was as follows :

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

The General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session in the city of Philadelphia, representing nearly seven thousand ministers and nearly a million members, mindful of their duty as Christian citizens, takes the earliest opportunity to express to you the assurance of the loyalty of the church, her earnest devotions to the interests of the country, and her sympathy with you in the great responsibilities of your high position in this trying hour.

With exultation we point to the record of our church as having never been tarnished by disloyalty. She was the first of the churches to express, by a deputation of her most distinguished ministers, the promise of support to the government in the days of Washington. In her Articles of Religion she has enjoined loyalty as a duty, and has ever given to the government her most decided support.

In this present struggle for the nation's life many thousands of her members, and a large number of her ministers, have rushed to arms to maintain the cause of God and humanity. They have sealed their devotion to their country with their blood on

every battle-field of this terrible war.

We regard this dreadful scourge now desolating our land and wasting the nation's life as the result of a most unnatural, utterly unjustifiable rebellion, involving the crime of treason against the best of human governments and sin against God. It required our government to submit to its own dismemberment and destruction, leaving it no alternative but to preserve the national integrity by the use of the national resources. If the government had failed to use its power to preserve the unity of the nation and maintain its authority it would have been justly exposed to the wrath of heaven, and to the reproach and scorn of the civilized world.

Our earnest and constant prayer is, that this cruel and wicked rebellion may be speedily suppressed; and we pledge you our hearty co-operation in all appropriate means to secure this object.

Loyal and hopeful in national adversity, in prosperity thankful, we most heartily congratulate you on the glorious victories recently gained, and rejoice in the belief that our complete triumph is near.

We believe that our national sorrows and calamities have resulted in a great degree from our forgetfulness of God and oppression of our fellow-men. Chastened by affliction, may the nation humbly repent of her sins, lay aside her haughty pride, honor God in all future legislation, and render justice to all who have been wronged.

We honor you for your proclamations of liberty, and rejoice in all the acts of the government designed to secure freedom to the enslaved.

We trust that when military usages and necessities shall justify interference with established institutions, and the removal of wrongs sanctioned by law, the occasion will be improved, not merely to injure our foes and increase the national resources, but also as an opportunity to recognize our obligations to God and to honor his law. We pray that the time may speedily come when this shall be truly a republican and free country, in no part of which, either state or territory, shall slavery be known.

The prayers of millions of Christians, with an earnestness never manifested for rulers before, daily ascend to heaven that you may be endued with all needed wisdom and power. Actuated by the sentiments of the loftiest and purest patriotism, our prayer shall be continually for the preservation of our country undivided, for the triumph of our cause, and for a permanent peace, gained by the sacrifice of no moral principles, but founded on the word of God, and securing in righteousness liberty and equal rights to all.

Signed in behalf of the General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Respectfully submitted,

JOSEPH CUMMINGS,

Chairman.

Philadelphia, May 14, 1864.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REPLY TO THE ADDRESS.

Gentlemen,—In response to your address allow me to attest the accuracy of its historial statements; indorse the sentiments it expresses; and thank you, in the nation's name, for the sure promise it gives.

Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might, in the least, appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist church—bless all the churches—and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.

[Signed.]

A. LINCOLN.

May 18th, 1864.

At the close of the reading of the president's reply the conference at once adopted a motion directing the book agents at New York to have the paper lithographed so as to make it possible that each member of the body might obtain a copy. As soon as the motion was passed, this writer walked over to where Dr. Carlton, the chief book agent was seated, and asked the agent this question: "Will lithographing the paper mar or injure it in any way?" "Not necessarily," replied the Dr. "Then," said the enquirer, "Dr. Carlton, I want you, now and here, upon the honor of a Christian gentleman and a beloved brother, to promise me that, if this paper of the President's shall not be injured in any way in the process of lithographing, you will send to me, the *original*, signed by the president's own hand." "I will do it," said the Dr.; and it is believed that he kept his word; and to-day, as this writer verily be-

lieves, the original, in a neat frame, hangs in his study.

More than a hundred citizens from Indiana temporarily residing in Washington City as clerks, etc., in the different departments, joined in a request to Bishop Simpson to come to Washington and preach in the Capitol on a certain Sunday during a session of the General conference. The bishop accepted the invitation, and, at his earnest request, the author of these pages accompanied him. The journey was made on Friday evening, and the Saturday was largely spent in visiting some of the more interesting places of the city. On Saturday afternoon, as the custom then was and possibly is now, what was known as the Marine band entertained the people with music on the grounds at the rear of the White House. As the people gathered at the appointed hour and enjoyed the music of the notable band it was observed that the President and his family had taken their position on the second floor of the piazza, which was surrounded by a railing so high that few of the family could be seen, excepting the president from his shoulders upward. The entertainment lasted about three hours; when all was over the people still seemed loathe to leave the grounds, and no one seemed to know exactly what to do with himself. This writer, being near to a man that seemed to be of distinction, said: "Would you not call out the president to speak a few words to us?" to which he replied, with a look of scorn and contempt, "No sir; such a thing would be impudent and boorish." Very soon a gentleman was spoken to, and from his shoulder straps was taken to be a

general in the army, to whom the young man from Indiana plied the same question with a little variation in the language, saying: "Sir, you seem to be a man of authority, suppose you invite the president to stand up and give us a little speech." To which he replied: "I could not think of such a thing, sir." At this the visitor from Indiana walked forward to within about thirty paces of where the president sat and said in a voice that all could hear, "Mr. Lincoln you have a great many friends in this crowd from Indiana and Illinois; would you be kind enough to speak a word to your fellow-citizens for their encouragement at this time of peril to the nation?" The president immediately arose, and, stretching himself up to the highest point possible, he said: "There are no people on the face of the earth that I would rather see, and whom I love more than the people of Indiana and Illinois; I have a speech to make and it is this," (then taking his handkerchief and swinging it around his head, he cried out), "Three cheers for General Grant and the Union army!" Five thousand people responded with a will; but, before the cheering was over, the president had left the porch and all was quiet again. Then the man who had first been requested to call out the president came up and said to the Hoosier: "Where are you from?" to which the answer was made, "I am from Indiana, sir, where would you suppose I was from?" "Did you ever undertake to do anything in your life that you didn't do?" "Yes," said the Hoosier, "I always fail when I undertake to do an impossible thing, a thing I rarely undertake however." "Well," said he, "from the scene just witnessed, and seeing your persistence

in calling out the president of the United States, which I would not have dared to do, I came to the conclusion that you always did everything that you undertook to do."

In the religious services at the Capitol on the next day, Sunday, Bishop Simpson was at his best. There were present, on that notable occasion, President Lincoln and family, foreign ministers, cabinet officers, with distinguished men and women, political and literary, representing almost every portion of the United States. Knowing Bishop Simpson as this writer did, he was surprised at the Bishop's reading as his text the fifth verse of the fifth chapter of Romans: "And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Having, at the request of the bishop, lead the services in prayer, the writer took his seat at the Speaker's desk, where he had an unobstructed view of the audience. The hall (house of representatives) was densely crowded. The president and his family sat at a convenient distance, immediately in front of the bishop, surrounded, for the most part, by his cabinet, and the judges of the supreme court of the United States. The thought occurred, when the bishop read his text that he had chosen a good subject, a very suitable one for a presiding elder's sermon to a Saturday congregation of church members; then came the suggestion, Why did the bishop not select some theme that would bring out to an audience like this something that involved more intellect and learning in philosophy and science? But the wonderful man of God, endued with power from on high,

was equal to the occasion. The audience, for the most part, was soon melted to tears. The writer noticed particularly the then grand, and almost iron, man, the secretary of the treasury, who seemed determined that he would keep the tears back, and yet the tears would come ; at first the secretary, apparently wishing nobody to see his movements, would suddenly brush the tears from his eyes, with his hands, but the flow increased until he was compelled to draw his white handkerchief, which he freely used. If all present were as the one who sat behind the bishop during the delivery of that most remarkable sermon it will never be forgotten. The closing sentence was so much like the bishop's preaching at an old fashioned Western camp-meeting, and was delivered with such pathos and unction that it would seem that it could never be forgotten, and now, after almost thirty years it is, at least by one, vividly remembered and is here given verbatim : "My dear friends, it is not more learning that you most need, it is not a higher knowledge in diplomacy ; it is not greater political sagacity or more extensive knowledge of state-craft ; but, that which every one most needs of all things under the shining sun is to have, by repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and humble obedience, the love of God shred abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto you." This last sentence was uttered in such an impassioned manner as only Mathew Simpson could utter it at the high noon of his noble powers of oratory and Christian manhood.

The committee appointed to report a plan for the organization of the Church Extension Society was

composed of the following persons: Edwin C. Griswald, Alpha J. Kynett, Samuel C. Thomas, Miner Raymond, Barzillai N. Sparrh, David L. Dempsey and Reuben Nelson. This was the beginning of one of the grandest church movements of modern times, next to the Missionary society.

If the history of the Church Extension board was written from its inception to the present time it would fill a large volume, and then the half would not have been told.

On May 11, John L. Smith offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the election of bishops (if any shall be elected) and General conference officers be made the order of the day for Friday, the 20th inst, immediately after the reading of the journal." When the time arrived the bishop presiding appointed J. C. Pershing, J. L. Smith, J. Lanahan, T. H. Pearne, T. C. Gardner, and L. H. King, tellers. On the first ballott Davis W. Clarke and Edward Thomson were elected "Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America." And on the second ballot Calvin Kingsley was declared duly elected a "Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America." May 20, on motion of J. L. Smith, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the consecration of the bishops elect be made the order for Tuesday, May 24, at 3 o'clock, p. m., and that the bishops be requested to arrange for special religious service as in their judgment may be proper."

In the forenoon of that day the following state-

ment, indicating the duty of church members as to the ordinary means of grace, and doing away with class-meeting attendance as a condition of church membership, was adopted, namely:

"Such as the public worship of God, the supper of the Lord, family and private prayer, searching the scriptures, class-meetings, and prayer-meetings." The vote stood, ayes 129; noes, 80.

There was another very important action taken, namely, changing the time of ministerial service in the same station from two years to three as the limit. This was done by a vote of 165 to 48.

At precisely three o'clock May 20, the service on the occasion of the ordination (consecration) of the recently elected bishops was introduced by Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., who read the 213th hymn; after the singing of the hymn, Rev. George Peck, D. D., led the devotions of the conference and congregation in an appropriate prayer. The services were continued by Rev. William H. Goode, who read the hymn commencing, "Let Zion's watchmen all awake." Davis W. Clarke was presented for ordination (consecration) by Randolph S. Foster, and George Webber; Jessie T. Peck and Leonard B. Gurley presented Edward Thomson; then S. Y. Monroe and Moses Hill presented Calvin Kingsley. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was then administered to the bishops and members of the conference, Bishop Janes conducting the services. Bishop Ames then offered the concluding prayer and pronounced the benediction. And thus Rev. Davis Clark, D. D., Rev. Edward Thompson, D. D., and Rev. Calvin Kingsley, D. D., were severally

ordained (consecrated), and set apart to the office and work of bishops or superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States of America. At the close of these services, on motion, the conference adjourned. The Doxology was sung, after which the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Morris.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREACHER'S AID SOCIETY—SWISHER'S BEQUESTS.

For 1864 the Northwest Indiana conference was held at Delphi, commencing on the 7th of September, with Bishop Baker in the chair. Of the three persons admitted on trial, one only is a member of the conference, Rev. Samuel Beck, D. D.

Brother Beck has been a success as a traveling preacher from the beginning. He has steadily grown in power and influence, and to-day in many respects stands the peer of any man in the conference. A faithful and successful circuit preacher; a successful church-builder and soul-winner; has been stationed at Attica, Crawfordsville, Greencastle, Terre Haute; served a full term on the Frankfort district; closed up at the last conference 1891 a full term of six years on the LaPorte district; highly respected by preachers and people wherever he labored. He is still in vigorous health, at the high noon of his manhood, and it is hoped he may live

yet many years, laboring in the future as in the past with abundant success. He is now stationed at Brazil, Indiana.

At this conference was reported the death of A. G. Chinowith and J. B. Mershon. Brother Chinowith was a transfer from the Baltimore conference; a genial companion, a fair preacher; was for some time presiding elder; highly respected and loved in his life, and much lamented in his death.

Brother Mershon was a devout man, and at one time was thought to be about the ablest man in the conference in combating the somewhat popular error, viz., that there is no mode of baptism authorized by the Scriptures excepting that of immersion. His last words were, "I have one request to make of my brethern: tell them, when they meet my children, to remember them in religious conversation and point them to heaven;" and then added, "Oh, what joy! Higher! Higher!"

Presiding elders appointed at this conference, and their respective districts: Indianapolis, Benjamin Winans; Terre Haute, J. C. Reed; Attica, J. W. T. McMullen; LaFayette, J. H. Hull; Delphi, James Johnson; Valparaiso, Conrad S. Burgner; LaPorte, S. T. Cooper.

Agent Preacher's Aid Society, Daniel DeMotte.

Principals of schools: O. H. Smith, Danville Academy; David Holmes, Battle Ground Institute; H. G. Jackson, Stockwell Collegiate Institute; B. W. Smith, Valparaiso Male and Female College; G. W. Rice, New Carlisle Institute; Levi Tarr, Northern Indiana College, South Bend.

Chaplains in the army: N. L. Brakeman, Charles

W. Tarr, John S. Donaldson, James H. Claypool.

Being detained at LaFayette to conduct the funeral services of honorable Albert S. White, judge of the United States circuit court, this writer failed for the first time to answer to his name at the first roll-call.

The writer was appointed a commissioner, at this conference, to secure, if possible, a division of the capital of the Indiana conference Preacher's Aid society. The society was organized about the year 1836, and the younger conferences of the State felt that they had an interest in the capital. After much delay a special act of the legislature was secured, chiefly by the agency of the aforesaid commissioner, authorizing a division of the capital of said society into four equal parts, and so providing for an equal distribution among the conferences. Even after this the Indiana conference refused to consent to a division of the funds, until Judge McDonald issued an order commanding the division to be made. The object of the commissioner was thus at length accomplished. The commissioner, from the time of his appointment in 1864, until the final settlement was made in 1871, labored faithfully, making collections, and securing donations and bequests for the Preacher's Aid society of the Northwest Indiana conference. The reader is referred to a future chapter for some additional facts, especially in regard to the closing up of the commissioner's work.

The conference session of 1864 was a very pleasant one, followed by a remarkably successful year in the work of the preachers, resulting in

many conversions and additions to the membership of the church.

Bishop Scott held the Northwest Indiana conference, in 1865, at Attica, Indiana, beginning on the 6th day of September.

The only death reported at this conference was that of Rev. Benjamin Winans, presiding elder of the Indianapolis district.

After attending five of his quarterly meetings, while returning home from the last, he was instantly hurried into eternity by an accident on the LaFayette and Indianapolis railroad, October 31, 1864. Thus suddenly was he cut down in the prime of his manhood and in the midst of his usefulness, "ceasing at once to work and live." His last sermon was preached only the evening before he was killed, from the text, "O Lord, I will praise thee!"

Brother Winans possessed preaching abilities of a superior order; he was a strong logical thinker, an earnest, effective speaker, chaste in style, natural in manner, and evangelical in spirit. He was not a profuse reader, but a profound thinker; modest in his pretensions, and unassuming in his claim; retired in his disposition, given to solitary walks and meditation. As an officer in the church he was faithful, law-abiding, and prompt; and by his wakeful energy he was instrumental in originating and sustaining several of our literary institutions, as well as in other respects serving the permanent institutions of the church. He loved the church of his choice, was ever jealous of her honor, and desirous for her success. As a citizen he was peaceable and loyal, serving his country in every way that a faithful

minister, not entering the army, could in the time of its peril. His hospitality was proverbial. Not only was the itinerant always welcomed to his home, but his beds and the floors of his house were often appropriated as lodgings for soldiers, whom he gathered in from the streets. As a companion he was cordial, facetious, and entertaining. As a husband and father he was affectionate, considerate, and cheerful; happy in his domestic relations, and hopeful of the future. His piety was unpretending but evangelical; he bore his afflictions with patience, and under the chastening hand of God he was subdued but confiding, never doubting the wisdom and goodness of God in the allotment of Divine providence.

The friends of Brother Winans at LaFayette paid his entire funeral expenses; then placed a beautiful monument at his grave. They secured for the family, from the Railroad Co., four thousand dollars in cash, (with which this writer had something to do,) as also, a United States bond of one hundred dollars, for each of the five children as a free gift, and otherwise looked after the stricken widow and fatherless children.

The conference of 1866 was held at LaPorte, Indiana, August 29--September 5, with Bishop Ames in the chair. Of the six persons admitted on trial at this conference only one remains in the active work to-day, viz: William A. Smith, now, and for several years, stationed in the goodly little city of Perrysville. Though a comparatively small place, Perrysville is, and has been for many years, a prominent point in the conference. Perhaps no truer,

better, more permanent and loyal laymen, and godly women are to be found in the conference than at Perrysville. Years ago among the dwellers of that village were John P. Jones and family, William Brown and family, good old Sister Blair, Brother George McNeil and his good wife and noble boys; besides these, the Smiths, the Dunlaps, the Roseburys, and many others no less worthy, have successfully carried forward the work. Perrysville has also been marked as the place where a large number of the leading preachers in the conference, from time to time, have been stationed; among whom might be named Samuel Brenton, Aaron Wood, Richard Hargrave, John B. DeMotte, Joseph C. Reed, George M. Boyd, J. A. Clearwaters, and others, and last, though not least, the good, kind-hearted, genial, social, and always successful preacher,—Rev. William A. Smith, the present incumbent.

In many respects 1866 was a year of stirring events. This writer, who had acted for four years as revenue collector, a part of the time in the work as presiding elder, financial agent for the Stockwell collegiate institute, and for one or two years on the supernumerary list, resigned as collector of revenue, and was appointed to the LaFayette district.

The War being over, Dr. H. G. Jackson, as before stated, was sent that year as a missionary to the city of New Orleans. On the fourth day of July of that year, while the loyal Union men were holding a meeting in a public hall, Brother Jackson being among them, they were set upon by an infuriated mob composed of blood-thirsty, Southern secessionists. The Union people were assaulted with chairs,

billets of wood, dirks and revolvers. Dr. Jackson in passing down the stairway received a bullet from one of the mob standing a few steps above him. The ball entered his side, and passed through the body and through the upper part of one of his lungs and the lower part of the other, and with the blood spurting from the orifice caused by the bullet, from each side, he was arrested at the foot of the stairs and hastily put in prison. A kind hearted physician with whom Brother Jackson had become acquainted, missing the missionary, set out among the police stations to find his friend ; after long searching he discovered him, faint from loss of blood, and took him home to his family in an almost dying condition, which was the first intimation his wife had of the terrible affair. The weather was very hot, but, through the blessing of God and the faithful attentions of his "Good Samaritan" he so far recovered that in the fall of that year he was able with his family to return to his friends in Indiana. After his almost miraculous recovery, and several years of faithful and successful work of teaching and preaching in Indiana, he was sent as a missionary to South America, with headquarters at Buenos Ayers, where he remained ten years or more. Returning again to Indiana in 1878, took charge of the church at Kansas City to fill a vacancy where he preached for several years ; was then stationed at Sedalia, Mo. ; and then elected president of Lewis College at Glasgow ; was transferred from there by Bishop Fowler to the Rock River conference, and stationed at Centenary Church, Chicago, remaining a full term of five years and is now (as before stated) in charge of one of the dis-

tricts of that city. Dr. Jackson's treatment in New Orleans, and the apathy of the then President of the United States, who, it was and is believed, might have prevented the terrible slaughter in New Orleans,—these, together with other important facts, were among the reasons which induced the writer to resign as revenue collector; which further reasons, with letter of resignation, the reader will find in the Appendix page—.

Bishop Janes held the conference at Danville, Indiana, beginning September 11, 1867. There were two admitted on trial this year, of whom Brother John Thompson only is in the active work. Brother Thompson is large-hearted, kind-spirited, and a very industrious man; he is now Bible agent in California as he was in Indiana for several years. He is a good preacher, and excells in his work as agent. Through his indomitable energy and perseverance he succeeded in building up the Bible work in Indiana as no agent had ever done before. Long may he live to bless the church and honor God.

Brother Andrew Sheridan was reported at the conference as having passed from labor to reward. He was born in Butler county, Ohio, February 7, 1825; converted in 1841; licensed to preach by Richard Hargrave in 1852; admitted to the conference on trial, in 1863, and appointed to Lebaron circuit; after which he successfully labored on different circuits until January 10, 1867, when he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. His last words were "Jesus is with me; glory to God!"

For the second time the conference was held, in

1868, in Valparaiso, September 30—October 5, when Bishop Edward Thompson, for the first time, presided over the Northwest Indiana conference.

The brethren admitted to this conference, who are still in the active work, were John M. Stafford, William G. Vessels, and D. W. Risher. Each of these good brethren has a fine record behind him.

Brother Stafford, a man of good preaching ability, a good pastor, pure in spirit, after filling a number of important posts of duty, is now the acceptable and much-loved pastor on the Crawfordsville circuit. His honored father, Rev. George W. Stafford, preached his semi-centennial sermon at Rochester in 1888; now retired, living on his farm near Crawfordsville, revered and loved, as he ought to be after so many years of successful labor. He is a man of character, piety, and broad intelligence; and, to crown all, he is a first-class specimen of the true Christian gentleman.

Brother Vessels, still active and energetic, having been transferred several years ago to Nebraska, where he is reported to have done excellent work, was, in the fall of 1891, transferred back to his old conference, among his former friends and brethren, and is now shouting to the battle on the beautiful "Wea Plains," near the city of LaFayette.

Brother D. W. Risher is one of the solid men of the conference, with less flash and brilliancy than some of his brethren, but with a skill and activity in the work far above many of his fellows. He is ever found at his post, successfully pushing forward the work of the Lord. He deserves well of his brethren.

The deaths reported that year were W. O. Wyant and A. D. Cunningham. Brother Wyant's race was short ; he was an Alumnus of Asbury, now DePauw University, and, in his public speech, for purity of diction, brilliancy of imagination, and power to impress his audience with the truth of the gospel, was not surpassed by any man of his age in the conference. At the conference of 1867 he was admitted on trial and appointed to Delphi station. He entered upon his work with a burning zeal, determined by the grace of God to witness a revival of the work of the Lord, and in this, he was not disappointed, for a gracious revival attended his labors. He taxed his energies too severely. On Thursday evening, January 23, 1868, while holding to the railing of the rostrum, he grew dizzy and partially blind, and said: "Are they putting out the lights? I cannot see." Staggering from the pulpit he was assisted into the parsonage to die. As the result of congestion of the brain, a stupor ensued from which he never revived, and on Sunday morning, January 26, while his church bell was ringing for class-meeting, between eight and nine o'clock a. m., his spirit fled to the heavenly world. And so passed away the flashing yet fleeting meteor—this very remarkable young man.

Rev. Amor D. Cunningham was born in Ripley county, Indiana, July 12, 1833. In his younger life he attended school at Brookville college. During his nineteenth year he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Rev. William M. Fraley, and was soon after converted to God ; he was received into full connection by Rev.

T. M. Eddy, and soon after received license to preach. He was married to Miss Mary M. Chafee, May 1, 1855. For a time he had charge of the schools of Blooming Grove and Greenfield, Indiana, and went from Greenfield to Indianapolis and filled the chair of Mathematics in the Female College. He was a man of great fervor of spirit, a magnetic preacher, but feeble in health; he died of hemorrhage of the lungs, August 9, 1868.

The delegates from the Northwest Indiana conference to the General conference, held in Chicago in 1868, were Joseph C. Reed, William Graham, Aaron Wood, John L. Smith. Bishops present at that General conference were Thomas A. Morris, Edmund S. Janes, Levi Scott, Mathew Simpson, Edward R. Ames, Davis W. Clark, Edward Thompson, and Calvin Kingsley. It was understood that Bishop Baker was in feeble health and was not expected to be present during the conference.

The meeting of the conference and the National Convention for nominating a President and Vice President of the United States at the same time and in the same city, brought together thousands of people; and every hotel, and other places where a stranger could get lodging, seemed to be filled. There were in attendance on the General conference many celebrities, among whom was Dr. William Morley Puncheon, of the Wesleyan Methodist connection in England. Dr. Puncheon was a marked man, whether in public speech or private conversation. In private interviews with preachers he seemed disposed to make the impression that the Americans were rather an inferior race compared

with the English. On one occasion he and Bishop Ames indulged in a familiar conversation in which Mr. Puncheon, among other things, said: "Bishop Ames, I feel, after all, that you Americans are rather a clever sort of people. I find among them some men of brilliant power, but then I readily account for that on the principal that most of your better, and cultured, people are descendents from English stock." To which Bishop Ames responded: "Well, Brother Puncheon, I am inclined to think that your statement is as much at variance with the facts as your conclusion is illogical; for, in my studies of the laws of pomology, I find that our best apples originated with the crab, and according to my taste and experience the farther we get away from the original crab the better the fruit," whereupon the conversation took a different turn.

Perhaps the most important act of the General conference of 1868 was that which so far perfected the lay-delegation movement as to make it possible for the lay brethren to enter as members of the General conference of 1872. The arrangement, however, which was as near perfection at the time, as the friends of the movement thought it possible to make it, has never yet seemed to be adjusted to the satisfaction of the lay brethren; and the question, therefore, for some time has been, how to adjust the lay and clerical elements in a satisfactory way, so as to secure harmony in the body as a whole. As to whether the ensuing General conference (May, 1892) will take the initiative for dividing itself into two houses, remains to be seen. On the thirteenth day of the conference, J. C. Reed pre-

sented the following question, and it was referred to the committee on episcopacy, viz: "When a copy of charges against a member of an Annual conference has been sent to him, and the charges put in the hands of the presiding bishop of said conference to be presented to the conference, has the bishop the power or right at his discretion to suppress or withhold them from the conference."

On the fifteenth day of the session J. L. Smith presented three petitions on the subject of lay representation, signed by Levi Ritter, J. H. Ross, E. S. Organ, and sixty others, and they were referred to the committee on that subject.

In this General conference there were two venerable and very remarkable men from the Illinois conference. These were Peter Cartwright and Peter Akers. This was Dr. Cartwright's last General conference, but Dr. Akers served in the General conference of 1872.

At the General conference at Boston in 1852, the scholarly and precise Dr. E. K. True delivered a lengthy address, in which he admonished the members of that body and urged that in discussing any subject they should not only sacredly observe parliamentary law, but keep close to the subject, and not waste so much time in wandering from the point of debate. As Dr. True seemed to be near the close of his speech Dr. Cartwright was observed to keep his eye first upon the speaker and then upon the chair; while Dr. True was in the act of resuming his seat Cartwright sprang to his feet, and, obtaining the floor, he said: "We have had a long homily upon the importance of sticking to the *pint* and now,

Mr. President, Dr. True's speech brings to my mind a song that the Suckers used to sing in the early settlement of Illinois, which was this :

'It is pint look out and pint look in,
Its pint and no pint and pint agin.'

And now, Mr. President, I want Dr. True and all the other Drs. on this floor to know that I too am a Dr.; for I was born in a canebrake, rocked in a sugar trough, and graduated in a thunder storm." To say that this speech brought down the house is drawing it very mildly; for it was some time before order was restored in that grave body.

A good many Methodists have read Dr. Cartwright's autobiography but very few are familiar with the close of his earthly pilgrimage. So the author, believing that many of his readers would be interested in a brief history of this remarkable man, takes the liberty of here giving the full text of his memoir as published in the General minutes.

Peter Cartwright died at his home near Pleasant Plains, Sangamon county, Illinois, at three o'clock p. m., September 25, 1872. He was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst county, Va.; hence at his death he was eighty-seven years and twenty-four days old. When he was eight years of age his father moved with his family to Logan county, Ky. He was converted May 1, 1801, at a protracted meeting held by the Presbyterians and Methodists near his home, and was made an exhorter in May, 1802. His exhorter's license was all the human authority he had to preach until he was ordained deacon. His first appointment was as junior preacher on the Red River circuit, embracing Logan county, Ky. He re-

mained on that circuit three months, took into the church twenty-five members, and received six dollars. The balance of the year he spent as preacher-in-charge of Waynesville, an adjoining circuit. Here he was recommended to the Annual conference, which was held October, 1804, at Mt. Gerizim, Ky. He was ordained deacon at Lexington, Ky., by Bishop Asbury, September 16, 1806. In 1808 he was ordained elder, by Bishop McKendree, at the conference held at Liberty Hall, Tenn.; August 18, 1808, he was married to Frances Gains, his bride being nineteen and he nearly twenty-three; and this year he traveled Salt River circuit. 1809-10 he was on the Lexington circuit, Ky. 1811 he was on the Christian circuit, and in 1812 was appointed presiding elder of Wabash district, by Bishop Asbury, at the conference at Fountain Green, Tenn. From 1813 to 1816 he was presiding elder of Green River district, Ky. In this latter year he was first elected delegate to the General conference held at Baltimore, Md. He was a delegate to thirteen General conferences in succession. From 1816 to 1820 he traveled circuits in Kentucky. From 1821 to 1824 he was presiding elder of Cumberland district, Ky. His appointment to this district was the beginning of his fifty years in regular succession in the presiding eldership.

He came to Illinois on horseback in 1823, to explore the country. He moved his family to Pleasant Plains, Ill., November 24, 1824. Here he spent the remainder of his eventful life; here he died in peace, and here lies his body in the soil which, like Abraham, he purchased with his own money. The

Illinois conference was organized the year Dr. Cartwright joined it. In 1825 he was made presiding elder of Illinois district, and was, continuously presiding elder of different districts in Illinois till September 24, 1869, when he was relieved from its labors at his own request. In 1870 and 1872 he was conference missionary. He attended forty-six meetings of the Illinois conference, missing only one, from 1824 to 1871. He was present at the first calling of the roll in this conference forty-five times. He was six years a visitor of McKendree college, three years a visitor of Illinois Wesleyan university, and one year a visitor of Garrett Biblical institute. He was eight years in the old Western conference, eight years in the Tennessee conference, four years in the Kentucky conference, and forty-eight years a member of the Illinois conference.

In person, Dr. Cartwright was about five feet ten inches high, and had a square built, powerful physical frame, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He often said that he had a constitution that could wear out a dozen threshing machines. His complexion was dark, he had high cheek bones, and a small piercing black eye. His hair was never straight, and as his head was large, he presented at times a very bold and formidable look. His hardships and exposure seemed but to add to his manly vigor and produce almost perfect health. And he appreciated this blessing of Heaven so greatly that he had a high regard for the muscular part of his Christianity. The roughs and bruisers at camp-meetings and elsewhere stood in awe of his brawny arm, and many anecdotes are told of his

courage and daring that sent terror to their ranks. He felt that he was one of the Lord's breaking plows, and that he had to drive his way through all kinds of roots and stubborn soil. Added to and above all this superior physical strength he had a sort of moral and kingly power that belongs to all real heroes, without which the grandest muscular development is but as wood, hay, and stubble. His gesticulation, his manner of listening, his walk, and his laugh were peculiar, and would command attention in a crowd of a thousand. There was something undefinable about the whole man that was attractive to the majority of people, and made them linger in his presence and want to see him again. His early Kentucky life, and the long prairie rides in Illinois, did more than build up a powerful physical frame. The fundamental doctrines of Christianity early engaged his attention, and occupied his thoughts; and what truths are better calculated to give mental health an vigor? His mind naturally and readily perceived the strong points of a subject and did not waste its energies on side issues, and hence he soon became acknowledged as a man of superior mental power. His acquaintance with books was not commensurate with his intellect; yet he seemed to possess a knowledge of all the important facts of history, ancient and modern. He had a remarkable perception of men, and seldom had occasion to change his first impression of a man's character. He said he could read a man who talked much in ten minutes. He would reach a point by intuition where others had to go through long and tedious processes of reasoning. He was posted on all promi-

ment subjects of legislation, and occasionally took an active part in politics; but made all subservient to the higher duties of the ministry. Public men had a very high regard for his mental and moral power. Sometimes he handled them with an unsparing hand, and woe to the man that came within the sweep of his indignation. It has been said of him that he hated the devil more than he loved Christ. We hardly think so, for while he was fierce in his denunciations of Satan and the powers of darkness, he was none the less successful and powerful when he came to dwell upon the glories of heaven and the mercies of Jehovah. He wielded the battle-axe of truth with no feeble hand; but while he could cut and pound, and blow away a subterfuge of lies, he could also build up a home, and extend a warm and hearty welcome to the slain, gathering them in with a kind hand to a place of peace, safety, and glory.

For years he was an acknowledged leader. In the Illinois conference he took that rank at the first, and continued his influence and power almost up to the time of his relinquishment of the district. Nearly two generations of preachers in this body looked upon him and Dr. Akers as their spiritual fathers, protectors and guides. He had a peculiar talent for a conference. He regarded a body of Methodist ministers as the best society on earth, and he knew how to enjoy it. In debate his speeches were short, pithy, and right to the point. Sometimes his rebuffs, wit, and compliments were scattered promiscuously upon his opponents and his supporters. He loved his conference, and

almost to the last of his days attended its sessions. When his form was bowed, his steps feeble, and his voice had lost its volume, he loved to linger where so many of his trophies had been won, and enjoy the smiles, and grasp the hands of his collaborators, some of whom he had known fifty years. That the conference highly esteemed him was evinced by its repeatedly electing him to the General conference, and holding a jubilee in honor of the fact that he had been presiding elder fifty consecutive years. No man was ever elected so often to the highest legislative body of the church, no man was ever fifty years successively presiding elder, and no man ever had a whole conference to hold a jubilee in honor of such an event, save Peter Cartwright.

Mrs. Cartwright, who survives her husband, was in every sense of the word a helpmeet for him. In all the trials of poverty, and of a new country, and the itinerant life therein, and the special trials of Father Cartwright, she was always his trusted counselor, and faithful and quiet assistant. She was literally a worthy companion of such a man. More than sixty-four years they lived together happily, fulfilling the promise they made at the altar in 1808 to support, love, and cherish each other till death should them part. Their family consisted of nine children—two sons and seven daughters. Two sons and five daughters are still living; and the patriarch saw before he died the faces of his fifty grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, and seven great great-grandchildren. As a preacher, he was warm, sympathetic, clear, and often rose to

the highest style of oratory. In fact, his power over an audience was in his palmy days often overwhelming. Scores have been known to fall under his burning words as if they were struck by lightning. Riotous ruffians, who came to scoff and disturb, were prostrated by the impetuous sweep of his sword of the spirit; and contentious skeptics, and uproarious infidels, and quarrelsome bigots, were scattered and driven by his preaching as chaff in the wind. He could knock down the leader and disperse the mob at a camp-meeting, and then mount the stand, and in thirty minutes cause three hundred to fall like dead men in battle under his preaching. Sometimes he would overflow with mirthfulness and humor. But behind all his eccentricities of wit he carried a warm heart, good sense, and a supply of divine grace. Although he was a natural wag, he never allowed his inclination to drollery to master him. He assumed various ways for various people. Now he was like a fearful cloud charged with thunder, lightning, and terror; and then he would excite to levity and glee, which soon, it may be, was followed by floods of tears, so that the people hardly knew how to show their admiration, whether by crying, laughing, or shouting, or all together at once. Everything about his discourses was marked and original. He knew well the great truths of religion, and generally made them plain to his hearers. There was nothing misty or ambiguous in his statements. He always made his hearers understand the aim he had in view. We might extend this tribute to his memory to almost any length, relating incidents of his

long and eventful career. His history is connected with almost the entire history of our church in America. He preached nearly eighteen thousand sermons, not including minor addresses; he baptized nearly fifteen thousand persons and received into the church nearly twelve thousand members, and licensed preachers enough to make a whole conference. He has faced mobs, quelled riots, preached sermons, prayed for mourners, legislated for his church and his State, written books, sung songs, worked with his own hands on a farm, and done all these diversified kinds of business in good order, in quick succession, and of vast amount. And amid all this diversity of labor and trial, for over seventy years he maintained a character for unblemished Christian honesty and integrity. He may have committed errors and mistakes; but if God would never carry on a work until he could find servants free from follies his work never would be done, through human agency at least. If his blessing never attended a preacher until he was free from all unwise words and ways, we are afraid we would all go without a blessing the balance of our days. The infallible pen of inspiration notes the fact that prophets and apostles were not as perfect and complete as the Lord would desire them. For our part, we would rather a locomotive would now and then run off the track and break a few bones, than stand on the side switch and rust and rot. We would rather look upon the swift torrent that carried with it destruction now and then, than to look upon the stagnant pool, breeding malaria and death in its quietness.

Brother Cartwright was living six years before

John Wesley died. He was a Methodist when the term was almost unknown except as a reproach and derision; when its members were counted by hundreds and far between. He devoted his remarkable energies to the service of the church while it was weak and despised, and was spoken of as an "ignorant and excitable rabble;" when its contributions were measured by a few hundreds, and the support of its preachers was doled out by dimes; when it had hardly a leaf of literature, and had no college or seminary worthy of the name; when its churches were log cabins, and its conferences were held on camp-grounds.

Brother Cartwright lived in the country before it had a constitution, and most of the renowned men of the nation have risen, flourished, and died in his lifetime. Washington, and the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun, Douglass, and Lincoln, all performed their wonderful deeds of statesmanship within his day. He was a witness of the birth of the nation, and was an intelligent actor at the time of the war of 1812. He was past the average age of men when Scott took Mexico and Zachary Taylor conquered on the field of Buena Vista. He heard and opposed the first notes of nullification, and the repeated threats to dissolve the Union; he saw the attempt to carry out these threats and its miserable failure. He knew his country when there was neither steamboat nor locomotive in it, and he lived to see our waters covered with the noblest specimens of naval architecture, and nearly eighty thousand miles of railroads running from the rivers to the

ends of the earth. He was spoken of as an old man before the telegraph was thought of, yet he lived to see it extended through all civilized lands, and its lines spread over the depths of the sea. He stood on the site of Chicago when it was a swamp, and when no man was mad enough to dream that it was the spot where the most wonderful city of the world would be built. He had almost made a history of his own when St. Louis was only a trading post, and when Omaha and San-Francisco were unknown.

Our pen and time fail to do him justice. A volume might be written, and then the events of his remarkable life would be but dimly portrayed. When thousands of other orators, and scholars, and theologians, and evangelists are forgotten, Brother Cartwright's name will be a household word throughout the western country."

This writer's acquaintance with Dr. Cartwright commenced in 1852 and was afterwards more or less intimate to the time of his death.

Years ago the bishops adopted an administrative rule requiring a more frequent change of presiding elders. Not long afterwards Bishop Morris presided at a session of the Illinois conference, when the following colloquy took place between him and Peter Cartwright in one of the cabinet meetings. (The writer received his account of it from the bishop's own lips, and now gives it in the bishop's own words as nearly as they can be recalled.) "Brother Cartwright, I suppose you know of the action taken by the board of bishops, the rule they adopted at their last meeting?"—"Look here, Tom, I

want you to understand right now that you can't cut up any such flubdubs about me. Don't you remember when you were the junior preacher on a circuit with me? and how I had to carry you on my back the whole year? and how I begged socks and other clothing for you from the people? and have you forgotten, when the people determined to send you home, how I stood by you? Now I suppose you think you are no longer little Tom Morris but big Bishop Morris! The idea of your coming out here and proposing to interfere with my rights! I want you to understand Brother Tommy that the thing can't be done. You may do as you please with these young chaps, but, as for me, be it understood right now, you will leave me on my district. Mind you, I am no spring chicken!" The bishop laughed heartily while relating the incident, and when the writer inquired, "Well, what did you do with him, bishop?" he answered, "Why, what could I do with him? I just left him on his district." "The fact is," said the bishop, "everybody knows that Peter Cartwright is a privileged character; moreover, in view of his long life and arduous labors, I thought it was best to deviate from the rule, and not disturb the old war-horse."

The writer having been elected at the Annual meeting of the joint board of trustees and visitors as financial agent of the Indiana Asbury University, was appointed by Bishop Thomson in the fall of 1868 to that work. He succeeded in securing from Anthony Swisher, of Warren county, Indiana, the following bequests: for the University, one half of the Swisher estate, which, it was thought

would be worth to the University at least twenty thousand dollars; for the Board of Church Extension, five thousand dollars; for the Missionary Society, five thousand dollars; for the Preacher's Aid Society, five thousand dollars; and for the American Bible Society, five thousand dollars. The agent also secured several donations to the University from other parties.

The conditions of Mr. Swisher's will were such that nothing could be realized on the bequest until after the death of himself and wife, they having no children. Mrs. Swisher survived her husband several years, and died late in 1890. The estate is not yet fully settled, but the Asbury, now DePauw University has already received about eighteen thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERAL CONFERENCE 1876—BOOK COMMITTEE.

For the first time Bishop Clark held the session of the Northwest Indiana conference, at LaFayette, September 8-13, 1869; Clark Skinner acting as secretary. At this conference nineteen were admitted on trial, and there are among them to-day, in the active work, W. P. McKinsey, David Handley, H. N. Ogden, J. T. Stafford, and H. A. Gobin.

Brother McKinsey is now stationed at Lebanon. He has from the beginning been an active and earn-

est worker ; for several years past he has occupied important stations such as Plymouth, Delphi, and others. He has had success in his work in every charge to which he has been appointed ; he is a good preacher, has made himself familiar with the polity of the church ; a ready accountant ; active and faithful ; and is blessed with a gifted and godly wife, who has indeed been a helpmate in all the years of her honored husband's ministry. She is now the efficient, able, and popular Conference secretary of the Woman's Foreign missionary society, and right royally has she sustained the work committed to her charge.

Brother Handley was for some time a student in the Valparaiso college, and afterwards passed through the course of study in the Garrett Biblical Institute. He is an able and logical gospel preacher ; he has been a success in the work of the ministry in every field of labor in which he has served. He is now on his second year in the Thorntown station, where he is greatly esteemed by the people, and is having prosperity in his work.

Brother Ogden is well-known in the conference as a pleasant, smooth, sweet spirited man of God. For a number of years he has diligently and successfully labored in several of the important stations of the conference. For three years past he has been elected secretary ; and, at the last session of the conference, 1891, he was appointed by Bishop Ninde, presiding elder of the South Bend district, and now bids fair to be fully equal, if not superior, to his former self in his new field of labor.

Brother Stafford is now stationed on the Monon

Charge; he is an excellent preacher, clear, sound, methodical. In private life Brother S. is orderly, dignified, and sometimes a little taciturn, but has a social nature and a warm heart; is devoted to his friends, loves the church, and is faithful and successful in his work.

Dr. Gobin is one of our purest and best men. His father, Calvin Gobin was one of the class-leaders in the pastoral charge of this writer at Terre Haute, in 1847-8, when Hiliary was a little boy and Sabbath-school scholar. He was a lovable child, a pure young man, devoted, pious; graduated at Asbury university; labored as a pastor for several years; was instrumental in building a fine church both at Remington and at Goodland; stationed at first M. E. church, South Bend; afterwards at Trinity church, LaFayette; then elected Greek professor in DePauw university; then called to the presidency of a college in Kansas; elected and recalled to Greencastle, and is now successfully serving as Dean of the school of theology; and is delegate elect to the General conference to meet in Omaha, Neb., in May, 1892.

Bishop Clark was kind enough to give this writer Williamsport circuit, although both the bishop and some of the writer's special friends in the conference, were for a time, determined that the College agent should continue in the agency. They were very persistent in their efforts to have him re-appointed, but, on the other hand, he as persistently refused to be re-appointed. They persisted until he felt it to be his duty as well as privilege to rise before the conference and say: "Neither this conference nor Bishop Clark, with all his episcopal authority, has

the power to continue me in the agency. He has the power to send me to the poorest mission, the hardest circuit, the most difficult station, or the largest district in the conference ; and, in case of any such appointment, as a loyal Methodist preacher I will go, but back into the agency I will not go." He did go to a circuit, and it proved to be one of the best and most successful years of his ministeral life. Through the blessing of God a gracious revival attended his unworthy labors ; two new churches were built and a third was well on the way, the year winding up with a glorious camp-meeting ; and, as these churches were built and three new societies organized outside of the circuit to which he had been appointed, he was able to return (at the next conference) the Williamsport circuit revived and greatly strengthened, and an entire new circuit called Walnut Grove, which from the beginning was self-supporting.

At this conference was reported the death of the venerable and much loved H. Vredenburgh who had been on the superannuated list for quite a number of years. He was born in West Chester county, New York, May 10, 1790 ; settled in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1817 ; joined the Missouri conference in 1820. In 1824 the Illinois conference was formed and Brother Vredenburgh was one of the original thirty-two members. He traveled many hard circuits, among which were Crawfordsville and Logansport mission. He was included in the Indiana conference at the time it was formed, and his last years of active service was on the Prairieville circuit, to which he was appointed in 1851. He was a very

clear and sound doctrinal preacher, much loved by the people, venerated by the junior members of the conference, and respected by all. He closed his career in peace at the home of his son-in-law, Rev. R. C. Rowley, in Wisconsin, January 23, 1869.

From the time the Episcopal plan of visitation was published the preachers of the conference hailed with delight the approaching session, when their intimate friend and much loved Bishop Simpson would preside again. The conference that year was held at Terre Haute, September 7-12, 1870. Twelve were admitted on trial, and, of these all that remain in the conference and in the active work of the ministry now, are Henry C. Neal, and Elijah R. Johnson.

Brother Neal is a devoted Christian gentleman, a man of good education, a fine preacher, and successful in his work. He was educated at Delaware, Ohio; has traveled a number of years, also spent several years as teacher in the High School at Thorntown, and is now the much loved and highly esteemed pastor of Lebanon circuit.

Rev. E. R. Johnson is a man of worth; he is not only an able preacher, a faithful pastor, and a man who brings things to pass as a leader in revival work; but he is, and has been, the useful and popular chairman of the Conference committee on statistics. In every department of the work to which he has been called, he has been a success.

Among those admitted that year, who have gone out from us, mention should be made of Rev. E. R. Dille, of the California conference; D. G. LeSourd, and Dr. N. A. Chamberlain, the former of Puget

Sound conference and the latter of Colorado conference, now stationed in the city of Denver. Each of these three brethren now stand among the leading men of their respective conferences.

The Crawfordsville district for that year stood as follows: J. L. Smith, presiding elder; Crawfordsville, A. A. Gee; Crawfordsville circuit, W. G. Vessells; Darlington, F. Mikels; Alamo, C. B. Heath; Covington, W. Frank Bartholomew; Perrysville, Wilson Beckner; State Line, G. W. Warner; Williamsport, Thomas Bartlett; Walnut Grove, D. P. McLain; Stockwell, C. B. Mock; John Thomson, Agent of American Bible Society.

On the Sunday of the conference Bishop Simpson, among his old and highly esteemed friends in the city of Terre Haute, arose in his sermon to the highest point of grandeur as a gospel preacher. He was loved and honored everywhere in the state, but nowhere more than in the city of Terre Haute. Among the prominent citizens of Terre Haute at the time, and some of them are yet living, were Hon. Richard W. Thompson, Senator Vorhees, T. C. Buntin, and Hon. Thomas Dowling. Mr. Dowling gave a dinner party in honor of the bishop. Among the guests were Hon. D. W. Vorhees, one of the bishop's old students, Rev. Dr. A. A. Gee, and J. L. Smith. At the dinner table Mr. Dowling told a very amusing anecdote. Once, when he was a member of the Indiana legislature, the common-school question came up for discussion. The Hon. Joseph A. Wright, a Democrat, and the Hon. H. P., a Whig, who, it appeared, had no children to educate, were the principal disputants. Mr. Wright

delivered a fervid speech in favor of free schools, referring, in the course of his remarks, to the mother of the Grachi, and eulogizing her devotion to the education of her boys. Wright recounted all the particulars of the familiar story. When a certain noble lady, he said, visited the mother of the Grachi, making a display of her costly jewelry, and then saying to Cornelia, 'And where are your jewels?' Cornelia purposely detained her guest until her boys returned from school, when, pointing to them she said, 'These are my jewels.' Meanwhile the Whig member, leaning over and whispering to Mr. Dowling, who was a brother Whig, inquired, 'What does Wright mean by his talk about Mother Grachi? Who is she anyhow? I never heard of her before.' 'Oh,' said Dowling, 'she is an old woman living on the Raccoon, down in Park county. She has six or eight lazy, good-for-nothing boys; and she is expecting, if this bill is passed, to have them schooled at the expense of the rest of us, who have no boys to educate.' 'Ah, that's it, eh? Well, never mind, I'll show him a thing or two.' As soon as Mr. Wright was seated the Whig member from Southern Indiana, sprang to his feet, and said: 'Mr. Speaker, perhaps you and this house don't understand about this case as much as I do. The gentleman who has just taken his seat, as you know, represents Park county, and wants to make himself very popular with the old women and boys down there. He has a great deal to say about Mother Grachi; but who is Mother Grachi? Why, sir, as I have been informed by a gentleman who knows her well, she is an ignorant old woman living down

there on the Raccoon, in Park county, and has about a dozen boys the gentleman who has just spoken would have us educate at the expense of the State. And now Mr. Speaker, I should like to know where the money is to come from? Why, sir, it must come from the pockets of the hard-fisted yeomanry of the country, many of whom, like myself have no boys to educate. Money must be taken from my pocket by taxation, and from the hard earnings of others like myself, who have no children, to educate a lot of lounging boys like old Mother Grachi's. I protest against it. The people I have the honor to represent will never stand it, sir, never.' The effect of the speech, Mr. Dowling said, was tremendous. The whole house, including galleries, was convulsed with laughter. And the laughter, he said, instead of confusing or intimidating, only animated and inspired the speaker.

The conference year was a prosperous one in revivals, conversions and additions to the church.

The session of the North-west Indiana conference of 1871, was held at Crawfordsville, Bishop Ames presiding, J. C. Reed, secretary. Eleven persons, at this conference, were admitted on trial, of whom only one remains in the conference and in the active work—Rev. Whitefield Hall, now stationed on LaPorte circuit. This good brother is a son of Rev. Colbreth Hall, and, on the maternal side, is a grandson of Rev. William Hunt, who was among the very first Methodist preachers in Indiana, being in the territory as early as 1808. Brother W. Hall is a sound gospel preacher, loves the church, is devoted to his work,

has a cultured wife, and has been much blessed in seeing the work of the Lord prosper in his hands.

One admitted at this conference, F. J. Tolby, was sent as a missionary to New Mexico, and, after two or three years of faithful labor, his life went out by the hand of an unknown assassin. Brother Tolby was born in Hendricks county, Indiana. He was converted to God near Tippecanoe Battle Ground in 1857, and, as has been stated, admitted to the Northwest Indiana conference in 1871. He served the church with fidelity on Pine Grove, Brook, and Morocco circuits, and in 1874 was stationed at Cimaron, New Mexico. On September 14, 1875, as he was returning from Elizabethtown, he was shot by some unknown person, and fell from his horse a lifeless corpse.

The following words found in the report of Rev. Thomas Harwood, superintendent of the mission, doubtless contain the true account of the missionary's tragic end. He says: "Brother Tolby has labored nearly two years at Cimaron and Elizabethtown and did the church good service. He was a rising man, bold and fearless in the pulpit and out of it; had made many friends on his circuit and in the country, and was hopeful for the work; but in the midst of his hopes, in the noonday of his life, he was cut off. But the itinerant, like a warrior, fell from his saddle in the midst of the strife."

Several things transpired at the conference of 1871 of rather a remarkable character. The conference sermon on Tuesday night was preached by Brother B, in which, as it was thought by many of

his brethren, he animadverted with unsparing severity upon the alleged conduct of many members of the conference, even charging them with organizing secret bands among themselves for the sake of personal promotion.

At this conference the commissioner appointed to secure a division of the Preacher's Aid Society funds, made his final report. And in that report was incorporated the action of the Board of Managers, approving and accepting the services of the commissioner, and adding, by resolution, a vote of thanks for the faithful manner in which the work had been conducted from the beginning to its close, including a period of seven years.

A provisional arrangement for the introduction of layman into the General conference having been made at Chicago in 1868, lay delegation entered the General conference of 1872 in triumph, at Brooklyn, N. Y. The first Northwest Indiana Lay Electoral conference met at Crawfordsville on the third day of the Annual conference session, Friday, the 8th of September. The following is a full list of the Northwest Indiana conference delegates to the general conference of 1872: Clerical,—Allen A. Gee, Joseph C. Reed, Nelson L. Brakeman, Samuel Godfrey; Reserves,—Aaron Wood, Luther Taylor; Lay,—Henry S. Lane, John Brownfield; Reserves,—Mark Jones, L. B. Sims. During the quadrennium, closing in 1872 there was an almost alarming mortality among the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Thomson, who died near Wheeling, W. Va., March 22, 1870, was a marked man in many

respects. To the men who knew that great man of God, nothing needs to be said; but the younger men now in the active work, and the preachers to come after them, would do well to study the life story of Edward Thompson. Bishop Thompson was born in Portsea, England, October 12, 1810; he was a relative of James Thompson, the author of "The Seasons." He came to America in 1818, and the family located in Wooster, Ohio, in 1820. He became a practicing physician, and his medical studies and associations developed in him a strong bias toward skepticism. On Sunday, December 11, 1831, he was converted, on his knees, after reading the Epistle of James; then and there he consecrated his life to God, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Some of his friends were opposed to his joining the Methodist church, but he answered them by saying, "The Methodists are a people who make a business of religion." His parents were Baptists, and his father consented with reluctance to his son's becoming a Methodist. He was baptized April 9, 1832, and licensed to exhort the next day; on July 1, 1832, he was licensed to preach, and was admitted on trial at Dayton, Ohio, in September, 1832. His first year in the conference was with H. O. Sheldon, preacher-in-charge; he was afterwards stationed with Joseph M. Trimble in Cincinnati, and the next year served the church in Sandusky City; for some time he was pastor of the church at Detroit, Mich.; became principal of Norwalk seminary; he was elected editor of the Ladies Repository in 1844; from '46 to '59, was president of Ohio Wesleyan university; became ed-

itor of the Christian Advocate at New York in 1860, and, at the General conference at Philadelphia in 1864, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Perhaps the highest achievements of Dr. Thomson were in the department of education. Here he seemed a prince in his native domain. He ruled by the charms of personal goodness, by the magic spell of an inimitable character. He taught with facility, and made every topic luminous by fertility and aptness of illustration. Many of the men who have given character to the North Ohio conference were educated, partially or wholly, at the Norwalk seminary during his presidency. As Bishop he belonged to the whole church. He dearly loved his friends in Ohio, where perhaps he accomplished the best work of his life. It grieved him to think of making a home for his family in a distant State. This writer remembers with distinctiveness a remark of Dr. Thompson's, when he was elected editor of the Christian Advocate at Buffalo in 1860; a position he did not seek and accepted with reluctance. After his election, his friends seeing that he seemed rather despondent, rallied about him and said: "We have no fears of you, you will succeed as editor." The Doctor replied: "By God's help I will run it through or it shall run me through." The saintly man has found his exceeding and great reward in heaven.

Calvin Kingsley was elected Bishop, also, at Philadelphia, in 1864. He was born in 1812, and died at Beyroot, Syria, April 6, 1870. Bishop Kingsley was an amiable and loveable man; unpretentious, yet

scholarly, and always sweet-spirited. He was an active worker, impelled by strong convictions, in behalf of the liberation of the slaves. As editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* he had ample opportunity for the exercise of his powers as a writer, and, under his management, that paper never gave out an uncertain sound on the moral questions of the day or failed in loyalty to the Methodist Episcopal church. As a bishop he was kind and conciliatory, genial and frank. He had what might be called a hatred of anything in the church representing, or even squinting towards "a third order" in the Methodist ministry, or pointing to a "hierarchy" in the Church of his early choice, for whose interests, in the work of the ministry, he had labored so faithfully and successfully from his youth up. He was loveable in his life, and died lamented by all that knew him.

Davis W. Clark, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, was born in the State of Maine, November 25, 1812, and died at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, of disease of the heart, May 23, 1871. He graduated from the Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., in 1843. He was admitted into the New York conference, and, after filling five appointments in the conference, he was appointed to the editorship of the "*Ladies Repository*," which position he held till 1864, when he was elected bishop. He took an active part, after the war, in the re-organization of the work in the South. He was president of the Freedmen's Aid society, and an institution of learning in the South bears his name. He was regarded as a scholarly man, a clear

thinker, with but little animation in his preaching, a friend to learning, and an earnest supporter of the schools and colleges of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Osmon Cleander Baker, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, was born in Marlow, New Hampshire, July 30, 1812; and died in Concord, N. H., December 20, 1871. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the Wilbraham academy, where, soon after, he was converted and received into the church by Dr. Fisk, the principal of the school. He was licensed as an exhorter when seventeen years of age. In 1830 he entered the Wesleyan university where he remained three years. While in college he was licensed as a local preacher. In 1834, he became a teacher in the seminary of Newbury, Vermont; and, after about ten years in the work of teaching, he was appointed pastor of the church at Rochester, N. H., and in 1845, of the church in Manchester, N. H., both charges of the New Hampshire and Vermont conferences. In 1846 he was appointed presiding elder of the Dover district, but after a year, accepted a professorship in the Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., in which city he henceforth resided until his death. At the general conference at Boston in 1852, he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Northwest Indiana was the first conference over which he presided, organized and held, as before stated, at Terre Haute. Bishop Baker, while he was not what would be called a great preacher, was a man of tender sensibilities, loveable disposition, accurate in his rulings on questions of church

law, and was highly esteemed and much loved by the preachers, wherever he went.

The general conference of 1872 was remarkable mainly for two things: 1st. The admission of laymen as delegates. The only power to bring about this fundamental change in the church polity rested wholly in the ministry; and while the laymen have not been fully satisfied with their position, yet the action of the ministry in which they voluntarily divided with their lay brethren their powers as rulers in the church might be set down as, perhaps, the *eighth* wonder of the world. It is a trite saying that all men love power, and it is an exceedingly rare and unusual thing for anyone in authority to yield or divide that authority with any other. It is therefore a sublime spectacle that the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, without compulsion, willingly said to their lay brethren, "Come over and help us." As revolutions rarely go backward so the good work will, doubtless go on, until by the plan of organizing the General conference into two houses, the decrease of the clerical numbers, or the increase of the lay, there will result such a division of power as shall bring about perfect equality, "for we be brethren."

2nd. The election of so large a number of bishops. The General conference seemed to have been stricken with a panic, or alarmed by the fact that four of the bishops had passed to their reward since 1868. One brother naively remarked that in the election of eight bishops he feared the church had "Overdrawn its account with the Lord."

By the death of Bishop Thomson, Kingsley,

Clark and Baker, only five remained, viz., Morris, Janes, Scott, Simpson, and Ames. To this number the conference added Thomas Bowman, William L. Harris, Randolph S. Foster, Isaac W. Wiley, Stephen M. Merrill, Edward G. Andrews, Gilbert Haven, and Jesse T. Peck.

At the session of the Northwest Indiana conference, held by Bishop Janes at Thorntown, September 4-9, 1872, there were eight admitted on trial, not one of whom remains in the conference at this writing, 1892.

Alexander B. Bruner is a member of the Colorado conference, where he is an acceptable and useful preacher.

Winfield S. Crow is, or has been, preaching for the Universalists or Unitarians, and it is not very material which.

Andrew J. Clifton is a born revivalist, and is still doing good work in Nebraska.

Franklin Mikels is a good man, a good preacher, and was successful in the active work, but is now on the supernumerary list, with his residence at Stockwell.

John Blackstock, about ten years a missionary in India, returned to his old conference a few years ago, remaining about two years, and then returning to India, a true and faithful man of God.

Henry A. Buchtel, an alumnus of Asbury, now De Pauw, university, was sent to Bulgaria as a missionary, soon returned to America; occupied several among our best stations; was in Denver, Colorado, several years, and is now stationed in one of the city churches in Indianapolis. He is scholar-

ly, kind hearted, brotherly, an able preacher, successful and popular wherever he has labored.

James N. Beard, also, was admitted at this conference, of whom mention has already been made.

Brother Thomas Meredith was re-admitted on his certificate of location.

T. C. Webster, a most excellent brother, a fine preacher, a very loveable man, was transferred some years ago to Nebraska, and is now the efficient and popular pastor of one of the churches in the city of Omaha. During that year, that is to say, in the winter of '72-3, a glorious revival took place in the city of Crawfordsville, where J. L. Smith was presiding elder, and Rev. S. Beck, D. D., preacher-in-charge. For the first week or ten days of the meetings they were held as union meetings between the Methodists and Presbyterians, and part of the time in one church and then in the other. On a certain occasion during the revival, and while the meeting was being held in the Methodist church, a noteworthy circumstance took place, which is here given. In the Methodist church the choir and organ had been, for years, situated in the end gallery. Among the members of the choir were two or three persons who were not members of any church, while the organist, a most excellent Christian lady, was a member of the Baptist church. Some of the more scrupulous, not to say sectarian, among the official members, were much opposed to any one's taking part in the music who was not a member of the church. The matter was, from time to time, discussed in the official meetings, and at least one member of that body determined that the choir

should be brought down out of the gallery, and that all persons not members of the church should be eliminated therefrom. The following evening, after a somewhat stormy debate over the question in the official board, it fell to the lot of the presiding elder to preach. Seeing "the impending crisis" he, in a quiet way, visited the organist and chorister, and arranged with them, during the afternoon, to move the organ down from the gallery, and place it in what was called the "Amen corner," on the left-hand side of the pulpit; and he further arranged with them to be present, and hold a service of song, beginning immediately after the ringing of the first bell. As the congregation gathered all were surprised, and none more so than the irate official member alluded to, to see the organ and choir engaged with animation, leading the congregation, and sitting near the pulpit. The chorister, Mr. G., though not a member of the church, had an excellent Christian wife, who was also a member of the choir; he himself was a man of correct morals, but not a Christian. After the opening prayer in the evening the preacher requested the choir to lead in singing the well-known song, "The old, old story." During the singing of this song the chorister broke down and burst into tears, the other unconverted members of the choir became deeply moved and much agitated, and before the meeting closed they were both converted, and received as members of the church. This result dissipated all opposition to the choir, and, through the power of the blessed gospel of love, all became sweet harmony again.

In 1873, beginning on the 10th of September, the

Northwest Indiana conference was held in South Bend, Bishop Simpson in the chair, with J. C. Reed, secretary. At this conference there came in by transfer, Isaac Dale, from Illinois, I. M. Van Arsdal, from upper Iowa; and by re-admission, W. W. Jones. Eleven persons were admitted on trial; and of these the following remain with the conference at this writing, 1892: Allen Lewis, W. H. Hickman, H. M. Middleton, Jephtha Boicourt, and G. R. Streetcr.

Brother Lewis has from the beginning been one of the most useful and successful preachers and pastors in the conference. After serving in several important appointments he closed, at the last session of the conference, a full term of five years at Brazil, and is now on his first year in the city of Valparaiso. He is a man of vigorous health, weighing about two and forty pounds, with a mind well trained by thorough study; he is a very able and sound gospel preacher. He everywhere makes the impression among the people that he is a man of God, and, in his personal religious experience, he has a conscious knowledge of what is meant by a true New Testament conversion and entire consecration to God, and the Holy work of the ministry. Long may he live to bless the Church and honor the cause of his Master.

W. H. Hickman, after several years labor in Indiana, serving the church at West LaFayette, Frankfort, South Bend, and three years on the Crawfordsville district, is now president of Clark university, Atlanta, Georgia.

H. M. Middleton is a man of a "meek and quiet

spirit" ; a pleasant Christian gentleman, much loved by the people where he has served as pastor ; a clear thinker, a sound preacher, and a good man. He is now the useful and popular presiding elder of Crawfordsville district, "worthy and well qualified," respected and loved by preachers and people.

Brother Boicourt is a good man and a good preacher, but of feeble health ; his name now stands on the superannuated list.

Brother G. R. Streeter is now on his third year at Hammond station. He has had a good run of appointments ; is a man of fair education, industrious, affable and gentlemanly. He is a profuse reader ; a good preacher and faithful pastor ; makes friends everywhere ; and has, from the beginning, had success in his work.

Isaac Dale commenced his labors as a preacher in the Illinois conference ; was transferred to the Northwest Indiana conference and appointed to Brookston circuit ; afterwards was stationed at Goodland, Perrysville, Attica, Delphi, LaPorte, Throntown ; and is now pastor of Asbury church in the city of Terre Haute. He is conscientious and devout as a Christian ; faithful in his work as a pastor ; a good preacher, and successful in winning souls to Christ.

Brother Van Arsdal's career was brief. He was much loved ; was a good man and a fair preacher ; he died young, leaving an unblemished life-record.

Brother Jones has been on the retired list for several years ; a good man and faithful ; for several years has lived in Florida, where, it is understood, he has organized a strong society, and been instru-

mental in building a handsome house of worship.

One death was reported at this conference, viz., Rev. Moses Blackstock, who came, many years ago from Canada. He had spent a long and useful life in the work of the Lord, and peacefully passed away at Paxton, Illinois, August 31, 1873.

This writer closed his full term of four years as presiding elder on the Crawfordsville district at the conference held in LaFayette, September 9-14, 1874, Bishop Wiley in the chair. Of the thirteen admitted on trial at this conference the following persons remain, and are in the active work: Delos M. Wood, J. C. Martin, and Aaron W. Wood.

Brother Aaron W. Wood is now the acceptable and useful pastor at the Ninth st. church LaFayette, and among the younger or middle aged men of the conference, is, for ability, usefulness, and success as a Methodist preacher, the equal of any man of his age in the conference. He never fails to make his mark and bring things to pass wherever he goes.

Brother J. C. Martin is one among the best men in the conference; where he has traveled he is so successful and so much loved by the people that, if possible, they never fail to hold him for the full time allotted by the law of limitation. He is now on the Dayton and Mulberry charge, having in the fall of 1891 closed a full term of five years as pastor at Rossville, one of the best circuits in the conference.

Rev. D. M. Wood, A. M., is an alumnus of Asbury, now DePauw university. He took rank from the beginning, and, after successfully laboring for a number of years in some of the promising stations of the conference, was appointed, at the session of 1891,

by Bishop Ninde, presiding elder of the Greencastle district. He has entered on his work with vigor, and will, doubtless, make a useful and popular presiding elder.

Three deaths were reported that year, George W. Warner, David Holmes, and J. Spinks.

Brother Warner was born in Ohio, October 15, 1817; converted and joined the M. E. Church in 1836. He was licensed to preach in April 1840 by presiding elder Aaron Wood, and appointed as a supply on South Bend circuit. He was a good man, useful in his work, and much loved by the people wherever he went. As a preacher Brother Warner was scriptural, clear, pathetic, earnest, and successful. As a pastor he was vigilant, with tender regard for his flock; as a friend, he was constant and true; as a husband, tender and affectionate; as a Christian, conscientious, true, unobtrusive, and earnest. He departed this life, to find his reward in heaven, on the 30th day of April, 1874.

Dr. David Holmes passed away November 14, 1873. He was born in Newburg, New York, March 16, 1810. He was converted in early life, and admitted on trial in the Oneida conference in 1834; transferred to the Southern Illinois conference in 1855; and in 1860 was transferred to the Northwest Indiana conference, and appointed to LaPorte station. Dr. Holmes was an able preacher, a ripe scholar; a thorough educator, and a respectable author. His death was peaceful and happy.

Brother Spinks was a useful and successful Methodist preacher; he was licensed to preach in 1851; in 1863 he was superannuated. He was ordained

both deacon and elder by Bishop Ames. For some ten years before his death he was sorely afflicted, but was, in all those years, a patient and uncomplaining sufferer. During his last illness his soul was filled with the glory of God, and he frequently expressed himself as willing to depart and be with Christ.

The appointments of the West LaFayette district for the next year were as follow: John L. Smith, presiding elder; Chauncy, W. H. Hickman; Battle Ground, W. Beckner; Battle Ground Circuit, H. M. Middleton; Brookston, Isaac Dale; Reynolds and Wolcott, J. R. Baker; Bradford and Francisville, J. B. Smith; Medaryville, J. J. Hines; Rensselaer, to be supplied; Morocco, A. L. Backus, J. C. Martin; Beaver Lake, to be supplied; Kentland, H. N. Ogden; Kentland Circuit, A. W. Wood; Goodland, J. M. Stafford; Aydelotte, W. G. Benton; Remington, E. A. Andrew; Fowler and Earl Park, J. Blackstock; Oxford, D. G. LeSourd; Boswell, R. T. Pressley; Pine village, W. Crapp; Montmorency, N. A. Chamberlain; F. J. Tolby, Missionary to New Mexico; G. W. Rice, Principal of Battle Ground Institute.

Rev. J. B. Smith was among those admitted on trial that year, and, as above noted, received his first appointment to Bradford and Francisville charge. J. B. Smith is a true man, a devoted Christian, an excellent preacher, and every way well qualified to do successful work, as he has ever done, and continues to do. He is a man of unflinching integrity, can be trusted anywhere and at all times. After faithful and successful service in all the years, from

1874 to 1891, after nearly completing a very handsome and commodious church at Hebron, he was transferred by Bishop Fowler, and stationed at Payne, in the Central Ohio conference, where he is still battling for the Lord, and building up the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The session of the Northwest Indiana conference for 1875 was held at Greencastle, Indiana, September 8-13, Bishop Janes in the chair. Of the seventeen admitted on trial only one remains with the conference to-day, viz., Salem B. Town.

Brother Town is a graduate from Asbury, now DePauw university. He is now stationed at College Avenue, Greencastle. His father was a prominent physician and also a distinguished layman in the church. His honored son also studied medicine, and, for a time, was engaged in the practice of his profession. Brother Town's first pastoral charge was Argos circuit; since which time he has served as pastor in several of the principal stations of the conference. He is a pleasant and polite Christian gentleman. As a preacher, he is chaste, scholarly, energetic, and effective; he is, in all respects, every inch a man. For a number of years he has been the faithful, correct, and popular treasurer of the Annual conference; and at the session of 1891 was elected as first Reserve delegate to the General conference of 1892.

At this conference (1875) was reported the death of two among the venerable and highly respected members of the General conference, viz., Joseph White and Daniel DeMotte.

Brother White, while not brilliant or remarkable

in any way as a preacher, except for plainness of speech, was an old-fashioned, pioneer Methodist preacher. He came from Green county, Ohio, to Indiana, in an early day, having just money enough on arriving in the new country to enter eighty acres of government land, as he did, in Montgomery county. He was born in Mifflin county, Penn., in 1805, and removed thence with his father's family to Ohio, in 1812; joined the Indiana conference at its organization in 1832. He traveled a large number of very laborious circuits with very meager pecuniary compensation for his toil. For the most part, during the years of his active itinerancy, his family lived on the farm, where they first settled, in the woods. For a number of years, the latter years of his life, he sustained a superannuated relation; in peaceful hope of the blessed immortality he passed from earth to heaven, November 27, 1875. His last words were, "Come, Jesus take me."

Daniel DeMotte was a unique character. He had but few educational advantages in early life; he, nevertheless, accumulated a large stock of useful knowledge. It was the pleasure of this writer to be associated with him at least one year, while he was in charge of the Belmore circuit.

His second quarterly meeting, for that year, was held in the early spring, and, in reporting the Sunday-schools of his charge, he made no exception of those in the country, which had suspended operation during the winter. When he finished his report, Brother S., one of the stewards, arose and said he wished to correct the preacher's report, for, said he, "He reported four Sunday-schools, when we only

have two, the other two being suspended for the winter." Upon which the grand old pioneer preacher, ever ready in wit, remarked by way of reply to Brother S., "You say, if a Sunday-school doesn't run through the winter, it is not a Sunday-school, and ought not to be reported. Now I wish to know, if a bear goes up into his hollow in the fall and stays there all winter, whether he isn't as much of a bear while he is in the hollow as when he comes out in the spring? And so also, I understand it to be with the Sunday-school suspended in the winter." It is enough to say there was no further controversy touching the preachers report.

Brother DeMotte was also equal to the occasion in the pulpit, in pastoral work, on the conference floor, or in the private circle. Among his other peculiarities, if it might be called a peculiarity, he had a fixed and abiding dislike for dogs.

On one occasion he and the presiding elder were invited to the home of a very clever family living on a farm. It so happened that very soon after their arrival one of the little boys of the family, with great animation and apparent joy, brought in from one of the neighbors a young puppy, at which Brother D. frowned rather than smiled. The sister at once took charge of the prize, and undertook to have the dog drink milk, which she found a rather difficult task. Meanwhile the baby was fretting and crying for the want of some needed attention of the mother. The presiding elder watched Brother D. with no little interest; for he, too, equally disliked anything belonging to the canine race. At length Brother DeMotte, who, as it would seem could endure it no

longer, said to the good woman, "Sister, it does seem to me that this dear baby in the cradle here is as much entitled to care and consideration as a dog." To this, with considerable warmth, the Sister responded, "Brother DeMotte, I would like to know what in this world makes you hate dogs as you do?" "Well," said the old gentleman very calmly, "Sister, I have two reasons for not liking a dog : in the first place, I don't like a dog because he is a dog ; and, secondly, I think, if you farmers over here in Parke county would raise more sheep and fewer dogs, the result would be, you would have fewer fleas and more stocking yarn."

Once, after his superannuation, when his name was called in the Annual conference, he made the following report : "The superannuate, Mr. President, sustains, as I find, a very peculiar relation to the church. He has nothing to do, nothing to do it with, and gets no pay for doing it. I was happy in the active work. I am happy in this my superannuate relation."

Brother DeMotte was for a number of years a very active and efficient agent of the Indiana Asbury university. If this writer were called upon to determine the question, who were the principal men concerned in founding, and afterwards financially sustaining, that institution ? he would give it as his judgment that the three men entitled to the most credit for their herculean labors, would stand in the order as here named : Samuel C. Cooper, Daniel DeMotte, and Isaac Owen. Brother DeMotte was born in Mercer county, Ky., March 19, 1798. He was converted in the twenty-eighth year of his age

and at once became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church ; he removed to Park county, Indiana, in 1831 ; was soon licensed to preach and appointed to Rockville circuit. Trusted, tried and true, he maintained, through his long life, to the day of his death, the highest distinction as a man of sterling worth, unflinching integrity, and a large share of good common sense. He succeeded well in raising a highly respectable family. His cultured daughters and noble sons now rise up and call him blessed,—blessed for the sacrifices he made to give them a liberal education, and for having taught them the right ways of the Lord. He closed his life November 2, 1875, and his last words were, "All is well ! All is well ! Blessed Jesus!"

The delegates to the General conference to meet in Baltimore, in May, 1876, were as follow : J. L. Smith, C. A. Brooke, Aaron Wood ; reserves, I. W. Joyce, William Graham. The lay delegates were James F. Darnall, Jesse Meharry ; reserves, J. Q. A. Perrin, L. B. Sims.

The venerable Thomas A. Morris, so long a familiar figure in the General conference, and, for a number of years, the senior bishop, was sadly missed, especially by the older members of the conference. He closed his long life and valuable labors in September, 1874, in the eighty-first year of his age. The life and labors of this grand man and minister—author, editor, circuit preacher, stationed preacher, presiding elder, and bishop, are too well known to be reported in detail here. He was a special and personal friend of the writer of these pages. He was remarkable for his laconic and crisp sentences

in preaching; it was a remark of his that he never felt in preaching that he had said anything that, then and there, was worth repeating. In correspondence he was brief and to the point. His familiarity with the laws and general polity of the Methodist Episcopal church caused him to be looked upon as next to an oracle on any and all questions which might rise in the administration of the discipline. In short he was looked upon in his day as standing without a peer as an ecclesiastical jurist in the Methodist Episcopal church.

The leading question of discussion in the General conference of 1876 was the presiding eldership. It was found very early in the session that there was a well organized force, determined if possible to force the question through, making that office directly or indirectly elective by the Annual conference. The friends of the measure exhausted their skill in defense of their favorite notion; and this writer, in seeing and hearing, and in a humble way supporting the opposition to this scheme, was happy when the collapse came, in the failure of the measure.

On the fourteenth day of the session J. L. Smith offered the following Preamble and resolutions, which were referred to the committee on the state of the church:

Whereas, As "embassadors" of the Lord Jesus Christ, we are acting under the high commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and,

Whereas, Our itinerant evangelical labor for and care of the flocks over which the Holy Ghost hath

make us overseers is of the issue of the great commission, and should be maintained in tact ; and,

Whereas, The high places of honor and trust, such as that of Agents, Editors, and Missionary Secretaries, have enough in them to allure the Pastor, and lead him to desire such positions, even without unjust discriminations in his favor in the matter of salary ; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we have, as we have ever had, an abiding conviction that the itinerant system in the Methodist Episcopal church should be maintained in all its vigor, and handed down to the generations following unimpaired as we received it from the fathers.

Resolved, 2. That the Book Committee, or those to whom shall be committed the duty of fixing the salaries of the General conference officers hereafter to be elected, are hereby instructed to fix said salaries so as to make them equal to but not above the average salary of the pastor or pastors in the town or city where any such General conference officers may reside.

On May 20, C. A. Brook offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were referred to the Committee on Missions :

Whereas, Our missionary treasury is deeply involved in debt ; and,

Whereas, The financial condition of the whole country is such that we cannot hope for largely increased collections ; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That the most careful economy should be employed in the management and expenditures of our missionary funds.

Resolved, 2. That we recommend to our Missionary Secretaries and Board of Managers to devise means whereby intelligence of our missionary work and wants may be more generally diffused among our people.

Resolved, 3. That while we are always glad to receive the visits of the Missionary Secretaries at our Annual conferences, yet we do not believe these visitations as productive of sufficient amount of good to justify their uniform continuance.

Resolved, 4. That we recommend that the Bishops so arrange their work that they may be able to attend the missionary anniversaries at all our Annual conferences, and that they furnish to these conference auxiliaries all needed information in regard to our missionary operations and wants.

It may not be regarded as out of place to refer to an incident which took place during the session at Greencastle in 1875, with its sequel at Baltimore in 1876. When the conference was fixing the relations of the preachers, the case of good Brother B. came before the conference for consideration. He was among the superannuated, but greatly desired "to be made effective." This brother, though evidently suffering under the infirmities of age, stoutly maintained that he was fully able for the work, and at his earnest solicitation—largely through sympathy of course—the conference granted his request. At the next meeting of the cabinet Bishop Janes seemed to be a good deal disturbed over this case and said: "Brother Smith, I am astonished at you to lead out and use your influence in putting that poor diseased man where we are

bound to find a place for him." To this Brother S. replied: "Bishop, my heart was touched and I could not well do otherwise." The Bishop replying with a good deal of warmth said, "Sympathy! what has sympathy to do with a case of this kind? Would a General commanding an army put a crippled or disabled soldier in the front of the battle? or would he leave him in the camp or hospital? We must learn brothers, to bring only such men to the front as can do effective service in the work of the Lord." When the same good bishop appeared before the committee on episcopacy at Baltimore, to answer some inquiries in regard to *his* ability to continue in the effective service as a bishop, while perhaps the entire committee knew that he was physically unable to do effective service, yet, like Brother B., and most old and infirm men, he believed himself to be able to perform as effective service as at any time in his life and so stated. The high respect and brotherly love, and, above all, the deep *sympathy* that the committee felt for the grand and good man, resulted in their reporting the bishop effective. This writer thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and so made it convenient, as the bishop retired from the room, to accompany him to the street, kindly taking him by the arm and saying: "Bishop, you remember the case of Brother B. at our conference, do you not? and now don't you think that, after all, the sympathy of your brethren is a pretty good thing?" And so it is, it always did make a difference as to "whose ox is gored."

The General Book Committee appointed in 1876, consisting of one member from each General Con-

ference District, was as follows : First District, Ami Prince ; Second District, Jacob B. Graw ; Third District, Sanford Hunt ; Fourth District, Thompson Mitchell ; Fifth District, Lucius C. Matlack ; Sixth District, Fernandes C. Holliday ; Seventh District, William Brush ; Eighth District, John L. Smith ; Ninth District, William P. Stowe ; Tenth District, William S. Prentice ; Eleventh District, William B. Slaughter ; Twelfth District, William Koeneke.

The Committee was organized by electing J. L. Smith, chairman ; L. C. Matlack, secretary. Soon after the third annual meeting of the Book committee, Rev. Reuben Nelson D. D., the senior book-agent at New York, died, viz., Nov. 20, 1879. This sad event made it necessary for the chairman of the Book committee to call together the members of the committee, and also invite the bishops to be present at the meeting, in the City of New York, on a given day, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Nelson. At the opening of the meeting the chairman, in stating the object of the meeting, viz., to fill the vacancy, among other things, said, that, according to the language of the law, the bishops were there, not simply for the purpose of ratifying what the committee should do, as in some other cases made and provided, but that they were there as a part of the committee, two or more of them, which might include all, and that it was their right to vote in filling the vacancy as it was the right of any member of the committee. To this ruling exceptions were taken and the point for a time was warmly contested by a certain layman, who

was very sure that the ruling of the chair was wrong. Quite a number of the bishops being present, the chair stated that he would like to have an expression of the bishops on the ruling, when Bishop Scott arose, and asked leave of absence for the bishops for a few minutes. The confident brother layman, meanwhile, reiterating that he was right and the chair was wrong. In a very few minutes the bishops returned to the room, and Bishop Scott, the senior, addressing the chair, said : "After a little reflection, and examining the language of the law, we unanimously sustain the ruling of the chair." And so the present energetic and faithful Dr. S. Hunt was elected to fill the vacancy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BATTLE GROUND 1876—BISHOP SIMPSON.

Beginning August 30th, 1876, the Northwest Indiana conference was held by Bishop Simpson at Tippecanoe Battle Ground. Of the four who were admitted, Brother J. J. Thompson only, remains with the conference.

Rev. J. A. Cullen, who was admitted at this time, was afterwards transferred to Colorado ; he returned to Indiana a few years ago, took a regular course in the DePauw university, and, after graduation, was received into the Indiana conference. From the beginning Brother Cullen has been a successful

soul-winner; he is now, with his advantages of higher education, rapidly becoming one of the leading men of his conference, and is still successful in revivals and in gathering members into the church.

Brother Thompson is a great worker, and perhaps, in all the years of his life as a traveling preacher, never did better work than during the last conference year on Morocco circuit. He was instrumental in the erection of a beautiful house of worship at what is known as the North Star appointment; he repaired and renovated the Russel chapel and the church at Mt. Ayr, and built a beautiful and commodious church at Morocco, the head of the circuit. He is now on the Medaryville circuit, among his old friends and former parishioners, and is still battling for the Lord.

The death of Brother F. J. Tolby and Melville Van Arsdal was reported, of whom mention has already been made.

The session of the conference was a very pleasant one. Bishop Simpson preached grandly on the Sabbath to thousands of admiring friends.

The appointments were, in part, as follow :

Crawfordsville District, W. R. Mikels; Lafayette District, J. W. T. McMullen; East Lafayette District, A. A. Gee; Greencastle District, C. A. Brooke; Terre Haute District, J. W. Greene; LaPorte District, G. M. Boyd; Valparaiso District, R. D. Utter; Battle Ground District, J. L. Smith. Battle Ground Station, W. Beckner; Battle Ground Circuit, H. M. Middleton; Chauncey, Charles E. Lambert; Montmorency, W. A. Smith; Pine Village, William Crapp; Boswell, James T. Stafford; Fowler and Oxford, Franklin

Taylor ; Brookston, W. W. Barnard ; Templeton, J. C. Martin, J. A. Cullen; Wolcott and Reynolds, J. J. Thompson ; Medaryville, B. H. Bradbury ; Bradford, to be supplied ; Rensselaer, Thomas Vanscoy ; Morocco, A. W. Wood, one to be supplied ; Beaver Lake and Kankakee Mission, to be supplied ; Remington, G. A. Blackstock ; Goodland, Joseph Foxworthy; Kentland, C. B. Mock, C. A. Howells; G.W. Rice, Principal of Battle Ground Collegiate Institute.

Bishop Merrill held the conference in the City of LaPorte commencing September 12, 1877. No one of the three admitted at the time remain in the conference now.

Brother Wesley F. Clark, a faithful and good man, after years of faithful service, was, in the fall of 1891, transferred to Puget Sound conference.

One death was reported viz., Thomas S. Webb. As a revivalist Brother Webb had few equals in his conference. While he could not be called a great preacher, he was a great pastor ; he was loved and honored wherever he went, and never failed anywhere to succeed in winning souls to Christ and build up the church. He was born in Bellbrook, Ohio, October 28, 1813, and died in Lebanon, Indiana, March 31, 1877. The acquaintance of this writer with Brother Webb commenced in Union county, Indiana, in the fall or winter of 1840—41. That acquaintance was renewed in 1846, when he removed and settled in Cambridge City, Wayne county, where he carried on blacksmithing six days in the week, preached, exhorted, sang and prayed at two or three meetings on Sunday. He was present and participated in the meeting at the village of Dublin, where then

lived John R. Tansey, pastor, William F. Wheeler, a superannuate member of the conference, and J. L. Smith, College agent. At that meeting, among the many converted to God, was Rev. F. A. Harden, so well known as one of the most successful evangelists in all Methodism, and now the popular and useful presiding elder of Freeport district, the Rock River conference.

Brother Webb was, soon after the meeting referred to, admitted to the conference, and ever after, through all the years of his ministry, went, as the flaming herald that he was, from one charge to another; and many, very many, now rise up and call him blessed as the instrument in the hands of the Lord in leading them to Christ. At his request this writer conducted his funeral services, which were attended by hundreds of his loving and weeping friends.

In 1878 the session of the Northwest Indiana conference was presided over by Bishop Jesse T. Peck, at Brazil, Indiana, beginning September 11.

Of the eight admitted on trial at this conference, Brother T. F. Drake is now stationed at Rensselaer; J. B. Combs, at Burlington; J. N. Harman, at Morocco; James H. Hollingworth, at the First church, South Bend. These brethren are all at work, still in the conference where they commenced their labors.

T. Wakiyama and K. Kosaka, after taking a regular course in DePauw university, returned to their native Japan, to work in the Master's vineyard.

Brother Drake is a vigorous, robust and dignified personality, with a warm brotherly heart. For several years before being admitted into the confer-

ence he was engaged in teaching ; he is a man of very respectable attainments, and keeps fully abreast of the times. He has also been successful in his work ; he is esteemed among the people as a noble specimen of dignified Christian manhood ; he is a sound, able preacher and faithful pastor ; was spoken of last fall as a suitable man for presiding elder ; and in talents, industry, and capability, in all respects, would, it is believed, be competent for any station or district in the conference.

Brother Harman is a devoted and cultured Christian gentleman. He never fails to make the impression among the people that he is a man of God. What he lacks in pulpit power he more than makes up in looking after all the details of the work ; no interest in his charge is permitted to suffer for the want of attention. He has one of the best of wives, who is a granddaughter of Brother and Sister Lebrick, who were many years ago pillars in the church at the village of Dublin, Wayne county, Indiana,—at whose home the weary intinerant ever found a warm welcome.

In 1847 this writer was called upon to officiate at the marriage of Mary, the eldest daughter of Brother and Sister Lebrick, to Prof. Erlaughter ; and, about thirty years after that event, he was called upon to perform a similar service at the marriage of their youngest daughter, to Rev. J. N. Harman. Brother Harman is now the useful pastor of Morocco circuit, and is having, as he usually does, good revivals in his charge.

Brother Hollingsworth very soon after his admission into the conference took rank among his

brethren as a clear, and sparkling preacher; was well received and very useful, not only on the circuits he traveled, but in Frankfort station, and Asbury, Terre Haute. He is now in his third year at South Bend. His conference sermon preached at Valparaiso, in 1885, was regarded by many as one of the most lucid, clear-cut, and pointed, ever preached before the conference on a similar occasion. He is a genial, warm-hearted, and companionable brother, highly esteemed among his people. A few years ago, in his experience, he was brought into deeper knowledge of spiritual things, sometimes called the higher life; since then much of that element in his preaching which was sometimes called wit and flippancy, has been eliminated from his sermons, and he is now, not only in the enjoyment of perfect love in his own experience, but is preaching the gospel of salvation with an unction and success not known in his earlier ministry. He preaches better, although, as above observed, he never failed to interest his congregations.

The death of Rev. John S. Donaldson was reported at this conference. Brother Donaldson was well known among the older preachers of the conference, having been admitted on trial in 1839. He was a very industrious and faithful man, and successful as well, in his work as a Methodist preacher. His early religious education and training was according to the Westminster confession of faith. When converted to God, while comparatively young, he became clearly convinced that the atonement of the Lord Jesus was made for all men, and it is not remarkable that in after years he sometimes in the

pulpit, as some of his friends thought went to the extreme in pounding Calvinism. Revivals attended his labors wherever he preached, and thousands of members were received into the church by him during the active years of his ministry. In 1863 he received the appointment as chaplain in the army, where he remained two years. While in the army his health was much impaired, and at the next conference he received a superannuated relation; soon after this he removed to Merrick county, Nebraska, where he took a claim and succeeded in making a home for himself and family, supplying at various times, the adjoining circuits under the direction of the presiding elder. He was born in Mercer county, Penn., August 31, 1808, and died in great peace at his home in Nebraska, May 11, 1878.

The Annual conference was held at South Bend in 1879, September 3-8, Bishop Foster, in the chair, J. C. Reed, Secretary. No one of the five admitted, remains in the conference to-day.

Four deaths were reported, viz., W. H. Smith, Aaron Conner, Richard Hargrave, and Philip I. Beswick.

Brother Smith was one of the early pioneer preachers of Indiana. He was born in the State of Georgia, April 12, 1796, and closed his long and useful life at Greencastle, Indiana, September 28, 1878.

Brother Aaron Conner, after a number of years of useful service in Indiana, superannuated and removed to California. He was a good man, and many were turned to righteousness through his instrumentality. He was born in Pennsylvania, May 22, 1822, and died in great peace at the residence of

his son-in-law, Rev. E. R. Dille, in Santa Clara, Cal., September 28, 1878.

Richard Hargrave, one of the greatest preachers in Methodism, is elsewhere characterized in this volume, and nothing now needs to be added, excepting to say that he was born in Caswell county, N. C., Dec. 5, 1803, and died in holy triumph near Attica, Fountain county, Indiana, June 23, 1879.

The delegates elected in 1879 to the General conference held in Cincinnati in 1880 were: *Clerical*, J. W. Greene, I. W. Joice, J. H. Cissel; *Reserves*, R. D. Utter, W. Graham; *Lay*, Clem Studebaker, L. B. Sims.

The death of three bishops was reported at the General conference of 1880, viz., Bishop Janes, Ames, and Haven. The lives of these three great men constitute a rich heritage to the church.

Edmund S. Janes was born in Berkshire, Mass., April 27, 1807, and entered into rest from his home in New York City, September 18, 1876. His last words were, "I am not disappointed."

Edward R. Ames, the great church-statesman and model presiding officer was born in Adams county, Ohio, May 20, 1806, and died in the City of Baltimore, Md., April 25, 1879. And on that day it might truthfully been said, "A prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel."

Gilbert Haven was born in Malden, Mass., Sept. 19, 1821, and died at the same place, Jan. 3, 1880. He graduated at Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., in 1846. He was elected editor of Zion's Herald, in 1867, and elected bishop in 1872.

In 1880 four bishops were elected, viz., Henry W.

Warren, Cyrus D. Foss, John F. Hurst, Erastus O. Haven.

Beginning Sept. 1, 1880, the Northwest Indiana conference was held by Bishop Bowman in the city of Frankfort. Eight persons were admitted on trial, of whom W. P. Hargrave, A. M., G. W. Switzer, A. M., and L. S. Smith, A. M., are still workers in the conference.

Brother Hargrave, the eldest son of the celebrated Richard Hargrave, is a Christian gentleman, highly respected, a good, safe preacher, a man of character, and every way trustworthy in his work.

G. W. Switzer is now the successful and popular pastor of Crawfordsville station, having his usual success as a preacher and pastor.

L. S. Smith is a good preacher, warm-hearted and brotherly, and much esteemed by his people as a faithful servant of the Lord.

Five brethren was reported as having passed to their reward in heaven. Brother William Blake was born in Prince Edward county, Virginia, Nov. 9, 1819, and died in peace at his home in Greencastle, May 3, 1880. He was a good man, and a useful preacher.

W. M. Fraly was born near Springfield, Ohio, June 8, 1816; admitted into the conference in 1838; a laborious and faithful man of God. He sank to his final sleep July 5, 1880, in his own home, and surrounded by his family.

John Leach was born near Winchester, Virginia, May 14, 1813, and died at New Carlisle, Indiana, Oct. 10, 1879. In the early years of his ministry, before his health declined, as a revivalist and a church-

builder, and as a success in every part of the work, Brother Leach had few equals in the conference.

Jesse Woodward was born in Lee county, Virginia, May 16, 1812. He was admitted to the conference in 1856; a devoted Christian, a fair preacher, a faithful friend and pastor. He was suddenly taken off in crossing a railroad track in his buggy; was run over by a train, and sent home to his reward July 23, 1880.

Ferris Pierce was born of pious parents in Dutchess county, N. Y., June 1, 1809. He was converted and united with the church in 1829. In 1851 he was married to Miss Effa Force; was admitted to the conference in 1852, and died at his home in Stockwell, Indiana, April 10, 1880. He was a good preacher and singularly powerful in prayer.

The conference of 1881 was held by Bishop Andrews at Danville, Indiana, August 31-September 5. At this conference of the three admitted on trial, only one, W. B. Slutz, the genial gentleman, acceptable pastor, now on his third year in Frankfort station, remains in the conference. He has been a success from the beginning, useful and popular wherever he has labored, and possibly never more so than now. Long may he live to do good, and bless the church.

In 1882 Bishop Jesse T. Peck presided at the conference at Michigan City, beginning August 23. Seven were admitted on trial; those who yet remain in the conference are W. H. Broomfield, a nice gentleman, fair preacher, now doing successful work on the Colfax charge.

Brother J. W. Shell, formerly a teacher, now a

preacher, zealous and faithful in the work. The church is still prospering under his labors in the Master's vineyard.

Brother D. A. Rodgers, and alumnus of DePauw university, is now doing faithful work on Rossville circuit.

R. S. Martin has had a successful and somewhat remarkable career thus far; after serving on various fields of labor, in the fall of 1888 he was appointed to Valparaiso station, where his reputation as a preacher and pastor continued to grow: at the conference of 1891, at the earnest request of the official board of that church, he was transferred by Bishop Ninde, and is now the popular pastor of Grace church in the city of Chicago.

The death of the venerable Thomas Bartlett was reported at this conference. Brother Bartlett was a native of England, born in Kent county, May 10, 1811; came to America in 1828; united with the M. E. church in Philadelphia, in 1830. He was the first person received into the church by Edmund S., afterwards Bishop Janes. He was licensed to preach in Indiana in 1833, and received into the conference in 1834. He was a devoted Christian, a respectable preacher, a successful pastor, and will, doubtless have many seals to his ministry in the bright world above. He was a devoted husband, a kind father, much loved by his brethren in the ministry and the people generally. He died in holy triumph on the 19 of January, 1882.

Bishop Harris was welcomed by the conference at Terre Haute in 1883, the session commencing August 29. Four persons were admitted on trial,

neither of whom is now with the conference.

J. A. Maxwell and I. N. Beard were transferred from the Southeast Indiana conference.

Brother Maxwell is a fine preacher, a genial gentleman, successful in his work, highly esteemed, now in his third year at Delphi station.

Brother Beard, as before stated in these pages, is now president of Napa college, California.

The delegates elected to the General conference which met at Philadelphia in 1884, were: *Clerical*,—Samuel Beck, Francis M. Pavey, L. C. Buckles; *Reserves*,—S. P. Colvin, H. A. Gobin; *Lay*,—E. G. Holgate, Clem Studebaker; *Reserves*,—John Dougherty, A. R. Colburn.

The death of three bishops was reported at the General conference of 1884.

Levi Scott, senior bishop, full of years and rich in faith and love, fell asleep in Jesus in the eightieth year of his age, and it was believed he died without an enemy on earth.

On the 17 of May, 1883, Jesse T. Peck died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y. He was a man of great simplicity of character and strength of mind. His useful life went out in the seventy-third year of his age.

E. O. Haven was born in Boston, Mass., November 1, 1820; elected to the Episcopacy at Cincinnati, in 1880, and as one of the bishops, took up his residence in San Francisco, Cal., and died in Salem, Oregon, August 2, 1881.

The bishops elected in 1884 were, William X. Ninde, John M. Walden, Willard F. Mallalieu, Charles H. Fowler.

The Northwest Indiana conference was held at Attica by Bishop Foster, from August 27 to September 1, 1884.

Brother W. B. Warren, J. S. Wright, N. F. Jenkins, (of the seven admitted on trial,) are still faithful laborers in the conference. These comparatively young brethren are successful in their work, and have been from the beginning, and are now actively laboring as follows: Brother Warren, on Romney charge; Brother Wright, at North Liberty, Brother Jenkins, at Goodland.

Bishop Foss made his first visit as the presiding officer of the Northwest Indiana conference, at Valparaiso, September 3, 1885. Brother D. Tillotson and N. E. Tinkham are the only two remaining in the conference, in active work, of the four who were admitted on trial.

Brother Tillotson is an excellent young man; took the Theological course at Garrett Biblical Institute; was appointed at the last conference Tract Agent; and is making himself felt as a successful evangelist.

Brother Tinkham, a good man and a good preacher, is now doing effective service on the Plainfield charge.

At this conference was reported the death of Rev. James Johnson. Brother Johnson was born in Clark county, Indiana, January 21, 1812, and died November 11, 1884. He was admitted on trial at the organization of the North Indiana conference, at Ft. Wayne, in 1884; traveled forty consecutive years; a man of deep piety, good preaching ability, an excellent pastor; served a number of years as a suc-

cessful and popular presiding elder. "He was a good man and full of the holy Ghost," and through his instrumentality many were added to the Lord. He was a member of the General conference of 1860; and, in every place, there or elsewhere, of responsibility, he showed himself a man, an able minister of the New Testament. He was greatly loved by his brethren in the ministry, and by the people in the churches where his faithful labors were bestowed. Loved in his life he was lamented in his death.

In 1886, beginning September 2, the conference was held at Frankfort, Bishop Merrill presiding. Nine were admitted on trial, and of these excellent young men, F. W. Gee and S. P. Edmondson are still with the conference, receiving their appointments in 1891.—Brother Edmondson, to Danville; and F. W. Gee, to Coatsville charge.

At this conference the writer was appointed to Valparaiso district, then in the seventy-fifth year of his age; closing five years service on the district at the conference at South Bend in 1891.

In 1887 Bishop Bowman held the conference at Greencastle, September 7-12. Of the fourteen admitted on trial at this conference the following brethren remain with the conference, and are in the active work as vigorous, true, and promising young men; viz., William E. McLennan, H. L. Kindig, E. P. Bennet, J. G. Campbell, and W. F. Switzer.

Four deaths were reported at this conference, H. M. Joy, George Guild, W. J. Forbes, and Aaron Wood.

Dr. Joy was transferred to the conference and stationed at Greencastle, and, soon after, was, by accident, suddenly killed.



MATTHEW SIMPSON.

Brother Guild did long and faithful service as a traveling preacher. His active labor has been more fully characterized in the *preceding* pages as also that of Brothers Forbes and Wood.

The delegates elected to the General conference which met in the city of New York in May, 1888, were as follows: Ministerial,—S. P. Colvin, R. D. Utter, W. H. Hickman; Reserves,—S. Beck, J. W. Greene; Lay,—A. R. Colburn, J. C. Ridpath; Reserves,—I. H. C. Royse, E. G. Hogate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CRAWFORDSVILLE 1890—SOUTH BEND 1891.

Tuesday morning, May 1, 1888, THE TWENTIETH DELEGATED GENERAL CONFERENCE of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH convened in the Metropolitan opera house, in the City of New York. The bishops present were: T. Bowman, R. S. Foster, S. M. Merrill, E. G. Andrews, H. W. Warren, C. D. Foss, J. F. Hurst, J. M. Walden, W. F. Mallalieu, C. H. Fowler.

During the quadrennium three of the bishops had been called from labor to reward, viz., Simpson, Wiley, and Harris.

Bishop Simpson was born at Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. He was elected a tutor in Madison college in the eighteenth year of his age. Studied and prac-

ticed medicine for a short time ; was received on trial in the Pittsburg conference in 1834 ; elected vice president and professor of natural science in Alleghany college in 1837 ; and, in 1839, he was elected president of Indiana Asbury university. All this remarkable history took place before he was thirty years of age. In 1848 he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate ; and, in 1852, at the session of the General conference in Boston, he was elected bishop. He closed his honorable life at his home in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1884.

Bishop Wiley was born at Lewistown, Pa., March 29, 1825 ; studied medicine in his young manhood ; was sent as a missionary physician to China ; became a member of the Genesee conference ; in 1864 was elected editor of the Ladies' Repository, and re-elected in 1868 ; and, in 1872, was elected bishop. He died at Foochow, China, November 22, 1884.

William Logan Harris was born near Galion, Ohio, November 4, 1817, and died in New York City, September 2, 1887. He was on several occasions secretary of the General conference. He was elected bishop in 1872.

The bishops elected in 1888 were : John H. Vincent, James N. Fitzgerald, Isaac W. Joyce, John P. Newman, Daniel A. Goodsell.

The all absorbing question of discussion at the General conference of 1888, was the eligibility of women as members of that body. At the opening of the session the senior bishop, in behalf of the board of bishops, read a remarkable paper, informing the conference—

1. That the roll of delegates-elect had been

duly made up by the secretary of the last General conference, according to a practice fully authorized, from certificates forwarded to him by the secretaries of the Annual conferences. (The former rule was for each delegate to carry his own credentials to the General conference, and, when call was made, present them in person.)

2. That certain delegates-elect to the present conference, whose election had been duly certified to the secretary of the last General conference, were of a class of persons never before admitted to membership in the General conference, whose right to be admitted had never been determined, nor even considered, by the supreme authority of the church.

3. That protests against the admission of such delegates-elect, protests responsibly signed, challenging the right of such parties to seats in the General conference, had been lodged in the hands of the bishops, to be presented for consideration at the proper time.

4. That the bishops had no jurisdiction in the matter of the eligibility of the class of persons in question.

5. That the General conference, which must pronounce upon the issue, cannot exercise its jurisdiction until duly organized.

6. Therefore, in the nature of the case, there must be a general conference, with a quorum of unchallenged members, before the claims of the parties thus challenged can be presented.

7. "The secretary of the last General conference will now call the roll prepared in conformity to the principles enunciated, and as soon as the conference

shall have elected a secretary to make a record of its proceedings we will present the names requiring your deliberation."

This action of the bishops, to say the very least of it, was altogether unnecessary. Had they permitted the calling of the roll as made up by the acting secretary it would have interfered with nobody's right to challenge the seating of the women delegates. The course taken by the episcopal board in this matter evidently had the approval of a part (not all) of the delegates opposed to the admission of the women, while at least many of those who believed the women lawfully entitled to seats looked upon it as almost revolutionary.

The question of admitting the women delegates-elect was debated at length. The conference finally decided against the seating of the women, basing its decision on constitutional grounds; but took such action as was necessary to submit to the Annual conferences a proposition to so change the constitution of the church that women might become eligible to membership in the General conference.

This proposition has failed (April, 1892) of the requisite majority in the Annual conferences; so the General conference of (May) 1892, will have no authority to admit delegates of the women of the Church. What further action may be taken on the subject remains to be seen.

The session of the Northwest Indiana conference at Rochester, Indiana, began September 5, 1838, with Bishop Andrews in the chair, H. M. Middleton as secretary. Ten persons were admitted on trial at this conference, of whom, those now in the active

work, are, C. M. Stockbarger, C. L. Harper, W. N. Dunn, R. M. Simmons, and J. H. Warrall. These are excellent young men and promise, in view of their good health, piety, and perseverance, much in the future in the work of the Lord.

The deaths reported in 1888 were: J. C. Reed, H. B. Ball, R. H. Calvert.

Joseph C. Reed, D. D., was born in Butler county, Ohio, March 7, 1826, and died October 27, 1887. He was admitted on trial at the conference held at Cambridge City in 1850. For a number of years Brother Reed occupied important stations in the conference, and also did excellent service as presiding elder on the Terre Haute and Greencastle districts. He served for a considerable time during the war, as chaplain of the Twenty-ninth Indiana Regiment. At the conference held in Frankfort, in 1886, he took a superannuated relation. He was for twenty-four years secretary of the conference, of whom Bishop Janes once said: "Dr. Reed is the best secretary I ever met." He was an effective and popular pulpit orator, a devoted Christian, and in every way a lovable man.

R. H. Calvert was born in Canada, April 12, 1816; while not a brilliant preacher he was a very active and faithful man in his work. He died in holy triumph in Miami county, Indiana, March 20, 1888.

Herman B. Ball was born in Ontario county, New York, May 6, 1818. He joined the conference in 1848, and, after years of effective service, was placed on the superannuate list in 1880, which relation he sustained up to the time of his death in 1888.

Bishop Hurst presided at the session of the North-

west Indiana conference at Brazil, beginning September 4, 1889. The following persons were admitted on trial : Eugene C. Alford, Benton H. Beall, John H. Carson, George F. Cramer, Edward M. Dunkelbarger, Samuel W. Goss, William M. Hurt, Samuel H. Murlin, John C. Reeve, Clarence D. Royse, Joseph B. Sites, Alanson M. Virden, Telesphore Leveque, John H. Strain.

The deaths reported at this conference were : Lucas Nebeker and E. B. Woodson.

Brother Nebeker was born in Pickaway county, Ohio, February 25, 1819, and died at his home in Battle Ground, Indiana, November 22, 1888. When but a child, his father emigrated to Fountain county, Indiana, and, in 1824, settled on the Wabash river. He was converted at a camp meeting near Kob Roy, August 20, 1838. He was admitted in the North Indiana conference, at South Bend, in the fall of 1851. He traveled circuits for nine years; was stationed at Rockville, and afterwards at Terre Haute, Crawfordsville, Thorntown, Stockwell; and was appointed to LaPorte district as presiding elder in 1872. He was a fair English scholar, an industrious and useful traveling preacher. Sometimes in the pulpit he measured up to a beautiful and impressive eloquence. He was a true man, loved his friends, was devoted to his church, and died in full possession of a blissful hope of immortality, in the evening of February 23, 1889.

Rev. E. B. Woodson, A. M., was an alumnus of Northwestern university, at Evanston, Illinois. He was not only a good scholar and an interesting preacher, but he excelled as a pastor. His last work

in the conference was Remington station. From the beginning of his work at Remington, as elsewhere in his former history, he was received with delight and joy by the people ; and there, as elsewhere, he did not fail to build up the work of the church and win souls from darkness to light. He was born in Michigan City, Indiana, March 30, 1850. He preached his last sermon Thursday evening, February 14, from the text, "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart." He died on Friday, February 22, 1889.

In 1890, beginning October 1, the conference was held in Crawfordsville, Bishop Fowler in the Chair, H. N. Ogden, secretary. Thirteen were admitted on trial, and the following were received into full connection: C. M. Stockbarger, C. L. Harper, W. N. Dunn, R. M. Simmons, J. H. Warrall, J. L. Greenway, N. E. Tinkham, Joseph Dawson.

The Fortieth session of the Northwest Indiana conference was held at South Bend, Sept. 30—Oct. 6, 1891. Bishop Ninde presided—his first presidency over the conference.

The conference received by transfer : A. P. DeLong and A. H. DeLong from the Detroit conference; W. E. McLellan, from the Mexico conference ; W. G. Vessels, from the West Nebraska conference; and R. G. Hammond, from the Southwest Kansas conference.

Admitted on trial : W. M. Hurt, J. P. Henson, H. C. Weston, J. S. Hoagland, H. G. Ogden, R. H. Biddle, A. L. Allais, W. F. Dingle, G. M. Myers, A. L. Clark, A. C. Geyer, Lynn Bates, Amos Fetzer, and J. H. Wiley.

Received into full connection : B. H. Beall, E. M. Dunkleberger, S. W. Goss, L. H. Murlin, J. C. Reeve, C. D. Royse, J. B. Sites, A. M. Virden, A. T. Briggs.

The following were elected delegates to the General conference of 1892: Ministerial,—J. L. Smith, J. H. Cissel, H. A. Gobin; Lay,—William M. Kendall, Oliver Guard. Reserve delegates: Ministerial,—S. B. Town, W. H. Hickman; Lay,—I. H. C. Royce, Alpheus Birch.

On the third day of the session, Oct. 2, J. L. Smith, presiding elder of Valparaiso district, made his report, and his character was passed. This, he stated, was his 29th or 30th report as presiding elder. He said he felt his inability, on account of advancing age, longer to do the work of a presiding elder on the Valparaiso district, and should therefore request the bishop to give him work on some small charge. At the close of his report the brethren of the conference and others present came forward, and gave him a cordial Christian greeting. "S. P. Colvin moved that a committee be appointed to draft suitable resolutions. S. P. Colvin, J. H. Hull, Wm. Graham, S. T. Cooper, and J. W. T. McMullen were appointed."

Oct. 5th the committee submitted the following report, which was unanimously adopted :

Whereas, Our Brother, the Rev. J. L. Smith, D. D., after a ministry of more than fifty years, thirty of which have been spent on district work, and now, in his eighty-first year, after presenting one of the most excellent reports ever made by a presiding elder, in a most affecting manner, and in a style peculiar to himself, has voluntarily resigned his charge as presiding elder, asking the conference to give him

some smaller work near his home at Valparaiso, and

Whereas, This conference, recognizing his great work for God and the church, has chosen him to lead its delegation to the General conference, making the sixth time the church has bestowed upon him this honor : therefore, be it

Resolved, That this conference, by his election as delegate, has not only honored itself, but expressed, in a small measure, its high regard and affectionate esteem for a man whose life-work is historical in the Methodism of Indiana and the nation, a man who has been a leader among men, a faithful preacher of the Word, an organizer of institutions of learning, and a champion of every form of our Christian civilization.

Resolved, That in his voluntary retirement from the district work, he carries with him the high respect, love, and esteem of his brethren in the ministry.

Resolved, That we earnestly request that he prepare, as soon as possible, a history of Indiana Methodism, as we recognize that he is possessed of such data, and intimate personal knowledge of our beloved Methodism, as will enable him to prepare a history that will be of inestimable value to the church of Indiana and Methodism at large.

The minutes of the sixth day contain the following item: "The bishop, on behalf of the brethren, presented J. L. Smith a token of respect, in the form of a roll of money, containing one dollar for every year of his ministry, and Dr. Smith responded with appropriate remarks."

The same day J. L. Smith made the following statement :

"Bishop Ninde and Brethren of the Conference:

I was admitted on trial in the Indiana conference, Oct. 25, 1840, Bishop Joshua Soule presiding. Hence, I close, at this conference, fifty-one years as a traveling preacher.

Being now, as I believe, of 'sound mind and memory,' and with no unkind feeling in my heart toward any member of this conference or any other person, but with abiding love and gratitude to God and my brethren, I respectfully ask to be placed on the superannuated list.—J. L. SMITH."

On motion, the request was granted.

NORTHWEST INDIANA CONFERENCE.

The following table indicates the growth of the conference from its organization in 1852, by decades, the fourth decade, of course, lacking one year of being complete.

	1852	1862	1872	1882	1891
Conference Members....	70	125	148	159	180
Church Members.....	13059	16854	22019	24666	33458
Collections for—					
Missions.....	\$2463	\$4619	\$5185	\$6528	\$14269
Conf. Claimants.....	229	1100	1699	1340	4265
Sunday Schools.....	223	248	314	289	337
Officers and Teachers....	1948	2166	3304	3979	4147
Scholars.....	11136	13175	22929	23649	32433
Number of Churches....	204	225	262	295	330
Number of Parsonages..	39	52	67	83	94
Probable Value of—					
Churches.....	\$229140	\$242450	\$771585	\$720450	\$934020
Parsonages.....	27258	32360	96450	113631	124025

The Census bureau has issued a bulletin giving statistics of the M. E. church in the United States, which shows 102 annual conferences, not including ten or more in foreign countries. Connected with these conferences are 2,240,354 communicants. This includes both members and probationers. Of the 2,790 counties in the states and territories the church is represented in all save 585. It has 25,861 organizations, with 22,844 church edifices, with a seating capacity of 6,302,708, and an aggregate valuation of \$96,723,408. This valuation, does not include parsonages and other church property.

CLOSE OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The appointments for 1891, as read by Bishop Ninde disclosed the fact that several important changes had been made, both in the plan of the work, and the stationing of the preachers.

The number of the districts was reduced from six to five; of the six former presiding elders,—the legal term of three had expired—of one, his district was absorbed in the five, and the other, namely the writer, was granted a superannuated relation,—leaving only one of the six —“H. M. Middleton, of the Crawfordsville district.”

The writer's successor on the Valparaiso district, the Rev. J. H. Wilson, found the twenty-six pastoral charges, composing his field of labor—well manned, all willing and ready to cooperate in all suitable plans, and well devised methods of work under the valiant leadership of their new suffragan Bishop. In its rapidly rising towns and growing young cities along its western border, in speaking distance of

a great city like Chicago, Valparaiso district needs the "right man in the right place." With Satan at the head of the whiskey power in city, village and country place, commanding his cohorts in crime; reigning in the saloon, directing in the gambling-hell, his eye on the low dive, and his chief seat in Sin's gilded palace—may the general on the district, in command of King Emmanuel's forces, ever be as now; a man, of able body, strong will, burning zeal, undaunted courage, and deep devotion; in the use of "the weapons which are not carnal, but which are mighty through God, to the pulling down the strong holds" of sin, and to the building up of the Kingdom of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The twenty-first Delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, convened in the Exposition Hall, in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, on Monday, the second day of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

One of the leading questions brought before the body, was the report of the committee appointed at "New York" in 1888, to consider and report on what parts of the "discipline" should be taken and accepted as the constitution or, organic law of the church, and what among the "rules and regulations," should be held as statutory. After much discussion the whole matter was postponed for four years, or until the General conference of 1896.

The second question, to which was given much time and thought, was, that "child of providence"—the "Epworth league"—the promising child—young-

est of the family.

The third, and most exciting question of all, was what is known as the "Hamilton Amendment," submitting the "woman question"—or more properly speaking the *man* question to the annual conferences; without the weight of a "two thirds vote" of the "General conference," this amendment seeks by indirection and "*pious fraud*," to do, what the friends of the measure failed to accomplish by direction—they seek by adding certain words to the restrictive rule, to change the *letter*, which words when added, will leave the rule in spirit, and meaning precisely what it now is.

In other words, if three-fourths of the members of the Annual conferences, present and voting, fail or refuse to vote "Aye," and the "General conference" should by a two-thirds vote, fail or refuse to vote, "Aye," then, and in that case "the Second Restrictive Rule shall be so construed that the words, 'lay delegates,' may include men and women," and so, the effect of a negative vote shall be, to affirmatively settle a great constitutional question.

The General conference of 1888 decided that under the organic law, of the church, woman was not eligible as a delegate—the report of the "Judiciary committee" of 1892, reaffirmed that decision, and yet it is sought by a sort of Clerical Legerdemain, to bring about a state of things which if it should succeed can at most bring woman into the "General conference" by a side entrance—which would be a humiliation to woman—not to say a disgrace to the whole church.

On the fifth day of the session, on motion of "Dr.

Buckley," the writer was kindly invited to occupy a seat on the platform, at his pleasure—which honor he in a few words declined—saying, "I thank the General conference for the compliment but preferring to sit with my delegation—I beg to decline the *high* position tendered." The great quadrennial gathering of more than five hundred delegates ; on the 27 day of May, 1892, closed what in some respects will go down into history as one of the most remarkable in the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

APPENDIX.

THE REV. J. W. T. McMULLEN, D. D.

“John William Thomas McMullen” was born in “Orange county,” Va., January 1, 1826.

His parents “William and Ann McMullen” were among the first to unite with the Methodist Episcopal church in that part of the state.

His father was the first class leader and the builder of the first church in that portion of the country.

In the eleventh year of his age his parents moved to Indiana and found a cabin home in Wayne county.

His father was a well to do farmer and John was early taught habits of industry—working on the farm in summer and attending such schools in winter as the country afforded fifty years ago.

In the 17th year of his age he was present on a Sabbath at the dedication of the newly erected church in Centerville. Dr. Simpson the president of the Indiana Asbury university, and greatest pulpit orator in the state, was to preach the dedicatory sermon. Long before the hour for service, the new church was crowded. John, with the other boys from the

McMullen neighborhood had taken a seat in the gallery. The great preacher was at his best. He was led, on that occasion, to picture in glowing colors, the triumphs of the gospel in winning its way from Plymouth rock to the Pacific Ocean. Planting the cross on the summit of the Rocky Mountains with the "Stars and Stripes" just beneath—the symbols of free speech and a free gospel—the scene that followed this burst of impassioned eloquence, no tongue or pen may describe. Amens and halleluas rang throughout the congregation.

While young McMullen in the gallery, not yet converted, but knowing how to shout at a political meeting sprang to his feet and swinging his hat, began screaming at the top of his voice—*huzza, huzza, huzza*,—then on the return of consciousness, was mortified almost beyond endurance, to find himself in a church—amidst the worshipers. He was converted in the twenty-first year of his age, and the same year was licensed to preach. Lucian W. Berry, D. D., presiding, who also presented his name to the Indiana conference, held in the city of Rising Sun in 1849. His first appointment was to Palestine Mission, and for the next five years he labored on old fashioned circuits.

He was appointed to his first station—Asbury chapel, Indianapolis—in 1854, which he served for two years.

In these first seven years of his itinerant ministry, he has ever felt, that it was his good fortune, to be under the training and fatherly watch care as his presiding elder—of that grand old hero and man of God, the Rev. James Havens.

In 1856, he was transferred to the North Indiana conference, and stationed at Roberts chapel, Indianapolis, where he remained a full term of two years. Under his arduous labors at the Capital City, and responding to the frequent calls for public addresses on popular occasions, his health gave way and being advised by physician and friends, at the conference of 1858 took a superannuated relation, but in 1859 was made effective, and appointed to Logansport station.

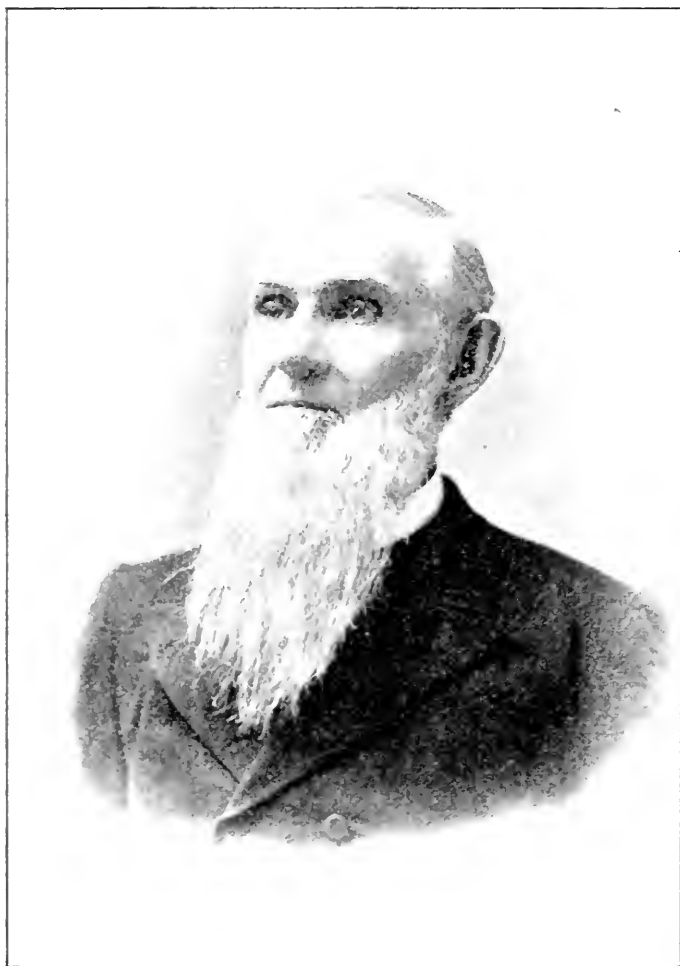
At the conference in 1860 again with broken health, was constrained to take a superannuated relation, and after a year's rest, was in the spring of 1861, appointed to Pearl street station, Richmond. Scarcely had the new pastor entered upon his work when the country was startled by Southern rebels firing on Ft. Sumpter. At the call of President Lincoln the people rushed to arms. Many of our preachers volunteered to defend the flag, going out at once to the front, or entering the recruiting service. Among the very first, Dr. McMullen took the field, and in company with Rev. F. A. Hardin raised a regiment. When the former was commissioned by Gov. O. P. Morton, as colonel and the latter lieutenant colonel, marched to the field of conflict.

The strain on the already impaired constitution of Dr. McMullen—sweeping through the country like a flaming torch, by day and night, electrifying the people with his burning eloquence in defense of the old flag, while recruiting the regiment, was too great for endurance and he was compelled to resign his colonelcy and resign himself for months to nervous prostration.

At the session of the North Indiana conference, held at Ft. Wayne in April 1862—he was transferred by Bishop Simpson to the Northwest Indiana conference—appointed to Fifth St., now Trinity church, LaFayette, where he served a full term of two years, and in 1864 was appointed to Attica district as presiding elder. In 1880, his father-in-law, Robert Heath, Esq., died leaving quite an estate, bringing with it increased care to the doctor and his family, insomuch that with weak health he has been since that time, but *one* year in active ministerial work. In looking over his life record it is found that he traveled circuits six years—and did station work thirteen years—served as Centenary Agent one year, and as presiding elder nine years.

If any man may be properly called self made, J. W. T. McMullen is that man. Without scholasticism, a man of broad and varied learning. An elocutionist by nature. A linguist without a master. An impressive and elegant reader by instinct. A knowledge of history perhaps equaled in the state only by Indiana's great historian—Dr. John Clark Ridpath.

Dr. McMullen is a man of deep personal piety, with a brother's heart—generous next to a fault—a friendship true as the needle to the pole,—gallant and chivalrous—the soul of honor—clothed with a genuine knighthood—but with a spirit gentle and guileless as a morning zephyr or sweet as the fragrance that scents the evening gale. It is sad to think how much the world has lost in not having in permanent form a true history of the life and labors of this truly good and great man.



REV. J. W. T. McMULLEN, D. D.

If in the high noon of his manhood his brilliant and eloquent gospel sermons moving multitudes to turn away from a sinful life, to the ways of religion and truth—together, with his great war speeches, all could have been taken down by a shorthand reporter, and put in book form, what a benediction to our young people of to-day would be such a volume—I know the man of whom I speak—I have known him long and intimately, I do not over rate him.

It gives me pleasure to present to my readers the Doctor's portrait, but more still to furnish his "seven" letters upon the lofty theme of the "Apocalypse." These letters were not written for publication as the reader will readily see, but I here take the liberty, presuming, that the generous nature of the distinguished author will pardon what might seem temerity on the part of his old friend and fellow laborer.

J. L. SMITH.

I.

LaFayette, March, 15 1885.

DEAR DR. SMITH :

Sabbath memories of Creation and redemption stir me. The grand mood is upon me.

I think of the long rest of Jehovah, from creative work, and of the Sabbatic rest of the Son of God from a life of suffering, and atoning sorrow. I think too, of the rest of the Saints of all the ages in the glorious heavens. I see the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man. I walk within the true:

temple, of which the "Jewish temple" was but the shadow of a shade." I move through the heavenly Jerusalem, "whose builder and maker is God," and of which the earthly was but the feeblest material symbolism. I gaze upon the eternal Father enthroned, and the majestic light-form, on whose brow hangs the seven-fold rainbow, bespeaks the presence of the Infinite. I look upon the Son of God at the right hand of the Father's majesty, in whom the Spirit, soul and body of humanity, has been glorified with all power and authority over angels, men, and devils. I behold him take the semblance of "a Lamb slain, having seven horns and seven eyes"—the Lamb slain, symbol of his atoning work, which won him the right to universal rule—the seven horns, emblems of his complete, perfect, and omnipotent power to rule—and the seven eyes, symbols of his all-seeing vision, in all worlds. I look upon "the seven spirits before the throne," flashing light and fire from "seven lamps" of excellent glory—symbols these, of the one, complete, and perfect Spirit of God and his Christ, in his work of purifying souls, and in his work of judgment upon guilt. I stand on the crystal sea of glass,—emblem of the divine, the serene, and the pure, and the everlasting—and gaze upon "the fountains of living waters." I see the four Cherubims, and hear them chant the Anthems of the skies, and repeat the story of the suffering church, until it shall enter the new heaven and the new earth, in all the glories of resurrection, life and power. I see the seven angels of power, and hear them proclaim the conquests and defeats of the historic and prophetic church, until

all things shall be made new. I see Gabriel, the great prophet among the angels, and the mighty numberer of the days of God—opposing secular kingdoms, and he pours forth all his sympathies with the bleeding church of the past and of the future, until the temporal becomes the eternal and the spiritual.

I gaze upon Michael, the commander and leader of all angels, who, behind the scenes, has fought Satan and his angels, in all the wars of the ages; and thus shall he fight for the church until it becomes the resurrection church of eternity. I see the twice twelve elders, representatives of the true, one historic church of all ages, and I hear them recount the story of all holy sufferers, until time shall be no more, and their names shall blaze upon the gates and foundations of the eternal city of light, amid the splendors of a new creation. I see the numberless hosts of angels, and the twelve tribes of Israel, and the countless multitudes of the gentile church, flaming in garments of light, and I hear their songs and shouts, as they see the coming glory of the church on earth, and in the eternal state.

O life above! what power, what health, what beauty, is there in the celestial life! There none of us are forgotten. They think of us; they remember us. They are all ministers to us. How, they will tell us soon.

In a few days you Dr., Sister Smith, my wife and I, even I—shall have a new revelation. We shall see, and hear, and know, and feel what it is to be with the whole universe of heavenly ones. There can be but one more revelation greater than this—

life in resurrection bodies, and in a new spiritual creation.

You see Dr. that the spell is upon me, that came upon me while I was with you. We have song-service every night, and an evening invocation. The prophetic pictures of the church of the future, and the nations and states of the future, rise before, demanding study. Oh to be willing, and able to work, and yet compelled to walk around here "wasting sweetness on the desert air," "but I dream."

Oh to hear my young people say, when they come from church, "Well I listen, but I learn nothing." I say nothing, for I know there is so much truth in it. Oh my God send men to our pulpits, who can get a grip on our people, and not let us waste away. My soul is moved when I see the weakness of our people. Thanks for your letter. It came down upon me like the dew and the rain upon the plants in the day of heat. It was refreshing, like the opening of the eye-lids of the morning. It hangs on my cloud, like a rainbow of promise. Thanks again and repeat the blessing.

We had a lecture from Talmage on Ingersoll. It was characteristic, I am told—strong, sharp, and funny, answering a fool according to his folly, and yet without being like the fool.

Tell Sister Smith we do not forget her. Accept our kindest regards.

Yours truly,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

II.

LaFayette, March 17, 1885.

DEAR DR SMITH:—

My faith looks out upon a rich field of wonders, and my hope takes on golden wings for a majestic flight. Three or four centuries ago, and what? Asia was ruled by pagan or Mohamedan! no angel of missions spread his wings of light in its blackness of darkness, nor had the once star crowned light-robed queen of prophetic vision, life enough to send one missionary into the awful gloom. Three or four ages ago and what of the night in Europe? An absolute pope ruled Christendom, the Turks were thundering at the gates of Vienna, the error-demons and the war-demons of Mohammedism seemed about to establish another false religion over all the West, and solid midnight reigned over the ignorance of Europe. And what of Africa? Three or four centuries ago Africa was the dark land, as she had been for untold ages; and not a single torch of Europeanism or of Americanism lighted up her horrid gloom. Three or four centuries ago, America was a world of howling woods, and of red savages, practicing horrid Satanic rites and diabolical cruelties. Then, the four quarters of the globe were covered with a rayless night, and only in Europe was seen a feeble twilight dawn. Then, the seas were navigated by feeble crafts, and ruled by pirates. Then there were no missionary societies, sending forth the gospel heralds to all nations.

Then, there were no Bible societies, speaking in two or three hundred languages and dialects to the world. Then, there was no speech by press, by lightening, or by telephone, and no movement by fire and steam. Then, there was no Christian pre-eminence, spreading Europeanism over Asia and Africa, with ever increasing rapidity. Then, there was no anti-pagan, anti-papal. Protestant pre-eminence, with all its churches, schools and universities, spreading a true Christianity over the world.

Then there was no Christian Protestant, and American pre-eminence, spreading Americanism over the world, with its ideas of a free church in a free state. Paganism, papalism, and Mohamedism, grow weaker every day ; but Christian Protestantism, with all its over-mastering peace-forces, and war forces, and arts, waxes stronger and stronger. I do not forget the great injustices, oppressions, impurities, falsities, and corruptions ; but a century or two more of such splendid progress, and then what ? O shall it be the Millennium ? "The Lord hasten it in his time." I give these thoughts because you know what to do with them. I do not write so to any other minister of my conference. Why ? Because he would not understand me. Oh have I spoken vanity ? Well Dr. excuse a little wrath. I ought to have a chance to tell them these things everywhere.

Things, are still, in our churches. No dog wags his tongue so as to make the devil's swine squeal. The Lord forgive me if I speak uncharitably. We are well. Soon I shall get to business, and fight, and watch and pray. But O, how every power of my

soul says, I ought to have a better chance. But not as I will but as the Lord will.

We have you all in our hearts, the place of goodly treasures. You both are remembered in love. May God bless you and Sister Smith, more and more. Amen.

Yours Truly,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

III.

Lafayette, Indiana, March, 23, 1885.

DEAR DR. SMITH:—

I send you some thoughts on the sacred numbers of the Apocalypse. Three, in the unity of the divine nature, is the number of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Four in the number of the cherubim as representatives of the universal four in creation: matter, plant-life, brute-life, and spirit-life; whether in angels or in human souls.

Four Cherubims, with their sunny-eyed, six winged forms,—the first having the face of a lion; the second, the face of an ox; the third, the face of a man; the fourth, the face of an eagle,—is a revelation of the Divine, causing every atom of dead dust to act as if each were full of eyes, and to move as if each had six wings, and to behave as if every element knew which way to go, and how to take their places in exact time, and hold to each other, and work together in all vegetal forms, in all animal

frames, and in all human and spiritual bodies.

Seven is the sum of three and four — three, the sum of the Divine nature, and four, the sum of created nature, — matter, life in plants, life in animal forms, and in all spiritual bodies. Seven in the colors of the rainbow arch, over the throne of the Infinite Father, is a number of completeness and perfection in the divine, and in the created, as the best possible system, on the whole which could have been made. Hence, too, the seven colored rainbow is the symbol of the Father's complete and perfect love and mercy to his fallen children. Seven in the seven horns and the seven eyes of the Lamb, express completeness and perfectness of the Divine in Jesus, as having all power to save his people, and rule his foes, and as having all power to see and know how to serve and how to punish. Seven also reveals the one perfect and complete Spirit: as the Spirit of God and of Christ sent forth into all the earth. Seven, in the seven spirits before the throne, and in the seven lamps, which flame over the chrysal sea on which the throne is set, reveal the completeness and perfectness of the Divine in the Holy Spirit, as the purifier of believing souls, and the one who inspires all created spirits with a sense of God and evil, law and order. Seven, in the seven seals of the book in the right hand of the enthroned Father, and loosed by the Lamb, represents the completeness and perfectness of the "lion of the tribe of Juda," who alone could reveal the sevenfold history of the Church and the world, until time shall end and eternity dawn. Seven, in the seven angels with seven trumpets, represents and proclaims the Di-

vine government of the Church, and of the great world powers, through all the sevenfold periods of their history, until the new heaven and earth shall come.

Twelve, in the twelve angels, four of whom are cherubim, seven of whom are proclaiming angels—Gabriel, which means “God’s strong one”—and Michael, “who is like God,” and the great general of the angelic army—these twelve, represent the Divine government, by angel princes, over all angelic principalities, dominions and powers. Was the angelic twelvedom the model of the twelvedoms in the Jewish Church, and in the Apostolic Church? These twelve angel-princes, are to stand at the twelve gates of the City of light, that shall cover 375 square miles of the new earth, and pour its twelve tinted splendors over the new world of the resurrection; and they are to preside over the divine order, and the organized polity of the new capital and the new land, and present the resurrection—kings and nations faultless before the august presence of the King immortal, when they shall come to worship in the city of massive gems, and precious stones. Amen. Alleluia.

I submit seven, twelve, ten and ten hundred, as sacred and revealing numbers, in the history of the Divine, in the government of the Church and of the world, in time and in eternity. Seven, is a complete and churchly number; and seven stars are seven angel-ministers of the seven churches of Asia; and seven golden candlesticks, are the seven Asiatic churches; and seven epistles to the seven churches, are seven pictures, in which the churches of the ages

might see their spiritual likenesses, and "the spirit of anti-christ that should come," and has come, as "the eighth," and yet as one "of the seven" great Satanic world-powers, that has ever been anti-God, and anti-Christ. Seven roll-seals opened, and seven roll-leaves—or sheets—disclosed, are seven pictures of the church and the world-forces of futurity. The first is a picture of Churchly conquests,—“Conquering and to conquer”—though defeated for ages, yet the white horse conqueror and his armies win the fight, and the millennium comes.

The second is the picture of the universal war-power of the centuries, ever and anon, “taking peace from the earth.” The third is the black picture of the world wide war, throughout all time, filling the earth with want, woe, and hard times. The fourth is the pale picture of war in “the fourth part of the earth,” attended by famine, pestilence, and beastly savagery, and often repeated through the bloody ages

In these four pictures, four in the number of universals; but the fourth is limited to “the fourth part of the earth.”

The fifth seal picture, is still less a symbol, and a more definite picture of the martyrs of all ages. Its dark side is the martyrdoms of the centuries, and the cry of the martyrs at the grand altar of sacrifice in heaven; and its bright side, is their enrobement, and their sweet rest, until the last martyr “shall be killed.” The sixth seal-picture is the portrayal of the dissolution of the earth, and the doom of the wicked. The seventh seal-leaf, is a picture of church destiny, and of world-destiny—human and material—until

“all things are made new.” The seven epistles were lesser pictures of things that were, and things that were to come. The seven roll-sheets were larger pictures of things to come, in churches, nations, and in the earth and heaven. The seven trumpets are still larger revealings, of things that were, and are, and are to come, until all shall end, and begin again in eternal perfection and glory. Of the seven trumpets, the first four are brief,—terrible proclamations of judgment to come upon that great world-power, which banished John to the Isle of Patmos, and made martyrs of the saints through many persecutions. Alaric and his Goths, Attila and his Huns, Genseric and his Vandals, Odvacer and his Heruli, brought ruin upon the Western Roman empire, and made prophecy history.

Three of the seven, are woe-trumpets, sounding the march of error-demons, and of war-demons, and of the great Satanic anti-Christic empire, until the war ends in the eternal triumph of Christ. All these forces have been in history for ages, and we may easily know them. The error-demons of Romanism and Mohammedism, the war-demons of both these forces, and the anti-Christ of pagan Rome, of the Roman state church, and of papalism, have had ages of history.

The seventh trumpet proclaims the struggle of Christ with anti-Christ, until the kingdom of this world, shall no longer be the kingdom of Satan, but the kingdom of God and his Christ. It fills the entire third part of the book with the symbols and pictures of the great struggle, and tells the true, clear, divine, and consecutive story of prophecy and

history, until Jesus shall reign over all the earth. Under the sounding of the seventh trumpet, the panorama of symbols moves on, and thrice the great seven and ten-fold image of Satanic world-empire rushes upon the field of vision ; and the seventh angel explained the seventh-foldness, and the ten-foldness, of the great secular anti-Christ, and the seven-foldness of the great city, which has so long reigned over the kings of the earth. As men have sat in this grand palace of divine art, Romanist and Protestant, have seen in them glowing pictures, the seven great historic world-powers—Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, pagan, Roman, so-called Christian Roman, and the papal Roman empire, which is the eighth, but of the seven, —and they have seen all these powers embodied in the Roman empire, and all have been always, and in all history, anti-God and anti-Christ.

They have also seen in these pictures, the ten Teutonic kingdoms, which overthrew old Rome, and planted ten Germanic governments in the Western Roman empire. Schlegel in his *Philosophy of History*, *reckoned* ten kingdoms as constituting the modern system of Europe ; and he was a convert to Romanism. Romanists never see Christian Rome, in these symbols ; it is pagan Rome they see ; but the images so speak, as to enable history to call the right names.

In another picture, the seven, ten Roman empire, is seen as falsely Christian ; and a two-fold church power is seen, but it is false to Christ ; and this power is seen to create a third papal power in the church of God, but it is the image of the old Roman

pagan power, and the likeness of the Christian Roman Empire, falsely so called—and the express image of Satan, the real anti-Christ of all sacred history.

In another picture, seven angels appear on the scene, and one after another, they pour seven vials of wrath upon the imperial Roman world-power, and upon spiritual Roman world-power, and lastly upon Rome the great city on seven hills, and the serial wars of the centuries, closes up with one universal war, brought on by three devils—one from old pagan Rome, the second from the new but false Christian Rome, and the third from papal Rome—and then a pure Christianity triumphs over all the anti-Christianities of the world. Dr. Whedon says “We are apparently living under the fifth vial.” Oh, the shadows of coming events!

The ten, of one of the seven epistles, may not be a symbolism; but ten as seen in the pictures of Roman dominion, are ten Teutonic kingdoms, well known to history. The blessed thousand years, which is a time-symbolism; and a number of universality, is ten raised to a cube, each day representing a year, making in all 360,000 years. So long shall all anti-Christianities disappear. There will be sin, and death shall still reign, but in general, all nations will be pure and good.

What then of the thousands of years of false religionism, and of all the Satanic, corrupt and beastly governments, and despotic churches, that have persecuted and ruled in the past? What of the twelve hundred and sixty years of Romanism and Mohammedism? “We are in the morning dawn of history.” There comes 360,000 years of righteous-

ness, joy, and peace, to all nations. And the final number of the saved, as compared with the lost, will be as the number hung, as compared with the rest of mankind. Oh this is progress! and it becomes the grandeur of a God.

The next scene, is a picture of the second coming of Satan, after his banishment during the *millennial* ages; of the great apostacy among the nations—but not a martyr slain; of the destruction of Satan and his apostates, by the brightness of the second coming of Christ; of God upon the “great white throne,” and of earth and heaven dissolved before him; and of the general resurrection and judgment, which is the closing scene in the history of the old world.

John, who wept that the seven seals of the seven leafed roll of Revelation might be opened, still gazed into the future; and lo, a visional scene of most unsurpassed grandeur rises before him. Symbol puts on the highest perfection of picture, and all creation lends its richest materials, and its brightest forms, to perfect the pictorial likeness of the new heaven, the new earth, and the new city of God. One of the seven angel who may be named Gabriel, because he was the great revealing angel to Daniel, and in the gospels, carried John away to a great and high mountain of the new world, to show him the great city of God, descending from heaven.

He saw a new world of mountain and plain—vast—stupendous—and so like, and yet so unlike the old; for it is the old, changed and made new—matter still, made spiritual, and most heavenly, and lovely in all its forms of divinest beauty. From his

mountain height, he gazed upon the softly green city of light, shining with crystal clearness ; and its massive walls of jasper resting upon a vast plain, 375 miles square, rose up 375 miles high in pure celestial space. As the angel led him about the city, he looked upon its twelve gates--three on each side--and all were solid pearls, clear as spiritual light.

He saw the twelve foundations of the city wall, each a massive gem of greatest vastness ; the first, the soft green jasper ; the second, a sky-blue sapphire ; the third, a blue-white Chalcedony ; the fourth, a vivid green emerald ; the fifth, a vivid red Sardonyx ; the sixth, a vivid red Sardine ; the seventh, a yellow golden Chrysolite ; the eighth, a sea-green Beryl ; the ninth, a yellow topaz ; the tenth, a yellow-green Chrysoprasus ; the eleventh a deep red Jacinth ; the twelfth, a brilliant violet Amethyst ; and the sevenfold rainbow splendour of these vast gems mingling with the light of the city, revealed the material, in all the perfection of the spiritual, and the beautiful.

The angel showed him about the city, and led him along the streets 375 miles long--and city and street were pure, lucid, transparent, gold touched and toned with every tint of the rainbow, and all its colors raised to the richest perfection of spiritual glory.

He saw the throne of God and the Lamb, and out of it flows the clear, radiant crystalline river of life : and it flows on through the length of the broad street, 375 miles ; and on the banks of the river, are the great trees of life, bearing twelve monthly fruit-

ages, and the leaves of the trees are a medicine, preventing all decay and disease among the nations. Oh it is the old paradise restored, and made new, with every enlargement, and improvement, required by the vast needs of the spiritual realm.

John saw the saved kings of the new world, who preside over the heavenly polity, and preserve the sweet rhythm and blessed harmony of the celestial state ; and he saw them bring the glory of their being, history, and character, to the great metropolis, that they might honor, and adore the king of kings in his palace of light. He saw the saved nations of the new earth, each having in his own being, a realm of power, glories and felicities, which entitle them to see the face of God, and to reign as a republic of kings, for ever and ever. "And there shall be no more curse, tears, death, sorrow, crying, nor pain : for the former things are passed away." What a picture ! Nothing so grand ever proceeded from the genius of poet or painter.

Isaiah's ideal city, with stones of fair colors with a foundation of sapphires, with windows of agates, gates of carbuncles, and borders of pleasant stones, has no glory, when compared with the glory that excels, in the immensity, grandeur, and richness, of the new metropolis of the world to come.

It is the city of the great One in Three ; and the number sacred to the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit, flames in three gates on each side of the city wall ; and the Spirit, the bride, and the hearer say, to the saved kings and nations of the first and second resurrection, "Come, Come, Come, enter through the gates into the city," "have right to the tree of

life," and "take of the waters of life freely;" for the fruit of the tree, the leaves of the tree, and the water of the river are immortalizing. It is the city of the great four, shining resplendent in the four sides of the high city wall and in the foursquare low wall which lined it; and it is the number sacred to the four universals of the new creation,—matter spiritualized, immortalized fruit, medicine, and water; and glorified souls, and spiritualized bodies. It is the city of the great governmental twelvedoms; and its twelve angels, represent twelve angelic principalities; and twelve names on its gates, represent the twelve principalities of saved Jews; and the twelve names on its sapphire foundations, represent the twelve principalities of saved Christians. If three in the unity of the Trinity, represent Father, son, and the Holy Spirit, in the government of all, why may not the twelve, represent thirty-six celestial states in the heavenly world? Oh wonderful! It is divine. Biblical, historic, and scientific idealism, embodied in eternal, spiritualized, immortalized, and glorified realism. Oh the great law of progress, can only be satisfied, when the temporal shall become the eternal, and "work out for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," as John saw it, in the new heaven, the new earth and the new city of immensity.

My Dear Dr. Smith, it has been said that the Apocalypse "finds its interpreter mad or makes him so." But "it is no fortune-telling record." It is a book of types, figures, shadows, symbols, pictures; but it deals with persons and things of the worlds, and three are reals. Its symbols and pictures are

taken from the historic scriptures--never out of them—and they picture realities. Some study the Apocalypse and turn prophets. Some mistake the frame for the picture.

Some are ultra-historical in their Apocalypse exegesis. All this brings the greatest book of prediction in the Bible into contempt. But the book is a small map of persons and things in heaven, hell and earth; and a little prophetic history of great movements—churchly and non-churchly—through all time-ages, until we reach the new eternal state. It is a book of images and pictures; but it is also a book of plain words, and if we compare it with all Scripture, and with history, we shall be able to read the signs of the times in which we live.

God bless you, Dr. Smith and all your loved ones. I am still in that high state of mind, which came on me while I was with you. Most of the time, after the lightening struck me at Danville, my powers folded up and hid themselves in the darkness of unconsciousness, and my soul fell into a sort of nothingness.

But I was a man of ceaseless prayer. Oh how glad I am to find enlargement. I am holding revival services in my family. How precious are these seasons. Grace and health to you, my friend.

Yours truly,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

P. S. The seventh unsealed leaf, or sheet of the roll of revelation, sweeps through the ages into eternity; and the seven trumpets proclaim more fully the contents of the unsealed roll leaf.

In this I differ from Dr. Whedan. Pardon my vanity. J. W. T. Mc--.

IV.

LaFayette, March 30, 1885:

DEAR DR. SMITH :—

Again I ask your thought on the glorious Apocalypse. One in three persons in three parts, and in three parts, and in three sevens, runs like a line of light through this book. The revelation is of God, through Christ, by the Spirit in three magnificent apocalypses ;—and it has seven epistles, a seven leafed roll-sheet, and seven proclaiming trumpets.

I write now, on the seven epistles.

They were written to the seven star—angel-ministers, of the seven Asiatic churches ; and through them, to the “servants and churches of God, in all ages.” They are historic and prophetic epistles, taken from the warm lips of the risen Christ. But I write only of the flashes of prediction in these epistles. The Church of Ephesus had fallen from its “first love,” and prophecy blazed out upon its future history and doom ; and Gibbon writes,—“In the loss of Ephesus, the Christians deplored the fall of the first angel, the extinction of the first candlestick, of the Revelation ; the desolation is completed ; and the temple of Diana or the church of Mary will equally elude the search of the curious traveler.” In this first epistle another prophetic gleam, shot through the ages, and beyond the resurrection ; and revealed to the overcomer, “the tree of life, in the midst of the paradise of God.” In the epistle to the Church of Smyrna—the Church of Polpcarp, pupil

of St. John—coming persecution is predicted, but no extermination of the Church ; and to this day, as Gibbon says : “The populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and the Americans.”

In the epistle to the Church in Pergamos, there is a shaft of predictive lightning against it, for its too great tolerance of licentious heresy ; and Gibbon records that “the God of Mohammed, without a rival or a son, is invoked in the Mosque of Pergamos.”

In the epistle to the Church in Thyatira—a working church, yet too careless of Christian truth and purity—there is a splendid flash of prophetic light through the great future, in which the overcomer sees the time when he shall have power over the nations, and reign with Christ over the millennial peoples, and see Jesus, “the morning star,” beam over the new heavens and new earth. But, alas ! the Mosque of Mohammed rules in Thyatira, and darkness reigns.

In the epistle to the Church in Sardis—“the church of deadness, with a few spotless names”—there is a red ray of prophetic light, revealing coming destruction ; and a blessed white ray, lighting the overcomer on to the new Jerusalem, and the glories of resurrection life—and citizenship. “Sardis is reduced to a miserable village,” and the light of the Church has gone out.

In the epistle to the Church in Philadelphia,—“the faithful and blameless church”—there is a glorious sunburst of prediction, revealing its future preservation and triumph ; especially in “the trial that shall come upon all the world,” just before the

judgment of the great white throne ; and disclosing to the victor, "the New Jerusalem"—the city, temple of God—that shall adorn the new world, in the eternal state. Of the seven cities, the infidel Gibbon writes, "Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage."—"Courage," is an infidel sneer, not a reason.—"At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valient citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins—a pleasing example that the paths of honor and safety may sometimes be the same."

In the epistle to the Church in Laodicea—"rich in goods, but poor in faith—there is a beam of prophecy, revealing the marriage supper of the Lamb, at the resurrection of the Just. Our infidel historian says, "The circus and the three stately theaters of Laodicea are now peopled with wolves and foxes."

I change my mind, and write a few words on the historic in these epistles. They give historic glimpses of the state of the churches; of great Roman foe; of their Jewish enemy; and of their heretical antagonists. They touch upon three great historic heresies; two, Shemitic, and the third, Aryan,—Japhetic.

The first, were Judaizing Christians ; the second, was the ancient Balamism and Jesebelism, which taught a glowing sensualism in the name of religion; and the third, was Nicolasism—from Nicolas, one of the first seven deacons of Jerusalem—which taught that the body may sin all sins, yet the Spirit remain

pure; or, that all evil is in matter; hence, arose asceticism, enforced celibacy, rejection of meats, the denial of the real body of Christ, monasticism and self-scourging. These three unclean spirits of devils, as seen in seven epistles, were to move through the centuries; and, they are more fully described, under the seventh seal, and still more distinctly proclaimed and illustrated, under the seven trumpets of Revelation.

But why this number,—Seven Churches,—when there were many other Churches? Seven is the number of the complete in all Nature,—three, the number of the complete in the Divine Nature, and four the number of the complete in Created Nature—dead matter, living matter, living human souls, and living angelic nature. Seven completes the chain of being from the lowest to the Infinite Father. Therefore, we have the seven-form law that rules in the book of Revelation; and seven Churches representing the oneness and Completeness of the general Church, and the individualism of all Churches, in all ages; so that what the Spirit says to one, in his sevenfold refrain, he says to all.

My Dear Dr.—it is written, “Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.” I write you, that we may enjoy together, “the words,” which came as “a sharp two-edged sword” from the burning mouth of “the Son of Man,” cutting with a historic and prophetic edge, “piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

To be sure it is a book of types, figures, shadows, symbols, and pictures, of persons and things in three worlds, and in a world yet to be made ; but persons and things, are not typed and figured into no-ones, and nobodies, and nothings at all ; but so typed, and so figured, as to represent great historic realities. When we understand the word-paintings of the sacred artist, we shall find no word jugglery, no Delphic Oracle, meaning anything or nothing ; nor will we speak great swelling words of vanity, about the United States in prophecy ; or the personal coming of Christ, to the millennium, and the resurrection of the martyr, and a personal reign of Christ on earth, during the millennial ages.

Grace to you Dr. Smith.

Yours truly,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

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V.

LaFayette, April 6, 1885.

DEAR DR. SMITH :—

You remember the magnificent introduction to the seven epistles of Revelation. What a glorious appearance of Christ.

This was the first Apocalypse ; for like its divine authorship, the book is one in three. The second Apocalypse, has a still more gorgeous introduction. The divine court is seen, and all the thousands of angels are present, in our sky-heaven, to look into the future of the Church and world. There is a grand pre-

lude to the opening of the seven seals. Three, four, seven, and twelve, as ruling numbers, give law and order to this part of the book. These numbers arise out of the nature of things, as they exist in the Divine and in the created.

It is in the very nature of the Divine, to be one in three persons. It is in the nature of the created to be four—dead material-nature, living plant-nature, living animal-nature, and living spiritual-nature,—in angels and men. Hence the four cherubic ones, as universal representatives at the Divine court, as John saw them. It is in the nature of things, as they exist in God, and in the Created that seven should express the complete, and the perfect, in the Divine and in creation. Hence the seven day periods of creation—six of work, and one of rest—and the seven days of our week, and the seven colors of the rainbow, that goodly sign of Divine promise.

Hence too, the sacred sevens, as John saw them in the pictures of the three divine persons, on, and before the throne of revelation. It is in the nature of things, that twelve should be a governmental number. Hence the twelve signs, within which the course of the sun is circumscribed, that rules by day, and the twelve annual moon-changes, that rule by night.

It is in the nature of things, and perfectly historic, that God should rule by three, four, seven, and twelve. He rules by three divine persons. He rules in nature by four divine powers, less truly called laws in science. These four powers—one in four, as the air is one in the four winds—are divine power in dead nature, divine power in plant-nature,

divine power in animal nature, and divine power in all soul and spirit-nature. God ruled by seven, from Adam to Enoch the seventh. Adam had the promise of Christ's first coming, and "was the figure of him that was to come." The immortalized Enoch had the promise of Christ's second coming, and was the figure of the immortalized saints of the general resurrection. The seven historic lives, figured the six long world-periods, and the seventh the eternal world-period, in a state of complete and perfect resurrection life. God ruled by twelve, in founding the twelve tribes of the Jewish Church; and he ruled by twelve apostles in founding the Christian Church. God ruled by the three sons of Noah, in founding the three great Shemitic, Hametic, and Japhetic races of men. So too, he ruled by twelve, in founding the twelve Arabian tribes from Ishmael, the twelve Saracen tribes, the twelve Egyptian dynasties, and the twelve states of the Jonian confederacy, at the head of which was our Ephesus, of the seven epistles. So too, twelve had the character of governmental completeness, in the twelve Peloponnesian associations of the Achians, the twelve Cecropian towns of Attica, the twelve counsellors of the Phaeacian king, the twelve members of the ancient court of Areopagus, the twelve tables of Roman law, and the twelves in the classification of the Etrurian magistrates. Now we see a profound meaning coming into the three, four, seven and, twelve of the Apocalypse.

It is the very nature of things, that John should see all that could be shown, of three divine persons. It is natural to God, and historic also, that

John should see in the glorious Court of the Father, his four cherubic ministers ; and seven other angelic ministers ; and last of all, that he should see the twelfth Michael—the greatest minister of the celestial state. It is in the nature and history of things, that John should see the twice twelve kingly elders of the divine court ; and in them behold the one church of all ages, and of two dispensations, as represented by their throned and crowned chiefs, before the throne of God. As Christ is the first, and the divine minister ; as the Holy Spirit is the second divine minister - and the third person of the divine nature ; so the twelve angels, the twelve Jewish elders, and the twelve Christian elders, are all ministers, by whom God rules in heaven and earth.

What John saw in heaven, was the natural, and the historic, made complete, perfect and glorious. What he saw in the new heaven, and the new earth, was still the natural, and the historic, raised to the highest and most glorious perfection. How grand the prelude to the opening of the seven seals, as John saw it ! In that great hour he saw the majestic singers, and heard a fivefold song, from cherubim and elders, and then a new song from cherubs and elders, and then a song from "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of angels ;" and then every creature in heaven, earth and sea took up the song, and the billowy roll of the anthem, shook the sea of glass beneath the throne of God. Oh what a divine levee was that, at the "unfolding of the future of the living world and the living Church. "When "a strong angel proclaimed with a loud voice, who is worthy to open the book," "in

the right hand of the great unnamed on the throne," there was the silence of despair in all inhabited worlds ; and John "wept much," for the revelation of the future of the Church, seemed closed forever. But, when "one of the elders," more knowing than John, kindly said, "Weep not : behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book ;" then, all heaven, with harp and song, and "the prayers of saints," showed the stupendous value of the revelation about to be made. We must think of "the book" as a roll of seven sheets, having seven seals on the edge of the outside leaf. As each seal was broken, a new leaf of the future was enrolled. The pages of each leaf, were written on the inside and outside.

As John saw, and read, and heard, a picture like a dream image would start forth and act its part, and then fade away. At the opening of the first four seals, the four cherubs thundered, "Come ;" and four living ones spring forth, with the freedom of dream-like things, and act out the great future.

The four cherubs, reveal the Father, just as the Lamb reveals the Son and his Holy Spirit ; and just as the fire-torches reveal the Holy Spirit. The four cherubs, in their angel-nature, in their human and animal forms, in their unnumbered eyes, in their six wings each, and in their number, reveal the enthroned God the Father, as All-Seeing, and All-Knowing, and swift to will and do, in all the four realms of created nature—in all dead dust, in all living plant-dust, in all living animal-dust, and in all the universe of created spirits. As the four cherubs represent the four universals in the created,

so the first four roll-sheets, and the first-four horsemen, have to do with the four universals, in the moral history of a fallen world, under the leadership of Christ.

As John looked upon the first seal-leaf, he saw a crowned white horseman, with a bow and he went forth conquering then, and to conquer in all the future. This was a picture of the kingly and priestly power of the Church militant, conquering through all time, and triumphing over all foes. In this book Jesus is pictured on his white horse, and all the armies of heaven follow him on white horses; and he conquers all foes, and brings the golden age. When John saw the second leaf of the great future, he saw its contents pictured by a red horseman, having a great sword, and "taking peace from the earth," and causing men "to kill one another" through the centuries. When he saw the third leaf of coming events, he saw its reading pictured by the black horseman of war, afflicting the ages with "hard times," want, and midnight adversity. When he saw the fourth leaf of the great hereafter, what was written was pictured by death as a pale horseman of war, famine, pestilence, and beastly brutality, which follows the blood-demons of the weary ages. The red demon of war, the black demon of cruel poverty, and the pale demon of death in its most horrid forms, has filled the history of the past but the white horseman of the Church, though full of wounds rode on through the centuries, throwing fragrance from his "wounded parts," and "breathing sweetness out of woe."

In this view of the four prophetic pictures, there

is no egetical force-work, in searching for a succession of historic persons, names, and dates ; or for a succession of historic powers, with their names, dates and deeds through the centuries. We see simply, four successive phases of the moral history of the Church and world under the reign of Christ.

Two of the last three of the seven roll-leaves, have to do with the spiritual and heavenly—interests most dear to the hearts of all in heaven. As the white horse conqueror rode through the ages, he saw millions and millions of martyrs fall, in the wars of the three great blood demons of prophecy.

As John read the fifth leaf, symbol put on a more perfect picture, and he saw the shadowy soul-forms of the martyrs, and heard their cry for justice, at the heavenly altar of sacrifice ; and he saw them clad with airy vestments of light, and heard it said to them "rest for a little season," until the number of the martyrs "shall be fulfilled." God's little season, as Peter says, means a few days, and each day a thousand years.

John saw the martyr-souls reappear, as the enthroned souls of "the first resurrection"—a soul resurrection, which began on earth, and is just as real as the body-resurrection—"and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

As he read the sixth leaf, heaven, sky, and earth, rushed into the most awful picture of the last judgment. God sat enthroned ; "the wrath of the Lamb," made those "who pierced him, and all the kindred of the earth wail," and cry to mountains and rocks to hide them from the face of the Father and Son ; the sun became black before God, and the moon

blushed as blood ; the stars fell to the earth, and the sky rolled up as a sheet of parchment, and vanished away ; a great earthquake shook the earth to pieces, and mountains and islands melted away ; kings, great men, rich men, chief captains, mighty men, bond men, free men—all uttered a cry of wildest power—"hide us from the face of God and the Lamb," such is the close of the golden age ; but it is the beginning of eternal ages, still more golden

Now comes a magnificent interlude. The pictorial scene is thrown upon the plains, mountains, and sparkling fountains, of the new world, beyond the resurrection, and the scenes of the last judgment. The painting reveals the resplendent Church of the second resurrection, as the one Church, in the three historic Churches of the past—the patriarchal Church, the Jewish Church, and the Christian Church.

But the picture gives special prominence, to "the two-fold one Church," of the twelve tribes, and "the great multitude which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues."

Four angels hush the four winds, and still the breezes, while a great angel from the splendor of the morning dawn, puts the seal of God upon "a hundred and forty and four thousand of the twelve tribes of Israel"—an exact symbol-member, representing the saved of ancient Israel, to the end of time. The four angels represent the divine power, that "works all, in all the four realms of nature, by regular methods."

The sealing angel from the rising sun, personates God, who, in Christ, "seals his children with that

Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of his glory." God of grandeur, what a scene! It is the finished picture of the finished resurrection church. Then, the number! The heavenly Israelites, can be numbered; the angels, can be numbered; hundreds of millions of war demons, can be numbered; but Christians of all the ages, "no man can number." And these are they, who are to be led "to living fountains of waters," in the new world, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As the seventh roll-leaf, with its seven trumpets, seven vials, and sevenfold powers of evil, is the third and greatest apocalypse, pouring its light upon the past, present, and future, I may speak of it in another paper.

Oh Dr. Smith, how I would like to spend my whole time, in telling the great things of God to the people. But I am happy still, as I was when I was with you. "No man shall take my crown," I "worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Jesus Christ, and have no confidence in the flesh," God bless you in your work of faith, and labor of love. All hail, and farewell.

Yours in hope,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

VI.

LaFayette, Ind., April 13, 1885.

DEAR DR. SMITH :—

Like the two that have gone before it, the third "Apocalypse," has its divine three, its sacred fours, sevens, and twelves. It has also, its infernal three, seven, and ten. These numbers rule as laws, in all the scenes dramatized in the revelation. We must know them, if we would know God in history.

There is also a time-order, and a Satanic time-period, and a blessed time-number, which we must know, if we would see the triumph of Christ in history.

We are not to look in this prophecy for historic names, dates, and a certain order of events. True, the name of Cyrus was given 150 years before he was born; and the name of Messiah was given some 500 years before he was born. Three of the four universal world-empires, are named in prophecy—Babylon, Persia, and Grecia—but the exact historic order of events is not given. Without giving names, Daniel predicts marked periods in Persian history, and decisive eras in Grecian history, just as one would write them after the events had taken place.

He also hints what was to come, down to the end of the world. But such exactness, are exceptions in prophecy, not the general rule.

But why such mystery, in the persons, words, and things, that show the future? Why is there mystery in anything? Why has nature any secret at all? Why have not the present and the past told

us everything? Why do rulers, in the family, church, and state, keep secrets that are told after a while, or never told at all? Why in all we learn, is there so much toil? Do not all the best things, cost us the hardest work? God keeps his own secrets. He tells us enough.

He speaks to others, and they tell us enough. Things are made to show us, and they are plain enough. When we need to know more, he will take us to heaven, or send us to hell, and we shall still know enough. Besides, God is the God of beauty, glory, majesty, grandeur, and power in thought and speech; and he has given prophecy, every image of oratory and eloquence, to express the thoughts of his heart, which stand fast forever.

Prophecy comes to us in the highest and divinest forms of speech, and its sacred style becomes the God of Revelation.

The third Apocalypse is introduced by another imposing prelude.

The *Lamb* opened the seventh seal, and its words of light flashed through the centuries. It was a temple scene. Within, the divine court stood before God. Without, stood the angels, martyrs and all saints, in voiceless worship. There was silence in heaven for half an hour. Seven angels prepared themselves to sound seven trumpets. A priestly angel with a golden censor stood at the golden altar with much incense, "to offer it with the prayers of all saints before the throne of God." Martyrs cry for justice, and "the prayers of saints ascended up before God," and fire fell from heaven, and a tempest of flame swept the earth, and it shook with

thunderings and earthquake, and great Babylon was remembered.

The three Personalities of the Trinity, inspire the three apocalypses, and reveal the future in three cycles.

The first and least, is the seven-church cycle ; the second, and the lesser, is the seven-seal cycle ; the third and the larger, is the seven-trumpet cycle. All this is based upon the great law of progress—from the least to the greatest, from the worst to the best, from the lowest to the highest—this is the law of progress.

God through Christ, by the spirit, by the seventh-roll-leaf, and by seven angels revealed the future of the church, of Rome, and of the world, on and on, to the scenes of the final judgment. That the seven trumpets dealt with the Rome, of the future, is seen in the fact, that she was the only great city which in the dialect of the spirit, could be called Sodom and Egypt, and fallen Jerusalem, where our Lord was crucified, and his saints martyred. Rome was the only city of John's day, that could be called "Babylon the great"; that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth ; that sitteth upon many waters in her commercial power, and in her power over subject—nations living upon many waters ; "that sitteth on seven mountains," or seven hills, on which Rome was founded ; and that sit upon the seven great worlds—powers of prophecy and history, which she embodied in her empire.

Rome is the only fourfold power of evil, that the seven trumpets could proclaim, as Sodom, Egypt, fallen Jerusalem, and Babylon, drunk with the blood

of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

Rome is the only sevenfold power of Satan himself, that could be predicted, as uniting in her world-empire, the seven great world-powers, which have been the cruel oppressors of God's people. Rome is the only power that could figure in prediction, as uniting in her empire the universal empires of Daniel's prophecy, and the seven great world-powers of all prophecy and history, and the ten Teutonic Western kingdoms, that rose on the ruins of her Western borders.

Rome has ever been anti-God, and anti-Christ, whether Pagan, semi-Christian, or papal. She has ever been another Egypt, another Assyria, another Babylon, another Persia, another Greece; and always pagan in spirit, while yet she was semi-Christian, and papal; and a Sodom in sensualism, and debauchery of manners.

What Rome was when our Lord was crucified. What she was when Peter—most likely—was taken from the church in old Babylon to be hung upon the cross in the new Roman Babylon; the same has she been, during the last six hundred years of her reign. Under "Strong delusion," Rome knows not, that John saw her pictures taken in the grand art-gallery of heaven; and all history attests the truth of these prophetic paintings. Her Cardinal Bellarmine, and her Cardinal Baronius, say that Babylon means Rome in the Apocalypse; and her great Bossuet says, "The features are so marked that it is easy to decipher Rome under the figure of Babylon." But, when Roman authors see Rome in Apocalyptic

paintings, they see Pagan Rome, or the Christian Rome of some future day ; they never see the Rome of some six hundred years of bloody persecution. The Pope's Rhemish note says, "the blood of heretics is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors; for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commonwealth shall answer."

Oh thou, who hast long "sat as a queen;" the last living apostle, saw an angel of great power come from heaven, and the earth flamed with his glory ; and John heard the angel's predictive song of triumph over thee. Oh Roman Babylon; and here are some of its lines—"Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen"; "Rejoice over her, oh heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets ; for God hath avenged you on her"—and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.

Rome is the great burden of Apocalyptic prophecy, and the grand objective point in the proclamation of the seven trumpets. For Rome is the embodiment of Satan,—Paul's "man of sin," and John's "anti-Christ that should come,"—and in her descent "to perdition," she is the sum of all the anti-Christianities of the past.

Seven angels, with seven trumpets, proclaimed the judgments of God upon Rome, through all the periods of her coming history. The seven angels are classed in the great four, and three. The first four, personate the God of all dead materialism, the God of all plant materialism, the God of all animal materialism, and "the God of the spirits of all

flesh" and of angels, as about to bring his fourscore judgments upon Rome. The blasts of the first four trumpets, are brief and terrible.

The first blast called down a furious storm of hail, fire and blood, upon Egyptian Rome ; and "the third part" of "the inhabitants of the earth," she ruled, were destroyed. The second blast hurled down a great burning mountain of fire upon the Roman sea; and "the third part" of the slain, reddened the sea with blood. The third blast cast down a great burning star from heaven, upon the rivers and fountains ; and a third part of the bitter wormwood-waters, became death to many men of apostate Rome. At the third blast, the smitten sun, moon, and stars, of apostate Rome, shone with but "a third part" of their former light and splendor. But, in all this there is more love than vengeance, and mercy spares more than wraths destroys. "So be it, Oh Lord."

These awful pictorial scenes of prophecy were made history by the Arian Alaric, the first barbarian conqueror of Rome ; by Attila, "the scourge of God, and the king of the Huns" ; by the Arian Genseric, the conqueror of North Africa, and he who let loose his barbarians to ravage and pillage Rome ; and by Odoacer, who in 476, "put an end to the western Roman empire."

These four great chiefs, guiding the storms of the great northern barbarian migration ; and inspired by a perverted Arian Christianity ; swept over the land, the sea and the waters, on which Rome sat in her commercial and political power, and "darkened" forever, her imperial sun, moon and stars ; and buried Graeco-Roman heathenism, under the ruins of the

western empire. These wild barbarians, holding Arian Christianity, and scarcely knowing the difference between it and orthodoxy, "labored with the same zeal in the destruction of idolatry, as in the destruction of the empire, and really promoted the victory of the Christian religion." After a conflict of four or five centuries, with the weaponless religion of Christ; there is a sadness, in the sublime tragedy, which put an end to Graeco-Roman heathenism, with all its wisdom, power, beauty, literature, art, and civilization; and laid it in the dust, without the hope of a resurrection. "The last glimmer of life in the old religion, was a pitiable prayer for its toleration, and a lamentation over the ruins of the empire."

There is a bright picture of the true Church and a dark and horrible picture of the false Church, of the fifth century. Salvianus the weeping Jeremiah of his time, says that "the Christians of Italy, Africa, Gaul and Spain were—many of them—drunkards, debauchees, adulterers, fornicators, robbers, murderers; going from worship to deeds of shame; rich men committing murder and fornication; worse than the barbarians and heathen; worse than the wild Saxon, the faithless Frank, the inhuman Goth, the drunken Alanian, the licentious Hun; Christians of Rome worse than the Arian, Goths and Vandals, who add to the gross sins of nature, the refined vices of civilization, passion for theatres, debauchery, and unnatural lewdness. Christians lost to the whole power of Christianity; therefore has the just God given them into the hands of the barbarians, and exposed them to the ravages of the mi-

grating hordes."

This picture is true in general, and it shows the moral and psychological reasons of the final dissolution of the western empire of Rome. In the Christendom of the fifth century, we see something of Paul's great "falling away," and the coming of "the man of sin" in the near future.

The last three of the seven trumpets, are trumpets of woe. As the woeful voices of these trumpets roll forth in thrilling thunders, fiery images of portentous import, rush through the ghastly twilight, and chill, of "the dark ages," and shadow forth the grand struggle between Christ and anti-Christ, until "the Captain of our salvation," shall reign without a rival.

At the sound of the fifth and first woes trumpet, figures of terrific prophecy rise up from the black depths of hell and fill the whole scene.

A fallen star from Heaven, the angel of hell, the Hebrew "Abaddon," the Greek "Apollyon," bearer of the key of hell—given him by the Great Supreme—and king of the error-demons of hell, was seen to darken "the sun and the air," with the smoke of his infernal realm, and to let lose hellish swarms of infernals, to hurt, sting, and torment men, during the dark ages.

These mighty armies of infernals, were seen to march through Christendom, "with all the deceivableness of unrighteousness,"—human in look, men-like in the dignity of their faces, women-like in the glory and beauty of their hair, and golden crowned victors,—but their basal natures, were devilish and brutal; for they bit with "the teeth of lions, and stung with the stings of scorpions." God's creations

are no democratic chaos. He who gave to Satan the key of hell, gave command to his error-demons, "that they should not kill, but torment men;" but only those men who have not the seal of God.

God is the God of order, in heaven, earth, and hell; and men who will not be governed by God and his angels, must be governed by the devil and his angels. The horrible picture of Satan and his error-demons, has had ages of history in all Christendom. How have the souls of men been poisoned, hurt, and tormented by the hell-born, infernal, soul-corrupting errors of Papalism, and Mohammedanism, even in times when they did not kill the body? How has life been made a misery, and death a desire, to untold thousands of the profane world, by the hellish lies of these two great systems of error? How has human life been distracted, by the eternal racket, and the infernal noise, made by the error-demons of Romanism and Mohammedanism? How have men, and the French nation of the past, been driven into atheism, by the stupendous lies of Rome? But, though we have had a thousand years of darkness, there has been twilight all the time, and now the morn of the Reformation shines forth upon the world. Yet when we look through the "Middle Ages," before the Star of the Reformation, rose upon the long night of Christendom's sorrow, it is no wonder, that the cherub—"eagle"—not angel, is the adopted reading by all scholars—flew through mid-heaven, crying, "Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the trumpets of the three angels, which are yet to sound."

At the sound of the sixth and second woe-trumpet,

strange forms of war-furies, blazing in wrath, cast their predictive shadows upon the scenes of the dark and terrible future. "A voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God," where an angel with a golden censer personates Christ, offering clouds of fragrant incense, "with the prayers of all Saints"—this voice cried, "Loose the four Angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates," and the wars of the Christian ages began. The sacred four is the number of universals, and bespeaks the sum total of the wars of the Christian centuries, until "the nations shall learn war no more."

The four angels, shadow forth the universal war-spirits of Christendom, which have filled the world with their deeds of vengeance.

The great river is not the Euphrates of old Babylon, but the Euphrates of our new Roman Babylon, "which sitteth upon many waters;" and we are plainly told, that the waters are "peoples and nations."

The war-spirits of the peoples and nations are bound until God's great hour, day, and year shall come; and when he says "Loose them!" the ministers of vengeance spring forth, and divine Justice is seen, in the strange work of judgment.

"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." At the word "Loose," from the voice of heaven, ten, raised to the seventh power of two-hundred millions of cavalry—ten raised to the seventh power and reduplicated—to say nothing of the infantry, sprang into the vast field of vision, and fought the bloody wars of the Christian ages. These hundreds of millions were war-demons, and symbols of war-furies, per-

sonating the countless millions of war-men, that have baptized the earth with blood, through all Christian centuries.

The horsemen were seen with breastplates of dull, smoky, fiery red, with a brimstone hue ; and their lion-headed horses, breathed out fire, smoke and brimstone ; and the serpent-headed tails of their horses, hurt, and poisoned the men of false religions. They are swordless, arrowless war devils, under king Abaddon, Apollyon, Destruction ; and their business is, to raise hell on earth, and move war-men to slaughter the devotees of false religionism. The divine voice commissioned them, "to slay the third part of men ;" and in the wars of the ages, there have been more blessings than woes, and divine mercy has rejoiced over the demands of Justice. But neither the riches of mercy, nor the curses of Justice, in the devastating, impoverishing, demoralizing, and barbarizing wars of Christendom, have made pagans, and Christians who are virtual pagans repent of their false religions, "their murders, their fornication, and their thefts." Two thirds of the profane world, unsealed of God, though punished by the most infernal wars, have remained wicked ; showing that wars may kill, and demoralize, but they cannot reform men.

In these views of Apocalyptic prophecy, there is no wresting of Scripture, no taking from it, no adding to it, no "exegesis run wild," and no ultra-historical force work ; but an honest comparing of scripture with scripture ; of Apocalyptic prophecy with all Bible prophecy ; and an honest comparing of the scenes of prophecy with the scenes of history, Apocalyptic

prophécý, like prophecy elsewhere in the Scriptures, pictures things to come, as though they were the things of the present or the past ; and some of the pictures we have seen, fit exactly in the frames of history.

When we see the prophetic pictures in their own historic picture-frames, matching each other perfectly, we feel quite sure, that they were made for one another, by God in prophecy and in history.

As all pictures seen in glasses, and in clear waters, and on the walls of our homes, and in galleries of art, are likenesses of real persons and things; so the historic and prophetic images of the Apocalypse, picture things that were, and persons and things that are, and that are to come. As persons and things, cast their shadows upon sun-lit grounds; so the historic and prophetic persons and things of our Apocalypse, cast their shadows upon the divinely illumined scenes of the past, present and future.

As in the plain words of prophecy, as well as in all its pictures and shadows, "we see as in a glass darkly," and see and know but in part ; so in all the fulfillments of prophecy in history, while we see and know more, still we see and know but in part ; and only the eternities of heaven and hell, can fill up the grand outlines of prophetic history. Nearly 2000 years of Christian prophecy have gone into history, and while the great masters and scholars may disagree in some things, still their general agreement, on the fulfillments of prophecy in history, is full of assurance. So then, "we have a more sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to give

heed, as to a light that shines in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts."

In the study of prophetic paintings, we must not mistake the pictures, for the picture-frames, or for the reals, or for the occasionals, in the character and rank of the actors in the machinery of the predictive part of the panorama; nor must we put the prophetic pictures in wrong historic frames. We must not mistake the enthroned form of the Father, for that God who fills all space.

We must not mistake the slain seven-horned and seven eyed Lamb, for the real form of Christ. We must not mistake the seven fires before the throne, that picture but one revealing and purifying Spirit. We must not mistake the occasional forms of the cherubs, for the real forms of these ruling angels. Nor, must we mistake the seven angels, as merely occasional characters in the predictive drama, rather than angels of permanent rank in the divine government. As well say, that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and the twice twelve princely elders, as pictured in revealing and predictive scenes, are occasional, and not permanent persons of official rank, as to say this of the seven angels, the four cherubs, or of "Michael, one of the chief princes." Nor must we mistake the half hour of silent worship in heaven, nor the five months of the error demons, nor the hour, day, month, and year, of the war-demons, as notes of real time, or of symbol time, and then look into actual history, to find the exact length of time indicated. All that these time words mean, is, that at the divinely-fixed times and seasons, which the Father has in his own power, the error-demons will spring

forth to torment men, and the war-demons will dash through the Christian ages, taking vengeance on them that know not God, whether heathen pagans or Christian pagans ; but only in the final overthrow of Babylonian Rome, will she be "rewarded even as she rewarded" the martyrs and saints of Jesus, and receive "double" punishment for all her hellish corruptions, and furious persecutions.

Dear Dr. Smith, your epistle with its words of cheer, so welcome to my lonely heart, came to hand. Lonely heart, did I say ? Not alone ; for lo, "Christ is with me always." He shall be magnified in my body, whither by life or death. If Heaven wills, I will send you another paper on the still greater trumpetings, of the seventh angel, with the grand prelude and interludes which distinguish this part of Apocalyptic prophecy.

God bless you, more and more, my manly, generous, and noble friend. Grace, health, and joy to you. Amen.

Yours as ever,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.



VII.

LaFayette, Indiana, May, 2, 1885.

DEAR DR. SMITH :—

I send you another paper. I do this, because I know you have a tender regard, for my feeble thinking. The old masters, have greatly helped me in

all my thinking on prophetic themes. I follow no new lights, however learned they may be. The old teachers are the best. Theirs is no ultra-idealism, or ultra-historic realism, in Bible exegesis; but a Scriptural ideal realism, and thus figure, symbol, and picture, are made to speak sense, and not nonsense.

I trust the view I have given of the eleventh chapter of the Apocalypse—"the cross of interpreters"—will give you pleasure. Dr. Whedon, has helped more than all others: yet I venture to give my own thought, even when I differ a little from so great a man. I quote but little; because a man of your reading, does not require it. I simply give you the result of my Apocalyptic studies.

I send you a song of the morning dawn of eternity, by a nameless poet. "Why asketh thou the name, seeing it is a secret."

I work hard in the garden and orchard, and write you, a little at a time, morning, noon, and at night. I hope I do not weary you with my words.

We are all quiet in churchly things. The Lord looked on his church once, to see if there was a man among them; and he wondered that there was no man. There is no man among us, to awaken us, or like the sackcloth witnesses, to "torment" us with their testimony. The Lord send us the dew of the morning, and "the time of refreshing."

Health and peace to you, my glorious friend.

Yours, as ever,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

P. S. You know how I prize your great ability. Please give me your judgment on the defects of my papers. J. W. T. McM.

THE DAWN OF THE MORN OF ETERNITY.

See new heavens, like crystal waters bright;
See a new sky, blushing in rosy light;
See a new earth, resplendent as the sky;
See golden plains, and hills, and mountains high;
See sparkling spring, and fountains clear as air;
See the pure river, radiant and fair;
See trees of life, with leaves of fadeless hue;
See all, so pure, so good, so new, and true!
See old nature, ethereal and new;
See such lands and skies, as man never knew;
See rich flowers, of rarest, sweetest bloom;
See holy ones that breath the rich perfume;
See old things changed, and worthy of a God;
See such a world, as mortals never trod;
See the great globe, roll on in light divine;
Clothed with rainbows, God's own most gracious sign,
The rolling orb, leaves no place dark and cold;
As in the former world, in days of old:
No pole of Arctic ice, shall there be seen;
No deadly night shade, shall brood o'er the scene;
No dread malaria, shall taint the air;
No poisoned winds, spread sickness everywhere;
The light of life, in trembling waves shall move;
And all the sky, shall blush in warmest love.
Imperial world! broad, grand—the great sun!
Home of the Infinite,—the Holy One!
Home of the saved, and all the morning stars!
Home! home! sweet home! forever free from jars!
Home! home! free from all elemental wars!
Home! where flowers never skirt eternal frost!
Home! where none shall ever say, I am lost!
Power divine, upholds the shining ball;
All world's move round it at Jehovah's call;
Almighty force, supports the steady pole;
The eternal wheels of nature round it roll.
No storms shall ever sweep, the howling skies;
No chilling vapors from the earth arise;
No crystal fountains, play in burning sands;

No river winds its way through thirsty lands.
All is new,—new grass, everywhere is seen;
New flowers grow in all the living green:
The fields are fragrant, with the scented rose;
The gay lilies, their richest sweets disclose:
The spicy woodlands, cast a pleasing shade:
And all, in richest glory, are arrayed:
The great sun world, moves on in gladsome light;
And dims all suns, and moons, and stars of night.
See the sun-girt city! see its azure dome!
See golden mansions! see God's palace home!
See streets of gold, flashing soft purple light!
See ethereal homes, that charm the sight!
See the wide river, as it flows in smiles,
Mid the street, for more than three hundred miles!
See jasper walls, and bulwarks diamond square!
See gates of solid pearl! see Jesus there!
Beauteous city! so vast, high and wide!
More than three hundred miles, on every side!
Equal in breadth, and length, and depth, and highth!
The glory of all worlds, in most lovely light!
Twelve foundations, each a vast precious stone;
Throw out the splendors of the Monarch's throne:
The clear green jasper—most delightful hue:
Vies with the sky-like sapphire—an azure blue:
Chalcedony, in perfect blue and white:
Mingles rich glories, with celestial light:
From the green emerald, finest lustre goes:
The great red sardonyx, blushes like the rose:
The red sardius, shines like rosy morn:
The golden chrysolite, the scenes adorn.
Sea-green beryl, light green topaz, beam afar:
The golden chrysoprasus, gleams like a star:
Rosy jacinth, and amethyst, smile in love;
And rainbow splendors, in soft light waves move.
Lovely rainbow! seen o'er the throne of thrones!
Seen in the twelve massive, foundation stones!
Seen in the twelve gates, of orient pearl!
Seen flashing ten thousand tints, o'er the world!
Seen in the jasper walls, of tender green!

Seen in all the soft light, of love serene!
God of the rainbow! Lord of glorious night!
God and Christ, shine in the great home of light!
The central glory, drives all night away:
And radiates a rich, vernal, endless day:
On the high mountain, from its lofty crown:
See the queenly city, from heaven come down:
Sparkling with gold, and gems, and precious stones;
Throwing light and life, o'er new and changeless zones:
The crystal glory, of God's jasper throne:
Blushes in smiles, like the rosy sardine stone:
This pure force, long so dark to mental sight:
Now gives new power, new life, new forms of light:
God makes all new, out of long wasted force:
Which pours from all the planets in their course:
His son prepares for all his saints a place:
In crystal,—golden realms, —of purest space,
Suns, systems, and every glittering star,
May go out, and become a frozen char:
But the eternal forces, still remain:
To raise up new forms, and new life sustain.
Has pure force done this in the dateless past?
And raised up all realms, and made them stand fast?
If God be not, cannot force do once more?
What it did, long eternities before?
Hail imperial city, one in three!
One, in four sublime harmonies agree!
One, in seven rainbow splendors, glow in light!
One, in sacred twelves, shines gloriously bright!
Metropolis of heaven! stupendous! vast!
Luminous, massive, it shall ever last!
Its many-hued brilliants, shall ever shine;
As the form of God, and in light divine.
Genius never painted, a scene so grand:
As the home of God, in the heavenly land:
Thought never grasped, such material things:
As form the great world, of celestial kings.
Body of heaven! condensed ether! clear—bright!
Like sky-blue sapphire—illustrious sight!
Earth, clear as crystal! like a sea serene!

And all heaven's richest colors, paint the scene.
 Pure bride of Christ! queen of celestial birth!
 She gives the morning star, to all the earth;
 And from her dewy locks, shakes sweetest beams,
 O'er all nations, in softly tender gleams,
 Joyous, meekly, charming, gracious queen!
 In the dew of youth, she is always seen:
 From her golden hair, flies the beams of the morn;
 To cheer countless millions, of her first born.
 Twelve angel-sons, ruling twelve angel states;
 Walk in her light, and stand before her gates:
 Twelve princely sons, of Israel's great race:
 Present twelve tribes, before the Father's face:
 Twelve apostles, present Adam's Gentile line:
 And all behold, God's tender rainbow sign:
 These thrice twelve sons, of everlasting fame;
 Reign over thrice twelve states in God's great name:
 Twice twelve names, on gates and bulwarks strong;
 Flame out in beauty o'er the land of song:
 And o'er these names, rich rainbow banners wave;
 In lofty triumph, o'er death and the grave.
 "It is done:" Spirit and bride say, come home:
 The resurrection sons of light that roam,
 O'er pleasant lands of beauty, near or far,
 Approach with songs of joy, the morning star:
 And in God's royal presence, bend and fall:
 And sing him One in Three, and all in all.
 They eat ambrosia, from great trees of life:
 Drink crystal nectar, and live free from strife:
 They walk in green shades, on the river shore:
 Theirs are heavenly pleasures, forevermore.
 Great kings, and all saved nations, walk in white:
 And bring their wealth, to God's own home of light:—
 A wealth of being, character, and fame:
 Won on the sin-cursed earth, in Christ's dear name.
 Kings reign in love, o'er few, or many realms;
 They rule in harmony, and blessed rhythm:
 The saints all rule, in sweetest self-control:
 And rest, in body, spirit, mind, and soul.
 No trump from mountain throne, sounds angry law:

No judgment trump, makes nations wail in awe:
No dread trumpets, sound woes from earth and hell:
No more work of angels who from heaven fell:
No more the crystal sea, beneath God's throne,
Throws out red wrath, upon the heavenly zone:
No more sickness, forever,—no more pain:
No more dread wars,—no more in battle slain:
No more sorrow,—no one in grief shall cry:
No more parting, —like angels, none shall die:
No more weeping,—God wipes away all tears:
No more curse, through all the eternal years:
No more shall days be numbered, to the blest:
No more weary ones,—but endless rest.

Dear Dr. Smith :—

The third apocalypse is introduced by a magnificent prelude. This grand prelude precedes the sounding of the seventh, and the third and last trumpet of woe. "Another mighty angel" appears on the scenes. His majestic chest is clad with a cloud. His glorious head is wreathed with a rainbow, which reveals him as the representative of the enthroned Father. His splendid limbs and feet beneath his skirts, dazzled like the white heat of melted brass, which declared him the personal representative of the Son of God. His voice of seven thunders, showed him to be the representative of the Holy spirit, as the great revealing one. His burning feet, on earth and sea, indicated the world-wide domain, over which he presides, as the representative of the Holy Trinity. His face beams as the genial sun, and his tall, immense form, proclaims him worthy to represent the divine, as the World-Angel, announcing world-destinies.

Who is he? Michael is named in this third apocalypse, and his rank is known. But who is this majestic herald, whose voice roars like a lion?—the most majestic sound from living nature. It is Gabriel, named in the book of Daniel, and in the Gospel of Luke. He stood before Daniel as a “man.” “His body”—an angel has a spiritual body—shone like the green and blue splendors of the beryl. “He was clothed in linen, and his loins were girded with fine gold.” His face was like lightning, his eyes as lamps of fire, his arms and feet like polished brass, and his voice like the voice of a multitude. He resembled Jesus, as he appeared to John in Patmos. His likeness, as given by Daniel and John, are pictures of the same great personality. Gabriel means, God’s strong one, and John calls him, “a mighty angel.” Mighty as he is, neither he, nor Michael, “who is like God,” was worthy to open the seals of the second apocalypse; for angels of the highest rank, like the cherubim Ezekiel saw, can only reveal, as they are moved by the Spirit. Gabriel could only bring a little book from the Divine Revelator—symbol of the great predictions about to follow—and give it to John; for like the apostle, he could only speak, as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. As seen in Daniel, and in the apocalypse, Gabriel is the great prophet-statesman among the angelic princes; for he deals with the affairs of state, whether in heaven, earth, or hell. August being! now clothed with the glory of the sun and the splendour of flame, tinted with the green, blue, and golden colors of the beryl; and now flaming with the splendour of the sun and of fire, and clad with a cloud,

woven of the finest vapor drops, and sparkling like dew, and crowned with the rainbow of the eternal throne.

If, the enthroned presence, in sight like crystal, and like the red blush of the sardine stone, with a rainbow-arch over his head, touching the crystal sea on either side ;—if a lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, and seven fire-flames, were worthy likenesses of Father, Son and Holy Spirit ; then it became the divine, to make Gabriel the representative of the Great One in Three. As the angel cried his loud wail at man's coming doom, seven thunders gave their response—the thunders co-ordinating with the divine sevens, and expressive of God's omnipotence. As the seer was about to write the unrevealable mysteries uttered by the Spirit, he was forbidden ; for they were intended for the angel, and for John alone ; and possibly, referred to the "finished mystery of God," and the last judgment. Had he written the utterances of the seven thunders, God's friends might not have been able to bear them ; and his enemies, such as Julian the apostate, knowing too much, might have attempted to defeat and shame prophecy, instead of being unconscious workers together with God, in the punishment of apostate Christendom, and in the punishment of the world. The angel's great oath sweeps the wide range of creation, and through "the days of the sounding of the seventh trumpet, to the end of time, and the day of judgment." So all-comprehending is the seventh trumpet, that a fresh order is given to commence again ; and the apostle is made a world-wide and a world-long prophet, to "peoples," "nations,"

"tongues," and "kings." To all who read and hear his words, he is still prophesying to the world.

We have now an interlude of thrilling interest. Under the image of the Jewish temple and the court of the gentiles, we catch a glimpse of the true and pure Church, and of the apostate Church, for 1260 years. This is the first time this adverse number is given in the Apocalypse, and Scripture teaches us again and again, that days mean years. Daniel and John employ the same famous symbolism of time, and the very same symbols of the Roman empire; and, doubtless, record the explanations of the symbols, as given by the same interpreting angel—God's mighty Gabriel. Symmetry and analogy require us to view John's and Daniel's 1260 days, as so many years; and as an approach to a definite period, during which, the true Church of Christ, should be trodden down by the last power of Rome. John's great numbers, the 144,000, the 200,000,000, the 7,000, and the 1,000, are the exact for the inexact; but, like Daniel's seventy weeks, the 1260 years, of the last Roman power, is very nearly literal. For 1260 years, was the pure Christian Church, to be trodden down by a fallen gentile Church; for 1260 years, the holy Church has stood the siege, and held the fort for God and his Christ. For 1260 years, John's measuring reed,—the sceptre of sacred truth—has revealed the true Church, that appears in history, in "the fullness of the measure of the stature of Christ." It is pictured as the inmost temple-Church of God, and as "the holy city"—the pure Jerusalem Church—for our apostle is always loyal to the old Church. It is the Church of God within the univers-

al fallen Church—the kingdom of Christ within the state-Church of the Eastern Roman empire, and within the Church-state of papal Rome.

The scene changes. The martyr-Church of the last 1260 years, is pictured as "two sackcloth witnesses," "two prophets," "two olive trees, and two candlesticks," standing like prime ministers "before the God of the whole earth." Two—a long line of faithful ministers, and a long line of faithful church members—faithful among the faithless—have witnessed against the great apostasy, during the ages of darkness. In the Eastern, and in the Western Roman empire, these two long lines of ministerial and lay-witnesses, like the two olive trees of Zechariah's vision, have poured out the golden oil of the Spirit in their testimony, and like two golden candlesticks, they have shed light upon their apostate surroundings. Two, in the midst of thousands and millions of enemies, they prophesy, with souls in sackcloth, and in heroic loneliness, during the long ages of anti-Christic darkness, and cruelty. As all preaching is prophecy, predicting man's future destiny; these witnesses have "the gift of power," not in miracle, but in prophesying, in testimony, and in prayer; and God, who "works in them, both to will and to do," makes his word a devouring fire among their enemies, withholds "rain," lets loose the war-demons of the ages to redden their waters with blood, and "smites the earth with all plagues," in avenging his unterrified yet dying witnesses.

And now comes the crisis of their fate. The martyr witnesses, of the last 1260 years, "have finished their testimony," in the East, and in the West, of

the Roman world; and a beastly Roman power from hell, destroys them, as individuals, and as collective bodies, and all the ranks of the great apostasy rejoice over the defeat of the reformation. The martyr witnesses are pictured as dead, and "their dead bodies" are miniaturized, as lying "in the street of the great city," which in "spiritual" or mystical phrase, is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified—that is, in fallen Jerusalem. The secular name of the great city is Rome; for Egypt and Jerusalem were a part of the Roman Empire, and Rome was the only great city of John's day, and afterwards, "that reigned over the kings of the earth." The nations of the great anti-Christic capitol, are miniaturized as exposing and dishonoring "the dead bodies" of the witnesses, for "three days and a half"; and as pouring derision upon them, in demonstrations of festal joy; because they were "tormented" with the testimony of the martyrs against them. The three days and a half of exposure,—being the half of the sacred seven, which means three years and a half, and a "day for a year,"—is the 1260 years of the suffering martyrs, and of their triumphant anti-Christic foes.

Again the scene changes. There is a flash of millennial glory in the miniature. The 1260 years of martyr-sufferings are at an end. "They are seen as members of the first soul resurrection," ascending up to heaven," like Enoch and Elijah, and like the great conquering man-child of the Church. At last their enemies see the true martyrs of Jesus, full of "the power of his resurrection," and triumphant in heaven. They see the triumph of the warrior-king

Messiah over anti-Christ. They see the tenth—ten the symbol of universality—of the secular dominations of Rome, absolutely destroyed. They see the number of the slain limited by the divine seven, showing that mercy spares vastly more than Justice slays. They behold, and are “affrighted,” and converted, and enter into the glorious millennium. The blessed miniature, is but a hint—a small sketch of the coming glory. Under the sounding of the seventh trumpet, we shall have the full portraiture. Eternal thanks to God, the dark problem of the world, is soon to be solved in the final triumph of the right. Dark indeed, has been the problem of the Papacy, in the history of the Church, and of the world. It has been computed that since the rise of the Papacy, fifty millions of persons have been put to death on account of religion. “The Papacy persecuted very little during the first half of its existence; but, during the last six hundred years, after the witnesses had finished their testimony, the greater part of the fifty millions have been slain.” The prophetic outline sketch of the struggle of Christ with anti-Christ, with its 1260 years of persecution and slaughter, has passed into history. We see the beginning of the end. The last grand Messianic battle comes quickly; but “in wrath he will remember mercy,” and the “nations not utterly wasted,” shall join the “voices” of the celestial spaces, and the great shout shall ring through earth and heaven, and on the pained ear of hell,—“The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.” Here the words of John endeth.

Ever and always your friend and brother,

J. W. T. McMULLEN.

A GODLY MAN.

Although, in the preceding pages, the name of John H. Hull appears in connection with several of the incidents narrated, yet in view of his long and faithful services—from childhood to advanced age—it is deemed proper that a somewhat more extended notice of this true man of God should be given.



Rev. J. H. Hull.

John Henry Hull, son of Daniel and Sarah Hull, was born in Highland County, Ohio, January 18th, 1818.

John was converted at a Camp-meeting on Hillsborough Circuit, Ohio Conference, in the twelfth year of his age, and now says, "My call to preach, came the same day and hour of my conversion to God,"—it was at an old fashioned camp-meeting conducted by Augustus Eddy, presiding elder, and George W. Maley, preacher in charge, the meeting held for six or seven days, and registered according to official report in the conversion of 363 souls.

The Rev. John Collins licensed the boy to exhort, before he was fourteen years of age—he was licensed to preach at twenty, and when a few months over twenty-one was admitted on trial to the Indiana conference held at Rockville in 1838—Bishop Soule presiding.

His first appointment was to Winchester Circuit with F. A. Carey assistant—for the next two years he served Muncy town and Marion circuits—in 1841, returned to Winchester, and in 1842, again to Muncy town—the next year to Richmond Station—and from there to Cambridge City, then to Williamsburg, and in 1846 to LaFayette Station one year, then Greencastle Station two years—in 1849 and 50, two years at Roberts Chapel, Indianapolis. In 1851 he was stationed at Centerville one year, and the next year again at Richmond.

After traveling circuits for six years, and laboring in stations eight years, he was in 1853 appointed presiding elder of Indianapolis district, where he remained a full term of four years.

In 1857 he was stationed at Berry Street Church, Ft. Wayne, where soon with broken health, he was compelled to resign his charge and leaving Ft. Wayne,

settled on a little farm near Tippecanoe Battle ground.

After two years of superannuation he became effective, transferred to the Northwest Indiana conference in 1860, and was appointed to Battle Ground Station. In 1861 he was appointed presiding elder of the LaFayette district, serving a full term of four years, followed with three years on Indianapolis district, one year on Terre Haute district,—two years on Battle Ground district, and two years, 1871—2, on the LaFayette district—twelve consecutive years, abundant in labors did he sustain the responsible position as presiding elder.

At the conference of 1873 with health for the second time broken down he was granted a change of relation—a release from active labor, which relation continued for nine years. At the conference in Valparaiso in 1885, when no suitable man seemed available for one of our good stations, Bishop Foss after consulting Brother Hull, appointed him to Danville station, to which he was again appointed in 1886. During his second year's pastorate at Danville, he was stricken with paralysis and at the conference held at Greencastle in 1887, he was for the third time granted a release from the active duties of a traveling Methodist preacher, which relation at this writing 1892 he still sustains and is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

John H. Hull is one of nature's noblemen—in-
stinctively a gentleman—by nature, gifted, noble,
frank, ingenuous, cast in the gospel mould at about
eleven years of age, with an exhorter's license at
thirteen—a preacher, with a good wife by his side

at twenty—at twenty-one a traveling preacher, the trumpet tones of whose voice sent out no uncertain sound, no marvel that he was loved and honored wherever he went.

In a recent letter from the subject of this sketch, my first colleague in Indiana and still much loved friend and Brother—alluding to his want of early advantage in education he says: “Having commenced when but a child, I ought to have made more of myself, but so it is—I leave all in the hands of a merciful savior, who called and sent me out with some natural gifts, much saving grace, and almost nothing more—save a burning desire to save souls,” and then with characteristic modesty adds—“I would tell you more, but I am ashamed to write about myself.” For unselfishness in the ministry he is rarely equaled—for generosity unsurpassed. As a colleague on the circuit these manly traits, were never wanting in his plans of work.

He had even then more than fifty years ago—learned the Pauline ethics of esteeming others better than himself. Whenever he saw that any particular part of the work, was likely to be especially hard or even unpleasant, that he never failed to choose for himself—while whatever to him seemed easier or more desirable, especially if he thought there was in it something like promotion, that he never failed to assign to his colleague. If as elsewhere alluded to, the rule of the Indian chief, as given to his braves, viz.—“The brave that brings in the *most scalps* is the greatest warrior,” be applied in a religious sense to John H. Hull—as an *expert* in winning souls to Christ it may well be doubted

whether any preachers of any church from the broad west, will finally have more stars in the crown of his rejoicing, than my old friend, brother and former colleague. While it may be granted that in the estimation of the general public, Brother Hull, as an exegete, a learned and able expounder of God's word, may not stand as the equal of a Simpson, a Berry, or a Hargrave, yet, who shall say—in view of his glorious life-work, that the great exceeding and eternal reward, which the *Master* may mete out to him, shall not be equal to theirs, or any other of the great of earth?

If with the call to preach comes the "burning desire to save souls," underlying and permeating all attainments in college or school, of theology, the young preacher of to-day ought as a soul winner to exceed the boy who went from the plow handle, or tailor's shop, to his circuit. Let the youthful theological student have all the benefits of mental training and intellectual development furnished by the schools, yet if he lacks the "One thing needful—a burning desire to save souls," whatever he might be in some other vocation—as a Methodist preacher he is a failure.

According to Pauline teaching the true minister of the Lord Jesus, is not only a preacher rightly dividing the word of truth but he is an evangelist—a soul winner. What else can Paul the aged mean when he says to Timothy "preach the word"—"do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." Paul did not wish *his* student in divinity to be able to preach the word only, and then be compelled to suffer the humiliation of having as a mat-



REV. C. C. McCABE. D. D.

ter of necessity, to send off for Philip the evangelist, without whose presence and labors no souls could be won to Christ.

Let it be understood then that in all training of the coming Methodist preacher the largest measure of success is attainable only by him in whom is united the preacher and evangelist—and such only can, as Timothy was instructed to do “Make full proof of his ministry.” With all his training in the schools preparatory to active service in the full ministry, may the Methodist preacher of the future, as in the past, know that in the king's service “a *burning* desire to save souls,” must be his chief equipment for the post of honor, in leading to victory over sin, the advancing columns of the conquering army of our God.

Such a man—excepting the early advantages of education—combining the preacher with the evangelist—and with “a *burning desire to save souls*”—I repeat such a man was and is John H. Hull—now waiting and watching for the “Well done thou good and faithful servant enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.”

REV. C. C. McCABE, D. D.

Rev. Charles Cardwell McCabe was born at Athens, Ohio, October 11, 1836, and is son of Robert and Sarah Caldwell (Robinson) McCabe. His great grandfather, on the male side, was a native of the county of Cavan, Ireland, and descended from Cov-

enanter stock. His father was a man of noble and generous impulses, and was for many years a merchant and railroad contractor in the West. He died in Chicago, in June, 1872, loved and respected. His mother was born in England, and came with her parents to this country when seven years of age. She was a lady of high social position and fine literary attainments, whose name was well known as a contributor to the *Ladies Repository*, in the earlier days of Ohio Methodism. Her life as a Christian was characterized by deep piety and benevolence, and as a mother, by unceasing devotion to the welfare of her children. She died in Burlington, Iowa, in 1852, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

During the first ten years of his life, Dr. McCabe was a very delicate child. Indeed during all that period, he never passed what might be called a well day; nor was it till his army experience that he attained to robust and muscular manhood.

He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan university, which he entered in 1853, remaining four years. After leaving college he taught school for two years to pay expenses of his education, his father at that time being in straitened circumstances. On the 5th of July, 1860, he married Miss Rebecca, daughter of John Peters, Esq., of Ironton, Ohio, a lady well qualified to fill a wife's place in the sphere in which her husband moves. They have one son, named John Peters; a youth of fine appearance and good parts, likely to follow the footsteps of his father. Dr. McCabe entered the ministry the same year in which he was married, joining the Ohio con-

ference of the Methodist Episcopal church. His first charge was Putman in that state, where he remained over a year. In 1862 he entered the army as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Infantry, Col. Wm. H. Ball, of Zanesville commanding, and followed the fortunes of that regiment until June, 1863, when, during the raid of Lee into Pennsylvania, while with his regiment in the defense of Winchester, he was captured by the rebel General Early, with others, and sent to Libby prison, where he remained four months, his health being most seriously impaired by the rigors of the incarceration.

He was exchanged on the 28th of October following. Many thrilling passages might be produced from lectures afterwards delivered by him before vast audiences on life in that notorious "keep."

While yet suffering from the effects of his imprisonment, and looking more like a galvanized skeleton than a living man, at the request of George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, he delivered many addresses in behalf of the "Christian Commission," an organization that accomplished untold good on behalf of the sick and suffering soldiers. Over \$100,000 were raised for the *commission* by the efforts of "Chaplain McCabe," assisted by John B. Farwell and B. F. Jacobs of Chicago; Wm. Reynolds, of Peoria, and M. P. Ayers of Jacksonville, Ill. It was during his visit to Jacksonville, that Jacob Strawn, the giant farmer of the West, proposed to *give* \$10,000 to the "Christian Commission," on condition that the remaining farmers of Morgan county could be induced to give that much more. The condition

was more than complied with ; Mr. Ayers sending on one occasion to George H. Stuart, the sum of \$23,500, the result of ten days work in that county.

After the Chaplain's return to his regiment in the spring of 1864, then at Brandy Station, Va., a great revival of religion broke out in the brigade to which he was attached.

Meetings were held every night in the open air, or in a large tent, and many souls were converted to God as the result. Over-exertion in this great work brought on a relapse of his former illness, and for several weeks he was in a most critical condition. A few months, however, found him again at his post of duty, where he remained until the close of the war, after which he returned to the regular ministry of his church, and in the autumn of 1865, was placed in the pastoral charge of a large congregation at Portsmouth, Ohio.

Here, within a short time, he secured the erection of a fine church at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, mainly raised by his own efforts. He was not however, permitted to remain long at pastoral work.

His gifts had fitted him for a broader theater of action and a wider field of usefulness. At the call of his conference in 1866, he accepted the position of Centenary agent, to utilize the enthusiasm pervading the Methodist body of Ohio during the centenary year of Methodism in America, with a view to the endowment of the Ohio Wesleyan university. This position he held for two years with the most satisfactory results. In the autumn of 1868 his superior talents as a financial agent were called into requisition in a national enterprise for the extension

of the church, and the placing of the society for that purpose upon a solid basis. This position he held for sixteen years, his headquarters being in Chicago, and traveling not less than twenty-five thousand miles annually in the discharge of his duties. His efforts were crowned with marvelous success. Besides all his regular work, the care of all the (weak) churches, he was mainly instrumental in building up a loan "fund" in the treasury of the Board of Church extension, which reached the sum of \$550,000 in cash, which has since been increased to \$750,000. As long as time lasts will the influence of this movement be felt by the church and by the nation. It has become a power in the land. It extends a helping hand to some struggling church ten times each week, and it is the aim of its officers to aid two churches each day of the year. In his labors in this connection Dr. McCabe has invaded the territory of the "Saints." He assumed a debt of forty thousand dollars on our church in Salt Lake City, and with the help of his thousands of friends, raised the money and paid every dollar of it.

When the Metropolitan church at Washington, D. C., was in peril of being sold for debt—at the request of Bishop Simpson, Dr. McCabe boldly assumed the whole debt of \$47,000 and called upon the church to help him. Every dollar of the debt was paid.

He has also aided in building a church in Salem, Oregon, which is by far the finest structure in the state, at a cost of forty-five thousand dollars. These are the works that constitute his record, and these are the labors which shall be his monument when

the heavens are no more. As a lecturer on popular subjects, and especially in behalf of the objects of his mission, he has few superiors. His style is terse, pungent, and irresistible. His pathos is from the heart, and goes directly to the heart. It is the logic of human feeling and Christian love.

His lecture on the "Bright side of life in Libby Prison," has been in the greatest demand for many years. But, indeed, no place could be without a *bright side* that was enlivened by the cheering presence of Dr. McCabe.

Like Paul and Silas in the Philippian Prison, he and his comrades sang praises at midnight, and the prisoners heard them, a spiritual earthquake shook the prison, the Holy Spirit descended and opened the prison doors of guilt and fear to many hearts, and the spiritual shackles fell from many limbs. In view of this aspect of the case, well might he dwell upon "The bright side of life in Libby." At the reception of the news of the victory of Gettysburg, the rugged walls of the old dungeon re-echoed the strains of the "Battle Hymn" of the Republic, led by the Chaplain:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terribly swift sword,
Our God is marching on,
Glory, glory, hallelujah."

In 1884 the General conference elected Dr. McCabe corresponding secretary of the Missionary society. He immediately raised the cry of "a Million for Missions." Many prophesied failure but in 1887

the church responded to his call by giving \$1,044,000 and last year (1891) the cry of a million and a quarter was also as Bishop Foss expressed it changed from a wail of want to a shout of victory.

At the General Conference in the City of New York in 1888, Dr. McCabe was reelected with an increased majority; and for the third time was he called to the high position, by the General Conference in the city of Omaha in May, 1892,—this time his election being practically unanimous.

Charles C. McCabe has never known failure in any thing the Church has given him to do—indeed, his success has been phenomenal—from Libby Prison in Richmond Va., to the General Conference in Omaha, Nebraska. Should a kind providence spare his valuable life till 1896, he will have been "Field Marshall," in our great church extension and missionary movements for twenty eight years.

If Moses was forty years in training for leadership in his day who shall say, that with the advancing light and knowledge of the Centuries, that C. C. McCabe, in view of his twenty-eight years of distinguished services, may not be called by his brethren to the primacy in Methodism—"Chief among equals," in the year of grace 1896.

A *minority* of his friends say, the Church can not afford to lose his services in the cause of Missions—a large *majority* of his friends reply, why work a man to death, along one particular line simply, because he is loyal, willing, and successful.

If Dr. McCabe will heed the sage advice of "Paul the aged," "let your moderation be known," and so, not be broken down by over work, before the next

General Conference, still then, less than sixty years of age—ripe in experience, mature in judgment, and in every way fitted, as a Scriptural "*episcopos*," let the Church then place him where thousands of Methodists, including hundreds of Methodist preachers, believe he ought to be.

May the great head of the Church guide in all things, for the good of our Zion, and to his Glory.

Amen.

J. L. SMITH.

CHARLES N. SIMS.

Charles N. Sims was born in Union County, Indiana, near Fairfield, May 18, 1835. His parents, John and Irene Sims, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his father being a class-leader for many years. He was one of the early contributors to the building and endowment fund of Indiana Asbury University and in this way his children had their attention early directed to this institution of higher learning. Charles worked on the farm until he was nineteen years old, attending school in the winter until he was seventeen and teaching district schools during the two following winters. In 1854 he entered the preparatory department of Indiana Asbury University, boarding himself and doing such work as came within his reach for self support while in college. In 1857 he took charge of Thorntown Acad-



REV. CHARLES N. SIMS. D. D., LL. D.
Chancellor Syracuse University, N. Y.

emy, which position he held for three years. During the time of his principalship here a new building was erected and the number of students increased from 120 to 300. In 1859 he graduated with the degree of A. B. from Asbury University and from 1860—2 was president of the Valparaiso Male and Female College. During his stay here a large brick building was erected and the institution transferred from the former structure in which it was opened to the new and more pretentious one built for it. In 1862 he entered the pastoral work, being two years pastor at Richmond, Ind., (1862—64); one year at Wabash, Ind., (1864—65); two and a half years at Evansville, Ind., (1865—67); two and a half years pastor Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, Ind., (1867—70); three years pastor of Madison Avenue Church, Baltimore, Md., (1870—73); three years pastor of St. Pauls Church, Newark, N. J., (1873—76); three years pastor of Simpson Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., (1876—79); two years pastor of Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, (1879—81). In 1880 he was elected Chancellor of Syracuse University and entered upon his duties in April, 1881. He has continued in this position until the present.

During his pastorate in Pearl Street, Richmond, a great revival occurred, resulting in four hundred conversions and extending through a year and a half of the pastoral work. He also saw extensive revivals in every other charge of which he was pastor, aggregating for the entire nineteen years over two thousand conversions and accessions to the Church.

The Trinity Church, at Evansville, was completed under his ministry; and the Meridian Street Church,

Indianapolis, began and completed during his pastorate.

He was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Asbury University in 1870, and in 1882 received from the same institution that of LL. D. He was a member of the General Conference of 1884 and again that of 1888 from the Central New York Conference. He is the author of "*The Temperance Problem*" (1872); "*Life of Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D.*" (1879); "*Itinerancy Time Limit*" (1879); and has been a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines. Since he has occupied the Chancellorship of Syracuse University the institution has grown from 300 students to 850; from one building to five; and the property from \$300,000 to a property of \$1,800,000. He is frequently called into the general lecture field, and is known as a successful dedicator of churches throughout the country.

I have known this remarkable man, intimately for thirty-five years, and have not failed to watch with unflagging interest, his every ascending step, from the beginning of his career as principal of the Thorntown Academy, to his present commanding position, as Chancellor of one of the largest and best endowed literary institutions in American Methodism. Charles N. Sims never knew failure, nor did he ever fall even to mediocrity in anything he undertook.

As Preceptor in earlier life, he was a model—the struggling student ever found in Dr. Sims a sympathizing friend. As a pastor he was vigilant, tender and kind, and much loved among his people. As a preacher the thronging multitudes waited up-

on his ministry with profit and delight, and whether as teacher or preacher, success attended his efforts everywhere. For the last eleven years he has stood as the conspicuous head of a great University.

He might have been Bishop, but like the great Wilbur Fisk, he preferred the work of the mental and moral training of promising youth, and the Chancellorship rather than the Episcopacy.

Now at life's meridian, and well sustaining his justly earned fame, as preacher, pastor, and educator, he is, and is likely to continue to maintain for years to come, and if possible, with increasing popularity, the exalted station he now occupies.

May his useful life, long be spared to the Church and to the world, for the elevation of humanity—the good of the Church and the glory of God.

J. L. SMITH.

REV. JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

I first met Dr. John L. Smith in December, 1856, at Thorntown, Indiana. I was a college student, out of money, hunting a place to teach; and hearing that Thorntown Academy was looking for a principal, I armed myself with a few letters of recommendation and went in search of the position. I found Dr. Smith superintending the building of his new residence in the suburbs of Thorntown. A

fire of blocks and shavings was burning in the fireplace and we sat on the carpenter's bench to hold our first interview. He inquired carefully about the recent rebellion in Asbury University, of which institution he was then a trustee. For a half hour we talked of the Academy, the University and the educational work of Methodism.

Dr. Smith was then about fifty years old, in perfect health, possessing great physical strength and impressed me with his practical wisdom and shrewdness as well as his devotion to the general interests of the Methodist Episcopal church. When I was elected principal of the academy and came to Thorntown, Dr. Smith welcomed me with cordiality and supported me with a sympathy for which I have never since ceased to be grateful. He was one of the founders of Thorntown Academy, an institution to which he gave largely for a man of his means and from which he neither expected nor received financial returns. Later he was connected with the founding of Battle Ground and Stockwell Collegiate Institutes, Valparaiso Male and Female College and South Bend Male and Female College. All these institutions have ceased to be church schools, but all were needed in their day and gave abundant return to the church for the money and thought invested in them.

In his relation to the Thorntown Academy, Dr. Smith was very helpful. He had a tact which was wonderful and methods of criticism which amuse me yet as I think of them. One of our teachers had a fondness for large words. He never spoke of heat except as "*caloric*." He asked me concerning his-

tory, "Do you prefer to teach it ethnologically or synchronologically?" These are specimens of the ponderous words he was accustomed to use in the class-room and in ordinary conversation. Dr. Smith was invited to deliver a lecture before the students. He announced his subject as "*Anthropology*" and read a paper occupying fifteen minutes which must have required many hours of searching Webster's Dictionary for unusual words. The lecture furnished much amusement to the students, and the next day my fellow teacher with great seriousness remarked, "That was a very fine lecture of Dr. Smith's, but I was almost tempted to think that it was meant to give me a hint concerning the use of unusual words."

As a preacher, Dr. Smith was clear, forcible and logical. He had a most excellent command of the English language. As an exhorter he possessed unusual power. In the autumn of 1857 he did me the kindness to present my name for membership on trial in the Northwest Indiana conference.

His two leading characteristics were force of character and strong common sense. He was a faithful personal friend and though possessed of an honorable ambition, he always subordinated it to the good of a cause. In every business interest of the church he was a wise counselor. He had remarkable readiness of wit and knew just how to meet every emergency as it arose. He was easily a leader at that time in the deliberations of the Annual conference to which he belonged. Indeed, I think Dr. Smith possessed a genius for leadership. I well remember the indignation temperance meetings held in

Thorntown when the saloons there had become intolerable ; that in those meetings under the leadership of Dr. Smith enthusiasm rose to the point of revolution and that the saloons which did not close voluntarily were sacked and destroyed by disguised men moving upon them at midnight.

My personal estimate of Dr. Smith based upon an acquaintance of thirty-five years places him among the strong and useful leaders of Methodism in the State of Indiana and as having been influential in giving wise, practical direction to church movements in the days of his activity. I rejoice that in his ripe old age he is giving to the church his recollections of the men and movements of his times.

C. N. SIMS.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 28, 1892.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REVEREND JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.

OF NORTHWEST INDIANA CONFERENCE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH BY REV. F. A. HARDIN, D. D.

I first met Dr. Smith in the Spring of 1845 in the village of Dublin, Indiana, in company with Dr., afterwards Bishop Simpson. They were returning from Cambridge City where they had dedicated a new Methodist church the previous Sabbath. In the fall of 1846 Dr. Smith removed to Dublin, having just been appointed Financial Agent of the In-

diana Asbury university. He was called to that difficult and almost hopeless undertaking of providing funds to keep the struggling institution in existence and to his zeal and efficiency may be ascribed the success of that university.

My attention was drawn to him, however, on account of the service he rendered the church during the stormy period of the Anti slavery agitation. His commanding position brought him more immediately into contact with the agitators than any one man in Methodism in that region. Both friends and enemies of the church looked to him and expected more from his sayings than they attached to any other. Religious Circles were greatly agitated growing out of a lecture delivered by one Dr. Chase, who had recently withdrawn from the Methodist church, being dissatisfied with her position on the slavery question. He had boasted that he would destroy the Methodist Episcopal Church and force her ministers, whom he styled "dumb dogs," to speak out on the Slavery question. Mr. Smith was appealed to and readily responded and right nobly defended the church against the insinuations of this man. A few were swept off in the excitement, broke away from their moorings, some of whom made shipwreck of faith but most of whom returned to the church. The writer recalls vividly how his young heart glowed and throbbed with delight when it was announced that Brother Smith would be at home and conduct service. It was the signal for friends and foes to repair to the church. He was the oracle from whom we hoped to get words of wisdom. There were living in the village at that time Rev. J. R.

Tansey, Pastor, and Rev. W. F. Wheeler, superannuated member of the conference. Brother Tansey was a sweet singer ; Brother Wheeler was a man of persuasive eloquence and great in gentleness, while Dr. Smith combined the qualities of strength that force conviction home upon his hearers.

Under the united labors of these men a revival began in the fall of 1846 in which a large number were converted. The writer then scarcely fifteen years old came under the power of the awakening spirit and was joyfully saved. Dr. Smith was so rejoiced that he took him in his arms and hove him around the altar shouting and praising God. From that moment he seemed to link himself into sympathy with the boy and has ever since been unflinching in his friendship toward him. Through all the peaceful and stormy years, he has never faltered in expressions of attachment. Being a man of strong friendships he has drawn to him a large circle of those who have been regarded devotedly attached to him. Being a man of positive character it is not strange that he should have made enemies, but he never deserted a friend, and, be it said to his credit that he never used his official position to oppress an enemy. He has been often assailed and sometimes even betrayed in the house of his friends, but it gives me pleasure to record that though intimately associated with him, I have never known him to indulge in a vindictive spirit. But often to throw the mantle of charity over the faults of his erring brethren. He has not been faultless, but has never been insincere. Brother Smith was a born leader and in any company would not fail to

be recognized as such. He was scrupulously faithful in his devotion to church work and regarding every measure of importance was unwilling that any act of a deliberative body that involved the character of the church with which he dissented should pass unchallenged, and this sometimes exposed him to the charge of wanting to "run things." In social life he never failed to manifest the same quality by which he was marked and distinguished elsewhere. Possessed of a remarkable memory he could recall some fact or incident that would give point and impart life to the company. He despised coarse jokes and was remarkably free from slang. But I have known him to arouse the slumbering energies of a whole company by a single suggestion. Once returning from conference our engine was ditched. It was night in the month of August and was very hot. We were almost devoured by mosquitoes, and had to leave the train and raise a smoke in self defense. This gave partial relief, and many of the company dropped off to sleep. We had with us a learned professor from the East who fearing a return of the insurgents, stood guard over the rest. When all was still, Brother Smith called out, "Professor," to which he replied, "what is it Brother Smith?" Brother Smith responded, "I would like your opinion of these long billed gallinippers," and before the Professor could recover Brother Smith said (bringing one hand down upon the other utterly demolishing one), "I think they are a perfect bore." One can hardly imagine the uproar that followed. He was fruitful in expedients. When morning came we found we were in a deso-

late region. There was but one house in sight. It was a mere shanty, but Brother Smith suggested that even in so humble a place we might find something to eat. I went with him and a number of other brethren, on my first foraging expedition. On entering the house, so small that we completely filled it, it was suggested by the brethren that we retire, but Smith called out "hold on," and addressing the lady said, "We are Methodist preachers returning from conference, have been up all night, with nothing to eat, and came to see if you could provide something." She replied, "We have nothing, but a few chickens, dressed for the market," with which her husband hoped to procure meal and coffee, we were welcome to them if we could wait until she cooked them. Whereupon he replied "Chickens? are what we want? sliver them up and slap them on," which she did with the utmost haste. As an interested observer I can testify that our record as chicken eaters was not broken that day. As a splendid conclusion to Brother Smith's stroke of diplomacy, he proposed a collection, which when taken and passed over to the good lady with thanks, brought the first expression from her husband, (a silent observer up to this moment,) in which he said, (pointing to the saucer filled with coin,) "that is more money than I have ever seen together before at one time." It was my pleasure to meet Brother Smith at the last session of the Annual conference in South Bend, Indiana, where I had the pleasure of seeing him elected at the head of his delegation to the General conference of 1892, almost on the identical spot where the writer had the pleasure of

casting his first vote for him as a delegate just forty years before. The incidents of his retirements from active work will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to attend this session of his conference. He rose to read his fifth report as presiding elder of Valparaiso district. To his more intimate friends he had signified his intention to ask the bishop to relieve him and the conference to place him on the superannuated list. His report was full, complete and comprehensive, and showed a marked intimacy with every department of church work. But the climax was reached when he came to matters personal. He recounted his experience in the ministry, by passing rapidly over his different positions, the stormy and peaceful pilgrimage,—the sunshine and shadow,—and the few men now in the ministry, who were active when he began, and expressed the pleasing satisfaction of conscious peace with God. And now that he was about to surrender to the infirmities of age and lay aside his armor, he had unflinching love for the church, he had served through fifty-one years, and unflinching faith in the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of Christ. He had nothing but forgiveness in his heart for all who had wronged him and expressed the hope of an early meeting with the loved of other days. Before he had time to resume his seat, the brethren rushed from every part of the house — with tearful eyes and kindly expressions of friendly sympathy, congratulated him on the happy termination of an active ministry, covering more years, than most of them had lived. Bishop Ninde was quite overcome at this unlooked for but splendid conclusion of an active ministry, reaching through the

most trying period of the church's history:

As some tall chin-quat lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

NORTHERN INDIANA.

As already stated in another part of this work, the author of these pages was appointed presiding elder of the La Porte district in 1850. Remaining on the district four years, he became acquainted with many interesting families in and out of the church, from Mishawaka on the east to the Illinois line on the west. Among the more active members of the church at Mishawaka were George Milburn, Brother Merrifield, and good Sister Griffin, whose name has before been mentioned.

South Bend, in 1850, was a small village. The leading families of the place, identified with the Methodist church, were the Samples, the Tutts, the Brownfields, the Greenes, the Bakers, the Stovers, and the Whittens.

Mother Currier, a great woman, lived in the village of Terre Coupee, as also the Hubbards, and Paul Egbert, a local preacher.

At New Carlisle lived Brother Alanson Pidge, a local preacher, blessed with a superior wife and good children. The Laytons, and many other good people, also lived at or near New Carlisle.

Many of the grand people of that day at La Porte have heretofore been referred to. Brother Abbott, who hauled the presiding elder's goods from LaFayette to LaPorte, is still living, venerable with age and highly esteemed.

Before taking final leave of LaPorte and its noble people, and on the principle of reserving "the best of the wine for the last of the feast," the writer, with grateful recollections of the past; now introduces his old friend, the patriarch "Abram," whose surname was "Fravel"—the *Nestor* of early Methodism in LaPorte.

Leaving their former home—"Mount Jackson, Va." Abram and his wife, Sophia—with their growing family, set out to seek "the promised land" of Northern Indiana—settling in the then village—now city of "LaPorte," in the year 1835.

Brother Fravel was the first class leader—sustaining this relation "even down to old age," and was looked upon by the people, both in and out of the church, as the true and faithful "Foster father" of LaPorte Methodism.

Sister Fravel, "the elect lady"—wife, mother and Christian, by her serene piety, sweet spirit, and quiet dignity, reigned as queen of her household—a bright and living example of the true follower of the Lord.

To them were born six daughters and two sons, namely—Sophia, Robert, Theophilus, Miranda, Eusebia, Martha, Caroline, and Harriet. To their first born was given the name of her godly mother.

At a proper age, Sophia was given in marriage to John B. Fravel, Esq., a native of "South Carolina," and perhaps a distant relative.

John B. Fravel and his excellent wife raised a respectable family of children, who now call their parents blessed, for having "taught them the right ways of the Lord." Having in early youth been trained as a Merchant's clerk—Brother Fravel was well fitted to conduct a successful business on his own account, which he did, in LaPorte, for many years.

Being a man of rare capabilities—quick in his perceptions—with easy address and dignified bearing, readily took rank among the most gifted of the best society.

In early life he became a convert to the truth, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He organized the first Sunday School at "Door Village"—was long the popular S. S. Superintendent in his home Church—a fine singer—"a cheerful giver," a generous supporter of the gospel, a prominent Mason, and a distinguished citizen. In the 63rd year of his age he was 'called from labor to reward,' to join in unison with the immortal choir in chanting the doxologies of Heaven.

ROBERT, a worthy young man, for sometime a student of "Asbury University," volunteered as a soldier and commanded a Company, as Captain in the Mexican War. At the close of the conflict he returned to his home in LaPorte, but with broken health—the result of exposure, he soon fell a martyr in his country's cause, and now sleeps in a patriot's grave.

THEOPHILUS. "The beloved physician," resides in Westville, LaPorte County. Dr. Fravel is recognized not only as an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but also as an upright and con-

scientious Christian gentleman. In the practice of his chosen profession, his skill and kindness among the sick have given him a degree of success, attained by few ; and in all respects he has proved himself to be, the "worthy son of a noble sire."

MIRANDA—became the wife of a Mr. Avaline of Ft. Wayne—an accomplished gentleman, Journalist, and *Literateur*. Sometime after marriage, they moved to California, where the husband died, leaving his young widow, and their only child—a daughter—to battle with life's ills, among strangers. Mrs. A. however, being a cultured Christian woman, found friends, and employment suited to her high social standing, and after a time received an appointment to a clerkship as an employee of the government at Washington, D.C. She is still living with her daughter, and family, in the Federal City, surrounded by loving friends and prattling Grand-children, cheerfully waiting the Master's call, to join the Angel Sisters, Martha and Caroline, with all "the loved and blest," in the bright beyond.

EUSEBIA—Mrs. Stephen Bartholomew of the City of Valparaiso, like her sisters, was a faithful member of the Methodist Church in LaPorte ; but after her marriage with an honored Christian gentleman of a sister church, like a loyal wife, she was not long in deciding to stand by her husband as a member of that noble and time honored body of christian people known as the Presbyterian Church—organized as a distinct denomination during the reign of King William and Mary, A. D., 1689.

MARTHA—soon after marriage moved with her husband, "Captain Lewis," to California.

The Captain commanded a company of Union Soldiers, in putting down the Rebellion, he made a brilliant record, but now side by side with his devoted wife, sleeps in the dreamless grave.

CAROLINE.—It may in truth be said of her, as the historian says of her archetype—Caroline, Queen of England—"her character was without a blemish, and her conduct always marked by judgment and good sense." Her honorable, and now bereft husband, W. B. Biddle, attorney at law, is an Alumnus of Asbury—now DePauw University. He volunteered as a Union Soldier in the Civil War, was promoted to the rank of Major, and when the war was over, returned to his home in LaPorte, to resume his relation as Lawyer and Citizen with a record untarnished.

HARRIET.—The sixth and youngest daughter, was married to the son of an old and distinguished friend of the writer, Col. Shryock of Rochester, Indiana.

Hattie, as she was familiarly called in the days of her girlhood, was a favorite among the older as well as the young people. Her husband, a competent business man, has for many years been actively employed in the Government service at Washington City, where they still reside.

In closing this imperfect sketch of an old pioneer Methodist family, the writer is impelled to add, that so far as his knowledge extends no one of the offspring of Abram and Sophia Fravel—by word or deed, has ever brought dishonor upon the name of Fravel.

At the old home in LaPorte, which might have been properly styled "The traveler's rest," the weary

itinerant from his long horse-back rides never failed to meet a hearty welcome and a genuine old Virginia hospitality.

At the marriage of four of the lovely daughters of Brother and Sister Fravel—namely, Miranda, Martha, Caroline and Harriet—this writer had the honor to serve as the officiating minister—blest also with the privilege of invoking upon each bride and bridegroom, Heaven's best blessings, for time and eternity,—O, that all may meet "at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Among the membership at Door Village was Jacob R. Hall, a most excellent man, whose honored sons now reside in the city of LaPorte. Thomas Sale, son of the Rev. John Sale, of precious memory, worshipped at Door Village; as also the Keiths, the McLellans, the Allens, and others. At other points on Union circuit were the Robertsons, the Warnocks, the Harrises, the Hentons, the McClures, and Mother Benedict.

At Valparaiso, then a straggling village, lived G. Z. Salyer, and his excellent wife. Brother Salyer died many years ago. Mrs. Salyer still survives, the only one left of the charter members of the Valparaiso class,—a class organized by the Rev. W. J. Forbes in 1840. The children of Brother and Sister Salyer were Don A., Elizabeth, Charlotte, Winfield, and Emmett. The Salyer home was called the "Methodist Hotel," of Valparaiso. Under the hospitable roof of this "hotel" the writer spent his first night in the town (now city) of Valparaiso.

Azariah Freeman was one of the California "forty-niners." He and his family were among the earlier

settlers of Valparaiso. Brother Freeman was a noble man, and Sister Freeman was an helpmeet indeed. They raised two daughters to be grown. The elder daughter is the wife of our respected fellow citizen, Milan Cornell; the younger is the wife of Brother J.D. Hollett. These daughters, with their families, all highly respected, still remain in the city, while Brother and Sister Freeman have gone to their reward in heaven.

One of the leading citizens of the county, as well as one of the most active members of the Valparaiso church was Sylvester W. Smith. He raised a large and highly respected family. Brother Smith was called to his better home above, several years ago. His widow, a devoted Christian, still survives as one of the pioneer Methodists of Valparaiso. Rev. G.M. Boyd was pastor of the Valparaiso church at the time of Brother Smith's death. He prepared a brief biography of the departed brother, in which he said, "I never knew a better man than Sylvester Smith." The writer concurs in that statement.

The cultured daughters and honored sons of Brother and Sister Smith have fallen heir to a rich heritage of precious memories from their devoted parents.

Mother Hicks, as she was usually called, must not be forgotten in this connection. She was one of the best women of Valparaiso. Honorable mention must also be made of her accomplished daughter, Mrs. Dougall, widow of Captain Dougall, who lost his life on Lake Michigan by the sinking of a steamer on which he had shipped as commander. Not only Mrs. Dougall, but all the children of the now

sainted Mother Hicks, have honored their parents by upright and honorable lives.

The Hon. John N. Skinner, deceased, was a remarkable man. He was probably never surpassed as a Sunday-school superintendent. He was also active as one of the founders and supporters of the Valparaiso M. & F. College. His fellow-citizens repeatedly elected him Mayor of the city of Valparaiso. His widow, one of the best of Christian women, is an active worker in the church. She organized and still superintends what is known as the Valparaiso mission; holds regular Sunday school and other weekly services; gathers and distributes half-worn clothing, and other things needed among the poor; is doing, to express it briefly, a grand work among a class of people rarely represented in church congregations. The sons and daughters of John N. and Joanna Skinner are taking their places among the most active, useful, and respected citizens of Valparaiso. One of the sons, Hubert M., is an Alumnus of DePauw University.

Another grand woman in the Valparaiso church, who has also gone to her reward, must here be named—Mrs. Emily Skinner, the mother of the Hon. DeForest Skinner. Sister Emily Skinner was a devoted Christian woman, and highly endowed intellectually. She was a good writer; as for culture and refinement she had few, if any, superiors in the city.

On Twenty Mile Prairie lived the brothers, Walker and William McCool, who were prominent citizens of Porter County and highly respected members of the Methodist church.

Brother Thomas Fifield was one of the best men

I have ever known. He lived near the McCools, and worshiped at what was known as the Twenty-mile Grove church. After a long and useful life, he died a few years ago at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Brother and sister Beach, and was buried from the Methodist church of Valparaiso.

Crown Point.—Here lived from 1850 to 1854 Brother Allman, a local preacher. He was a native of Yorkshire, England; a man of deep piety, and respectable preaching talents. He died happy in the Lord. Rev. Daniel Crumpacker was also a prominent citizen of the town; he and most of his family have gone to their final home. The elect lady, Sister Wood, one of the early settlers of Lake county, deserves honorable mention. She still lives to bless the church and all that come within the sphere of her Christian influence and example.

Solon Robinson, proprietor of the town of Crown Point, was said to be a disbeliever in the Christian religion. He determined, from the beginning, it is said, that no church or any form of religious worship, should ever be established in the town, if he could prevent it; that he sought in every possible way, to "rule in" the wicked of all classes, and to "rule out," from settlement in his town, any and all that were disposed to favor the Christian religion. After pursuing that line of policy for some time, he became convinced that his plan was impracticable. Religion or no religion he must have a town; so, as the account goes, and it seems to be well authenticated, when he found that his town-building enterprise must inevitably fail if he persisted in his anti-religion policy, he came to a certain Methodist

preacher, the Rev. Wade Posey, who was then in charge of a circuit that included a part of Lake county, and, addressing the preacher, said: "I have tried my best to build up a town here without churches, bibles, Sunday schools, or religion; and, while I am as firm an unbeliever in the Christian religion as I ever was, I see that the people generally like to be duped or scared about the future, clinging to the ghosts and hobgoblins of religion; and that I will have to change my tactics or Crown Point will never grow." He then handed Brother Posey fifty dollars, saying "Here, I want you to take this, and buy a Sunday school library, and start a Sunday school. I am also ready to help you build a church, as I am satisfied I can never make a town here without religious people and churches." Crown Point now, 1892, has several good churches, and a large number of devoted Christian people. The town is rapidly becoming one of the handsomest little cities in Northwestern Indiana. The effects of Mr. Robinson's skeptical teachings may, in some degree, yet remain among some of the older people, but has, it is to be hoped, but little influence upon the rising generation. When all the unbelievers go hence, or become soundly converted to God, Crown Point will be a very desirable place to live in.

Again I must refer to Valparaiso. Not least among the many attractions of this beautiful city are its educational advantages. The city schools under the efficient superintendency of Professor Banta, are among the best in the state.

The great Northern Indiana Normal with an average attendance of two thousand students, is the

largest college of the kind in the United States. The school is under the management of Profs. Brown and Kinsey, assisted by an able corps of teachers. Prof. Heritage, one of the finest vocalists in the country, is at the head of the music department. The school, in all its departments was never in a more prosperous condition than at the present time.

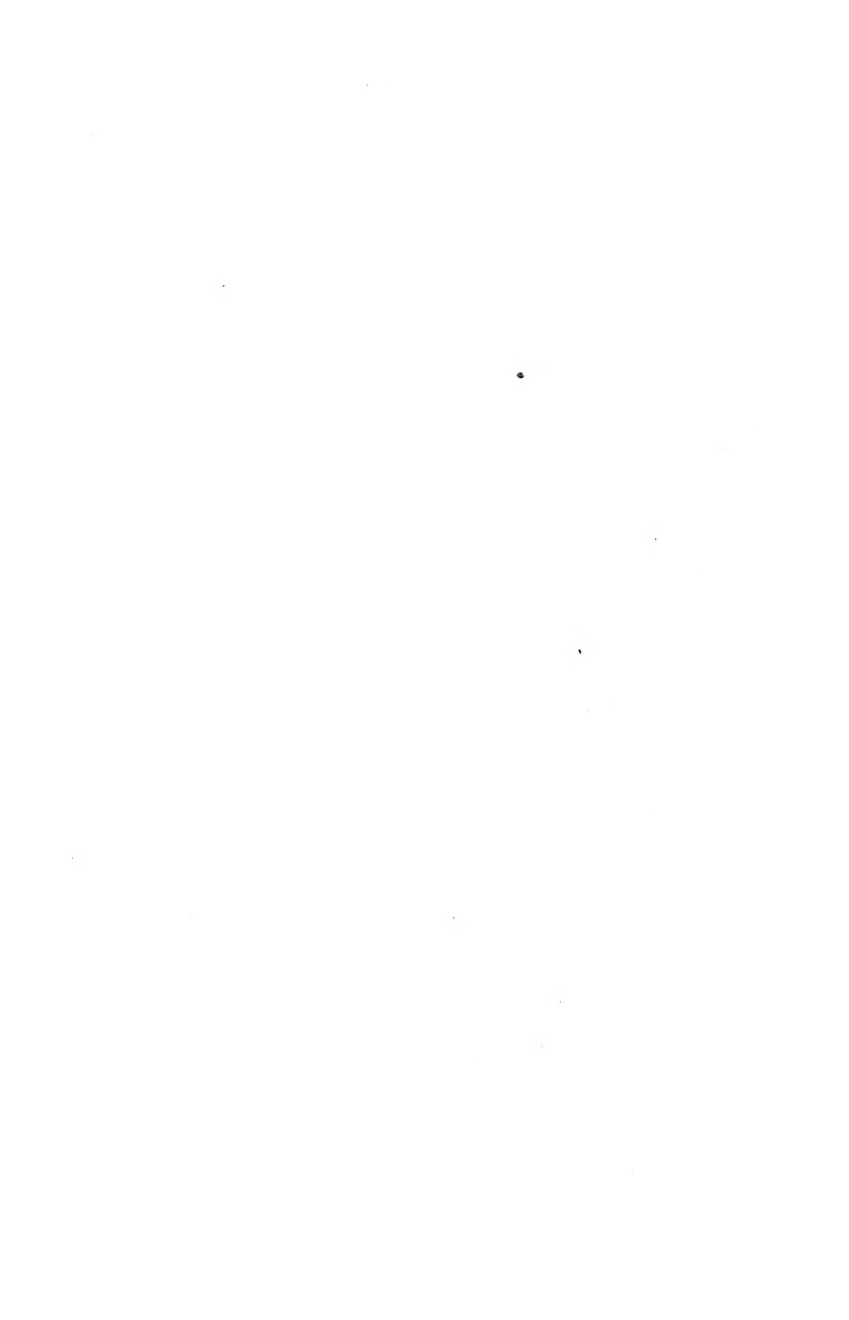
As I now come to write the last word of this volume in the eighty-second year of my age, my heart thrills with the tender recollections of the past and the glorious hopes of the future.

With fond affection I cherish the memory of my brethren in the ministry, especially those of the older life; and not forgetting my own youth, I may be permitted to say to my younger brethren in the language of an ancient king, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

J. L. S.

Valparaiso, Ind.,

Sept. 21, 1892.



NOTICES FROM THE CHURCH PAPERS.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., Editor.—*150 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.*

INDIANA METHODISM, by the Rev. John L. Smith, D. D., for forty years a member of the Northwest Indiana Conference, is an entertaining series of sketches and incidents, grave and humorous, concerning preachers and people of the West, with an appendix containing personal recollections, public addresses, and other miscellany. Dr. Smith modestly disclaims the title of historian, yet he has made a history of our Indiana Church from the standpoint of a personal worker in and observer of its growth. Indiana produced two Bishops, Ames and Simpson, and Dr. Smith intimates that it is quite willing and able to furnish more! To the many members of our Communion in the Northwest, and to the many friends of the aged and revered author, this book will give inspiration and instruction. It may be obtained from Dr. Smith, Valparaiso, Ind., for \$1.50, by mail.

NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

57 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.—REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS D.D., Ed.

In accordance with the request of his conference Rev. Dr. J. L. Smith of Northwest Indiana has published his reminiscences of Indiana Methodism in a substantial volume of 450 pages. Dr. Smith's ministry covers over half a century, and is coincident with the settlement of the Northwest. His personal acquaintance embraces nearly all the historic figures of American Methodism within that period, and the anecdotes of their and his experiences are as welcome reading as has appeared in

many a day. Chancellor Sims furnishes an introductory note, and Dr. Frank Hardin of Rock River conference, who was converted in a revival conducted by Dr. Smith, contributes reminiscences of his spiritual father. Portraits are given of the author, Bishops Ames and Simpson, Revs. R. D. Utter, S. T. Cooper, J. W. T. McMullen, J. H. Hull, C. C. McCabe, and C. N. Sims. The book, which ought to be widely circulated, will be sent to any address by Dr. Smith, who resides at Valparaiso, Ind., on receipt of \$1.50.

WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

190 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.—REV. D. H. MOORE D.D., Ed.

INDIANA METHODISM. A Series of Sketches and Incidents, Grave and Humorous, Concerning Preachers and People of the West. With an Appendix Containing Personal Recollections, Public Addresses, and Other Miscellany. By John L. Smith, D. D., of the Northwest Indiana Conference. Published by the Author. Valparaiso, Ind. \$1.50.

John L. Smith is the Nestor of living Indiana itinerants. Fifty-five years, without transferring, he has watched the development of history in his beloved Indiana, and helped to make it. In leafy grove, in the pioneer's cabin, in the assemblies of uncouth and godless men, in elegant temples, and in congregations of refinement and education, as circuit rider, stationed preacher, presiding elder, and General Conference delegate, he has been equally at home. No danger ever cowed him, no august presence ever abashed him, no greatness ever eclipsed him.

Bishops Soule, Morris, Andrew, Waugh, Hamline, Janes, Ames, and Simpson—those earlier patterns of apostolic zeal and wisdom—and such noble men as Allen Wiley, Finley, James Havens, Charles Elliott, Martin Ruter, Quinn, Cartwright, are among the mighty men of God who pass in review before us, as we read the pages of this most interesting biography. It is an invaluable contribution to the history of Methodism. The work is well done. There is just enough Smith to enable the reader, unacquainted with the stalwart hero, to conceive his frame and fashion, his spirit and action. Its estimates of men and measures are judicial. Its loyalty to Methodism is inspiring. Its wit and humor have sufficient play to make the history coruscant. Have you read it?

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