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LIFE IN INDIANA

AT THREE SCORE.

A RETROSPECT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

OF LEBANON.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

BY THE PASTOR.

LEBANON :
M. M. MANNER, PRINTER AND BINDER.
1879.



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INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

1. No pre-eminence of sacrifice or success need be claimed in this review. Living and departed men and women in the Presbyterian and other churches in Indiana are worthy of double honor.

2. To move beyond a State or Synod is hazardous for a minister of moderate ability. His capital can not be transferred.

3. Itemizing the advantages of different fields, city or country, new or old churches, large or small salaries, and comparing them, leads to contentment.

4. Expenditures of money and labor for religious purposes are good investments.

5. No minister or church with a "single eye" to God's glory need fear the want of material aid.—Ps. 37.

6. The church furnishes the safest insurance office and the best of society.

7. It is better to wear out than to rust out—dotage comes from non-use.

8. The Session of a Presbyterian Church, after its Ladies' Social, is its chief power. A faithful elder elected for life, and serving a struggling church for years, is a most honorable man.

9. The Church of all denominations is one. The field is the world.

10. Young ministers and young members of the church, be of good courage.

Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,
Grace, all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in Heaven, the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

A RETROSPECT.

AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME.—Gal. 1:24.

The Rev. John Newton, the friend and pastor of Cowper, the poet, himself the author of some of our best Hymns, says in his autobiography: "Reflection on this text awakened my first desire to preach the Gospel." Paul wrote it when, for many years, he had made full proof of his ministry. It is, therefore, a good text for the young candidate and for the old minister. Paul understood the principle that the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever. Realizing this was a sweet and sufficient solace for all his self-denials and sacrifices. Properly estimated or not by others, he found satisfaction in this result: They glorified God in me. This is no uncommon experience in the church or the ministry. It might be universal.

The students of Lane Seminary, under the teaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher, were never led by him nearer to the Savior, or to a deeper consecration, than when that grand old man rehearsed what he had seen and of which he had been the chief actor. Once he prefaced his reminiscence with this remark: "The most important period of church history for a young minister to study is that portion immediately before his own era; and yet that very portion is the most inaccessible." "And now," said he, "I'll tell you about it." Then, what graphic views we had of Long Island, of Litchfield, of Boston, of Cincinnati, of Nettleton, of Taylor, of Jeremiah Evarts and of Dr. J. L. Wilson!

And so I have longed for the church history, locked up, often unconsciously, in the experience of old men in the ministry. I have scarcely been satisfied with Dr. M. M. Post's classic sermon, "A retrospect of thirty years' ministry at Logansport;" or, J. H. Johnston's valuable discourse,

“A ministry of forty years in Indiana;” or, even with Albert Barnes’ “Life at Three Score and Ten.” I craved more egotism, more distinct personal reminiscence. Would that Revs. W. W. Martin, J. M. Dickey and J. A. Carnahan had been garrulous and had printed a few pages of personal history. It is true, the world could not contain the books we long for, but we long for them.

Risking much in the other extreme, these pages are prepared and presented to the young ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana. Be this my high ambition, that some of them may glorify God in me.

I was born in Lexington, Kentucky, April 2, 1819, and was educated in Miami University and Lane Seminary. I came to Indiana September 2, 1844; induced to this choice suddenly, while thinking of some young ministers who had formed in the Seminary an Indiana Society of Inquiry. They were settled as follows: S. N. Steele at Marion, he died in New York in 1854. A. Lemon at Gilead, he died in Minnesota in 1869. T. S. Milligan at Rochester, he died in Indiana in 1876, and W. M. Cheever at Monticello, he died at Kansas City in 1878. S. S. Thompson, now Professor in Wabash College, the only survivor of the band, was at Delphi. Samuel Kidder, who had spent a vacation at Fort Wayne, expecting to return, died in the Seminary, a senior, in 1843. All but Kidder received their college education in Indiana, at Wabash College, except Cheever, who was a graduate of Hanover. This beloved band drew me to Indiana. They still attract to Heaven.

A few other ministers of our church were in Northern Indiana, from other Seminaries, older men, whose life work mingles in the christian civilization of our State. The northern tier of counties had a more intimate relation in civil and religious things with Michigan than Indiana.

My settlement was at Plymouth. My ordination took place in Laporte, April, 1845. Marshall county, Plymouth, the county seat, was then mostly covered with a dense forest. Only a few years before the Indians roamed over it. Traces of them, in family reservations, remained. An earnest,

enterprising white population was coming in. The excitement to a young minister was intense. The first meeting of Presbytery I attended was at Oxford, Tippecanoe county, in October, 1844. M. M. Post, J. A. Carnahan and others were there, and then acquaintanceship began, which grew to admiration and love. The Synod followed at Indianapolis. Dr. J. Blanchard, a delegate from Cincinnati Presbytery, was keeping the Indiana Synod sound on slavery and advocating the Watchman of the Valley as a church organ. But the ever memorable event of that Synod was a missionary meeting, when James Thomson swayed the audience sublimely: "When my brother William went to Palestine in 1837, a college classmate wondered that a man of such promise should bury himself in that far off land. Who is buried now, the young missionary or the lawyer?"

The pastor of the second church, where we met, was H. W. Beecher, Henry Ward not then written in full, and he then only famous in print for lectures to young men, and editorials in the Indiana Farmer. Father Dickey, J. H. Johnston, in the ministry, and Elders Judge Stevens, S. Merrill and others were there, earnest and hopeful. Henry Little and R. Hawley are almost the only survivors of that generation. Others rest from their labors and their works follow them.

With the exception of the Synod of 1846, when I made a mistake and remained at home to nurse a growing religious interest among the people, and a meeting of Presbytery in 1848, it has been a privilege to be present at each of these courts since I came into the State, and to five General Assemblies I have been commissioner. Such has been the personal and family health and prosperity, that full and prompt attendance has been given to every business meeting of each. For this favor gratitude is certainly due to the Master.

To return to Plymouth. That church having been organized on May 27, 1838, and left, without ministerial care, a few members scattered and disheartened, were found by S. N. Steele, and re-organized in 1843. Receiving an im

pulse from the positive and fiery Steele, and supplied a few months by an Oberlin student, W. A. Westervelt, I found a devoted and hopeful membership at Plymouth. But it was the industrious swarm of bees without the hive. And this was the way that want was met :

There was in the village a commodious room erected for school and meeting uses, the only public room besides the Court House. The organic law of this building was that strangers had preference over resident ministers. No preaching was permitted in the Court House. At my second Sabbath, after having preached in the morning and while preparing for evening service, a citizen introduced a minister who had traveled all that day with his family from Rochester, twenty miles distant. He claimed his right and preached that night. I was indignant. Before breakfast next morning, with Bro. J. L. Wertervelt, a most energetic Elder, we had planned a home for the Presbyterians of Plymouth. W. G. Pomeroy, a Universalist lawyer gave us a lease on a good lot for five years. Bro. Westervelt donated an old warehouse. People of all classes furnished needed work, lumber and other material, and on Thanksgiving Day, less than a month after we began work, we held services in a neatly finished room, 20x32 feet, free from debt.

The outlay of money for this building was less than \$100. Dr. Milton Badger, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society was much pleased with our success and published an account of it with some of its lessons, August, 1845.

Looking backward it seems like this was the key note of my life. Ever since I have been associated with congregations in the church building business. That year we began in the woods, east of Plymouth, the erection of a log meeting house. A small congregation was formed in that vicinity with James O. Parks as Elder. It was a mutual gratification a few months ago, for the first time since the Spring of 1846, in company with Bro. Parks, to retrace the past and with difficulty recall the tall poplar groves on the site of the flourishing village of Bourbon. Two years completed my work in Marshall county, but the picture grows brighter as

time rolls on. The forests, the streams, the newly opened roads, the rude dwellings, the stir of the new settlements, the genuine hospitality, the meetings for religious worship and other purposes in groves and cabins, the dear families, the few aged people, the many in the prime of life, and the little children, the first funeral and the first wedding, and above all a blessed revival, come vividly before me, and I ask myself, can any memory be more pleasant than a Minister's of his first love? And the nearer he reaches Paul's ambition, not to build upon another man's foundation, the sweeter the retrospect.

The ague conquered. After a long struggle, compelled to seek a different climate, with a long lingering look, I left Northern Indiana.

The second church of New Albany was my field from October, 1846 to October, 1856.

The current newspaper of the day had this item: "Married at Oxford, Ohio, on Tuesday morning, November 10th, 1846, by the Rev. D. Tenney, Rev. J. M. Bishop, of New Albany, Indiana, and Miss Lucy D. North, of the former place." If any of these reminiscences are worth repeating, and if any church has reason to remember me kindly, it is largely owing to help obtained from this union.

At the close of this period (1850,) the review showed the following results of four years labor:

Sermons Preached.....	292
Pastorial Visits.....	1,093
Funerals Attended.....	59
Additions to the Church.....	98
Infants Baptized.....	47

MONEY RAISED.

For Salary.....	\$ 2,350 00
Benevolence.....	1,540 00
Church Building.....	11,020 00

This church building was the great visible event. Aside, however, from consultation in session meetings and general oversight, the Pastor had little to do. The subject was

scarcely mentioned from the pulpit. Elder W. C. Conner devoted more than a year of constant personal care to the work. Most cheerfully, patiently, noiselessly was this duty discharged. The retrospect of this era is pleasant. The contrast is striking between Plymouth and New Albany. At the latter place everything was organized. Such a bench of Elders and Deacons is rarely seen. A note of discord was never heard, even in the choir! With supreme pleasure I record the names of the Elders and without comment muse their praise: Jacob Simmers, William C. Conner, James Brooks, Ralph H. Hulbert and John Loughmiller. Only the last one lingers on earth. The Rev. James Gallaher, who assisted in a glorious revival, suggested and urged the erection of the new building and gave valuable lessons from his own observations as to its arrangements.

From New Albany we removed to Bedford, to supply a small church in that place and undertake a wide missionary work. No attempt will be made to recall this itineracy in detail. For over three years I rode on horseback more than three thousand miles annually, from Bedford to Bloomington, on the north; to the Ohio River at Leavenworth on the south, west to Duboise county and east to Seymour. These and intervening places were regularly visited once a month. The field contracted, but during ten years, after leaving New Albany, the journeyings on horseback were not much lessened. In these years much church building and repairing was overseen. Neat houses were erected at Mitchel, Leavenworth and in Duboise county. The Bedford building was repaired, and a Universalist house at Bloomington was purchased and improved. Considerable consultation was also given with ministers and others which aided in the erection of buildings elsewhere. What diverse agents co-operated with the minister and were essential to success? What women there were in these fields! Blessed commentaries on Ro. 16:1,2 and Phil. 4:3. Mrs. Eliza Shields, of Seymour who died November 13, 1866, Mrs. Jane Seward, of Bloomington who died August 15, 1865, and Mrs. Lovey Blackwell, of Bedford who died April 19, 1878, were

typical of others of equal faith and works who shine on earth or in Heaven. And what will Heaven be!

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet!

After the lapse of years it is not unprofitable to read over the list of names of co-workers. It throws light on the chapters of names in the Bible. It awakens pleasant memories, bright anticipations, mingled with instructive repentings.

In the Bedford graveyard lie the bodies of our departed children, Lewis B., Susan N., Robert and John, and still our living children say with Wordsworth's Little Cottager,

“WE ARE SEVEN!”

In 1860 we moved to Bloomington and remained there until 1867, without essentially changing the field of labor. The second church of Bloomington was organized by me in June, 1852, so the period of fifteen years may be regarded as one pastorate. But now begins the rail road era, and the faithful intelligent horse is sold with regret. The Civil War and re-union of Presbyterians occupy the public mind and heart. The University of the State, and its learned men, in the Faculty and elect youth under their care contrast with former associates. But all these public affairs are foreign to the aim of these simple annals. Are not these matters preserved in the archives of the State and Church?

The little White Church around the corner and its little congregation had a mission. Such fidelity, singleness of aim, primitive love, I have not seen surpassed. Austin Seward, well called Vulcanus All heart, what an Elder! Pure minded and faithful Deacon M. W. Helton, and Father T. Carter, were well matched with others alive and dead. The times change, and it is not time serving to change also, if the Master's voice is heard. The cloud moved and the missionary period ended. Dr. Plumer well says: Whenever it can be done young ministers should spend some time in missionary labor. It is one of the best schools on earth. It is very pleasant labor too. Whoever spent a part of his early

life in this service and did not delight to speak of it in his old age? (Pastoral Theo. 201.)

In 1867 I was called to Rockville and was Pastor in that refined town until 1872. This was the essential re-union period. Two strong churches in Rockville, well organized, and with the marked peculiarities of the two branches, came harmoniously into one, just before the General Assemblies united. The formal union took place by order of the two Presbyteries, December 29, 1869. A subscription was in circulation in each church for new buildings and the corner stone of one was laid, but consolidation took place and a substantial and costly building was dedicated January 15, 1871. The dedication was especially memorable by the presence of Charles C. Beatly, D. D., L. L. D., of Steubenville, Ohio, who began his ministry in Parke county in November, 1822. Having organized a church in the vicinity of Rockville, he anticipated a permanent settlement with that people. He was, however, turned aside by Providence and had not re-visited the field until a half a century had passed. What a day was that when we retraced the ploughed field to find the stones of the foundation of a log church! And as the venerable man recognized a log of the old church in an old stable, which he saw fifty years before, we could well realize the power of sacred relics.

The Rockville building cost over \$14,000. Elder John Ott was the leading member of the building committee and relieved others of the burden.

The most important and far reaching event of this period in the Rockville church, was the sending out a band of missionaries to Persia. The newspaper had the following notice: "Married at the Presbyterian church, July 17, 1872, by the Rev. W. Y. Allen, assisted by Rev. J. M. Bishop, Rev. J. M. Oldfather and Miss F. N. Rice; and in the same ceremony Rev. W. L. Whipple and Miss M. L. Allen." This double wedding was the consummation of an interest which had absorbed the community for months. The Rev. J. Little, D. D., said of it: "If there is any such thing as putting jewels in the crown of ministers before they die, it is the having

foreign missionaries go from the fields of their labor, especially when they go to lands starving in multitudes."

My pastorate began in Rockville with the regular Prayer Meeting on Wednesday, October 23, 1867, and ended with the regular Prayer Meeting, October 23, 1872. M. Henry says: Family worship, morning and evening, is like a good hem on a piece of cloth, it prevents raveling. And so it may be said, there is a security in a prayer meeting at each end of a pastorate.

I was free from pastoral care the month of November, 1872, the only interval since October, 1844. It would have been longer but for a wise remark of the late Rev. W. S. Rogers, of Oxford, Ohio, which is worth repeating. He said to me: "I made a mistake in getting out of work at your age. After a while the difficulties of getting back increase." I hastened to put on the harness and accepted an invitation to supply the Lebanon church, beginning my service December 1, 1872, and after two months trial accepted a call. Unless very much mistaken, the voice of the Master says this is the way walk ye in it. (Isa. 30:21.) Paul was reluctant to enter Europe, (Ac. 16:6-7) and yet found his chief happiness in yielding his will to the manifest rulings of the Spirit. So we may believe it always will be. Baxter notices it in his own case. Woe unto Jonah!

And here we are, as at Plymouth in 1844, and uninterruptedly since, with a people who have a mind to the work of church building. The burden and the joy in large measure all these years has been the same, church building!

After Rev. F. M. Symmes had left Lebanon and before I came, the people, without ministerial advice had sold their old building, bought a lot, and were soliciting for a new building, to cost not less than \$10,000. The foundation stone was laid September 1, 1873, and the basement prepared and opened for a place of worship December 24, 1874. With varied changes and incidents of heroic sacrifice, the debt was nearly extinguished on a \$12,000 building. Sickness in the Pastor's family called for a change of climate, and Presbytery was asked to dissolve the pastoral relation.

The congregational consent was given Sabbath, September 22, 1878, and on Wednesday following the storm came and in an instant the loved building was a pile of ruins!

The bewildered congregation soon rallied. The action just taken for separation as Pastor and people was suspended. The Pastor's sick wife cheerfully acquiesced in the indication of Providence. The Presbytery and Synod commended our case unanimously to the favor of the Board of Church Erection and the christian public. Ready money in large and small sums came in, as if windows had been opened in Heaven. And the organization was *SAVED*.

And here we are hopefully, cheerfully at work, with a very much embarrassed people, at Three Score Years, in this Divinely indicated task. The Apostle not older called himself Paul the Aged. (Philm. 9.). But his services in the church were harder than ours, as he witnesseth in all of his autobiography, especially in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, 6:1-10, 11:23-33. May we all follow him as he followed Christ, and then each one for himself can say:

“AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME.”

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STORM THOUGHTS.

BY SAMUEL L. HAMILTON.

Suggested by the ruins of the beautiful and costly Presbyterian Church edifice at Lebanon, Ind., that, after six years of patient toil and self sacrifice, by the pastor and a poor congregation, in rearing, almost to completion, was, in the twinkling of an eye, totally destroyed by a tornado, September 25, 1878.

THE COMPLAINT.

We toil through pain and wrong; we fight—we fly,
We love, we lose; and then, ere long, stone-dead we lie.

—[Proctor.

"Ascended Lord! Thou hast remembered still
 The beauty of each earthly vale and hill ;"
 The crystal waters of each babbling brook
 Thou ledest down through shady glen and nook,
 From where Thou hast distilled them at the fount
 Upon the bleak and eagle-haunted mount—
 E'en till the unpolluted beverage come
 To mingle in the depths of its ocean home.
 Sweet lilies of the vale! How thou dost smile
 Upon their matchless grace, and kiss, the while,
 Their upturned lips with heavenly zephyrs
 And Thy beauteous sunlight! Gentle sparrows
 Build where Thou dost point their safe retreat,
 And Thou, Supernal One, dost stoop to meet
 Them there, and teach them architecture's law—
 Wherein no human skill can note a flaw.
 Thy breath, at each returning spring-time, broods
 In blessings o'er unconscious earth, and floods
 The heart with joy, when from the cold, dead
 Fallow-land, outspread like waves of molten lead
 Before the ken, there starts to life the buried grain,
 That nods and ripples back its glad refrain
 The summer through, on every passing breeze—
 Till e'en the garner holds its ripened sheaves.
 The cattle on a thousand hills, and all
 The throng that doth inhabit—great and small—
 The forest, air and deep unfathomed sea,
 Do ever find Thy guiding hand, and see
 Their certain mission pictured by the light
 Of instinct, faintly glinting on their sight.
 All these are Thine—Thou lovest them; and oh!
 Thine ear hath heard the cry of us who know
 In whom we trust; our souls have felt thy touch,
 And answered to the Spirit's call for such
 As shall be named Thine own—bespeaking love
 Far richer than descended from above,
 To any of Thy creatures here beside,
 And yet, it seems, Thy manner is to hide

Thy face, and leave our feeble minds to grope
 In doubtful search for Duty's path, in hope
 To win approving smiles by righteous deeds.
 And lo! we stumble, for Thy presence leads
 Us not; the seal of Thy displeasure stamps
 The fruit of every best intent, and damps
 The fervid wish of honest, holy zeal.

THE CONSOLATION.

Some falls are means the happier to rise.—[Shakespeare.
 As fragrance from the trampled rose, that smells
 The sweeter for him who tramples it, there wells
 Within the soul a mystic essence born
 Divine, pursuing darkness like the morn.
 With kindly voice, in softened tones, as mild
 As angel whispers to a dying child,
 It says, or seems to say—know this; pure gold
 Comes not from gentle handling of the ore—
 As images in snow by fingers deft
 And slight; but in the fire and 'neath the heft
 Of hammers, precious grains are purified
 And costly worth compressed. Who thinks no guide
 Doth lead man's steps, thinks neither deep nor true.
 What seemeth good and that which man would do
 To honor God, He knows would fail, because
 It fails to sanctify the doer. His laws—
 His plan—require that God be glorified
 In man and not by man. Who's sanctified
 Must meek submission to His process bow
 And rest with firm reliance on His vow.
 In mercy, God respected not the gift
 Of Cain, because no token of a power to lift
 His soul out of the wreck that Sin had made,
 Was mirrored in the offer. Hast thou laid
 Thy gift upon the altar of a Cain
 That God may see thy work? Then hope is vain.
 His glory is not seen, because the heart
 Reflects it not. No handiwork of art,

Howe'er well done—no gift of high esteem,
 Alone, can satisfy the King Supreme.
 "Faith wrought with works" in Abraham, and God
 Was glorified, because the patriarch
 Was sanctified; for, now the little spark
 Of heavenly light that gleamed in Abram's breast
 On Mamre's plain, up to the crowning test
 On old Moriah's sacred top, had grown
 A flame, whose constant radiant brightness shone
 On Calvary. "And Abraham was blest
 In all things by the Lord." Art thou in quest
 Of duty? Then proceed, at every step,
 "In singleness of heart as unto Christ."
 Nor stop to long inquire if thou art led;
 But count all things as blessings kindly shed,
 By Him whose glory is man's chiefest good.
 And know, e'en cloud and storm when understood,
 Crushed walls, inverted spire, and shattered shrine—
 Fit types of man ere He of Jesse's line
 Was born—are heights from whence the soul may rise
 Well plumed for loftier heights toward the skies.

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AN APPEAL.

BY MRS. PHEBE C. HARRISON.

Looking, this stormy, wintry afternoon, at the partially covered walls of the Lebanon Presbyterian Church, which with new strength and beauty, have arisen from the blast of last September, we find these lines of Whittier running through our heart and brain:

"There are moments in life when the lip and the eye
 Try the question of whether to smile or to cry."

When we remember how strangely as a church we have been blessed in the past and how often, from unexpected

sources, funds have flowed into our treasury, we feel like giving ourselves up wholly to thanksgiving, and yet when we look upon our now scattered congregation and reflect how much remains to be done before we can possibly worship around the old altar, and then when we remember our utter lack of money to further prosecute the work of rebuilding, fear and sadness creep in upon the soul, rendering its song of praise incomplete. Yet, true to-day, as it has ever been in the past, is the promise "Ask and ye shall receive." So with no other prelude than this little bit of experience, so common in this world of ours, we send forth this little appeal for money—money to be used, not for self or selfish purposes, but for the building of God's house; for the glory of Him, whose we are and whom we serve.

We ask it, first of all, because we love the good old Presbyterian church, in whose faith we were born and (God helping us) in whose faith we will die.

We ask it for the sake of earnest men and women who have borne each other sweet fellowship in toil and self-denial, who yet consider nothing that they have done worthy the name of sacrifice, praying only in their hearts "Thy Kingdom Come!"

We ask it for the sake of a christian minister, who for the past six years, has led our little flock in all our stormy wanderings, cheering us in darkest days with his most earnest efforts and unfaltering faith, willingly sharing all of our privations, counting "the work its own reward."

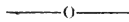
We ask it for the sake of hands that began the work with us but that are now chilled in death: for their sake we press forward in the work they have laid down.

We ask for money to complete our unfinished church because we believe that in that church God's word will be proclaimed with power, and that thereby christian character will become established and the salvation of many souls be accomplished.

We ask it because Christ so loved the church that He died to redeem it with "His own precious blood;" because

it is the hope of earth and throws a light on the path to Heaven.

We ask it because we believe that God never began a work in this world without the means and the money to accomplish it, and because He has so linked christian joy with christian giving, that those who give are even more blessed than those who receive.



A STATEMENT.

On the building destroyed by the storm, we had paid \$12,000. A debt rested on it of \$650. The estimated cost of rebuilding, \$2,600. This sum will give us an unfurnished building, without bell, pulpit, pews, lamps, stoves or other furniture.

Our people are sustaining all the current expenses of the church without foreign aid, more liberally than ever before; and have better views of their responsibility to the church at large and a perishing world, without the Gospel. We are well organized for home work and have a temporary home, by the courtesy of the Christian Church, and by labor and money contributions are urging on the completion of our new building. Scarcely a day has been lost when it was possible to work, since the storm.

After all that has been given from kind friends, at home and abroad, we yet need \$1,000 before we can be aided by our Church Erection Board. With confidence that the Divine Spirit will incline to a generous response, from public spirited persons in large or small sums these pages are sent forth.

JOHN M. BISHOP.

LEBANON, IND., February, 1879.

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