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THE LIFE  
OF  
ROBERT PAINE D.D.,

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

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BY R. H. RIVERS,  
Author of "Our Young People" and "Mental and Moral Philosophy."

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
REV. W. P. HARRISON, D.D.,  
*Book Editor of the M. E. Church, South.*

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TO MARY AND MARTHA,

THE FORMER THE FAITHFUL WIFE OF THE SUBJECT OF THIS  
BIOGRAPHY, AND THE LATTER THE EQUALLY FAITHFUL  
WIFE OF THE AUTHOR—DEVOTED FRIENDS IN THEIR  
EARLY WOMANHOOD, AND REMAINING TRUE TO  
EACH OTHER, TO THEIR HUSBANDS, AND TO  
THEIR GOD, THROUGH ALL THE  
VICISSITUDES OF LIFE—

THIS VOLUME IS MOST LOVINGLY DEDICATED.



## PREFACE.

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BISHOP PAINE, years before his death, selected the author as his biographer on condition any biography should be written. He said: "I am not worthy of any thing more than an obituary to be published in our Church papers; but if my friends should think otherwise, I would be glad that the work of writing my life be placed in your hands. You have my entire confidence, and I am willing to trust you." He afterward wrote to me to the same effect. After his death the family, knowing his views, requested that these views be carried out. In addition to this, the Bishops, at their annual meeting in May, 1883, concurred in the request of the family.

In January, 1884, diaries and other papers were placed in my hands, and in February the work was begun. A heavy charge was on my hands. I had to devote a part of each day to pastoral visitation. Two sermons were to be prepared for each Sabbath. A weekly prayer-meeting was to be attended to, at which a suitable talk was to be delivered. All this demanded labor—earnest, constant, and often exhausting. The diaries and papers were to be carefully examined. The work was completed on June 1. From February till June I was in company with the Bishop. It seemed to me that he was always present. I was reminded of an artist who was called upon to take the likeness of a deceased friend. He shut himself up in his studio for days, and communed with his departed friend. That friend came and sat for the picture. He saw him. He seemed to converse with him. He caught the expression of his countenance, the flash of his eye, and the contour of his features. The result was an excellent likeness. It was life-like and exceedingly accurate. So it has been with this writer. While alone in my office it has seemed to me that my dear old friend and teacher was again by my side, and that I could almost hear him speak and touch his noble form. At night he was present in my dreams. Indeed, I could not sleep. I hardly became unconscious for weeks. So near was he to me both by

day and by night that it was difficult for me to withdraw my attention from him. I showed this in the frequent references which I made to him as I appeared before my people. My attention was thoroughly engrossed. I accompanied him on his trips. I sat again in the recitation-room and listened to his lectures, delivered in that clear, ringing, musical voice which I can never forget. I listened again to his thrilling sermons, or bowed with him in humble prayer. I got nearer to him than I ever did during his life. I could almost hear the throbbings of his warm heart, and could see as I never saw before his deep religious feelings. Into his inner life, and away down into the deep chambers of his soul, I had constant and it seemed to me perfect access.

Let not the reader misunderstand me. I am no spiritualist, no enthusiast. I simply mean to say that I became so thoroughly and so entirely absorbed in and with the subject of this biography that in thought and feeling I was constantly with him during the months I was engaged in writing the *Life*. I so expressed myself to some of my friends at the time the work was going on.

To Mrs. Ludie Paine Scruggs the author is indebted for valuable information in reference to that sad part of his life during which the Bishop appears to have kept no regular diary. The book makes no pretensions to give a history of the stirring times in which the Bishop lived. It is simply a *Life of Bishop Paine*; and as a man is known by the company he keeps, the characters of those most intimately associated with him are briefly presented. The incidents of his career are usually given in chronological order, and embrace his whole life from his early boyhood to his death at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

The diaries and other papers furnished by the family have been of invaluable assistance in the preparation of this biography. Every fact narrated is believed to be in perfect accordance with the truth. Whenever possible the exact words of the Bishop have been given. When this was not possible, his ideas have been fully and accurately expressed. I therefore ask a candid and charitable reading of this *Life of one of our foremost men*, and pray that its perusal may be a blessing to the reader.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE life of a great and good man is the property of the age in which he lives. When that life has been spent in self-denying labors, and earnest effort to advance the welfare of the human race, the example should be recorded for the encouragement and instruction of those who come after us. In an age of utilitarian philosophy, and in a country in which the worship of mammon has attained such proportions as to threaten the existence of society itself, we cannot afford to permit the benefactors of true civilization and progress to pass away without monument or memorial of their works.

Making haste to be rich, and coveting the luxuries that only wealth can purchase, the present generation of our countrymen are placing too low an estimate upon the generous self-abnegation which voluntarily resigns the rewards of successful enterprise and the accumulation of wealth for the purpose of devoting time, energy, and talent to the moral and religious culture of the poor and needy. The merchant, who employs every faculty in the acquisition of fortune, finds his reward in the deference and respect which the world has always shown toward the possessor of great riches. The politician, who studies the arts and the principles which lead to success in the political arena, obtains the desire of his heart and finds his reward in the fickle promises which seldom survive the brief hour of official station. In the lives of all men who have attained success, and have written their names upon the pages of history, there are lessons of wisdom which may serve to guide the footsteps of others, or to warn the ambitious aspirant of the dangers that lie in his path.

The career of a Methodist preacher does not present to the superficial observer a theme of absorbing interest. We may expect no startling incidents, no "hair-breadth escapes," no profoundly exciting records of heroic struggles, of battles fought and won. Yet there is abundant material for the biographer and the historian in the life-stories of men whose names are remembered only by the few faithful

friends who valued them whilst living, and treasure their memories when they have passed away.

The annals of a nation bear the names of the few who have marched in the front of the army of progress. The great body of the army, to whose endurance, fortitude, and skill the victories are due, are unknown to fame. The wisdom of the great statesman who piloted the English ship of state through the storms and perils of the French Revolution has been celebrated by the pens and tongues of his countrymen. But there are only a few discerning men who have the ability to see, and the candor to acknowledge, that the Methodist preachers in Cornwall exercised a conservative influence over the elements of revolutionary disturbance, and thus preserved the English nation from the horrors of civil war and anarchy. The destitution and poverty which justified, in the eyes of many, the revolution in France, existed also in England. But in the British Kingdom a great man had been commissioned from on high, and he and his followers preached the gospel of Christ to the poor, the neglected, and the oppressed, and the hopes of heaven and eternal life sweetened the bitter cup of human poverty and gave to the struggling poor of England the power to endure with heroism the burdens of their lot. Thus the Wesleyan Methodist preachers became the conservators of peace and the prophets of a new and happier era, whilst William Pitt stood at the front and received the credit for the stability and permanence of British institutions.

To no class of men is American civilization more indebted than to the itinerant Methodist preachers. They have been to a large extent the educators of the people. Following the footsteps of the pioneer, the log meeting-house was the first building erected for the use of the community at large by the zeal and fidelity of the itinerant preacher. He carried to the remotest corners the message of salvation. By his instrumentality neighborhoods were bound together in religious ties, and the ambition to excel in every department of human effort was fostered by his precepts and example. Few graduates of colleges were among these evangelists, but they were students whose diligence and energy overcame all difficulties. Early opportunities for gaining knowledge they had not, but they improved every moment of time; digested well the books they read, and employed for the highest purposes the learning they acquired. Their advent was an era in the history of the little communities planted in the great forests of the West and the South. A higher tone of



public morals and a nobler outlook for life itself resulted from their labors. They were men of the people, and spoke the language of the people, but that language was ennobled and refined by the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel. The Bible was the one book found alike in the cottage and the home of the prosperous man. The words of inspiration became a part of the speech of common life, and the doctrines of the Bible were the laws of society.

It is due to the truth of history to declare that the American pulpit has laid the foundation and constructed, in a large degree, the edifice of civilization upon this continent. The school and the school-master have followed the itinerant preacher, but they have come only in answer to the demand which has been created by the preachers of the gospel. The high estimate in which the pioneer preachers were held by the rude, adventurous, but enterprising settlers in the wilderness was due to the intrinsic merits of these men of God. Not a man among them had any expectation of acquiring money, or social influence, or political power, by performing the duties of the ministry. A life of poverty and toil, of hardship and self-denial, presented itself at the threshold of his career, but the young preacher's heart was aflame with the love of God, and the love of Christ constrained him to labor for the souls of men. Feeling his insufficiency for this great work, his constant appeal was to the throne of grace, and the Holy Spirit clothed him with the armor of a warrior, and he went forth to victory. Conscious of his want of literary acquirements, and knowing that the Holy Spirit imparts no gifts to encourage human idleness, he seized every moment of leisure to improve his mind. Books of real worth that were accessible to him he studied with diligence, and the knowledge acquired was given to the people whom he served. The example was contagious. In every department of intellectual development and distinction, in all the walks of life, there are men who owe to the example of these itinerant preachers the ambition to excel which has resulted in the highest and grandest victories, to the greatest benefit and glory of the commonwealth.

Among those men who have become the chief factors in the sum of moral and intellectual progress in this century, no name stands higher than that of Robert Paine. Beginning life with the dawn of the nineteenth century, he has been a principal figure in ecclesiastical history for more than sixty years. A youth of great promise, enjoying the few facilities of education accessible in his time, he de-

voted himself to the work of the ministry. He came to legal manhood and to full membership as an itinerant preacher nearly at the same moment. With tireless assiduity he applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge. The lonely ride through the forest; the cosy nook in the cabin by the light of the blazing fire; the solitary spot where the overhanging boughs formed a grateful shade for his forest study—everywhere and at every time, when public duties did not engross his thoughts, he improved the opportunity for increasing his stores of knowledge. He studied the great book of nature, and communed with God whilst reading the volume of his works. Rocks, mountains, valleys, rivers, all had mysteries to be solved and lessons to be learned. He learned them well, and brought their testimony to the support and vindication of the volume of inspiration.

He entered upon the work of the ministry in one of the most eventful periods of Methodist history. The American Revolution was a protest against the establishment of monarchical institutions in America. Jealousy of kings and kingly power and aristocratic pride and presumption had been deeply inwrought into the fabric of American society. The establishment of a government “of the people, by the people, and for the people,” had created a distrust of every proposition in Church or State which looked toward the centralization of power in the hands of one man, or in those of a few men. Fearing the tyranny of one, communities often surrender themselves to the tyranny of the many. It was very natural that the republican politics of the nation should manifest itself in the government of the Church. The English Bishop, with his seat in the House of Lords—a temporal as well as spiritual ruler—was unknown in America, except by the unenviable reputation which belonged to many of the prelates in the mother country. But the *name* was, in many quarters, the object of suspicion and dislike. That some prejudices should be formed against the Methodist Bishops in the United States is by no means remarkable. The plea that a scriptural name ought to be given to a scriptural office was sufficient with the wise and the reflecting, but there were many intelligent men who, for purposes of their own, found it profitable to use the prejudices of the ignorant and the vicious. It required no little heroism in the early Bishops of American Methodism to face the criticisms of designing men and the unreasoning opposition of the multitude. But Francis Asbury was a man of nerve, and sustained by the consciousness of a pure purpose, having the glory of God and the good of

men only in view, he endured misrepresentation and petty malice and merciless persecution as a man who had a charge committed to him by the great Head of the Church.

Early in the last decade of the eighteenth century, James O'Kelly had withdrawn from the Methodist Church, and the standard of revolt which he set up had many followers. He claimed that the power of appointing the preachers to their circuits and stations ought not to be lodged in the hands of one man without some court of appeal. The Annual Conference was this court. Having failed in his effort to incorporate this measure into the economy of the Church, he withdrew, and carried many with him. The political situation was decidedly favorable to O'Kelly. There were many leaders of political opinion who were suspected of harboring the purpose of overthrowing the Republic, and introducing a Monarchy. Washington himself did not escape from this charge of treason to American liberty. The fierceness of this political warfare has never been excelled in the history of the country. But, in the midst of civil commotions, ecclesiastical dissensions, and clerical secessions, Asbury remained firm and patient, keeping himself to his one work, disputing with no one, but approving himself as a man of God and a true Bishop and shepherd of the flock.

When the declining influence of O'Kelly became manifest, and the failure of his seditious movement was no longer a matter of doubt, the controversy assumed a new phase. It was claimed that the preachers who were appointed to their stations ought to exercise a controlling influence over the men who were authorized to make their appointments. The presiding elders, therefore, should be recognized as the Bishop's cabinet, and they should be elected by the Conference from among a specified number of persons nominated by the Bishop. As a measure designed to give peace and rest to the Church, this dangerous proposition was adopted by the General Conference of 1820, and Joshua Soule was elected Bishop a few days previous to the passage of the resolution. After mature consideration the Bishop elect sent in his resignation, refusing to be ordained to an office whose responsibility was not lessened whilst the discharge of its duties had been seriously embarrassed, if not rendered impossible, by the action of the Conference. Thus, from 1820 to 1824, the question was kept open until a growing spirit of conservatism caused the General Conference to recede from its dangerous position. The election and consecration of Joshua Soule, in 1824, settled this controversy, so far as the great

body of the Church and the majority of her ministers were concerned; but the flame of dissension was still burning, and the severe contention resulted in the withdrawal of several thousand members in 1828, who organized a non-episcopal branch of the Church.

The progress of events has fully justified the action of the eminent men who resisted the appeals of friends and the threats of enemies in defense of cardinal principles which were involved in the measures of 1820. The best form of government, in Church or State, may become an engine of oppression in the hands of wicked and designing men. The worst form of government may be so administered as to postpone for ages the efforts of reformers, because the people are not conscious of the burden to which they have submitted, or because they fear the introduction of evils greater than those to which they have been accustomed. But in a system of Church government which deposits in the hands of the people the means by which the authorities of the Church subsist, there can be little danger of depriving the people of their rights. The voluntary principle which prevails in all denominations of Christians in the United States is a sufficient safeguard against clerical oppression. Especially is this true of the Methodist ministry, who have no legal means of enforcing an obligation for the payment of a salary. If the people repudiate the claim, there is no recourse, there is no court of legal jurisdiction.

There were good and true men upon both sides of the controversy, the leaders in all instances being ministers. It is not a little remarkable that the first attempt to remodel the Methodist system of government was a movement in behalf of the preachers, whilst the issue which was presented in 1828 was made in the name of the people. That there was no great popular demand for the representation of the laity in the legislative department of the Church was proved by the results. That there was no serious defect in the organization of Episcopal Methodism has been demonstrated by the history of the Church. The superiority of our system of Church government, as a conservative and preservative polity, is clearly shown by comparison with the fortunes of Methodism in Great Britain. Among the Wesleyans, the most jealously guarded and the most wisely tempered system of making the appointments of the preachers has not secured the body from internal discord, and the erection of independent Churches. The dissidents from the Wesleyans number more than one-third of all the Methodists in Great Britain. The non-episcopal Methodists

of the United States do not exceed one in twenty of the membership in Methodist Churches.

The fact which causes the minister to be prominent in all efforts for change in the government of the Church is his constant care and meditation upon the interests of the cause to which he had devoted his life. By degrees, and at the earnest solicitation of the clerical members, the laity became connected with the business of the Church through the financial boards at the sessions of the Annual Conferences. The gradual growth of the lay interest, and the demonstration of the usefulness of these wise and prudent helpers, produced at last a quiet revolution in the mind of the Church at large. In 1866 the singular spectacle was presented to the world of a body of ministers, forming a General Conference, admitting an equal number of laymen to the legislature of the Church without a petition from the laymen, or the serious agitation of the question by those who were most deeply concerned in the movement.

Robert Paine, a young man of twenty-four, was a member of the General Conference of 1824, and soon became the friend and assistant of Bishop McKendree. By these fathers of Episcopal Methodism, McKendree and Soule, the young preacher became thoroughly instructed in the principles of the Church constitution, and when, twenty years later, the people of the South were driven to the necessity of assuming an independent position, Robert Paine was among the most prominent in the movement which preserved the institutions of Methodism in the Southern section of the United States. It was in the natural order of things that he should become one of the first men elected to the episcopal office by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

For thirty-six years Bishop Paine exercised the office of a Bishop in the Church of God. How faithfully he filled this office the following pages will testify. The record connects his name with every Annual Conference, and his memory is precious to thousands of preachers who loved him for his own sake, and esteemed him for the many qualities which distinguished his official life.

No estimate of a Bishop's labors can be formed by those who are unacquainted with the difficulties of what is called the "stationing-room." It is impossible that one man should be acquainted with the gifts, graces, and qualifications of a thousand itinerant preachers. Nor can he possibly know the peculiar circumstances which exist in the hundreds of circuits and stations to which the preachers are ap-

pointed. It is necessary, therefore, that the Bishop should have godly advisers, men of sound judgment, disinterested motives, and a controlling desire for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. It is essential, moreover, that the person who is responsible for the appointments he makes should have the right to select the men who are to help him in making them. If there is one man in the service of the Church who ought to be thoroughly impartial in the distribution of these appointments, it is the Bishop who is responsible for them. If he be a man of God, he dare not allow any selfish motive to control him. If he be a wise man, he will not allow himself to be controlled by any other motive than the welfare of the Church. The Bishop is dependent upon the voluntary contributions of the people for his support. It would be an act of folly to allow himself to be governed by any unworthy influence, for he must know that there are critical eyes upon him, and no decision that he makes will be accepted simply because he has made it. It must commend itself to the judgment of those who are acquainted with the facts, and the slightest appearance of favoritism would be instantly detected.

It will be seen, therefore, how weighty this responsibility is, when the mere error of judgment may be taken for the perversity of an uncompromising will, or the gratification of a personal motive. Nothing but thorough consecration to God, and continual dependence upon the guidance of the Holy Spirit, can qualify a man for this delicate and difficult work. That Bishop Paine was a man of thorough consecration to the service of the Church, his biographer has fully proved in this volume. Beginning his career with ample means, whose natural increment would have placed him without effort among the wealthy men of his generation, he gave his time and his property to the Lord of the harvest, and quietly endured the reverses of fortune which followed the civil war. Denying himself the delights of a pleasant home, he entered upon long and fatiguing journeys, in perils by land and water, often under circumstances that would have justified his absence from the sessions of his Annual Conferences.

A Methodist Bishop ought to be a good judge of men. He should have a competent knowledge of human character. There are many occasions that call for the gift which approximates the apostolic power of "discerning the spirits" of men. There are times when modest merit needs encouragement, and, in some instances, it must be discovered and brought forward into the sunlight of opportunity.

Some men are never promoted to places for which they are fully competent, because they lack that self-assertion which is frequently mistaken for talent. A Bishop rarely enjoys the privilege of listening to the sermons of beginners in the ministry. It is doubtful if he could acquire much information concerning the real abilities of those young men whom he chances to hear. Embarrassment is the prevailing virtue of truly great men when they feel themselves in the presence of their superiors. I have called it a virtue, for it proves the absence of that personal vanity which is detestable in a minister, and because I believe that Bishop Paine was one of the finest examples of real pulpit power—greatest when recognizing his responsibility most, but trembling in the presence of a great occasion. He feared not the face of man, but he realized the presence of his Master, and trembled lest the duty of the hour should be imperfectly performed. More than most men who are capable of lofty flights of oratory, he was dependent upon the *sympathy* of his audience. He knew, therefore, by his own experience that a certain measure of embarrassment in the pulpit is the necessary requisite to the highest success, and he was never inclined to form a judgment of others from opportunities which would have given a false impression of himself. In his intercourse with itinerant preachers he was always studying them, as he studied every thing around him, that his knowledge might be made available for the advancement of the cause of Christ.

One of the qualifications of a Methodist Bishop is the ability to appreciate, by practical experience, the sentiments of the Apostle Paul, when he said: "I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." The man who holds in his hands to a large extent the temporal welfare of helpless women and children should understand what it is to be hungry and to "suffer need." He who has never heard the howl of the wolf at his door-step can scarcely understand the pressure of that pinching want which frequently incapacitates a minister for the work intrusted to him. It is easy to preach endurance of the winter's cold when the preacher prepares the sermon by the warmth of a genial fire. It is no difficult matter to exhort men to trust in Providence when our barns are full and there is no reasonable apprehension of lacking bread to-morrow; but he who *knows* how to be abased—he who has looked into the faces of wife and children, after revolving

the problem of periling his integrity by accumulating debt in the face of stern doubt as to the ability to pay—he is thereby better prepared with tearful eye and prayerful heart to commend to others the example of the birds that have neither barn nor store-house.

On the other hand, the absence of the ability “to know how to abound” must tend to narrowness of views and that depression of the soul which leads to poverty of mental and spiritual resources. He who has the knowledge of which the apostle speaks is prepared for any enterprise which the Spirit of God presents to his courage and endurance, assured of the bounty that has never failed to honor the largest draft which faith has ever drawn upon the bank of Providence. “To know how to abound” is, therefore, to make a right use of the earthly riches which God has placed in our hands, not using them for the gratification of selfish appetites, but as stewards of the Master, distributing to others as freely as we have received. It is not necessary that the name of the donor should be recorded on subscription lists or engraved upon marble in commemoration of princely gifts. It is enough if the hand has been ever open to the appeal of the poor and needy, and that the grace of charity has been enhanced by the kindly voice and the tone of sympathy which color the gift of silver with the ruddy radiance of gold.

Of Bishop Paine it can be justly said that he had the knowledge of these two extremes of abundance and want.

At the termination of the civil war he, in common with many thousands of our Southern countrymen, was deprived of the larger part of his property, and the remainder was so greatly depreciated in value as to make its possession a tax upon mind and heart, whilst it continued an uncertain source of income. Added to this stroke of adversity was the burden of an obligation assumed in behalf of another, which by patient and persevering industry he was enabled to discharge. To the man of honor there is no greater trial than the struggle for the payment of debts for which he has received no equivalent whatever. But bravely facing the issue, Bishop Paine endured the toil and anxiety which for himself and family he before had never known. This “service of tables” was exceedingly distasteful to a man whose whole heart was in the work of the ministry, but it gave no occasion for the diminution of his labors in the episcopal office. The rest at home was alloyed by the burden of care, but it was not made the occasion for the postponement of the engagement or the excuse for the neglect of duty. It was only among



his familiar friends that mention was ever made of the hardships of the dark and perilous days whose anxieties added many a furrow to his brow. He had known, in other days, "how to abound." The Providence which had guided his footsteps hitherto was leading him, in the evening-time of life, by a way he had not known.

Of his tenderness of heart the records may be found in the memories of those who have never been turned away empty from his door. Averse to the display of a virtue which he held as fundamental to Christianity, he made no publication of his charitable deeds, but they and their beneficiaries are among the number of those who welcomed him "to everlasting habitations." Those only who have shared his anxiety in the council-room can testify to the deep interest he felt in the welfare of the preachers who were stationed by him at the Annual Conferences. Afflicting scenes there must be, and he must be less than human who can look into the face of a man of God who has been appointed to a hard field of labor, where self-denial and suffering are inevitable, without feeling the great deeps of sympathy and compassion stirred. Sleepless nights and days of anxiety pass by all unknown to those who are the causes of these mental trials, and the strong lines which sometimes mark the face of the Bishop who reads the unwelcome news to some of his brethren are often made more rigid by the effort to suppress the sympathy which demands an utterance.

But there are other interests that must be represented at the Annual Conference. If the preachers and their families call for the exercise of sympathy upon the part of the Bishop who makes their appointments, the Church, whose welfare is at stake, must not be forgotten. The carefulness which leaves no means of information unemployed, and the sagacity which determines the adaptation of men to the diversified fields of labor, are qualifications for the episcopal office which cannot be overlooked without serious damage to the cause of Christ. Accessible to the humblest member of the flock, indulgent to none at the cost of candor and the claims of truth, Bishop Paine discharged these duties as one who must give an account to the Chief Shepherd, and preserved a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

A Methodist Bishop should be a man of firmness. Decision of character is essential to the episcopal office. A man who can be turned about by every appeal to his tenderness of heart, or by considerations which gratify the claims of personal friendship, will lose

the esteem of those competent to understand him, and the respect of those who try but fail to use him. On the other hand, he should be open to conviction, to the appeals of reason, and magnanimous enough to acknowledge an error when he is aware that he has committed it. A man who considers himself infallible, and thinks himself degraded by being proved in the wrong, has no qualifications that can compensate for a weakness that is fatal. Of all men whom I have known, Bishop Paine possessed a character most exquisitely balanced in this respect. Whether by slow or rapid induction he had formed an opinion, he was always ready to reöpen the question and view it under the new light that was brought to bear upon it. Even when his opinion had been publicly expressed, the conviction of his judgment was reversed, and the acknowledgment was made, if in the meantime the facts appeared which proved his error. On a memorable occasion, he spoke hastily and unadvisedly in open Conference, and by doing so greatly wronged one of the young ministers. No sooner was the fact made apparent to him than Bishop Paine, with a majestic presence, and in a tone of voice that expressed far more than words can convey, publicly confessed his error and craved the pardon of the brother whom he had wronged. It was this nobility of character that made him truly great. A supreme love of truth for its own sake, and that largeness of soul that confesses an error as publicly as it has been committed, are virtues that belong only to nature's noblemen.

Acquainted with all the vicissitudes of itinerant life; sympathizing with every grade and degree of ministerial fortune and ability; with tenderness of heart which is called womanly because it approximates the divine; with unalterable resolution when reason gave unqualified approval; with heroic courage equal to any emergency of time and place; with inflexible will whose strength was chastened by submission to the will of God; with modest diffidence, distrusting himself and giving all praise and glory to the Master whose service was his delight—Robert Paine fought the good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and has ascended to the throne of his Redeemer, to receive the crown of eternal life.

W. P. HARRISON.

Nashville, Tenn., September, 1884.

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# LIFE OF BISHOP PAINE.

## CHAPTER I.

### ANCESTRY—BIRTH—BOYHOOD.

ABOUT the year 1699 Dr. James Paine landed in America. He was an Englishman, and had been educated in London as a physician. After remaining a short time in New England, he settled in what is now Person county, North Carolina. He was a man of affairs, and erected the first brick house ever seen in Person county. He had four sons, one of whom was named Robert. He was the grandfather of the Bishop, and was married to Elizabeth Miller in 1772. James Paine was the fruit of this marriage, and was born on March 18, 1776. Robert, the grandfather of the Bishop, was also a physician, and was among the patriots of the Revolutionary war, and was commander of a company. After the close of the war he was elected to the Legislature of his native State, and became a prominent member. He was a sensible, pious, and generous-hearted Christian gentleman. He died in 1808, universally honored and respected. James, the oldest son of Dr. Robert Paine, was the father of the Bishop. He was educated at the University of North Carolina, and was married to Miss Nancy A. Williams on January 7, 1799. He was for many years the efficient clerk of the High Court in his native county, and held the office until his removal to Giles county, Tennessee, in 1814. He was a modest, quiet, sensible, and useful Christian gentleman. He never sought office, but was for many years a leading

magistrate in Giles county. He brought up a large family of sons and daughters, of whom Robert was the oldest. He was a gentleman of the olden times, possessed of large wealth, owning and cultivating a fine plantation in the rich county of Giles. The Bishop says of him: "My father had no aspirations for either civil or military honors, although he was prevailed upon to act as Judge of the County Court, and was for many years a justice of the peace." He was remarkable for sound judgment, integrity of principle, and Christian consistency. He was a gentleman of fine culture and spotless reputation, pleasant in conversation, just in his dealings, wise in counsel, and possessed of the highest domestic virtues. He was thrice married. Robert, the subject of this memoir, was born in Person county, North Carolina, November 12, 1799.

It will be seen, as we accompany him through a life of more than eighty years, that he was in all respects worthy of a noble ancestry. His father of fine English blood and his mother of Welsh descent could both look with hope to the future of their first-born. He was bright and promising, and gave no little joy to the youthful couple. He soon exhibited those elements of character which marked him all along his eventful life. He was in no respect inferior to those who gave to him the heritage of a good name. He was a modest, brave boy, and from his early boyhood always loved and told the truth. He always prided himself on his love for the truth, which he had always practiced from his boyhood to manhood and from manhood to old age. While at school in North Carolina he made rapid progress. The family had scarcely settled quietly down in their Tennessee home before they learned there was an excellent school in the neighborhood. This was under the management of William Brown, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and a brother of the Hon. A. V. Brown, who



afterward became distinguished as a politician, and was at one time Governor of the State of Tennessee and at another a member of Congress, and was also a member of the cabinet of President Polk. William Brown was a good teacher, and was always proud of having had Robert Paine as his pupil. The study of the classics now largely engaged his attention, and here he laid the foundation of his education. Greatly to his regret, the school closed in a year, and he spent a year as clerk in a mercantile house in Pulaski. He was active, intelligent, polite, and popular. Although full of life and fond of fun, he allowed nothing to interfere with his duties to his employer. He was thoroughly honest and very methodical and accurate in attending to business, still the business did not suit him. He thirsted for knowledge. He desired to perfect himself in the classics, in which he was already quite proficient, and to make himself master of the higher mathematics. It so happened that a good opportunity was afforded in a school of high grade taught by Dr. Wier and Professor Alexander in the village of Lynnville, Giles county, Tenn. Thither he went in January, 1816. He went to work with his usual vigor. He pursued his studies with such success that he was soon ready for the sophomore class of the colleges of that day.

It has been stated again and again that he was educated at Chapel Hill, and that he was a classmate of President James K. Polk. This was not true. He did not carry out his purposes in that direction. His father greatly desired him to do so. He had him ready to start to Cumberland College, at Nashville, but his son felt it to be his duty to enter at once upon the work of the ministry. "Conscience settled the matter then, and he was never disposed to unsettle it." He was a good scholar, thorough in English and proficient in the Latin and Greek languages and in mathematics. He also studied French and became acquainted with Hebrew.

## CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION—ENTRANCE ON THE WORK OF AN ITINERANT  
PREACHER.

THE parents of Robert Paine were up to this time members of no Church. They were inclined to the Baptist denomination. The training of Robert was moral but not religious. He was taught to be truthful and honorable, and always had the greatest respect for religion. When a room-mate of his at Dr. Wier's school uttered infidel sentiments, he said in reply: "These sentiments of yours are intolerable to me. I cannot room with an infidel. After to-night we part, and I go to another boarding-house." He had been taught and believed the Bible to be true, and the fear of being an infidel determined him at once to separate from his room-mate. His conversion was on this wise: He had been the subject of deep religious impressions from early life. These feelings were intensified by the death of his mother. She was soundly converted, and died uttering as her last words, "Peace, peace." She was a good mother, and her dying-words had a powerful effect upon his young and susceptible heart. About a year after her death he was greatly affected by the preaching of the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, who had been connected with his father as clerk in a mercantile house in North Carolina, when they were both boys. A camp-meeting was to be held at Pisgah, in Giles county, in October, 1817. Douglass was the presiding elder, and Miles Harper preacher in charge. At this meeting his friend Sterling Brown went forward as a seeker of religion. Robert, although deeply affected by his friend's going forward, failed to do so, and went alone into the neigh-

boring forest and offered up prayer, sought religion, and determined to be a Christian. Many were converted, but he was not among the number. He could not overcome his deep-seated repugnance to what he called "religious sensationalism," hence he gave no public indication that he was a seeker of religion. Yet he was in earnest. Alone in the forest, he resolved to search the Scriptures, and from them to learn the way of life. He left the camp-meeting to carry out this purpose. He continued reading his Bible and praying until the following Sabbath, October 9, 1817. There was a meeting at the house of Davis Brown. Thither Robert went, and there, bowing before God in prayer, he resolved to give himself to the work of saving his soul. Before the meeting closed he was soundly converted. The evidence was strong and clear. He felt the burden of sin removed and that his heart was renewed by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He was satisfied. He knew that he was born again. He was happy. Love to God and man was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. He was not noisy, yet he was so overpowered by a sense of God's redeeming and forgiving love that all the darkness of the past was made luminous and every doubt and fear removed. From that day to the hour of his death he never doubted his conversion. For sixty-five years he celebrated in his heart, and often in grateful words, the return of the day which marked the anniversary of his conversion. His conversion, so bright yet so calm, filling him with the love of God, was followed by his immediate connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. About the same time Hartwell and Sterling Brown were also converted, and by the advice of the presiding elder, the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, these young men went to the Tennessee Conference, which was opened at Franklin, Tenn., October 30, 1817. Robert had not yet been baptized, and of course had not been fully admitted

into the Church. During this session of the Conference he received the ordinance of baptism by pouring. The Rev. Miles Harper administered the ordinance. Our young convert was deeply impressed by the Conference. "The session was held in a narrow, long, low school-house near the old Methodist Church. Bishops Robert R. Roberts and Enoch George presided alternately. The sermon of Bishop Roberts on Sunday, at the court-house, on Hebrews ii. 3, was deeply impressive, and under it there was a great display of divine power. The Conference embraced the whole State of Tennessee, all of Kentucky south of Salt River, and a portion of South-western Virginia. The religious impression made upon the community was very great. A revival began early in the session and continued to the close. Scores were converted. Our young soldier felt the call of God, "Go preach." He had not been licensed. Not one month had passed since he first felt the glow of divine love and rested in Christ. He could not be admitted into the Conference without a palpable violation of the Discipline of the Church. Yet he must preach. He had once in the absence of the preacher been called upon to deliver a sermon. His text was, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The word had its effect, for God was with him. So it was determined to take the young man and put him to work. Some time after the Conference he returned to Giles county, and at a quarterly-meeting Conference, held at Rehoboth, he was licensed to preach. He was really not licensed until January, after he had been on the circuit some months. He was immediately engaged by the presiding elder, the Rev. T. L. Douglass, to travel on the Nashville Circuit with Miles Harper as senior preacher. Miles Harper was no ordinary man. He had been largely instrumental in the conversion of his youthful colleague, had baptized him,

and possessed his largest confidence. It was well they should be thus intimately associated. It was a blessing to one so young to have such a friend as Miles Harper. "Burning in zeal, eloquent in speech, with an unusual degree of unction in his public prayers and sermons," he nearly always touched the hearts of his hearers. At a camp-meeting he was almost irresistible. While he was preaching persons would involuntarily rise to their feet and press toward the preacher, and often kneel and cry for mercy. He was almost a natural orator, with vivid imagination, deep feeling, great courage, and a strong, clear, and musical voice. Such was the man who became the adviser and instructor of the youth Paine in his first efforts to preach the gospel. This was the old method of preparing our young men for the ministerial office. We had no theological schools. The circuit, encompassing many square miles, was then the only school of the prophets. So on the Nashville Circuit, with Miles Harper as his example and instructor, Robert Paine first learned to preach the gospel. He says: "We had the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord prosper in our hands. Many were converted and some sanctified."

The next Conference opened at Nashville on October 1, 1818. Bishops McKendree and George presided. At this Conference twenty-six were admitted on trial, of whom Robert Paine was one. He was appointed in charge of Flint Circuit. He was still a youth in his teens, but he did not hesitate. Brave, zealous, prudent, and faithful, he was blessed with a revival continuing through the year. He says: "One hundred and sixty souls were converted at two camp-meetings, a general revival going on all around the circuit, an increase of two hundred and thirty members, and all was peace and love."

## CHAPTER III.

VOLUNTEERS TO GO SOUTH—IS SENT TO TUSCALOOSA CIRCUIT—  
DOES FAITHFUL WORK—ATTENDS CONFERENCE—SENT TO  
MURFREESBORO—SENT TO LEBANON.

OCTOBER 1, 1819, the Conference again met in Nashville. A call was made for volunteers to go South. Robert Paine at once offered his services and was accepted. He was appointed to Tuscaloosa Circuit. Here he had all the difficulties to encounter incident to a new country. The streams were without bridges, and frequently he risked his life in crossing them. The settlers were often many miles apart, and frequently he had to go without a road through the dense, unbroken forests. He says: "My life was often in imminent peril, but out of all these troubles the Lord delivered me." Here he formed many permanent friendships, to which he loved to recur in all his subsequent life. Dr. Robert L. Kennon, a prince in Israel, a man of the highest talents and loftiest Christian virtues, was among these early friends. He did not live to see his young friend a presiding Bishop in the Methodist Church, but he did live to see him advanced to high position, adorning all the walks of refined social life, raising high the banner of the cross, a teacher in Israel of exalted worth, and eagerly pursuing the path which his youthful feet were then treading, and which has been made illustrious by apostles and martyrs along all the ages. Dr. Kennon himself was among the greatest and best of our Southern preachers. His sun set at noon, but it shone with ineffable brightness to the last. No man did more for the cause of God in Alabama than this early and life-long friend of the young preacher.

This work was three hundred and twenty-five miles in circuit, and embraced twenty-eight appointments in four weeks.

October, 1820, the Tennessee Conference was held in Hopkinsville, Ky. No bishop was present. Robert Paine was apparently ruined in health by the severe labors of the year just closed. He, however, went up to the Conference on horseback, and was admitted into full connection, though not ordained. This year he was stationed at Murfreesboro. He had access to one of the best libraries in the State. He read history, science, and literature with an avidity and a profit rarely equaled. His thirst for knowledge was being satisfied. He was a learner, and the best books were his teachers. He wrote rigid analyses of the works read. He became enamored with natural science. He read chemistry, astronomy, physics, and enjoyed the reading. He read Shakespeare, and appreciated the great dramatist. He read Milton, and was filled with rapture as he followed the flights of his imperial imagination. Then his Bible and the standards were not neglected. He made great improvement in preaching. His language became refined and elegant. His imagination seemed inspired. He surpassed the expectation of his friends and won upon the community and the Church as few young men ever did. Sterling Brown was then the wonder of Tennessee. His enthusiasm drew with more than magnetic power. He was all aflame with love and zeal. He excelled in almost every department of sound eloquence. His command of language seemed almost inexhaustible. His power of description was exhibited in the highest form of word-painting. The picture was right before the hearer, filling him with wonder, startling him with terror, melting him with its tenderness, or winning him with love. But in no respect was Sterling Brown the superior of Robert Paine, while in varied learning, thorough culture, delicate and ele-

gant taste, Paine was actually surpassing all the young men of his age.

November, 1821, the Conference met at Salem, Bedford county, Tenn. On November 11 our young preacher was solemnly ordained a deacon by Bishop McKendree, and was returned to Murfreesboro and Shelbyville. This year was as the past, and was profitable to all. The people were delighted, and he was rejoiced because of the opportunity afforded for continued improvement. The next Tennessee Conference was held in East Tennessee, and he was taken violently ill of a bilious fever. He was sick for seven weeks, and his life was despaired of. He himself had no hope of living until his faithful friend Rev. W. B. Peck was conversing with him about the plan and manner of his burial. He said: "I felt a confidence that I should get well. I commenced at once to improve, and finally recovered. This is the Lord's doing, bless his holy name!" Immediately upon his recovery he went to his appointment, which was at Lebanon and Franklin. He did not arrive until about the middle of January, 1823. He continued to grow in favor with God and man, as was shown at the next Conference, held in Huntsville, Ala., November 26, 1823. Here he was elected and ordained elder, and elected a delegate to the General Conference. He was appointed presiding elder of the Forked Deer District. From this time on he is always found in the front ranks. Preaching before he was licensed by the Church, traveling a circuit in less than one month after his conversion, a stationed preacher before he was twenty-one years old, a presiding elder and a delegate to the General Conference at the age of twenty-four years. From this time on he attended every General Conference, as delegate or Bishop, until his death—fifteen in all, and in nine of which he presided as Bishop. Seldom has any man among us risen so rapidly, and certainly not one more deservedly.



## CHAPTER IV.

PRESIDING ELDER—DELEGATE TO GENERAL CONFERENCE—  
ASSISTS BISHOP MCKENDREE IN HIS ADDRESS, ETC.

THE Forked Deer District, to which Robert Paine was appointed at the Conference which began its session at Huntsville, Ala., November 26, 1823, embraced a large scope of country. It extended from Florence, Ala., to the Mississippi River, and to the line of Kentucky, embracing the "Purchase," and also extended all along the northern boundary of the State of Mississippi—a territory considerably larger than that now occupied by the present Memphis Conference. Early in January the young presiding elder set out on his mission. His first quarterly-meeting was on the Bigbee Circuit. He preached with great liberty and success, and after preaching on Sunday came very near losing his life. He says: "After preaching, as I was going off with Father Brewer, I got my foot hung in the stirrup. My horse became alarmed, and dragged me under him and along the road, tramping over me and kicking. Just as he started at full speed to run between a stump and the fence, where I must have been instantly killed, Divine Providence released my foot, and I escaped unhurt. This is to me one of the strongest and surest pledges that my God is my guard. O that I may love and serve him more faithfully! My soul, praise and adore him!" This was by far the most difficult work to which he had been appointed. He often had to lodge in a log-cabin of only one room, lighted by pine-knots, and uncomfortably crowded with people. He gives an account of having to spend one night in an open cabin, in which there were but two beds for seven adult persons.

In speaking of these trials, he says: "I thank God that I envy neither the rich nor the great. I feel that I am discharging my duties. The people are very poor, honest, and pious. I was never better satisfied. I am happy in religion, and not afraid to die. This evening I have been much blessed. O how I do realize the poet's words!

Lord, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joy of pardoned sin;  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within."

Again he says: "I have labored with my own hands until they are blistered and very sore. Am studying a work on chemistry. Country full of wolves, bears, and panthers. Thank God I have continued peaceful, and that I am growing! I desire more humility, zeal, and love. Glory, glory be to God for pure and sweet religion!" I have made these extracts from his diary to show how amidst crosses, hardships, and even dangers, he was sustained by the grace of God, and was rising to a higher life. His studies were not neglected. By day and night, on horseback and in the humble cabin of the pioneer, he was pursuing his studies. He kept himself busy all the time. If necessary he would help a poor brother put up a fence or build a stable, or assist in any needful work, until his hands were blistered almost, and forced him to stop. If the wolves and bears were alarming the women and killing the stock, he would shoulder a gun and accompany his host in the chase, and then at night he was found studying the profoundest works on natural science then at his command. He says: "Finished work on natural philosophy. Pleasing and sublime study." But the most gratifying part of his experience as a presiding elder is his growth in grace and his almost rapturous joy when he finds that he has been instrumental in doing good. He says: "Blessed be God that I have been so honored as to be instrumental in the salvation

of souls. I have been often tempted to think that there are no real seals to my ministry. Away with such thoughts! Lord, make me more humble, patient, zealous, and holy. God in his wisdom may keep me from knowing the good I may be instrumental in accomplishing, but I trust I shall see in eternity many happy souls whom I have led to Christ. For this I am willing to suffer cold and hunger, and indeed all other privations. O my soul, awake to the importance of the ministry! How anxious I should be to bring to glory and to save immortal souls! God of omnipotence, clothe me with divine energy, and help me so to preach and exercise myself as to be able to count thousands of souls as stars to my crown in eternity. Spirit of God, rest upon me and attend my labors." Again he says: "It is my heart's desire to be a useful, holy, and powerful minister of Christ, and see the work revive all over the district. I pray for my preachers, that they may be as flaming seraphs from on high, sent on a mission of eternal importance." It is no marvel that the cause of God prospered in his hands. He was abundant in labors, preaching whenever he had opportunity. He flamed like a seraph himself, and imparted his spirit largely to his preachers. He had converts at most of his quarterly-meetings, and was himself hungering and thirsting for perfect love. He was a man of one work. His consecration was entire. His lips seemed to be touched with a live coal from the altar. A vein of deep piety was exhibited in all his public ministrations and in his private walk. He was a close student that he might become a more useful man. He consecrated all his knowledge to God. He brought every power with which God had invested him, and laying all upon the altar, said, "Lord, I am thine."

After a round on the district, he had to leave for the General Conference in Baltimore. He started in March in company with Bishop McKendree and the Rev. Thomas L. Doug-

lass and wife. They did not get a palace car at Nashville and arrive at Baltimore in twenty-six hours. The old Bishop was in a carriage and the rest on horseback. They crossed the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee, and thence into North Carolina and through Virginia to Baltimore. It took them nearly six weeks to accomplish the journey. It seems now almost incredible that Mrs. Douglass, who weighed more than two hundred pounds, should have been able to accomplish such a journey on horseback. Of this trip Bishop Paine writes in his "Notes of Life:" "It would be unnecessary and too tedious to dwell upon the incidents of that long trip over mountains and bad roads, or to repeat by narrative the sufferings endured by my loved and venerated charge, Bishop McKendree, and how often I bathed his aching and swollen feet after a hard day's travel, and sought by self-denial to get him a night's rest. Passing through North Carolina, visiting my relations, and thence through Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia, we arrived at Baltimore on May 1, 1824. I was sent with the Bishop to the house of William Watkins, a merchant living in Light street, where we found a hearty welcome in an intelligent Methodist family. The memory of Mrs. Watkins and of that precious circle is still fresh and sweet after the lapse of fifty-eight years." The number of delegates was one hundred and thirty-four, of whom Robert Paine was the youngest. The address of the Bishops was prepared under the direction of Bishop McKendree, but it was the composition of the youthful delegate. He wrote and rewrote it. He subjected it to the closest criticism both by himself and the old Bishop. He spared neither pains nor labor to make every word the very best that could be selected, and to have every sentence without a fault and beyond criticism. He always said that its preparation involved the greatest labor, but that it was to him a real benediction. It opened up to

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him a new field, and caused him to study more thoroughly the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was during the preparation of this address that he laid the foundation for that rigid and accurate construction of ecclesiastical law for which he became famous during his long service as a Bishop. The General Conference of 1824 was a most important one in the annals of Methodism, but it is needless here to enter into any detail of its work. At its close our young presiding elder returned as quickly as possible to his district. He spent the time in preaching, holding camp-meetings, and more thoroughly organizing the work on the Forked Deer District. Cheerfully, bravely, conscientiously had he labored in his Lord's vineyard.

## CHAPTER V.

IMPROVING AS A PREACHER—MARRIES MISS SUSANNA BECK—  
STATIONED IN NASHVILLE—HIS WORK—PRESIDING ELDER—  
COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

WE now see Robert Paine developed into a preacher of very high order. He had unction. He had variety. He was deeply spiritual, and often thrillingly eloquent. His imagination was capable of the highest, grandest flights. It was difficult for him to curb it. Its creations were sometimes almost bordering on the extravagant, but they startled the people by their originality, and moved them by their vividness. He was even then felt to be the rising man in the Methodist Church. And yet his life was one of the greatest self-denial. Well educated, brought up in the best society, with the finest prospects of wealth and fame, capable of distinguishing himself in law or medicine, and of shining in politics, he surrendered all to Christ. Like Moses, the servant of God, he preferred the reproach of Christ to all the honors and treasures that this world could afford.

At the close of the Conference-year Robert Paine and Susanna Beck were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. She was the daughter of John E. Beck, a prominent lawyer of Nashville, and a granddaughter of General James Robertson, the pioneer of Middle Tennessee. I knew her well, and can testify to her exalted character. She was of handsome person, and in every way attractive. Her manners were characterized by great modesty and refinement. She was possessed of rare intelligence, and was gifted in conversation. She was amiable, prudent, and deeply pious, and was a helpmeet to her husband.

On the 25th day of November, 1824, the Conference opened its session at Columbia, Tenn. At its close Robert Paine was read out for Nashville. He entered immediately upon his pastorate. He became at once identified with his people. His congregations were the largest that had ever attended upon the ministry of a Methodist preacher in that young city. His influence constantly increased. He became a power for good. He was caressed and flattered. He continued humble and prayerful. He laid down these principles, by which he would govern his conduct and keep himself unsoiled: "Be not too familiar with any one. Too great intimacy is often injurious. When I feel a wrong spirit rising within me I will be silent. Words are like oil on fire. I will never do myself what I condemn in others. It is a great shame for a preacher to do what he does not and cannot approve in others. Nothing but grace, grace can save my soul." He continued a hard, close student. Besides his Bible and theological works, he studied history and astronomy, and employed himself often in composition. He was returned to Nashville at the ensuing Conference.

During these years A. L. P. Green and John B. McFerrin, together with John M. Holland and G. W. D. Harris, had been admitted into the work of the itinerant ministry. Methodism was on rising ground. Holland became a great power, and dying while still in his prime, left an immortal influence behind him. Harris, too, was a man of great ability and large influence. He is gone, but his children still show the power of religious culture and the lasting influence of consecrated talents. Green and McFerrin were for a long time co-workers in building up the cause of Christ in the city of Nashville. While all honor is due to these noble brethren, and while the venerable McFerrin still stands solid as a block of granite, sustaining and advancing

all the interests of true religion, it is safe to say no man ever did more for the cause of God in Nashville than Robert Paine. For years after he left the State an appointment for him to preach would draw larger congregations than could be called together by any other man. All honor to the Youngs and Kelleys, the Sawries and Hargroves, and the rest who have had charge of churches in Nashville, and who have helped to make that city a great center of Christian influence throughout the land; but to none of them is our holy religion more indebted than to Robert Paine, who laid the foundation so deep and strong more than fifty years ago. He continued in Nashville as station preacher and presiding elder of the Nashville District until the Conference of 1829, which was held at Huntsville, Ala., in the month of November of that year. At that Conference he was appointed Superintendent of La Grange College, Alabama. He thought it was like Zion, and so wrote, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." From the top of this mountain was presented one of the most beautiful views upon which the eyes ever rested. Stretching along from its base, abounding in fertility, in a high state of cultivation, and as far as the eye could see, was the magnificent Tennessee Valley. The Tennessee River flowed through it like a thread of silver, increasing its beauty and adding to its fertility. The flourishing town of Huntsville, which has always been the pride of North Alabama, was at the eastern end, and it extended west to the territory then occupied by the Indians in North Mississippi. Tusculumbia, Florence, Leighton, and many rich plantations, on which were splendid mansions, were in full view. At that time the village of La Grange had a population of some four hundred people. They were mostly planters who had gone thither for health. The Rev. Daniel P. Bester was conducting a flourishing school for young ladies. The outlook was hopeful.



The whole scene was inspiring. The young President had been unwittingly preparing for this very field of labor. During these years of study he had been fitting himself for this work without ever thinking that he should be called away from his regular and loved employ of preaching the gospel. At Nashville he had become intimately associated with the Rev. Philip Lindsley, the President of the University. Appreciating his talents and learning, Dr. Lindsley had conferred upon him the degree of A.M., and the Trustees had elected him to a place in the Board of Trust. So he was not unfamiliar with the method of conducting colleges. He knew human nature, and was born to rule. His excellent practical common sense now stood him in hand. He had learned to keep books when he was a merchant's clerk, and this was of prime importance in managing the funds of the institution. His consecrated piety enabled him to wield a mighty religious influence among the boys. Soon there was a great revival. Many were the young converts. Collins D. Elliott, the son of an itinerant Methodist preacher in Ohio, aided largely in the revival. He took charge of the young men, and formed them into a large college class. Once a week he met his class, and soon he became one of the most useful and successful leaders in the Church. He was himself a deeply religious young man, and his training at home and at Augusta College, Kentucky, admirably fitted him for his work. Deeply emotional, full of zeal, conscientious, earnest, and often powerful in prayer, apt to teach, and giving to each member the instruction needed, he made his class-room a Bethel—a very house of God—to the young men and boys who in such large numbers had embraced the Saviour.

Soon the Trustees prevailed upon the efficient Superintendent to lay aside his modesty and accept the entire situation. In this the Faculty fully concurred, and in a year

or two Robert Paine was regularly declared the President of La Grange College. In no department of our great work is there greater strain upon all the powers of the conscientious laborer than in this of education. To President Paine were committed all the interests of the college. It was his business to select instructors, and recommend them to the Board. He was to attend to the finances. His financial ability was fully brought into requisition, and nobly did he meet his responsibilities. Without one cent of endowment, without the necessary buildings, without local patronage, and without the appliances and fixtures essential to large success, he entered into this work of the Church. He was an active member of the Board, and urged forward all those measures that tended to give the institution a character which would enable it to increase its patronage and extend its influence. In a short time Professor Sims was called to the chair of Languages in Randolph-Macon College, to the head of which Stephen Olin was called. About the same time Professor Hudson was elected to the chair of Mathematics in the Alabama University. C. D. Elliott succeeded Professor Sims, and W. H. Ellison, the son-in-law of Dr. Capers, was called to the chair of Mathematics.

## CHAPTER VI.

CONFERENCE AT PULASKI, TENNESSEE—FALLING METEORS—PRESIDENT OF LA GRANGE COLLEGE—GIFTS AND GRACES.

IT was in the fall of 1833 that I first saw President Paine. I was attending my first Conference in the town of Pulaski, Giles county, Tenn. I was standing with a few ministers of my class in front of the Methodist Church. One of them said, "There they come," meaning the Committee of Examination. The chairman of this committee was President Paine. He was then in the prime of manhood, just thirty-four years old. His movements were the perfection of ease and grace. His form was so faultless that it would have served as a model for the Apollo Belvedere. He was in perfect health. His ample forehead, broad and high, and then without a wrinkle, indicated the placidity of his temper and the might and energy of his powerful brain. His large dark eyes expressed so much of genius, intelligence, and principle as to impress most deeply even the most casual observer. His mouth indicated firmness, and the whole contour of his features impressed me that I was in the presence of a man of exalted character.

It was during this Conference, on the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday, that the memorable meteoric shower occurred, which is regarded as the most magnificent on record. It was a grand sight. All the stars of heaven seemed to be falling. Many were terrified, and thought the day of judgment at hand. Some wept and others shouted. Many prayed, and made wonderful confessions of sins committed. President Paine looked upon the scene with rapt attention, and with the admiration of the Christian and the scholar.

He had just been reading the account of a similar shower on the 12th and 13th of November, 1799, the night before his own birth. The next morning, before the beginning of Conference, he was quieting all our fears by an explanation of the occurrence and by reference to these former showers of which he had been very recently reading. I looked up to him then as far above ordinary men, and as capable of accomplishing the greatest human results. At as early a day as possible I sought his counsel as to the propriety of my going to college. He was exceedingly cautious. He hesitated to advise me. He spoke of the advantages of a college education, yet would he in no case interfere with conscience. He therefore threw the responsibility upon me. I was still a beardless boy. My father anxiously desired to give me a classical education. I had promised him before leaving home to do as he wished. I felt bound to keep this promise, and therefore made my arrangements to enter at once upon my studies. I so informed Mr. Paine, and he cordially invited me to come as soon as possible, and to come direct to his house. I can never forget the Monday afternoon when I arrived at the college. I was in a sad plight. I had been five days going one hundred and fifty miles. I was worn and travel-stained. I had walked through the mud and water for nearly ten miles. The President was standing on the platform in front of the college chapel. The boys were scattered over the *campus*. They were in high glee, as the exercises were just closed, and for a time they were free. They did not meet my ideal of college students. They made the *campus* ring with their shouts. The President turned to me, and said: "Boys will be boys; we do not expect them to be saints." I have been reminded a thousand times of this utterance. It illustrated his sympathy with boyhood. It showed his knowledge of human nature. It gave me an insight into his management of his

boys, and revealed to some extent the secret of his power over them. He did not attempt impossibilities. He did not interfere with the innocent hilarity of youth. At the right time he delighted in innocent mirth. His religion never assumed the form of sour godliness. The play of wit, the sense of the ridiculous, the enjoyment of humor, all accompanied by the hearty laugh, were altogether compatible with his notions of piety. While he set himself as a flint against all forms of vice, and held with a firm, steady hand the reins of college government, he encouraged all innocent amusements and healthful gymnastic exercises. He was himself exceedingly swift of foot, and could excel in many feats of agility. Against every form of vice he brought all the power of his great character. The severest irony and the sharpest wit when used by him would often make the guilty boy writhe in agony. His denunciation of vice in all its forms was the most scathing I ever witnessed. Shame, remorse, anger, pride would by turns rise up, and one or the other would almost compel confession. Still he was patient and forbearing. He was seeking reformation, and to this end his versatile powers were all employed. College life was always irksome to him. He greatly preferred the work of the pastorate. His preaching was affected by this radical change. His taste became more exacting. He hesitated between the different words which presented themselves to his choice. The hesitation seemed to proceed from an entire loss of words. This was not true. Often, as he has told me, a half dozen words would present themselves, and as he desired to use the best he would hesitate and seem confused. The hesitation was often embarrassing, especially to his friends, who knew his great powers as a sacred orator. During these years, when the least was expected, he made some of his grandest efforts. I recall a night in the college chapel when the Faculty of the

college and the students were almost the only hearers. He was thoroughly himself. His thoughts, original and stirring, were expressed in the purest English and with faultless taste. His imagination seemed roused to its grandest creations. His feelings were all aglow, and he made an appeal in behalf of our holy religion which moved that little audience as I have seldom seen an audience moved. When we came out, Professor Ellison said to me: "Did you ever listen to any thing equal to that? That effort would have graced any occasion and gratified any audience. I wrote to Dr. Capers a few days ago, and told him that the Church at large did not know the wonderful power of President Paine. Not at Conference before a large audience, not upon any great occasion, but here at home, with not more than one hundred listeners, he made efforts which I have never heard surpassed." He then went on to compare him with those great preachers Drs. Capers and Pierce, and said, "Paine is the equal of any." The boys were proud of him, and, as college boys will do, when out of his hearing called him by the familiar name of "Old Bob." Old Bob, they said, "could outpreach anybody." In the fall of 1833 the Rev. John C. Burruss came on a visit from Mississippi, and attracted great attention as a most charming preacher. At the Mountain Spring Camp-meeting, held near Courtland, many of the college boys were present. The sermon of Brother Burruss made a most powerful impression and excited universal admiration. He had a sweet, musical voice, and was a word-painter of wonderful artistic skill. He was an elegant Virginian, a gentleman of the old school. His gestures were graceful, his articulation distinct, his pronunciation accurate, and his emphasis tasteful and impressive. Then he added to all this manners the most graceful and courtly. His manners would have given him eclat in any of the halls of royalty in the courts of Europe. North

Alabama was at that time the center of refinement. Courtland especially boasted of elegant culture, and Mr. Burruss was the admired of all. So popular was his preaching that the boys became alarmed. They began to dread a rival to "Old Bob." Sunday came. The day was all that could be desired. The audience was one of the largest ever assembled in North Alabama. As usual in those days, two sermons were to be delivered at the noon service. Brother Burruss was to preach first. He never appeared to better advantage. He was about forty-five years of age, and at the zenith of his glory. He seldom made a failure, and on this occasion his effort was equal to his best. The graces of oratory were never exhibited before a more appreciative audience. He ceased while the charms of the most beautiful word-painting and the softest and tenderest appeals in behalf of the cross of Christ were telling largely upon a deeply interested audience. President Paine was to follow. His text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The sermon of the gifted Burruss had aroused Paine, and fully prepared him to do his best. He seemed to be clothed with supernatural power and to come with all the authority of of an ambassador of Christ. His credentials from the court of heaven could not have been more clearly read had they been written in letters of gold. His caustic satire and vehement invective presented to that congregation idleness in a new light. That which had formerly seemed altogether negative in its character now appeared as a sin of high magnitude. Idleness was portrayed as a sin against self, against society, against the Church, and above all against God. There was dignity in labor, and glory in the work of Christ. To labor in his vineyard was man's highest honor. To neglect it was the blight of all progress and the ruin of the soul. Then with a voice like a trumpet, and with an intensity of earnestness worthy of an apostle, he

invited, he called with all the authority of his divine mission: "Go work in God's vineyard. *Go work to-day.* To postpone is ruin, to neglect is death!" A most profound impression was produced. He had equaled his grandest efforts. He knew nothing of rivalry. He was above that, and so was his great and good friend Mr. Burruss. The success of one was the triumph of the other. I have given this incident largely for the purpose of impressing this generous and noble Christian spirit upon the preachers of this day. Let there be no ungenerous, unchristian rivalry, but as in the case of the now sainted Burruss and Paine, let the success of one be the triumph of the other. No man was louder in his praise than was the noble Virginian. The boys were in ecstasy, and declared that such a sermon was never preached before.



## CHAPTER VII.

STUDYING AMONG THE ROCKS—COLLEGE LIFE—TEACHING—  
RIGID REQUIREMENTS—DANGERS—COURAGE.

IN the meantime the college continued to increase its patronage and to gain influence. The President had the department of Moral Science. He also taught geology and mineralogy. He had a fine opportunity for the study of geology, and he industriously availed himself of it. He spent much time in the gorges of the mountain. He went, like Hugh Miller, with his hammer in hand, breaking the rocks and studying their composition. He penetrated into the deep, dark caverns, and brought out many beautiful specimens. Fifty years ago he declared that iron and coal in great abundance would be found in the mountains of North Alabama. He became a practical geologist, ahead of most men of his day. At one time he spent twenty-four hours without sleep in a cave near Tusculumbia, Ala., at least one hundred feet below the surface. The density of the atmosphere enabled him to endure and perform all this. In his own department he studied Butler, Reid, Brown, Stewart, Abercrombie, Say, Blair, Campbell, Alexander, and Paley, and others. He was unequalled in the lecture-room. Sometimes he would hesitate, and seem to be at a loss, while at others he would be sublimely eloquent, and fill the ideal of a great professor. At one time he would abound in illustrations—unique, original, beautiful, and throwing the clearest light upon the most obscure subjects; at another, he would ask a few leading questions, and, without requiring or giving any full analysis of the lesson, would dismiss the class. He

required of my class a most rigid and thorough written analysis of Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric. This was the greatest task of our college life, and possibly the most profitable.

At the close of 1835 the health of Mrs. Paine began to fail. The disease was of the lungs. With his invalid wife he spent the winter in Louisiana at the home of her father, Mr. Craighead. She never returned to La Grange. I had been the inmate of the family for months. She was a model woman, and always treated me as a younger brother. She died at her old home in Nashville, among dear friends and in full hope of a blissful immortality. She was courageous to the last, and insisted that her husband should attend the commencement of the college in June, 1836. She knew her end was near, but felt that she would survive until his return. He left La Grange about the 9th of June, 1836, and arrived at Nashville just a few days before she entered into rest. Her funeral-sermon was preached by his friend Dr. J. B. McFerrin. She left two sons, John E. Beck and James S. They were bright and promising boys, and were almost too young to feel the loss of their noble mother. They both grew to be men. John studied medicine, and died just in the prime of young manhood, and just as he was entering upon a most useful career. James is still living. At the opening of the session in September, President Paine was at his post lonely and sad. The wife of his youth had been taken, and although not a demonstrative man, he showed in all his walk and conversation that he was indeed bereaved. At the same time he was faithful and diligent in the discharge of all his duties.

In the winter of 1836-37 Professor Ellison resigned. He was a noble specimen of manhood. For years he had filled his chair with great acceptability and usefulness. His stern, inflexible integrity deeply impressed itself upon the young

men of the college. Professor Collins D. Elliott was transferred to the vacant chair, and the writer was elected Professor of Latin and Greek. At the same time Dr. Thomas Barbour was elected Professor of Chemistry, and Henry Masson, from Paris, France, was chosen Professor of Modern Languages. Dr. Barbour was the son of the Hon. Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, who was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The new professor was a highly educated physician, and gave great satisfaction to the students and Faculty of the college. It was in his family that President Paine found a home for himself and his two little boys. Mrs. Barbour did all in her power to alleviate their great sorrow. She was a beautiful Christian character, and acted the part of a loving sister to the bereaved husband, and sought to be a mother to his two motherless children. The President could not have had more pleasant associations in those sad and lonely hours following the death of his precious wife.

He was blessed too with a loyal Faculty. They were all men selected by himself, and were ready to give him their unanimous support in the administration of the college. Professor Elliott had shown himself the able professor in the department of Ancient Languages; he now gave himself with all his energies to the professorship of Mathematics. He was the close, earnest, faithful student. He gave not more than seven hours to sleep and recreation. He spent the remainder of the twenty-four hours in earnest preparation for his great work and in doing that work. He was seldom or never absent. He was a model of punctuality and fidelity.

Soon after the organization of the new Faculty in the spring of 1837, a sad occurrence threatened the best interests of the college. In the heat of excitement one student killed another. They both belonged to excellent families,

and of course both had their friends. A fearful gloom hung over the college. The students were terribly aroused. It required all the prudence of the Faculty, added to the well-known popularity of the President, to prevent permanent disaster. The disaster was arrested, however, and in a short time all was going on as usual. The power and influence of President Paine were never more severely tried than during these dark days. He stood the test and bore himself with such prudence as not only to retain but to increase his popularity. His conduct was approved heartily by the friends of the boy who was killed, and he ever after received the sincere gratitude of the friends of the unfortunate youth whose dagger had pierced the heart of his fellow-student.

It is not often that a man can pass unscathed through an ordeal so trying as was this. It was, however, in the fall of the year 1837 that difficulties arose in the absence of the President which amounted to a rebellion. Upon his return to the college, he found some half dozen suspended students armed and threatening destruction to the college and death to several members of the Faculty. It was feared they would burn the college. Of course they had their friends among the students; consequently there were two parties. One, and the smaller party, for the Faculty, and ready to stand up for law and order; the other sympathizing with the suspended students. Again and again was attack threatened and fully expected. Once a violent youth presented a pistol right in front of the President and aiming at his heart. All the manhood of President Paine was aroused. Rising to his full height, without the quailing of a nerve and with the authority of "right which makes might," he said, "Put down that pistol!" The pistol dropped, and the defiant hand hung limp and powerless by the side of the intimidated and trembling youth. It was soon found that the inspiration came upon these rebellious students from a very

bad man who kept the village hotel. Consequently the students were forbidden to have intercourse with him, or even to enter his hotel. This aroused the demon in the hotel-keeper, whose name was McCaleb, and he threatened death to the President. At the same time he had a difficulty with a Mr. White, who was an excellent citizen and a good friend to Mr. Paine. Mr. White had business in Columbus, Miss., and started there in November, 1837 or 1838, on horseback. He was pursued by McCaleb on the fleetest horse to be obtained in the country. When White had reached a few miles out from Columbus, on his return home, he was met by McCaleb and shot through the head. The murderer was so close to his victim that the hair and head were burned by the explosion. McCaleb turned from the road, went through the forest, and through a boggy swamp that was never known to be crossed before by any living being, and had always been regarded as impassable. He was never found. It was soon reported that he was hiding in the gorges of the mountain, and seeking an opportunity to commit another murder. This time Mr. Paine was to be the victim. His friends were alarmed. McCaleb was known to have threatened his life, and as he had murdered Mr. White in cold blood, and was a most desperate man, we had our fears for the safety of our beloved President. During all this time the man for whom such anxiety was felt was as free from excitement as though no threat had been made and no danger was to be apprehended. Cool and self-poised, he never bore himself with more dignity, never seemed freer from all trepidation. His home was then one mile from the college, and there were many places along this mountainous pathway in which a cold-blooded assassin might hide, and from which he might accomplish his deadly purpose. I was with him almost daily, and talked with him freely, and he told me invariably that

the emotion of fear had never been felt by him, and that he was never more quiet or trustful than during all this excitement among his friends. The boys were subdued, and McCaleb never returned.

I have detailed these facts to show a trait of character which would have fitted him to command an army. He had the highest courage. He never lost his presence of mind in the midst of danger. He was the stuff of which martyrs are made. Moral courage, as free from rashness on the one hand as from cowardice on the other, was one of the great features of his exalted character.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## UNSELFISHNESS—COURAGE—SORROW.

AMONG the strong traits of character which exercised a more than usual influence among the students was his unselfish devotion to them and their best interests. He exhibited this devotion whenever occasion called for it. In the fall of 1834 or 1835 there was held a camp-meeting at Spring Creek, between La Grange and Tusculumbia. It was just at the beginning of the great abolition excitement, which afterward culminated in the terrible civil war and in the final extinction of slavery. A young Methodist preacher, a student of the college, was appointed on Saturday to preach. His theme was the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things. In the discussion he attempted to show that satisfaction could be found alone in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the absence of religion there was always unrest. The people might be ignorant or intelligent, in a high or low state of civilization, might belong to any class or race, Caucasian or African, and without religion there was no peace, no rest, no satisfaction. He illustrated this truth by reference to the unsettled state of Europe at the very time at which he was speaking. He also instanced insurrections among the slaves in Virginia. Man without religion cannot be happy. Without it he is like the spirit wandering, seeking rest and finding none. The utterance of the youth produced the greatest excitement. He was denounced as an abolitionist, and threatened with Lynch law. Word was sent to his presiding elder that he must not appoint the young man to preach—that he should not preach

there again. He was kept in entire ignorance of the excitement until the storm was ready to burst upon him. The presiding elder and other older ministers decided he should preach. President Paine came to him and said: "I know that you did not mean to stir up the negroes, but some of the people believe you did. Your remarks, in a most exaggerated form, were carried to Tusculum last night, and men are here to-day who say you shall not preach, and if you attempt to, they are ready to do you violence. You have friends here who will stand by you. It is, however, prudent, and will be for the best, that you make an explanation and tell the people that nothing was farther from your intention than to produce any such results as are now feared." The young minister told him that he would make any explanation that he might think necessary, though he had not the least fear of danger. Accordingly at eleven o'clock, before at least two thousand people, the poor innocent boy arose to make the explanation. Men were standing in threatening mood all around. He simply said that his remarks had been strangely misunderstood, and that he had never thought of producing any stir among the negroes, and that nothing was farther from his thoughts than an insurrection, and that he would deprecate such insurrection as much as any man who condemned his remarks. He did not occupy five minutes in his explanation. He retracted nothing. He expressed no regrets, and asked no pardon. He sat down amid looks which foreboded any thing but good. President Paine arose. He never in all his life appeared to better advantage. His dark eyes flashed. His features were all aglow. Determination, courage, and perfect fearlessness characterized his whole manner. He said that he had listened to the sermon. "The excitement was as unjust as it was unfounded. Nothing had been said to produce it. A man that would stir up an insurrection among the happy



and contented slaves in that peaceful valley would be little less than a fiend, and would deserve universal execration. My young friend does not belong to that class. He is a born Southerner. His father owned slaves, and he was born and reared among them. He would do them no harm. He would do you none. He is free from all blame, and must not be hurt. He has friends here strong, honorable, and true. You can inflict no Lynch law upon him. I will head the company of brave men who will see that not one hair of his head is touched." His courage never shone more conspicuously than on that occasion. His pupil, whom he knew well, had unwittingly aroused feelings against himself at once violent and unjust. The President at once placed himself in the front, and was ready to do or die in the defense of right. At first his remarks fell on unwilling ears. Some cried, "Take him out!" "Stop him!" But he kept on until the universal hush indicated that he had gained his point and was master of the situation. He ruled the storm. He quelled the mob. Like the great man that he was, he remained strong and firm, commanding the feelings, breaking down the spirit of the mob, subduing a very excited multitude, and rising in the estimation of all. The religious services immediately followed—songs and prayers, sermons and exhortations, until the religious excitement overcame all other feelings except with a very few "lewd fellows of the baser sort."

The Rev. Alexander Sale preached one of his strongest sermons, and many were at the altar for the prayers of the Church. At three o'clock the Rev. F. A. Owen, who was the presiding elder, insisted that the young preacher should again occupy the pulpit. So without molestation the work went on. Many were converted. So bright and happy were many of those conversions, and so sincere and earnest were the cries for mercy, that a saintly woman who was

called on to pray commenced the prayer with these remarkable words: "O Lord, but for the sobs of grief which come from these dear penitents, we could almost believe we had crossed over the river and were now forever beyond any more suffering and sorrow." So ended, in songs of peace and prayers full of love and faith, an excitement which, but for his decision of character and magnetic power over congregations, might have ended in a most horrible manner. He was the bow of peace spanning the cloud. He showed that he knew the right, and dared maintain it. The mutterings of wrath did not alarm him. He did his duty, and left the result with his God. I need only add that the boy-preacher is the writer of these pages. He passed through the storm without knowing its violence until it was spent. The brave and generous C. D. Elliott, now of Nashville, Tenn., stood by the President, and firmly sustained his young friend and pupil. He awoke within him then and there a feeling of gratitude which fifty years have not extinguished. Col. R. A. Baker, Major John Cockrill, and others, stood by the young preacher then, and remained true till death.

## CHAPTER IX.

SECOND MARRIAGE—DEATH—GRIEF—REVIVAL—MARRIAGE TO  
MISS MARY ELIZA MILLWATER—FAMILY.

IT was during the year 1837 that he was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Amanda Shaw, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister in Columbia, Tennessee. She was worthy of him, and made his home ever so happy for a few short months. She died without issue. Her death was universally lamented. Her funeral-sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander Sale, and she was buried in the little cemetery in the mountain. The first Mrs. Wadsworth and President J. W. Hardy both sleep near her.

Often during these sad years he seemed almost inspired while delivering his lectures to his class. Once in 1839 he was lecturing the senior class on the Evidences of Christianity. He attacked Hume with arguments at once terse, strong, and unanswerable. He opposed his errors with all the power of inexorable logic, and then employed his own inimitable satire and blighting sarcasm with powerful effect. Then he appealed to conscience in a manner at once so sincere, so tender, and so touching as to move some of the class to tears. He told me himself that in all his career as an instructor he had never seen such visible manifestations of the power of truth. To the minds of the intelligent class the boasted argument of Hume was the merest begging of the question, and the great philosopher, like a stranded ship, was left to sink in the muddy waters of the foulest error. Conviction affecting reason and conscience was produced, and it expressed itself in the pallid countenance and tearful eye, and after awhile in the earnest prayer of peni-

tence, which was followed by the sound conversion and the shout of praise.

From that lecture a revival spread through the college. Nearly every student was moved. It embraced every class and almost every individual. I do not think there were more than six in the college who remained unconverted. Along the slopes of the mountain, in the rooms of the students, on the way to the church and when returning from it, in the chapel and in the recitation-rooms, the work of Divine grace was manifested. I have seen the President and other members of the Faculty—ministers—arise in the pulpit, intending to preach or exhort, and begin first to give out an appropriate hymn, and fifteen or twenty would rush up and kneel at the altar. Nothing could be heard but the cries of penitents and the shouts of those who had been converted. Such scenes I have never witnessed before or since. It lasted for months. Young converts would lead the prayer-meetings; not one ever refused to pray when called on. There are numbers in heaven to-day the fruits of that revival. The college became vocal with praises. By night and by day the work progressed. Its good effects were seen for years in the college, and its fruits have been felt in the pulpits of the different churches occupied by pastors converted during that revival. President Paine always loved to recur to that powerful work of God because its first manifestations were so clearly the result of an appeal to the reason.

In November, 1839, the Rev. Robert Paine was united in marriage to Miss Mary Eliza Millwater, the daughter of Mrs. Turner Saunders by her first marriage. Miss Millwater was much younger than her husband, but was well fitted to be his wife. She was modest, amiable, sensible, and pious. Mrs. Saunders possessed the highest qualifications of a wife and mother, and was remarkable for her ease and

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elegance in refined society, and her unostentatious devotion to our holy religion. Herself the wife of a minister, she rejoiced in this union of her daughter to this distinguished minister and future Bishop of the Church.

It is very seldom that a happier marriage occurs. For forty-three years they walked together and were fully "agreed." To them were born four sons and three daughters. The sons were Robert, now living in Aberdeen; John Emory, who studied medicine, graduated with distinction, and died young; George W., now attorney at law and living in Aberdeen, recently married to a granddaughter of Dr. A. L. P. Green, in Nashville, Tenn. The youngest, Dr. William, unmarried, and lives with his mother in Aberdeen, practicing his profession. The daughters are Sarah Felix, married Mr. P. Hamilton, and also lives in Aberdeen; Ludie, married Rev. John H. Seruggs, of the North Mississippi Conference, and at this writing is stationed in Columbus, Miss.; and Mary, who married Mr. Wendell, now residing in Tunica county, Miss.

## CHAPTER X.

## PROFESSOR TUTWILER—HONORS—AGENTS.

IN the year 1840, Prof. Henry Tutwiler became a member of the Faculty. He was the selection of the President. Professors Elliott and Barbour had both resigned and Professor Tutwiler was to fill the chairs—Mathematics and Chemistry. A more fortunate selection could not have been made. He was thoroughly “furnished” for both departments. A graduate of the University of Virginia, he fully sustained the high character of that institution. He was a profound and rich linguist, a thorough mathematician, and a superior chemist. He was learned without pedantry, pious without bigotry, a gentleman without a blemish, a character without a flaw. He gave the full weight of his great character to aid the President and his associates of the Faculty in building up the college, increasing its patronage, and enlarging its influence. He continued in the institution until his friend and colleague was elected and ordained Bishop in the Church.

In the year 1842 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon President Paine. It came from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; and Dr. Nathan Bangs was the President, and announced the fact in a characteristic letter to his old friend, with whom he had served often in the General Conference, as follows:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Aug. 6, 1842.

*My Dear Brother:* Agreeably to a resolution of the Joint Board of the Wesleyan University, the degree D.D. was conferred on you at our late commencement, and your diploma is now filled and signed. I know not, however, how to send it to you; but if you have an op-

portunity to send for it by the persons calling on me, or, if I should be absent (as I expect to leave here), on Professor Smith, it can be obtained.

Wishing you all temporal and spiritual blessings and much prosperity in your work, I remain yours affectionately, N. BANGS.

REV. ROBERT PAINE.

This degree was very unexpected by the President. At that time there were hardly a dozen doctors of divinity in the Methodist Church. Doctors Bangs, Olin, Durbin, Capers, Fisk, and a few others, made up the whole number. Now they are numbered by the hundred; then hardly by the score. Dr. Paine literally blushed beneath his honors. He was unwilling to be called Doctor. His modesty was as shrinking as his merit was great. He neither desired nor sought any worldly glory. He preferred to be called Brother Paine, or plain Mr. Paine. Merit, *real merit*, is nearly always modest. It was especially so in his case. I never knew Dr. Paine to boast of any act of his life. He shrunk from applause. He published but few of his sermons. His splendid baccalaureate addresses seldom saw the light. He presided over the college for more than sixteen years, and delivered to each graduating class an address worthy of preservation, and many of them of rare excellence, and during all that time I think he suffered but two to go to press. He seldom spoke of his own efforts, and never in a laudatory manner. In the early history of the college, when he had but few advanced students, he wrote many speeches to be delivered on commencement occasions. These speeches embraced almost every variety of composition. They were witty, humorous, satirical, moral, philosophical, and religious, by turns. When the address was announced, he simply said, "Written for the occasion." They exhibited the greatest versatility of both tact and talent, and added largely to the interest of commencement-week. Only a few knew that he was the author. I have

often lamented the loss of these productions. Published, they would have placed him among the keenest satirists of the age. Against popular vices he was intensely severe, whilst follies, "humbugs," etc., he laid on in such a manner as to make them thoroughly ludicrous and provoke universal mirth and laughter. Had he been ambitious of fame in this direction, he might have placed his name along-side those of Juvenal and Horace as a satirist. He always seemed to me to shun rather than court praise, to decline rather than seek honors. He had now received, without seeking either directly or indirectly, the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Nashville, and of Doctor of Divinity from the Wesleyan University. He had fairly "won his spurs," but was almost too modest to wear them, and preferred always to conceal them from public view.

It may not be amiss, before leaving the college to which he gave so many years of his valuable life, to present to the reader the men whom he selected as agents to solicit and collect money for building and endowing the institution. Among the earliest was Rev. William McMahan. He was in many respects one of the first men in the Conference. He was a fine financier, a good manager of men, a superior preacher, and possessed of great energy and perseverance in any good cause. He was devoted to Methodism and to Methodist education. He loved North Alabama, and La Grange was the brightest crown of North Alabama Methodism. Dr. McMahan secured some money and was well received in Georgia, and obtained partial coöperation from the Methodists of that great State. La Grange, however, was soon found to be too remote, and the means of access were then too difficult, to allow of any continued patronage. In a few years Emory College began its useful career. It was the object of President Paine to have the coöperation of all the Southern Conferences, and make La Grange a great cen-



ter, attracting its pupils by the hundreds and from a united South. Had he succeeded in this, he would have accomplished much more than he did. As it was, the Centenary College in Mississippi, and the school first at Covington and then at Oxford, Ga., now Emory College, taught him that the concentration of a united South upon La Grange would be impossible.

John B. McFerrin was also employed in his youth to plead the cause of the college before the Methodists of Tennessee. He was then a strong man, and in the vigor of a robust young manhood. He did what he could, but was not satisfied to give his youthful vigor to begging money for the college. He, however, learned well the art of begging, and became almost irresistible in that department of our work. If the man lives who can invent more arguments, or exhibit more tact, or make stronger appeals in behalf of any great benevolent enterprise than Dr. John B. McFerrin, I have never known him. He was trammelled in this agency by some resolution of Conference requiring that he should not ask for large sums. He wanted no bands on his free limbs, and after a year's toil, not altogether fruitless, he returned to the pastorate.

I must not omit the Rev. Littleton Fowler, who became a most successful agent, and served the college until he was sent as a missionary to Texas to supply the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Martin Ruter. At one time it was thought that he would be able to secure ample endowment for the college. He was a fine specimen of the Kentucky Methodist preacher, and both as a man and as a preacher deserved the highest respect and the largest confidence.

President Paine went also into the local ranks, and found the Rev. Simpson Shepherd and secured his services as agent for the college. Mr. Shepherd was a warm-hearted

Irishman of magnificent presence. Among a thousand men he would be pointed out as a leading character. Then, he was an eloquent preacher and superior to most men on the platform. His rich Irish brogue added to the force of well-chosen language and to the power of a voice of unusual compass, tone, and strength. He did active and successful service for years for the college. Among the most successful of the agents employed by President Paine was the Rev. J. W. Hanner. As a preacher he had no superior in the Tennessee Conference. Dr. Hanner traveled extensively over Alabama. He was unremitting in his toil, and self-denying to an unusual extent. He preached, he visited, he made private appeals, he delivered public addresses, and by every means in his power sought to do the work of a master-workman. At the time of his employment as a college agent, John W. Hanner would have been acceptable in any pulpit—welcome to any city church in the Connection.

These were some of the men selected by President Paine and employed by the Trustees to aid him in the difficult task of building up La Grange College. That the college was not endowed was his misfortune, but not his fault. It commenced its career without endowment and without buildings. To succeed, buildings must be erected, and a Faculty equal to the best must be engaged. The tuition fees were not at all equal to the support of six professors. To pay the professors, agents had to collect from two to three thousand dollars a year. This, added to the tuition fees, would give a support by no means liberal to the Faculty. At one time I knew the President to give of his salary one thousand dollars in order to save the college. He did this voluntarily for years. That is to say, his salary was eighteen hundred dollars, and he voluntarily reduced it to eight hundred dollars a year, and thus saved the institution. Other officers imitated his generous sacrifice and

followed his example. In this way, and in this way alone, the college could have been preserved and continued on its career of usefulness. I doubt whether the annals of any college will show greater sacrifice than was shown in this one act of its devoted President. I was a member of the Faculty at the time, and was deeply impressed by his manner when he came to me with the proposition, and felt that he deserved all the confidence and the honor which he enjoyed. His sacrifice of one thousand dollars a year, and thereby securing a sacrifice of two or three hundred from each member of the Faculty, seems to me now as one of the noblest acts of a noble life, and one rarely equaled in the history of colleges. Besides making this sacrifice, he gave as liberally as any other man to the institution. By employing the best agents to be found, either in the Conference or out of it, by securing the best talents in the Faculty, and visiting the Legislature again and again, by labor and self-denial he labored to give to the Church and to the country an institution of learning which he hoped would be perpetual. Was all his labor lost? We will see.

## CHAPTER XI.

CARLOS G. SMITH—COLLEGE LIFE CLOSING—WORK  
ACCOMPLISHED.

IN the year 1843 I was called to the presidency of a new enterprise—a school for young ladies at Athens, Ala. Dr. Carlos G. Smith was elected my successor as Professor of Languages in La Grange College. A wiser selection could not have been made. Dr. Smith entered upon his duties in September, 1843. He soon proved himself a master-workman that needed not to be ashamed. He was an accomplished scholar and an elegant Christian gentleman, and did faithful service to the college. The college was possibly never better manned than at this time. It commanded wide and universal respect. For years it kept along-side of the best institutions of the country. The time was rapidly approaching when its laborious and gifted President was to be called to a more responsible position in the Church, and a much wider field of action. Let us see what had been done in the way of molding character and in sending out educated men to bless the Church and the world.

Among the ministers sent out were the Rev. William R. Nicholson, now a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church; the Rev. Joseph E. Douglass, for a long time successfully engaged in the great work of education; James O. Williams, who was wonderful for his magnetism, and sometimes for eloquence of a high order; P. J. Eekles, a man of rare merit, accurate scholarship, and patient devotion to duty; C. W. Rozzell, after graduating with honor, entered upon the work of the ministry, and while using his in-

fluence and establishing a name worthy of mention among the good and great, was called to his final reward; Dr. C. W. Bell, one of the most distinguished ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, is another of the noble band sent out from La Grange College during the administration of Dr. Paine. Then A. P. McFerrin, Bynum, Duncan, Henning, and many others, among whom we take pleasure in mentioning Dr. Alva Johnson and Rev. R. V. Taylor, two noble men, the latter still a member of the Memphis Conference, holding diplomas with the well-known signature of Robert Paine. Then among lawyers we name Edward O'Neal, now Governor of Alabama; the talented Lewis, also Governor of the State in troublous times; and the versatile Clements, the rival of Yancey, both a poet and novelist, a politician and lawyer, a writer and a speaker. No State ever boasted a purer citizen, a nobler man, a gentler Christian, an abler jurist than was William M. Byrd, a graduate of the college in its early days, 1837. As retiring as Cincinnatus, and as meritorious as he was modest, he lost his life by a railroad accident while in the midst of usefulness, and while returning from a mission of peace. Judge W. B. Wood, who is ever foremost in the great battle of life, foremost in Church and in State, ready to lead an army or hold up the banner of the cross, received his training from this successful educator. Judge H. C. Jones, the able prosecutor and powerful advocate, the terror of evil-doers, and one of the most respected of the citizens of Alabama, was a graduate in 1840. Gen. Thomas Rivers, the only brother of the writer, a lawyer in Memphis, Tenn., and a Representative in Congress from the Memphis District, was also an *alumnus* of La Grange, and among its earlier graduates. Col. Thomas Avery was also a lawyer of distinction and a member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn. He was a man of talents and great moral worth. Joel L.

Pulliam, one of the most successful members of the bar in West Tennessee, died a humble Christian. Of physicians we may mention Dr. Joseph Towler, of Columbia, Tenn., who has long stood at the head of his profession, and is to-day one of the brightest lights in Tennessee, a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian worthy to be sent forth by the forming hand of Robert Paine. Dr. J. J. Pulliam, like his brother the lawyer, became eminent in his profession, honoring his *alma mater*, and honored, respected, and lamented by all who knew him. Dr. Thomas Maddin, of Nashville, Tenn., whose name is the synonym of all that is courtly in the gentleman and skillful in the physician, the worthy son of a noble sire, and the equally worthy pupil of a distinguished teacher, is numbered among the *alumni* whom President Paine sent forth to bless the world.

So we could go on enumerating men, in every profession and in no profession, who were developed into noble manhood by him whose life was one continued scene of successes both in the school-room and in the pulpit. He ever exercised toward his old pupils the exultant feeling which filled the heart of the Roman matron when, pointing to her sons, she said, "These are my jewels." He met them everywhere, as he went all over the South; and whenever he met them there were warm greetings and tender memories.

Augusta College, Kentucky, was possibly the first great collegiate institution—in all respects a college—undertaken by the Methodists of the South. La Grange College was the second in point of time. As we have shown, it was in 1830. This was before Randolph-Macon, and before Emory, of Georgia. Was all the labor lost which Dr. Paine and his associates performed during these sixteen years and six months? We think not. Dr. Wadsworth succeeded to the presidency in 1847, and was in turn succeeded by President Hardy. These were able men, and devoted much time and

labor to the building up of the college. In 1853 President Hardy died. He was universally lamented. His death was a terrible blow to the college. Under another President, in the year 1854, the people of Florence offered to pay off an old debt, to give to the Conferences better buildings, and to secure fixtures, local patronage, and endowment sufficient to justify removal. The college was removed and its name changed. At the breaking out of the great civil war in 1861, it numbered two hundred and twenty-five students, and graduated a class of thirty-three. It also had a clear endowment of fifty thousand dollars, and was entirely out of debt. During the war its endowment was lost, and its doors were closed. Bishop Paine, in his "Notes of Life," says: "Randolph-Macon opened under charter in Mecklenburg, Va.—I believe in 1832—while I organized La Grange in 1830."

Randolph-Macon has been transferred to Ashland without a change of name or of relations, while La Grange College changed its location to Florence, Ala., and has since become the "Normal Alabama College," and is now a useful and flourishing institution. This is true; the college at Florence was actually given to the State of Alabama by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. So the work of Bishop Paine and his associates and successors still lives in an institution which promises great and increasing usefulness to the State which received it as a free gift from the Church. The propriety of this transfer of a valuable property, unincumbered by debt, will not be discussed in these pages. Suffice it to say that to the last of his life Bishop Paine always regarded the school at Florence as the continuation of the one organized by himself in 1830. So most certainly it is, though under another name and under different auspices. Its value is largely due to the early efforts of President Paine and his associates.

## CHAPTER X I.

## LOVE FOR THE CHURCH.

I BEG the reader to pause for a moment and to consider one of the leading traits of character as developed in the life we are now sketching. This trait was love for the Methodist Church. From the moment of his conversion and immediate connection with the Church to the day of his death, he never would have hesitated to die for its interests in obedience to the call of the Holy Spirit; and from love for the Church he surrendered wealth, position, worldly prospects, and entered upon the troubled life and severe labors of an itinerant Methodist preacher. At that early day Methodism was not what it is now. It was then a despised sect. It had not in all its borders a single minister who ever ranked as a Doctor of Divinity. Colleges and universities had failed to recognize the talents and learning even of our Bishops. All these institutions of learning were in the hands of other denominations, and were presided over by many of their ministers. At the period at which Robert Paine entered upon his great life-work I do not suppose that a single State university was or ever had been presided over by a Methodist minister. With a salary of a hundred dollars a year, there was no prospect of ever rising to wealth. He could have chosen other of the learned professions, and have won both wealth and honor. His personal magnetism would have made him a leader in politics, while his wit and sarcasm, together with his clear, logical mind and natural powers of oratory, would have soon placed him in the first ranks as a lawyer. But love for the Church was stronger



than love for any of the emoluments which could be secured by any other profession. The same enthusiastic passion sent him into the then wilderness of Alabama to preach the gospel to its sparse and scattered population. His circuit occupied nearly one-fourth of the State, and his labors were so great as to almost wreck for the time being his strong constitution. After most extraordinary and continuous labor, he went up to the Conference almost an invalid, and the presiding Bishop saw it would not do for him to be returned to that field. It was love for the Church alone that caused him to take charge of La Grange College. He had to make sacrifices of which he never made any boast and which were never known to the Church. He had large and valuable possessions in Nashville, which he might have kept and looked after until they would have yielded him enough to satisfy any reasonable desires for wealth. As all his interests were in Alabama, he sold this city property before Nashville had fairly entered upon its career as a prosperous city. He knew that he was making a great worldly sacrifice, but the Church demanded his labors elsewhere, and the sacrifice was readily made.

Again and again had he resigned his position as President of La Grange College, and as often had he withdrawn it because the Church required that he continue at the seat of her cherished institution.

At a certain time, when the election of delegates to the General Conference was about to begin, I knew him to rise in his seat, and beg the brethren for the sake of the Church not to cast their votes for him. He said: "We have here a distinguished transfer from another Conference. He ought to be elected. His talents, his devotion to the Church, his having heretofore filled the place of delegate from another Conference, and his great influence in the General Conference, all demand that he be sent as a delegate from the

Tennessee Conference, of which, by transfer, he has just become a member. Brethren, I urge his claims, and beg that you vote for him and not for me." I recollect well the time and the scene of these remarks. The transfer was elected, and so was Robert Paine. We could not do without his services in the General Conference just at that important juncture.

At a still later period it was love for the Church and a sense of duty that caused him to accept the office of Bishop. He says in his diary: "What shall I do? Am not suited for its heavy responsibilities, constitutionally unfit — too hasty, too little self-possession, want of decision; above all, want of more piety, absence from my dear family. I give myself to God and his Church for life and in death. May all be his! What shall I do? I almost sink under it. O God, to whom I have long since devoted myself and my all, direct me!"

He loved the doctrines of the Church. He was a thorough Arminian and a most devoted Methodist. Regeneration and the witness of the Spirit he had experienced on the memorable 9th of October, 1817. He never doubted that. The following letter will show how he regarded the doctrine of sanctification, as taught by Mr. Wesley and other standard writers in our Church. The letter was written to the Rev. J. S. Spencer. He says:

Shortly after my conversion—indeed, I may say at once—I began to exhort my family to turn to God. I could not be silent, and soon I was trying to preach. I scarcely paused to reason on the question of my call to the ministry, but was in the work and at it directly. I have not since felt at liberty to quit the itinerant work. Long and earnestly I sought the blessing of perfect love. Once or twice while preaching upon it I have felt constrained to say I know the blessing is attainable from my own overpowering emotions of the divine fullness, but unfortunately I have not, after calm reflection, felt satisfied as to my having attained it. I *believe* in it, pray for it,

and amid many discouragements arising from my own want of faith, am still trying to be wholly devoted to God. I wish I was as well satisfied of my attainment of this blessing as I am of the truth of the Christian religion and of the doctrine of Christian holiness. I regard it as the great *desideratum* of the ministry and membership. We need holiness more than any thing else. We need other things, many things, but *this* most of all. We need it to make us happy and useful. The Church will degenerate, and cease to be a working and spiritual body, unless she aspires after holiness; and nothing but holiness will keep alive in our preachers the simple, fervent, and self-sacrificing spirit of our fathers. For this there is no substitute as to success or final happiness. Methodists are committed by their creed to this doctrine. Consistency demands that, believing it, we seek the blessing. *We are the only Church* which has boldly taken the ground. If we be faithful to it, God will not abandon us. If not faithful, he will cast us off and raise up another more devoted and holy people. He ought to do so, and will do it. He cannot deny himself, and holiness is his requirement—"Be ye holy, for I am holy;" "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." This work is begun in conversion, but its consummation in perfect love has as distinctive and clear a witness from the Holy Spirit as our regeneration. It is our privilege and duty to seek this state and this evidence. God help us! Yours truly,

R. PAINE.

I doubt whether any member or minister in all our vast Connection ever loved the Church with a deeper, holier fervor.

At two different periods in his life he felt called upon to defend the peculiar doctrines of Methodism against the attacks of ministers of sister denominations. This he did bravely and successfully. He showed the rarest ability in ecclesiastical and doctrinal conflicts. Calvinism felt the shock throughout the South. From the day that its errors were exposed by Robert Paine, then in his early manhood in Tennessee, to this very time, the ablest ministers of that faith have failed to preach the revolting points of the Westminster Creed. Election and reprobation, as taught in the Shorter Catechism, and as argued in Calvin's Institutes,

have not been often presented even from Calvinistic pulpits. Both with his pen and in public preaching he exposes errors which he regarded as dishonoring to God as they were opposed to his revealed will.

Yet with all his love for the Church of his choice, and with his readiness to defend the truth and to oppose error, he was always charitable and courteous. After a debate which lasted for days, the Christian spirit which prevailed between the combatants so affected the listeners that a deep religious impression was made. This being followed up on the next Sunday by an appeal from Mr. Paine, a great awakening succeeded. The revival which followed was one of great power, and it did not end until there was a general baptism of the Spirit and many were happily converted to God. Both parties to the contest engaged in the revival, and as a rare occurrence a hotly contested debate terminated in a splendid revival of religion.

And yet with all his love for the Church of his choice—its doctrine and polity—he was as far from bigotry as he was from indecision. A pronounced Methodist, he was ever ready to give the right-hand of fellowship to all that named the name of Christ. A Methodist, but not a sectarian; decided, but not bigoted; earnest, but not exclusive—he commanded and deserved the love of all true followers of Christ.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1844—THE SEQUENCE.

THE General Conference of 1844 was now approaching. Dr. Paine was of course a delegate. Bishop Andrew in the interval of the Conferences of 1840 and 1844 had become connected with the institution of slavery. He was without a stain upon his moral or religious character. His connection arose from having married a woman who was a slave-holder. He went to the Conference with no apprehension of the terrible ecclesiastical storm which would be raised around his devoted head. He and his friends in the South soon saw the storm gathering. He was to be sacrificed. There was no alternative. It was resolved to be the sense of the Conference that he no longer exercise episcopal functions. To submit to the passage of this resolution without a protest would have been unjust to the Bishop, and, as Dr. Olin admitted, a perpetual bar to the continuance of Methodism in the slave-holding States.

Good and great men differed. The struggle was between giants. The Bishop was virtually deposed. The South must sustain him. His case excited the deepest sympathies of the best men in the North. No one can ever forget the speech of Dr. Olin. He himself had been connected with slavery. He had severed the relations so far as he was individually concerned by selling his slaves. He believed this to be legal and proper. He was to go North. His health demanded it. He could not carry his slaves with him. He sold them, and used the money. He felt that the good of the Church demanded now the immolation of his friend, who was certainly no more guilty than himself. So the work was done.

Dr. Paine was placed on the committee of nine appointed especially to devise means for a peaceable separation. Prudent and good men from both sections were on that committee. Dr. Paine was chairman. Never was prudence more needed. Never was there a greater demand for Christian charity. The committee acted wisely and well. The South was satisfied—nay, more, was gratified. If peace could not be enjoyed except by a severance of Church relations, then was it their duty to separate. Let there be no strife. This was the Christian motto. To conserve peace was the design of this committee, and the whole object of its action. The peace-loving Capers, the majestic Winans, the sweet-spirited Drake, the two Pierces—father and son—and the peerless Baseom, with others from the South, were lending all their influence to carry out this grand measure. Then there were those from the North, not less pious, and not less efficient in promoting a measure believed to be for the best interests of both sections. Such men as Nathan Bangs, Bishop Morris, and Stephen Olin brought to bear the weight of great character and the power of holy charity to effect an arrangement which would quiet the storm by pouring oil upon the troubled waters. The action of the Conference of 1844 resulted, as is well known, in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1845 the convention of delegates chosen in exact accordance with the plan of separation assembled in Louisville, Ky. At that convention the organization was peacefully and unanimously effected. In its proceedings Dr. Paine was conspicuous. His firmness, caution, wisdom, and piety were all needed and brought into requisition. He delivered before the convention an address admirable in its spirit, convincing in its logic, and powerful in its effect. The convention appointed the meeting of the first Southern General Conference to be held in Petersburg, Va. It was presided

over by Bishops Soule and Andrew. It was then manifest that both these Bishops would continue their episcopal functions. The adherence of Bishop Soule to the Southern Church was the result of deliberate reflection and of conscientious convictions on the part of that great and good man. He was the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was revered at the South as almost without a peer. He was "every inch a man," and every inch a Christian of the highest type. So the Southern organization could in no sense be termed a secession. It was legitimate. It was proper. It was approved of God. It contained all the cardinal doctrines and the discipline of the undivided Church. Had the terms of separation been rigidly and properly complied with by both Churches, North and South, much evil would have been averted, and much violent controversy avoided. The plan was devised by the committee of nine, and was well carried out by the Louisville Convention. To Dr. Paine as much as to any other man are we indebted for this great pacific measure, honorable to both sections and perfectly acceptable to the South. He was faithful to the high trust committed to him, and though opposed to controversy was drawn into one of rather a heated nature with the Rev. Thos. E. Bond. That controversy will not be revived in these pages. Through it all Dr. Paine adhered to the most rigid demands of truth, and always showed himself the courtly gentleman and the dignified Christian minister.

A long and friendly correspondence was kept up between Dr. Paine and Bishop Morris in reference to the best interests of the Church. He and Bishop Morris had been friends from early manhood, and this friendship continued unbroken and rather cemented, more tender and confidential, all through the heated controversy which attended and followed the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Amid all this strife, these two men continued to love each other as did David and Jonathan. Their example was beautiful. Their Christian charity shone all the brighter because of the bitterness which was fostered to an extent which reflected no honor or glory upon Christian character, and which certainly lessened the world's respect for the religion of meekness, forbearance, and love.

But let the dead past bury its dead. The long strife, we trust, is ended forever. One of his last acts was to have Bishop Peck at his house, and to enjoy with him the sweetest Christian converse. Bishop Peck acknowledged the hospitality with the most touching evidences of fraternal love. To see these two Bishops, one above four-score years, the other past his three-score and ten, commune in the spirit of love, and enjoy each other's society as they did, were a benediction in any age of the Church. Especially was it a benediction at the time and under the circumstances in which this beautiful display of fraternal love was manifested.



## CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1846—STRUGGLES—VICTORY.

THUS far we have followed Dr. Paine all along his early years and to the prime of mature manhood. We have seen him the sprightly, mischievous school-boy; the merchant's faithful clerk; the close, earnest student, poring over the classics and delving into mathematics. We have seen him the humble penitent, the happy Christian, and the youthful missionary. Like David, he goes forth with pebble and sling to conquer the Goliath of sin. Without preparation, without license, without more than one month's experience of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, he is found preaching the everlasting gospel. On he moves and upward he rises until he has become the popular young preacher, attracting crowds of hearers in the rising towns of Tennessee, and especially in the promising young city of Nashville, Tenn. A presiding elder and a delegate to the General Conference immediately after his ordination as elder in the Church of God, he continues the same humble, prayerful, faithful man. The loved companion of Bishop McKendree, and aiding that venerable man in the preparation of the Bishops' Address to the General Conference before he was twenty-five years of age, he seems all unconscious of the height to which his piety and talents and singular moral worth have raised him. For sixteen years we have seen him the rising President of one of our oldest colleges. In all these positions he exhibits the highest manhood and a capability for any work to which the Church might call him. The General Conference of 1846, which was held at Petersburg, Va., found it necessary to elect two Bishops.

Bishop Soule was getting to be an old man. Then, he was troubled with a chronic disease which often unfitted him for duty. Bishop Andrew could be called upon for years to come, but he could not do all the work needed. William Capers and Robert Paine were chosen to this most important and responsible office. It was not desired, not expected by Dr. Paine. He had a young and growing family. He loved his home. He shrunk from notoriety. It was repugnant to his feelings, and for a time opposed to his judgment. He hesitated. He prayed. He struggled. He spent a night of sleepless agony. He passed through all the throes which have accompanied great men when called by Providence to a great work. He almost rebelled. Conscience—tender, well instructed, and which had always been kept void of offense toward God and man—asserted its authority. At last he yielded, and was happy. The Rev. Fountain E. Pitts, who spent the night with him, and saw the depth of his agony and witnessed the fearful struggles of his great soul, and who had been a great revivalist, said that the conflict reminded him of the wails of penitence which he had often heard from persons under the deepest conviction for sin. And he further said the victory was as complete as he had ever witnessed in the conversion of a soul. When the struggle was over and the victory had been won, a holy calmness, a great submission to the Divine will, and a firm resolve to meet all the responsibilities of his high and holy office, followed, and he rose to the full height of his great calling, and settled the question then and there forever. Such was the conflict of soul through which he passed to the highest office in the Church—the highest office on earth. He was not elated. The office had sought him. The honor had come unbidden. Duty to God and man, made clear by the word of God and by the Holy Spirit, was the one great and all-sufficient reason for assuming such grave responsi-

bilities. So on Thursday, the 14th day of May, 1846, he was most solemnly set apart and ordained to the work of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The services were conducted by Bishops Soule and Andrew. They were deeply impressive. It was in Washington Street Church, Petersburg, Va. The congregation was large, and the scene a hallowed one. All the men engaged in the ceremony were men of mark. Bishop Soule arose in all the dignity of his high office, and never appeared more a Bishop than at that time. Bishop Andrew, meek, subdued, yet strong, showed that his episcopal robes were still unsoiled, and that they had not been rudely torn from his manly form. Dr. Capers, radiant with celestial light, gentle as John, evangelical, earnest, eloquent, and deeply pious, received with meekness the mantle of Asbury, and by the imposition of hands was most solemnly consecrated as an overseer of the Church of God. Robert Paine, younger by many years than his colleague, in the maturity of his great intellect, with a self-abnegation worthy of a martyr, with victory already flashing from his dark, expressive eyes, and with submission, firmness, and faith mingling with the highest resolve, solemnly took the vows, and from that hour became a Methodist Bishop. Never did man take vows more conscientiously; never were vows fulfilled more faithfully.

At the close of this General Conference he returned to La Grange College. The parting with Trustees and Faculty and students was very sad to him. Here he had spent more than sixteen years of his valuable life. The Trustees had always trusted entirely to him. Before this they had clung to him, refused again and again to accept his resignation. The students loved him as a father, and looked up to him as their best friend and wisest counselor. The Faculty all felt that it would be almost impossible to find a successor who would combine all the qualities of a great President

which belonged to Bishop Paine. His magnanimity, his readiness to assume responsibility, his fearlessness in administering discipline; his magnetism among the boys, drawing them all to him; his ability as an instructor, and his love of truth and perfect freedom from all cant or pedantry, had all tended to endear him to his brethren of the Faculty, and to cause the deepest regret at his departure. As the time neared for his departure upon his first episcopal tour, he felt still more keenly the sacrifice which he was making in obedience to conscience and at the call of the Holy Spirit. His home was never more charming. His young and devoted wife, by all that was beautiful and elegant in her home, by her prudence, piety, and devotion to him, her care for the boys by a former marriage, and her sweet young motherhood, had made his home as bright and happy as it had once been lonely and desolate. And now for months at a time this sweet home, so pure, so attractive, must be surrendered, and he must go from it. He knew that his own dear children needed his watchful eye, his fatherly care and advice. He must go along the western borders in the Indian Territory, and wherever duty might call him. The methods of travel were mostly by the old stage-coach, rarely by steam-boat, still less frequently by railroad. It required weeks of travel, painful and cheerless, to go from one Conference to another. The time occupied in travel was any thing but pleasant. From the time he left his home on his first tour until his arrival at the seat of his first Conference was nearly two whole weeks—weeks without comfort, and of constant exposure.

## CHAPTER XV.

## BISHOP PAINE ON HIS ROUNDS.

IT was on September 6, 1846, that Bishop Paine left his home, then in La Grange, Alabama, on his first round of episcopal duty. He took the stage at dark in Tusculumbia. He was the only passenger. After passing Ripley, Mississippi, on the 17th, the horses ran off with the stage, turned it over and broke it. The driver was caught under the broken stage and partially disabled. The Bishop was unhurt. He had to stay in the swamp alone for hours, until a wagon could be obtained in which the journey was pursued to Holly Springs. On the 19th he arrived at Memphis, Tennessee; on the 21st started on a steam-boat up the Mississippi River. On his way to Hannibal, the seat of the Missouri Conference, he made as close observations as possible. His journal abounds with brief notices of the geological formations. He always did this. The high hills, the limestone and chert, all attracted his attention. These observations had enabled him to prophesy the great mineral wealth to be found in the mountains of North Alabama, and were the means of his discovering and calling attention to the vast quantities of coal found in Illinois and Missouri. Of these facts he tells us in his "Notes of Life." The first Conference over which he presided began its session in the town of Hannibal, Mo., on the 30th of September, 1846. John H. Linn was the stationed preacher, and with him he made his home. George W. Bewley, to whom in the absence of a Bishop he had given a certificate of transfer

from the Tennessee Conference many years before, was still in connection with the Western Conference. He was lying ill of consumption. He knew that his days were few. He was ready and anxious to go. The meeting between these old and dear friends was exceedingly tender. When the dying man saw his old friend, now a Bishop, it affected him deeply. They met again on earth: the one just entering upon a new and untried field of labor and usefulness, the other ready to exchange labor for reward.

Many perplexing legal questions came up at this Conference. They were readily and correctly decided by the new Bishop, who had been a godson of Bishop McKendree, and was already well versed in ecclesiastical law. These questions originated in the recent division of the Conference—the St. Louis having been separated from the Missouri. He felt deeply his responsibility. He prayed most fervently for Divine help. He was quick yet cautious, generous and sympathetic but impartial and inflexibly just. Not only in the chair but in the cabinet did the Bishop feel most intensely his need of Divine help. As he entered upon his work, he writes in his diary: “This is my first Conference. Lord, help me.” A world of meaning is expressed in these two short sentences. What work of man is so delicate and so difficult as that of determining the stations of the preachers? Conflicting interests, family relations, the fitness of men for the different conditions of the work, the special need of particular churches, the absolute necessity for frequent removals, and above all the great question, How can the cause of God be best promoted in this arrangement of the appointments?—all gave him the greatest concern. He was a magnanimous man. He was in deep sympathy with the preachers, and would never afflict one if he could avoid it. He loved and honored the Church, and desired above all its spiritual growth, and was of course unwilling to send

to any charge a man who might be rather a curse than a blessing. The question with him was, Who is the right man for each pastoral charge? When this was settled, and it was found that without severe affliction the appointments could all be made, then he was happy. No man that has filled the episcopal chair ever felt more deeply the fearful responsibility resting upon him than did this Bishop, through all the years of his episcopacy. There was greater need than usual of the most consummate prudence in making the appointments at this his first Conference. It was a border Conference; and many will remember that for years all along the border were still heard the dying echoes of a most fierce and terrible ecclesiastical war. Prudent men were needed at certain points, or great grief might befall the Church of Christ.

He passed through a fine country from Hannibal to Boonville. He continued to notice the ennerinites, pentremites, and other fossils, and marked the existence of coal from St. Louis to Hannibal, Glasgow, Boonville, etc. On this route he traveled by many different modes of conveyance, from a stage-coach to a skiff. At Boonville he held the St. Louis Conference, which began its session on the 14th of October and closed on the 20th. From this Conference he went into the Indian Territory. He visited the different tribes. He learned much of their character, and still more of their wants. He was among the Osages, the Wyandots, the Creeks, the Cherokees, etc. He visited the different schools and missions. He was at the Baptist mission and the Quaker Mission as well as at our own. He had been for years a close student of ethnology. He had especially studied the origin of the American Indians, and had in a sharp but friendly controversy with Dr. A. L. P. Green opposed the idea that they were the ten lost tribes of Israel. He pursued this study by the closest ob-

servation of their traditions, festivals, religious rites, language, and superstitions. He preached to them through an interpreter. He saw their agents, and felt how greatly they had been imposed upon. He became well acquainted with our missionaries, and was deeply sensible of their trials and discouragements. He remained in the Indian Territory until after the Indian Mission Conference. The day he was forty-nine years old he says: "This day I consecrate myself wholly to Him and His Church. O for a pure, wise, and devoted soul, holy and useful! Indian Mission Conference began." After the Conference, of which his old Tennessee friend the Rev. W. L. McAlister was the Secretary, he continued to visit places in the Indian Territory. He was with the Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Cherokees, and witnessed the progress of civilization among them. During this trip he was greatly exposed. The water-courses were all high, and he had to cross them in "dug-outs" unskillfully managed and in a "tottering condition." Especially was he exposed in crossing the Arkansas River, which was much swollen and threatened to capsize the little canoe whirling round and round in a rapid and dangerous manner. He passed by different forts and schools, and at last arrived safe and thankful at Fort Smith, Ark. Here he met *thousands* moving to Texas. "Wagons, wagons were crowded along the banks of the river"—so he enters it. At Van Buren he met the Arkansas Conference, which commenced its session on November 25. Again his knowledge of ecclesiastical law was tested. Many legal questions were propounded, and all readily answered. The Conference closed on the 30th of November, and he started immediately to Little Rock. After remaining at Little Rock, waiting for a boat, he started down the river for home. After passing Napoleon a fearful accident occurred. A flue collapsed—the boiler burst—all was a scene of wild confusion. The cap-



tain was alarmed, and unable to command his crew. One man was torn to pieces and others hurt. The Bishop took command, gave directions to throw out the tiller-rope and to land the vessel. Calm, trustful, strong, he alone had the presence of mind to do what was needed. The crew obeyed. The vessel was saved. The passengers, too, with grateful hearts acknowledged their obligations to the good Bishop. Like St. Paul when his vessel was sinking, he took charge of the men, and proved himself a man trustful in God, but a soul so much above the ordinary man that he alone of all that were on board showed ability to rule in the midst of the most fearful confusion and in the presence of death. When all was accomplished that could be done, he wrote: "Merciful God, what a scene! Thank God it was no worse."

I do not know that any incident in the life of the Bishop more fully exhibits the greatness of his character than the one thus briefly narrated. His presence of mind in the face of disaster, his calm self-possession in the midst of unusual confusion, his power to command men unknown to him, his actually taking the place of the experienced but frightened captain and saving those that were not killed by the explosion—all show a greatness of soul rising to a height at once sublime and rarely reached by any man. Another boat passing soon carried them to the Mississippi River in safety. Here they were transferred to a boat bound for Memphis. Arriving at Memphis, he met with Bishop Andrew, spent some time with him in sweet and holy communion, heard him preach his famous sermon on family government, and with a thankful heart started to his home in Aberdeen, Miss. During his long tour his family had removed from La Grange, Ala., to this place, Aberdeen. After passing over "terrible" roads and being upset in the stage, he arrived at home on the 17th of December, 1846. He had

been absent a little more than three months. This was his first experience as a Bishop. He was happy. A loving wife had proved herself worthy of being the wife of a Bishop, and welcomed him to their new home. It was a happy meeting. The children were so glad to see him who was so good and tender a father, and whose presence was such a benediction to the home circle. He simply writes: "Home. Thank God ten thousand times! All's well." In this happy home he had rest. No man ever loved home more. Amid these loved ones he was to some extent repaid for the hazards and self-denials of his long and eventful absence.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## FULFILLING HIS MISSION.

AFTER a brief sojourn with his precious family, he left Aberdeen on February 15, 1847, to attend the Texas and East Texas Conferences. He went by Mobile, staying with his old friend Col. R. A. Baker, and baptizing his son, Alexander Price. He stopped a day or two in New Orleans, and was most cordially entertained in the family of another old friend, H. R. W. Hill. He had known Brother Hill in Tennessee, and had witnessed his powerful conversion at the first Conference that he ever attended at Franklin, Tenn. On February 26 he left on a steamer for Galveston, Texas. He was terribly seasick. He writes in his journal: "Sick, sick. Roughest sea I ever saw. Had to turn back and put into Baratavia Bay. A miserable day." He arrived safe, after this stormy voyage, on March 1; was cordially received and welcomed by friends in Galveston. He remained a day or two; preached on "Lovest thou me more than these?" On the 5th of March he left for the seat of the Texas Conference, which was to be held at a big school-house in the neighborhood of his old friends Chappell and Hargrove, and near to Brother Bragg's. This place was beyond Houston, and not far from the Brazos River. He had to go part of the way on horseback, and to spend one night in a dirty hovel with hogs and vermin; but at the Conference he had a good time with his old friends, and especially with such men as Whipple, Thrall, Alexander, Fisher, DeVilbiss, Haynie, Hamilton, and others. He greatly enjoyed his visit to his old friends who had minis-

tered to him so kindly when he was a boy on the Tuscaloosa Circuit. At Father Chappell's they showed him a coin which had been given by him to one of his boys nearly thirty years before. It had been kept in memory of the young preacher all that time. On the 16th of March he left his old friends for the East Texas Conference, which was to be held at Clarksville, and was to begin the 31st of March. He had to go the entire distance on horseback. The roads were bad, and the fare along the route still worse. He was badly mounted. The trip was one of the most disagreeable of his life. It was during the Mexican war, and the country was much excited by false rumors in reference to General Taylor and his army. He suffered along the way from a severe attack of sickness; but, sick and sore from rough roads and miserable fare, he traveled on. Sometimes he was hardly able to sit on his horse, but there was no place at which he could be much bettered; so he kept in the saddle, and jogging along on a poor one-eyed horse, until he arrived at Clarksville in time for the Conference. He preached on the Sabbath of this Conference to an immense congregation in the Presbyterian church, and had great liberty. His text was, "Occupy till I come." He had been sick during all the Conference. He saw the great need of more preachers in the Conference. He felt the responsibility resting upon the laborers whom he was to send out to occupy that vast territory. Full of his subject, he felt that God was near, his Spirit resting upon him, and he gave them one of his very best gospel sermons. After the sermon he ordained six deacons, and in the afternoon five elders. On the 7th the Conference closed. He started again on horseback and made his way to Shreveport, La., thence by steam-boat to New Orleans and to Mobile and home, where he arrived on the 22d of April. He had been absent from home more

than two months, and had held but two Conferences. In less than one year he had traveled over many States and through different Territories. He had seen sights such as even to his extensive experience were entirely new. He had been among the Indians, and traveled extensively through their Territory. He had been by the battle-ground of Saltillo, and was at one time not far from the battling hosts of Taylor and Santa Aña. He had at one time been lost in the deep forests of Texas, and had spent nights in the most disagreeable and dirty haunts. He had been compelled to travel when so sick as hardly able to sit on his horse. He had witnessed the blowing up of a steam-boat; had been compelled to take charge of the terrified crew. But he was again at his home. He was made welcome by the best of wives. In all his absence she never uttered one complaining word. God had called him; she would not by word or act discourage him in his great mission. He said to me: "Rivers, few persons know what a wife I have. She is the bravest of her sex, and as for firmness I know not her equal. I do not see how I could do the work of a Methodist Bishop were it not for her. She has great responsibilities, and meets them with a patience and firmness that almost puts me to the blush." Such were the contents of the "alabaster box" which he poured upon the head of this good woman during life. I like this. It sends forth the sweetest odor. It is so much better to give this testimony long before the burial of the loved one. Said a Bishop to me: "I do not wonder that it is a great cross for Bishop Paine to leave his home. I have recently visited him, and he certainly has much to attract him there, for he has one of the most delightful homes I have ever visited." It was to this most excellent wife that home was indebted for its sweetness, its beauty, and its sunshine.

## CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT MISSIONARY MEETING—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT—WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

ON September 7, 1847, he started on his second round of Conferences. On the 17th he met Bishop Soule in Louisville, Ky. They had a delightful session together. Bishop Soule revised the entire work of the young Bishop, and pronounced "the work all done right." This gratified Bishop Paine, and caused him to pen the ejaculation so often occurring in his diary, "Thank God!" From Louisville he went to Harrodsburg, to hold the Kentucky Conference. Here he met his old friend Dr. Bascom, and had the privilege of hearing Jonathan Stamper preach before he ordained the elders. They had a grand missionary meeting on Monday night of the Conference. Dr. Schon preached on "Go ye into all the world," etc. The Doctor roused up the people, and after a short address from the Bishop a fine collection was taken. During this collection the congregation was thrilled by the following incident. The Rev. G. W. Brush came forward with a fine gold watch and chain, and said: "This watch is the gift of a much beloved brother to his sister. It was given by the brother on his death-bed. It has been prized by this sister as a souvenir from a most tenderly loved brother. Bishop, she wants to give this watch and chain to the missionary cause. She desires that it be appropriated to the Indians. Will you accept this from as pure a Christian woman as can be found in all Kentucky?" The gift was from Miss Sue Scantland, now Mrs. A. A.

Morrison, of Denver, Col. She not only gave her beautiful watch, but she gave herself to the cause of God, and became the devoted wife of a noble Methodist preacher. More than twenty years after the bestowal of this gift, in response to the Bishop's appeal, she and her devoted husband received their appointment to Colorado at the hands of this senior Bishop.\* Some one made Mrs. Paine a life-member of the Missionary Society, which compliment was greatly appreciated by the Bishop. This was one of the most delightful sessions of an Annual Conference that he ever held. The spirit of the preachers, the kindness of friends, the fervor of the missionary feeling—rising almost to “white heat”—and the renewal of many old associations, all tended to make the Conference highly enjoyable. He had Bishop Soule with him a part of the time. The presence of that great and good man was always a benediction to Bishop Paine. In a few days he set out for the Louisville Conference, which was to be held at Glasgow. A letter to Mrs. Paine will tell much better than I can what happened at the beginning of his journey:

DANVILLE, KY., Oct. 4, 1847.

*My Precious Wife:* If God had not been here, your poor husband would have been killed about two hours after I wrote you last. But He to whom I consecrated myself and my all was present to preserve and rescue me. Let us be thankful, for I am alive in soul and in body, and though severely bruised and stiff, have suffered no serious injury. These are the facts: I wrote to you from Harrodsburg on the 30th of September that I intended to return to Louisville by way of Lexington and Kentucky River. So, to do so I had to go to Danville that evening and thence by stage next morning to Lexington. Brother H. J. Perry, presiding elder of this district, drove up to my room and offered me a seat in his buggy with his wife to come here. He lives here, and the distance is only ten miles. I accepted it, and he rode on horseback and I drove. The horse was restive,

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\* While these pages were going through the press, we received the intelligence of the death of Rev. A. A. Morrison.—ED.

but rather unwilling to go fast. I disliked his movements from the first, and was constantly on my guard, traveling slowly all the way. After going about seven miles, and just as I was turning down a long hill, he suddenly as lightning and without any known cause darted forward. I pulled with all my might, and he began to kick and plunge forward. I found it impossible to stop or even impede his furious course, and tried to turn him off the turnpike against a gate, but could not. By the time we passed the gate he was running his best and kicking like seven devils were in him. He had already kicked off the dash and foot-board, and once or twice his feet came very near my face. I saw that there was no hope but in upsetting, and getting clear of him as soon as possible. In this I succeeded by turning the buggy over a large pile of rocks lying near the gate. This upset us with a terrible crash and threw us on the turnpike with tremendous violence. I literally slid on the turnpike three feet, and lay stunned and apparently dead for some time. The first thing I recollect was Sister Perry standing over me exclaiming, "The Bishop is killed, he is dead!" But by degrees I became conscious, and was lifted up and finally brought to this place, where kind friends and good physicians and a merciful God have taken care of me. I am this morning able to get up, put on my clothes with a little help, and write these lines to my dear wife. It was found that I had suffered greatly in that awful fall, but I tell you—and you know I never deceived you in all my life, and that I will not *lie*—that I am not severely hurt anywhere. None of my bones are broken, nor have I sustained any internal injury. And as evidence of this, I shall resume my journey to Glasgow in time to meet the Conference at its opening. I was bruised severely. All my side except my chest is bruised; in several places the skin and flesh lacerated. My hand, elbow, ankle, wrist, and especially my hip and pelvis bones and thigh, are badly bruised and quite sore yet. I can, however, walk across my room, and I know that all my bones are sound. Thank God! The doctor has just examined me, pronounced me unbroken, and given me his final directions. Sister Perry was badly cut on the forehead and her foot hurt. The buggy was torn to pieces. I am in the midst of very kind friends who wait on me with very great tenderness and let me want for nothing. All day yesterday and last night and to-day I have been very happy. I feel that I am the property of my God and his Church. I love God. I trust him. He will take care of me, and bring me to my loved ones



again. *He will, dear.* I have renewed my covenant for God to live and die. My wife, my children, my loved ones, my servants, all I lay on the altar of my God, and dedicate all to him. My mind is peaceful and happy. I have a humble but sure trust that he will keep that which I have committed to his care. I am very happy in this faith. Yes, here away from you all, in the solitude of my little upper chamber, surrounded by strangers, and frequently calling to mind your loved faces, I do feel supremely happy and resigned. I shall meet you here, and meet you in heaven. Wife, dear wife, let us have more faith in God's word, more TRUST. Several persons have examined the place and some witnessed the accident, and all agree that turning over the buggy when I did saved us, and are astonished that we were not killed anyhow. The secret of it is, the Lord protected us. His divine providence saved us. To him alone be the praise now and forever. Keep yourself cheerful and happy. My love to all. Yours forever, R. PAINE.

In eight or ten days after this accident he wrote again to his excellent wife. He had been mending all the time. He would be able to meet the Conference at Glasgow. He also received many letters congratulating him and returning thanks to the All-Father for his preserving care. Among these letters was one of great tenderness from Dr. Bascom, in which he recognizes the special providence in his not being killed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## LEGAL QUESTION—TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

ON October 9 he left Danville for Glasgow. This, as the reader already knows, was the anniversary of his conversion. He says: "This day thirty years ago God converted me. Thank God I have never willingly or wickedly departed from him. O for more holiness and usefulness!" Thus was he at each return of this anniversary expressing his gratitude to God and renewing his vows of consecration. Down to the last of his long and useful life, this return of this anniversary was remembered as the beginning of that life which had allied him so closely to God and his holy cause.

On the 13th of October, 1847, the Louisville Conference began. The following question was settled by the Bishop: "William McCullen, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a presbyter of the Church of England, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, for various reasons had resolved to surrender his letters of orders, and signified it to Bishop Smith, giving as his reasons: (1) His unwillingness to read sermons; (2) His rejection of the doctrine of the divine right of episcopacy; (3) His unwillingness to be barred from communing with other orthodox Christians. And intending to become connected with some other Christian denomination, he delivered his parchments and was dismissed by the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of Kentucky. Can he be received by us in orders?" Some of the preachers doubted. The Bishop decided that he could, and after

administering the vows of ordination gave him a certificate of elder's orders as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

From Glasgow, Ky., he passed on by Nashville, Tenn., to Murfreesboro, the seat of the Tennessee Conference. This was his old Conference. He was met by members of his Church with whom he had lived and labored in his early ministry. At the opening of the Conference he said: "I shall feel free to hold a steady rein presiding over this my old Conference. The business of the Church requires method, order, harmony. To accomplish this work will be my entire aim. Firmly, and in the fear of God, I will do my whole duty. Help me." During this Conference a local preacher came up for readmission. Brother K. was a man of talents. He was a politician, and was a powerful man before the people. He had a very wide reputation, and he was recognized as one of the most formidable of all the Whig orators. Dr. J. B. McFerrin spoke in behalf of his admission. He said: "Mr. President, Brother K. and myself are the poles apart in politics." The Bishop interrupted him with these sharp and rather cutting words: "I am very sorry to hear you allude to your politics on this floor and in this presence. We do not bring politics into a Southern Methodist Conference." "Well, sir," replied Dr. McFerrin, "it is my right and privilege to refer to my politics anywhere when I can do so, as I do now, in the fear of God and for his glory. As I was saying, Brother K. and myself do not belong to the same political party. He is a zealous Whig; I am a Democrat. In spite of all this, I am for him—separated in politics, we are one in Christ. In spite of violence of party spirit, we are one; and I shall vote for him with both hands raised. Religion, thank God, is above all political combinations, and this day shows itself the very essence of love. Still you must know that Brother

K. must be worthy, or I would not have made this speech. Let us all vote for him." So we did, and Brother K. was admitted with but little opposition. The Bishop's sharp rebuke was not only parried, but was made to subserve the best interests of the political preacher, and to bring him into the Conference.

The Conference passed pleasantly. The Bishop presided with dignity, and to the satisfaction of all. To this Conference he had the pleasure of introducing Dr. Wadsworth, as his successor in the presidency of La Grange College, and commending him to his brethren as worthy of their confidence and support.

His speech on reading out the appointments was just the kind we all expected. It was tender. It was manly. It was episcopal. It blended mildness and firmness, love for the preachers and devotion to the Church. It showed the full character of our shepherd as willing to lead in all the work of Christ. From Murfreesboro he went by stage to Tusculumbia, and thence on to his home. He found all well, and on November 12 the flowers were still blooming. There had been no frost. Health and happiness, beauty and innocence, nature and art, neatness and industry and piety, all combined to make that home most delightful to the good Bishop, whose labors had been so great and whose valuable life seemed at one time to have come to a sudden and violent end. But God had more use for him in his vineyard, and had brought him again to his own loved ones at his own dear "sweet home." For all this he was so thankful that he not only acknowledged his gratitude around the family altar, but almost tearfully in his journal. When he thought of the exceedingly narrow escape that he had made from a sudden and violent death, and found himself again at his own dear home with all the blessings of life around him, his gratitude was unbounded. That home, al-

ways so dear to him, never seemed so lovely as now. The flowers blooming so late in the autumn seemed an omen for good. He always loved flowers, and now they seemed more attractive than ever. Their beauty and sweetness added to the delights of his home, and especially so as they had been planted and cultivated by the hand of his wife, who could say in the language of the wife of another Bishop: "I am happy in my husband, whether absent or present; but always happy in my God, ever present and always kind to us both."

After spending a few weeks with his family, he left home in December for the remaining Conferences. He held the Mississippi at Canton, the Louisiana at Minden, the Alabama at Montgomery. He did not finish this short round of Conferences until February, 1848. His chief labor was performed in getting from one Conference to another. During these long trips overland, and in all sorts of conveyances—from a stage-coach to a common road-wagon—he suffered much; but uncomplainingly and with determination to do his whole duty, he brooked all the difficulties, and was ever at his post. He did not get back to his home until late in February. Here we shall leave him to enjoy all the happiness of that domestic circle until he starts on his round of duties in the fall of 1848.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## DUTY IN THE MIDST OF DANGER.

AFTER holding the Holston Conference at Knoxville, the Tennessee at Clarksville, and the Memphis at Aberdeen, on the 4th of December, 1848, he left home at night, and in a stage-coach, for the Mississippi Conference. It was held at Jackson. The men of this Conference were under the leadership of one of the greatest minds on this continent. Dr. William Winans, for native strength of intellect, for power to grasp any subject presented to him, for vigor of logic, and for command of pure Anglo-Saxon English, has not been surpassed in the history of Methodism. He was an intellectual giant. Then there was the godly and elegant Drake; the fervid Campbell—the son-in-law of Martin Ruter; the apostolic Jones; the eloquent Charles K. Marshall; the venerable and sweet-spirited Lane, who always reminded me of Bishop Andrew, and had often been taken for him; all of whom met him with cordiality, and gave him generous support. He met there his old friends and companions-in-arms, Dr. J. B. McFerrin and Dr. Stevenson, from Nashville. Dr. Charles B. Parsons was there, and preached his famous sermon in which he compared the different denominations to the different cars on a railroad drawn by the same engine and bound for the same port. Dr. Levings, the great Bible Agent, was also at this Conference, advocating the claims of the Holy Book. During the Conference alarming reports were heard of cholera in New Orleans and all along the Mississippi River. His next Conference was the Louisiana, and was to be held at Baton Rouge, right in the cholera region. The visitors from Ken-

tucky and Tennessee determined to return to their homes. A fearful panic prevailed. I happened just as this time to be passing down the Mississippi River with my family, bound for Centenary College. Even the captain of the boat on which we were traveling left us at Natchez and went back to his home and family in Paducah, Ky. We left Paducah with a large number of passengers, but nearly all quit the boat before we reached Baton Rouge. Some of the passengers bought horses and returned through the interior to their homes in Reynoldsburg, Tenn. I have seldom, either before or since that time, seen a greater panic than existed all along the Mississippi River. That there were grounds for it, there could be no doubt. People were leaving New Orleans by the thousands. The disease was very fatal. On the night of our arrival at Jackson, La., our second daughter, a sweet and beautiful little girl of near eight years, was attacked with the disease, and after a few short days we laid her away among strangers in the little village cemetery beneath the shade of the magnolia. The Bishop heard of our great sorrow, and as he had baptized her and always loved her, he expressed in few but tender words our sad, sad loss. In the midst of this panic, which seized all classes, he writes: "Excitement about cholera. McFerrin, Starks, Levings, and Stevenson hesitating about going to the Louisiana Conference. I go, of course. 'Trust God in duty,' my motto." He went. A perplexing case came up at this Conference. It was: "What is the *status* of a local elder whose character the quarterly-meeting Conference refused to pass?" The presiding elder had decided that the ministerial character was gone, and that the elder must surrender his parchment. He was sustained by some of the most talented members of the Conference. One said: "By the refusal of the quarterly-meeting Conference to pass his character, his vitality as a minister is gone."

Another urged: "The quarterly-meeting Conference has exclusive jurisdiction, and of course a refusal to pass the character of a local elder virtually deprives him of all his official functions." Just at this juncture the Bishop arose and said: "Brethren, I will not put the vote. It did not follow from a refusal to pass the character of this local elder that his credentials were to be given up, or that he was indefinitely suspended. The presiding elder did right to examine his character, moral and official, but improperly jumped to his conclusion in demanding his credentials. He should have called on the Quarterly Conference to specify facts; to do it in his presence, to admonish, reprove, or suspend him, according to *law*. If he had shown improper temper or performed actions improper, the Discipline points out the course and the law. But without charge, trial, or conviction, they refused to accredit him. The proceedings stopped too soon. All that the Quarterly Conference did was an implied censure, or censure direct, and does not necessarily work a forfeiture of his credentials. A local elder cannot be deprived of his credentials without a trial. This brother has had no such trial. There is no law for this course. He is still a local elder." To this decision he held the Conference, and would not allow a brother, without a trial, to be deprived of his ministerial character.

Before the Conference closed, he was attacked with strong symptoms of cholera. He was unable to read out the appointments. He had spasms, and suffered so as to produce cold, clammy sweats. Many were dying of cholera. Col. Croghan, of the United States Army, died; and others were reported very ill. He got better, and although very feeble, went on board a boat bound for New Orleans. At the home of his old friend H. R. W. Hill he became worse. Though weak and suffering, he writes: "This is indeed a strange providence, to stop me here in the midst of danger.



I do trust all without fear to God above. His will be done. Glory be to God, I can work or die as he wills. But O my wife, little ones, and servants! Must trust all. I do." But God had other work for him to do. After days of suffering and great feebleness, he was allowed by his excellent physician, Dr. Moss, to leave for the Alabama Conference, which was held at Greensboro, Ala., Jan. 21st, 1849. Here he heard of the death of Dr. Levings from cholera. He was a great and good man, and was in fine health when he parted from the Bishop after the adjournment of the Mississippi Conference. Immediately upon the adjournment of the Alabama Conference, the Bishop left for home by stage. He found all well. Here again he enjoyed in the bosom of his family that rest which he so greatly needed. He had traveled and held Conferences, and been attacked with cholera, and suffered so much as to make him feel that death was not remote. He never faltered. Do duty, even if duty led to the grave, was his great ruling principle. In accepting the episcopal office, he anticipated labor, self-denial, separation from family and home; but thus far his sufferings had far exceeded his anticipations. Duty alone prevented him from laying aside his robes of office and seeking privacy, quiet, and repose. But ever faithful to the calls of duty, to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and to the requirements of the Church which he loved better than life, he said to the tempter, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and cried out with David, "My heart is fixed, O Lord, my heart is fixed!" Again he was happy in the bosom of his family; again he blessed the Providence that had given to him a wife who combined just the qualities which the wife of a traveling Bishop should have. She was strong, self-reliant, firm, and yet gentle, timid, refined, and modest almost to a fault. In his absence she ruled the family. At home, all yielded to her wishes. A model housekeeper must have

order, neatness, and industry in her home. Mrs. Paine had all this. The Bishop's home was a model of elegance and refinement. It was surrounded by the most beautiful flowers and shrubbery, tastefully selected and elegantly cultivated. Within, all was order and harmony. She had inherited her mother's capacity for governing. She was like her mother in both strength and gentleness of character, and soon made her husband feel that in his absence all would go well. So while he left his home always with regret, and returned to it with joy, he suffered no needless anxiety about its proper government while he was absent.

## CHAPTER XX.

## IN THE GREAT WEST—RETURNS HOME.

THE different rounds of Conferences were far from being monotonous. If "variety is the spice of life," our Bishop certainly did not lack that element. He had spice enough and to spare. On the 19th of September, 1849, he left his home for the Missouri Conference. He went to Memphis, Tenn., by stage, and was soon on board a steamer for St. Louis. As usual on a Mississippi River steam-boat, there were many different characters among the passengers. Gamblers, desperate and vile, greatly annoyed the pious Bishop by their impudent blasphemy and insulting speech. In the darkness of the night, not far from Cairo, the boat struck a snag. It tore through the state-rooms. Some were scalded, and many narrowly escaped. The gamblers were much alarmed, and broke down the door of their state-room. Another attempted to jump into the river, and was caught by the Bishop and his life saved. The alarm and disorder were great. The boat was landed on a sand-bar, where they passed a horrid night. In all the excitement, the Bishop remained calm and undismayed. He encouraged and comforted the terrified passengers, and was ready, as upon a former occasion, to take command of the shattered vessel, and save, if possible, both passengers and crew. This proved not to be necessary, as they had a captain equal to the occasion. Without further accident, he arrived safe at St. Louis on the 23d of September. He preached in Centenary Church on the Sabbath to a large congregation. His text was the apostle's prayer, found in Ephesians, third chapter. He had liberty. He entered into the spirit of this wonder-

ful prayer. The people were stirred. A deep feeling prevailed throughout the large assembly. God was present. Good was done. At St. Louis was Thomas Capers, brilliant, pious, evangelical; and also Dr. J. H. Linn, then in the vigor of his young manhood, solid, strong, earnest. He was doing a great work then, and continued in energy, fidelity, and zeal for more than twenty-five years to preach the gospel and advance the Master's cause until 1877, when he passed to his reward. While holding the Missouri Conference at Fulton, he was attacked with a sudden and severe sickness. The attack came upon him while he was preaching, and he was compelled to stop. He was scarcely able to ordain the deacons, and broke down completely while attempting to ordain the elders. Two physicians were called in and found his symptoms alarming. His mind wandered. Fearful dreams and visions added to the alarm of his friends. He preached and prayed in the most frantic manner, and in the wildest delirium. He saw his wife die, his house on fire, and two of his children consumed in the flames. The disease was difficult to subdue, but after six or eight days yielded to the skill of his physicians and a kind Providence, and he went on as soon as he was able to attend the St. Louis Conference at Jefferson City. The Conference had been in session for several days. He presided during the remainder of the session, but was unable to preach. After Conference, he sent back his trunk and procured a horse and a real Methodist itinerant preacher's outfit, saddle-bags and all, and set out for the Indian Mission Conference on a horse which he called "Gunpowder." Feeble as he was, he traveled from twenty to thirty-five miles a day. At one time, weary and worn, he laid down on the grass to rest. He writes as he lay upon his back: "O how tired! Lord, help me to do and suffer thy will." There were no roads. He had to travel along narrow paths, and got lost more than

once. At last, after a long route of more than three hundred and fifty miles, he arrived at a mansion near Tahlequah, the seat of the Conference. He had been lodging in cabins and hovels, but now he was in a palace. He slept on a bedstead which cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Every thing was splendid, and the more so because of the contrast with the humble fare which he had *enjoyed* during his long horseback ride. The family was kind; the entertainment princely. The *rest*, so long needed, was most gratefully enjoyed. He expresses it all in one word: "Resting." There is a whole volume in that word. Then follow two other words with which the reader is familiar: "Thank God!" It is with these two emphatic words that he always expresses his gratitude to his Heavenly Father. He held the Conference, preached to the Indians, visited the mission-schools, and after doing all the work of an evangelist and of a Methodist Bishop, he left on "Gunpowder" for the East Texas Conference, to be held at Paris, Tex. Arriving at Paris in time, he held the Conference, made the missionary speech, preached and ordained deacons and elders. He then had more than three hundred and fifty miles to travel on horseback to Austin, the seat of the West Texas Conference. On the way, he was taken violently ill with a congestive chill. He called in a physician, who prescribed "heroic" doses of calomel, blue-mass, and quinine. He would take at night twenty grains of calomel, and then ten grains of quinine every few hours during the day. Through bogs and swamps on he traveled—so sick that he thought again and again death would be the result. He would have stopped, but he had no place at which he could stay. In the saddle, tired, sick, wasted, he traveled on through the prairies, over the hills, across the streams, until he arrived at Austin. Here he met his old Alabama friend Rev. Chauncy Richardson, one of the pioneer educators in the

Republic of Texas. Here also he found his old Tennessee friend Dr. Alexander, whose name is so sacred to the Methodists of Texas. There were others there, brave and true, who gave to the sick Bishop all the support that warm-hearted, zealous Methodist preachers could give. Still sick, he left Austin for Houston, where he expected to take a boat for Galveston. In spite of the big doses of calomel and quinine, and in spite of the wear and tear of horseback travel, and a severe attack from one or two "Northers," he arrived at Houston in December. Here he took a boat for Galveston, and was soon on the Gulf for New Orleans. Arriving at Mobile on January 1, 1850, he heard from his wife for the first time since leaving home in September. Amid all his labors, dangers, sufferings, his heart had not been gladdened by one line from the loved ones at home—so uncertain were the mails in what we then called the Far West. At Mobile he learned that all were well at home, and went to hold the Alabama Conference in Columbus, Mississippi.

On the 2d of February, 1850, Bishop Paine arrived at home after an absence of more than four months. They had been four of the hardest months of his toilsome life. He had been in the saddle quite an entire month—much of the time really too sick to be out of his house. He had traveled on horseback nearly a thousand miles, and he passed through all without one rebellious feeling, but with "Thy will be done" as the abiding sentiment of his apostolic heart.

## CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL CONFERENCE—CHOLERA—BASCOM—EXCITEMENT IN  
THE EAST—WORK—BEREAVEMENT.

THE Second General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was held at St. Louis, beginning on May 1, 1850. Bishops Soule, Capers, Andrew, and Paine were all present. The Bishops' Address was prepared by Bishop Andrew, and was read at the opening of the Conference. Bishop Paine proposed the subject of organizing a system to bring local preachers more into the work. He also urged that a course of study be prescribed, and that the "standard for licensing and ordaining them be higher." The Conference was a brief one. At an early period of the session the cholera became epidemic in St. Louis, and many members of the Conference were attacked by it. Bishop Soule was taken very ill, and Rev. Isaac Boring died. The Conference elected Henry B. Bascom Bishop, and, after attending to such other business as could not be postponed, adjourned on May 14.

The Bishop left home for the Eastern Conferences on October 31. As he passed through the Carolinas on his way to Virginia, he found great excitement prevailing in regard to the boundary between the North and South Carolina Conferences. The feeling was so deep that it gave the Bishop the greatest anxiety. He had free and full conversations with Dr. Summers, who, from his residence in Charleston, knew all the points involved. He was a disinterested and wise counselor. At the North Carolina Conference Dr. Deems made a fiery speech, and Dr. Closs said he would fight it out on his side to the bitter end. He had

learned largely of the merits of the case from passing through South Carolina and hearing all that the preachers of that Conference had to say on the subject. He decided on his course. It did not meet with the approbation of the North Carolina presiding elders. He referred it to the Conference. Supported by such men as Doub, Burton, H. G. Leigh, Bryant, and Carter, his plan was carried through, and peace was restored. At the South Carolina Conference he found the brethren a "little shy," but soon they went with him, and the border difficulty ended in fraternal greetings and universal peace. Such and so great is the power of a man in authority to control the bitterness of strife and to enjoy the benediction of all good people, and of Him who said, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

The Virginia Conference was held in Richmond. On his way, he preached in the Washington Street Church, Petersburg, to an immense crowd on "Walking with God." In this church he was ordained Bishop in May, 1846. He writes: "Thank God, I hope I have done nothing to disgrace my office; but alas! how imperfectly have I filled it! It almost killed me to be ordained, and I have found the office even more laborious and difficult than I expected; but *He* knows I neither sought nor wanted it, and I look to him for help in every emergency. And blessed be His holy name, hitherto He has helped me." During this Conference he enjoyed sweet communion with that noble layman D'Arcy Paul, of whom he says: "This is one of the best, wealthiest, and most liberal men in the Church. He makes it his business to get money to give away, and he does give it liberally." After the Virginia Conference, he returned through the Carolinas, and held the Georgia Conference at Savannah. It was the middle of January, 1851. He was extremely anxious to return home. The condition of his family seemed to den and it. His wife was sick, and he



felt that he ought to be with her. Besides, he himself was not well. He had several chills, and was suffering greatly with his head. At one time it seemed that he was bordering on apoplexy. He was perfectly conscious of his condition, and felt that he needed rest. The Florida Conference was still to be held. He sought, through Dr. William H. Ellison, son-in-law of Bishop Capers, and Dr. George F. Pierce, to secure the services of Bishop Andrew. But Bishop Andrew could not go. He enters in his journal: "Never hated to go worse; but 't is duty, and I go." A son had been born on January 1, and it was now the 20th; and he would have been *less* or *more* than human not to have desired greatly to see both mother and son. But "'t is duty, and I go." He went, held the Conference, met Bishops Capers and Andrew at Macon, Ga., on his return, and arranged with them the plan of Conferences and appropriations. He did not get back to his home until February 6. In a short time that home was saddened by the death of his eldest son, John E. Beck. John was a promising young physician. He was converted while a student at Emory College, Georgia. He was a consistent Christian, and he talked most beautifully on his death-bed. He had a vision of his mother. She came to him in "radiant glory," and said to him: "My son, prepare to meet the judgment. Meet me in heaven." Then, turning to his step-mother, he said: "O ma, you have been a dear, good mother to me. I would like to live, but I am not afraid to die." The Bishop had dedicated him to God from his infancy, and was ever so hopeful of his future. He was a gentleman and a Christian, and his death was most beautiful. His father was with him, and witnessed the triumphs of that faith which he had been preaching for more than the third of a century. After recounting the circumstances of his death, he utters these expressive words: "O that I may meet him in heaven!

I shall." He uttered no rebellious word. He indulged no murmuring spirit. He bowed to Him who doeth all things well, meekly praying, "Thy will be done." His tour of Conferences, as he strongly designates them, began with the Western Virginia in September, 1851. He presided then at the Kentucky, Louisville, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. These were all pleasant sessions, and his health was better than usual. At the Mississippi Conference, Dr. William Winans was compelled by the state of his health to ask a supernumerary relation. He was not more than sixty years of age. It was not, then; the infirmities of old age but a severe bronchial affection which made the request necessary. He stated the case himself to the Conference in a modest, manly way. He stated his belief that the days of his efficiency were passed. He feared that he would never be able to take regular work again. He bowed cheerfully to the will of God. In the Mississippi Conference he had spent the vigor of his youth and the prime of his manhood. He had enjoyed the largest confidence of his brethren, for which he was deeply grateful. He hoped the Conference could readily grant a request which nothing but inability to do full work could have forced him to make. Saying this, he left the Conference-room. Before putting the vote as to granting his request, the Bishop said: "Brethren, this request affects me greatly. It pains me beyond measure to hear my old friend declare his inability longer to do effective service. Time has been when William Winans would have been gladly welcomed to any station in the Church. He was capable of filling any place. In intellectual power he has no superior in the Church, North or South. He indulges now in no murmur. He is satisfied. He retires so gracefully, so uncomplainingly as to excite my highest admiration. I have seen old men retire most ungraciously, uttering their complaints as to

want of appreciation by the Church and their hard lot in being cast off in old age. Dr. Winans never appeared grander than he does to-day. I have been with him in General Conference when he shone like the sun at midday in cloudless splendor. He was then the peer of any man on this continent. To-day he reminds me of the setting sun. He still shines in full-orbed splendor, his round of rays complete. The light may not be so dazzling, but its mellow radiance touches the tenderest sensibilities, and assures us that when the clouds of death shall gather they will be gilded with holy light, filling us with the assurance that death itself cannot quench the brightness of a luminary which shall shine forever, undimmed by the clouds of death. Of course you will grant the request of Dr. Winans." The request was granted amid as deep feeling as was ever witnessed probably on any similar occasion.

From the Mississippi Conference he passed by Centenary College, and remained a few days, blessing the family of the writer with his presence, his pious counsels, and his wise, cheerful Christian conversation. He told us much of the labors and difficulties of his office. He spoke with intense admiration of the devoted wife from whom duty compelled him to be absent so much. Her firmness, her self-denial, her womanly character so highly developed, and so conscientiously meeting the responsibilities of her position as wife and mother, were spoken of with the highest appreciation. All this had greatly sustained him during weeks and months of absence. He could trust all to the prudence, the constancy, the decision, and the deep piety of a most devoted and uncomplaining wife.

The Louisiana Conference was held at Thibodeauville. Without his knowing it, three of the members were to sit with him on the episcopal bench. Holland N. McTyeire was at this time stationed at the Felicity Street Church,

New Orleans, and editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*. He was already making a deep impression on the Conference and the Church. He wielded a powerful pen. His style, original, terse, strong, and elegant in simplicity, was attracting wide attention and large appreciation. John C. Keener was among the most influential members of the body. Calm, prudent, discriminating, with a wonderful accuracy in judging character, a successful pastor, and a capital preacher, he had done as much in advancing Methodism in the Crescent City as any one who had ever been sent to that important and yet most difficult work. Then, he had Linus Parker, quite a young man, but a rising young man. And I believe that the Bishop ordained him as deacon at that Conference. It is certain that he was ordained by Bishop Paine as deacon, elder, and then Bishop. Thus ordained by the laying on of hands of the same Bishop, he must have felt a strange reverence for his venerable colleague. A storm of unusual feeling arose during the session of the Conference. It originated in a debate between two of the most prominent members of the Conference. I was alarmed, and to cut off debate moved the previous question, which Brother Keener seconded. Dr. Thweatt, a venerable member, arose and complimented the disputants on the great light thrown upon the subject, but regretted that the light was attended by so much heat. The Bishop pronounced my motion out of order. He calmly held the reins, and he alone seemed perfectly self-possessed. He knew the belligerents, and was assured their Christian principles would allay the perturbation produced by the collision in debate. By his prudence, self-control, and sweet Christian spirit, he soon calmed the storm, and all was peace again. He showed himself what he was—a Methodist Bishop, clothed with great authority, and exercising it for the glory of God and the good of the Church.

## CHAPTER XXII.

LONG ABSENCE—DEATH ABROAD AND AT HOME—POWERFUL  
PREACHING.

IN 1852 he presided over the Conferences in Missouri, Indian Territory, Arkansas, and Texas. He left home in September, and did not get back until February, 1853. He had the company of Dr. Schon through a good portion of this trip. The Doctor was the most courtly of gentlemen, and an earnest, zealous, and eloquent preacher, but he was not at all used to the hardships of a pioneer life. The Bishop enjoyed his company, and did all to encourage him. Horseback riding was any thing but pleasant to the Doctor, and he was not prepared for the rough usage to which the Bishop had become accustomed. After the Indian Mission Conference they separated, and the Bishop continued on through Arkansas and Texas. At one of these Conferences he was again taken very ill, and had to leave the chair with a severe chill upon him. He arose from a sick-bed on the Sabbath to ordain deacons and elders. On one of these trips he was almost sure to be sick. This time he suffered "with chills, spasms of the intercostal muscles, very sore chest, ribs drawn up as if corded, slow pulse," etc. He would spend a night sleepless and suffering, and travel in a round-wagon or cariole all the next day. So he did not miss a Conference. He had time, too, to sympathize with others. While traveling with Brother Whipple, of the Texas Conference, a report sadder than any ordinary death-wail came to the travelers that Brother Whipple's son had been drowned, and that his body could not be found. He gave to his afflicted brother the tenderest sympathies, and expressed the hope that the report might be false. Upon

their arrival at Bastrop, the seat of the Conference, they found the report too true. The father was overwhelmed, and the distress was increased by the loss of the body. On the first day of the Conference the body was found, and the Conference adjourned to attend the funeral of Wilbur Scott Whipple. The Bishop officiated, and gave great comfort to the family by his tender Christian counsel and sweet words of consolation, so radiant in our holy religion. As he returned to the laborious duties of the Conference at two o'clock P.M., he simply wrote in his diary: "Sleep on, sweet one." Soon after his arrival at home, he was called to suffer another great bereavement in the death of his brother-in-law, Dr. Felix Manning. He died, saying: "Bless the Lord, O my soul! Glory to God!" Of this excellent man he says: "Dr. George Felix Manning was among my dearest and most loved friends. A noble-hearted, intelligent Christian gentleman, with as much purity, consistency, and magnanimity as any one I have ever known. His closing scene tender beyond description; committed his family to me. Glory to God! he is safe. I will join him. May God bring us and all our families to unite in heaven together forever! He will." A deeper Christian experience, a more thorough resignation to the Divine will, and a holier trust in Him to whom he had committed all things, mark the Christian character of Bishop Paine from year to year. He seldom passed the anniversary of his birth without a most devout recognition of the Divine power and a reconsecrating of himself to God. Gratitude fills his heart all the time. Love for the Church and the Master's cause constantly inspires him. He continually prays for more purity and fervor. He says: "Methodism is right. All we need is to *stick* closer to it in doctrine and discipline. I want no change. The neglect of the General Rules and class-meetings, family and private religion, is cause of great

fear, and constitutes our greatest fault." His love for the Church continued to grow upon him. He forgot nothing that concerned its highest interests. Among his regrets at leaving home was that of losing, as he feared, some of that influence which he wished to exert upon the family circle. Religion in the family was the only hope for the Church and the world. It was the salt which must never lose its savor. It was the light which must shine out constantly and brightly from Christian homes. Neglect of family religion he deprecated as one of the greatest evils that could befall the Church. In September, 1853, he again leaves his family and home for the Eastern division of Conferences. He resigns home, wife and children, and all earthly interests, for Christ's sake and for souls. He presided at the Holston, Virginia, North, and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida Conferences. His health was better than usual. He preached at every Conference, and often in the intervals. During this trip he preached again in Washington Street Church, Petersburg, Va., in which he was ordained Bishop. His text was: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." This was a favorite text with him. In discussing it he was often sublimely eloquent. He delighted to show the loveliness of the character of the Lord Jesus. Character-painting was often a strong and striking feature of his best sermons. To paint the character of the blessed Master was a part of his divine mission. Jesus was lovely in his innocence, in his benevolence, in his activity, in his entire unselfishness. He illustrated the condition of the world by a city whose water supply was cut off. The inhabitants were dying of thirst. Not a drop of water in all the city. All alike in the palace and in hovels; the rich and the poor were suffering untold agonies. Lips were parched and tongues without moisture. The skin was shriveling and the

blood itself drying up for want of water. Then he had a benevolent engineer, coming as by magic, opening the pipes and sending supplies of cool, limpid water to every home, along every street, and restoring life to thousands of famishing people. The praise of such a man would be upon every tongue and in every heart. It would not be hard to love one possessed of such benevolence and bestowing such blessings upon a dying people. Such was the character of Christ. He found the world dying for the water of life—all supplies had been cut off. He opened a fountain pure, fresh, and inexhaustible. He said, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Will ye not love him? Ought he not to be loved? Love—deep, constant, and pure—is all he asks in return. Sooner let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth than it should cease to speak his praise. Love him? Yes, brethren, I will love him with all my heart. Join me in this love to the best, truest, and most unselfish Friend that man ever had." Then he closed that sermon with an appeal such as I cannot even try to reproduce. He seemed to stand upon Sinai. His countenance shone like that of Moses. His words burned. The curse from God was portrayed with all the power of sacred oratory. He seemed inspired. Munsey, in his description of the lost soul, did not surpass his fiery eloquence. God's fearful and deserved curse—blighting all happiness, destroying all hope, and pouring upon the accursed ingrate all the anathemas of a violated law—was described in thoughts that breathed and words that burned. When thus preaching, he seemed a very apostle of God, as he was. The usual routine of work of the Conferences was performed, with nothing which he regarded as worthy of special notice in his diary. He got back to his home at an earlier period than usual, and was rejoiced to find all in good health and happy to welcome him.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

THIRD GENERAL CONFERENCE—NEW BISHOPS—REMOVAL OF  
LA GRANGE COLLEGE.

IN May 1854, the third General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was held at Columbus, Ga. It was found necessary to increase the number of Bishops by the addition of three members. George F. Pierce, of Georgia; Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, of Kentucky; and John Early, of Virginia, were added to the Episcopal Board. Of these the youngest was George F. Pierce. He was the son of Dr. Lovick Pierce, and a favorite son of Georgia. He was possessed of wonderful magnetism. His eloquence attracted large crowds wherever he went. Of handsome person, radiant countenance, commanding talents, he was doubtless the most popular man of his age in the Connection. His election gave universal satisfaction. H. H. Kavanaugh had long been a favorite in Kentucky. On some occasions he astounded the people by his wonderful pulpit eloquence. He had a fine voice, and when excited his language seemed to be inspired as it conveyed to entranced hearers thoughts at once original, striking, and brilliant. His piety was of a high order, and his fitness for the office of a Bishop lacked but one element, which he never professed to have. He had no special talent for presiding or conducting the business of a Conference. But his power in a pulpit and his pure Christian life always made him acceptable and popular. John Early was known to possess one of the finest business minds in the Church. He had been one of the best presiding elders in the Old Domin-

ion. He could conduct financial matters well, and had been a successful Book Agent. He was growing old, and was the choice of Virginia, whose people he had served half a century.

In the fall of 1854 Bishop Paine held the Louisville, Tennessee, Memphis, and Arkansas Conferences. He records nothing of special moment as occurring at these Conferences except the step taken at the Tennessee Conference to remove La Grange College to Florence, Ala. "The proposition was to pay all the debts, erect superior buildings, and assure both local patronage and a paying endowment of ten thousand dollars."\* Bishop Paine had spent some of the best days of his manhood in connection with this college. He had groaned over it and labored for it. He loved the mountain, and never tired of the beautiful scenery to be enjoyed from its summit. The proposition was so liberal that he could not oppose it. Dr. A. L. P. Green saw at once the propriety of accepting the proposition, and offered a resolution instructing the Board to remove. The offer was to give better buildings, pay all the debts, and give an endowment of about forty thousand dollars, and to assure a local patronage larger than was then enjoyed from both home and foreign patronage. The removal, I have reason to know, met with the cordial approbation of Bishop Paine, and was indeed the very best thing that could have been done. The college more than doubled its patronage in less than one year. It continued to flourish until the interneine war broke it down. It is now, as elsewhere stated in this biography, the State Normal College of Alabama, and is still doing a great and good work in the cause of education.

On this round of Conferences he passed near the old homestead in Giles county, Tennessee. He visited the

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\*This was the note in his diary. The offer was forty thousand dollars.

graves of his father and mother. Alone, with a train of feelings so mingled as not to be described, he knelt and prayed by the graves of those dear loved ones: "O that I may meet these dear, precious parents in heaven!" Before he had fairly finished his entire round of Conferences, he was shocked by the sudden death of his colleague, Bishop Capers. They had been life-long friends. Together they had worked for the cause of the Master for many years; together they had taken the solemn vows of Methodist Bishops. He had long honored Bishop Capers as being the leader in the great effort made by the Southern Methodist Church to Christianize the negroes. He had always admired the spotless character of the great South Carolinian, and he was much grieved by his death. A purer, truer man than Bishop William Capers never occupied the episcopal office. Educated when but few of our ministers were blessed with a liberal education; a doctor of divinity when no other Southern Methodist preacher was so honored; a missionary to the negroes, and giving them sound yet simple Biblical instruction in Sabbath-schools, when fierce fanatics were pouring abuse upon him for being connected with slavery; a preacher of great simplicity and purity of diction and of much evangelical power; a fervent and faithful missionary to the Indians before their removal west of the Mississippi River; and withal a man of deep piety and sweet spirit—Bishop Capers passed away from us much lamented by the whole Church, and by no one more than by Bishop Paine, who had loved and admired him all his life. Through the influence of Bishop Paine, when presiding over La Grange College, the presidency of that institution was offered to Dr. Capers. He did not accept the office, much to the regret of President Paine, who thought him better fitted for the office than himself. I mention this fact to show the life-long appreciation of his colleague by Bishop

Paine. Then, they were consecrated together to their sacred office; and this of course produced sympathy between them. He was the second of the Southern Bishops to be called home. A good man, "full of the Holy Ghost and full of faith." He was ready for the summons. Without one shrinking feeling, but with holy triumph, this Christian Bishop met the last enemy, and all through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. In a few brief years Bascom and Capers had passed away. They were very unlike. Bascom was vehement, Capers was gentle. Bascom was terrible as the storm, Capers was mild as the zephyr. Bascom was a son of thunder, and the lightning played around his head; Capers was as gentle as a lamb, and always touched the tenderest sensibilities of human nature. Both were ambassadors of Christ, and had credentials from Heaven; but Bascom commanded, Capers persuaded. Bascom often left his congregations dazed and overwhelmed; Capers always left his tender, subdued, melted. The death of each was unexpected. They were both life-long friends of Bishop Paine. He loved them both, and admired and appreciated them, and deeply lamented the death of each as of a brother beloved. Bascom died in the very beginning of his work in the episcopal office, and before he had developed his character either in the chair or in the cabinet. Bishop Capers had been on his rounds since 1846, and was universally regarded as a polished shaft in Jehovah's quiver. He may not have been as able as others in the interpretation of law, or in the power to preserve order, but in all the elements of pure Christian character—meekness, truth, justice, and purity—he was equal to the very best.

Bishop Paine's round of Conferences for 1855 embraced Kentucky, Western Virginia, Louisville, Tennessee, Memphis, and Holston. He gives no account of what occurred at any of these Conferences. He simply records the fact

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above stated. I suppose he attended all these Conferences and presided over them. It is certain he did so unless prevented by sickness. We have seen that when sick and worn with labor and travel he would persist in doing the work assigned him. The work in the East was becoming less laborious, owing to the increased facilities for travel. This was grateful to the feelings and added greatly to the comfort of the Bishop, now nearly sixty years of age.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

EDUCATION IN ALABAMA—THE SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY—PROV-  
IDENCE—PERILS—LAW.

EARLY in the year 1855, Alabama Methodism became intensely excited on the subject of education. The question was, Two colleges, or one? The contest ended in the establishment of two—one located at Auburn, in East Alabama, and the other at Greensboro, in the western portion of the State. Bishop Paine was called to preside over the Board of Trustees of the Southern University to be established at Greensboro. His love for the Church, his large experience in the work of education, his extensive acquaintance with the educators of the South, his great caution and prudence, admirably fitted him to preside over the deliberations of a body then undertaking the grandest Church enterprise in connection with education ever at that time begun in the South. After the erection of suitable buildings, and the purchase of libraries, fixtures, etc., needed for a university of high order, it was found that they would have an endowment of more than two hundred thousand dollars. This was the best showing that had ever been made by Methodism in connection with her educational enterprises. The Board met for the first time on March 17, 1856. It was composed of men able, liberal, and true. Bishop Andrew, far-seeing and trustworthy; Dr. Summers, learned and cautious; Dr. Hamilton, then the Nestor of Alabama Methodism; Dr. Wadsworth, pure, gentle, yet firm and experienced; Dr. Mitchell, with a character stately and majestic; and Dr. Neely, eloquent and enthusiastic, were among

the ministers in that body. Then the enterprising and liberal De Yampert, the noble and statesmanlike Baker, the gifted Erwin, were among the laymen in that Board, to which was committed this great educational interest. To use a favorite expression of Dr. Summers's, they determined to make haste slowly. It was thought best not to open the doors of the university until they were ready. Bishop Paine's greatest fear was that dormitories might become necessary. To them he was conscientiously opposed. He had seen the evils resulting from placing boys in barracks, or dormitories, away from family influence. God had organized the family. Its influence was needed to restrain, to exalt, to save young men and boys from contracting low, vicious habits. He believed that boys at school should become domesticated in refined and well-ordered families. He was sure that deprived of the influence of mothers and sisters, and with the hand of no pure, gentle woman to lead them, they would be in danger of becoming demoralized, and of going astray. So the dormitory system, as it was then called, was not adopted.

On his return home he went by Mobile, and taking a steamer there started up the river. The boat struck a snag, and sunk in less than twenty miles from the city. Several persons were drowned. The Bishop says: "Our escape was marvelous. God preserved us." He was but slightly hurt, but lost upward of seven hundred dollars by the disaster. He was a strong believer in special providence. In all the disasters, both on land and water, which seemed to threaten his life, he universally attributed his preservation to Divine Providence. The sinking of the boat at night, accompanied by the loss of every thing on board, and by the drowning of several persons, was certainly an alarming event. It was wonderful that more lives were not lost. That he was saved with but slight injuries

caused him to bow in humble gratitude to his Heavenly Father and reconsecrate himself to his service.

On October 9, 1856, he left home on his fourth tour of Western Conferences. This was the anniversary of his conversion. "It was on October 9, 1817, God forgave my sins. Praise him! It is a great cross to leave home to be gone so long, and so far away. I never desired the office of a Bishop, and but for love to Christ would not be one. This is to be a hard trip—an almost sick on it. Came near dying twice on this same trip. I *will* go for Christ's sake. Am ready to suffer, or if need be, to die on my work. Precious ones at home, farewell! So sweet a place I shall not soon see again. God guard us all." Such was the touching entry he made in his diary on his departure for this most laborious tour. He again passed through the Indian Territory, in company with his old friend Dr. E. W. Schon. They underwent the usual hardships and trials. At a very indifferent Indian tavern, at which they were compelled to pass the night, Dr. Schon became very anxious and suspicious. It seemed to him that some of the guests were prowling around with no good intentions. He suggested to the Bishop that their lives were in danger. The countenances, whisperings, and general deportment of these men certainly foreboded no good. They would leave the house, and after apparent consultation would return as if bent upon mischief. The Bishop felt that they were really in the power of ruffians, but he remained perfectly calm, went to bed and slept well. The Doctor kept watch during the whole night. In the morning they were both thankful that a merciful Providence had guarded them from all danger, and that they were safe in his hands.

From the Indian Mission Conference they went over rough roads, and by conveyances both public and private,



and of various kinds, to the Texas Conference, held at Waco; thence, in a similar manner, to the West Texas Conference, held at Gonzales. After holding the Western Texas Conference they left in a stage-coach for Richmond, and thence by railroad to Harrisburg at which place they took a steam-boat for Galveston. During this round of Conferences he had passed through unusual perils. Just before starting, the boat upon which he was traveling had sunk, and he had lost over seven hundred dollars. On the trip he had been robbed of one hundred and fifty dollars. He could truthfully apply to himself the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." I do not desire by any means to exaggerate his dangers, trials, and sufferings on this long and exposed route, but according to these brief entries in his diary, the quotation taken from St. Paul can be literally and truly applied to Bishop Paine on this long and dangerous tour. At the Conferences he was always treated with princely hospitality. The danger was in passing through a wild country from one Conference to another. Among his brethren he had every attention, and wanted for nothing. No man could have been more thankful than he was for the generous hospitality extended to him whenever he met either ministers or members of the Church. He felt, however, that he owed his safety to the special providence of God. After this long trip, he arrived safe, happy, and grateful at his own dear home, on January 22, 1857.

In 1857, he held the Memphis Conference at Holly Springs. Here he was again taken very ill, and was alto-

gether unable to preach, and was scarcely able to perform the services of ordination. It is always an affliction for the Bishop to be unable to preach at Conference. The people expect it, and few of our preachers are willing to stand in the Bishop's place just for that one responsible hour. Many, of course, could fill the office permanently, and would be willing to do so at the call of the Church. At this Conference there was at least one man who could have occupied the episcopal chair and filled the pulpit both with credit to himself and honor to the Church, and good to the people. That man was G. W. D. Harris, of precious memory. He was a man of rare powers. His elocution was well-nigh perfect. His articulation was distinct, his manner graceful, his matter deep, sound, and evangelical, and his appearance dignified and commanding. Back of all this was a character solid as granite, and as pure as solid. To him was committed the task of filling the pulpit in place of the Bishop. Of course he did his work like an apostle, yet it was a disappointment that the Bishop could not do his own work. He enters in his journal: "Sorry that I am not able to do my duty." At this Conference some legal questions of importance were decided. Among them, this: "Upon the reference by the preacher of the trial of a member to the Quarterly Conference, should the Conference adjudicate the case, or consider it with regard to the propriety of remanding it?" The answer of the Bishop was: "The Constitution of the Church guarantees the right of trial and appeal. The General Conference cannot take away that right, directly or indirectly. Therefore, the expulsion by the Quarterly Conference of a member acquitted by the society, as it cuts off appeal, is unconstitutional and void. The Quarterly Conference may advise or order a new trial, but cannot expel, unless the defendant appeals from the decision of the lower court. He has no appeal if the Quarter-

ly Conference try him before he appeals. It is always safest to construe the law so as not to conflict with the constitution.' I have given this decision of the Bishop because it shows not only a clear knowledge of constitutional law, but because it shows his sense of justice and regard for character. His rule was that no man could be expelled from the Church without a trial by his peers. Whether layman or minister, he had the inalienable right of trial before expulsion.

He also held the South Carolina Conference, at Charlotte, North Carolina. He delivered the missionary address at this Conference, and with great success. On such occasions he was at times surpassingly grand. He was so at this Conference. As the result, a very large missionary collection was raised, many giving fifty dollars apiece. His eloquence warmed the hearts, melted the sympathies, and caused these deep feelings to manifest themselves in rich gifts laid upon God's altar. Thence he passed into Columbia, South Carolina, and was there at the commencement of the college over which his old friend Dr. A. B. Longstreet was presiding. The Legislature was also in session, and he had a delightful week of rest, and innocent social and intellectual recreation.

The Georgia Conference, over which he presided, was held this year, at Washington, Georgia. Here he met Bishop Pierce, and his father, Dr. Lovick Pierce, with both of whom he enjoyed himself greatly. He mentions the session of the Conference as one of the most pleasant he had ever attended.

He also visited Macon, Georgia, the seat of the first college for young ladies that was ever chartered. His oldest daughter was there, and had recently been happily converted. The visit was a joyous one to both. He rejoiced in heart-felt experimental religion. He had experienced it,

and always recurred with joy and gratitude to his own conversion. He was a deeply experienced Christian, and growing more so as the years advanced. The regeneration of the heart, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, was ever with him a cardinal doctrine. We have seen him in his early ministry talking to mourners and leading them to Christ. As he became a presiding elder, and then as president of a college, and afterward as Bishop of the Church, he continued to impress this divine truth upon all who heard him. He never felt that it was beneath any man in any vocation to seek and find, and enjoy with all the rapture of a converted soul, the witness of the Holy Spirit. He never doubted his own conversion. He ever rejoiced that he was a sinner saved by grace. The happy conversion of his daughter was a benediction to him, and he records it with gratitude.

Since beginning to write this book, I have received a letter from Brother R. L. Clark, of Verona, Mississippi, who was led to Christ in 1833, during the first great revival at La Grange College. He writes: "Bishop Paine was the instrument in my conversion. He was instructing me when I embraced Christ as my Saviour. And now for the space of fifty years he has been my wisest, safest, best of friends and counselors." Such is the testimony of many living witnesses. Whenever the Bishop was able to preach, he always did so. During this tour of Conferences he preached on "heart purity as essential to the perfection of Christian character." He often chose such subjects as "Walking with God," "Filled with the fullness of God," "Blessed are the pure in heart." This, too, was a trying period of his life. He had a large estate to manage. To a conscientious man as he was this brought great care, as well as responsibility. Then, there was the care of all the churches, the appointments of the preachers to their work,

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the education of his children, and added to all these the proper organization of the Southern University, at Greensboro, Alabama. Perplexed, tried, cast down at times, he never faltered in his consecration, never wavered in his religious experience, never forgot his first love, but was constantly growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE AT NASHVILLE—BISHOP SOULE—EPISCOPAL TOUR.

IN May, 1858, the fourth General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was held in Nashville, Tenn. Bishop Soule opened and organized the Conference. He was then far advanced in years. He still maintained that wonderful dignity of character which had marked his entire career. He was a great man, and no one could behold him without feeling that he was in the presence of a great man. He had grown old gracefully. He had borne with meekness all the honors heaped upon him by the Church. He had also borne with uncomplaining patience, and with the spirit of Christian forgiveness, all the reproaches which had fallen upon him because of his adherence to the Southern Church. He was loved and honored by Southern Methodists with all the intensity of warm Southern hearts. He gave his ready consent to the removal of the rule from the Discipline in reference to slavery, holding that the entire question should be relegated to the State.

In the fall of 1858 Bishop Paine again started on his episcopal tour. He first held the Memphis Conference at Trenton, Tenn. On his way he paid a visit to his brother Constantine. He had much serious religious conversation with his brother, whom he found in a cold, backslidden condition. This gave him very great concern. He felt during these repeated conversations that his brother was about to begin religious life in earnest. A fervent, humble prayer was offered: "O that he may!"

He left with the assurance that his visit had been of great

spiritual benefit to him. At Trenton, Tenn., he had a delightful time with old friends from Murfreesboro, who had known him in their childhood, and whose parents had been members of his Church during his early ministry. It was always a delight to him to revive these pleasant recollections and renew the friendships of other years. He preached several times on his way to Conference, and dedicated one or two churches. At the Conference he preached on Christ able to save to the uttermost. This was a favorite theme with him. The atonement was to him a cardinal doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. Christ was the Lamb slain. His sufferings were vicarious. He tasted death for every man. His sufferings and death were not mere expressions of God's love to a world lying in wickedness. They were much more. They expressed law and justice, and met all the requirements of the divine government, so that God could be just and yet justify the ungodly. He never left Wesleyan Methodism. His love of originality never caused him to forsake the old paths. He was neither Calvinist nor Pelagian, but an Arminian, and held to the doctrine of the atonement as taught by Richard Watson and other great standards of Methodist theology.

From Trenton he went to the Alabama Conference, at which he stationed two hundred preachers. Again he was suffering with sick headache, and unable to preach. Dr. Thomas O. Summers filled his place in the pulpit. No purer man has lived in this century than Thomas O. Summers. He was learned, earnest, instructive, logical, and evangelical as a preacher, and fit to fill any pulpit, and always ready to do the Master's work. "Honestly and patiently" the Bishop made the appointments, and gave general satisfaction. During this round the organization of the Southern University was completed. An able Faculty was elected. Dr. William M. Wightman was made

Chancellor. A course of study was adopted similar to that required in the University of Virginia. In all this the Board of Trust was greatly assisted by the wise counsels and large experience of Bishop Paine, who presided over their deliberations. At Woodville, Miss., he held the Mississippi Conference, and soon after opened the Louisiana Conference at New Orleans. At this Conference he met with his old and long-tried friend the Rev. Alexander Sale. It was a joy to them both. For more than sixteen years they had worked together for the cause of education at La Grange College—the Bishop being President and Brother Sale one of the Board of Trust.

In Virginia, as circuit preacher and presiding elder, the Rev. Alexander Sale had served the Church with great ability. So he had in Tennessee and Alabama. He was now old and gray-headed, but still erect, stately, and strong. He had married the Bishop to his last wife, and had been with him in joy and in sorrow. He was the father of Bishop Linus Parker's first wife, and was always worthy to be the companion and counselor of Bishops. They met at that Conference for the last time on earth. They have met again amid the assembly of God's saints in heaven.

Bishop Paine returned home from his round of Conferences in time to enjoy watch-night meeting at the church in Aberdeen, his own home. After a talk suited to such an occasion, he, with his brethren, closed the old year 1858 and entered upon the new year on his knees. It had been forty-one years since his happy conversion and his entrance upon the ministry. His consecration to God had been renewed a thousand times. It was again, most solemnly—in view of the past and the future, and in union with members of his own family and his people in Aberdeen—renewed just as one year passed out and another was ushered in.

Soon after this he stood by the bedside of his old friend



Thomas Brandon as he was dying. He saw him as he gave the last kiss of affection to his wife and children. Although he could not articulate distinctly, he gave sufficient testimony that all was well, and that he was trusting Him whom he had served so long. The Bishop had known him at Huntsville, Ala., for many years. He buried him and preached his funeral-sermon.

In June he attended the commencement exercises of the Wesleyan College, at Macon, Ga., and had the pleasure of witnessing the graduation of his oldest daughter, Sarah Felix. As his children were growing up, he felt more and more the necessity of religion at home. Religious training more than ever seemed to take hold of his feelings. Sarah had been converted while at college. Robert was quite a youth, and though bright and promising, was not yet a Christian. The time for his Western tour of Conferences was approaching. Robert was to go with him. The heart of the father was made glad by the happy conversion of his son during that same tour. The son has remained faithful, and was a lay delegate to our last General Conference in 1882, which was held in Nashville, Tenn.; and there and then the sad scene was witnessed when the dear old Bishop, worn down by labors and disease, asked to be relieved from active duty.

At the Indian Mission Conference he preached the funeral-sermon of his old Tennessee friend the Rev. Wilson L. McAlister. Together they had fought the good fight of faith many years before. They had loved each other long and tenderly. For twenty years Brother McAlister had been a missionary to the Indians. He was a man of great purity of character and of high order of talents. The Bishop's text was, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John iii. 3). His object was to show the purifying power of the Christian

hope as it was manifested in the life and character of Wilson L. McAlister. He says of him: "*Pure, lovely, useful.*" Purity of heart had long been a favorite doctrine of the Bishop. It was becoming more and more so. During this trip to the five Western Conferences he preached twenty-one times, and often with great liberty. He received such baptisms of the Holy Spirit as caused his heart to rejoice with unspeakable joy. He was happy in the enjoyment of a pure religion. He does not hesitate to record in his journal these manifestations of the love of God and the joy which filled his soul. It has often been said that the Bishop's preaching lacked the subjective element. He did not often speak of himself in the pulpit. This fact led some to believe that he did not enjoy that deep experience and sweet communion with God which are very apparent in his diary. The diary was intended for his own eye. He did not expect it to be read by others. It is full of religious emotion. A constant cry for a deeper work of grace, accompanied by thanksgiving, is found permeating these brief life-notes. "Praise him—yes, praise him! I am happy. Living or dying, I am the Lord's!" Such passages as these show that joy and peace were the fruits of the Spirit in his own heart. These transporting feelings sometimes bore him beyond himself in the pulpit, and caused him to give a shout of triumph. I remember once to have heard him at an Annual Conference thrill an immense congregation by a burst of praise. He had occasion to quote the song of the angels at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest," etc. "Brethren," said he, "I have often heard that song. I have heard it as coming from angel songsters, as it floated over the vine-clad hills of Palestine, and along the shores of her winding streams, and up her mountain slopes, and down her fertile valleys. I have heard it sung by the young convert as with streaming eyes and countenance all aglow he for the

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first time gave glory to God. I have heard it from the old soldier of the cross, who after gaining some signal victory over the foe gave vent to his feelings in a shout of praise. I have heard it from the dying Christian, as the clouds of death were gilded with celestial light and he seemed to look through the open doors and into the eternal city. Yes, brethren, I have heard it from hundreds at one time as they joined in hearty chorus, giving glory to God. And however and whenever I have heard it, whether from angels or from happy Christians, young or old, living or dying, I have said, I'll join them, I'll join them. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!'" Then it was his lips seemed touched "with a live coal from off the altar." His fine face was in a glow of excitement. The immense congregation, composed largely of Methodist preachers, was deeply moved, and, "Amen! I'll join them," came up in tremulous, joyous tones from scores of happy listeners.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WATCH-NIGHT—JOHN HERSEY—BUCHANAN—INTERESTING  
VISIT—THREATENINGS OF WAR.

AFTER his long Western tour of 1859, he arrived at his home in time to enjoy another watch-night. He says: "Thank God for the last year! So many blessings of providence and grace. I am the Lord's, and all mine is his. My covenant of consecration, full and perpetual, I renew. Amen." In this manner he was constantly renewing his consecration to God. "All mine is his." Could a consecration be more thorough? With this vow upon him, he entered upon the year 1860.

Early in January he was visited by his old friend the Rev. John Hersey, who was a man of singular piety. He was a radical on the subject of dress, as also on the duties of fasting. When Robert Paine was quite a youth, he became acquainted with this remarkable man. He induced him to fast twice in the week when he was performing full work on a circuit extending over several thousand square miles. It greatly affected his health, and had it been persisted in, would probably have caused his death. John Hersey was, however, a good man. He spent years as a missionary in Africa, and was ever ready to do or to suffer for the Master's cause. More than forty years had passed since their last meeting. The Bishop gave him a cordial welcome to his own elegant home, and was glad to hear him deliver sermon after sermon in the church at Aberdeen. He enjoyed the visit of this remarkable man, and wrote an interesting account of it which was published in one of our Southern papers. He left home in October for the Holston

Conference. He stopped at Knoxville and preached to a large, attentive, and serious congregation. The Conference was held at Asheville, where he met Dr. H. N. McTycire and heard him preach an impressive sermon prior to the ordination of elders at 3 o'clock p.m. on the Sabbath. The Bishop had preached in the forenoon on "Occupy till I come." A trial of one of the first ministers gave the Bishop great trouble. Such trials always affected him very much. His love for the Church caused him to feel the deepest anxiety in regard to the result of the trial of a brother minister. He always felt the deep need of a pure ministry and of a holy Church. In a trial of the prominent member of the Holston Conference, he was rejoiced that the minister was cleared by a vote almost unanimous, and that the Church would not be injured.

He arrived at home in time to witness the death of one of his most precious friends, Mrs. George Phelan, the wife of Senator Phelan, and sister of Mrs. Governor Ed. O'Neal, of Alabama. She died right, as she had lived right. She was the granddaughter of old Father Moore, of Huntsville, Ala., at the time of his death the oldest Methodist minister on this continent. The Bishop and his family loved her much, and deeply mourned her death. He had known her from childhood, and always recognized her as one of the best of Christian women. The country was at this time in the greatest excitement of its political history. He enters in his journal: "Lincoln will be elected to-morrow President of the United States, and then—I fear the dissolution of the Union." Immediately after the Presidential election, he held the Virginia Conference and visited Washington City. He was the guest of Secretary Floyd, a member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet. Of his visit to President Buchanan he says:

"In filling my appointments of 'episcopal visitation,' I

was to preside at the Virginia Conference in Alexandria, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1860. Arriving at Washington City several days in advance of that date, and while dining, by invitation, at Governor Floyd's, a note was received from President Buchanan requesting him to bring me with him to the White House that evening. Governor Floyd was then Secretary of War, and Mr. Lincoln had been elected President, but not inaugurated. Soon after supper, at which the late Bishop (then Dr.) Doggett, stationed in the city, was also present, the Governor and myself went to see Mr. Buchanan. Not having finished his tea, he insisted that, as there was no other company present, we should go with him into the dining-room. He soon introduced the subject of the threatened 'secession'—saying, in substance, that he had learned through his Secretary of War that I was a Southern Methodist Bishop upon a tour of official duty through the Southern States, and resided in Mississippi; that he would like to know what are really the facts as to the public sentiment in the South. 'What will the Southern States do? Will they follow South Carolina if she goes out? or will they likely split upon the question? And what about South Carolina? can any thing be done to prevent rash action on her part?' He wished to learn from a candid and reliable man who loves his country a fair statement of his views on these points. In reply, I observed that, as regarded myself, as I was never a politician, having studiously avoided partisan excitement—inasmuch that for thirty years past I had not voted for a President, in order to give an example to younger ministers, and thus to reserve my influence for moral and religious ends—I might not be good authority upon the political questions now so seriously endangering the harmony of the Union; that my opinion as to what the South would do was not formed by personal intercourse while on my Conference visitations

during the year, as I had attended but one, and that was the Holston held at Asheville, N. C., where I had always understood political parties were generally about equally divided; but how they stood on that question I knew not—had not inquired. In fact, all I knew was from the public press and casual talk while traveling. It afforded an opportunity, which was gladly embraced, of saying that while we preachers claimed, as citizens, all the rights and immunities of freemen, we had adopted the principles of discouraging and opposing the introduction and discussion of all purely political questions in our *Conferences* and *pulpits*; and that this was so well understood and approved by our preachers that since the organization of the Southern Church I had witnessed no attempt to violate it. But as he seemed desirous to know my opinion, I frankly told him that since I left my home in Mississippi I had learned that the Legislature had been called, and with a view to a convention, which I presumed would likely take action upon the question of secession; and I apprehended that she and the other Southern States would likely follow South Carolina. He seemed greatly troubled—would sip his tea, get up and walk about the room, and again take his seat, and presently resume the walk. He evidently felt distressed; regarded it as wrong—wrong to him personally as a Democrat and ever a friend to the South, and involving principles and results extremely dangerous; results no one could fully foretell. I sympathized with him. Upon his alluding to the evils of division and the probability of a civil war, I reminded him that some thought that from what he had published he held the opinion that the United States troops could not be legally employed against a sovereign State *in such a case*. There was a pause, and the Secretary replied: ‘We have carefully looked into that question, and have not found the authority to do so.’ The President, I believe,

made no direct reply, simply remarking: 'When the passions of men are aroused, there is no telling where the thing will end.' The subject was dropped as to that point. He, however, appeared anxious to prolong the conversation, and to get my views as to the dangers ahead, and as to the best way to prevent an outbreak. I candidly told him that I feared a conflict might occur, without design of either the State of South Carolina or the United States, at Charleston; and that probably by prudence and forbearance for awhile feelings would calm down, and the danger subside. In this I was plainly telling my convictions and hopes, for I confess I did not then appreciate the imminency of the storm. I inquired of him, 'What kind of a man have you at Fort Moultrie?' To this he responded quickly: 'By the by, that reminds me that the officer there reported last week that a collision had like to have occurred at the Charleston wharf between our men and some citizens, as to the right or preference of our captain's little vessel and some hot-bloods, and was only avoided by cool-headed citizens.' As to the officer, he said: 'He is somewhat nervous, a Northerner, a good officer, but not likely to forbear much.' I asked him if it might not be better to have another man from neither Southern New England—a firm, good-natured Western man. While we all felt very uneasy as to the future, I was hopeful, trusting that if things could be kept quiet until the incoming Administration should be firmly seated, our sky would brighten, and by some *unforeseen means* amity be restored. I think the President and Governor Floyd had the same hopes.

"Before that interview closed, I was asked if I had any acquaintance in South Carolina who might be competent and willing to write a few strong articles, and get them published in a paper in Columbia or Charleston, discouraging an outbreak by the young men. After reflecting awhile, I



told him my acquaintance among that class of men there was very limited, as it required a literary and influential man, whose name, qualities, and position were not easily found by a transient visitor as I had been in that State; but I thought I knew one man who could do it, and might be willing to do so in the interest of peace, law, and order, although decidedly and in every respect a Southerner. Upon his saying that the fact last mentioned would give his advice more weight, and asking me to write to him, I agreed to do so. I did write to my friend; he consented, and I learned he redeemed his promise, and it was thought with good effect. This conversation took place Nov. 19, 1860; and I here state *positively* that during it nothing was said or intimated that any of the 'forts, arsenals, or other property of the United States at Charleston, was to be surrendered to the State.' I soon learned that Major Anderson was in command there—a Western man, I believe—and that an increased confidence was felt for the conservation of peace until Congress should meet; but the shadows deepened, and a storm burst suddenly. So much I deem just to the dead and the living.

R. PAINE."

Bishop Paine was a prudent Christian patriot. At the South Carolina Conference resolutions were offered in sympathy with the secession movement. He ruled them out of order, and they were not pressed upon the Conference. The Bishop held the reins with a firm grasp. He said, "Politics cannot be allowed in a Methodist Conference." They were therefore kept out. Would that they had always been kept out of Methodist Conferences! The South Carolina Conference was the last over which he presided before the terrible internecine war which for four terrible years swept like a fearful cyclone over our dear Southland.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE CIVIL WAR—SORROW UPON SORROW.

SHORTLY after the session of the Virginia Conference, during which he had his interview with President Buchanan, he returned home, and awaited events with the greatest anxiety. With the fall of Sumter the call was made by President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The bloody war of four long, disastrous years followed. During these years he kept no regular diary. A note now and then of an important battle, of a terrible raid, of the death of some dear friend killed in battle, or of a day appointed for fasting and prayer, and then a pious, tearful ejaculation, "O God, protect our people!" constituted about all that can be found among his papers of what he recorded during the war. He was not a politician, and I never knew whether he favored the secession movement or not. When, however, his people were involved in this internecine strife, all his sympathies were with his native South. He was much discouraged from almost the beginning of the war. He staid much at home. He communed with his own heart. He offered silent, secret, fervent prayer to God. He preached mostly in the country to those who needed much his pious counsel and spiritual teachings. He held but few Conferences. He sometimes visited the Confederate armies and preached to the soldiers. The regular work of the itinerant Methodist ministry was to a large extent broken up. The portion of country in which he lived was subject to raids at any time after the fall of Fort Pillow and Nashville and Memphis; and then Natchez and Vicksburg fell into the hands of the victorious North. What could he do? He was then more than sixty years

old, and he was not able to undergo the toils and sufferings of a soldier's life. Besides, his warfare was one not to be fought with carnal weapons. He was a soldier of the cross, and he could wield no other sword than the "sword of the Spirit." He prepared himself for the defeat which he well knew was sure to come. He saw it coming long before President Davis or his cabinet thought of any thing else than Southern independence. At the instance of many friends he visited Richmond at an early period of the war, and sought to arouse the Confederate President to a sense of the certain ruin that was soon to come to Mississippi, and then to all the South. His wise and moderate words were not heeded. Other counsels prevailed. He returned to his home patient, resigned. It was all right. God knew what was best for the South. The noblest and truest men of the South were disappointed. Never were a people more thoroughly subdued. They fought until the "last ditch" was reached, and they could fight no more. Having fought bravely, the officers of the Southern armies, from General Robert E. Lee to the humblest captain, surrendered in good faith. The almost universal sentiment among the good people of the South was submission to the Government by which they had been subdued.

During the war he had charge of the chaplains in the Southern army, and often himself preached to the soldiers, both in and out of camp. He nursed the sick and wounded in hospitals, and when practicable had his own house full of them. His capture was strongly desired by troops making raids through North Mississippi. He was told by a returned Confederate prisoner that in a conversation between two Federal officers it was said that they intended to carry that old rebel Bishop back with them if he could be found; consequently he frequently left home unexpectedly and spent days and nights in the forest to avoid capture—Aberdeen

being on contested ground, and being much exposed to raids from the invading army. Mrs. Scruggs (his daughter) sends us the following, taken from her diary kept during the war:

“January 1, 1865.—Father returned home to-day from the southern part of the State, where he had been to avoid the Federal raid.

“January 2.—Federal soldiers reported burning farm-houses north of Aberdeen. Father on horseback, ready to leave town at any time.

“February 13.—He preached to the soldiers in camp to-day.

“February 25.—Father and mother went to his plantation to superintend the nursing of his sick negroes, thirty-eight being down with the measles at the same time. Many of the negroes are very ill, and many died. One old family servant, to whom he was much attached, was very low with the measles. He nursed her day and night, and when he discovered she must die, he informed her of her danger, prayed with her, and told her if after she became speechless her faith was still unwavering, to raise her hand. Just before she breathed her last she did raise her hand toward heaven, and said in a feeble voice: ‘Master, all is right!’ My mother, who witnessed the scene, said father shouted and praised God for such a victory.”

Soon after this event, he writes: “There are rumors of peace. Lee’s army probably surrendered. The Southern cause is lost. Let us betake ourselves to the arts of peace. I may not dwell upon the horrors of this war. I will say, however, that the best blood of the South was poured out like water. Boys of fifteen were put in the army. My own dear boy of fifteen went, and received a wound from which he suffered to his dying-day. Old men went forth to war. The women gave up every luxury, and returned to the spinning-wheel and the loom. They took the carpets from their floors and the

curtains from their windows to give to the soldiers. And yet, in two weeks after the proclamation that the 'rebellion was at an end,' all was peace among our people. There were no armed men; there were no raids. Highway robberies were of rare occurrence. Difficulties between the whites and blacks seldom took place. The fight had been terrible, but now all the good and true men and self-sacrificing women were for obedience to the laws and loyalty to the Government." Such was the position at once assumed by Bishop Paine. He counseled forbearance. He urged the practice of kindness to the race just freed from slavery. He inculcated both by precept and example the cultivation of the highest justice and honesty in all dealings between the races. He was strong, and showed himself a man—a noble, true, Christian man—in this hour which tried men's souls. Always conservative, prudent, and cautious, he was never more so than at this important juncture, which threw upon him as one of the leading minds and one of the first men in the South such grave responsibility.

I shall ever believe that it was owing to the teachings of such pure, good men as Bishops Paine and Capers, the two Pierces, father and son, and of others of similar character, that during the whole war the whites and negroes at the South lived in such peace. Within less than one hundred miles of Bishop Paine's home the sound of a bugle would reach the ears of five thousand negroes, and the same blast could not be heard by more than fifty white men; and these white men were mostly aged and infirm, and they, with their homes, wives, and daughters, were entirely in the power of these negroes. Yet no harm befell. In many places large plantations were cultivated entirely by negroes, without the oversight of any white man, and all went on in peace and safety. God was in the teaching of such men as we have named, or rapine and murder would have been the

order of the day. Bishop Paine in the third year of his ministry volunteered to go as a missionary to Africa. This he did under the appeals made to him by a negro preacher, as recorded in Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky. Before his election as Bishop, he told me that he intended to leave La Grange College and devote himself to the missionary work among the negroes of Mississippi. He always felt the deepest interest in that race. He was the best of masters. He preached to them on every suitable occasion. And now he was rewarded by the perfect good feeling and confidence which existed between the two races during a war waged with terrible severity, not to say relentless cruelty.

The following abstract of a speech delivered by him in the Methodist church in Aberdeen, Mississippi, where he lived, at the close of the war, will give additional force to what has been written here of the influence exerted by him in the interests of law and order:

“We have passed through four years of fierce and bloody war. It is over. The decision has been made by the military authorities; and I presume I might add with the advice of the civil authorities also, for doubtless they have concurred with the military, though not formally and in their official capacities. Our troops have been surrendered, and will all soon be paroled. Our armies, as such, exist no longer. The whole country east of the Mississippi River now resumes its place in the Union. What, then, is the proper course to be pursued by citizens? His own conviction on this subject was clear and decided: It is that we should calmly, quietly, and unanimously resume our former position as peaceful citizens, and in good faith enter as such upon the performance of our duties. Our country has certainly suffered enough in all that is dear to us. Thousands of precious lives have been lost, and millions of property destroyed. But let us henceforth turn our thoughts and

efforts to the pursuits of life which are necessary and useful. The poor, afflicted, and bereaved must be cared for. The education of our children must be provided for. The tendency to demoralization, that invariable concomitant of war, must be arrested; and law, order, and fidelity to every social, civil, and religious duty must be encouraged and sustained by us. Let all the soldiers heed the advice and follow the example of their leaders, who have given up the struggle. Let them receive the parole agreed upon, and in good faith lay aside their arms, return to their families and friends, and become useful citizens. Let them not yield to the temptation to carry on a guerrilla warfare, which we have ever regarded as wrong in principle. Such a warfare, moreover, would result in no good, but bring great and continued distress upon the country and utterly ruin those engaged in it. Finally, having always disapproved of using the pulpit to discuss political questions in which angry passions are sought to be aroused, he solemnly and deliberately advised his countrymen on the east side of the Mississippi River—and if his voice could be heard, he would thus speak to those on the west side also—to resume in good faith their former positions as law-abiding and peaceful citizens. And in closing my remarks," said Bishop Paine, "I can with more propriety address my brethren in the ministry who are present, to say to them that I respectfully and earnestly advise them all to use their influence, both publicly and privately, for the promotion of peace and quietness among all classes, and especially among the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

These sentiments of the Bishop commend themselves to the approval of all dispassionate and thinking men, and as such we give them to our readers.\*

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\* This was published at the time in an Aberdeen paper, and furnished the author by his daughter, Mrs. Ludie P. Scruggs.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“NOTES OF LIFE”—SEEKING FOR TRUTH—DR. BASCOM—POLITICAL ISSUES—PRESIDENT MONROE—MISSIONS AMONG THE INDIANS—DE SOTO.

BISHOP PAINE, in his “Notes of Life,” published after he had attained to four-score years, presents us with many reminiscences and incidents which are valuable helps in forming an estimate of his character. The painstaking industry and thoughtful application in search of truth, which are so rare, and yet so necessary to decision of character, he exhibits in the following extract:

“Having been reared under Baptist influence, and educated of late by Presbyterian ministers, I had naturally imbibed Calvinistic views; but while I yielded the unconditional predestination dogma, my immersion sentiment remained unchanged for some time. At last I resolved to examine the question prayerfully. It had been in our academic course of study to recite occasionally in the Greek Testament, and this habit of reading some in it daily I continued. I thus began to read the New Testament with reference to the Greek, to find out, if possible, from the word of God the *mode* of baptism, determined to adhere to my mature convictions whatever they might be or wherever they might lead me. In doing so I confess I had but little doubt that I could soon place my finger upon the texts which would confirm my belief in immersion as the *Bible mode*. John baptizing *in* Jordan came up first. Is the *mode* of *Christian* baptism here? If so, is it *immersion*? I was forced to answer, No, it was not *Christian* baptism, and not necessarily by *immersion*. The ‘burial by baptism’



was *spiritual*, and ‘unto death,’ and does not relate to water, much less to the mode of baptism. The case of Philip and the eunuch was next examined. I had heard going down into and coming out of the water often quoted, accompanied with gestures of plunging into and lifting up, as illustrating the act of baptizing referred to, but aside from the fact that the Greek prepositions rendered *into* and *out of* are equally as susceptible of being translated *to* and *from*, they do not at all express the act of baptism—that act took place in the interval between going *into* and coming *out of*, for after it is said ‘they both went down,’ it is added, ‘and he baptized him;’ and then ‘they came up,’ etc. Here again I was disappointed. Going down from the chariot was *preparatory* to the baptism, and coming up *consequent* upon it, no matter by what mode it was administered. Thus, to say nothing as to the improbabilities of an immersion in this instance growing out of that part of the Scripture which Philip was explaining, in which the term ‘sprinkling’ is expressly used, and that the eunuch at once went on his journey, while nothing is even intimated that his whole person was submerged, the question, Where is the Bible proof of immersion? became involved in serious doubts. Is the proof in the case of St. Paul, Cornelius, Lydia, or the jailer? All these unmistakably point another way. Is it in the Greek word translated, or transferred, *baptize*? Would the Saviour, after repeatedly using the word *bapto*, which is translated, correctly too, ‘to dip,’ lay it aside when he enjoins Christian baptism, and then substitute for it *baptizo*, if baptism can be performed only by dipping (especially if *baptizo* is not used specifically elsewhere in the New Testament to mean dip)? Why not avoid all misconception and difficulty by continuing to use the word *bapto*, which he invariably employs to express dip?

“And of what special importance is the mode of baptism

more than that of the other great sacrament? Why not attach as much importance to the mode of communicating and receiving the holy eucharist? As the essentials of the latter are bread and wine, a fit recipient, and an authorized administrator, while the quality of the bread and wine and the posture of the receiver are admitted by all to be unessential, why is not baptism with water, in the name of the Trinity, administered by an authorized minister to a fit subject, really water baptism, irrespective of quantity of water used or the posture of the subject? Finally, as water baptism is a sign or symbol of that baptism of the Holy Spirit by which we are washed and purified internally, and as the antitype, spiritual baptism, is an act of God, described as pouring, is it not proper to follow him, and to baptize as he does, by pouring? Such considerations cleared away the fogs of my early prepossessions, and longer experience and study have only strengthened and satisfied me. Having deliberately concluded to do so, I was thus baptized by Miles Harper, in Franklin, Tenn., November 3, 1817.

“The process of reasoning which satisfied me as to the baptism of children was short and simple. God is King; the Church his kingdom; children have ever been recognized citizens in it. It was so in its organization under the Abrahamic covenant, which is the gospel covenant, unchanged in essentials and substance—only modified in services—the same King and kingdom. When and by whom were children disfranchised and exiled from the kingdom? Not by Christ, who took them in his arms, and proclaimed ‘little children’—‘infants’—to be subjects of his kingdom, the Church (Matt. xix. 14). ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven’—*i. e.*, let them come, for my kingdom is of such. Again, ‘Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven’ (Matt. xviii. 3). If adults must become internally like children

to fit them for citizenship, surely children themselves have an original, rightful claim to citizenship in it; and as water baptism is the only full and formal recognition of citizenship, they are consequently entitled to it. Did not our Lord teach Nicodemus that while the internal operation, 'born again,' is a requisite 'to see the kingdom of God' (John iii. 3), baptism, or to be born of water as well as of the Spirit, is needful to a formal and full recognition and entrance into the gospel Church? Was not all this a reëffirmation and confirmation of the chartered rights and privileges of the beneficiaries of the original covenant with Abraham, 'confirmed before of God in Christ,' which cannot be 'disannulled?' Surely it was not a reversal or repeal of the original law, and of universal usage under it. Certainly neither the apostles nor their opponents understood it so. A change so radical would have been at once denounced by the latter and recorded unequivocally by the evangelists. It could not have been unnoticed. It involved the *status* of every child. Then many Rachels would have wailed and refused to be comforted. The apostles and early Christians did not understand that Christ had closed the door against these children, and that 'the promise was not to their children,' as well as to them. The fact is that no question of the kind is more certainly established than that infant baptism was the prevailing custom of the early and purest period of the Christian Church. I find no evidence that the *right* of children to this ordinance was *denied* for the first thousand years after Christ. The *postponement* of baptism from infancy to maturity came with other errors."

Of Henry B. Bascom, a pulpit orator who had no equal in his day, we have an appreciative notice. The time is the second or third year of the young itinerant, and the vividness of the impression made upon his mind by the

peerless Bascom is recalled after the lapse of nearly sixty years:

“As the year advanced the congregations grew larger, and our quarterly and camp meetings were glorious seasons of refreshing. At the camp-meeting held at Thomas’s, about ten miles east of Franklin, H. B. Bascom preached to a vast multitude, on Rev. vi. 17: ‘For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?’ It was awfully sublime, and for effect I have never seen it surpassed. The whole congregation unconsciously rose to their feet, and with eyes fixed upon the speaker moved toward the pulpit. The peroration was overwhelming. It was on Sunday afternoon, during the camp-meeting held in the open air, under the wide-spread branches of gigantic trees, and upon an eminence commanding a wide range of view. The sky wore the somber cast of Indian summer; the sun, seen through the dusky atmosphere, grew larger as it slowly declined to the horizon, becoming lurid and portentous; not a breath of air disturbed the overhanging boughs; nature seemed in ominous repose, and nothing was heard save the voice of the prince of pulpit orators. Now in low, solemn, tender tones of suppressed emotion, he pictured the ‘great’ day, and warned of its ‘coming unawares;’ and anon, in short, rapid, successive denunciations, like the sharp rattle of a hundred rifles in quick succession, foreshadowing ‘the day of his wrath;’ closing by alluding to the scenic surroundings of earth and sky, and the imperative duty of immediate preparation for ‘the inevitable hour.’ Hundreds bowed for prayer, and there was no other preaching until the next day, when he preached on ‘Add to your faith,’ etc.”

Although Bishop Paine did not suffer himself to be entangled with the political discussions and the party strifes of his day, he was by no means an indifferent spectator in

the memorable struggles of the past. The accuracy of his information upon subjects of political and national history cannot be questioned. In his "Notes of Life" he says:

"The year 1819-20 was a memorable period. It was such to the country, to the Church, and in my own personal history. Politically it was eventful. It marked the opening of a great struggle, which, like the low muttering of a distant storm, had been occasionally heard by prescient statesman, but now assumed a definite and visible form of a portentous cyclone, overspreading the fairest and happiest land beneath the sky. I allude to the admission of Missouri into the Federal Union by Congress, when for the first time the question of slavery divided the country by a geographical line. The culmination of that storm was the four-years' civil war of 1861-65. The deplorable results of that fratricidal struggle are too well known to require repetition or comment. The evils of it are inconceivable, and the responsibility for it must be decided by the only court of *supreme* jurisdiction. If I felt in any degree responsible for it, I think it would craze me. Thank God, I do not!

"Among other important events of that period were the promulgation and establishment of the 'Monroe Doctrine' of non-intervention of foreign powers with the South American States and Territories; the right of the Federal Government to make internal improvements; the admission of Missouri, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, and Maine into the Union; the cession of Florida (East and West), and adjacent islands, to the United States by Spain; and the approval of the act establishing the Bank of the United States by Congress. The discussion of these topics in the Congressional and Legislative halls of the United States was like so many volcanic outbursts, threatening the very upheaval and destruction of the political frame-work of our Government. Fortunately Congress never was filled by so many

great men. It was the war of giants. The tremors of that antagonism are not over, but occasionally throb in the body politic.

“Some of these questions—the first-named especially—were such as naturally and almost of necessity produced a great sectional sensation in Church as well as State relations. And thus the most delicate and dangerous of all moral, political, and economic questions, which might possibly have been peacefully and safely adjusted in the calmness of fraternal debate by patriotic, Christian statesmanship, became a wedge in the hands of impassioned partisans and uncompromising fanatics to rend and nearly destroy the boasted fabric of our national Union. The darkest page in Protestant history is that which records the civil war of our States in 1861–65. Great men, like powerful locomotives, are dangerous without a corresponding controlling power. An archangel would be a safe custodian of a nation, but without purity he would wreck and ruin it. Unfortunately our statesmen proved unequal to the crisis.

“To the Church also this was an era of unusual importance. Our Methodism, in common with other Protestant denominations, had made gradual and decisive advances in every department of Christian enterprise. Revivals had been extensive, accessions of members unusually great, the number of candidates for the ministry had multiplied, and withal their gifts, grace, and usefulness indicated a higher grade of qualifications. Led and stimulated by her able and consecrated chief pastors and experienced preachers, and by the coöperation of laymen, there was a forward movement all along the Church-line. The watchmen had long prayed, and anxiously looked out from their watch-towers; had responded to the cry, ‘What of the night?’ ‘The morning cometh, and also the night.’ A crisis was at hand, but the promised day had not burst. The yearning

heart and the eye of faith wistfully turned to read in the signs of the times the realization of a brighter era. Heaven had been preparing the Church and the world for a great advance step. As in the age after Julius Cæsar passed away the temple of Janus was shut, so when Napoleon Bonaparte, whose character and history strikingly resembled the Roman usurper, had been dethroned, white-robed peace seemed to have come down to dwell again among the nations.

“This turbulent spirit, at once the terror of Europe and the pride and scourge of France, having risen from obscurity by the combination of extraordinary political events, controlled by a masterful mind, had been chafing like a caged lion, in a lonely island of the ocean since 1815, and the world locked on and breathed free. By the treaty of Ghent England and America had made peace, while Spain and the tribes of Indians upon our frontier had joined us in new treaties of amity. Even theological warriors beat the ‘drum ecclesiastic’ less long and loud, and Christians looked into each other’s faces, and began to ask if the points in which they could agree were not as many as those about which they differed, and more important. It soon appeared that while the different Protestant denominations had been at war among themselves about the meaning of the Bible as to ‘mint, anise, and cummin,’ they had neglected the weightier matter of giving *the Book* itself to the people. In this, at least, they could all unite. In 1816 the American Bible Society was organized, and as was eminently fit and significant, this precious book became the great basis of Christian union. To print and distribute it in all languages, and put it into the hands of all men, was its acknowledged mission.

“Up to this date there had been no regular missionaries sent by our people into heathen lands, nor any society among us formed for the purpose. The earth swarmed with benighted humanity. Even upon our own continent, at our

door, and throughout our whole borders, they lived by myriads; but until 1820 there had been no efficient organization of missionary or Sunday-school societies through which the Christian zeal and philanthropy of our Church could operate. But the time had come—the heathen cry for help had been heard, and the response had been quickly and gladly uttered by many, ‘Here are we, send us.’ Almost simultaneously these agencies started upon their glorious careers. The faithful watchman, who long had waited, cried from his lofty tower, ‘Lo, the day breaketh, and the night is over and gone!’ ‘The clock of ages had struck,’ and a new era had begun.”

The field for the sowing of the good seed of the kingdom was widening every year. The restless spirit of the population in the Eastern and Middle States gave occasion to the land speculators of the time, and they seized it to practice extortion upon the people. Of this swelling stream of immigration, and of the heartless exactions of land monopolists, he says:

“After the accession of Mr. Monroe to the Presidency, in 1817, a vast amount of fertile land, recently obtained from various Indian tribes, was offered for sale at public auction by the Government, especially in the South-western States. Immigration poured in like a flood—the land speculation mania rose to a high pitch. Capitalists formed associations to purchase extensively and to put down competition. The ‘land sales’ became scenes of the wildest disorder. The plain and honest immigrant, who came with moderate means to secure a home, found it needful to join a company to prevent being crushed, and even then had been compelled to pay a high price for his home, by the grasping speculators. Mr. Monroe, in a tour of personal observation through the States, visited Huntsville, Ala., after such a scene had occurred there, and attended a great public dining given him



The occasion was unusual—the *personnel* of President Monroe, his history as a soldier and patriot statesman, and the vast and intelligent concourse present, made it an impressive day. A toast was offered, complimentary to the distinguished guest and to the Government, closing by allusion to the high price for the public land by the people to swell the coffers of the General Government. In reply, the President arose to his feet and gracefully responded to the compliment. He was large, finely formed, and of noble mien; and standing in the midst of the most wealthy, finely dressed, and intelligent crowd which the South could show; he appeared in a blue homespun coat cut in military style of the Revolution, light-colored vest and trousers, and cocked hat. A shade is said to have passed over his face as he closed by saying he had been made sorry by hearing that those who wished for homes for their families had been obliged, by speculators, to pay high prices; that the United States wanted citizens and actual settlers upon her lands, and only required the cost of them. The sentiment was a right one, and some present winced under it. In many cases those who had agreed to pay from twenty to sixty dollars per acre for lands were obliged to forfeit them after they had made one or two annual payments for them, and were imbittered by having to surrender them to others. In parts of Alabama this was specially the case. The immigrants were generally, however, of the better class of citizens from the Southern Atlantic States, and from Tennessee and Kentucky. They made fine citizens.”

The pioneer in the West and South-west had no sooner built a log-house, and cleared a few acres of land, than the Methodist preacher arrived, to summon him to thoughts of God, heaven, and eternity. The organization of missionary societies Bishop Paine has already noticed. In the following extract he enters into details:

“The formation of the first missionary society among the Methodists, to operate among the Indians, occurred in Tuscaloosa, in the spring or early summer of 1820. I am now aware that Dr. Bangs had brought this subject to notice in New York about that period, and that at the General Conference held that year it had been determined to organize such a society, and that a constitution had been adopted and officers appointed—of all which we were profoundly ignorant when the members of our Church, together with the citizens of the community generally, united in the little shanty of the Methodist meeting-house in Tuscaloosa and formed a ‘Missionary Association’ to Christianize and educate the two large tribes of Indians—Chickasaws and Choctaws—our immediate neighbors. The lapse of over sixty years has not effaced the remembrance of my feelings when, after all the preliminaries had been finished, the writer was urged by the unanimous vote of the society to visit the Choctaws, to obtain the consent of the chiefs and council to admit missionaries, and if successful, to select a site for a school, nominate a superintendent, and report so soon as possible. All which was done, as heretofore related, while prosecuting this enterprise. After consulting the United States official representative in the Choctaw Nation, and being assured of a cordial welcome, and when seeking a location for a school, I was taken ill of a malarial fever, and was detained so long, and so enfeebled, that I was obliged to give over the further effort to explore the country. I had, however, the pleasure of reporting to our association that the way was open, and that the vicinity of the ‘Six Towns’ was by common consent recommended as the best location for the school. I was also authorized to nominate Nicholas T. Sneed as willing to take charge of it if the society and the Conference would go promptly into it.

“Why this attempt to send the blessed gospel with its train

of civil, social, and religious influences was not carried forward at once, I know not. Early in the fall I left the country to attend the Tennessee Conference. Hearn, Renau, and Sneed fell into the Mississippi Conference, and by the act of the General Conference that whole section of country was attached to the Mississippi Conference.

“A few years later, through the labors of the Conference missionaries—the Talleys especially—an extraordinary revival occurred in that tribe. Hersey and the Presbyterian Mission had prepared the way, while Folsom, Le Flore, and other Choctaw chiefs, were instrumental in a glorious work of moral and religious benefit to the whole Nation.

“It is not surprising that *ethnology*, the science which treats of the different races of men, should be an interesting subject to an intelligent people; for while obscurity rests like a cloud over the origin and primeval history of nearly all nations, it is natural to desire to know as much as possible of our ancestry. What labor and expense have been devoted to this subject in unraveling the mysteries of African, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities! The more cultured a people become, the more interest they take in their early history. A thoroughly barbarous people are utterly indifferent to such topics. May not such thoughts suggest sufficient apology for some remarks upon the history of the great tribes contiguous to my circuit?

“The Chickasaws and Choctaws were evidently of the same stock—their similarity in language, personal appearance, customs, and traditions clearly demonstrating this fact. They, like most of the red race in the United States, claim to have migrated from the North-west; and while other tribes, who hold themselves to be of North-western origin, affirm that their ancestors continued to travel eastward to the Atlantic slope, these tribes believe their fathers, after crossing the Mississippi River, turned south-west and settled

where authentic history found them several centuries ago. The Cherokees and Muscogees, or Creeks, have substantially the same tradition. Naturalists say they belong to the great '*Appalachian*' family of Indians. The Appalachian, '*the long or endless mountain*,' was the name given by De Soto and early Spanish authorities to the great range of mountains, including its plateaus and parallel ridges, which, leaving Canada, passed through Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, and on southerly, diverging from the Atlantic coast-line, and subsiding in Georgia and Alabama, and abounding (throughout its whole extent generally) in coal, iron, and other minerals. The south-western extremity of this range reaches into North Mississippi, separating the tributaries of the Mississippi from those that fall into the Bay of Mobile. The English called it the Alleghany range, but De Soto and the Spanish discoverers, the Appalachian. Other names have been given to certain parts of it, as 'Blue Ridge,' 'Cumberland,' etc., but *Appalachian* was probably its earliest name for the whole range. Geology indicates that the larger part of it was of earlier date than the Andes or Alps. Over a great part of this territory, especially the southern, the mysterious old Natchez race, the Cherokees, Creeks, and their associate tribes, were found when the whole race invaded that region, and hence the country gave the name to its inhabitants. How the tribes change their locations is illustrated by the Delawares, Shawnees, and others, once residing on the Atlantic slope, but now in Kansas and the North-west; and to what extent the tribes have mixed is indicated by the facts that Tecumseh's mother was a Creek, while he and his brother—the Prophet—were Shawnees, and were found on the borders of Canada in the war of 1812. The Choctaws and Chickasaws were less migratory in disposition than usual with the other tribes; for while it is said they descended from two brothers, and have

always lived close together, they have retained their separate tribal and political distinctions to a remarkable degree. Even the fierce savage wars which on several occasions have burst forth between them have ceased as suddenly as they began. About equal in population, in intellectual culture, and in industrial improvements, they have respected each other's rights as good neighbors and true friends; and when it has been otherwise, the fault has been in the whites. Having visited them while living here, and repeatedly in their new homes west of the Mississippi, I gladly testify that this applies to them now.

“The first authentic account we have of these two great tribes is their invasion by Fernando De Soto. This very remarkable man had distinguished himself as a Spanish cavalier under Pizarro, in the conquest of Peru, about the time of Luther's appearance, in obedience to the command of Charles V., before the ‘Diet of Worms.’ Having returned to Spain loaded with the spoils of that infamous war, he asked and obtained the royal consent to organize an army and a fleet to return to America as commander-in-chief, and invade and attach to the Kingdom of Spain the far-famed Florida. Having married the beautiful Bobadilla, daughter of a royal favorite, and collected a large force of the most gallant spirits in Spain, he set sail, with the knights and some of their wives, to rendezvous at the Island of Cuba. There he left the ladies and proceeded in full force to Tampa Bay where he landed, May 30, 1539. This was the largest and most formidable army that had ever invaded the continent. From the time he burned his transports, and thus cut off all means of returning to Spain, his conduct admits of no explanation but that he was seeking to find Ponce de Leon's imaginary Fountain of Health, or the fabulous El Dorado gold and diamond mines. Hence he spent some time in exploring Florida; thence into Georgia; thence, turning

south-west, he struck the Alabama River, and had a terrible battle with the Indian fort situated on the river and under the noted chief Tuscaloosa. The Spaniards call it Mauvilla; it is described as being on the north bank of the Alabama River, and about twenty-five miles above its junction with the Tombigbee. Passing up the latter, he is said to have crossed the Black Warrior near where Erie now stands, after a fierce battle of two days with the Choctaws. Continuing his course, Picket and others say, De Soto crossed the Bigbee—or Little Tombigbee—near Waverly, in Lowndes county, Miss., not far below the mouth of the Buttahatchie, and took the buffalo trail up the prairie region. The Tibbee, being the line between the Choctaws and Chickasaws, enters the Bigbee just below where he crossed it; his way henceforth was among the latter tribe, and not far from the present Mobile and Ohio railroad. This level and beautiful prairie, running north for forty miles along a well-beaten buffalo trail, was the best possible way for his artillery and stock; and upon reaching the neighborhood of the Chickasaw ‘Council House,’ not far from the Pontotoc ridge, he went into winter-quarters. The place of encampment was fertile, near the largest village in the Nation, and in the most populous part—abounding in maize and other valuable products. The Spaniards were not likely to forego the use of these advantages, and the Indians feared to resent it.”

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“NOTES OF LIFE” CONTINUED—THE “VEXED QUESTION”—PRESIDING ELDER CONTROVERSY—CHANGE OF CONFERENCE LINES—SECTARIANISM—DIVORCE—DIVINING ROD—RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY—JAMES W. FARISS.

THE influence of the political agitation which ended in the “Missouri Compromise” was felt in the religious assemblies of the people. The intensity of conviction which causes good men to make war against a supposed evil sometimes gains its ends at the cost of Christian charity. The price is too much to pay for any human success. One instance of peace and quiet obtained by unworthy means is valuable as an indication of the resources of Divine Providence in the affairs of men:

“This Conference, like that immediately preceding it, was held in Nashville, Tennessee, and began about October 1, 1819. Nor did it differ materially in its tone and temper from it. If it did it was in its intensity of opposition to the bestowment of orders and offices upon slave-holders, and those suspected of sympathizing with them. To such a degree was this carried that, however worthy and well qualified in other respects for admission on trial or for ordination as local or traveling preachers a candidate might be, he was sure to be rejected if connected with the great evil. It mattered not though the State laws forbade it, or any thing else rendered it improper or impracticable. The question was not whether slavery was an evil, but how to remedy it. Both admitted that it was a social and political evil, and in many cases a moral evil, but the South generally claimed

that it was not evil *per se*, but an evil inherited—the only proper remedy for it being a gradual emancipation under the sanction of legislation, after due notice and preparation. So stringently was the opinion of the ultraists carried out by the majority at this session that a large and able minority felt constrained to sign a protest against their action and forward it to the General Conference, to meet the next year. They were T. L. Douglass, W. McMahon, Lewis Garrett, T. D. Porter, Barnabas McHenry, Wm. Stribling, John Johnson, Thos. Stringfield, Henry B. Bascom, Benjamin Edge, and others. Of course none of them were elected to the General Conference. One thing that served to indicate the unfortunate partisan feeling which pervaded the whole action of the majority in this affair was that under their influence at the General Conference, May, 1820, the Tennessee Conference was divided so as to bring the Kentucky line to the Cumberland River at Nashville, and just below there across the river, and thence west, thus throwing several circuits and a large territory out of its proper relation. By this process the new Conference was larger and far more compact and desirable than the other, leaving the old Tennessee Conference a long, narrow strip, reaching from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River, with only four small districts; two of these lay east of the Cumberland Mountain. Of course all the delegates, except one or two who got presiding elderships, fell into the new Conference. This kind of ecclesiastical gerrymandering appeared wrong to some of us, and I set myself against it henceforth. The result, however, was, we had peace afterward.”

The agitation which began with James O’Kelly, as far back as 1790 or 1791, continued, with disastrous results in many sections of the country, for more than thirty years. At first, Mr. O’Kelly desired that the preacher appointed by a Bishop might have an appeal to the Annual Confer-



ence, whose decision should be final. Failing to overthrow Methodist episcopacy by this measure, the next proposition was a very plausible one, but not less revolutionary in its character. As the Bishops could not know the wants and necessities of every station or circuit, and the capacities and abilities of the preachers must be, in a large measure, unknown to the responsible power appointing the pastors of the flock, it was proposed to make the presiding elder an *elective* officer. The Bishop naming two or more members of the body, the Conference decided by vote which of these should be a member of the "Bishop's Council." This measure seemed harmless to many, but the keen eye of Joshua Soule saw in it the entering wedge for the destruction of the whole economy of Methodism. In this view of the subject Bishop McKendree concurred, and the firm, heroic conduct of these two men preserved the constitution of the Church.

"The third delegated General Conference of our Church began May 1, 1820, in Baltimore, Maryland, and was distinguished by several important events. Robert R. Roberts and Enoch George had been elected and consecrated Bishops at the previous General Conference in 1816, as William McKendree had been at the first, held in John Street, New York, in 1812.

"The decease of Bishop Asbury, in 1816, and the infirm health of Bishop McKendree, had devolved too much labor upon the Bishops, and it was determined to elect another. Joshua Soule was duly announced as elected, and the time and place of consecration were agreed upon. In the meantime the Conference had adopted a series of resolutions making the presiding elders *elective*, and constituting them, by law, a *council*, who, conjointly with the Bishop presiding in the Annual Conference, should station the preachers. After mature deliberation and consultation, the senior

Bishop, McKendree, concluded that the delegated General Conference exceeded its authority in conferring the power of selecting the presiding elders, with the right of fixing the appointments, and thus to this extent controlling the action and superseding the power of the episcopacy, who alone are responsible for the administration of the discipline. Furthermore, that such interference with the rightful authority of the Bishops was an infringement of the constitution of the Church, as set forth in the restrictions imposed by the convention on the powers and privileges of the delegated General Conference in its organization in 1808.

“From the organization of the Church there had been some in every session of the General Conference in favor of restraining or abolishing the power of the Bishops in stationing the preachers and choosing the presiding elders; but there had always been a decided majority against them. In 1812 this majority had been much smaller. In 1820, after considerable discussion, the subject was referred to a committee of three from each side to confer with the Bishops, and report. At the first meeting of the Bishops and committee they failed to agree. At the next meeting a similar result was likely to occur, but upon verbal explanations as to the import of the ‘compromise’ measures proposed, and from a great anxiety for peace, a plan was presented and accepted to quiet all parties.

“For reasons already stated, and others strongly set forth by the senior Bishop and the Bishop elect, the latter declined to be ordained. Several members of the committee, upon more careful examination of the report, withdrew their signatures, and the resolutions were suspended until the next quadrennial session. Of course these resolutions came up in 1824, when they were indefinitely suspended. In 1828 the kindred question of lay representation received its

quietus by adopting the report of Dr. J. Emory, chairman of the committee on that subject. Thus the two principal elements of trouble were apparently, and I trust really and forever, consigned to repose, except in such a constitutional and peaceable way as the interest of the whole Church may require modification."

Errors in legislation ought always to be corrected by the authority that committed the errors. Resistance to law, however unjust the law may be, need not be resorted to, when good men, and Christian men, hold the reins of government. An illustration of the prevalence of reason over passion is furnished in the following paragraph:

"It was scarcely possible for the delegation from the Tennessee Conference to the General Conference of 1820 to escape the suspicion of unfairness in the division of the work between the Tennessee and Kentucky Conferences, since all the prominent men elected belonged to one party, and fell into pretty much the same region. It is a good old saying that no man is a fair judge in his own case. Our personal interests warp our judgment. It was thought to be so in this instance. A list of the appointments and a map of the country show this, as to this point. Yet good men and true did it. The dividing line—an ecclesiastical isothermal one—while it left Nashville, with a few miles above and below, in the Tennessee Conference, scooped down south of the Cumberland River on both sides of Nashville, leaving the old Conference, as it was called, a 'shoe-string affair.' So strong and general was the opinion that this was unfair that the next session—1824—corrected it at once."

In the early days there were not a few "men of high degree" who affected a sublime contempt for Methodism and Methodist preachers. An amusing instance of this unseemly pride is related by the Bishop:

"My appointment for 1820-21 was to Murfreesboro and

Shelbyville, two flourishing towns about thirty miles apart, and seats of justice for two of the most populous and productive counties of the State. Each had a population of about two thousand, with large public buildings, but in neither was there any Methodist meeting-house. In each there was a Presbyterian Church, and regular preaching by the same pastor, who lived in Mufreesboro, and served them alternately. He was a venerable minister, a witty, incisive character, whose influence was felt by his people and the community. His Calvinism was of the Hopkinsian type. He regarded himself as liberal toward other denominations, but had enjoyed a monopoly of clerical honors and perquisites in that community so long that he felt almost instinctively that any other pastor there was an intrusion. It was a long time after I had begun my work before he professed to have heard of me. I held service of nights in a large unoccupied old house, and preached in the court-house on Sunday. A great revival had occurred during the summer before I arrived, and hundreds had professed conversion at Windrow's and other camp-meetings. Many joined our Church, and the excitement continued at our meetings in the towns under my pastoral charge. The number and the class of attendants and professors were such that it would not do to ignore the work, or the 'Methodist circuit-rider,' any longer. A very formal visit was paid me—a short, patronizing talk was delivered, with suggestions as to a change of the time of holding my meetings. He had for several years past discontinued night services, except on special occasions—doubted if a conflict of appointments at eleven o'clock on Sunday was best. That had been his hour so long it could not be changed. Of course upon sacramental occasions I and my members would attend, although he was never seen in our meetings. Union is beautiful. Was in favor of revivals, but rarely failed to ridicule them, unless some of

his elders, whose children had lately joined the Methodists, were present. Young as I was, I was not so green as *he* thought. He was a good man, but intensely sectarian."

One of those questions which concern the very existence of society receives the following notice at the hands of the Bishop:

"Murfreesboro was then the seat of the Legislature, and the court-house, which was my place for preaching, was also the place where the Legislature held its sessions. Both the Senate and the House invited me to act as chaplain, and I therefore continued to use it as a church during the whole time. It was during one of these years that a very large number of petitions for divorce was presented. Among the rest, and at the heading of the list, was one from the ex-Governor of the State—Mims, I believe. The Speaker of the House, Sterling Brewer, was a prominent Methodist—a number of the members of both houses had professed religion during a revival at that session, Felix Grundy among them. The Assembly conscientiously hesitated to take up the question of divorce, and the Speaker addressed me, by request of the body, to preach expressly upon the subject, and I could not refuse to do so. Two or three days before the time for preaching upon the subject came, the reverend and venerable Valentine Cook, of Kentucky, arrived in the town, and at my solicitation, and the concurrence of the Assembly, became my substitute. Never did that singularly powerful preacher appear to greater advantage. Taking the New Testament stand-point, and explaining it clearly and fully, he viewed the question in its various bearings, and closed with an earnest protest against all divorces outside of the sanction of the great Lawgiver. The whole batch of petitions was 'non-concurred in,' and I think that in Tennessee that question has been ever since relegated to the courts. The result has been, each case has been tried

upon its merits, a few divorces granted, and a higher estimate stamped upon the public mind of the sanctity of the marriage contract, while the time and money of the State have been saved for better purposes.”

Always and everywhere a student of natural science, Bishop Paine in his early manhood had opportunities for contrasting the revelations of true science with the pretensions and delusions of charlatans. About the truth of the “divining rod” as a revealer of mineral deposits, he pronounces a definite opinion, and relates an incident which carries its own moral:

“Having just now mentioned two names, Valentine Cook and Sterling Brewer, an incident which occurred five years later is vividly recalled in unrolling that wonderful volume called *Memory*. I was then the presiding elder of the Nashville District, and the guest, for a day, of my friend Brewer. He was no longer ‘the Speaker’ of the House—had been a rich man, having a large and valuable farm, with many slaves, several valuable houses, lots, etc., in towns, and withal a liberal and consistent Church-member. No man in Dickson county was more respected. His wife and family were worthy such a head. In the midst of his prosperous and happy surroundings a stranger obtruded, and after gaining the confidence of his host, uncovered his pretensions as a mineralogist, and avowed his ability to find metals and salt-water by the ‘divining rod.’ Every day he might be found slowly and silently walking through the forests in the vicinity of Brewer’s house. My friend was noted for his sound, practical sense—a man of affairs, Speaker in the Legislature twenty years, and heretofore successful in all he had undertaken—apparently the last man to be the victim of superstition or imposture. I believe the element of superstition is, to some degree, in every man. It was in Brewer. Salt developed it. Gradually his strange visitor,

by hints and winks, revealed the secret that there was a mint of wealth on his land in salt-water streams, which converged and made a big stream on the land of Brewer. Secrecy was enjoined, and a promise to find it shortly after a visit to his family was given. With perhaps a small advance of money to pay traveling expenses and procure some necessary utensils, etc., Brewer followed his friend as he took the meandering streams over hills and valleys, found the point where they met, and where it was declared the largest amount of salt-water could be found that was ever known in the South-west. Brewer marked the track of these mysterious streams, and kept the secret for some time. He was not yet converted. He got an old settler, who had figured on that line years ago, to walk over his land; without knowing it, this man confirmed the statement of the first one. This shook the solid frame-work of Brewer's mind. Salt was in great demand. None to be had this side of West Virginia; if by a reasonable outlay he could settle the question, why not try it? Just then he learned that Valentine Cook, President of the Methodist College in Kentucky, under the auspices of Asbury—distinguished for learning, piety, and usefulness—was an expert in chemistry, electricity, and kindred subjects, and believed in the 'divining rod.' He was invited to visit Brewer and give his opinion. He came, and, ignorant of what the others had done, struck and followed to their junction the streams, and said he believed that at that place there was mineral-water—at what depth and to what amount it might be, he could not say; he believed there was salt there. Brewer had begun to dig; he soon struck a hard crystalline limestone bed, and after three years' boring—reaching several hundred feet—his auger broke; his farm had gone to waste, his stores and other real estate had been mortgaged, his slaves sold, and in a few years I buried him from a humble rented house in Nashville. A Christian

gentleman to the last—his memory honored, his surviving family respected, and his large estate bankrupt, or buried in the deep hole the ‘divining rod’ had dug. Standing with him at the fatal place, I learned these facts from him; and when I asked him if in those seven years of ceaseless toil and anxiety he had come across any mineral-water of any kind, he replied: ‘We thought we found a brackish taste once, after having bored more than three hundred feet of solid rock—the whole work was in the same hardest crystallized limestone. We were every day hoping to find salt, and never did; desperation followed this fascination, when the auger broke near the bottom at the depth of about one thousand feet, and all my means were exhausted.’ What a pity it seems that some intelligent mineralogist or geologist did not tell him that, although salt is more widely distributed than any other mineral, because it is the only mineral universally needed by animals of the highest order, yet its true geological position is not in such a locality. In ten minutes he could have learned at Vanderbilt that it was useless to expend his life and fortune in the effort.

“For hundreds of years the agents and the principles involved in the ‘divining rod’ have attracted attention; the wise and educated, as well as the simple and superstitious, have been excited about it. The phenomena claimed for it have been attributed to electricity and magnetism, or as wholly imaginary self-deception, while others hold it all to be a bald imposture. Nobody has sought to dignify it by claiming it as a science. It is not sufficiently sustained by facts. Like clairvoyance and mesmerism, but not so strongly supported; feeble as is their support, there may be something in it, but who knows how much, or what there is of importance to our race? The key to unlock many of nature’s secrets has not yet been discovered.”

Writing in the retirement of his own delightful home,



and recalling, at the age of eighty-one, the scenes and incidents of his early career, Bishop Paine records his views upon the subject of religious controversy:

“Controversy—religious controversy especially—is generally unpopular at present, and whoever engages in it is likely to be discounted. The world calls it quarreling, and most members of the Church prefer peace upon any terms to public discussion upon doctrinal points. Indeed, many who belong to the various denominations attach very little importance to creeds. And while the temper which prompts this is to a great extent highly commendable, it is to be feared that the underlying feeling is too often ignorance or indifference. The most intelligent and earnest minds hold the truth in the highest estimation, and are foremost in its defense. Biblical truths are of the highest importance, because they reveal the purpose of our existence and the method of attaining it. To apprehend the one and follow the other is therefore preëminently our first duty. Too many, like Pilate, ask in a querulous spirit, ‘What is truth?’ and like him, without waiting or wishing for an answer, immediately turn round to resume the work of detraction. But while we advocate both the right and duty to discuss publicly the fundamental doctrines and institutes of Christianity, we as decisively oppose all personalities, bitterness, and sectarianism as unbecoming the pulpit and the cause. The fact that the speaker has a monopoly, and cannot be replied to without an apparent discourtesy, should restrain him. Whenever any thing but truth becomes the object, the pulpit is perverted. The discussion may be earnest, but it must be respectful. A coarse anecdote, a rude personality, or a ringing laugh do not pass for logic or scripture in this court. While we gladly recognize and appreciate the fact that Methodism owes its origin and its early triumphs not to its formularies as to its polity or its creed, but to its

spiritual elements, yet if it had not been so ably defined and defended by Wesley, Fletcher, and others, as a consistent and scriptural analysis of Bible doctrines, it would not have won its way so rapidly, and harmonized and crystallized its disciples into one great homogeneous body. What was urged by the friends of the great Duke of Marlborough, in pleading that his life be spared, 'He had fought a hundred pitched battles for England, and not one against her,' may be repeated for Wesley and his associates in contending for 'religion pure and undefiled.' Throughout his long life he fought for God and truth. The weapons of his warfare were not carnal. He held the truth as it is in Jesus, and gathered his implements from the sacred armory. It was easier to refute his logic than to ruffle his temper. Either was rarely done, although both were often attempted. Christian polemics finds its brightest exemplars in the writings of Wesley and Fletcher. The latter combined the genius of Pascal and Junius, but surpassed the former in suavity and the latter in ingenuous incisiveness. The adoption of their writings as text-books in the course of study by our fathers provided a literature scarcely less important than the hymnology in which scriptural doctrines were crystallized into sacred song by the poetic genius of the Wesleys. As occasion required, others who were 'set for the defense of the gospel' have come to confront teachers of erroneous and strange doctrines.

"Many years ago, while engaged in making appointments, I found my advisers hesitating to nominate a preacher for a certain populous community, and after awhile asked the reason. The reply was that it was a people so generally and decidedly under the influence of another doctrinal belief that it had been thought best to attempt but little there for awhile, and that it would be a pity to send them a very promising young minister—it looked like sacrificing too

much. This course had been pursued several years. To this view I demurred, and asked my presiding elders how that people were getting on, morally and religiously. 'Very badly—from bad to worse—no signs of improvement.' Do you really believe their teachers are in serious error, and that Methodist teachings are right and are needed there, and that you have among you preachers who are fully competent, or can make themselves competent, to defend our doctrines and customs against all opponents? They answered affirmatively. I then made an appointment, and enjoined it upon them to select their best young men, and to induce them to prepare for the defense, and in the spirit of love to enter the lists whenever challenged. I have learned that they have done so, and a decided change of the situation has occurred. In the early years of my acquaintance with Methodism, her creed was bitterly opposed and her ministers derided. Every other denomination seemed united in opposing it, however disagreeing among themselves. Calvinism, in some form or other, was dominant, and Methodism was the target at which they all pointed their artillery.

"A controlling influence was persistently sought over the public literary institutions of the country; and they had almost a monopoly of them. Hence almost all the men who attained eminence in political and professional circles were disinclined toward our Church, and so strong and general was this influence that our children were often ashamed of being known as of Methodist parentage, and in many cases were alienated for life from our Church. A sense of duty, therefore, impelled our preachers to begin the defense of our doctrines and polity from the pulpit and press, and by patronizing schools and colleges of our own. By our love for our children, our regard for truth, and the highest and holiest claims of piety and philanthropy, we were con-

strained to enter upon the struggle, and to continue it in every fair and Christian way. In vain have the schools founded and sustained by the liberality of our members and friends been stigmatized as sectarian in contradistinction to those created and supported by county and State taxation; intelligent and impartial men cannot appreciate the logic by which the name of a thing changes its character, nor how it comes to pass that a Methodist who is taxed to support a public school where Calvinistic influence dominates may not also pay voluntarily for one where no such adverse influence exists, without being branded as sectarian. Doubtless competent and faithful teachers do exert influence over their pupils, and while no unfair means of proselytism are used it is not seriously objectionable—it is the natural result of the relation of the parties, and the teacher's merits are the measure of his controlling power.”

A life-like picture of one of the early heroes of Methodism is given by the Bishop in the following extract from the “Notes of Life:”

“James W. Fariss was a notable character, with whom I formed an acquaintance this year. He belonged to a large family of sturdy citizens, most of whom were Methodists, residing near Winchester, Tenn. He was then about thirty years old, was a farmer, had been lately licensed as a local preacher, and had a wife with several children. His *physique* was striking—six feet high, broad-chested, an athlete in form and prowess, with a long aquiline nose, Grecian profile, and large gray, dreamy eyes. He was retiring and reticent, and seemed to be meditative and sad. Nature had made him of her finest mold, and stamped him with the signet for a poet and an orator. He was born such, but sadly marred in his making up. Under other circumstances he might have been a Burns or a Goldsmith. He could not help being an orator. Before he fairly grew to manhood, and before his con-

version, he was devoted to fun and frolic, to the violin and dancing. He was the leader on all such occasions. But a change came over the spirit of his dreams. While I never heard it reported that he indulged in low and vulgar habits—from all which his sincere love for his pious wife and little children saved him—yet residing near a town where his genial social qualities and his musical talents, ready wit, and pleasant manners rendered his presence desirable on all festive occasions, his associates sadly missed his companionship; insomuch that when he awoke from the delirium of carnal amusements, he at once resolved to rid himself of all the allurements of his surroundings. With the simple statement to his wife that he was, as he feared, a *lost man*, he took a Bible and left home. In a recess or cave of the mountain it is said he hid himself, and there in solitude, like Jacob, he wrestled with God. There he thought, read his Bible, wept over his sins, and again and again poured out his soul in importunate prayer, having resolved not to desist or return until the great question was settled. How long he staid I know not; I think several days. His family and friends became alarmed, and searched for him in vain. A report got out that he had become insane. His old companions could not understand it otherwise. No doubt the retirement of Jacob on the memorable night of his conversion seemed unnatural and unaccountable to his family and attendants; but he knew what he was doing, and it was the crisis in his history, and the wisest act of his eventful life. Like Jacob, he struggled with ‘the angel’ until he triumphed, and could say, ‘I know thee, Saviour, whom thou art;’ and then went down the mountain to spend the remainder of his life in telling to others the wonders of redeeming love. His conversion produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and his deportment, at once so humble, zealous, and consistent, gave great force to his

efforts to do good. Soon after this great change he joined the Church, and in due time was licensed to preach. Arranging his temporal interests, he entered the traveling connection, and after many years of toil and sacrifice, died in the Western District of Tennessee, lamented and loved by thousands.

“I have said he was a natural orator, with a meditative and rather melancholy cast of mind, and a deeply devoted Christian. There were days when he seemed absorbed and disinclined to mix in society. He would perform his duties and retire, or remain silent. He prayed much in secret. He was not rude or unapproachable; in his family always gentle and forbearing. To guile, envy, and malevolence he was a stranger. He loved God and all men. In his preaching he was irregular, sometimes commonplace, generally entertaining and attractive, and occasionally almost resistless. He had all the qualities and endowments of a great orator, except those resulting from mental culture. His fancy was fine; his imagination of the highest order; his illustrations were strikingly natural and apt; his voice, like his touches on his favorite violin, of which he was once confessedly a thorough master, was of great compass, gliding now sweetly and softly, the perfection of musical tones, and, as he warmed in his theme, gradually swelling; and if it involved the great issues of ‘eternal judgment,’ his soul glowed, his features assumed an expression of awe and earnestness, his form rose, and his voice broke upon his audience like the thunders of Sinai over the trembling, awe-stricken hosts of Israel. Then he was terrible. An instance of this, which will never be forgotten by any one of the thousands present, was his sermon at Mountain Spring Camp-ground, North Alabama, in 1829. His text was ‘the barren fig-tree.’ The concourse was immense, made up mainly of a wealthy, intelligent, and fashionable people. They were hospitable

and well-behaved, but the best efforts of the most gifted preachers had failed. The praying and faithful few were discouraged and despondent, when Sunday brought out a great multitude. Fariss was appointed to preach, and having spent the morning in a retired spot in the forest in solitude with God, he entered the stand at the minute, and began the services. Slowly at first the scattered groups began to assemble. The sweet song and the short, fervent prayer settled and solemnized them, and the sermon began. It is useless to attempt a description of the sermon. Suffice it to say that as he proceeded the interest and emotions of the hearers, and the magnetic power of the preacher filled with the Holy Ghost, held the lately seething and restless crowd as if spell-bound in soul and body, increasing in intensity every minute, until he came to the sentence denounced upon the fruitless tree; then summoning all his resources, and unconsciously personating the avenger, he began to '*cut down.*' Stroke after stroke fell, and still the glittering blade rose and fell, until all classes of sinners and barren professors were ruthlessly hewn down and hurled into the abysmal depths of unquenchable burning. There was no more preaching that day or the ensuing night—no chance for it nor need of it. Hundreds rushed to the altar; many could not get there, and therefore fell on their knees. The tents, the encampment, and surrounding forest were full of groups of penitents, and all night long the sounds of prayer and praise were mingled. Over two hundred were numbered as converts, and as many went away to change their lives, and try to bear fruit unto eternal life.

“Let it not be supposed that the ‘terrors of the Lord’ were his favorite themes, or topics, in which his genius was chiefly developed. Divine love, as evinced in creation, providence, and especially in redemption, was the subject in which he seemed to revel as a congenial element. Among

the most vivid pictures photographed on the tablet of a memory crowded by the incidents of a long life is that of a short sermon I heard from him at La Grange College, Alabama, about 1831, while he was in charge of the circuit. It was upon Sunday—one of the coldest days of a winter memorable as the coldest and longest experienced in this country, the thermometer falling to ten degrees below zero on the northern side of my residence on College Hill. At the signal for preaching the congregation assembled in a large, rather dilapidated room upon the *campus*—the chapel then not finished. The Faculty, students, citizens of the village, and several planters from the beautiful valley, filled the house, while a bright fire crackled in the wide, old-fashioned fire-place. The earth had been frozen for a week or two, and a fresh snow and sleet storm had been followed by a cloudless morning, with a fierce north wind, which seemed to pierce to the bones and marrow of the shivering audience. Not a particle of an icicle melted under the rays of the midday sun. We crowded into the well-ventilated old room, and nobody objected to being wedged a little, for Fariss was to preach—and we only hoped the talk would be a short one; if not short, it might be one of his sweet talks. And so it was—short, sweet; and much more, it was sparkling, rich, and aglow with piety. After quoting a verse or two of one of David's inimitable outbursts of mingled adoration and praise, which always sound to me like the choral symphonies of universal created being to the unveiling developments of the mysteries of God's providence and grace, he repeated it: 'God is good—good in all he does, in all he allows, and in all he does not.' Descanting awhile upon his theme as it is seen in creation and in providence, he seized the occasion to illustrate it: 'It is cold—very cold—and so it has been for many days. A bright sun to-day fails to thaw the frozen earth. But we *have* the sun, and



are sure he will *stay*, and triumph at last.' Then began one of those bright, poetic conceptions which, considering his education, seemed wonderful. It was impromptu—he had perhaps never heard of Milton, Montgomery, or Byron. 'But suppose the sun should fail to rise to-morrow.' Then turning to the planters, in substance he said; 'Some of you are used to getting up before day-break now—you want to be ready to go to work as soon as you can. You get restless, disturb your wife and children, and make your negroes get up, feed the stock, and prepare for work. The night is too long—you are greedy of big crops and of money. Suppose the sun does not respond to your old clock on the mantel and your almanac-time. You scold at the meddling of some one with the clock. All deny it. Another hour is struck, another, and another, until it is evident the great clock-work of the world is out of order.' Then he described the consternation and universal horror pervading and increasing as months of darkness and despair succeeded, until the snow filled the valleys, and the streams were locked to their fountain-head with frost; with families isolated, food and fuel exhausted, death everywhere, and the wail of the few helpless and hopeless survivors borne over the lately crowded cities; the marts of commerce and the abodes of wealth now voiceless and dark as the tomb. After the lapse of a year, suddenly a faint blush is seen in the eastern horizon, and rising and spreading, finally brightens into day, and every living eye sees once more the risen king of day. Then he pictured the scene, the shouts, the rapturous joy, the praise to God from every heart and lip—to the Father of mercies. There was no outburst at the close, but a subdued and deeply impressive sensation of gratitude which tended to make the sacrifice of self and the performance of unpleasant duties more endurable ever since. A *firm belief* in God's goodness, in his works and ways, has

been and is a source of the strongest, purest, and sweetest comforts of my life. That short sermon served to give special definiteness and force to this truth. This singularly good and great man died prematurely, leaving a large and helpless family. He resided somewhere near the college. We were glad to give his children what educational advantages we could. I know nothing of them of late years. I am not writing compliments—I despise shams and pretensions—but James W. Fariss, with a few others, will ever stand in the picture-gallery of my memory like a column of crystal.”

## CHAPTER XXX.

“NOTES OF LIFE” (CONTINUED)—MARRIAGE OF MINISTERS—ADMINISTRATION OF DISCIPLINE—POPULAR AMUSEMENTS—FINANCIAL STRAITS.

MANY men have been seriously hindered, and some have been ruined, by indiscreet marriages in the early years of their ministry. There is much of wisdom and wholesome instruction in these words:

“In the course of many years I have known several instances where it looked as if it would have been better for both if they had never been born. For instance, No. 1 was a promising young man—admitted on trial in ——— Conference; was of a poor but honest family; education little; form and personal appearance faultless; fluent; memory remarkable; stock in trade, a few flashy sermons thoroughly memorized and some scrap-book poetry, a little theology; voice and address agreeable; amiable and religious. Traveled a backwoods circuit his first year, where he met the daughter of a large land-owner lately from a distant boarding-school. She was young, full of fancy and romance, and was struck by his superiority to the rustics about there. Her father, devoted to his large business affairs, nominally a Methodist, practically a thorough worldling; her mother an invalid; neither had paid much oversight to her training, intellectual or moral, devolving it all upon her instructors in distant fashionable boarding-schools. She was rich; her bills, however extravagant, were paid without a murmur; and as she could have her own way or go elsewhere, and the obsequious teacher could not afford to

lose such a prize, her education was utterly a sham. Leaving school in a whim, she found her father had removed from the old homestead to the distant West, and was living in temporary log-cabins in the midst of his large land estate. Here the young preacher found her, and impressed her as a handsome young man. The attraction was mutual. Before the year closed it was agreed to end the romance by getting married without the knowledge of her parents. It was done, and the proud father was startled in the midst of his cares by the news of their marriage, and the bedridden mother learned that her young and heedless daughter had eloped with the young preacher. The father, an ex-member of Congress—when to be one was an honor—though greatly surprised and mortified, because he knew what a mistake they had made, sent for them, gave them a home and some land not far away; and without reproaching the young husband told him to go to work or otherwise as he pleased: they had consulted no one, and assumed their ability to manage for themselves; he hoped they would succeed. The poetry of the affair soon wore off. Of course he was ‘discontinued’ as a preacher—his prospective usefulness ruined, too late he realized his loss of the respect of his old friends, and his unfitness for association with the family into which he had intruded, and had dragged down the young girl to a position of mortified pride. He ceased to study—no one cared to hear him repeat his few memorized sermons; he knew little else, and he faded away like a dissolving scene, and its shadow rested upon all concerned, and charity drops a veil over the end.

“No. 2 was a very different young preacher; was of a wealthy, highly reputable family; his education much above ordinary; his preaching abilities fine; was favored in his appointments, popular, and promising great usefulness. Unfortunately, had from the first a special fondness

for the company of young ladies—would seek it; ride with them to his appointments; wait on them, and laugh and joke with them to the church-door, and made himself a beau of a preacher. Soon got entangled in love meshes—friends got him out; but was soon again involved. In a year or two was married to a town belle; received from her father a valuable legacy in a farm. She ridiculed the itinerancy; a country life too dull; sold the farm, bought in town, and with inexperienced partners began merchandising; located to get out of debt. Located, got deeper in. Became a bankrupt; and after years of trouble and sorrow was readmitted, and resumed his former work. Old, poor, and cast down, he tried to do his duty, but his life had been wasted, and his mind dwarfed. If he had studied and waited a few years, and then married a truly pious lady of good common sense, who would have helped him in his holy calling, he might have become eminently useful. But he had made a *mistake*.

“No. 3 was the son of a plain old Methodist who, by hard work and strict economy upon a farm, had secured the means of giving his only boy a pretty fair education; had been admitted on trial, and placed upon a good circuit; was well received, and gave promise of making a useful man; but a *love craze* came upon him too soon, and he married an immature and worldly-minded girl in his second year’s ministry. The Bishop found it a little difficult to give him work as a married man, and fewer doors were opened to welcome him. They could bear with *him*, and support him as a *single* man, but not with a wife. While alone, he could come and go at his pleasure into any house of his members, and required but little attention; it was a different thing when he brought a lady into the family. Some good sisters would rather accommodate two men than one woman. They fear the criticisms of their own

sex, and look upon a strange lady as a detective in the family. And if the poor innocent should be betrayed into retailing the gossip she has heard where she lately visited, she soon seals her own fate and her husband's too. Let the young minister resolve that he will honorably graduate to the eldership, and clearly understand 'the course of study' prescribed by the Church for all candidates therefor, before he will presume to look a sensible lady in the face and ask for her hand and heart for life. This is the shortest time. Seven years of study and labor was the term of single blessedness recommended by our fathers, and even then '*to hasten slowly*' was a wise motto. Of course no universal rule can be laid down, but exceptions should be few. It is unfortunate to rush into the ministry, and equally so to rush into matrimony. Ministerial dwarfishness and location, with all the attendant evils to the Church and to themselves, follow. Exceptional cases do occur where a preacher, even in his early ministry, finds a lady who will stimulate and aid him in his studies, sympathize with his efforts to be consecrated and useful, and by her prudence and piety raise him to a higher plane. Such a wife is a prize above rubies. But 'pearls of great value' are sometimes counterfeited.

"Among other sad cases of matrimonial mistakes was that of a good brother who married an excellent widow, who, although his senior, would have made him happy; but her children, without cause, were bitterly opposed to him, resulting in a great family disturbance, and in the violent death of the noble-hearted but unfortunate preacher. Few ministers, like Wesley, have risen above the influence of marrying badly. A good wife 'is of the Lord'—*and their name is legion*'—but a bad one is a great calamity, not to say a curse. Paul had the right to lead about a wife like Peter—but all things lawful are not at all times expedient."

The administration of discipline is essential to the exist-

ence of the Church, but very much depends upon the spirit in which the laws are enforced. The course pursued by the young preacher who afterward became the senior Bishop of the Church, and the highest expounder of ecclesiastical law, possesses much interest. Feeble hands may do much to injure the cause of Christ; a vindictive spirit will do more. Robert Paine found the middle way the path of safety:

“The Flint River Circuit, to which I was appointed in 1818, was a large one. All our circuits then were large. I was alone. It extended south to Huntsville, Alabama, and north to Winchester, Tennessee, with the intervening and surrounding country. It lay in a fertile and beautiful region, and was rapidly filling up with a wealthy and intelligent population. It was bounded on the east by a lofty, unbroken range of mountains dividing the waters of Tennessee and Elk rivers, and constituting one of the most picturesque and productive valleys in the Western World. It was a charming country, and was occupied by a worthy people. Its contiguity to my father’s gave me the pleasure of visiting home more frequently. The principal drawback was that, being in pastoral charge, the exercise of the discipline upon its violators now devolved upon me. Several instances soon occurred—the first at F.’s camp-ground.

“After preaching, and dismissing the audience, I proceeded to ask for the class-leader and the class-paper, to hold class-meeting, with closed doors, *as usual*. The leader suggested that a certain brother present had been intoxicated, and a trial was needed. The membership was the largest in the circuit; all were present. A profound silence ensued, while every head was bowed in grief and sympathy. The accused was under middle age, an industrious and successful young planter, who owned a good little farm, and was popular and respected. His wife, with two small children, was there. She was a cheerful, tidy, loving wife, and

an earnest Christian. The sun rarely shone on a happier household. Their parents, on both sides, and nearly all their kin, were present; for the family were Methodists, and were the bone and sinew of the county as citizens and Christians. The erring brother responded to the call of his name, pleaded guilty to the charge, and in subdued tones submitted his case. I read the law—drunkenness is ‘a crime expressly forbidden.’ I was in trouble—all were troubled. Must he be expelled? He was a young convert, and expulsion and degradation likely involved ruin. I began by asking him: ‘Why, my brother, have you brought yourself and us into this fix? Have you any explanation to give for your conduct? When, where, how did it happen?’ Then the class-paper trembled in my hand as his wife’s head sunk down as if she was crushed, and I broke down. Then he raised his head a little, and while great scalding tears were coursing down his honest, candid face, he said slowly, in tones interrupted by emotions too strong to be wholly expressed by words: ‘I didn’t *intend* it, brother. It was n’t in a *doggery*; my *merchant* said I needed something; it was so cold—brought it—now suppose it was raw whisky or brandy. I never thought it would turn my head so. Never was drunk before. Can’t help it now; it’s over, and I am *ruined*.’ Here he broke down, and his poor wife brought a low, long wail, like a despairing dirge. We all broke down. ‘No, no, brother,’ I said; ‘can’t you *quit*?’ ‘*Quit!*’ he replied. ‘I *have* quit. Suppose you must turn me out; suppose you ought to. I deserve it; but do as you may, I will never taste the thing again; never, so help me God!’ And then the wife shouted, and the elder child climbed into his father’s lap, and the youngest nestled fondly on its mother’s bosom. The old members shook hands and blessed God, and the young pastor thought he saw day breaking. In conclusion, I proposed that if he



was truly penitent, and would then and there join me in a solemn pledge *never* to use intoxicating liquors again, unless as medicine, we would forgive him, and say nothing more about a trial. He did this at once; the members agreed to it, and this was the first temperance society I formed. I often heard of him afterward, and learned he had kept his vow, as I have tried to keep mine since 1818. Methodism meant temperance then. The class-leader prayed, all left happy, and at a camp-meeting held there that summer more than one hundred and twenty professed religion and joined the Church. That trial did good.

“But scarcely had I ceased to thank God, and congratulate myself on the happy ending of this affair, before it was whispered in my ear by a trusty and tried class-leader, the recording steward residing in a distant section of my work—old Brother S.—that a similar but far *more serious case* had occurred in his class. The greater importance of this affair arose from the fact that the accused was the best educated, most respected, and most generally known of any other local minister in the community. He was a native of Scotland—was thoroughly educated in Edinburgh for the ministry of the National Church, and came to the United States at the *call* of his brethren to fill an important position. He landed in Virginia, I believe, where he entered upon the duties of his vocation. His qualifications for the position soon became evident, and his success was assured. New scenes and associations were, after a short period, followed by his marriage to an excellent lady, a Methodist, and a member of an intelligent and highly respected family. Thus thrown into immediate contact with a large and devoted body of Christians and ministers holding Arminian sentiments, he awoke to the fact that he was obliged to examine a creed which, by the number and character of its adherents, confronted and antagonized his own. Quietly,

prayerfully, and unknown to others, the process began. It presently became a serious matter. He began it, not doubting it would end in confirming his long-cherished Calvinistic opinions, and furnish him additional arguments against Wesleyan theology. What was his surprise, as he cautiously and slowly proceeded, to find himself surrendering and receding, step after step, from points he had regarded as impregnable, until to his amazement his conscience compelled him to abandon the strongholds of unconditional election and accept the system of provisional universal salvation. There was no public controversy going on between the opposing advocates of the two creeds, but in the solitude of his library he critically, as a scholar, marked, weighed, and inwardly digested the subject, determined to follow his matured and conscientious convictions wherever they might lead. The result of this mental struggle was his conversion to Methodist doctrines. Arminius, Episcopius, Wesley, and Fletcher, in their explanation of the word of God, triumphed over Augustine, Knox, and Calvin, and his mind was disenthralled and emancipated from the '*Horrible Decree*.' It followed, as a matter of course, that as his investigation had been honest his action was prompt. He candidly reported his change, was '*relieved*' without censure, received and recognized as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of both Churches and of the whole community. In after years his Virginia friends induced him to remove with them to the West, and open a first-class academy, where I found him in 1818, within the bounds of my work. He had become a patriarch in piety, age, and bearing. His school and that conducted by Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, near Nashville, Tennessee, one hundred and twenty miles apart, were regarded as the best classical academies in all their respective regions. In

many respects they were alike—both were then far advanced in life, had educated a large number of the most prominent members of the community; both had found it necessary to revise their creeds, and eliminate therefrom the ultra Calvinistic features of the Westminster Confession. The former had found a congenial haven in Methodism, while the latter, I believe, did not change his Church relation. They were alike respected for their piety, learning, and usefulness.

“Such was the venerable man who was reported by his class-leader and life-long friend as having been intoxicated; and who desired to see me and the leader about it. We went immediately, and found him in bed; silence and sorrow prevailed in the house. His aged and devoted wife and their children kept their rooms—they were grief-stricken and stunned; they could not talk about it; could see no one. Our visit unlocked the fountain, and for awhile his tears poured forth as from an overflowing heart. We, too, sat with bowed heads, and could not talk, while we cried as if over a dying father. At last he abruptly broke the silence, in substance saying to me: ‘I have disgraced the Church—have been intoxicated—you must try and expel me. Nothing short of this will do.’ The facts turned out to be these: He was invited to celebrate the rites of matrimony between a couple who were the children of two of his friends. When the time arrived the weather had become intensely cold, the roads frozen, and the distance was greater than he had supposed. Withal, he was an inexperienced horseback-rider; was old, feeble, and not acquainted with the road. Of course he lost his way, was belated, and after hiring a negro to guide him, arrived at the place several hours behind time. When he got there he was so stiff and cold that he had to be taken down and carried into the house. To restore him they gave him

something, assuring him it would revive him without hurting him. He took it, sat near the fire awhile, and found his head in a *whirl*. 'Why, every thing is turning round! am I drunk?' he exclaimed. The company assembled was a large, wealthy, and aristocratic one, many of whom he had educated, and all revered him; they knew his Scotch integrity and Christian purity of life, and while he wept in repeating, 'I must be drunk,' etc., they replied: 'No, it is vertigo—the cold and fatigue followed by a hot fire.' But this did not soothe his feelings. He, however, performed the ceremony, and after a night's rest went home. Now he demanded of me, as his pastor, a trial and *full* punishment. He had dismissed his school in his paroxysm of mortified grief, had proclaimed his fall, and now the Church *must* vindicate her rules by his arrest, trial, and expulsion. It was useless to talk to him. So I called a committee, and he was suspended for three months. He protested against the leniency of the sentence, and sent me his certificates of ordination, but finally submitted. The time expired; it was on my preaching-day there. I asked him to take my place. The whole region attended, and such a sermon and such a time as we all had are rarely witnessed. He fell to rise higher in public esteem, and has long since gone where misfortunes and temptations, like sin and sorrow, are forever unknown."

On the subject of popular amusements Bishop Paine has left a clear testimony. Conservative in thought, he has given no cause for complaint of extreme views. As a calm, wise, and deeply interested observer of men and things, his views are of great value:

"In going from McGee's to Huntsville, in the year 1819, on my circuit work, and just as I came opposite the Green Bottom Inn, I heard a great shout, and looking to my left saw an immense throng of highly excited people, and at a

glance perceived horses dash off in the direction I was traveling. It flashed upon me that it was the celebrated race-track where the sportsmen of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Alabama annually tested the speed and pluck of their high-blooded horses. The hill, houses, and stages were crowded, and such cheering and prolonged huzzas had rarely been heard. In a moment the words 'Mine eyes shall not look on vanity' occurred to me; and although the swift coursers in making the circle ran so near me that I could hear the clatter of their feet and the breathing of the panting and struggling fliers, I kept steadily on my way without pausing or stealing a glance at them.

"Is it asked what harm it would have been if I had done otherwise? Would it have been sinful? Is racing a sin? I do not say that running, or simple racing, is a sin, or that looking at a race is of itself such, especially if it be accidental; but I do unequivocally say that the race-course is the theater where one of the worst kinds of gambling is practiced, and that all abettors of it are practically contributing to debauch public sentiment. Bets are often made on trials of speed a year or more in advance; the mind, heart, and body are preoccupied and engrossed. I have known sportsmen, while with heavy bets pending and horses in training for the coming contest, to become religiously impressed; but few of them have yielded. The very fact that they had committed themselves to a race for a large sum utterly discouraged all serious efforts. The excitement continues so long, the associations and fascinations are so dangerous, and the temptations to other and kindred vices so strong, that the life of the sportsman is like walking by moonlight over a bridge full of holes—where one crosses safely a hundred fall through. Grant something may be true which is claimed for it, as to improving certain qualities of the horse, the employment it gives to labor, the

people it brings to the hotel and public carrier interests, and the recreation it affords to the masses who attend, backed and countenanced by legislators, judges, the queens of beauty, fashion, and wealth, from the empress to the *canaille*—still, candor compels the verdict that the evil infinitely transcends the benefit. The benefit is largely imaginary, the evil real and far-reaching. The gambling like the drinking proclivity is a morally unhealthy one, needing restraint the more because it originates in a perverted and depraved appetite. Whether we regard the kings of the turf, the influence they naturally exercise over their own families, especially their sons and sons-in-law, over their associates, retainers, trainers, stable-boys, and the long retinue of flatterers, loafers, and worn-out specimens of humanity; the diversion it fosters adverse to piety, purity, and intellectual culture, leaving out of view the pecuniary investment in it, and which cannot be readily turned into other and useful enterprises without heavy loss; all, and more, unite to condemn the race-track as exceptionally objectionable—a gigantic gamble. Under the most favorable surroundings, it works evil. The fictitious importance it confers upon the least valuable quality of the horse is overwhelmingly counterbalanced by its degrading effects upon the noblest attributes of manhood. And this applies alike to aristocratic Epsom Derby and the quarter-mile extemporized race at the dilapidated village for a quart of contraband whisky—with the exception that the former is worse in proportion to its assumed greater respectability. Imagine a race-visiting clergyman preaching on Sunday to an audience he has been meeting the entire week previously on the race-track! Is he not beset with the echoes of the shouts, the ribald jests, profanity, and drunken craziness of his associates, even when in soft tones of mock penitence he distributes to them the sacred symbols of the Last Supper, and when renouncing

‘the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world,’ and vowing ‘not to follow or be led by them?’ Must not the actors in this scene laugh in each other’s faces, the first time they meet afterward, at the remembrance of their sublime impudence? Is this Liberalism—Broad-church Christianity? Liberal enough for the Roman soldier who gambled for Christ’s vesture at the foot of his cross, and broad enough for the rich man who went to hell.

“But what of dancing and the theater? Will the Church prohibit its members from amusements? Certainly not. Rational and innocent amusements may often be needed, and are proper. Our Heavenly Father does not stint us. He is profuse. All paradise was given with one reservation. That was a test case. The only thing prohibited was a thing not necessary to existence, to true happiness, or the highest end of life. Of every thing else they might freely and fully partake. The new—the ‘good, very good’—world, with all its beauty, sublimity, and stainless purity, lay before them, the free gift and pledge of their great Father’s love. It was theirs to have, to hold, and enjoy. With all this was the bestowment of attributes adapting them perfectly to apprehend and enjoy their munificent surroundings. Within the vast circumference of these various pursuits and pleasures all was natural and innocent; but as every gift carries with it obligation, and every law implies and involves duties to be enforced by penalty, so, as a recognition of this universal principle, a prohibition was announced as a test of love and fealty, to disregard which is sin. It matters not what that duty or test may be, if the Supreme Lawgiver authoritatively imposes it as such, it is sin to disregard it. The simpler and easier the condition, the less is the excuse and greater the sin of its violation. The magnitude of the offense is determined by the authority of the law. The inspired oracles denounce ‘reveling, banqueting,’ ‘the lusts of

the flesh and of the eye, and the pride of life;’ it demands bearing the cross, self-denial, humility, and to do ‘whatever we do to the glory of God.’ While neither the Bible nor the Church prescribes specifically and by name every duty or denounces every error, resolving and comprehending many of them in great principles, the distinctions are so clear and plainly laid down as to be apparent to the discernment of the spiritually-minded inquirer. It is not dancing for health or recreation, nor dancing in the abstract—if there be such—but dancing in the concrete, promiscuous, of the sexes in close contact; the familiar handling, dangling, caressing, the indelicate posturing, the personal liberty taken and submitted to as naturally understood in the programme of the dance-room—all these kept up to the ‘wee hours of the night’—it is these, and the like, which go to condemn these orgies as injurious to health, and inconsistent with refined feminine sensibility and the genius of Christianity.

“It is not assumed that there are not greater evils than dancing, or that some who oppose it may not have a ‘beam’ who find a ‘mote;’ nor is it denied that young and timid ladies, who find themselves unexpectedly in a parlor where they must join in a dance, or be the ‘wall-flowers’ of the circle, reluctantly, and from a want of moral courage, yield to temptation. They are perhaps as much to be pitied as blamed for the offense; but if they freely, and from love of it, persist against persuasion, remonstrance, and repeated pastoral warning, and reasonable waiting for reflection, the result seems inevitable—the formal relation dissolved as the spiritual has already been. Whoever loves worldly pleasures more than Christ is no Christian; and the fashionable dance, and the delight in it, as clearly discriminates between the ‘flesh and the spirit’ as any thing I know of. The Church, following the Master, has prohibited it. Every Christian denomination in the country, through its highest



officials, has condemned it; and if they have failed to conform their judicial acts to their protests, we may regret it, but cannot imitate them. As Methodists we may not always have been blameless, but I think I can safely say that horse-racing, the liquor traffic, theater-going, and dancing—all of which belong to the same category—when properly dealt with, will dissolve Church-membership when properly brought into the Church-court.

“In this exercise of official duty it is especially proper that there be no rash, hasty, or injudicious action. While we dare not silently see the Church lapse into worldliness without trying to prevent it, we cannot afford to diminish our influence as under-shepherds of a gentle and loving Chief Pastor.

“To all this it may be said the tendency of the time is drifting the Church into the world, and it cannot be prevented. So much greater is the necessity to resist it now, before it is too late. What surprises me most is that our members need restraint in these things. After my conversion I had no taste for them. Love and gratitude to my Lord cured me for life of the desire for sinful and doubtful amusements. A thorough change of heart ought to do this.”

Few Methodist preachers have escaped the knowledge of financial embarrassments. The small sums allowed to the preachers in the early days were often insufficient to supply the necessaries of life. The helping Providence is seen in the following narrative of Bishop Paine:

“My field of labor presented some serious discouragements during the first half of the year. I was not only without acquaintances, but my circuit was very large, deficient in roads and bridges; accommodations and ordinary comforts greatly needed, as usual in new settlements, while I had twenty-eight appointments to fill monthly, from fifteen to twenty-five miles apart. During the winter of 1819–20 and

early spring, I was much exposed to the weather, and was near being drowned on several occasions while swimming streams to reach my preaching-places. For all this I felt amply compensated by the warm-hearted hospitality of the people, and by the consciousness of trying to do my duty. Yet I now think that in some of these hazardous exposures I was mistaken as to duty. Before the year had half expired my finances were exhausted, and it flashed upon me while crossing a little prairie between Erie and Greensboro, skirted by trees draped in long moss, that I was a penniless stranger hundreds of miles from home, too proud to beg and unable to dig. The fact is, I thought I had left my father's with money enough to pay my way for more than a year; but my traveling expenses, clothing, horse-shoeing, and other things, had cost a good deal more than in Tennessee, and having neglected to write home in time, I had suddenly been startled with the discovery of my bankruptcy. I have a distinct recollection of my feelings. I stopped, looked through my collapsed pocket-book to find it innocent of concealing a single cent. What now? Shall I go on, getting farther away from home, try to get back to Tuscaloosa, borrow money there to get home on, and then return to my circuit? If so, all my appointments fall, and I have to go around to make new ones. Besides, friends and foes will say I *deserted* my post; and then I remembered that a bold, bad man, living on the north fork of the Warrior, had sent me word that if I preached there again he would certainly beat me badly. I confess this threat determined me. *I would not go away under a threat.* I turned away to trust Providence for the money and do my work. The stewards had neglected their duty, but without begging it I got the means from an unexpected source the next day, and staid. I am glad I did. The money came in this wise: About sunset on the day just alluded to I rode up to a cabin hav-

ing only one room, and upon asking the name of the owner was confronted by a very large lady who gave the name where Brother E. Hearn had informed me he had made an appointment for me to preach on the next day. I asked the lady if there was such an appointment. She did not know—had heard the old man say something about it; but he and the boys were off on a bear-hunt—might be home some time that night, or might not. Told her I received notice, and upon his invitation I had come to preach. She looked somewhat bewildered, and I felt a good deal so. The only house I saw was that one; it was unfinished; a half dozen children crowded the door. The boys and the old man, with those present, must fill it. It looked like a downright imposition to obtrude; but what could I do? Night was upon me. I was a stranger—did not know the roads nor the neighbors, if there were any. Could she tell where I could go? But she was a new-comer—did not know. Still sitting upon my tired horse and looking around for a road, she said I was welcome to stay if I could make out to do so; but there was no place nor any food for my horse, except a little corn which was used for bread after being pounded in a wooden mortar by a wooden pestle or beater. How gratefully I accepted the conditions! blistered my shoulders carrying heavy rails to make a pound for my horse; and how long I belabored those flinty grains of corn into meal, and how soundly I slept, the deponent saith not. Next day a dozen, more or less, came out. The old man had got home before midnight and fixed seats; and as I began service a tall and elegant lady came in, and after preaching had closed, introduced herself, and invited me in the name of her husband to spend the night with them, and that at my next round I should preach at their house. My host and his wife consenting, I promised to do so. When leaving there next morning to cross the Alabama River at Cahaba, a five-dollar

gold piece was left in my hand by Mrs. Matthew Garey. That was enough ; it would pay my way across the river and until my stewards should awake to the fact that they had forgotten their duty.”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

“NOTES OF LIFE” CONTINUED—REMOVAL OF INDIANS—HOLY LIVING—SKETCH OF BISHOP BASCOM—CHURCH POLITY.

THE attitude of the Government toward the Indian tribes has employed the pens of many wise and benevolent persons, who have deplored the resort to the implements of warfare and death as means of controlling and subduing the red men. Bishop Paine furnishes us with a plain statement relating to two of the Indian tribes:

“The winter of 1540–41 proved to be unusually long and severe, and the Spaniards drew heavily upon the Indians for supplies—they accused their red friends of having retaliated by taking their hogs. De Soto is said to have carried a good many hogs with him to meet emergencies, and the Indians had now learned to appreciate this kind of food. A large part of this tribe still lived on the East Tennessee and West Virginia highlands, although they had many villages in what has long been known as the ‘Chickasaw Old Fields.’ In the spring of 1541 De Soto, wishing to continue his march, demanded two hundred able-bodied Indians to assist in carrying his baggage and artillery to the Mississippi River, but they refused to obey. A battle followed, both parties suffered terribly, and the Spaniards were compelled to leave, much crippled and discouraged. They are thought to have struck the great river at the ‘Chickasaw Bluffs,’ near Memphis. Crossing the Mississippi, they are believed to have wandered over the highlands of Arkansas, and seen the Hot Springs, but not finding the El Dorado, to have gone down to the Mississippi about Helena, where De Soto died.

“This whole affair seems like a romance, but there are

many things which prove the main facts upon which the story rests. See Pickett's 'History of Alabama' and 'J. F. H. Claiborne's Mississippi.' Other invasions of this country by Spaniards and French at different periods occurred, in all of which these two great tribes maintained their reputation as warriors and statesmen, having never been conquered or driven by military force from their early homes.

"There are two points in this question as to the treatment of the Indians by the United States Government upon which I wish to make remarks before I close it. Of the general subject I say nothing, because I know but little, but confine myself to these two tribes. I knew a good deal about them before they went west of the Mississippi, and have visited them repeatedly since—staid with them for weeks at a time, held conferences with them, preached to them, and talked freely with them. They left Mississippi and Alabama reluctantly; with many it was a great and sore trial; but their 'heads' and 'chiefs' saw it must be, or they were to be worried almost to death and at last compelled to go. Thinking they might get a reliable guaranty by an exchange, in which they would *pay* for their new home, and get clear of being further disturbed, they finally consented to remove. I believe the agreement was to allot to each Indian a certain amount of land wherever he might claim it. It was all to be surveyed, and publicly sold to the highest bidder, and the Indian to receive the whole amount. After every claim had been thus settled, the remainder of land was given to the United States. In consideration for this the Indians were to be transported at the expense and under the protection of the United States—were to have a guaranty title to a much larger quantity of land west of the Mississippi River and a considerable annuity. The land here generally sold for its fair value. I know it did in the Chickasaw Nation, as I have lived upon it over thirty years, and doubt

if to-day it could be sold for more than was then paid for it.

“Speculators and pretended friends doubtless cheated individual Indians, but I do not believe the Government did. Upon the whole, I think the removal of the Chickasaws, Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Delawares, Wyandots, and Shawnees, and the other tribes that settled down quietly to agricultural life, has so far been a blessing to them. It is my decided conviction that too large a territory is not favorable to their best interests. Enough for cultivation and stock-ranging, and room for natural increase, and for those who cannot be expected to suddenly suppress their hunting proclivity, must be yielded to them.

“Gradually, as the wild game disappears, and they advance in civilization and piety, they cultivate the soil and cease to roam and hunt. Most or all of the tribes enumerated have realized this fact, and are acting conformably. But let the Government *keep faith* with them—drive off *intruders*, protect them from *liquor-sellers*, *qualify* them for citizenship, and maintain them in all their rights.

“Of course no people will work for a living if others will feed them. They must have help, but must help themselves too. Help which comes without need and cooperation is a premium for idleness and vagabondism. If those tribes which have more land than they find necessary will contract their limits, and not factiously oppose the opening of railroads where the interests of society require them, and the Government will sternly protect them, then may we confidently look for their elevation. The preacher and the teacher will then have a fair field.”

As the shadows were falling at the serene sunset of life, Bishop Paine reviews the past, and recalls the experiences of his early days concerning the subject of holiness:

“Cicero and others have moralized beautifully on the

subject of old age—the serene retrospect of a virtuous and useful life; but to the Christian whose standard is the word of God, and whose conscience demands a high degree of purity of purpose, and a consecration of life to the noblest capabilities of his being, there is little ground for self-com mendation. However conscious he may feel of having intended to do right, he cannot but be aware of having often failed in his manner of doing it. The holiest are the humblest and most grateful. It is natural for the aged to dwell upon the past, and it is fit for them to be thankful for the grace and the fostering providence which have guided and preserved them; but ‘pride was not made for man,’ and we need daily prayer for ‘preventing grace’ and pardon.

“In looking back over my life’s work, no year has left its mark upon my memory more indelibly than this. I was in a mission-field, a stranger far from home; the country was new, comforts few, rides long, and my labors taxed all my time and energies. The formation of the ‘Missionary Association,’ my trip to the Indian Territory, my illness among them, and especially the intimate friendships formed with John Hersey and other intelligent and truly devoted Christians, very deeply impressed me. Religiously it was a period of very great importance to me. The subject of *holiness* engrossed my mind and heart. I read, thought, and prayed about it. Two days in the week I fasted and prayed especially for the blessing of perfect love. Often I spent hours at a time alone in the forest invoking the blessing of a ‘clean heart.’ During many hours of lonesome travel through primeval forests it occupied my thoughts. I never doubted that I had been converted October 9, 1817. Others had gone on to a higher state and had attained it. Why not I? I denied myself many things I had always heretofore thought innocent. I keenly introspected my feelings and motives. If I were to particularize, my readers would likely think



my conscience was morbidly sensitive. My long rides and constant labors and abstinence enfeebled me so that I could not ride ten miles without getting off and resting by the road-side. I became very thin—my knees got as hard as a wood-chopper's hand, and my throat or lungs commenced bleeding daily. Still I went on, preaching almost every day and frequently at night, looking for the blessing of 'sanctification.' I remember distinctly while preaching on 'the pure in heart,' at Hardwick's, near Savannah, to have felt such a sense of God's comforting presence that I was constrained to avow that I *then realized* the blessing of perfect love. Nor was it a transient or solitary emotion. Yet I hesitated and feared to profess it. I needed some one to teach and guide me. So things continued until I left for another field. The year's experience deeply impressed my religious history.

"Of late I have been often asked my opinion as to certain articles which have been published as to regeneration, sanctification, holiness, Christian perfection, etc., especially as to whether regeneration and sanctification are distinct and separate operations, each having its distinct evidence; or are they one, differing only in measure or degree? whether in either or any case it is proper to expect and pray for a wholly sanctified heart and the witness of the Holy Spirit; of its attainment *now*; or is it a state of grace which is *gradual*, and culminates only at the *close* of probation? To these and similar inquiries, and speaking for myself alone, my answer is, I am not inclined to take as my creed on this or any other scriptural dogma the language, by wholesale of any uninspired creed-maker without explanation. I am a Methodist, and believe in the doctrines and polity of my Church, as I understand them to be embodied directly or by fair inference in the Scriptures; and my views on this subject may be thus briefly stated:

“Regeneration changes our spiritual *nature* as justification does our personal *relation* to God. As faith is the condition precedent to these, so this faith, leading to filial obedience, carries forward the work of grace to more full outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and, when persistently sought, to closer communion with God, to which he gives the *witness* of his work. It is the same agent, the same work, to be retained and grow while life lasts. Every truly regenerated person is ‘set apart’ to the service of God—‘sanctified.’ He enters upon ‘the highway of holiness,’ and if he continues holy and faithful he will most assuredly attain to ‘the mark for the prize.’ Along this thoroughfare are stages, or degree stations, which mark his progress; and who can deny that ‘a clean heart, a right spirit,’ ‘love that casteth out fear,’ and the sanctity which Christ prayed that his disciples might attain, may not be realized *here*, accompanied by the witnessing Spirit? May we not expect to realize what God promises to bestow? And why withhold his seal in verifying his own work?

“It is, then, possible to be sanctified *here*, to love God supremely, and yet to labor under physical infirmities and the misfortune of a perverted nature. They are inevitable sequences of the fall, and I cannot associate *guilt* with the *inevitable*. I have never forgotten a question proposed to me by an old preacher of another Church shortly after my conversion: ‘Did you repent of Adam’s sin?’ It was a new thought to me, and I replied: ‘I never thought of Adam’s sin, my own troubled me so much.’ He thought I had not gone *far enough back*. I was troubled with the *effects*, but not *penitent* for the *guilt*, of original sin. Guilt without personal agency is a myth, especially in view of the vicarious ‘oblation that taketh away the sins of the world.’”

The extraordinary effect produced by the preaching of Dr. Bascom has been noticed in a preceding extract from

the "Notes of Life." In the following, Bishop Paine presents a more extended picture of this great preacher:

"The life of Henry Bidleman Bascom abounded with instructive incidents, many of which are too well known to call for repetition. It may not, however, be amiss to emphasize a few of them. Born May 27, 1796, in New Jersey, he embraced religion August 18, 1810; was received by Loring Grant into the Methodist Church the next spring; emigrated to Kentucky with his father's family in 1812, and shortly afterward settled in Ohio, a few miles north of Maysville, Kentucky, in a poor and lonely region of hills and gulches. His father seems to have been married twice, and had a large family—Henry being his first-born, and I believe the only child of his first wife. His father, always poor, became prematurely infirm, and with the burden of a heavy family could not dispense with the labor of his son. After that son had culminated as 'a bright particular star,' as a writer and orator in the galaxy of great names destined 'never to fade nor fly,' while standing with an old resident of the city of Maysville, Kentucky, overlooking the busy wharf, the river, and opposite the cliffs upon whose side stood the humble log-cabin whence young Bascom in his fourteenth year went forth to struggle for a living for himself and his dependent father and his half sisters and brothers, my friend said to me: 'Here, right before you, is the place where our great and loved Dr. Bascom began his life's battle. In that little field on the river I have seen him often cutting grain without coat or vest. At this wharf, as a drayman, I have watched him receive and hauling away the freight from boats, when the usual pay for a day's labor was fifty cents. Saturday evening would find him climbing up the brow of that steep and rugged mountain, bearing provisions and a few simple delicacies, obtained by the daily labor of his own hands, for the

support of his bedridden father and helpless family.' Indeed, his unfaltering love, and tender, never-ceasing care and kindness to his kindred, through many years, was known by all his early neighbors. Even after he had won his professorship in Augusta College, and stood with Ruter, Durbin, and Tomlinson, he would devote all his net earnings to the physical and intellectual benefit of his father's family. And when the old people became so ill as to require constant and skillful nursing, he spent his college vacation at home, taking what repose was possible in sleeping upon the rough puncheon-floor of the cabin, with only a blanket under him, ready to rise and minister to the sufferer at the first sign. His Maker endowed him with an intellect of the highest compass, a robust will, and the strongest sympathies. All these qualities are necessary to make the highest order of manhood. All this and more was Dr. Bascom. I need not allude to his extraordinary eloquence, by which he swayed listening thousands into rapture or terror as his theme changed; nor to his clear and masterly writing—as, for example, his protest against the action of the majority in the General Conference of 1844.

“The course adopted in publishing Bishop Bascom's sermons has been regretted by many of his best friends. They were by himself called ‘Sermons for the *Pulpit*’—not for the press—and an attempt was made by some of his friends to place them and other productions of his pen in the hands of the now deceased Bishop Wightman, who it is understood would revise them, and supervise their publication. Unfortunately other counsels prevailed. The preaching style of the Bishop before vast and promiscuous assemblies, owing to his rich imagination and his rare command of words, was often very rapid and highly ornate, while his written style was more simple and lucid. He was aware of this, and hence the discrimination he made between pulpit and press.

“This *critique*, however, must not be regarded as depreciating his published sermons as to their true merits, for taking them as they are issued, they display a high order of mind.

“Although he justly stood preëminent in the estimation of Mr. Henry Clay, and others who had a national reputation for learning and eloquence, yet, as his biographers say, there were a number of his early associates among the preachers by whom he was not appreciated. His dress and personal appearance did not suit their taste, hence the withholding of his reception and ordination for two years.

“The election of Dr. Bascom to the episcopacy was a surprise to himself more than to the Church. It took place at the session of the General Conference in St. Louis, in 1850. The session was a short one, owing to the appearance of cholera in the city as an epidemic. There was a panic among its citizens, many fleeing into the country, some of them having agreed to entertain delegates, who were thus suddenly left without homes for awhile. The death of a delegate from Georgia—Boring—increased the excitement, and the Conference determined to elect a Bishop and close the session as soon as its necessary work could be transacted. When the election came off, Bishops Soule and Andrew were sick—the former confined to his bed and very feeble. Neither of them was present. Bishop Capers and the writer presided to the close of the Conference. In leaving the room shortly after the result of the ballot had been announced, and the adjournment of the day’s work, Dr. Bascom was seen in the rear part of the house sitting alone with his head bowed, and upon approaching him he was found weeping and almost convulsed with emotion. He protested that he did not want and could not accept the office—that he was unsuited to it, had never acted as presiding elder or actual chairman. His habits of life, his taste, and

his purposes were, and had always been, otherwise. Finally, he agreed that if upon my consulting the Bishops they should unanimously agree and desire his ordination, which he doubted, he might consent to it; but certainly not without this. At night the Bishops met for consultation. Bishop Soule was in bed, and very ill. Bishop Andrew was reclining on a sofa when Bishop Capers and I entered, and presently laid before them the state of Dr. Bascom's feelings. Capers and myself were decided in our opinion that he ought to submit to ordination. As usual, the younger Bishops being first called upon for their opinions, *we* did not hesitate. Our senior, more deliberate, finally agreed that they could not advise the Bishop elect to decline. It is a principle among us not to interfere in the election of our colleagues. We never vote anywhere outside of our private meetings as a college for review and advice. Upon such occasions the Bishop who would shrink from meeting a question frankly and promptly, or who would suffer an honest and independent difference of opinion to disturb the harmony and kind feelings of the body, would be justly esteemed as unfit for his high position. No such case has occurred among us for the last thirty-six years. I confess that there was an apparent reluctance in our senior Bishops in advising Dr. Bascom to conform to the wish of the Conference; but I may have been mistaken, or they might have been of his opinion, that he was better adapted for and more needed in other work, while others could fill the office with equal benefit to the Church at large. From whatever reason, if any, they seemed to hesitate, they agreed to appoint the time and place of his consecration. Dr. Bascom was appointed to preach, as it turned out to be, his own ordination discourse, which he did upon the text, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ'—one of the finest efforts of his life. Among other objections

he had made to his acceptance of the office, he said, with strong emotion, '*It will kill me*'—prophetic words. Immediately after the General Conference he presided at the Missouri Conference, thence went into the Indian Territory, then back to St. Louis, and finding his health seriously impaired by constant travel, care, and preaching through the hot summer months, he started home; but reaching Louisville, he was utterly stricken down, and died at Edward Stevenson's, in the fifty-third year of his age. Thus fell in the prime of his life, and the rich and ripened powers of a mind of rare strength and extraordinary compass, a great and mighty prince in our Israel.

“Am I asked how the poor, obscure boy, who ‘never went to school after he was twelve years old,’ attained a national reputation as an orator, a writer, and for usefulness as a minister of the gospel? I answer, by *study* and *perseverance*. There is before me one of the standard books in the course of study in his department of the senior class, which he used while president of a college, which evinces his patient and profound examination of its contents. It is full of notes and exhaustive criticisms. He not only read but digested and assorted the author's thoughts. Yet he was timid to a fault in extemporizing, and could not be drawn into discussion upon the Conference-floor. I have seen him put to confusion and silenced by an attack unexpectedly made upon him. Early in his ministry Bascom contracted the habit of memorizing his sermons and his lectures. His celebrated addresses while he traveled as agent for the African Colonization Society, and his pulpit efforts which so moved listening thousands, were thus delivered. But as his years advanced, memory losing its power of retention, and the failing of the eye rendering reading from the manuscript absolutely necessary, the pathos of his former years decreased, while his intellectual vigor was undiminished.

Such must be the result whenever this practice is pursued. We freely admit that his style was too florid to suit the taste of critics; but take him as he was, and as by divine grace he made himself, he was one of the most brilliant examples of a great and noble self-made man recorded in the history of the American Church."

No man was more thoroughly versed in the history and constitution of the Church than Bishop Paine. The last extract we present from the "Notes of Life" is upon our "Church Polity:"

"It has been already stated that the General Conference held in May, 1820, was marked by several highly important incidents. Among these was the rule making presiding elders elective, and giving them, by law, authority as a council with the Bishop to station the preachers. This was followed by the election of Joshua Soule to the episcopacy, his refusing to accept the office under this law, the solemn protest of the senior Bishop—McKendree—against it, and the suspension of this rule until the next session of the General Conference.

"The retirement of Bishop McKendree, at his own suggestion, and with the consent of the body, from the effective duties of his office, but to continue to assist his colleagues as might be practicable and agreeable to himself, was adopted in a series of resolutions highly commendatory of him as a Christian minister and an efficient and approved chief pastor of the Church—a compliment as heartily given as it was richly deserved.

"It may not be amiss to pause awhile here to make a few suggestions: (1) Signs of dissatisfaction with that part of our Church polity involved in the presiding eldership and lay representation had occurred for several years, but not until now had this opposition assumed an attitude so united, and so menacing to the harmony and integrity of the Church. (2)



This opposition was confined principally to the Eastern and Northern Conferences—the Western and Southern being more conservative. At the first delegated General Conference (1812), resolutions proposing to elect the presiding elders by the Annual Conferences were debated two days and rejected. The Bishops—Asbury and McKendree—were decidedly opposed to them. (3) At every successive session down to 1828 this question continued to disturb the supreme legislative council of the Church. Since then, and especially in the Southern branch of our common Methodism, it has done little harm, because we have kept abreast with the sentiment of our wisest and best members. May not the time come when our Northern brethren will need the conservative aid of the South to resist this inroad upon primitive and constitutional Methodism? (4) This measure could not have been carried in 1820 except by the aid of prominent Southern delegates—Dr. Capers and others, for example—induced thereto by appeals for a ‘*compromise peace measure*,’ but which, upon more mature reflection, they felt bound to reconsider and oppose. (5) The principal grounds upon which the senior Bishop and the Bishop elect rested their objections were that the change proposed as to the presiding eldership was *radical* and *revolutionary*; that our episcopacy is an integral and coördinate element in the very constitution and organization of the Church—its chief executive; that the episcopacy is a general and itinerant oversight, charged with the duties of supervising the whole body and officially responsible for the administration of the rules, laws, and usages of the Discipline; that their efficient performance of these duties of administration demand that they shall have the authority to appoint and change those sub-officials who may be necessary to act in their place according to the law; that it would be unreasonable and unjust to impose

upon a Bishop the duty of conserving the polity and harmonious working of our economy, and subject him to high penalty for alleged failure, unless he could select and dismiss the persons through whom, in his necessary absence, the complicated and onerous duties would devolve of instructing and controlling the junior pastors under him. In all well-organized governments, pretending to secure freedom to their subjects, there must be a division of official powers; and like every machine which, however well constructed, is useless, and consequently a practical failure, unless a moving power is attached to it adequate to its harmonious operation, so of governments, civil and ecclesiastical. If there be an excess of propelling force, there is danger; if too little, it is useless. In the first place, we have to fear a despotism; in the last, anarchy. In our civil government we distribute the control of the system among three distinct coördinate heads, or departments—the legislative, or law-making, State and national, under constitutional restrictions; the executive, of which the President is chief; and the judiciary, or Supreme Court. These all act in their respective departments through appointees; where they cannot do so personally, they have power to appoint, change, and oversee them, their official responsibilities require the right of appointing them. There is, however, a marked difference between the constitution of our Church and of our civil government; for while the latter restricts the power of the Federal Government from doing any thing excepting such as pertains to the general welfare, reserving the remainder of power to the people or the States respectively, the former confers plenary, not to say unlimited, authority upon its supreme legislative department, subject to only a few limitations; and it is worthy of remark that one of these few restrictions is the positive prohibition of the power to *‘do away episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itin-*

*erant general superintendency.* Again, our Church government differs widely from other forms of episcopal *régime*. Take the Protestant Episcopal, for instance. They claim a divine right and an unbroken tactual succession of persons as Bishops from the apostles. We hold that no such succession can be traced, or is necessary; that, on the contrary, the true succession, instead of being personal, is that of scriptural doctrine, experience, and practice, affirmed and authorized by a regularly organized Christian Church for the sole purpose of spreading and perpetuating the kingdom of God over the world, and that thus we follow scriptural analogy and the usage of the primitive Church. Expediency and practical utility combine with the great purpose and early usages of the Church in sustaining our claim.

“Our system also recognizes its ministers as coming up by nomination from its membership as distinguished from its high officials. It in effect says, as did the apostles on a memorable occasion, ‘*Choose ye out seven men from among yourselves whom we may appoint,*’ etc. While no one in our Church can be licensed to preach, or ordained to office, without a regular examination and election emanating from the Church, I believe a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church can ordain at his discretion.

“Another difference is, our whole economy is essentially itinerant, our episcopacy is a general itinerancy—general, not partial or local; a Bishop is such in every part of the Church—has rights and functions equally regular and valid everywhere; itinerant instead of local or diocesan. Like his appointees, he must travel as well as preach and oversee his charge. For a failure to discharge all these duties, or any of them, he is subject to arrest and deposition. At each General Conference the records of all the Annual Conferences are critically examined; the action of these bodies, and especially the decisions made on all questions

of law, carefully noted, and if disapproved are formally reported, and may be the ground of trial and expulsion of the Bishop presiding. Is it not right that under such responsibilities he should be allowed to select his advisers and assistants in overseeing the charge intrusted to his hands? Would not the change sought for so cripple and modify our episcopacy as to create a serious obstacle to the efficient exercise of its power? So thought Asbury, Bruce, McKendree, and Soule, and a great majority in the Church, South.

“During the pendency of this controversy a very important point was raised, involving the question of settling a constitutional law when the General Conference adopts and persists in maintaining an act which the Bishops as firmly hold to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. For instance, the third article of the Constitution, on the organization of a delegated general legislative body, thus restricts and limits its action: ‘They shall not change or alter any part or rule of our government so as to do away episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency.’ While it was admitted that these suspended rules may not do away episcopacy, it was held by Asbury, McKendree, Soule, and generally by our most thoughtful Southern preachers, that in withdrawing the presiding eldership from the aid and control of the Bishops the harmonious and effective operation of our plan of itinerant general superintendency would be virtually destroyed, and the power of the episcopacy crippled. Who was to decide this issue? If the Bishops persisted in exercising their former authority, they could not enforce it against the Annual Conferences and the dominant party of the General Conference. And it would be absurd, as well as anomalous, for a delegated legislative body to sit in judgment upon the constitutionality of their own enactments. Bishop McKen-

dree therefore determined to address a circular to each Annual Conference, and call upon them, as the original source of delegated power, to determine the vexed question. This course had been successfully resorted to in a previous case; but fortunately, before the responses from the Annual Conferences came, by the overwhelming majority of the General Conference of 1828 these resolutions were annulled, and, let us hope, forever settled.”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1866—CHANGES MADE—LAY  
ELEMENT—NEW BISHOPS.

AFTER his round of Conferences in the fall and winter of 1865-66, he went to the General Conference which met in New Orleans in April, 1866. This Conference gave to the Church lay delegation. No wiser monument was ever added to the life and energy of a Church organization. While it increased the importance of the lay element in our Church and added largely to its influence, it did not detract in the least from the influence of the clergy. Dr. Palmer, the distinguished Presbyterian minister of New Orleans, who witnessed the whole proceeding spoke of it in the highest terms of commendation. He declared it to be an example of the moral sublime, and that great good would result from utilizing this important element in the Church. And his declaration has been found in all respects a true prophecy. We could not now do without this important element in our General Conference. It is conservative; it is practical; it is eminently helpful. This change in our Church polity met with the hearty approbation of Bishop Paine. He was always progressive, as well as highly conservative. He was not impetuous. He belonged to that class of ministers of whom the Apostle Paul was a type. He was altogether unlike the impetuous Peter. He seldom had to repent at leisure of what he had done in haste. His sound judgment approved of a measure which would bring to the front so much talent and so much piety, and which for near three-quarters of a century had been suffered to lie dormant. The change has worked as well as its most san-

guine friends could have anticipated. It was at this Conference, amid great excitement and confusion, that he took the chair at the earnest request of one of his colleagues whose modesty had rendered him unequal to the task of bringing order out of such confusion. He showed himself every inch a Bishop. Combining mildness and dignity with a power to command which few men have ever surpassed, he soon restored order; and holding the reins with a firm and steady hand, he caused the business to move on without a jar to the end of the session. Said one eye-witness to the writer: "I never saw authority wielded with such ease and such perfect success in my life." At this Conference the venerable Bishop Andrew asked to be relieved from active work. He had been a Bishop thirty-four years. He had been equal to every emergency. His purity of life had never been surpassed in the history of the Church. He was a saintly man. He had wielded a wide and pure influence in his day. He had as little to regret as almost any man that had filled the episcopal chair. His address asking to be relieved deeply affected the Conference. They saw a grand old hero retiring from the strife to rest on his arms. They parted from him with tears of tenderest sympathy.

Then Bishop Early asked also to be placed in the same relation. He chafed under the pressure of infirmities which he could not resist. He did not wish to rest. He wanted to work on and die in the field. But acting under the advice of his best and wisest friends, he retired regretting to the last that the necessity was upon him. Then it became necessary to elect four additional Bishops. William May Wightman, of Alabama, then President of Greensboro University; Enoch Mather Marvin, of Texas; David Seth Doggett, of Virginia; and Holland Nimmons McTycire, of Alabama, were elected. These were all good men and true. Marvin was the great evangelist. He encompassed the

globe and fell at last at his post, beloved and honored by all. Doggett was the profound theologian and eloquent pulpit orator; Wightman, the accomplished scholar, the refined Christian gentleman, and the elegant writer; and McTyeire was the great debater, the original thinker, the superior parliamentarian and thorough ecclesiastical lawyer. The last named is still active, laborious, and useful; the others have all gone to their reward. Four better men could not have been placed in this high and responsible office. They were all brave men, tried and true. They understood well the needs of the Church at this important juncture, and went at once to work to build up the waste places and rehabilitate a Church whose very existence had been threatened. Bishop Paine was now the active Senior Bishop. All confided in him. He had the perfect confidence of his colleagues and of the whole Church. The Episcopal College was strong, vigorous, active. Church affairs progressed well. Doctors McFerrin and Schon were the active and popular Missionary Secretaries. The Church moved. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* was committed to Dr. Summers, and Dr. A. H. Redford was placed in charge of the Book Concern. Soon prosperity succeeded the terrible dearth produced by the war. The District Conferences brought the Bishops more closely in contact with the people. Gracious revivals of religion added many new members to the Church. Old educational enterprises were still carried forward, and new ones were undertaken. Soon all fears subsided as to the permanency and success of the Church. To no living man was this prosperity due more than to Bishop Robert Paine. During the summer of 1866 he went all over the State of Mississippi preaching as he went. He had great liberty and power. There were many revivals and many converts. He preached at Vicksburg, Grenada, Holly Springs, Oxford, Jackson, Canton,



Crystal Springs, Hazlehurst, Beauregard, Weston, Brookhaven, Brandon, and at many places in the country, in churches and under arbors. Thus was the Church edified and many sinners turned from darkness to light. He was approaching the close of the sixty-seventh year of his laborious life, and was never more active and never more useful. Mourners were called, and then led to Christ and enabled to rejoice in the forgiveness of sin and the witness of the Holy Spirit. At one meeting there were forty converts, and all along this preaching tour he was successful in winning souls. At Corinth, Miss., he was again robbed, and on another part of the route the train was derailed. Out of all these perils he was brought by that special Providence in which he so confidently trusted. Toward the close of the year 1866 he presided at the Memphis Conference at Jackson, Tenn., the Mississippi Conference at Brookhaven, Miss., and the Louisiana Conference at Baton Rouge. A singular legal question came up for episcopal decision at the Mississippi Conference. It was this:

Can a member of the Conference accused of an offense alleged to have been committed three years ago, and which has been rumored and reported for more than two years but never dealt with according to law, be brought to trial in any other method than is provided for in the Discipline of the Church?

JAMES McLAURIN,  
H. H. MONTGOMERY.

Brookhaven, 1866.

In reply to the above, I have to say that of course the method of trial in all cases must be according to the Discipline of the Church.

R. PAINE.

December, 1866.

“Of course” the Bishop decided in favor of adhering to the Discipline. This was the rule of his life. He followed the old paths. Emulating his example, the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will never depart from the letter or spirit of the Discipline. To

him the most alarming feature in the history of the times was the disposition on the part of many to make some "new departure" either in the doctrine or discipline of the Church. "Let us keep our rules and follow our doctrines," were the great points to be observed throughout the Church. Let all who are disposed to reject the one and neglect the other remember that he never felt safe but in the observance of both. Without servility he clung to the great standards of Methodism; let his sons in the gospel follow his footsteps. •

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY—BISHOP SOULE'S DEATH—MEMORIAL BY  
BISHOP PAINE.

EARLY in 1867 a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at Greensboro, Ala., to elect a President for the Southern University to succeed Bishop Wightman. Bishop Paine, who from the beginning had taken the deepest interest in this institution, was present. Dr. L. C. Garland was elected. He was present, and after mature consideration declined the office. This was a great disappointment to the friends of the university. Dr. Garland was at that time connected with the University of Mississippi. He was a man of the highest culture, and was well known in Alabama as an educator inferior to none.

Immediately after his return home, on March 8th, the Bishop learned that Bishop Soule had been called from labor to reward. He enters in his diary just these words: "Bishop Soule reported dead. Great and good man—the noblest of his race." On Sunday, April 7th, he preached the memorial discourse of Bishop Soule. As this is an excellent tribute to one the story of whose life has never been told, I have concluded to make it a part of the life of Bishop Paine. It is very proper that these two great men should be thus indissolubly joined. Let the wreath prepared by the hand of Bishop Paine and placed upon the grave of his venerable colleague be preserved here as a fitting memorial of both:

"At the request of this Church and congregation, I purpose to devote this hour to a memorial discourse on the character of the late Joshua Soule, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The text suggested as

apposite to the occasion is Joshua xxiv. 31: 'And Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua.' 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' A star of the first magnitude has set. After a long and brilliant circuit of more than seventy years through our ecclesiastical hemisphere, Bishop Soule has calmly and majestically sunk below the horizon, leaving the heavens still glowing with the reflection of his radiant history. A name familiar as a household word to every Methodist, and known and honored throughout America and Europe as a leader of one of the hosts of Israel, is stricken from the roll of the living, and is transferred to the noble list of those who having 'fought the good fight' are crowned by the great Captain as victors forever. A truly great and useful man is, next to divine grace, the richest and rarest gift of God to humanity. And when these qualities are vigorously, and for a long period, wielded in the discharge of the duties of a high and holy office, why may not the children and friends of Zion unite in solemn assembly to embalm and perpetuate the memory by rehearsing the deeds of their venerated but departed friend and father? Surely he must be greatly deficient in the feeling of reverence for exalted virtue, and have a low standard of friendship and of affection, who would not consent to mark the exit of such a man with an appropriate expression of an appreciative memorial, and by so doing give to a noble character its merited indorsement. We honor ourselves in honoring the worthy dead. It is due to the living, as well as to the departed. And while we would jealously guard the pulpit from desecration by the discussion of inappropriate subjects, and especially against all falsely flattering eulogies of frail humanity, and in this particular case are admonished as to the delicacy of the task before us, by the well-known and oft-repeated feelings

of the deceased against ostentatious obsequies and undeserved panegyrics, both in funerals and biographies, and do freely admit that all excesses of this kind violate both good taste and gospel simplicity, yet are we equally confident that neither is infracted by a calm and truthful portraiture of the lives and deaths of the truly exemplary and devoted servants of God. The Bible is full of such memorials, and even our blessed Redeemer himself paused to portray the character of his beloved and stern forerunner. Prompted both by affection and piety, by our respect for exalted virtue, and by the feeling which yearns to perpetuate the memory of the loved and the lost, and which instinctively recoils against consigning to cold oblivion the names and deeds which deserve imperishable remembrance, we meet to-day to lay our simple wreath of heart-felt Christian sympathy and hallowed respect on the tomb of Bishop Soule.

“Joshua Soule was the fifth son of Joshua and Mary Soule, and was born August 1, 1781, in Bristol, Maine, then a province of Massachusetts. His grandfather was a descendant of George Soule, one of the Pilgrim fathers who came from England in the *Mayflower*. His father was for thirty years the captain of a vessel, and only ceased to follow a sea-faring life upon the loss of his vessel during the Revolutionary war. Agriculture was his employment afterward. He and his wife were members of the Old Kirk, or Scotch Presbyterian Church.

“Joshua Soule was from his early youth remarkable for his sedateness—‘fearing the Lord.’ He read his Bible much; was impressed with its holy truths, and never in his life swore an oath. Profanity always horrified him. He never knew the taste of whisky; and what is still more remarkable, swine’s flesh was never used at his father’s table, nor eaten by his son during his long life.

“The laborious and indomitable Jesse Lee, about 1793, visited that part of New England, and was the first Methodist preacher young Joshua ever heard. Under the ministry of Lee, Thomas Cope, the two Hulls, Philip Waggoner, and other Methodist preachers, he became enlightened and awakened, abandoned the stringent Calvinistic dogmas of the Old Kirk school, and earnestly sought for divine forgiveness. A peculiarity of his religious history is that he could never state the exact hour or day of his conversion; he knew the week during which his burdened soul experienced relief, but could not name the exact time when this great event occurred. After a severe mental struggle, he received the ‘witness of the Spirit’ while praying in secret in the morning before sunrise, and then and there became conscious of his acceptance with God. This *inward* witness and sense of divine favor he retained to the end of his life. After due examination as to doctrines, and prayerful consideration of his duty, he resolved to join the Methodist Church, but was violently opposed by his parents and friends. Finally, however, by his prudence and piety he induced his father to hear and examine into the doctrines taught by the Methodist preachers; and the result was the conversion of his parents and their uniting with him in the Methodist Church. Henceforth his father’s house became a home for the preachers, and a stated place of preaching. These events occurred in the spring of 1797.

“In 1798 he was licensed to preach, recommended for the itinerancy, and traveled under the presiding elder that year. In June, 1799, he was admitted on trial in the New England Conference, and with Timothy Merritt, as his colleague, traveled Portland Circuit. In 1800 he was alone on Union River Circuit. In 1801 his appointment was near Cape Cod. He was ordained deacon at the close of his second year, by Bishop Whatcoat, and at the end of his fourth year

the same Bishop ordained him elder. In 1803, and while filling his fifth year's work, he was married to Miss Sarah Allen, in Providence, Rhode Island, with whom he spent fifty-four years of married happiness, and who, in 1857, went before him to paradise.

“In 1805 he was made a presiding elder, and his energy, fidelity, and great administrative talents became so obvious as to lead to his continuance in that office with the exception of one year when he was stationed in Lynn, Mass., until 1816, when he was made Book Agent and editor of the *Methodist Magazine* by the General Conference. He was a member of the General Conference of 1808, held in Baltimore, and drew up the constitution which still stands as such in the Discipline, and is a monument of his wisdom. His responsibilities and embarrassments as agent and editor were very great. Almost every thing was needed, and yet he not only saved the ‘Concern’ from bankruptcy, organized and systematized the Publishing House and placed it upon a sure basis, but edited with remarkable ability the *Magazine* as well as the various books which were brought out under his supervision. Upon the expiration of four years—at the General Conference of 1820—he was elected Bishop of the Church, but declined to accept the office. This refusal to receive consecration as a Bishop was owing to the adoption of certain changes in the economy of the Church which he regarded as unconstitutional, tending to render the episcopacy inefficient, and destroy the whole itinerant system. Regarding the action of the General Conference in the premises as subversive of the constitutional division of powers, infringing upon the powers and privileges of the episcopacy to such an extent that it would be impossible to carry out effectually ‘the plan of our itinerant general superintendency,’ he felt constrained to state to the General Conference his views of their action, and to

decline consecration. Many leading and excellent members of the body, and several of the Bishops, had favored the action—as a *peace measure*—*i. e.*, to satisfy the radicalism of the Northern representatives of the Church, and much surprise and dissatisfaction was expressed at his course. But sustained by his own clear convictions of right and duty, as well as by the concurrence of the senior Bishop, McKendree, and many of the Southern and Western delegates, he rested satisfied in his own sense of duty discharged. He preferred a good conscience to office.

“In the interval between 1820 and 1824 he was stationed in the cities of New York and Baltimore. It was in May, 1824, at the General Conference held in Baltimore, that the speaker first formed his acquaintance. At this Conference he was again elected to the episcopal office; and as the objectionable action of the last General Conference had become unpopular and could not be reënacted after its suspension for the past four years, many of those who originally favored the ‘suspended resolutions’ had changed their views, he felt it his duty no longer to withhold his consent, and was ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

“Prior and up to the session of 1844, Bishop Soule had been the leading spirit of the episcopacy. His travels and labors extended over all sections of the United States, and he was admired and revered wherever he went. His ministry was in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. He presided with consummate dignity and ease in the Annual and General Conferences, maintained the integrity and efficiency of the discipline of the Church both by his precepts and example, watched over every interest of every section of the Church with untiring zeal, and had the highest confidence and esteem of the great body of citizens as well as Christians throughout the land. But when the majority of the General Conference of 1844 determined to



overleap the barriers of the law and constitution of the Church by virtually deposing Bishop Andrew without charges or form of trial—by a simple resolution declaring him, in his official character, unacceptable to the Church in consequence of his connection with slavery by his marriage with a lady owning a few slaves—he threw himself as pacificator into the path of the tempest, and endeavored to preserve the unity of the Church by postponing action on the subject until the voice of the Church could be heard. All his colleagues at first joined him in the effort; but it was soon found that nothing could avert extreme measures. The majority rushed to consummate their purpose, and the minority were obliged to seek redress in a separation from their former relations. After the question of separation had been fairly submitted to the Southern Church according to the plan agreed upon by a large majority of the General Conference, and acting under the provisions of that plan, the convention was held and the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1846 in Petersburg, Va. Bishop Soule adhered to it, as he had a right to do under that compact, and began the exercise of his office as a Bishop in our Church. Rising superior to early prejudices, to local and personal attachments, to every selfish and inferior consideration, deliberately and with a degree of moral sublimity of principle seldom equaled, he united himself with the weaker party—took up his residence amidst strangers, and freely and fully identified himself with the fortunes of the Southern Church. He planted himself upon the constitution he had reported, and which had been adopted thirty-six years previously, and upon that altar laid himself as a sacrifice to principle. With him, as with others, it was not attachment to slavery, as has often been asserted, but devotion to constitutional law, to equal rights, and to the integrity of Church compacts. He never did and never

would own a slave. But he was the Bishop of the whole Church, and when it was divided he felt bound to stand by the right, if it was the weak side. Noble, heroic man! Never shall we forget the scene when he announced his resolution to immolate himself upon the altar of the constitution and abide by the fate of his Southern brethren. We all know how he has demeaned himself since then; how—although the senior Bishop of the college, aged, and often and in various ways deeply afflicted—he has kept in the front rank in planning and laboring for the Church.

“The parallelism between Joshua, the heroic son of Nun, and our departed Bishop is remarkable. For many long and trying years the trusted friend and faithful minister of Moses, whose fidelity and courage on one occasion sought to save his people from a great error and consequent calamities; who upon the death of Moses became his successor and the successful leader of Israel, and the founder and honored ruler of an empire established by his wisdom and courage; who was the connecting link between the old and the new dynasties, and whose long, laborious, and useful life closed at last amidst the tears and regrets of the whole nation—such a life is remarkably similar to the history of our lately departed Bishop. Both of them were singularly and divinely adapted to the tasks imposed upon them by the providence of God; both were raised up to meet the great emergencies of their times, and were faithful in all their high and holy trusts; both were rulers in Israel, long spared to go in and come out among their respective charges; and both were brave, firm of heart, and of great common sense and devoted piety. The parallelism also holds good in their deaths as in their lives. Both lived amidst the increasing veneration of their respective generations, and both died resigned and prepared amidst the regrets of their peoples, leaving them the rich legacy of exalted principles illustrated

by noble and useful deeds. And may we not fondly hope, while we devoutly pray, that as the influence of the former was effective, all his days and all the days of the elders that overlived him, in leading Israel to fear and serve God, even a people so deficient in knowledge and moral stability, so the influence of our beloved and honored Joshua will never be lost upon our Christian people, but that it will increase as time advances, and be permanent as the Church itself. The architect of a pure and noble life is posterity's greatest benefactor, for he erects a monument which marks the way and guides the steps of a hundred generations through the wilderness of life to glory and to God.

“The *person* of Bishop Soule was imposing. He was about six feet high; his breast broad and deep; his head extraordinarily large—so large that he was obliged to have a block made specially for the manufacture of his hats; his cheek-bones wide; his forehead high; his mouth and chin expressive of firmness; his eyes deeply set, beaming with intellect, bespeaking decision, and overhung with a massive brow fringed with long and heavy eyebrows and lashes whose motions indicated unmistakably his feelings. His whole physical structure was perfectly developed, evincing great muscular power and capabilities of action and endurance. The whole exterior man was impressive and commanding—a fit temple for the noble soul that inhabited it! His manner appeared to strangers reserved, but always courtly and dignified. Vice and folly stood abashed in his presence; he seemed intuitively to read the character of men, and was a terror to the lazy and unfaithful young preachers who came before him in the examination of their characters at the Annual Conferences. His articulation was slow and distinct; his voice a deep baritone, singularly sonorous and finely modulated. While preaching his erect attitude, few and significant gesticulations, his rich, deep-

toned and musical voice, his perfect self-command, combined with his profound thoughts and associated in the minds of the auditory with the grandeur and goodness of the speaker, imparted to his ministry a sublime moral power. All felt that he had authority to speak for God, for his walk and conversation were in heaven; that he had a right to 'reprove, rebuke, and exhort' saints and sinners, for his whole life was blameless; and that if any man had he certainly had the right to counsel and warn the Church to whose exclusive welfare he had unreservedly devoted his whole energies and means through a long, laborious, and eventful life. We do not know what advantages he derived from early education, nor the extent of his subsequent literary attainments. We are aware that he became an itinerant preacher at seventeen years of age, and that for several years his work required long and fatiguing rides through a new and rough country, where, the presumption is, he had but limited access to books and but little time to devote to them. But we do know that he studied the ancient languages and the great English classics, with which he retained familiarity to the last. He wrote and spoke with much correctness, force, and frequently with elegance. Judging from the ability he displayed as an editor of books and the *Magazine*, his published essays and sermons, he was a good scholar in all the departments of learning pertaining to his official duties, both of the pulpit and the press. His private letters to his old and devoted friend Bishop McKendree, of which we have read and now have in our possession a great many specimens, display his mental and moral peculiarities very clearly. Even his handwriting, so bold, uniform, and free from blots and errors, symbolizes the man. Indeed, however different and difficult the tasks which his varied and eventful life imposed upon him, he was always found equal to their proper performance. Whether as a manager of a

great and complicated enterprise, as preacher, editor, financier, or Bishop, he never failed of high success. And thus he stood the true test of real greatness. We do not pretend that he exceeded all others in all or either of these particulars, and we disclaim for him the fascinating faculty of high imaginative power; but we do claim that in masculine strength of intellect, in wide range and grand grasp of thought, in clearness, boldness, and force of expression, as well as in purity, dignity, and consistency of a long and useful life, few have ever surpassed him. God made him for a leader and commander of the people, and grace made him a great captain in Israel.

“If it may be allowed us to enter into the sanctuary of his social and domestic relations, we can bear testimony, from an intimate acquaintance of more than forty years, that socially he was eminently agreeable. He was simple in his tastes and habits, kind and sympathizing in his feelings; and while exacting upon himself as to all his own duties, and firm in requiring of others, especially of preachers, a strict compliance with all the obligations involved in their official vows—yet even when in obedience to the decisions of the Conferences he has been compelled to administer a public reproof to an unfortunate delinquent, we have heard his voice quaver with emotion and have seen the tears stream down his face. The stern, cast-iron man was gentle and tender as a loving mother at heart. He indulged no enmities or rivalries; no envy nor self-complacent airs of superiority; no ambition, no low greed of gain; no hankering for luxury and ease. Through life, and to the very last, willing—yea, anxious—to labor and, if need be, die in his beloved Master’s work.

“The friendship of such a soul might be expected to be true and hearty. He had no trouble with his colleagues. He respected and loved them all. But there was a warmth

and cordiality of esteem and love between himself and Bishop McKendree which was beautiful. It transcended the love of Jonathan and David. In his conjugal relation he was happy. A helpmeet in every respect was his wife; and so fully was she imbued with his feelings, and so confident that in his long and frequent absences from his family he was but doing his duty, that she strove as best she could to supply the want of his domestic influence by untiring devotion to the interest of their large family. She was a fit partner for her noble husband. All who knew them can attest how happily they lived together, and how deeply he felt her loss when in 1857 she was called away.

“His election and consecration to the episcopal office occurred, as already stated, in 1824, and he immediately thereafter left his family, then residing in Baltimore, and taking a wide range of Conferences in those sections of the country where the inconveniences and difficulties of traveling were the greatest, he traversed the North-west, the West, and South, visiting the Indian tribes on our western border, and so fully devoted his time to his official work that he was absent from his family eleven months in the year. And this is a fair sample of his labors for many successive years. So thoroughly given up was he to his high and holy work that when from excessive labor and exposure it became impossible for him to endure the fatigue of traveling on land, he volunteered to visit California, and actually did so when his friends thought he would die on the way. His reply to remonstrances against the journey was: ‘I shall start, sir, and would as soon be buried in the Pacific Ocean as in Westminster Abbey.’ Indeed, such was his love of the ocean—having inherited from his father a fondness for the dark blue sea—that many of us suspected that he, like Dr. Coke, preferred to make the coral bed his tomb.

“It need scarcely be said that he was a model Bishop.

He combined every quality for the office. His thorough acquaintance with the organic laws of the Church, with its history and legislation—having been a member of every General Conference since 1804—‘his giant intellect, the depth and breadth of his learning, the sincerity, simplicity, and steadfastness of his Christian faith, the purity of his life, his untiring zeal, his indomitable perseverance’ and incorruptible integrity, all united to fit him for the office. And above all, his love to Christ, and his unreserved dedication of soul and body, time and talents, to his beloved Methodism as the means of ‘spreading scriptural holiness over these lands,’ gave earnestness, sublimity, and success to his labors as a divinely appointed *episcopos*.

“Bishop Soule’s thorough acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and especially with the history, laws, and usages of Methodism; his familiarity with the rules of order governing deliberative bodies; his wonderful self-possession and strict impartiality, adapted him to the office of president of the Conferences. And then his courteous, dignified, and deeply impressive manner most admirably fitted him for the chair. In the stationing council—or, as it is frequently called the Bishops cabinet—where the utmost patience, prudence, and impartiality are demanded, and where sound judgment and great firmness should be blended with true love for the Church and sympathy for the preachers and their families, he was preëminently qualified to preside. And it is presumed that in the tens of thousands of appointments made by him during more than forty years of his episcopacy, *no one* ever deliberately believed that Bishop Soule had given him his appointment, however hard and inconvenient it might have been, from any other motive than the glory of God and the good of the Church. For more than twenty years we have traveled over the fields of his operations, have tracked his paths from the Atlantic to the far West among

the Indian tribes, and everywhere we have found his name a tower of strength, and his memory an inspiration and a blessing to the preachers and members. And now that full of years and honors he has slowly sunk to the grave, the millions of Methodists throughout the world are exclaiming, 'Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel?' while we of the Church, South, especially realize the bereavement, and are constrained to say, Our heroic and faithful leader, our brave and noble Joshua, has fallen in front of our host.

"Such is our feeble and imperfect memorial of the great and good Bishop Soule, one whom we have long regarded, taken in the entirety of his history, as the noblest specimen of our humanity we have ever known. That such a man, after seventy years of uninterrupted and entire consecration to the noblest ends that ever the mind conceived, should die prepared and resigned, might be reasonably expected. And thus it was. For many years he was a great sufferer. Rheumatism, asthma, and erysipelas alternately tortured him. We remember to have overtaken him traveling with his faithful wife in a little wagon from Lebanon, Ohio, to the city of Baltimore, to attend the General Conference in 1840. Unable to sit up or lie down, and the cover of the vehicle being too low to allow him to stand up, he performed the entire journey upon his knees. It was the only way he could get there, and the interest of the Church required his attendance, and he went. Indeed, long after other good and great men would have ceased to travel, and would have retired from active and extended labors, like his blessed and beloved predecessors, Asbury and McKendree, his indomitable will and love of God and his cause bore him onward amidst suffering and privations. But 'worn by slowly rolling years,' and borne down by increasing infirmities of eighty-six years, his end at last drew near. Bishop McTyeire,



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Dr. Summers, Dr. Green, and others, had the privilege of visiting and witnessing the exit of the patriarch—gathered like the head men and captains of the tribes of Israel of old around the couch of the dying Joshua. Such was the life, character, and death of one of the purest and noblest of earth. May we emulate his virtues, that our end may be like his, and join him at last where there is no death, separation, or sorrow!”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

STILL WORKING—DEPRESSED—SICK—UNCONSCIOUS FOR MONTHS  
—PROVIDENTIAL RECOVERY—RENEWED PREACHING WITH  
POWER.

AFTER attending the Bishops' meeting in Nashville, he visited the old homestead in Giles county, Tennessee. There he stood once more by the graves of his father and mother, and many other loved ones. His reflections were just such as would be indulged by a pious son while standing over the sacred dust of parents he loved so well. After preaching in Pulaski he started late at night, on the train, for his home. At Decatur he came near being killed; but God preserved him, as he still had much work for him to do. During the entire spring and summer months he was busily engaged in attending District Conferences in Mississippi and Tennessee. He was not at all well. But he did not stop. He was hardly at home for three days at a time, from May till October. He held District Conferences at Brownsville, Trenton, and near Somerville, Tennessee. Then he visited, officially, Holly Springs, Verona, Water Valley, Vicksburg, Jackson, and Natchez, Mississippi.

In October he held the Tennessee Annual Conference at Clarksville, and the Colored Conference at Jackson, Tennessee. He also held the Mississippi Conference at Natchez, and the Louisiana Conference at New Orleans. He had now been more than twenty years a Bishop, and fifty years a preacher. For a half century his life had been spent in constant labor in the Master's vineyard; yet he

does not rest. The Master's voice calls him, and in spite of debility and pain, and often of severe sickness, he still goes. Conscience, duty, the Master's voice, rise infinitely above all earthly anxieties or pleasure. Bishop Paine, amid his "care of all the churches," had much to depress him in his private affairs. From no fault of his he had become oppressed by debts which he never contracted. This was a sore affliction to him. His mind became disturbed. He was sleepless. He suffered much with his head. He was deeply conscientious and thoroughly just. He had large planting interests that demanded his attention in order that he might relieve himself from the burden of a large debt which he felt bound to pay. Still he could not neglect his duty to the Church.

In April, 1868, he started to Louisville, Kentucky, to attend a meeting of the Bishops. He was suffering so that his daughter, Miss Ludie—now Mrs. John H. Scruggs—thought it her duty to go with him. On arriving at Nashville he was much worse. He could go no farther. The brave, loving daughter determined that it would be best to return home. With the help of kind friends he was placed on the cars. When they arrived at Tusculumbia, Alabama, on May 12, he became unconscious. She determined to convey him home. Upon their arrival he knew nothing. He did not recognize his own dear, devoted wife, nor the faithful daughter whose courage and fidelity had accomplished what few women would have attempted. From the 14th of May to the 26th of July, he lay utterly unconscious. He did not recognize his best friends. He seemed utterly mindless. The family were in the deepest sorrow. The Church mourned. Prayer for his recovery was offered in all places of public worship, around many family altars, and in thousands of closets. He was visited by many of the preachers and other devoted friends, and all said,

“His work is done.” I was just on the eve of visiting him; he had been my teacher, friend, associate for nine years. The Rev. W. C. Johnson came to see me. He was just from the Bishop’s bedside. He said to me: “Do not go. He will not recognize you. He knows nothing. His mind seems entirely gone. I am sorry that I went.” So taking the advice of this excellent man, I did not go. I was then writing sketches of Pioneer Methodist Educators, and prepared for the *Memphis Advocate*, then edited by Dr. Johnson, an elaborate account of Bishop Paine as an educator, and placed him where he belonged, as one of the greatest pioneer educators of the Church. Dr. Johnson published the article with appropriate comments. He stated the Bishop’s dangerous and almost hopeless condition, and called upon the Church to unite in earnest prayer for his recovery. In this helpless, unconscious state his faithful wife never lost all hope. She waited and watched and prayed, and hoped even against hope.

The following letter from Bishop Paine gives a full account of this mysterious sickness. It was so remarkable that I doubt not the letter will be read with the greatest interest. It exhibits the same facts found in his diary, but as they are much more minutely narrated in the letter, it is given to the reader just as it came from his hand:

I have had a strong desire to write you a long letter ever since my recovery from my illness, but, from one cause and another, have deferred it until now. The sympathy manifested for me in my affliction by brethren and friends throughout the country has deeply impressed me, and I desire to express my heart-felt gratitude for it. My illness and recovery were alike strange. The doctors attribute the former to exhaustion, caused by overtaxing my strength; and they may be right. I had labored almost constantly since our last General Conference. On horseback, in stages and hacks, as well as by railroads, I had been attending district meetings—losing rest and sleep, and on several occasions riding on horseback through drench-

ing rains, many miles. Last summer and fall my health gave way yet I still persisted to meet my engagements. In April I suffered a sudden and violent attack while riding alone to fill an appointment. I became entirely oblivious, and found myself lying on the road, having fallen precipitately. I, however, got up stunned and bruised, resumed my trip, and filled my appointment. This was followed with considerable debility, and an incessant pain in my head. In this condition I started to Louisville, Kentucky, to attend the meeting of Bishops. My indisposition increased, and I reached Winchester, Tennessee, in great pain. Here I was constrained to preach, which greatly aggravated my sufferings. At Nashville I found myself utterly unable to proceed, and but for the very kind hospitality of Brother Fite and his wife, and the medical skill of Drs. Martin and Maddin, must have had the attack which ensued immediately upon getting back home.

At midnight of May 12 I reached home, and from that time until July 26 there is a perfect blank in my memory. When I became conscious of my condition, I was utterly prostrated in strength, my nervous system in great disorder, and my mind in some degree sympathizing with my physical condition. My restoration to consciousness was nearly as sudden as the attack. Friends and physicians gave me up. Some came from a distance to attend my burial, and my death was currently reported. God raised me up in answer to the prayers of the Church. His agents were the tenderest and best of nurses, who never left my bedside, and the most skillful medical attention by Dr. Lowe. To God be all honor and praise. To them, and to all who felt and prayed for me, I hereby tender my earnest gratitude. Throughout this whole affliction, I have suffered no uneasiness nor doubts as to my eternal destiny. All was calm and peaceful. My large and helpless family and security responsibilities alone gave me anxiety. And in addition to these, the apprehension that I would never be able to preach the gospel or write a line again caused the keenest and most depressing agony I ever felt. For I was told my work was done, and that if my life should be prolonged I could never labor again. What a privilege to preach and do good! I am now recovering health and strength, and do most devoutly re-consecrate myself, my all, to Him "who loved me and gave himself for me." I am told that my illness was typhoid fever of a severe form. Whatever it was, I thank God he has brought me off without any permanent physical or mental deprivation.

I think I have learned some important lessons. One is, that preachers, as well as others, should take care of their health, and not tax mind or body too heavily.

I am anxious to resume my labors—tried to preach a little last Sunday; but my physician and friends say I must not yet fatigue mind or body. But I hope to be in the field again shortly, and do what I can for the souls of my fellow-men. God bless the Church and give her great prosperity.

R. PAINE.

P. S.—During my sickness and convalescence, a great many letters were received which I could not answer, and my correspondents will please accept this explanation.

Aberdeen, Miss., Sept. 24, 1868.

On Wednesday, May 13, he enters in his diary, “Depressed and sick.” Then he writes on July 26: “Became conscious. Remember no one who visited me nor any thing since May 14. My faithful wife nursed me all the time with the utmost care and tenderness. To my God I owe my recovery. I devote myself anew to his service.”

On September 20, Sunday, he was able to preach. His subject was, “The daughter of Jairus.” He felt that his own recovery was almost as miraculous as the restoration of the daughter of Jairus. His talk was full of tenderness and gratitude. He was happy. He thanked God that he was able to preach again. On the first Sunday in October he preached for the first time in Aberdeen. On this occasion he had great liberty. He was full of the Holy Ghost. His subject was, “He that hath this hope purifieth himself.” He was at no loss for words. He seemed almost inspired. He had not preached with so much power for years. The news went through the land. He was like one risen from the dead. His mind seemed to have undergone a wonderful transformation. He united the wisdom of age with the vigor of youth. His old friends listened with wonder and admiration and great spiritual profit. Dr. J. P. McFerrin said to the writer: “I have never known such a

change; I call it a resurrection." And it was. He became more subjective. He testified. He "got happy," and expressed his joy in well-chosen words. When the memorable 9th of October came it found him rejoicing still in pardoning and sustaining grace which he had enjoyed for fifty-one years. He never forgot that Sabbath afternoon, October 9, 1817, at Davis Brown's, Giles county, Tennessee, when he was so happily converted to God. Then on November 12 he writes: "My birthday—sixty-nine. Thank God! O to be thankful, holy, and useful!" The only Conference held by him this year was the Colored Conference which he held in Memphis. This was before the organization of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. He took the greatest possible interest in the colored race, as he had done all his life, and strongly counseled their separate organization. He was now employing all his spare time on the "Life of Bishop McKendree." This was with him a labor of love. He had been collecting and arranging materials for years. He determined to make the work worthy of the man who, next to Asbury, had been the chosen instrument in planting Methodism in America. That he did so has been the universal verdict of the readers of the "Life and Times of William McKendree, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Of this biography Dr. Thomas O. Summers says:

"The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at its session in Columbus, Georgia, May, 1854, requested Bishop Paine to write the biography of Bishop McKendree. The Conference was happy in its selection of a biographer of the venerable Bishop. Dr. Paine was for many years intimately associated with Bishop McKendree; he traveled with him thousands of miles, frequently heard him preach, assisted him in the preparation of his addresses to the General and Annual

Conferences, and other important papers; he was familiar with all his views of the constitution and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave his cordial indorsement; he was, though comparatively young, the particular, confidential friend of the Bishop, and entertained for him the most devoted affection and veneration and he still cherishes for his memory as a son in the gospel the most profound regard. He was thus eminently qualified to write his biography. Bishop Paine was a member of every General Conference from 1824 to 1844, at which session the Church was provisionally divided. He was consequently acquainted with the leading men of the Church, and whose characters are appropriately and impartially sketched in these volumes. In this work will be found a history of the Methodist Episcopal Church down to the time of the death of Bishop McKendree, as he was identified with its principal movements from the beginning. Bishop Paine has wisely allowed Bishop McKendree to be to a very great extent his own biographer, having made great use of his diary, journals, and other manuscripts. These extracts exhibit the devotion and zeal of Bishop McKendree and his associates. The work is thus of immense value to their successors in the ministry, who, it is hoped, will be stimulated by its perusal to reproduce the self-sacrificing spirit and labor of those holy men."

A man more capable of judging of the importance and value of this work our Church has never produced. Dr. Summers was learned, impartial, just, and yet fully appreciative. The Bishop had not rushed this work through the press. He had been in no hurry. He was now revising and giving to the biography his last finishing touches. He had read to me portions of the work in 1856, and would possibly have published it at an earlier period but for the terrible war of four years through which



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we had just passed. The work was presented to the public in two large duodecimo volumes in the year 1869. In it the reader will find great variety and much instruction. His narrative is easy, his descriptions vivid, his portraitures of character strikingly life-like, his spirit catholic, and his reflections wise and pious. We can truly say that he put forth his full strength as a writer on these volumes, and that they need no eulogy. They speak for themselves.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

FINISHING THE LIFE OF BISHOP MCKENDREE—HARD AT WORK—  
GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

IT was in the year 1869 that the *Life of Bishop McKendree* was finished. For the first three or four months the Bishop was writing most laboriously. He was so busy that for days and days he simply entered in his diary: "Writing, writing." Then he determined to edit his own work. He staid months in Nashville superintending the publication, and reading the proof-sheets. This kept him very busy. He did not forget, however, his holy calling. He went to many places in the country contiguous to Nashville and preached. He was often with Dr. A. L. P. Green, whose company he most richly enjoyed. With the officials at the Publishing House his intercourse was exceedingly pleasant. Dr. A. H. Redford, who was then the Agent, was kind and attentive; so that the heavy labor of bringing out the two volumes was greatly mitigated by the social and religious enjoyments. He also visited many of the neighboring towns and preached. He was at Franklin, Gallatin, Pulaski, Rogersville, and Athens, Tennessee, and at Tusculumbia and Huntsville, Alabama. He also held the Tennessee Conference at Murfreesboro, and the Colored Conference at Nashville. He was now seventy years old. On the anniversary of his birth he says: "My seventieth birthday. Thanks for so many mercies during so many years. Eternal praise to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! May my old age be holy, useful, and serene."

He had been preaching fifty-two years, and a presiding Bishop, traveling at large, twenty-three years. He did not

become morose. He grew old beautifully. To him there was no dead-line until he reached the goal. He was hopeful as to the prospects of the Church and the country. He did not worry or weary his friends with bitter complaints. God had been merciful. The Church was appreciative and devoted. The preachers gave him their confidence and love. His family looked up to him as the grandest of men, the best of husbands, and the most unselfish of fathers. His old age was coming on, but he hardly seemed to know it. He was active. He sought opportunities to do good. He talked to the children. He held District Conferences; took full work with his colleagues in attending the Annual Conferences. He was always and everywhere welcome. He was bright. His wit was often pungent, and he would often indulge in innocent humor. His memory was stored with incidents, entertaining and "good to the use of edifying." He did not seem to be more than fifty years old. His step was quick, his eyes bright, his memory active, his voice strong and clear, and both in mind and body he seemed to be in the maturity of his powers. He was a beautiful example to preachers growing old. It is a notorious fact that old preachers often outlive their usefulness. They become bitter. The world is all going wrong. The Church is backslidden. They are not appreciated. Like an old worn-out horse, they are turned out on the commons to die. Young men have supplanted them. Sermons that they once preached with great power and acceptability now fall on deaf ears, and cold and unfeeling hearts. All this is true, and more. But what is the cause? They are themselves to blame. They fail because they cease to study. They elaborate no new sermons. They depend upon the old barrel which they have been turning over for a quarter of a century. They never look at the bright side of things. Unfitted by long habit for any business pursuits, and unfit-

ted by their own want of study for giving interest to the "old, old story," they spend their time in looking after evils, in hunting up trouble, in anticipating ruin to the Church, in finding fault with the young, in fretting and scolding, and thus have themselves alone to reproach for their present sad condition. Because of these facts there is a *dead-line*, and few pass over it and retain their vigor, their acceptability, and their usefulness. Said an excellent man to me: "I don't know what is to become of us. The people in this country do not wish to hear a man preach who has passed his fiftieth birthday. After that we have to be laid on the shelf." Why is this? It is not true of the learned professions. A doctor or lawyer is in his prime at fifty. The most of the judges of our high courts are selected because of their age and experience, and not because of their youthful vigor. Lawyers and doctors do not think of retiring from practice, nor does their practice leave them because of their infirmities of old age, when the light burden of only fifty years is upon them. At the age of seventy Bishop Paine did not think of laying off the harness. His seventieth year was one of the most active of his active life. He was writing, correcting proof-sheets, traveling, presiding, making appointments, and preaching the word. His preaching was never more acceptable or more powerful. Since his long sickness his mind seemed to have undergone a radical change. He had no lack of words, choice and expressive. He seldom made a failure. He had his subjects always well in hand. Instead of crossing a *dead-line*, he seemed to have passed into a world of greater life. His imagination was more regular, and its creations were of the highest order of poetic thought. His words came unbidden. His passion glowed. His preaching was full of rich experience. It was more subjective. It welled up from a heart full of love and strong faith. In social life he became, if possible,

still more attractive than he had ever been. His freedom from all asperity, his playful and yet innocent mirth, his entire freedom from sour godliness, and all this sustained by a character of spotless purity, upon which the flight of seventy years had left not one stain, made him the welcome guest in all refined religious circles and the beloved Bishop at all our Conferences.

From Nashville, after passing a short time at his home in Aberdeen, he attended and held the Montgomery Conference at Union Springs, and the Mobile Conference at Selma. In going from Union Springs to Selma he slept on the cabin floor of the boat on which he took passage. At the Montgomery Conference he had a delightful home in the family of Col. R. H. Powell, and at Selma he was with the family of Col. William McKendree Byrd, his old pupil and warm friend. I have had occasion to refer to this distinguished pupil of his in another chapter. He had all the elements of a great man. He was a distinguished lawyer and jurist. He was a brave, patient, humble, liberal, faithful Christian. A few years after this Conference he was suddenly killed by a railroad accident, just as he was returning from a mission of peace. His noble life, thus closed in the midst of extensive usefulness, was an undying testimony in favor of our holy religion, which he had illustrated from his boyhood. In this pleasant family, and with this devoted friend, his days at the Mobile Conference passed most happily. He closed the Conference late in December, 1869, having thus finished a year of constant labor, almost without any rest at all, and yet with much less suffering than in former years, and with great satisfaction to himself and much profit to the Church.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## WORKING LIKE A YOUNG MAN.

THE year 1870 brought with it many cares, and more than the usual amount of Church business. While at home he had but little rest. He was settling debts contracted only as security for others.

Debt was to him a terrible nightmare. He loathed it. He had always tried to obey the apostolic injunction, "Owe no man any thing." His own private matters were always kept in the most systematic manner, and so as never to involve himself or others. He placed his name on paper for the benefit of dear friends, and of course suffered for it. The first part of the year was crowded with many annoyances which kept him very busy in attending to temporal affairs.

The sixth General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized by him in the city of Memphis on May 4. All the Bishops were present except Bishop Early, who was sick at his home in Lynchburg, Va. Bishop Andrew was there, but too feeble to perform any work. He never appeared more saintly, and never breathed a sweeter spirit. But he was not able to preside in Conference, or even to meet in the councils of the Bishops. His feeble frame showed the marks of decay and the near approach of the last messenger. His presence, however, was a benediction to all. Bishop Paine had prepared the Bishops' Address, which was read to the Conference by Bishop Wightman. It was highly commended by many of the first men in the Conference as an able State paper. It heartily recommended a training-school for preachers, which elicited

some opposition. This, however, was compromised, and no other than the most charitable and Christian spirit was exhibited. I have said that while Bishop Paine was cautious and conservative, he was also progressive. He was ever abreast with the age in advocating high culture for men and women, and for ministers especially. He held to all the old landmarks, as to the doctrines and discipline of the Church. He opposed all inroads upon strict, old-fashioned Methodism whenever and wherever such inroads lessened piety and caused a departure from those doctrines which have ever been regarded as vital to Methodism. He opposed false doctrines, sinful amusements, indulgence in any of the forms of fashionable vice, with all the earnestness of a Wesley, and with a zeal that did not abate to his dying-day.

At this General Conference, John Christian Keener, D.D., was elected and ordained Bishop. He was taken from the ranks, for although he had been editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*, he had performed that work in connection with some pastoral labor. He was a fine writer. His productions were always marked by originality and strength. He was a sound theologian and a good preacher. He had made his mark broad and deep as a Christian minister in New Orleans. He loved the Church, and was ready to make any sacrifice for her interests. He was of course welcomed by the Board of Bishops and by the Church at large. He has been faithful to all the interests committed to his hands.

After the Memphis Conference, Bishop Paine was largely engaged during the summer in attending District Conferences. At Athens, Florence, and Maysville, Alabama; at Sharon, Starkville, Holly Springs, Sardis, and Oakland, Mississippi; and at a country church some thirty miles from Memphis, Tenn., he conducted District Conferences. He went directly from these Conferences to Louisville, Ky.,

and preached in Broadway and Walnut Street Methodist churches. Both of the sermons were of high order.

He held the Kentucky Conference at Covington, and returned to Louisville, where he presided over the Colored Conference. Thence he went to the little town of Sonora, and preached and gave large assistance to the preacher in a revival which was going on.

From Sonora to Greensburg, the seat of the Louisville Conference, he went with other preachers in an open wagon, and through quite a rain-fall.

He was near seventy-one years old. At this Conference I was his room-mate. During the whole Conference he did not retire for rest before twelve o'clock at night. I said to him: "Bishop, this will not do; you will kill yourself." He replied: "I am obliged to do this work. It cannot be postponed. It is work in connection with this Conference, and must be done before reading out the appointments."

He was greatly troubled during the Conference, not merely by official labors, but by terrible charges of immorality against a prominent preacher. He was grieved beyond measure, and during the few hours he was in bed he gave more time to anxious thought and earnest prayer than to sleep, which he needed so greatly. Yet the elegant family with which we were domiciled knew nothing of his troubles or his labors. He was bright and cheerful in their presence. His stay with them was a benediction. It was at this Conference he preached on "The temptation of Christ." It was one of the greatest efforts of his life, and has been seldom excelled by any preacher in any period of the Church. The conflict between Christ and Satan was portrayed with wonderful vividness. The persevering effrontery of Satan, his repeated and cunning attacks, and the final triumphs of the Master, were so painted that we could almost see the battle as it raged in the desert. He con-



trusted most vividly the temptation in the garden of Eden and this one amid the jagged rocks and barren sands of the desert. The first Adam was conquered, but the last Adam, weary and worn, and in solitude where no flowers bloomed, gained a victory whose glorious pæans have echoed along the ages and would continue to sound forever. Then his representation of the angel that came to minister to the exhausted Son of God was one of the highest efforts of a sanctified imagination. We could almost see the shimmer and hear the rustle of their wings as they came in troops to minister unto him. I wondered how he would descend from so lofty a flight. But he came down so gracefully as to cause a shower of tears and a burst of holy emotion from the preachers rarely equaled. When he had us all raised to the highest pitch of excitement and wonder, he suddenly paused, and with child-like simplicity added: "Brethren, I have always thought that if I had been among the angels I would have tried to get there first." We all felt first, yes, first—first among the angels to get close to Christ.

After a short visit to his home, he left in November for Gadsden, the seat of the North Alabama Conference. Bishop McTycire was with him, and gave him valuable assistance. The weather was delightful, and the brethren as genial as the weather. The session was one of the most pleasant he had ever enjoyed. Dr. J. G. Wilson was the Secretary, and of course did his work well. A good Conference Secretary is a wonderful help to the presiding officer. Dr. Wilson had all the intelligence, the precision, the patience, and the energy to qualify him for the responsible position to which his brethren called him. He was then actively engaged in the cause of education as the President of the Huntsville Female College. He has been for the last eight or ten years in charge of most important work in the city of St. Louis.

At the close of this year the Bishop organized the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America at Jackson, Tenn. That is to say, he presided at their first General Conference, and with the assistance of Bishop McTyeire, Dr. A. L. P. Green, and a few others, set off this Church from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and ordained W. H. Miles and J. H. Vanderhorst Bishops.

During the year he had to record the death of the Rev. William McMahan, the last member belonging to the Tennessee Conference in 1818, when Robert Paine was admitted on trial. His death left him the only man of all who were connected with the Conference in 1818. All the rest had been called home.

I beg the reader to review for a moment this one chapter in the life of Bishop Paine, and see what work he did in these the seventy-first and seventy-second years of his age. He presided at two General Conferences, four or five Annual Conferences, and eight or ten District Conferences. He seemed like a man in the prime of life. The senior Bishop was an example of energy the most active, and of zeal the most fervent. He was all sunshine in the domestic circle, the powerful exhorter in revivals, the man of dignity in the chair, and the peerless preacher in the pulpit. His mind was as active, his memory as retentive, his judgment as accurate, his counsels as wise, and his heart as genial and warm as ever. There was no "letting down" either in his efforts or his aspirations. His manhood—intellectual, moral, religious—was never greater than when he entered upon the seventy-second year of his noble and useful life.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## DEATH OF BISHOP ANDREW—BISHOP PAINE IN LOUISVILLE.

IN February, 1871, Bishop Andrew ceased from labor, and entered into his eternal rest. His death left Bishop Paine the only survivor of the original College of Bishops who in 1846 were placed in charge as chief pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Soule, Capers, Andrew—noble, gifted, pious, apostolic men every one of them—had been called from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. To fill the places occupied by them were Wightman, Doggett, Marvin, McTyeire, and Keener, who had been elected and ordained since 1865. Then he had with him Bishops Pierce and Kavanaugh, who had been his colleagues since 1854. Thus had the growth of Southern Methodism demanded increase in the general superintendency. In less than a quarter of a century its progress had been such as to demand the doubling of the episcopal forces. The death of Bishop Andrew was not unexpected. He had been unable to do effective work for five years, and was himself in daily expectation of his call to other and brighter fields. He died universally loved and regretted. The Board of Bishops met in May in Nashville, and held suitable memorial-services in honor of their departed brother. Bishop Pierce\* delivered the sermon in McKendree Church. He almost felt as if he was delivering the funeral-oration over his own father, so dear was Bishop Andrew to him. Immediately after the meeting in Nashville, Tenn., Bishop

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\*While these pages are passing through the press, the sad intelligence reaches us of the death of Bishop Pierce, at Sunshine, near Sparta, Ga.

Paine came to Louisville, accompanied by his accomplished daughter, Miss Ludie, now the wife of Rev. John H. Seruggs. They were the welcome guests of his old pupil, the present writer. The District Conference was held in Louisville, Ky. Bishop Paine presided to the satisfaction and profit of all.

We had at that time an association of young men connected with the Broadway Church. It was called the "Band of Brothers." By invitation the Bishop attended a meeting and delivered a lecture, which so pleased the band that they insisted on his delivering an address in the main auditorium of the church, and that a general invitation be extended to the people to come and hear it. He partially consented to do this. Upon the strength of the partial promise, the appointment was made. It was during the session of the District Conference, which was being held at another church. Brother Brush, the excellent presiding elder, suggested to the Bishop that for him to lecture at Broadway while the session was being held at another church might work harm. It might arouse unkind feelings between the churches. At once the Bishop declined delivering the lecture. He would never under any circumstances be the cause of strife in the Church of Christ. He must be and he would be the promoter of peace. The disappointment was great. A lecture, however, was delivered by another party. I pitied the substitute, but the Spirit rested upon him, and he delivered about the best talk of his life. The speaker soon forgot his embarrassment, and made an effective appeal in behalf of truth and virtue and of the claims of the Band of Brothers.

I have before referred to Bishop Paine's intense love for the Church. It was a deep, enthusiastic passion in him. It glowed and thrilled through his great soul like a spiritual flame. It knew no abatement during his whole life. He loved young men, and was anxious to make the

address for which the call had been so earnest and entirely unanimous. But when the presiding elder suggested that harm might come to the Church, he positively declined.

During the whole of this year he continued to travel and attend to all the duties of a chief pastor. He preached. He baptized. He instructed seekers of religion. He labored incessantly from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and from the Ohio to the Gulf. He attended the Eastern Conferences, and was at Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk, Portsmouth, in Virginia; at Raleigh and Charlotte, North Carolina; at Spartanburg and Columbia, South Carolina—in all of which places he preached. He was also preaching and holding District Conferences at different points in Tennessee and Alabama. He held one at Tuscaloosa. This city was a very small village in 1819 when he was the circuit preacher. Now it was a thriving and beautiful city, the seat of the State University, and the home of refinement and hospitality. In 1819 he had gone from the village of Tuscaloosa into the Choctaw Nation of Indians, then occupying the borders of the State, for the purpose of forming a mission. Now the Indians had all been removed to the west of the “Great Father of Waters,” and he had visited them often and endeavored not only to preach to them but to do all a Bishop could to advance their spiritual interests.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## CENTRAL UNIVERSITY.

EARLY in the year 1872 an educational convention was held at Memphis, Tenn., which was attended by the Bishop. The object of this convention was to adopt some plan by which a great central university could be established at some place in the South. It was attended by many of our progressive men, both from the clergy and laity. Conspicuous among the laymen was Judge Milton Brown, of Jackson, Tenn. Bishop Paine had been in the front for nearly fifty years as an educator. He was one of the founders of La Grange College, and had presided over it for nearly sixteen years. He was present at the birth of the Southern University at Greensboro, Ala., and was the President of its Board of Trustees. It would not do for the old man, pressed as he was with the "care of all the churches" and with private business, to be absent from this most important educational convention held since the war. All our institutions of learning had been crippled, and some of them had been destroyed, by the war and its terrible results. At the convention in Memphis it was determined to raise a million of dollars, and to establish a university with a theological department as an integral part. The wise and true men of this convention did not locate their great university. They did not know from what source the money was to come, but they had faith in God and in their great cause.

It will be seen after awhile how and from whence the money came, and it will also be seen that the Bishop was present when the foundation-stone was laid, and assisted in the ceremonies. In March of this year, the Baltimore Con-

ference held its session at Warrenton, Va. Bishop Paine was to preside, and on his way passed through Lynceburg, and had an interview with his venerable colleague Bishop Early, who was rapidly declining. He found his dear old friend calm and trustful, ready to depart and be with Christ. He also stopped at Washington City, and preached in Mount Vernon Place Church. Congress was in session, and he saw and heard some of the great men of the nation.

On his way home from the Baltimore Conference, he stopped at Corinth, Miss., and assisted in the quarterly-meeting services then going on. He preached on "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "Joy everywhere," said the Bishop, "except among the wicked on earth and the devils in hell."

He had a pleasant call in April to officiate in the marriage of Ellen Virginia Saunders, the daughter of his old friend Col. James E. Saunders, to Mr. McFarland. It was to him and his old friends Col. and Mrs. Saunders a most delightful reunion. These were friends true and tried. They loved each other with a tenderness and warmth such as existed between David and Jonathan. Two men never agreed better than Bishop Robert Paine and Col. James E. Saunders. For more than half a century they were like brothers. Their high culture, their genial, social feelings, their rich experience in divine things, their common struggles in the cause of religious education, and the similarity of their views on nearly all great matters relating to Church or State, fitted them for mutual companionship and united them together as by hooks of steel. The wife of Col. Saunders was also a great favorite with the Bishop, and he really looked upon them as brother and sister. (Col. Saunders was a step-brother of the Bishop's wife.)

Soon after this pleasant visit to his old Alabama friends he commenced his work on the District Conferences. After

holding three of these, he went to the Bishops' meeting in Nashville, Tenn. The Bishops harmonized on the location of the great Central University. After leaving Nashville he stopped in Giles county, and held a District Conference. It was a joy to him to be among the hills of old Giles county again. The Conference was held among the hills on Bradshaw's Creek. He had to ride on horseback, but he was glad to do that. It reminded him of 1817. He met with the Abernathys, Browns, Ballentines, Howells, Martins, and others, whose families had known him in his boyhood. Here his father had lived and been honored and loved. Here many of his loved ones were buried. But few were now living who were men and women when he left his home for the life of an itinerant preacher. Some of his old pupils were there to remind him of his labors at La Grange College. He continued at such work all through the summer. In Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi he was traveling, presiding, preaching. At Athens and Huntsville, Ala., at Union City and Dresden, Tenn., and at Friar's Point and Greenville, Miss., he held these Conferences, as also at other places. But I mention these to show the extent of his travels. He was all over West Tennessee, North Alabama, and a large portion of Mississippi. He preached on every Sabbath and often during the week. The summer was intensely hot, the thermometer reaching 98, but he did not stop, although often much exhausted by his labors and at times suffering with rheumatism. In November he held the Virginia Conference. On his way to Petersburg, he stopped again to see Bishop Early, whom he found rapidly failing. The old soldier was ready to exchange the cross for the crown. He stopped in Washington City, and also at Baltimore, preaching in Trinity Church. He says the sermon was too long, and that it lacked simplicity. I have no means of knowing how it



was regarded by the very large congregation that listened to it.

The Virginia Conference was held in Washington Street Church, Petersburg. Many sacred memories crowded upon the Bishop. Here, with William Capers, he was ordained by Bishops Soule and Andrew to the office of Bishop in the Church of God. Of these all were gone but himself. After the close of the Virginia Conference he went immediately to Fayetteville, North Carolina, and held that Conference.

Without a day's rest, after all the fatigue and labor of an Annual Conference, he hurried on to Anderson, South Carolina, the seat of the South Carolina Conference. He had been detained by snow on the track, and did not arrive at Anderson until after the organization of the Conference. He immediately took the chair and conducted the Conference through its business to the close. There is no labor more trying on a man of heart, as was Bishop Paine, than the work of a Methodist Annual Conference. For hours he has to occupy the chair, keep order, decide upon questions of law, etc. Then at night with his cabinet he must look over the entire work and examine impartially the fitness of each preacher for any work for which he may be nominated. Then there are difficult questions to be solved, hard cases to determine. All these tend to wear out the constitution of a Bishop, who has to assume the whole responsibility for every appointment. Our Bishop was now seventy-three years old, and if he was not abundant in labors, then was Paul himself an idler in his Master's vineyard. He was fulfilling his vows and going all the time. That is the glory of Methodism. *It goes.* The inspiring word which moves the whole moral machinery of the Church is *go*. To the inspiration of that one short word does Methodism owe much of its power and its wonderful success at home and abroad.

The year 1873 was saddened at the beginning by the death of Dr. W. A. Sykes, of Aberdeen, Miss. He had been the life-long friend of the Bishop. For nearly fifty years they had enjoyed each other's confidence and love. He was a Christian gentleman of great moral worth, and his death was a source of grief to the Bishop as well as to his own family. He felt that he was losing a brother beloved. He preached the funeral-sermon on the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is one very dear to all followers of Christ. In this is seen the dignity of human nature, and upon it is predicated the preciousness of redemption. Man is immortal, and as closely allied to angels as he is to earth and worms. He shall live again. This was the inspiring theme of that funeral-sermon over the dust of a dearly loved friend. Then Dr. Sykes had died in the faith, and the reunion of these friends of each other and friends of Christ was assured. How gloriously beautiful is our holy religion! Its beauty never shines with a more inspiring radiance than amid the darkness and sorrow of death. Then it not only softens sorrow, but absolutely hushes the sighs and wipes away the tears of grief amid hopes which death itself cannot dispel. While this religion gave the preacher comfort, it enabled him to speak words of consolation to the sorrowing family of his old friend.

As we proceed with the history of Bishop Paine we are astonished at two things: First, his ability to work. He was now in his seventy-fourth year, and yet he continued to do full work. Secondly, we are equally astonished at his capacity to endure. He was most severely attacked with inflammatory rheumatism on February 10, after great exposure in attending the funeral of a friend who had died some distance from Aberdeen, and whither he had to go on horseback. He was closely confined with this terrible mal-

ady until the 11th of April, exactly two months. The most excruciating agony of these two months no one ever knew. He bore as patiently as he labored actively. He suffered with resignation and with hope. He was so much improved in April that he took a ride, and made this note in his diary: "My ankles and wrists still suffering. Thank God for the prospect of getting well and doing service again!"

The Bishops' meeting called him to Nashville in May, while still suffering from a horrid cough, which had followed and accompanied the severe attack of rheumatism. This was an important meeting, as besides the ordinary business the Vanderbilt University was to be located.

Through the personal though silent influence of Bishop McTyeire, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt had determined to make a large donation to establish a great university in the South, and not far from Nashville, Tenn. In view of the great liberality of the wealthy New Yorker, the Central University was merged into this institution, and in honor of the generous founder it was to be called by his name. At the meeting of the Bishops, May 8, 1873, the Vanderbilt University was located at the West End of the city of Nashville, where it now stands "a sublime pile," eliciting the admiration of a grateful Church. Nothing in the history of education as connected with Methodism had so gratified the Bishop as the founding of this great university. None of our institutions had been so richly endowed as was necessary to put them in the front rank. Now, he felt, we will have what had long been the desire of his heart. He had labored and groaned over a college without endowment for nearly twenty years, and had given to it the best years of his mature manhood. He had lived to see the institution pass into the control of the State and become the Normal College of Alabama. Over two hundred thousand dollars of endowment had been swept from the Southern Univer-

sity by the disasters of war. And although the institution was still struggling, he had but little hope of seeing it prosperous in his day. So it was with most of our Methodist colleges. In Alabama alone two had been lost to the Church and given to the State because of the impoverished condition of the country and the loss of the endowments in both instances. The college which he had founded, labored for, and loved lost more than fifty thousand dollars; and the one at Auburn, in East Alabama, had lost one hundred thousand dollars, and had been made the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama. No one man rejoiced more over the magnificent gift of Mr. Vanderbilt. He felt that the success of Bishop McTyeire was his. He felt that now the Church would have a university worthy the name. As he took in the grand view from the site selected, his soul exulted at the prospect of an advance in Church education such as he had hardly hoped to witness. It must have been a gratification beyond expression to Bishop McTyeire when he saw his veteran colleague taking an interest so profound in the success of an enterprise which lay so near his own heart, and which he hoped was now almost assured.

In company with Dr. Summers, he went to the Sharon District Conference at Bethphage, Tennessee. He enjoyed the hospitality of his old Tennessee friends very much. He was pleased with the spirit of the preachers and the religious power of the people. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. After the District Conference was over, at which he had presided and preached to the edification of all, he returned to his home just in time to be at the funeral of Senator Phelan. The Senator's wife, whose death has been referred to in these pages, had been a deeply pious Christian. The Senator was also a member of the Methodist Church, a man of large soul, and a devoted friend of the Bishop. He had been a member of the United States Sen-

ate, and was just in the prime of his manhood. His death was a loss to the Church and to the country, and was deeply felt by the Bishop.

He continued to travel and preach and hold District Conferences all through the hot summer of 1873. He passed from a District Conference near Clarksville, Tenn., to Coffeeville, Miss., and at different places between these two points he was at camp-meetings, quarterly-meetings, and country churches, preaching like a young man. On Friday, November 7, he records the death of another of his colleagues, Bishop John Early. He had enjoyed sweet communion with his venerable brother twice during his long confinement. He had found him resigned and ready, and his death was not unexpected. Thus had he seen four of his colleagues pass from the College of Bishops on earth to the society of apostles and martyrs in heaven. Bishop Early was in his eighty-eighth year, and had been on the retired list since 1856. Sometimes abrupt and apparently arbitrary, he was always true. He loved the cause of Christ above all things else, and had been consecrated to it nearly all his long life. Bishop Paine preached his funeral-sermon in Aberdeen, on Sunday, the 16th of November. He held the North Mississippi Conference at Grenada, the North Georgia at Newnan, Ga., and the South Georgia Conference at Macon.

During this tour of Conferences he passed into his seventy-fifth year. He makes his usual record of gratitude to God for his numerous mercies. Although it had been a year of great and constant labor, and for months of very great suffering, he forgets both in the grateful recollection of so many mercies and blessings bestowed. So he continued to grow old gracefully, possessing none of the bitterness which, alas! too frequently is characteristic of old age. He had labored much, suffered much, and enjoyed more. His

spirits were still cheerful, and he rejoiced that there was a bright side to human life on which he loved to look. He was no croaker, no chronic complainer. God was good; the Church was loving; his children were devoted; and above all else of a mere earthly nature, he had been blessed for more than the third of a century with the tenderest love of a pure Christian wife. For all these, and for the success of the ministry and the growth of the Church, he was abundantly thankful.

With such an example before us as was Bishop Paine, let the preachers of this day look up and be thankful. Let them exhaust the blue of the sky, the green of the earth, the beauties of nature, and the power of divine grace, before they make themselves the terror of others by croaking worse than the ravens, or by complaints harsher than the cry of the bittern.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

INNER LIFE—VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY—GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE inner life of the best men is sometimes concealed from their most intimate friends. They are not demonstrative. They do not care to obtrude their secret communings with God before the public. These feelings are so sacred that they are withheld from the public gaze. I am sure that those on the most intimate terms with Bishop Paine were not made acquainted with the depth and fervor of his religious feelings. He kept them to himself. His brief entries in his diary often show us what was not known during his life.

On January 1, 1874, he writes: "Thank my God for all the mercies to me and mine of the past year. I renew my vows of consecration. Make me holy, useful, and patient. Save me from sin, death, and debt this year—myself and family." These vows of consecration were being constantly renewed. It was his invariable habit during his long life on the 1st of January, the 9th of October, and the 12th of November to reconsecrate himself in the most humble and solemn manner to the service of God. He did this not merely as a matter of duty, but as a high privilege. Gratitude for God's special care of him and his is ever seen mingling with the vow of renewed devotion to his holy cause.

On January 14, 1874, the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University met in Memphis, Tenn. Bishop Paine was present, greatly to the satisfaction of the Board. At this meeting Dr. L. C. Garland was chosen Chancellor. Drs. Summers, Shipp, Wills, and Lupton were also appointed to

prominent places in the Faculty. It was also determined that on January 15, 1875, the university should open its doors for the reception of students. The Board continued in session for some days, and had no wiser or more efficient member than was their ever-faithful friend to education. He rejoiced with exceeding great joy as the prospect of a university of the highest order seemed now certain of realization—that too during his own day. He had no misgivings as to a theological department. He felt that the time had come in the history of Methodism when candidates for the ministry should have all the advantages of a thorough theological education.

On the 21st of February his heart was made glad by the return of his son John Emory, who had graduated with the highest honors at the Medical University of New York. He had taken the first prize, and this added to the gratification of his venerable father. His son George was in the senior class at the University of Mississippi, and received the degree of A.B. at its annual commencement in the summer. Both of these events were noted with great satisfaction. It was indeed cause for thanksgiving. These were noble sons, worthy of their father. Both had distinguished themselves in their classes, and both were young gentlemen of high moral character.

On his way to the General Conference in Louisville he stopped for a few days with his old pupils in Florence, Ala. He was renewing his youth with such men as Judge W. B. Wood, Gov. E. A. O'Neal, and Judge H. E. Jones. They had been his pupils more than thirty-five years before, and were men of the highest position, and were ever ready for every good word and work in Church and in the State of which O'Neal became Governor and in which both Jones and Wood were prominent and distinguished citizens, holding high offices of both honor and trust. It was not often



that the Bishop during his whole career stopped by the way as a mere matter of social enjoyment with old pupils.

From Florence he went to Nashville to attend the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the great university. He was a prominent and gratified actor in these ceremonies, and showed much more feeling than he was accustomed to do.

At the General Conference, held in Louisville, May, 1874, he was placed in the excellent family of Hon. T. L. Jefferson. His stay was a benediction to the whole family. He has been remembered ever since with the most cordial affection. His presence did not bring gloom, but sunshine. His company was attractive, and nothing either in his manners or in his words was in the least repulsive. He was still the Christian gentleman, as well as the Christian Bishop. He presided often during the General Conference, and always with satisfaction. The Conference was a deeply interesting one to our common Methodism. It received fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church for the first time since the organization of the Church in 1845. That was no fault of the Church, South. A fraternal delegate sent by the Southern Church had been rejected in 1848. It was a wonderful fact that Dr. Lovick Pierce, the rejected delegate of 1848, was on the platform in 1874. He was then possibly the oldest Methodist preacher on the continent. It must have been a gratification beyond measure to the Christian heart of this veteran of ninety years to witness these fraternal greetings. They were just such as reflected glory and honor upon our holy religion and upon the eloquent men who represented the Methodist Episcopal Church on that memorable occasion. Bishop Paine as the senior Bishop might have presided on that occasion, but he did not. His magnanimity urged him to put forward his colleague, Bishop McTycire, who had given him such prominence at the in-

augurating ceremonies of the Vanderbilt. Bishop Paine was never to be outdone in magnanimity. He modestly sat back on the platform, and witnessed such exhibitions of Christian love as can never be forgotten. It was during these greetings that Dr. Hunt, one of the fraternal messengers, read an autograph letter from the father of American Methodism, Bishop Asbury. The letter had all the marks of age. It was evidently genuine, and had been kept by some loving old Methodist as a *souvenir* of great value. After reading it, the Doctor turned with infinite grace, and with the tenderest Christian feelings presented the letter as a gift to the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, and accompanied the present with such words as moved the whole audience. Bishop McTyeire replied in the happiest spirit and style to the words of love which had been uttered by Drs. Hunt, Fowler, and General Fisk, and the fraternal messengers. He then said: "Brethren, if it please you it will gratify us that you take your place on the platform and feel perfectly at home with these representatives of the Church, South." Thus ended one of the most interesting and important events in the history of Methodism. During this General Conference there were several Sunday-school mass-meetings held in Library Hall, and attended by immense audiences. Bishop Paine notes his presiding at one "at which there were four thousand persons present." Dr. A. L. P. Green made his last Sabbath-school address at this meeting. He was very feeble and much worn down with the malady which closed his useful life. He was bright and cheerful, and made one of the best addresses ever delivered on such an occasion. The speech was so bright and cheerful, so appropriate to children, and so instructive to all, that no one dreamed of the great suffering of the speaker or of his nearness to the grave. In a day or two he went home to die. In his death Bishop Paine felt that he had met with a great

personal loss. They had been friends for more than half a century. During all this time their devotion to each other had been the purest and strongest, and had increased with their years.

During this same Conference the Rev. Fountain E. Pitts, another of the Bishop's Tennessee Conference friends, true and tried, was also called to his "eternal home." The Bishop participated in his memorial-services, and delivered on the occasion a brief but eloquent and appropriate address.

Before the close of the year the Tennessee Conference lost another distinguished member who was also one of the Bishop's early friends. A purer man never lived than was the Rev. Thomas Maddin. He was the highly cultivated Christian gentleman, and the humble Christian with a character faithfully modeled after Him whom he preached with so much eloquence and success for so many years. Thus were going nearly all those who were the companions-in-arms with Robert Paine when he wielded the sword of the Spirit with such vigor in his young manhood. Of all these, Dr. A. L. P. Green was the most intimate friend of the Bishop. "Wise, unselfish, devoted," are the adjectives which he applies to him, and calls him his most intimate friend on earth.

## CHAPTER XL.

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY—DOMESTIC AFFLICTIONS—HEROIC DEVOTION TO DUTY.

AFTER holding many District Conferences, preaching whenever opportunity offered, ordaining and baptizing, during the summer of 1874, he held the Memphis Conference at Humboldt, November 18; the Mississippi Conference at Hazlehurst, December 16; and this closed up the work of another laborious year.

It so happened that he was at home on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. He had been generally absent on the return of these anniversaries. As he was at home, his wife determined to give him a Christmas festival. This was done. The children were there. The house was bright. The supper was elegant. The religious services, conducted by Rev. William Murrah, were very appropriate. All passed off just as such an occasion, under the management of a noble Christian woman and a true wife such as was Mrs. Paine, is always sure to pass. The old Bishop enjoyed the day which began his seventy-sixth year as much as most men of fifty enjoy their birthdays. He remembered the past without regret; he enjoyed the present without any alloy of bitterness, and looked to an eternal future with the most joyful hope.

The new year, 1875, found the Bishop away from home on Conference duties. He was on his way to Alexandria, La. He was much exposed on the route, and on the Sabbath of the Conference he was compelled to cross Red River in an open skiff in order to reach the church in which he was to preach and ordain deacons and elders. He became

very cold, and suffered much while at church. In a short time he felt the beginning of the distressing malady which, after years of suffering, finally terminated his life. He ought to have rested this whole year, but he did not. He was determined to die on the field. During the year he presided at District Conferences in Tennessee and Mississippi, and preached whenever opportunity afforded and as he was able to do so.

He had sad domestic afflictions. A beautiful grandchild, bright and attractive, died at his house. The child was just at that interesting age when its innocent prattle and winning ways were so well calculated to kindle the tenderest feelings in the heart of the grand old man. But a still heavier sorrow fell upon him in the death of his son, John Emory Paine, M.D. He had but recently married an accomplished wife, and had just entered upon a career which promised both usefulness and distinction. He was called at midnight to see a patient some six miles distant. Though very unwell, he went, and returned at four A.M. very ill. He never rallied. The Bishop was with him, and prayed with and for him. The young man was at first much concerned, and joined his father in earnest prayer for his recovery and for his soul's salvation. He became very happy, and died in great peace. The Bishop makes this brief entry in his diary: "Wed. 10½ o'clock, Sept. 15, 1875, my son John Emory died, 'all bright and happy;' called by name all present, and said to each, 'Promise to meet me in heaven.' They all promised. Sick less than three days. O what a death—so sudden, and yet so bright! Thank God for his grace, to renew and prepare for heaven. Here, Lord, I give myself to thee—'t is all that I can do. O Lord save my family!" The dear young man was buried on September 16. On the 17th of September his sorrowing father was called to preach the funeral-sermon of an old friend and former pupil, Dr. T.

A. Sykes. He did not hesitate to go. He felt that in comforting others he would be comforted. Of course it was a great cross, but "no cross no crown." None but those called under like circumstances to preach and administer consolation to others can fully appreciate the position of the Bishop. Just turning away from the grave of a beloved son who had died in the fresh vigor of young manhood, and with every prospect of a successful and happy career before him, he is called to minister to the sorrows of others, and to commemorate the virtues of a deceased pupil. His text was: "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." It enabled him to bring before the congregation the assurance of a glorious resurrection. This was comfort. This was joy. A month after the death of his son, we find him in Nashville at the opening of the Vanderbilt University. He listened with great pleasure to the eloquent sermon of Bishop Doggett on the "Dynamics of the religion of Christ," and also to the learned and polished address of Bishop William M. Wightman. It was his part to address the students. He always loved young men. He looked now upon these, assembled from almost every Southern State, with unusual hope. They were to be under the instruction of the most accomplished teachers, and were to have opportunities of culture such as had not been enjoyed before at any Methodist college. The scene inspired him, and "the old man eloquent" uttered such words as the good and great only can utter. In the opening of this great university he realized a "hope which had long been deferred," and rejoiced in its realization. He placed his youngest son in the institution, whose success he believed already assured. It must have been a gratification to all the friends of the university that in Bishop Paine it had one of its warmest and most enthusiastic supporters.

At the close of the seventy-sixth year of his age, he held three Annual Conferences, preaching and ordaining deacons and elders. Thus closed a year of deep family and personal affliction. Yet he saw much to encourage him. The dark night of political misrule was passing away from his beloved people. The country was progressing. The Church was moving forward. The educational outlook was more hopeful. He thanked God and took courage, and expressed the hope that the old flag might once more float over a united and happy people.

In January, 1876, another great affliction fell unexpectedly upon the church of Aberdeen, and was most deeply felt by Bishop Paine. Judge John Burrus Sale died. He had been educated at La Grange College under the Presidency of Robert Paine. A wild boy, he had been gently led to Christ largely through the influence of his teachings. He was a man of high character and large influence. His talents were such as to give him the first position at the bar, and his piety placed him among the foremost in the Church. His father, the Rev. Alexander Sale, who has been before mentioned in these pages, was a preacher of high standing in the Virginia Conference, and was one of the pioneer itinerant preachers in the early history of Alabama. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of La Grange College, and he and Bishop Paine were life-long and devoted friends. The son was much like his father. He was tall and commanding in person, and seemed destined to a long life. But God saw otherwise, and "took him." The Bishop was with him in his last sickness, and prayed with him, and conversed freely with him as to his future. All was well. He died full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. The Bishop says: "He was my best friend in Aberdeen." He was his pupil more than a third of a century before, and for many years had been his neighbor and friend and

counselor. The Bishop preached the funeral-sermon of his old friend, and committed dust to dust until the resurrection. The sermon was on "Christ, the first-fruits of them that slept." He loved more and more to dwell upon Christ as the resurrection and the life. The theme inspired and comforted him, and enabled him to speak words of consolation to others.

During the winter and spring of 1876 he remained most of the time at his home. He was not well. He was often not able to be at the church on Sabbath, and preached only a few times. In May, however, he determined to attend the Bishops' meeting at Nashville. His ever-faithful wife accompanied him. He was still unable to preach, and listened with pleasure to Bishop Doggett, as he preached on the "Progress of Methodism during the nineteenth century." Of all this progress he had been a witness, and for more than fifty years had contributed largely to it. The eloquent utterances of his colleague filled him with gratitude as he portrayed the past, and with hope as he looked to the future of his beloved Methodism.

After the Bishops' meeting, he attended the Gallatin District Conference, and preached on Sabbath in the open air to a vast concourse. His sermon was just one hour long on the text, "Surely this man was the Son of God." He then attended a District Conference near Decatur, Alabama, at Trinity, and preached again in the open air on the "Temptation of Christ." He had the pleasure of meeting his only living sister, Mrs. Abernathy, and of having her accompany him to his home in Aberdeen. These two were now left alone of all the brothers and sisters of that once large family. He continued to attend District Conferences and preached during the summer as he had ability. It is really astonishing to see what work he did. After an exhausting sermon, he writes: "I preached too long and hard.



Would that I knew how to preach easy! Dr. Green did. So do Dr. Parker and Bishop McTycire and Dr. Young." In August of this year the commissioners on the part of the two Episcopal Methodisms in the United States met and agreed upon terms of fraternity. This settlement of great principles evoked the prayer from the Bishop, "May all be wise, good, perpetual. If love and peace result, what a blessing!" Soon after these terms were settled he attended the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Here he had the pleasure of meeting with his old friend the Rev. Peter Akers. They exchanged fraternal greetings, and met and parted as brethren beloved. The Conference was held at Jacksonville; and when the resolutions on fraternity were presented, Dr. Akers made a characteristic speech, and all felt that the long ecclesiastical war was over. On his way home Bishop Paine received intelligence of the heroic death of Dr. E. H. Myers, one of the peace commissioners. He was stationed at Savannah, Georgia, and upon hearing that the yellow fever was raging there he at once hurried to his suffering people. Alas! he went as a martyr. With love in his heart and heaven in his eye, he rushed to his own death. On his return to his home, Bishop Paine found his daughter-in-law, the wife of his son Robert, lying at the point to die. He had with her an affectionate Christian talk and a humble, earnest prayer. She was a beautiful Christian character, and died in joyful hope of eternal rest. This death was followed very soon by the death of another friend and neighbor, the Rev. B. B. Barker, who also died in great peace. He bore these bereavements just as a trusting Christian always does. "Thy will be done." These were his words, and they expressed fortitude, faith, resignation, and hope. All was well. He was at his post as presiding Bishop at the Alabama Conference, where he was always welcome. It was

held this year at Demopolis. Here he met his former *confère* in the cause of education, Dr. Henry Tutwiler. The meeting of these old and true Christian gentlemen was such as to remind one of the meeting of loved ones in the home of the blessed. He was able to preach and go through the services of ordination without any serious inconvenience. The Conference closed on December 12, and he left immediately for Nashville, Tennessee. The Publishing House was in trouble. The Bishops were to hold a consultation with the Book Committee, and to advise as to what was best to be done to relieve this great Church enterprise of its trouble. His love of the Church, his great caution, his keen foresight, and his large financial ability were all brought into requisition at this meeting. It was determined to have all the affairs of the House thoroughly examined by experts, and a full and correct statement of its condition presented to the Church. The result of all this has been the restoration of confidence in the House and the assurance of its final relief from its difficulties and of a certain career of prosperity and usefulness. Thus closed the seventy-seventh year of a life of continuous labor, and the sixtieth of active work as an itinerant Methodist preacher. He had now been thirty years a Bishop, fulfilling his most solemn vows and doing the work of a chief pastor with great ability and enlarged usefulness.

The winter of 1876 and 1877 was intensely severe. The Bishop says in his diary that the snow fell in Aberdeen to the depth of two feet. It was the deepest that had been seen for sixty years. The cold weather kept him in-doors most of the winter. So soon as the spring opened he began work with his usual energy. He attended District Conferences in Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida. He also attended by invitation from Dr. D. C. Kelley the last communion held in the old McKen-

dree Church, at Nashville. He had witnessed the growth of Methodism for sixty years in that city. He had been the pastor there in the early part of his ministry. He had married his first wife in Nashville, and had laid her sacred dust there among her kindred, to sleep in quiet until the resurrection. Many of his happiest days had been spent in Nashville, and he accepted the invitation to go hundreds of miles to enjoy the last communion in the house which had the name of McKendree, so dear to him. The old structure was to be torn down and a new one to be erected in its stead. Nearly all the old pastors who were living were at that last gathering. It was an occasion long to be remembered. A new temple was to be erected whose glory should far exceed the beauty of the one in which this eucharistic feast was to be celebrated for the last time. Bishop McTycire was there to lead in the exercises, which were deeply impressive, and which touched the deepest sympathies of his venerable colleague. He enjoyed them. He felt repaid for all the fatigue of the trip. While sacred memories were called up, the occasion was also a prophecy. It foreshadowed still greater prosperity and success to his beloved Methodism in this growing city. Here was the Book Concern, which, though greatly embarrassed, he hoped to see relieved of all its disabilities and going forward in a career of great usefulness to the country. Here, too, was the Vanderbilt. The outlook was magnificent. He was almost ready to say: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He was again at the Bishops' meeting in Nashville, at which initial steps were taken to raise a sum for the suffering Publishing House.

During the summer he was absent a great deal. He was preaching with much more satisfaction to others than to himself. After preaching at a District Conference to a large crowd assembled in a grove, he writes: "Preached on

Heb. vii. 25. Christ able to save. Poor affair. My ideal of preaching above my practice. Wish I could preach. O that I could be useful, and see present fruits." To see fruits—present fruits—was the great desire of his heart. Because these fruits were not always visible, he was grieved. He loved souls. He sought to save those whom he knew were the redeemed by Christ. He knew there was power in the gospel. He felt that it ought to produce immediate and powerful results.

In August he left home to attend the Kentucky Conference. He stopped at Louisville, and was the guest of his very true friend Hon. T. L. Jefferson. I happened to meet him. I had not seen him since the General Conference at Louisville, 1874. I could see that his powerful physical manhood was giving way. His hearing was much impaired, and he seemed to be suffering. We spent some two hours together. He gave me much good advice. He was bright and cheerful, and I never saw him more pleasant; yet, with the weight of nearly seventy-eight years upon him, he was beginning to show evidences of yielding. After holding the Kentucky Conference at Winchester, he returned to Louisville and rested for some days at the delightful home of Brother Thos. L. Jefferson. He also preached on Sabbath at Chestnut Street Church. Here he was welcomed by Dr. Messick, the pastor, and his flock, who all enjoyed the ministrations of the venerable servant of God and the Church. He was a most welcome guest in the family of Mr. Jefferson. He had none of the moroseness which renders old age often repulsive. He was frequently playful, and always agreeable. He exercised that beautiful grace which never behaves itself unseemly.

After resting a short while at home, he attended the German Mission Conference at Houston, Texas. While there he heard of the death of Bishop Marvin, three days

after its occurrence. He says: "I mourn for a colleague gifted, holy, and useful." Again he enters in his diary: "Bishop Marvin died in St. Louis at four A.M. on November 26. Did not hear of it till to-day, November 29. A most devoted, useful, and gifted minister of Christ. A great loss to the Church. *So very sorry to lose him!* Lately round the world. Too much work and worry for so frail a body." The death of Bishop Marvin was unexpected, and fell heavily upon the whole Church. He was an evangelist. He was thoroughly consecrated. He never seemed to think of self. He literally died sword in hand, "still warm with recent fight." His death made the sixth that had taken place in the Episcopal Board since Bishop Paine had been ordained in 1846. Soule, Capers, Andrew, Bascom, Early, and Marvin, had all been called away by the silent messenger. Six of his colleagues gone! The death of none of them seemed to affect him so much as the death of Enoch Mather Marvin. It was so unexpected. He had not thought once of seeing this young Bishop depart and leave him. Another death near the same time greatly grieved him. This was the death of Brother Moss, presiding elder in the Memphis Conference. Moss was a rising man. His preaching ability was of a very high order. His vivid imagination, his numerous and apt illustrations always expressed in choice language, his vehemence as manifested both in the impassioned thoughts and in the strength of voice, all made him one of the most powerful preachers in the Memphis Conference. His death was a great loss to the Church, and especially to the Memphis Conference. The Bishop closed the labors of this year by holding the Louisiana Conference at Opelousas, Louisiana. He was now seventy-eight years of age. During this year he held twelve District Conferences in six different States. He had gone twice to Nashville—first to attend the last communion

in the old McKendree Church, and then to be at the Bishops' meeting. He had preached often in country churches, and had baptized both children and adults. Was he not in labors abundant? He had not yet crossed the "*deadline*." He was welcomed to every home, desired in all the pulpits, and no one was more popular than he in the cabinet or in the chair.

The year 1878 was passed by the Bishop in great suffering. He became greatly emaciated. His nights afforded him but little sound natural sleep. During the days he endured almost intolerable pain. He tried Lithia-water, but it gave him no relief. He consulted the best physicians, and they were unable to render him any assistance. He was dying by inches. We no longer accompany him in active labor, for afflicted as he was with an incurable malady of a most painful character and with the weight of nearly four-score years upon him, he was no longer able to do the active work which had been his delight for more than sixty years. He was, however, determined to do what he could. His first work was to attend the session of the General Conference at Atlanta, Georgia. He was most comfortably entertained in the family of Governor Colquitt. Here he had every attention that Christian culture and love could give. He presided a few times, but was frequently too unwell to attend, and was able to attempt to preach but once during the Conference. He, however, took the liveliest interest in all the questions that came up for discussion or for legal decision. He had implicit confidence in his colleagues, and felt all secure with them conducting the great interests of the Church. After the Conference he spent a short time in Georgia at the home of his son James, but was unable to preach or even to attend church. He arrived at home early in June and remained until the last of the month. Sick and suffering as he was, he attended a

District Conference at Senatobia, Mississippi. He preached on Sabbath from the text, "Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you" (2 Corinthians iv. 14). Though greatly exhausted, he did not suffer so much from the effort to preach as he feared. He also attended a District Conference on the 5th of July at Iuka, Mississippi. He was unable to preach, and was suffering constant and severe pain. He got ready to attend other District Conferences, but found himself unable to do so. Besides, the yellow fever was prevailing at Water Valley, Holly Springs, and at other towns in Mississippi. A panic prevailed even at Aberdeen, and many families left. He therefore remained at home, "suffering greatly day and night." He consented to hold the Memphis Conference at Jackson, Tennessee, on December 4; the North Mississippi at Macon, December 11; and the Mississippi, on December 18. He attended and held the first two, but was unable to do more. Exhausted with pain and too feeble to go on with his work, he telegraphed to one of his colleagues that he could do no more. He returned home feeling and writing that his work was nearly done. During the rest of the winter 1878-79 he was able to do nothing, and was so feeble and in a state of so great suffering that he was not even able to attend church until the 20th of April. Feeble as he was, he attended the Bishops' meeting at Nashville in May. From Nashville he went to Hurricane Springs. Here he tried to preach sitting in his chair, from John xiv. 1-3. He talked familiarly, hopefully, and yet seriously, on our Father's house with many mansions, and had the solemn attention of the little company assembled to hear him. He did not exert himself, and yet he suffered intensely, and had to remain closely in his room all the next day. The water of the springs did not suit his case. The secretion of the blood

became greater, and his sufferings increased. He therefore left the springs and returned home. While at home he penned the following letter:

*Dear Brother McFerrin:* Let me congratulate you, your able and noble Book Committee, as well as all other members and friends who have contributed to sustain the honor of our Southern Methodism. It thrilled my heart to learn that the big debt of \$300,000 had been provided for. Hear it! The Methodists, South, do not repudiate an honest debt. They, like all other honest men, frankly confess it, and pay it as soon as they can. Poor we may be—and how poor we are down here those North cannot conceive—yet our Methodism is a debt-paying religion. In this respect at least we are true Wesleyans, and no man shall take this honor from us. And now let us *pay promptly* our subscriptions, and go forward to meet our obligations to God and man by sending the gospel to the whole world.

My health has not improved much. I am feeble, and sometimes suffer intensely. Then I can do nothing but endure. At other times I am comparatively easy. How I may do my work at my Annual Conferences I cannot tell; but it is my purpose to attend them (*D. F.*), and do the best I can. They lie among my old friends, and I want to see the members again. They will sustain me and bear with me as they have heretofore done. I know this. Bishop Pierce has, in two notes, tendered me his assistance at Murfreesboro; and while unwilling to impose any additional labor upon one who I fear has already taken too much upon himself, yet, as he assures me that neither his convenience nor his present state of health forbids, I have invited him to come. My strength may fail; and, anyhow, I am sure we will be greatly delighted to have him with us. Above all, may God be with us always! Your old friend and brother,

R. PAINE.

Aberdeen, Miss., Sept. 30, 1879.

He continued at home until October, unable to do any work. On October 1, 1879, he left home, suffering and feeble as he was, and attended the Tennessee Conference at Murfreesboro. Here he had the valuable assistance of Bishop Doggett. Bishop Doggett preached a great sermon on "The judgment of the last day," and Bishop Paine performed the ordination services. After the close of the Con-



ference he went to the Red Sulphur Springs, in Macon county, Tennessee. He had to go over a rough road, by private conveyance, and suffered much on the trip. He staid at the springs some three weeks, but derived no benefit from the waters. Still brave, and determined to work as long as he had any strength at all, he left for the North Alabama Conference, which he held at Tuscaloosa. It will be remembered that he had traveled on the Tuscaloosa Circuit in his youth, when Tuscaloosa was a small village, and that his circuit extended from where Demopolis now stands to the State line on the north. He had lived among the mountains of North Alabama in the prime of his manhood, and had frequently visited the City of Oaks in the interest of La Grange College. He was now there for the last time. The wilderness had indeed been made to rejoice. He now presided over a flourishing Conference, and the territory over which the boy-preacher traveled was now occupied by thirty or forty preachers. The wonderful development of North Alabama was not unexpected to him. Its vast mineral wealth had been foretold by him forty years before. The spirit of the Conference cheered him in the midst of pain and feebleness. There was life in that Conference. It was abreast of the age. He saw a grand future opening before it. He ordained sixteen deacons and eight elders, and at the close of the Conference felt better than at the beginning. He went directly from the North Alabama Conference to Greensboro, Alabama. He preached to the students of the university, though unable to stand. Indeed, he was not able to preach sitting on his chair; but he was so anxious to lead young men to Christ that in spite of pain and feebleness he gave them such godly counsel as his whole life so well fitted him to give. Accompanied by his devoted wife, he went from Greensboro to Tuskegee, Alabama, the seat of the Alabama Conference. I had not

seen him for several years. I was shocked when I looked upon that once compact, manly, erect form so wasted by disease and the infirmities of age. His eyes still beamed with the light of other days. He gave me a tender, cordial grasp, and uttered so many bright, playful words that he soon removed the sadness which his quick eye readily saw overspreading my countenance. I offered to assist him in going from one car to another, but he pleasantly said: "Let me help you, Rivers." He said this referring to my lameness, which often seemed to demand help. There were quite a number of preachers on the way to Conference, and none seemed to be in better spirits than the venerable Bishop. His pale countenance gave evidence of constant suffering, but his words did not indicate at all what he was constantly enduring. He said playfully that one of the Bishops had kindly offered to assist him, but that he hoped to be able to hold the Conference without having to call upon one of his colleagues. Conversing thus cheerfully, we arrived at Tuskegee, Alabama, December 16, 1879. He was often unable to be at the Conference before ten o'clock, and while in the chair seemed to be suffering most excruciating agony. It was a very protracted session, and did not close until late on Thursday night.

Before the appointments were read out, he delivered his last talk to the Alabama Conference. It was as loving and tender as ever were the words of John the beloved disciple. It taught us patience, forbearance, and "sweet charity." It was the unfolding of the heart of the venerable father to the gaze of his sons. He spoke of his early ministry. He referred to changes which had taken place in his notions of the administration of discipline. He was eloquent in the softest and tenderest words that I had ever heard even from his lips. He seemed to me to be the very embodiment of love. The pale, wan face, the sunken eyes, and the trem-

bling voice, together with the midnight hour—cold, freezing weather—all together made the closing scenes of the Alabama Conference of 1879 the most tenderly impressive that I had ever witnessed. That night he pressed my hand for the last time. He said tenderly to me. “I shall soon be gone. ’Tis all right.” These were the last words he ever spoke to his old pupil.

The night was cold, but cold as it was he left for his home, which he reached after great suffering and some delay. The delay was at Selma, where he had the most gentle and loving attention of his friend Mrs. Maria Byrd, widow of his old and dearly loved pupil Judge W. M. Byrd, assisted by the gentle hands of her affectionate Christian daughters, Misses Sallie and Luna. He arrived at home in a suffering condition, and wrote in his diary: “I doubt if I can ever hold another Conference. Still losing blood. Have done so little good am ashamed, but I have tried to be honest and faithful and rely on God’s mercy in Christ.” Again he writes: “Feeble, trusting. The gospel only assures us of immortal happiness. ‘We know.’ It is enough for faith. I do believe.” He did, however, attend the Bishops’ meeting in Nashville, and received all the care and attention he so greatly needed at the hospitable home of Captain Fite, who married the daughter of his old friend Dr. A. L. P. Green. As he was suffering so much, he remained away from home but a short time.

On the 9th of October he remembered his spiritual birthday. With an energy and determination which astonished his most intimate friends, he attended the Tennessee Conference at Pulaski, Tennessee. Bishop McTyeire was with him, and gave him valuable assistance. He enjoyed the Conference at his old home, though all were gone whom he knew in his boyhood, and when he was a merchant’s clerk.

## CHAPTER XLI.

STILL SUFFERING AND WORKING—DR. PALMER'S VISIT.

ON October 30, at home, he learned that Bishop Doggett had preceded him—that he was dead! He felt this to be a great calamity, and was much distressed. A great man had fallen, and his venerable colleague was too feeble to say a word on the sad occasion. Upon the anniversary of his birth, he writes: "Eighty-one years old to-day. Thank God! More purity, patience, and love." Again we find him disappointing himself and astonishing his brethren by attending the North Mississippi Conference at Columbus, Mississippi. And this ended his labors and his sufferings for the year 1880. It was about this time, I believe, that he was visited by that distinguished Presbyterian minister Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans. We take from the *South-western Presbyterian* the following interesting account of that visit as given by Dr. Palmer himself:

*Mr. Editor:* Few Christians of any denomination visit Aberdeen, Mississippi, without paying their respects to the venerable Bishop Paine, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The interview with which I indulged a few days ago was so touching that I have a desire to put it on record for the benefit of others besides myself.

The conversation opened naturally with a reference to his state of health, and to the severe chronic disease which more than his great age disables him from active service. "I cannot describe to you my feelings," said this Christian patriarch, "when the physician entreated me to cease preaching, and to rest henceforth from all labor. It overwhelmed me to think that I should do nothing any more to make the world better in which I lived." "I can appreciate it, Bishop," was the reply. "It must be a solemn moment when we realize that our work on earth is done, and we fold it up for the

judgment-day." "Ah!" said he, "if I were only permitted to preach again, I would endeavor to do it with greater simplicity and impressiveness. I would go directly for the conscience, and seek to bring sinners at once to Christ." "If it is painful to you," I ventured to suggest, "to be laid aside now, it must be a comfort to reflect that rest comes to you after a long and laborious ministry." "Yes; I thank God that I can look back over sixty years of active service, and upon many tokens of the Divine blessing upon it." After awhile the conversation drifted upon the suffering which it pleased the Master to send upon his aged servant. "It is very acute," said he. "Only an hour before you came in, it seemed as great as I could bear." "It is very mysterious," I rejoined, "that we should be let out from life through so much suffering." "It is proper," he added, "that we should seek to assuage pain; but I would not desire to have mine a particle less than my Heavenly Father wills." "Bishop, I have sometimes thought a Christian should be willing to endure a good deal of bodily pain, if he can thereby testify to the holiness of God, who will not allow sin to go unreprieved even in those whom he loves and saves." "Ah! yes," replied he, "but the complete vindication of the Divine holiness is to be found in the sufferings upon the cross. No one can doubt this when he looks there."

Fearing to weary him, I rose to take my leave. With the sweet courtesy which has always distinguished this Christian gentleman, he followed me to the door, leaning upon his staff. After expressing satisfaction at my visit, he sent messages of love to the ministers of his Church in New Orleans. "Remember me to Bishop Keener, to Drs. Parker, Walker, and Matthews, and tell them I am very near the other shore, and I think I know the landings." "Yes, Bishop, and the landing is very safe." "Blessed be God," he replied, "I know the landing on the other side, and it is safe." Thus, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, from the lips of this Christian patriarch falls the echo of Paul's cheerful testimony: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

B. M. PALMER.

## CHAPTER XLII.

“NOTES OF LIFE”—WESLEY HALL—A FRATERNAL MEETING.

IN 1881, while suffering from the malady which was taking his very life's blood and bringing him by steps slow and painful to the grave, and while nervous and feeble as an infant, he wrote for the Nashville *Christian Advocate* the series of articles under the head of “Notes of Life.” They were copied in nearly all the Church papers, and read with thrilling interest by thousands. They seemed almost like messages from the spirit land. He showed all the vigor of style, and elegance yet simplicity of diction, which had characterized the productions of his matured manhood and when in vigor of bodily health. In May he went to the Bishops' meeting at Nashville, and attended a District Conference at Hobson's Chapel. He dedicated Wesley Hall and made a speech on the occasion, of which this is a brief report:

“‘This day,’ said he, ‘makes a new era in the history of the Church. It is a day to be noted in our calendar. I thank God that I have lived to see it, and to feel the inspiration of this occasion. Like the holy Simeon, though I feel unworthy to use my name in connection with his, I can say with a full heart, *Nunc dimittis.*’ The venerable Bishop then briefly reviewed the situation in the South at the close of the war, and drew a graphic and touching picture of it as it lay bleeding and prostrate. ‘It was at this juncture,’ he said, ‘that the gift of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt came as a beam of light in the great darkness. The founding of Vanderbilt University was the fulfillment of long cherished hopes, and it was the answer to many prayers.’ The Bishop spoke with great feeling, and as he warmed with his theme his feeble frame seemed to

grow strong and his tremulous tones pealed out with the old martial ring."\*

He was satisfied now to depart and be with Christ, for his eyes had seen the completion of a hall in which for generations to come the young disciples of Christ were to be prepared for the great work of the ministry. As he looked upon this child of the Church, with holy reverence he adopted the language of Simeon upon the dedication of the child Jesus: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He was able to attend but two Conferences during this year. Feeble and suffering, he presided at the Memphis Conference held at Bolivar, Tenn. "At this Conference a resolution was adopted unanimously, all standing—the Secretary putting the question—expressive of the sentiments of the brethren in regard to the venerable presiding Bishop, Paine, the object of the reverence and love of the members, old and young:

*Resolved*, That we are devoutly thankful to God that in his providence he has spared our beloved and venerable senior Bishop—the Rev. Robert Paine—to visit us once more as a Conference, and that he has been enabled to preside with so much ability and satisfaction; and we pray that the blessings of the great Head of the Church may strengthen and sustain him in his declining life, and bring him in peace to his grave and in blessed triumph to heaven.

T. L. BOSWELL, J. D. RUSH, T. H. EVANS.

"Rev. T. L. Boswell delivered to the Bishop a very touching farewell address. To this address the Bishop, sitting in his chair, made a most tender response touching all hearts. A beautiful picture will that service long remain hanging in a choice place in memory's gallery. Hope, rich and mellow, was the experience of our dear Bishop all through the session, as shown in frequent utterances of lessons full of wisdom and love. His words were those of one speaking back to us from the land of rest and peace."†

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\* Nashville *Christian Advocate*. † Ibid.

In January, 1882, while Bishop Peck of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was holding a colored Conference in Aberdeen, Miss., he was invited by Bishop Paine to pay him a friendly social visit and dine with him. Other ministerial friends were invited to meet the Bishop and dine also. Among them was the Rev. A. D. McVoy, President of the Aberdeen Female College, who gives the following account of what took place on that very interesting occasion :

#### SYRACUSE AND ABERDEEN—A FRATERNAL SCENE.

The meeting of Bishop Jesse T. Peck with Bishop Robert Paine was no ordinary occasion. They were together in the General Conference of 1844, and to-day, January 21, 1882, Bishop Peck was invited by Bishop Paine to dine with him. They had not seen each other in thirty-eight years. Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D.D., of New Orleans, accompanied Bishop Peck by invitation. The resident ministers of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, together with Rev. Amos Kendall, presiding elder of the Aberdeen District, were also present. Bishop Peck was presiding over the Mississippi Conference (colored), now in session at this place. It was a privilege to listen to the conversation of these venerable servants of God. How vividly they recalled their former days, when they were young and active in the service. Naturally their minds went back to the memorable Conference of 1844, and they dwelt amid those eventful scenes, little dreaming, as Bishop Paine remarked, that they were making history the outcome of which would be so large and so important to the people of this nation.

The speech of Bishop Pierce was recalled when he said: "Let New England go; she has been a thorn in our flesh long enough." To which Bishop Peck replied: "New England cannot be spared, nor South Carolina, nor Georgia, nor any other Southern State." Then the rejoinder of Bishop Pierce in which he said that possibly he had been too severe, but that he meant no offense; and as for Bishop Peck, he said: "I would not by my remarks ruffle one single hair on the top of his head." As Bishop Peck was bald even then, this humorous reply was received by the large assembly with peals of laughter. At the table Bishop Peck remarked that he enjoyed richly Bishop Pierce's pleasantry.



Bishop Peck referred to the pleasure it always gave to see a man, especially a minister, go down the hill of life gracefully, cheerfully, and happily; and alluded to Bishop Scott of his own Church as affording an illustration of what he meant. Bishop Paine contrasted the experience of two aged ministers he had heard bid farewell to their respective Conferences—the one going down sad and despondent about earthly matters; the other a greater sufferer from adverse circumstances, but buoyant, cheerful, and hopeful. Bishop Peck thereupon related the anecdote of the elder Adams, when in his old age he said: “This tenement in which I have lived so long is going into dilapidation, and as the owner does not propose to repair it, I am making my arrangements to move out.” Bishop Paine remarked: “I have long since lost all fear of death. I have passed that point forever. Death has lost all its terrors for me. I know no moment, except when asleep, that I am not racked with pain. It is a great deprivation to be held in forced inactivity when there is so much to be done for the Master; but the Lord knows best, and I submit without a murmur to his will.” “Yes,” replied Bishop Peck, “I know of your great labors in which the Lord has blessed you so abundantly, and I rejoice to find you too going down life’s journey so gracefully, cheerfully, and hopefully.”

Dinner was announced, and around the inviting board the conversation ran on various topics. Bishop Peck spoke of his home in Syracuse, and of his wife there who bid him Godspeed on his Southern tour; and turning to Mrs. Paine, he expressed what great pleasure it would give him to entertain her and her husband in his Syracusan home. He remarked that as he passed through Nashville he looked with pride upon the great Publishing House and the stately Vanderbilt. He entertained his little audience with an account of his travels through Europe, of the Ecumenical, of the Conferences he held, and especially of the great work in Sweden and Norway. On our return to the parlor, and the time approaching for his return to the cabinet, Bishop Paine requested a word of prayer from him before they parted, in all probability never to see each other again on earth. Standing before the fire by the side of Bishop Paine, while we all stood around, he announced that he would sing these beautiful words, “My latest sun is sinking fast, my race is nearly run,” etc., to the tune of Land of Beulah; and with a firm and mellow and pleasant voice he sang through one verse and the chorus, “Come,

angel band," etc., in which we all earnestly and feelingly joined. There they stood, Bishop Paine just past his eighty-second year, and Bishop Peck his seventy-second, singing together their parting song. Then we knelt in prayer, and Bishop Peck poured out his soul in earnest and fervent supplication for his venerable brother in the gospel, for his family, for the ministers present, and for the spread of the gospel all over this Southern land as well as throughout the world. Then came the parting scene, and Bishop Peck took leave of one and all, remarking how much he had enjoyed this delightful reunion with his good brother Bishop Paine.

Bishop Peck preached Sabbath night, in the Methodist Church here, a strong gospel sermon to a large and interested audience. At the close he sent his compliments to the choir, remarking how much he enjoyed the exceedingly beautiful and grand music of the occasion; and on parting, he said to Miss Ludie Paine, the Bishop's daughter: "Give my love to the Bishop, and tell him I shall long remember yesterday's interview; and as long as I live I will cherish his letter of invitation over his own signature, as among my most valued and choicest treasures."

A. D. McVoy.

Aberdeen, Miss., Jan. 23, 1882.

He continued exceedingly feeble and was really unable to do any thing but suffer. We find this mournful entry on February 15, 1882: "William May Wightman is dead! He was a good and great man. Born January 29, 1808, in Charleston, S. C. Aged seventy-four years and one month, less one week. A cultured, consecrated life; a peaceful death." He, however, left home in April, 1882, for the General Conference in Nashville, Tenn. He stood the trip pretty well. After the reading of the Bishops' quadrennial address, a scene occurred in the General Conference rarely equaled for deep solemnity and the exhibition of the noblest and tenderest Christian feeling. It was on the presentation of Bishop Paine's request to be relieved from active service. But we reserve this for our next chapter.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

BISHOP PAINE RETIRING—DR. MCFERRIN'S SPEECH—BISHOP PIERCE'S ADDRESS—GREAT FEELING—DEATH OF T. O. SUMMERS—ORDAINING NEW BISHOPS—RETURNING HOME TO DIE.

BISHOP PAINE delivered the following address, requesting to be placed on the retired list, at the General Conference in Nashville, May, 1882:

*“Dear Brethren:* While joining heartily with my colleagues in the address you have heard, I beg your indulgence to make a few remarks of a personal character. During nearly sixty-five years, I have had the honor of being an itinerant Methodist preacher, and for thirty-six a Bishop. In the General Conference of 1824 I was a delegate, and as Bishop or delegate I have attended every session since then. For the confidence in my reliability, indicated by these facts, I wish now to return my most earnest gratitude. To my much respected colleagues in the episcopacy, between whom and myself the utmost cordial feelings have been unvaryingly maintained, I tender my thanks. They have generously supplied my lack of service by doing double duty. And now, beloved brethren, worn down with age and infirmities, I ask to be permitted to retire from further active service. Permit me, in conclusion, to congratulate you upon the auspicious circumstances under which you have met, and to remind you of your responsibility to God and to his Church. Should it be allowed me, in making this probably my last communication to a General Conference, to express the results of my experience and observations as to the doctrines and polity of our beloved Methodism, I

would say, after devoting a life-time to the study of its doctrines, my conviction as to their scripturalness has strengthened and my estimation of the importance of maintaining the essential features of its polity has increased. I do most devoutly thank God that in early life I became an itinerant Methodist preacher, and have continued such. But above all, I rejoice in the religious experience which Methodism presents as the privilege of its members, and the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' To enjoy this is the crowning glory of the Christian life. I rejoice in a thorough conversion, consciously attested by the witnessing Spirit, a pure and consecrated daily life, and its end—if it can properly be said ever to end—the crown of glory that fadeth not away. For this culmination I shall beg calmly and with humble confidence to wait until the pains and infirmities of this life shall pass away. There may we meet again!"

Long before the venerable Bishop had ceased reading the above, nearly all the members of the Conference were in tears. No one who was present will ever forget the affecting scene. When the address was finished the following verses were sung with deep feeling:

Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
 I have already come;  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me—  
 His word my hope secures;  
 He will my shield and portion be  
 As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease,  
 I shall possess, within the veil,  
 A life of joy and peace.

In tones indicating strong emotion the venerable Rev. Dr. John B. McFerrin said:

“I am too much overcome to take into consideration the paper read by the senior Bishop. There should be a proper response prepared and offered to the Bishop in the presence of the Conference. Our esteemed and distinguished brother—I might say father—has been long with us, was once a member of the Tennessee Conference, and has belonged to no other Conference but the Tennessee Conference. He is one of the few men—two or three—that voted to receive me into the Conference many long years ago. It has been my privilege in my humble way to be associated with him for more than fifty years. He always won the esteem of every member of the Conference. We all loved him, we always loved him, and since he has been elevated to the episcopacy we have always claimed him as a Tennessee Bishop. He has been in all our hearts, and we want to live with him and to die with him. While I say nothing to disparage any other Conference, nor dispute the claims of any other, still I hope when God calls the spirit away his body may be brought to Nashville and be buried here, at the city where he commenced his work. We love him greatly, and all the Church loves him. I should like to say much more, but my feelings will not allow me.”

Bishop Pierce then said:

“*Beloved Brother:* Your colleagues and brethren rejoice to see you among them. We consider your presence a benediction. It seems to me to be a beautiful providence that you should have commenced your itinerant career sixty-five years ago at this very point, and that after concluding that circle of labors you are here in the presence of your brethren, asking from them retirement from active service. Bless God that he has given to us your service so long! that he has spared you to attend this Conference. But while you cannot go forth in the Master’s

work, we may profit by your counsel, and rejoice in Christian fellowship with you. We do bless God that now, that in the sunset of your life, you are among us, and that when your sun shall go down you will pass into that heaven made glorious by the memories of the past, and the joys of the future. God bless you!"

The Bishop was much affected by the death of Dr. T. O. Summers, which occurred almost at the beginning of the Conference. Dr. Summers was a man of varied learning, and of great versatility of talents. He was good and true, and his death, so unexpected, was a grief to the whole Church. Bishop Paine had been most intimately associated with him, and loved him greatly.

He took a lively interest in the work of the Conference, and presided a short time on May 8. He remained at Nashville in a suffering and feeble condition until after the election of the Bishops. He led in the solemn services, and laid his trembling hands upon the heads of Alpheus W. Wilson, Linus Parker, John C. Granbery, and Robert Kenyon Hargrove, consecrating them as Bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It may be a pleasure to those Bishops to know what the Bishop wrote in his diary concerning them. He wrote two words only, but they are like apples of gold in pictures of silver: "*Good and true.*" Such words from such a man are worth more to the new Bishops than volumes of fulsome praise. Feeling unable to remain longer at the General Conference, he returned home on May 18. He was followed out of the Conference-room by a few devoted friends, among whom were Captain S. H. Dent, of Eufaula, Alabama, a delegate, and Dr. John W. Hanner, sr. He talked like one inspired—so full of his theme he did not seem to notice his old friend Dr. Hanner. His wife, so tender of him and so careful of others, called his attention to Dr. Hanner. The Bishop turned

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to him with the deepest feeling, and holding out his trembling hand, which was grasped lovingly by Hamner, he said: "John, I will soon be home; I am almost there. John, you must meet me in heaven. Farewell! We'll meet again."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## CLOSING SCENES—TRIUMPHANT TO THE LAST.

HE never again entered the room of the General Conference. In an incredibly short time he is again at home, receiving all the tender care so grateful in his deep affliction.

On Sunday, May 28, he writes: "Bright, sweet Sunday; but I can't go to preaching. Trying to search myself. I feel no great glow of religious joy, but a calm, humble trust in the mercy of God through my Redeemer. My family cares sometimes harass me, but I try to lay them all on the arm of Almighty Power and Infinite Love. I know that I was converted, and that I now love my God; but I want the fullness of the gospel of Christ. I want perfect love, consciously attested by the Holy Spirit. O give me this!"

Although suffering so much, he still gave his Christian sympathies to those in sorrow. On October 3 he penned the following letter to Brother Brooks, of the North Mississippi Conference. He had been a great favorite in the family of Brother Brooks, had baptized his children, and had ever been the honored and welcome guest in his family. One of the children had died, and learning of the sad event the Bishop, with all the love of a tender-hearted John, sent the bereaved family these words of sympathy and consolation:

ABERDEEN, MISS., Oct. 3, 1882.

*Dear Brother Brooks:* I have wanted to write you a word of Christian condolence and sympathy on the decease of your precious daughter, but have been too sick; having mended a little lately, I feel that I must do so to-day. We too have suffered, and know your



feelings. Let us endure to the end. Mine must be near, and thank God I believe it will be a happy one. We can't give up the battle now—fought too long to surrender on the eve of final victory. Wife and family join in much love and condolence. May we and all ours meet in the better land!

Your old friend and brother in Jesus,

R. PAINE.

He was now confined permanently to the house, and never passed a day without suffering. He noted the death of Senator Ben. Hill, of Georgia, as produced by cancer of the tongue. "A great statesman, a peerless orator, a sound Methodist Christian." He made note also of the comet which appeared in the autumn of 1882.

He had always loved astronomy. While on circuits, districts, and stations he studied this sublime science in his early manhood. His birth was on the night of November 12, 1799, made memorable by a shower of meteors. In 1833, at Pulaski, Tenn., during Conference, he had witnessed these celestial fire-works with an enthusiasm and an apprehension of their true character which calmed the fears of all who listened to his words of wisdom and learning. Now as he was closing his career a magnificent comet could be seen in the early morning sky. Feeble as he was, he must see this strange visitor. So with the assistance of his devoted wife and ever faithful daughter Ludie, he was made ready at three o'clock A.M., and was permitted to enjoy the sight. He then wrote in his diary: "The comet, pretty as a dream, seems nearly stationary, but is going from us east, not to reappear in three thousand five hundred years. Where shall we be then? In heaven, I hope. God's works glorious. Hope to understand them better in heaven." On October 9, his spiritual birthday, he writes: "Sixty-five years ago, three o'clock P.M., at Davis Brown's, Giles county, Tennessee, I was pardoned and born again, my heart and life changed. I do not think that I have since then wickedly departed from God.

I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shortly after commenced to preach. I have tried to do my duty. Would be a Methodist preacher had I my life to go over again. Thanks forever, almost home!"

Just a few days before this he wrote his last letter. It was to his old friend Dr. John B. McFerrin, and was in these words:

I have suffered much since General Conference—better for a few days past. Have still on hand a few "Notes of Life," written with trembling nerves. They need revision. Perhaps if I improve I may prepare them and add others; but I confess I doubt if I shall ever be able to write much more. Thank God, I have no anxiety upon this or any other matters. All I desire is more of God's grace.

R. PAINE.

Day and night suffering as few men of his age could suffer, he continued uttering words of wisdom, enough almost to fill a volume. He was never able to revise his "Notes of Life," or to add another line to them. He continued in bed, at intervals reading the Bible and conversing pleasantly and hopefully with his family, until on the night of the 18th of October, 1882, he became unconscious. On the 19th he breathed his last, and his pure spirit was borne to heaven at about four o'clock A.M. His departure was as quiet and calm as his career had been trustful, and his whole life from the age of eighteen had been dedicated to God and his work.

The following graphic account of his last moments and of his funeral is given by his friend and son in the gospel the Rev. Robert Paine Mitchell, who was with him often, and wrote down his last utterances at the time:

"On Wednesday, the 18th instant, at about one o'clock P.M., he became speechless, and as we supposed was in a dying condition, and indeed thought he would not live more than one hour; but he rallied a little about nine o'clock at night, and we began to hope that he would yet recover conscious-

ness, and be able to talk to us, but he began to sink again about two o'clock, and lingered until about twenty-nine minutes past four A.M., when quietly and without a struggle, like an infant in its mother's arms, he fell 'asleep in Jesus,' and his freed spirit winged its way to the bright world. His last days were full of peace and holy triumph. Almost a book could be filled with expressions of wisdom as well as joy which fell from his lips during the last few months of his life. The writer visited him two days before his death, and these were the last words he ever heard him utter: 'Brother, I am at perfect peace with God and all mankind. I can trust my Heavenly Father implicitly. I have no anxiety about the future.' On the 9th of October, his spiritual birthday, he made in his diary a triumphant and thankful record, and the last record, nervously traced by his trembling hand, was, 'Almost home, thank God!' Among the last expressions before he became speechless was a repetition of the long meter doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' etc.; and thus in his very last hours he gave strong evidence of his abiding confidence in God. When speaking of dying, he always said, 'I have no fear of death as to its results, but I dread the physical suffering which must attend the dissolution of soul and body,' and frequently asked his friends to pray that he might be delivered from great bodily suffering in his last moments. God graciously spared him all pain; there was not a struggle or groan. As soon as he was dead Bishop McTyeire was notified by telegraph, and requested to attend his funeral. He reached Aberdeen on Friday night, and the funeral-services were held in church on Saturday at twelve o'clock. The Bishop was assisted by Revs. Amos Kendall, presiding elder of the district, A. D. McVoy, S. A. Steele, John H. Scruggs, R. G. Porter, and the writer. Brothers Kendall, Scruggs, McVoy, Steele, Porter, Long, Kilgore, and H. B.

Scruggs acted as pall-bearers. The church was handsomely and tastefully draped for the occasion. Just back of the pulpit, midway between the floor and the ceiling, encircled by a wreath of flowers, were printed these tender words, 'Our Bishop,' and underneath the book-board on the front of the pulpit the word 'Rest' was woven in evergreens and flowers, and the whole surrounded with drapery significant of the sorrow felt not only by us here, but by the whole Church. The corpse was met at the door of the church by the pastor, and the solemn service read as it was borne down the aisle to the chancel, when the Rev. J. H. Scruggs announced hymn 739, which was rendered very feelingly by the choir; Rev. R. G. Porter read the ninetieth psalm, and Rev. S. A. Steele the fifteenth of 1 Corinthians, and the choir sung hymn 716, announced by Rev. A. D. McVoy. The Bishop's remarks were founded on Matt. xvi. 18. His discourse was strong and comforting, and the delineation of the character of the deceased full and complete. The spacious auditorium of our church was filled to its utmost capacity. The poor of the place, the merchants, and schools each turned out in procession, thus showing the high appreciation the community had of this venerable man of God. O how we shall miss him, his wise counsels, his cheerful words, his godly example! Let the Church everywhere pray for his stricken family.

R. P. MITCHELL."

All that was mortal of the great and good man now sleeps in the cemetery of Aberdeen. Dr. E. R. Hendrix gives the following brief statement, summing up the progress of the Church of which he was a pillar and an ornament for sixty-five years. Let it not be forgotten that during all these years he contributed largely to this prosperity, and that he has now received the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant:"

"Bishop Paine has just 'fallen asleep' at the ripe age of

eighty-three. His life, which began just before the dawn of the present century, may help to measure to some minds what progress Christianity has made during a single human life. When Bishop Paine was born in 1799 there were but seven Protestant missionary societies; now there are seventy. When he was yet an infant there were only one hundred and seventy missionaries; now there are over two thousand four hundred ordained missionaries, besides hundreds of ordained native preachers and over twenty-three thousand native helpers, catechists, teachers, etc. Then there were not over fifty thousand converted heathen under the care of evangelical missions; now there are one million six hundred and fifty thousand. In fact, in one year (1878) more souls were converted from heathenism than could be found in all the missions when Robert Paine was born. Then the entire income from missions was less than one-quarter of a million dollars; now it reaches over six million. Then the number of evangelical mission-schools was seventy; to-day they are twelve thousand, with more than four hundred thousand students. Then there had been published five million copies of the Bible in fifty languages; to-day one hundred and forty-eight million copies may be found in whole or in part in two hundred and twenty-six languages and dialects. If a single human life may witness such marvelous progress as that in heathen lands, what courage should possess every soldier of Christ!"

## CHAPTER XLV.

## SUMMING UP OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

WE have endeavored carefully to give the facts in a life going far beyond the usual limits. We have seen our subject in his boyhood, youth, manhood, and in old age. We have looked into his whole life as a boy at school, a merchant's clerk, a sincere seeker of religion, a happy Christian, a young preacher traveling a circuit, stationed in towns, becoming presiding elder and a delegate to the General Conference at the age of twenty-four years. Then we have seen him as president of a college, and finally as Bishop of the whole Church, doing efficient work for the cause of God for more than sixty years. Now we are prepared to make a brief summary of his character.

1. He was a man of indomitable energy. He spent as few moments unemployed as any one we have ever known. He was the active boy, the diligent student, the faithful preacher, the laborious college president, and the indefatigable Bishop. From the age of eighteen to the time he was so worn by disease as to be unable to leave his home, he was ever on the go, "always at work."

2. He was possessed of inflexible firmness. He was by no means a stubborn man. His was the firmness of a strong will, and not of violent passion. It was the firmness of the highest manhood, and was in no respect akin to the stubbornness of a fierce animal blinded by beastly passion. A man taking position at the dictate of passion is very far removed from the man whose position is taken and held at

the dictate of reason and conscience. A stubborn man never listens to the dictates of reason or to the voice of conscience. Blinded by passion, he heeds not the calls of the higher principles of his nature. A man of firmness is calm. No perturbation of disordered feelings, no violence of tyrannical passion, sways or controls him. He is governed by principle. He is self-possessed. He stands unmoved amid all the clamors of appetite and the influences beneath which the weak fall prostrate. Such was the firmness of Bishop Paine. It was rational. It was thoroughly conscientious, and was not in the least produced by a paroxysm of blind feeling, however deep. It was the decision of the self-poised man, the determination arising from calm convictions undisturbed by the perturbations of passion.

3. He was as brave as he was firm. He was a stranger to fear. Where duty called there he was found, in the midst of epidemics or facing wrathful men threatening his life. His courage led him to be faithful to duty often at the risk of his life.

4. His magnanimity was of the highest order. He was never known to do a little, mean thing. He was above all this. He would shoulder any responsibility demanded by his position and undergo any obloquy to shield his brethren from unjust reproach.

5. Bishop Paine was a writer of far more than ordinary merit. He was an accurate English scholar and a good rhetorician. He seldom made a mistake. He became almost rigid as a critic from his great desire as a teacher to prevent his pupils from becoming extravagant or bombastic in their written exercises. He was a great pruner. He removed all inappropriate and redundant words. He applied this criticism to his own productions. His style as a writer was neat and often elegant, but never gorgeous. In extemporaneous addresses, especially in his young days, his

powerful imagination may have indulged in flights not in accordance with the most rigid demands of pure taste; but he never allowed this to mar his written productions. He may therefore be justly classed among our best writers.

6. He was great in his attainments. He was a practical geologist of the first class. Had he devoted himself entirely to this department, he would have been the equal of any scientist in the land. As it was, he was the first to foretell the immense mineral resources of Alabama and of the West. As a philosopher, he was not a whit behind the greatest of the age. He had mastered the science of mind and morals, and was a most astute logician and a splendid lecturer.

7. He was a gospel preacher in the fullest sense of that word. He loved gospel themes, and he presented them with clearness and in demonstration of the Spirit. He was a profound theologian. In this department he kept pace with the age. He not only read and thoroughly digested Richard Watson, John Wesley, and all the old fathers of Methodism, but he was familiar with the productions of the best writers of this age on the doctrines of our beloved Christianity. He read the most recent commentators and studied them thoroughly. He read the religious quarterlies both of his own Church and of other branches of the Church. He was among the first to secure any new work and to read it with care and full appreciation. It was this constant reading and continuous exercise of his mental powers that kept up their vigor to the last. He was at times a preacher fit to be ranked with the greatest ever developed by our holy Christianity. He glowed with seraphic fire. His clear and full exposition of divine truth; his rigid and masterful logic; his caustic satire; his language rich, chaste, and classical; his imagination original, creative, and cultured; his taste refined and almost faultless; and added



to all this, a voice full, clear, and sonorous, and a heart all alive with divine love, and with the Holy Spirit attending every utterance—all these, united in one great sermon, placed him among the most gifted of sacred orators, the most powerful of gospel preachers. I have heard him when he seemed inspired, and I am sure that I have not exaggerated his great power as a preacher of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

8. He was a great Bishop. He was thoroughly acquainted with ecclesiastical law, and he had the decision of character which enabled him to carry it out. He presided with dignity and authority unmixed with the least exercise of arbitrary power. He was as free from tyranny on the one hand as he was from lack of decision on the other. He was impartial and thoroughly just. He understood his duty, and he did it in the fear of God. A Methodist Bishop is invested with great power. He could make himself an autocrat. He could become a source of great evil by the exercise of arbitrary power. Then he might do great harm to the Church by having his favorites among the preachers. He was neither arbitrary nor partial. He was strong and self-poised. He united the gentleness of a woman with the strength of the brightest Christian manhood. Thus he was a model Bishop.

9. He was a Christian. He was under the baptism of the Holy Ghost for sixty-five years, and was thoroughly consecrated to the service of God and his Church. He had no envy or pride, and he was the embodiment of truth. He "bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things, never behaved himself unseemly, and thought no evil." As a Christian he was bright and cheerful. He indulged in no bitterness, but grew sweeter in spirit as age and infirmities increased. He did not profess sanctification, and yet he had the perfect love which took away all fear and removed all

anxiety—the perfect love which enabled him to say, “I am almost home,” and to say, “I know the landing on the other shore, and it is safe.”

Such a man was Bishop Paine. As husband and father, and in all the relations of life, he was without a soil upon his garments—a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and hated evil. He is gone, and this picture, drawn by the loving hand of an old and devoted pupil, is now presented to the Church as a correct likeness of one whose sublime virtues should not only excite our admiration and win our love, but determine our imitation. This picture—in which the utmost accuracy has been sought, and in which the effort has been made to draw every lineament true to the life—is now sent upon its mission with the prayer that thousands may be made wiser and better by its examination. It is now before the reader. Gaze upon it until the majesty of the great original shall so impress you that you will feel that you are in close company with the model Bishop, the pure Christian, the powerful preacher, the eminent servant of God. In this company I leave you.

THE END.

























