

# MEMOIRS

*of*

## SAMUEL RUFUS HARSHMAN

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

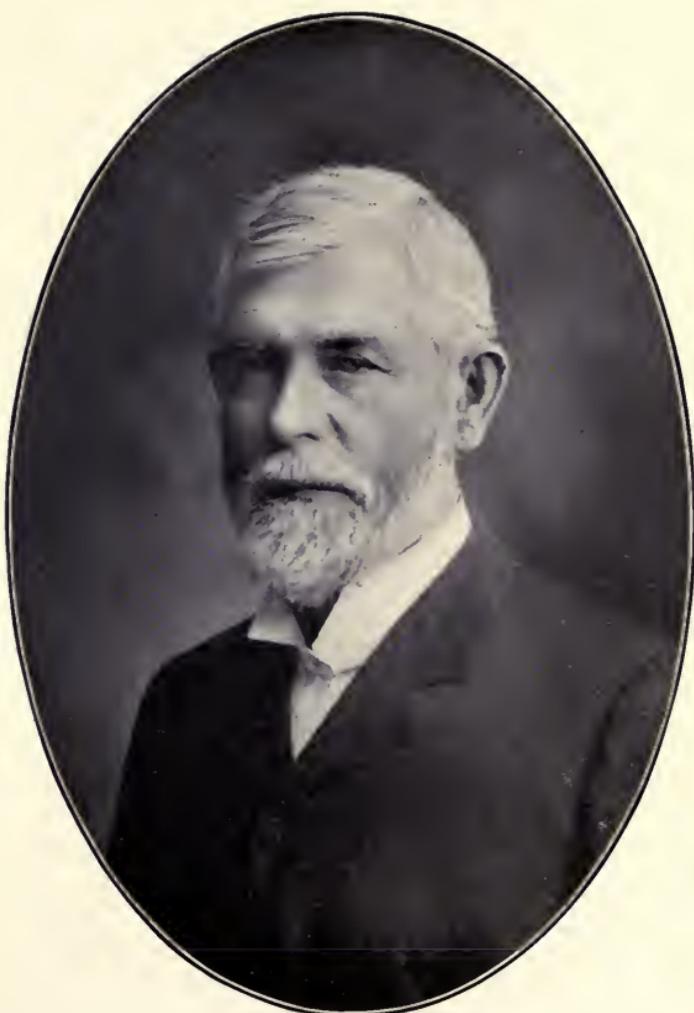












SAMUEL RUFUS HARSHMAN.

# MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL RUFUS HARSHMAN

Comprising His Autobiography, Recollections of Men and Events, Camp-Meetings, and Other Meetings held in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; also Something of His Later Life, Obituary, Letters and Sermons.



PUBLISHED BY  
HIS FRIENDS

MDCCCCXIV



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Ill. Hist. Soc.

## INTRODUCTION.

With the publication of these Memoirs, we think our Father would have liked us to explain that he felt no small degree of hesitation and reluctance about preparing them. It was only after repeated requests and repeated urging on the part of his children that he so far overcame his modesty as to consent to set down the story of his life. He has done so primarily for their pleasure, and that they may have an authentic record of his life and ancestry. After he had commenced the work, he found great pleasure in transcribing his experiences and recollections, and this coupled with his delight in the pleasure his children found in reading them, made of the task an enjoyment and a recreation. In fact, he became so interested in the work as many times to over-tax his strength, and suffered much consequent discomfort.

No, his life's story was not written because he felt that in the eyes of the world he had done anything that was of any importance. From their point of view he was, as he said in his last sickness, "just a poor fool who spent his life trying to do men good." And this, is, no doubt, the gentlest pronouncement that carnal men would make on his life. He was so eminently foolish as to follow God's admonition, "Whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be the servant of all." This we believe epitomizes his life; he was indeed "the servant of all."

We feel that such a life cannot help but be an inspiration and encouragement to those who would follow in the foot-steps of the lowly Nazarene; and it is with this hope that his life is given to his friends.

HIS CHILDREN.

Sullivan, Illinois,  
April 4th., 1914.



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# HARSHMAN'S MEMOIRS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MY ANCESTRY.

THE family to which I belong, and from which I derive my origin, so far as I know has never been distinguished in war or peace. The name does not appear upon the roll of fame either as of warrior or statesman, as prominent in the learned professions, as preacher or professor, as financier or engineer, as inventor or discoverer. In this respect, I have no reason to boast of my ancestry. If I were a multi-millionaire, I should waste no money in trying to trace my descent from some robber baron of the middle ages, believing as I do, that I should find my remote ancestors much closer to the soil if not actually attached to some of it. On the other hand, I have never heard of one of the name having been hanged or sent to states prison, though as Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked of his family, some of them may have deserved it. The men of my patronymic have been, in general, honest, industrious law-abiding members of the community, thrifty and moderately well-to-do. Some of them have been quite wealthy, but those were generally distant relatives of mine. The old stock were not usually religiously inclined, but in this respect the younger generations have greatly changed. The

Harshmans of the present time are generally religious. The poet Gray's lines, describing the occupants of a rural church-yard, will fitly apply to my ancestors.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They took the even tenor of their way."

My great-great-grandfather, as nearly as I can learn, emigrated from Germany to the United States, or rather to the colony of Virginia, about the middle of the eighteenth century. I think he must have lived in the region of the Shenandoah valley. As was usual with Germans, he had a numerous family, and some of his sons migrated westward. An event occurred in his family which has been handed down by tradition through all the branches of his descendants, and which enables them to establish their relationship. One of his sons was bitten by a mad dog and developed a case of hydrophobia. In attempts to control him in his paroxysms, he was smothered to death under a feather bed. I have never learned what was the name of this emigrant. My great-grandfather was one of his sons, and I judge, though I do not know, that he was a younger son. As a young man he removed to Maryland and settled near Hagerstown, where he married a German girl, also an emigrant, by the name of Madaline Schmitt or Smith. She was a "Redemptioner," that is, one who, unable to pay her passage across the ocean, was sold on her arrival in this country to pay her fare. She fell into the hands of a cruel master and suffered great hardship before her time was worked out. She lived to

quite an advanced age, nearly one hundred years. I saw her frequently during my childhood and early youth, though I do not remember that she ever noticed me. She was then in her dotage, living in the family of her youngest son. Her husband had died several years before. My great-grandfather's name was Matthias. By some means he lost the most of his property in Maryland, and removed farther west in the latter part of the eighteenth century and lived for a number of years in Washington county, Pennsylvania, a short distance from Pittsburgh. Here his family grew to manhood and womanhood. Then in the early years of the nineteenth century, he changed his location again, removing to Trumbull county, Ohio, and settling first in Austintown township and afterwards in Lordstown township, where he and his youngest son bought a farm. Here he resided until his death. I have no information as to the exact date of his death, but it was somewhere in the thirties. He had a family of five sons and four daughters, all of whom lived to old age, none of them dying under seventy, I think, and several of them living to above eighty years. My grandfather, Jacob Harshman, was one of the younger children. I do not know whether he was born before the family left Maryland or not. However, he grew up and married in Washington county, Pennsylvania. Opportunities for getting an education were few at that time, and it is probable that the advantages of an education were not appreciated as they should have been, or more earnest efforts would have been put forth in that direction. My grandfather had no education, though I think his brothers had. Some of them I know were

ordinary scholars for those times. My grandfather's wife, my paternal grandmother, was Elizabeth Moninger. She was of pure German extraction, as was my grandfather. All her life she spoke German fluently, that is, the dialect called "Pennsylvania Dutch," in fact, she never lost the habit of substituting w for v in such words as "vinegar." She had a good common education and could read, as well as speak both English and German. My grandfather's children all received a fair education and three of them were school teachers. They had the same number of children as my great-grandparents, viz., nine, but there was one more son and one less of the daughters; there being six sons and three daughters. My grandfather gave his daughters the names of three of his sisters: Mary, Catherine and Elizabeth, though they went by the names of Polly, Katy and Betsy. These nine children all lived to be more than sixty years old, several of them over eighty, and but two died under seventy.

My father who was also named Jacob, was the fifth child and third son. The names of the sons and daughters in the order of their birth were Matthias, John, Mary, Catherine, Jacob, George Washington, Elizabeth, Levi and Ephraim. The three younger sons were the school teachers. My father attended school long enough to learn to read and write and to cypher to the "rule of three." In middle life, by study and practice, he greatly improved his hand-writing and his skill in mathematics. My Grandfather Harshman was a man of fair complexion and blue eyes; my grandmother had black eyes and hair. My father favored his mother and was of dark complexion. As I am unlike my father, fair skinned and have blue eyes, I always thought that I derived my looks from my

mother, but on examining a photograph of my Grand-father Harshman taken in his old age and which recently came into my possession, I was surprised to note how much I resemble him. My father was born on December 4th, 1821, in Washington county, Pennsylvania. While he was yet a lad my grandfather removed to Lordstown, Trumbull county, Ohio, and bought a small farm adjoining his father's farm. In the spring of 1841, when my father was past nineteen years of age, he was married to Elizabeth Jones, who was several years his senior. She was born in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, but I am not informed of the exact date. She was the daughter of Samuel Jones, a common laborer, who raised a large family, two sons and eight daughters. My maternal grand-mother was of German extraction. Her maiden name was Susannah Ernst. Grandfather Jones was of English or Welsh extraction. He was a man of unusual physical strength and of an intelligence above the average, as some of his letters I have seen testify; but he was lacking in ability to manage his affairs and being burdened with a large family he never acquired property. My Grandmother Jones' family were thrifty people. All their ten children grew up and all but two lived to old age. The youngest son, William, was a feeble child and never grew strong, and died in middle age. My mother died before thirty years of age. Grandfather Jones removed to Ohio before his children were all grown. His daughters, as they grew up, were compelled to earn their own living. Grandmother and Grandfather Jones were religious people and their children were so trained that they became religious also in early life. My mother lost her health shortly after her marriage, being attacked with pulmonary trouble.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I was born on November 30th, 1841. As a result of my mother's feeble health, my birth was premature, and I was a very small specimen of humanity to begin with. As my mother's health was so delicate that she could not nurse me, artificial means of nourishment were resorted to, and I had to use a bottle. Notwithstanding these handicaps, I thrived and became a strong, healthy child. I was born in a log cabin of one room in Lordstown, Trumbull county, Ohio, about one and one-half miles east and one mile south of the center of the township. In the Western Reserve of northeastern Ohio the townships are five miles square, while in the remainder of the state they are six miles square. In these townships the highways are so laid off that they cross at the center of each township, and in most cases there is a village at this point wherein is situated the Post Office for the township. Modern rural delivery has somewhat changed this, however. The fact of having been born in a log cabin is no particular distinction, since more than one-half of the inhabitants of the rural districts lived in log houses, those living in houses of hewn logs constituting the aristocracy. The cabin in which I was born was built of logs with the bark on, covered with clapboards held in place by weight poles. The loft of the cabin was utilized as a guest chamber as well as a store house for grain and fruits and garden herbs. The stars were

visible through the interstices of the roof on a clear night and there was no need of extra provision for ventilation. The hut in which I was born was still standing when I last visited Ohio, more than sixty years after my birth. It had long ceased to be a human habitation, probably it had not been occupied for more than fifty years. My mother died on March 1st, 1842, when I was three months and one day old. She was a good woman according to her light, a member of the Methodist Episcopal society. Her funeral sermon was preached by a M. E. preacher by the name of Ira Norris. I was informed many years afterward, in 1869, when I was visiting in Ohio and preaching in the neighborhood of my birth, that a remarkable thing occurred at my mother's funeral, which was well remembered by old people after the lapse of twenty-eight years. In the prayer which the minister offered at the funeral there was nothing unusual noticed until he prayed for the infant that had been left motherless, when there was a remarkable display of divine power, or as some who were present expressed it, "heaven and earth seemed to come together." I feel that God has been answering that prayer ever since. After the death of my mother I was taken to live at my Grandfather Harshman's, though I spent some of the time at my Grandfather Jones', who now lived nearby. Notwithstanding the general ignorance of sanitary rules, the microbes did not get the advantage of me, and I thrived on a diet of cow's milk sucked out of an ordinary bottle through a goosequill. I have been told that it was some trouble to keep me supplied with bottles, for if one was allowed to become empty while I was using it I would

throw it to the floor, which necessitated a new one, as carpets were not used in those days. After remaining a widower something over a year my father married again. His second wife was the next younger sister of his first wife, by name Catherine Jones. Of my mother I, of course, have no recollection, and as she died before the era of photography, I have never seen any portrait of her. The only visual evidence I have that she ever lived is her tombstone in the cemetery near the center of Lordstown. She was, I am told, rather tall and slender, having a good form, with blue eyes and light brown hair, and was quite fair to look upon. She was neat and tasty in her dress, was of good mental traits and powers, fairly educated, and could sing well. My stepmother was well educated for those times, was above the average in intellect and general information, sincerely religious, and took unusual pains in my training. In fact, so good a mother to me was she that I never should have suspected that she was not my real mother, and I am told that I was much distressed when first informed by mischievous playmates that she was not my mother. My father and she began housekeeping in another log cabin about one-half mile east of the one in which I was born. My father had no trade and no means, and the wages of day laborers were quite low. He was an expert with the ax and spent much time especially in the winter months in cutting cord wood which was used to make charcoal required by the iron furnaces in the towns of Mahoning valley, just becoming celebrated for its production of coal and iron. In the summer he worked at farming. My first recollection is of this home when I could not have been

more than two years old. I remember myself as having on a linsey woolsey dress going out into the chimney corner at the side of the house. Just a glimpse and that is all. The next recollection I have is of living in another house to which we next moved, which was on the farm settled by my great-grandfather, one-half mile north of my birthplace. The mental picture is of a bright winter's morning, the ground covered with snow, and a little boy half dressed standing on a porch on the west side of the house at the south end of the porch and looking out toward the wood pile where my father and grandfather were unloading wood from a sled drawn by a team of mares, one black called "Coalie," and the other a clay-bank color named "Fox." Coalie was soon disposed of by my grandfather, but Fox he kept until she died of old age. She was a gentle beast, but unreasonably afraid of a buffalo robe, at sight or smell of which she would cut up didos. I was a bright, active child, and somewhat precocious. I am told that as soon as I could walk I would climb up on chairs and jump down, to the alarm of my parents. While we lived at the place last mentioned, I made my first visit to a school. It was in a log schoolhouse and the seats were slabs with pegs for legs, which were set in auger holes at the ends. The slabs were turned flat side up. I could not have been more than four years old at this time. I soon tired of sitting on a hard bench with legs dangling and became restless. The teacher, who was a man, thinking to quiet me, threatened to put me in the stove, but as my whole experience had been with truthful people I was very much frightened, and the teacher was rid of me permanently. About this time in the

spring, after I was four years old, my father made another change of habitation. As I have said, highways running north and south and east and west crossed at the center of the township. One and one-half miles in each direction from this center were roads; those on the east and west sides running north and south, and those on the north and south running east and west, making a square three miles on each side and cut into four equal parts by the roads crossing at the center. So that each of these smaller squares was one and one-half miles on each side. We had lived on the east side of the square lying to the south-east. We now removed to the west side of the same square on the road running south from "the center" as it was called. We here lived on a farm belonging to my father's uncle, Daniel Harshman, whose wife, who was a sister of my Grandmother Harshman, had died some time previously. Here we lived several years. During the succeeding winter my Grandmother Jones, who was now a widow, lived with us and taught me the German alphabet. I do not know when I learned the English alphabet, but it was so early in life that I have no recollection of it. The first I remember studying in school was words of two letters in *Webster's Elementary Spelling Book* with green pasteboard covers. These I could rattle off as fast as I could talk. I began going to school before I was five years old. I was timid and fearful and my young companions, with the cruelty of childhood, did what they could to make life miserable for me. Living between my father's residence and the schoolhouse, more than half a mile distant, lived a man in a hewn log house whose name was Henry Thorn, with a wife

named Polly. She had followed him from Virginia and insisted on living with him. He was in the habit of getting drunk whenever he went to town, and would come home in fighting mood and drive Polly out until he became sober, when she would return home. Polly was of the opinion of the Irish woman that it was a very poor man that was not better than none. I was afraid of this man and my playmates encouraged my fears so that I was in terror when passing his house. After the first year, my mother's youngest sister, who was six years older than I, came to live with us and I had her company to and from school. I learned very rapidly and was soon reading in the *Second Reader*. I was even then ambitious to excel in everything, and made much amusement for the family by crying because the teacher, who was boarding with us, could eat buckwheat cakes faster than I could. From my earliest recollection I was deeply impressed by religious subjects. My stepmother very carefully taught me, and her instructions found fertile soil in my mind. As a result of her labors, I have been all my life afraid of sin. In school I heard much bad language from my playfellows. One day when something displeased me I uttered an oath. I was immediately struck with terror at what I had done and at once ran all the way home to tell mother what I had done, and asked her if she thought the Lord would forgive me. Being assured that He would if I would do so no more, I was consoled and returned to school. I was particularly afraid of lying, and never could tell a lie even in a joke. My veracity was unquestioned among my associates. Up to this time they had none but subscription schools in Ohio, but

the free school system was adopted there soon afterward. English grammar was introduced into the school I attended and my fancy was much struck by the recitations I heard and I began to imitate the parsing I heard. When I was seven years old I persuaded my parents to get me a book and I began studying grammar. The text book was *Samuel Kirkham's English Grammar*. While we lived on this farm I met with a serious accident. My father had taken a load of hay to Warren, the county seat, and had taken me with him. I was about six years old. On the way home on the empty wagon my father had seated me behind him astride of the board running lengthwise of the wagon. My father sat with both feet on one side, and I became ambitious to sit as father did. As I was changing my position we crossed a small culvert and a young mare in the team jumped across, giving the wagon a sudden jerk. I fell off and the rear wheel passed over my left arm, dislocating my elbow and breaking the humerous about halfway between the elbow and the shoulder. By the time we reached home and a surgeon could be called the arm was much swollen and I suffered intense pain in the setting of the fractured bone. While living here we were visited on a very hot day in July, with the mercury 98 in the shade, the hottest day for years, by an insane woman, Mrs. Mills by name. At that time insane asylums were few in this country and insane people, unless violent, were often allowed to roam at large. This woman was in this habit. When she visited us on this hot day she exhibited to my stepmother six flannel skirts that she wore, giving as her reason for so doing that she wished to keep

out the heat. As the temperature was blood heat without, I suppose the skirts kept out as much heat as they kept in. As I was afraid of her, I had crawled under the bed, a common city of refuge for frightened children in those days of single-room houses and high-post bedsteads. She tried to frighten me further by telling me that snakes might get me. House snakes commonly infested log houses in their search for mice; they were harmless, however.

When I was in my eighth year my father made another removal to a point two miles east of The Center, still living in a log house. Here we remained one year. During the winter I attended school in a log school house one-half mile west of us at the cross roads. It was taught by a young man named Servetus Parke, a good teacher. I read *McGuffy's Fourth Reader* in a class of young men and young women. I was also in the grammar class with them. I had not yet begun arithmetic. I remember when we were reading that extract from Philip's memorable oration on Napoleon Bonaparte, beginning with "He is fallen; we may now pause before that splendid prodigy," etc., I, in reading my verse in turn came to the phrase "the titular dignitaries of a chess board." Of course I had no idea what that meant, nor, I suspect, had my older classmates much more idea, when one of them suggested that the word was pronounced "cheese board," and I read it that way, much to the merriment of the class. I was always unsuspecting and easily imposed upon. That winter when I was eight years old, I "spelled down" the school in spelling school. That winter I read a copy of *Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress* all to pieces and became

as familiar with the road to the celestial city as with the road to school. Obviously, I had no conception of the spiritual meaning of the book. It was to me a tale of giants and hobgoblins and of the adventures of quaint people. During the summer months it was one of my chores to drive our cow to and from pasture. One evening as I walked behind her, I poked her with a stick I carried and she promptly kicked me. On the impulse of the moment I used some profane word. I did not run to tell mother this time, but I felt profoundly ashamed and chagrined. This was the second and last time I ever used a profane word. During the following winter I met with another serious accident. There was a deep snow on the ground and father had gone to his father's place to make himself a sled. Mother was washing clothes and sent me with a small tin bucket to a little stream nearby to get her some water. There were some young horses in the field through which this stream ran, and they, probably thinking I had salt in the bucket, followed me. I turned to drive them back when one of them, a three-year-old mare, kicked me in the face and knocked me down. A neighbor passing saw me getting up and falling down in the snow and thought I was playing. My stepmother, coming to see what kept me so long, saw me coming toward the house covered with blood and was much frightened. She found on examination that my nose was split and the left upper lip cut through to the teeth. My father was sent for and a physician. It was some time before I regained entire consciousness. I carry the scar of that kick to this day. The next spring my father removed to Preston's Corners,

a cross roads one and one-half miles south of the "Center" and near the schoolhouse where I first attended school, where he lived one year. This was in the spring of 1850. Few things worth noting occurred to me during the year. Our house was a frame house, the first of the kind I had ever lived in, containing two rooms. I had a laughable experience during the summer. I still had the task of driving the cow to and from pasture. One evening I conceived the idea of riding the cow. She was very gentle and I thought she would not object. I ran ahead and mounted a stump beside the path and when the cow got opposite I leaped astride her back. The effect was instantaneous. The conduct of the cow surprised me as much as I surprised her. As I had not been trained for a circus performer I was soon unseated. The cow was satisfied and so was I. During this summer my father, one morning early, hitched up his mare "Elder," so called because he got her from a Methodist presiding Elder, put into the buggy his family, consisting of his wife and five children and drove by sundown to a point on the Ohio river near where East Liverpool now stands. There was already a village there and potteries making coarse ware. The distance travelled that day was about sixty miles. We went to visit a brother-in-law of my father, who had married my mother's oldest sister. This trip was a great treat to us children, who had never before been more than a short distance from home. The beautiful Ohio river ran in sight of the house in which my uncle lived. Here I saw a steamboat for the first time. The river was low, but still it seemed immense to me. I was taken

across it in a skiff into what is now West Virginia. I well remember the outward trip but have no remembrance of the return trip. In October my father made a trip into Vienna township to procure cider and apples out of which to make apple butter. This was before the days of hermetically sealed cans to preserve fruit in. To preserve fruit, it was either dried, preserved in sugar or made into jam or butter. My father each year would procure two or three barrels of cider and apples to thicken the syrup. The cider was boiled down one-half or more and the prepared apples which had been pared, quartered and cored, were put into it and boiled and stirred until the apples were cooked and dissolved. - The morning I mentioned was cool and frosty and I had difficulty in keeping warm while riding and ran after the wagon part of the time. When we reached the cider press, I was much interested in the process of making cider, which was somewhat primitive. Instead of burlap sheets to contain the cheeses they used rye straw. It was a screw press manipulated with lever by hand power. I shivered as I saw men with bare hands and arms working with the cold pomace while I was uncomfortably cold standing by. I went into the dwelling which stood near to warm myself, where I saw an old lady sitting knitting while a pot over the fireplace sent forth the odor of boiling pumpkin, which I never could endure. It was difficult to choose between the cold without and the smell within. I helped my father pick the apples under the trees in the orchard and we reached home with our booty about dark.

The next spring when I was in my tenth year we

removed to the center of Lordstown, a small village at the center of the township. We lived on the outskirts of the village or hamlet in an old farm house owned by Esquire Leonard Woodard, the rich man of the township. The farm had formerly been owned by a man by the name of Stitle and the house was called the Stitle house. It was a two-story hewn-log house having three rooms in each story besides an attic. My father began work in a sawmill nearby where he learned the engineer's trade and afterwards the sawyer's trade also. He continued in this business for five years, part of the time as an employee, and part of the time as a part-owner in the business. The principal varieties of lumber sawed was various kinds of oak and yellow poplar which was quite plentiful in that section and of large size. My stepmother was fearful of the bursting of the boiler and several times when a gasket would be blown out of the steam-pipe I have seen her frightened fearfully. The whole mill and logyard would be enveloped in steam, and the hissing noise of escaping steam was proof enough that the boiler was intact, but she could never take these things into consideration in her alarm. She would run to the mill as fast as she could and would not be satisfied until she saw father safe.

I have spoken of my unusual conscientiousness, and some may get from the account the false impression that I was something of an effeminate mamma's darling sort of boy. On the contrary, I was a normal boy, loving fun and sport and excelling in out-of-door games and athletic exercises. Few of my age could surpass me in running, jumping or wrestling. I was strong and active, large of my age, and always from

childhood appearing older than I was, both mentally and physically. I was thoughtless and heedless in play, not seeing danger until I was into it. In school I was studious and generally well behaved but sometimes getting into mischief and meeting with reproof or punishment. But there was one thing I would not do. I would not fight, thinking it not only sinful but disgraceful. I had something of the feeling toward fighting that the mother expressed when she told her daughter that a certain act was not only wrong, but worse than that—it was vulgar. So, notwithstanding my quick temper and the knowledge that I was stronger than most of my playmates, I never had a fight. The next year after our removal to the "center," I think it was, a select school was opened at that place and my parents, being ambitious for my advancement, sent me to it. It opened in the Methodist meeting house for the spring term but when the town hall was completed it was removed to it. I attended two terms of select school that summer and the common school the next winter, and the next year the same. Being of a nervous temperament, this began to tell upon me, and I developed a nervous disease resembling hypochondria, and my parents were forced to take me from school for a while. I soon recovered, however, and went back to school again. The teacher of this select school was a young man named Joseph E. King. He taught the school several successive terms and was a very successful teacher. He made a greater impression upon the character of his pupils than any other teacher I ever knew. He afterwards became a minister of the gospel among the people calling themselves Disciples of

Christ, and I never saw him after he left the school. He was quick tempered and severe in his discipline, but was thoroughly liked and respected by his pupils, and did much toward making ladies and gentlemen of them. Not long after we removed to the Stitle house, my father was elected township clerk, an office which he held several successive terms until he was elected Justice of the Peace, which office he held for twenty-five years. The township clerk was also clerk of the board of education, which controlled the affairs of the public schools of the township. About this time a law was passed by the legislature establishing a public school library. The books for our township were sent to, and left with, the township clerk as custodian, where they remained for several months until they were distributed to the several school districts. I had always suffered from a dearth of reading matter, being an insatiable reader. Books and newspapers and periodicals were much scarcer then than now and my parents were not able to procure many of them. I literally reveled in literature that winter. When I was about twelve years old I had an attack of pleurisy and was quite sick. The doctor gave me pretty large doses of quinine which affected my brain and produced that sense of increased size, which it often does. I distinctly remember a dream that persisted with me. I dreamed that I was ploughing with a yoke of oxen and my field was the map of the United States and that was too small a field for me as the oxen insisted on running into the Atlantic ocean on one side and the Pacific on the other side, which put me in a great strain. In the winter of 1855-56 we had a deep snow which fell during the

holidays and lay on the ground until spring. A crust formed over the top of it which would bear up the children and their sleds, affording them great sport. The sleighing was excellent and the Methodist people particularly utilized it in the holding of numerous revival meetings with unusual success. A series of meetings was held at the "Center" in the M. E. house there, and during its progress I professed conversion and united with the Methodist society on probation. The preacher in charge on our circuit was the Rev. Mr. Tagg, a little Englishman, but an able preacher who nightly invited and urged sinners to come to the "halter" for prayers. They took him at what he meant and not at what he said, and went. I had been religious all my life and I experienced no particular change in my experience, somewhat to my disappointment, but I had my mind made up to serve the Lord and so went along doing the best I knew. Notwithstanding the religious excitement of the time the spiritual condition of the people was quite low. My teacher that winter was W. H. Wilson, who afterwards became a Methodist travelling preacher and who was an earnest spiritual man. There was a Disciple church in our neighborhood and contention between them and the Methodists ran quite high. The Disciples were much given to religious disputation, thinking that "without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness" and they always stood ready to furnish the "controversy." Young as I was, I was forced to defend my faith against their attacks, and I acquired a prejudice against them in consequence that time has not wholly removed. I never could resist the force of argument and I felt com-

elled to answer what appeared to be argument or accept it. This put me to the study of the scriptures and fostered a love of theology that has only increased with the years. I procured somewhere *Ralston's Elements of Divinity*, published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House and read it with interest. That was a little remarkable for a fourteen year old boy. One result of my religious controversies was that I learned to put a low estimate upon the importance and value of carnal ordinances.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MY FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE times preceding the Civil War during the 50's were hard on the laboring classes. Manufacturing was in its infancy in this country, wages were low, and the necessities of life comparatively high. The finances of the country were in confusion, wild cat banks were issuing currency which was often worthless, and there was no monetary stability. My father was an industrious, hard working man, but he found it difficult to support his large family of a wife and seven children. People lived much poorer and more economically than in the present time. I dressed as well as the majority and I suppose that my clothes for a year did not cost more than fifteen dollars, and such clothes would cost less than that now. I had one pair of shoes or boots for the winter and went barefoot in the summer. Scarcely anyone among the common people wore underclothes, and overcoats were scarce. I taught school two years before I owned an overcoat. Because of this pressure for the means of subsistence, my father was anxious that I, the oldest son, should begin to assist in the support of the family as soon as possible. He had been sending me to school for several years at considerable expense and he was anxious for some returns. So in the fall of 1856, when I was nearing my fifteenth year, he decided to procure a school for me the following

winter. I was large of my age and looked as old as many boys of eighteen. I was well qualified so far as education was concerned, having completed the common branches along with physiology, astronomy, natural philosophy, algebra, geometry, and had begun Latin and Greek. So a school was procured for me in an adjoining township about three miles from home. I was to teach four months at eighteen dollars per month and board round among the pupils. This boarding round was the general custom then. Of course I was too young to teach school and the mental tortures I endured the first two winters I taught brought on a weakness of the pneumogastric nerve from which I have suffered all the remainder of my life. The nervous dyspepsia of my later years is distinctly traceable to this period of my life. I got through my first school without trouble and without criticism, and gave my father all the money I had earned. But I was not satisfied with my success. I had not come nearly up to my ideal, and I could not boast of any success. In the spring I hired to work for Esquire Woodard on his farm for three months from the first of April. I endeavored to be a faithful farm hand, but I fear that I was not very profitable, though the "squire" bore with me patiently. I could not keep my mind on my work. I had become accustomed to day-dreaming when alone, and I would often find myself standing motionless totally oblivious of all going on about me, and would feel, when aroused, as if I had been asleep. In a few years this trouble wore off. On the morning of the tenth of June, 1857, we had a killing frost which killed all the wheat in Northeastern Ohio. The farmers were much excited,

fearing a famine. A few years previously wheat had been so scarce and costly that the people had lived on corn bread for a year. This was quite disagreeable to me as I could not like corn bread. The frost was not so disastrous as the people had feared as it was confined to a small section of the country, and those who rushed in and bought a year's supply of flour at an exorbitant price soon had reason to regret their hasty action as the price soon fell to but little above what it was before the frost. The poor people who had no money to invest in flour were saved the loss that fell upon their more wealthy neighbors. I attended school in the fall and took a school in a district in our own township adjoining the one I taught in the year before. About this time a young man named Samuel F. DeFord, a graduate of Mt. Union college, came to our place to teach the select school. He was a good teacher and a good business man. He built a school building and established a small academy, married and settled down among us. I attended this academy one term each year until I was of age. From the time of the establishment of the select school, a lyceum or literary society had been maintained which did much to train the young people in public speaking. At first the older people took part in the exercises, which were always public, especially in the debates in which many interesting subjects were discussed, such as: "Resolved that the Indian has more reason to complain of his treatment by the white man than the negro has," "Resolved that man is more influenced by the hope of reward than the fear of punishment, etc." These are questions that have two sides to them and may

be discussed indefinitely and everlastingly without reaching any conclusion. Afterwards the literary society was entirely controlled by the students of the academy. It met once a week the year round, on Friday nights. Once a year, in the fall, we would have special exercises which we called a literary exhibition. On such occasions it was difficult to find a room large enough to contain the audiences. There would be essays, generally by the ladies; a paper or periodical containing a variety of articles, original orations, debates, and a drama. I usually had a part as an orator or a debator. I once had a part in a drama, but I felt that I was a failure there. I have little power of imitation. The school sent out a large number of teachers, more in number than were sent out by any other township in the county. Of these, the Harshmans furnished their share. My grandfather had three children and twenty to twenty-five grandchildren who taught school.

I had fair success in teaching a four-months' school in the winter of 1857-58, boarding round as before, but at increased wages, viz., twenty-four dollars per month. I cannot recall what I worked at that spring. Every summer I assisted in harvesting and haying. Up to this time the grain had been cut with cradles; the use of sickles was before my time. But the grain harvest was a short one as so little grain was raised in that part of the country except for home consumption. But the Western Reserve of Ohio was a great country for the production of butter and cheese, and a great amount of hay was secured for winter feed. I early learned to swing a scythe, for mowing machines were just now beginning to come

into use and few yet had them. I well remember the first one I saw in use. It was owned by "Squire" Woodard, who bought the first one in the township. It was an awkward implement with one large drive-wheel. I became quite expert at mowing with the scythe, and few could excel me as a hay pitcher. My father was an excellent hand at mowing grass and cradling grain, and could pitch a load of hay off a wagon in less time and with less apparent effort than any other man I ever saw do the work. The farmers, many of them, kept sheep and the shearing of them in May and June was quite an industry. My father and two or three of his brothers were expert sheep shearers and engaged in that employment each year. I also learned the business, but did not follow it long enough to become very good at it. It was hard, straining work and quite ill smelling and filthy. I again attended the academy in the fall, and the following winter taught a school north of Lordstown in Warren township. I got along quite pleasantly with this school and boarded around as before. In the spring I was suffering from indigestion, about the first I had noticed of this trouble which has afflicted me at times during the remainder of my life. The symptoms were a sudden nausea and vomiting shortly after eating. At other times I suffered from "water brash" or eructation of sour fluid from my stomach. About this time, or a little previously, the discovery of petroleum, or rock oil, was made in western Pennsylvania at Titusville and Oil City. Great excitement was produced by these discoveries and as we were not far from those places, not more than one hundred miles probably, there were many efforts made to find oil in our county. I remember

one man in particular in our township by the name of Peter Shively. He owned a farm through which a creek flowed which had been dammed to provide power for a saw mill. I often caught sun-fish in his mill pond. He bored for oil and was confident that he was about to become a rich man. However, his prospects failed, he got in debt and lost his farm, and in his old age became insane and killed his wife with a shot-gun or rifle. In the township of Mecca in our county, oil was found in paying quantities. however. Dr. W. H. Brown of our township became interested, financially, in an oil well in Mecca and wanted it tested. As my father was an engineer, he employed him to go to that place and run the engine to pump the well to ascertain how much oil it would produce. My father took the job, and, as they wished the pump to go continuously, day and night, he took me with him to run it half the time. I was no engineer but I could fire, and I took the shift from noon until midnight and my father the one from midnight until noon. Water and oil were pumped up together into a huge wooden tank containing tens of thousands of barrels. The wells were so numerous that all the wells of water in the vicinity were impregnated with the oil and the water was scarcely fit to drink. In the great tank what oil there was floated on top of the water. We got our drinking water by boring a small hole in the side of the tank and drawing the water out by the cupfuls. It was full of floating particles of oil and tasted abominably, but we soon became accustomed to the taste. The oil healed my stomach and cured my dyspepsia for the time being. The oil well proved to be a failure and our job was soon at an end.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A NEW RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

In the summer of this year, 1859, I attended my first camp-meeting. It was held by the Methodists in the southeastern part of Lordstown, not far from the residence of my Grandfather Harshman. I was then in my eighteenth year and had already been playing the man for three years. The meeting was quite largely attended and my father tented or camped on the camp ground. The preacher in charge of our circuit was what the Methodists called a holiness man. His name was Reeves. In his sermons he called the attention of the membership to the necessity of holiness of heart to fit one for heaven. He taught the Wesleyan theory of two distinct works of grace, though he said but little on those points, but insisted on the need of holiness. From what I can remember of him, I think it was a theory rather than an experience. His teaching troubled me and at the same time confused me.

He would seem to recognize all who professed conversions as Christians, on the road to heaven, and that would give me assurance, then he would quote that without holiness no man could see the Lord, and I knew he considered us to be without holiness, and that would alarm me. I could not reconcile the two teachings and was left in a quandary. It seemed

inconsistent to me that a man could be a child of God and still not fit for heaven. It yet looks that way to me. The wave of holiness that afterwards swept over the country was then just beginning to rise. There were several holiness preachers at this camp-meeting, among them W. H. Wilson, whom I have before mentioned, and one by the name of Chesboro. They had special services for those wishing to seek sanctification. I began to feel as though I had no religion worth speaking of, which was no doubt the truth, though I was a good and acceptable member of the Methodist Society. Toward the last of the meeting one night an invitation was given for all those who wished to seek sanctification to retire to the Warren tent after the close of the public exercises, and I went in. I had no clear idea what it was I needed, or what its practical effect would be. I had had no definite teachings on the subject. I understood it was a higher or deeper work of divine grace that I needed, and I was conscious that I was not right. I went into the tent and knelt down with the others. I was tempted that if I became holy I would not need to live here any longer and that it would be signing my death warrant. Then I feared that the Lord might send me as a missionary to foreign lands and I did not want to go. I debated these matters in my mind and had arrived at the conclusion that I would take the consequences when a preacher, Bro. Chesboro, said to me, "Do you now give up all for Christ?" I replied, "I do." At that moment I lost consciousness of my surroundings, but I do not know how long I remained in this condition, nor what I did. My father was kneeling by me but I never

thought to ask him what occurred. When I came to myself I was on my feet laughing and praising God. This was astonishing to me as heretofore any noisy religious demonstrations were offensive to me, possibly because it was not the result of the Spirit's influence, when I had heard it. This new experience made a great change in my religious life. I found a boldness of speech which I had not known before and a religious joy and transport which was unusual. I made no claim to any higher experience, and called the work that had been done for me by no definite name. But I found myself greatly drawn out toward God and realized a tenderness of conscience unknown previously. It seemed I could not go into a meeting without feeling the presence of God, and when called upon to pray I seemed always to have immediate access to God. My grandfather died during the last day of the camp-meeting and I attended his funeral the day after it closed. I believed him a good man who had been a great sufferer, and I had trouble to keep from praising God aloud at his funeral. My sister, or half-sister rather, next to me in age, and a cousin about her age became also quite spiritual at this camp-meeting and we had good times together. The society to which we belonged was quite dead and formal in its devotions, but we three would have rejoicing times at the prayer meetings. This wonderful manifestation of God to my soul continued to quite an extent for more than three years. It gave me quite a religious reputation, though I was not conscious of much of it and did not know what people said or thought of me. My friends were wise enough not to tell me at the time but have told me since. I

seemed to have unusual power in prayer, and have since been told that some remarked that they would rather hear my prayer than the preacher's sermon. Although I was not yet eighteen years old, the circuit preacher proposed to me that fall to take license to exhort. I begged to be excused as I thought the responsibility of such an office more than I was able to sustain at that time. I had expected from the beginning of my public profession of religion to become a preacher of the Gospel as I felt called to that work by the Lord. But I did not wish to begin so young. However, I feared to refuse the work thrust upon me lest I might displease God, so as the preacher insisted, I accepted the office of exhorter from the next quarterly conference, and I soon entered upon the work. An exhorter among the Methodists is not expected to preach, but to talk in a more desultory way, though some exhorters could take a text. I never could talk at random or without something to talk about; so I would take a subject in my mind but would not announce it. I was surprised to find that I could talk half an hour on one topic. I did not exercise very often, but whenever called upon. I was not a phenomenon, and got no reputation as a boy orator. The peculiar experience which I obtained at the camp-meeting seemed to leave me as suddenly as it came, and I could find no reason why. The Lord ceased to manifest Himself to my soul as He had been doing and I felt deserted, and shut off. I struggled for a while to regain the experience I had so long enjoyed, and failing, I gave the matter up in despair of success. I do not mean that I gave up serving God, but that I despaired of attaining

again to that blessed sense of the nearness of God which I had enjoyed for so long a time. I would have occasional drawings but nothing like what I had realized before. I do not now think that I was really born of God or that I had the real baptism of the Spirit; I lacked the evidence of this experience. But the Lord was wonderfully near me to draw me towards Himself, and to encourage me in my ignorance and lack of proper instruction. When I became contented to rest in these manifestations, and to be satisfied with these gifts without the Giver, He withdrew them, and I felt myself bereft and disconsolate, not understanding the Lord's dealings. But the remembrance of these enjoyments remained with me, and proved to be a safeguard to me afterwards when I was in danger of dragging my anchor and drifting with the tide. God's ways are mysterious, but far above our thoughts. However, I have anticipated my story in order to give the whole of this peculiar religious experience.

## CHAPTER V.

### I CONTINUE TEACHING.

I again attended school at the Academy at Lordstown in the fall and engaged to teach during the winter term in Weathersfield township, to the east of Lordstown and near to the village of Girard, and about four miles from Youngstown. The school was near some coal mines and the most of the pupils were the children of Welsh coal miners: principally Davises and Evanses and Joneses. I did not board round, however, which would have been insufferable, but boarded with an old gentleman by the name of Rinear, who lived near the schoolhouse. He was a sort of local preacher who had formerly lived in Lordstown, until his wife died. He then married a Widow Wilson who owned the house where they lived. I have been told that I never preach the same sermon twice from the same text. Brother Rinear was different. He always preached the same sermon whatever his text might be. But though his talent was small he had been useful. My Grandfather and Grandmother Harshman had professed conversion under his labors, and though past middle age, continued faithful to the end. At the time I went to board with him he had suffered a stroke of paralysis and was feeble in mind and body, but he partially recovered his health. The school here was altogether too large for one teacher. I had one hundred and thirty-one names on the roll and thirty-seven in the

alphabet class. If all the pupils had attended school on the same day there would not have been room for them all in the schoolhouse, but the average attendance was not good, amounting, however, to above eighty. It was a heavy task for an eighteen-year-old boy to teach and manage such a school. These children, however, when they understood they had a master were more submissive than native Americans, and I had no trouble with them. A Miss Powers had taught the school for several preceding terms and had trained the children to habits of neatness and cleanliness which had greatly improved them. I had good success in this school and got through the term without trouble of any kind. I attended church at Girard and was sometimes called upon to speak in public. As I was but eight miles from home I went home every two weeks. I closed school in the spring with my health somewhat impaired and started in to attend a spring term at the Academy. However, after a few weeks I was taken sick and my disease proved to be typhoid fever. When this disease first made its appearance in northeastern Ohio a few years previously the physicians did not know how to treat it, and using heroic treatment they lost most of their patients. But by this time they had learned better and gave but little medicine. Mine was a case of "walking typhoid"; I did not lose my strength so far that I could not rise from my bed and walk across the floor. I suffered little pain and did not have a high degree of fever, yet the disease produced many ravages in other ways. I became very much emaciated, and my nerves were so weakened that I could scarcely endure for persons to walk across the floor.

My trouble was also complicated by an abscess on my right liver, and an incision had to be made in my side to allow the pus to escape. I came near dying, though I had no idea of doing so, I did not feel sick enough; but in such cases the patient is sometimes able to walk about until death comes. I was sick for six weeks and it was much longer before my normal strength returned. I was very careful during my convalescence not to eat any forbidden thing, but by the time I was allowed to eat anything I wished my appetite was almost unappeasable. I could eat things with a relish that I could not tolerate before my sickness; among these things being codfish, which I detested up to this time, but have liked ever since. It was quite a while before I recovered the use of my legs, that part of them below the knees seeming to be like wooden blocks. My father had a young mare which he called Flora Temple, and my brother about four years younger than I, wished to break her to drive single. He procured a cart, but my father would not trust him with the mare unless I would go with him. I could not walk far, so he was to walk and drive and let me ride. But the mare went so quietly that he thought he might ride too, and got onto the cart. When we got about one and a half miles from home the colt stopped under the shade of a tree and my brother, wishing her to go on, slapped her with the lines. She reared up and turned so that, as she came down, one of the shafts struck her on the hip and she started to run. My brother rolled off behind and let her go. I had to jump, and fell flat when I hit the ground. The colt ran a short distance and struck the fence with the

cart and broke both traces. So my brother took the harness to a shoemaker nearby to get it repaired and I got home the best way I could by easy stages. By harvest time I had so far recovered from my illness that I was able to go to work. The abscess in my side had contracted the muscles in my right side, causing quite a stoop for a while, and my right shoulder has continued through life a little lower than the other. In the fall I attended another term at the Academy and engaged a school for the winter in the south part of the district in which I had taught the winter previously, the district having been divided. I boarded with the family of Joseph Wilson, a son of the old lady who had boarded me the winter before. I was employed to teach the spring term of the same school, and I boarded with the family of Joseph Kincaid, a well-to-do farmer and the owner of coal lands, and a good Methodist. I remember nothing of special interest occurring that summer except the political excitement. The summer before was that of the year of 1860. The Southern Democrats nominated J. C. Breckenridge, the Northern Democrats, Stephen A. Douglas, and the Republicans Abraham Lincoln, for president. My people were, nearly all of them, Democrats, but they were anti-slavery Democrats and consequently held with Douglas and his "squatter sovereignty." The campaign was very exciting and party feeling ran high. There was also another candidate for president, John Bell of Tennessee, who was called the Union candidate, but his race did not cut much figure. The Republicans organized "wide awake" clubs and equipped them with coal-oil torches, and these clubs paraded at night, making a fine display.

Few people anticipated the awful storm that was approaching. Lincoln was elected and trouble began brewing. For the winter of 1861-62 I engaged a school to the west of the district in which I had taught the two previous winters, and near the town of Niles, the birthplace of Wm. McKinley. I had the poorest success in this school of any I had yet taught. The teacher the year before was a violinist, and had encouraged the children to dance during recess and noon-spell, and thus gained their good will. I was an altogether different style of man, religious and an exhorter among the Methodists, and the older students, who were some of them rough and wild, and several of them older than I was, conceived a dislike for me, as I could not sympathize with them in their sports. And while they did not dare openly to defy my authority, they conspired to make me all the trouble they could. This discouraged me, and though the school authorities found no open fault with me, I felt that I was not accomplishing what I ought in the school, and at the end of three months I resigned as teacher. The term was for four months. The previous spring, that of 1861, the war had begun. Fort Sumter had been fired on and President Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion. These were soon supplied but it was soon apparent that more troops would be needed. The Democrats were generally opposed to the war, thinking that the controversies between the states could be settled without war. No doubt if the majority of the people both in the North and the South could have had their way, the differences could have been adjusted. But the ambitious leaders on both sides were not favorable

to any compromise. The Democrats, no doubt, as a rule were as loyal and patriotic as the Republicans, and many of their young men went into the army; but they became embittered by party prejudice against the other party who were in power and responsible for the conduct of affairs. A very small proportion of the Democrats really favored the cause of the seceded states or sympathized with either rebellion or slavery, but they allowed themselves to be put in a false position. After it was evident to unprejudiced persons that the conflict, having begun, whether being inevitable in its inception or not, there could be no peace except by the defeat of one side or the other, the Democrats still persisted in opposing the prosecution of the war and throwing obstacles in the way of the government, thus giving aid and comfort to the enemy. This was the result of blind partisanship and not of treasonable feelings toward the government of the United States. A bitter price has that party paid for its mistake. I was old enough to enlist but I did not do so. I had no taste for war and bloodshed, and but little love of adventure, and the prejudices of my education were all against war. Nothing but a strong sense of duty could have induced me to go to war. I dreaded camp life almost as much as I did fighting; it seemed to me that it would be intolerable. Companies of home guards were organized and I joined one of these and did some drilling. In the summer of 1862 President Lincoln called for 200,000 men to serve for one year, and as enlistments were slow, he ordered a draft to fill up the quota. I escaped being drafted, but my father, who was yet subject to military duty, was drafted. He had a large family

dependent upon him for support, and it did not seem as though he could be spared. I offered to go in his place, but he would not consent to it. He was a poor man and money was scarce, but he went into camp at Cleveland, Ohio, and in a short time he hired an alien as a substitute who enlisted for three years. The feeling of antagonism between the two political parties deepened into animosity, so that social ties were severed and neighbors became enemies. The young people of the two parties scarcely associated, and the separation extended into the schools and the churches. The children of Democrats and Republicans could scarcely sit peaceably together in the same school house, and their parents could scarcely worship together in the same meeting-house. Each party believed the members of the other party to be unprincipled scoundrels. It is true that not all became such intense partisans, but the majority did; such is human nature. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that such a wise and usually so just a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson could not believe a man could be a Whig without being a scoundrel. People were under an intense strain; every few days news of some more or less severe battle would be heralded, with hundreds or thousands of killed and wounded. Most people had some relatives in the army at some time during the struggle. The sufferings of those at home were almost as great as of those in the field. I do not remember whether I attended one or two terms of school that year. I think I assisted in teaching in the academy that fall, another young man and I taking charge in the absence of the principal, Professor DeFord. I think it was in September that Kirby Smith threatened

Cincinnati, and Gov. Todd called out the militia to defend the city. We received word of the Governor's call about sundown, and several of us young men rode over the township to spread the news that night. We got in about midnight; the women sat up to cook our provisions and to make haversacks for us. We were ordered to come with three days' rations and to arm ourselves with squirrel rifles provided with suitable ammunition. There was little sleeping done in the village that night. I remember hearing some martial music that night that much impressed me: my uncle Ephraim Harshman playing on my grandfather's old fife that had done service in the war of 1812, and a man with him playing the snare-drum came over the hill one-half mile south of the village. It was a bright moonlight night and at that distance the music sounded sweet. We boys felt somewhat serious as there was no telling what dangers we might encounter before we saw home again. By eight o'clock the next morning a company of us was at the R. R. station in Warren, five miles distant, ready to take the train. A number of other companies were also there. We boarded the train for Cleveland under the command of Col. Opdyke and started on the journey for Cincinnati. We marched up Euclid Ave., Cleveland, after disembarking, and were halted on the lake front until time to take the train on the C. C. C. & I. for Columbus and Cincinnati. This was the first time I had seen a city of more than 5,000 inhabitants. We took a train loaded with militia like ourselves, and started for our destination. I was surprised to see how soon lawless and predatory instincts were roused in young men of exemplary habits at home. We were

not really under military rule, we had no inferior officers and did about as we pleased. The boys would shoot from the windows at objects along the railroad, and while the train stopped for a while at Springfield they raided a peach orchard and did other lawless acts, of little importance it is true, but showing what human nature is when not under restraint. We passed through Dayton, Ohio, and the train stopped awhile there. I thought it the most beautiful city I had ever seen; everything looked so fresh and new. Our train moved slowly and we got to Cincinnati some time in the night and were given breakfast the next morning at one of the markets of the city. We found no rebels at Cincinnati but the city was filled with troops, most of them being militia, however. If Kirby Smith had been there he would probably have had lots of fun with us and our squirrel guns. In the afternoon we were moved across the river into Covington, Ky. The grandest sight I had yet seen was the marching of the troops, four abreast, down the bank of the Ohio across the pontoon bridge and up the opposite bank. I had never seen so many people before. We returned to Cincinnati and started on our return home. Kirby Smith had decamped and furnished us a bloodless victory. We arrived at home without losing a man or gaining any military glory. During the winter of 1862-63 I taught school in the district where I first attended school. There was a feud in the district partly on account of political differences, so that if a teacher pleased one party, the other was sure to be displeased. I had some difficulty on this account, but on the whole got along very well. In the spring I attended Alleghany College in Meadville, Pa. It

happened on this wise. The college is a Methodist institution, and in order to raise an endowment fund, scholarships were sold. The Rev. Joseph Marvin of Warren, Ohio, owned one of these scholarships, entitling him to send one student free of tuition, and he offered me the use of this scholarship. I was now of age; up to this time I had turned all my earnings over to my father and he had supported me. The last term of school I had taught was mostly after I had come of age, so I had the proceeds on hand and decided to use them in attending college. I did not have enough money to keep me long in college; however, I had a very pleasant time in school that term. I boarded at a farm house near the city where several other students boarded. As good exercise, the college authorities recommended the game of quoits. I was passionately fond of that game, and even to this day when I see men pitching quoits I feel a strong desire to engage in the game. I had already progressed so far in mathematics that I did not take that branch up, but spent most of my time on Latin and Greek. I also studied some of the sciences, among others, Natural Theology, which I recited to Dr. Wm. Hunter, who was professor of Hebrew literature. He was the author of several popular hymns, or songs, and had published a volume of spiritual songs called *Select Melodies*. While I was in college the governor of Pennsylvania, Governor Curtin, came to Meadville and made the students a patriotic speech, urging enlistment in the army. This was a short time before Lee's raid into Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg. I left Alleghany college at the close of the spring term, expecting to return to it later, which hope was never fulfilled.

## CHAPTER VI.

### I EMIGRATE

Shortly after leaving college, in the month of June, 1863, I started for Illinois. My intention was to teach during the coming winter term and return to college in Meadville the next spring. My cousin, J. J. Harshman, was travelling in the west selling dress models, and I had arranged to meet him and travel with him for a while. I went to Chicago and waited there for a week, but for some reason my cousin failed to get my letter and did not meet me. Chicago was then a place of less than 300,000 inhabitants and was a raw looking city. While waiting in Chicago, I traversed the city quite thoroughly and took walks out into the open country. A favorite place of resort for men was the roof of the old court house, on which was stationed a lookout who rang the fire alarm bell in case of fire. The ascent was made by means of a spiral iron staircase. There were but few street cars and they were horse cars. No grade had been established on many of the streets, and one was kept climbing up and down steps as he walked along the sidewalk. My money soon ran short and I was compelled to seek employment or send home for assistance, and this last I was unwilling to do. So I bought a railroad ticket into the country, being pretty sure to find employment there in the summertime. I went

on the C. & A. out into Will county and stopped off at a little station called Mokena. I went to the hotel and inquired of the proprietor if he knew where I might likely find employment. He directed me to a farm, about a mile from the village, which was owned by S. W. Allerton of Chicago, but was under the management of a man whose name I have forgotten. It was a large farm of 1,000 acres and a number of men were employed on it. Having just come from college, I was bleached out and my hands were soft and white. I had on my best suit and looked more like a city man than a farm hand. I left my valise at the hotel and walked out to the aforesaid farm, and found the manager working in his garden at the side of the road. He had his back to me as I approached, and addressed him with the question, "Do you want a hand?" He straightened up, looked round at me and replied promptly, "I don't want you, you are too white." I assured him that appearances were often deceitful, and his judgment too hasty, and that I could work if I was white; that I was out of money and must have work. He at length agreed to give me a trial and I returned to the hotel, got my valise and got to the farm in time for dinner. In the afternoon I went to work hilling potatoes. I lost most of the skin off the inside of my hands the first half day I worked and they have never been so soft since. I went to work the next morning plowing corn with a mule and a single bar plow. This was in the latter part of June; in a short time the wheat harvest was on hand and I was put to work binding wheat after a machine called a "dropper" which cut the wheat and raked it off in sheaves to be bound. The driver

would cut around a square piece and each binder would bind one side while the machine cut one round. The binders, five in number, would follow on around the square, the fifth man was required to start in the second round. I was a poor binder, having done little of that kind of work, and if the others had been experts, I would have fallen behind, but, fortunately for me, the other hands were Germans and slow motioned. There was one exception; one of the men was a Scotch shepherd, about fifty years old, who had been in Australia. He took care of the sheep on the farm, and was probably a good shepherd; he ought to have been, as he was good for nothing else. He was an oddity, seemed stagestruck and was constantly ejaculating sentences from plays, such as "angels and ministers of grace, defend us." He got most of his amusement from teasing the Germans. One morning the manager sent me to bind some wheat that had lain over night, and the dew on the straw caused the skin on the ends of my fingers to wear through and bleed, and I refused to bind any more wheat. I had wages coming to me and was independent. In shocking some wheat one day I saw my first rattlesnake. When I was a young man I preferred to work in the harvest field and hay field barefoot, and I usually did. I was barefoot that day, and as I picked up a sheaf and turned round, I heard the snake rattle. From the description of a rattlesnake's rattle, which I had read, I recognized the sound instantly and jumped as far as I could. Turning round I saw the snake slowly crawling off. When I returned to the house I put on my boots. After working for a few days at this place, I had hired out by the month at

twenty-six (\$26.00) dollars for a wet month, I worked six weeks and lost one-half day. At the close of wheat harvest, we went to haying. Here I was at home. I could pitch hay all day onto a wagon and not feel tired at night. We cut one eighty acre field and I pitched it all onto the wagons. I pitched alone for three teams hauling and stacking in the field, the other men were Germans, you remember. Our board was rather inferior, the corned beef was sometimes—well not sweet, and I could not eat it, though the Germans did not mind it. I am German, but was too much Americanized to relish spoiled meat. The wife of the manager was younger than he and rather gay. They had a daughter nearly grown, and a niece was staying with them, who, I understood, had been sent from home to keep her out of mischief, but this was likely to be a difficult thing to do. The whole community was German, and Americans were likely to find little society. I went to a religious meeting but once, I think, in about two months, the longest hiatus of the kind in my experience when I was not confined by sickness. The manager seemed to take a liking to me, and conversed with me on religious topics. He was a dyspeptic and seemed much depressed mentally. He pressed me to remain with him, but farming was an avocation with me, not my vocation. While with him, I read with great interest *Daubigny's History of the Reformation*, which I found in the house. My cousin, P. A. Beil of Ohio, followed me to Illinois and got work with a farmer two or three miles away and we visited together on Sunday. When the haying was finished, I resigned my position, being told by the manager that, unpromising as I seemed at the start,

I had done more work while with him than any other man on the farm. I boarded the C. & A. for Springfield, where I changed for Quincy, arriving in that city a total stranger. I think my cousin accompanied me; if he did not he soon followed me. My first business was to secure a school for the coming winter term. This, I had no trouble in doing, engaging one about two and one-half miles southwest of the city in Melrose township. It was still August and the school would not open until the first week in October, and it was now a question with me what to do meanwhile, as I could not afford to remain idle and on expense. First I tried selling dress models for cutting ladies' dresses; but though I had some success, I detested the business and soon quit it. I went to a farmer with whom I had engaged board and lodging for the winter, a Massachusetts man named Jacob Perkins, and engaged to work for him on his farm until school began. I purchased some suitable clothes of the cheapest kind and went to work. I worked barefoot in the field as usual, not seeing any rattlesnakes. Before sunrise Mr. Perkins would rattle his milk pails to waken me and I would go out with him to milk his cows. We had early frosts that fall and sometimes the ground would be white as I went out to work in my bare feet. You must know that Eastern men, or Yankees as they are called, never permit their wives to milk or "pail" the cows; this, among them is men's work. I drilled wheat, picked apples, and did other seasonable work. The young ladies of the neighborhood would come in to visit Mr. Perkins' daughter and I was introduced to several of them as the new school teacher while dressed in my work

clothes and in my bare feet. But I will state here that I suffered for my folly in exposing my feet to the frost. The following winter my feet perspired so freely as to give me great trouble. They ruined one pair of boots, making them so offensive that I could not wear them, and I was compelled to wear the heaviest hose and heavy boots to be presentable in company. I have never gone barefoot since. While with Mr. Perkins, I worked with a negro from Missouri by the name of John; he had no patronymic or family name. Hundreds of these refugees were crossing the Mississippi into Illinois to escape slavery. There was a camp of them at Quincy and they were fed by the government. John was about forty-five years old, and was consumed with a desire to learn to read. Among others I became his teacher for a short time. John had learned his letters but could not learn to pronounce words; he seemingly could get no idea of the connection between a letter and its proper sound. He was patient and persevering without any result. To illustrate what I mean, I will relate what transpired between us when I was striving to teach and John was struggling to learn. John spelled the word G-o-d but could not pronounce it. I told him that spelled "God." He next spelled r-o-d. "Now, John," said I, "What does that spell?" He looked up at me with all the innocence of a child and replied, "I dun' no, I spects it must spell hebbin." I resigned then and there as John's teacher. About half way between my boarding place and the place where I taught was a Methodist chapel called Melrose chapel. Here I attended Sunday school, preaching services and prayer meetings. I let it be known that

I was a member of that denomination and took part in the services. I had determined in my own mind that I would conceal the fact that I had sustained any official relation to the church. This Methodist society was on the Payson circuit, and they had preaching by the pastor every alternate Sunday; on the intermediate Sundays the local preachers usually officiated. The society had two local preachers and one exhorter; they were men of no special talent and there was no intense desire in the congregation to hear them, as they had heard them often, and consequently the preachers had no longing to preach to them, but found it a task to shirk when practicable. One Sunday after Sunday school, which was held before the preaching service, these officers invited me to walk out with them, and on my doing so, they told me that they had heard a rumor that I was a preacher and they wished me to preach that morning. I assured them that it was a mistake, that I was not a preacher. They seemed almost incredulous and asked me if I had sustained no official relation to the church, and I was forced to confess that I was an exhorter. "Oh," they said, "that is the same thing, and you must preach this morning." I did not feel free to refuse and did the best I could. I was frequently afterward called upon to exercise my talent during the fall and winter. The pastor was Rev. Mr. Wells, who was an able preacher, but failed as a pastor because of his inability to adapt himself to the people. He afterwards left the ministry and practiced law. His wife was a talented woman, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Lemon. They had an interesting family, well trained, and speaking the

most correct English of any children I ever knew. I much enjoyed my association with this cultivated family. I commenced teaching the first week in October and had a successful school. I enjoyed teaching this school more than any other I had ever taught. My cousin, P. A. Beil, had secured a school in the northern part of Adams county and I visited him a time or two during the fall and winter, one time on an invitation to preach at a neighboring chapel. I found kind friends among my patrons. There were two brothers, Joseph and Jacob Hanks, who were cousins of Abraham Lincoln. Jacob was a local M. E. preacher and Joseph was a leader in singing. There was also a family by the name of Reéder, the members of which were my special friends. The father was dead, leaving quite a large estate, which was now divided among the children except to two, who were minors, and who attended my school. There were five brothers, three of whom were Methodists, and six sisters, two married and four at home. I have not seen any of them for many years, but I shall never forget their kindness to me, a stranger. The old gentleman with whom I boarded, Mr. Perkins, was, as I have said, a Massachusetts Yankee, and in some respects an oddity. When he read his newspaper, in place of using the lamplight, he would place a candlestick containing a lighted candle in the crook of his left arm and read by the light of it. He was an enthusiastic and inveterate euchre player. The young man who taught in the district north of mine, Lewis Q. Turner, by name, also boarded with Mr. Perkins and could play euchre: They played every night when Mr. Turner was in the house, and many

mornings before Mr. Turner left for school. The latter was courting the old gentleman's daughter and was naturally complaisant. Sometimes Mr. Perkins' nephew, Nat Pease, who lived nearby would come in to spend the evening and then he and Miss Perkins would take a hand in the game. I learned how to play euchre without handling a card. It was during this winter that occurred that memorable storm on December 31st, 1863. It was on Friday, and I remember that I froze my right ear in going to school that morning. It snowed and stormed all day, constantly growing colder, until when school was dismissed at night the roads were drifted full of snow in places, and the parents came to take their children home. I stayed all night at Mrs. Reeder's, who lived near the schoolhouse. The next morning, January 1st, 1864, it was clear, but the mercury was 20 degrees or more below zero, and many people were frozen to death throughout the country. In the spring of 1864 I went on my first duck hunt which was also my last. The ducks were plentiful on the Mississippi bottoms and several of my friends who were experienced hunters took me with them on a hunt. There were not shot-guns enough to go round so I was provided with a rifle. Of course, I could not shoot ducks with a rifle, but it is probable that I would have done no better with a shot-gun. I think I probably furnished good sport for the ducks, but I got none myself and I returned home very tired and hungry. Mrs. Perkins furnished me a lunch of baked beans and corn bread; I was not usually fond of either of them, but they tasted unusually good to me then, proving that hunger is really the best sauce.

## CHAPTER VII.

### I BECOME A METHODIST PREACHER.

When my school closed, I was given license to preach by the Quarterly Conference and employed as junior preacher on Payson circuit on which Mr. Wells was preacher in charge. I procured a horse and high wheeled sulky with which to travel the circuit, several appointments at different points. The village of Payson was headquarters for the circuit and the preacher in charge lived in the parsonage there. I suppose my efforts at preaching during the winter had been rather acceptable or they would not have employed me in this capacity. Well, I did the best I could at preaching, though, no doubt, my efforts were quite crude. I was a little past twenty-two years of age at this time and had been an exhorter for four years or more. I never possessed the art of drawing out a discourse. My sermons had neither exordiums nor perorations, I plunged at once into my subject and ended with a suddenness that startled people. I could not talk on and on when I had finished. Of course, I afterwards learned to finish a little more gracefully, but have not yet learned to talk when I have nothing to say. That is one merit I may claim for my preaching: I know when I am through with a subject. When my cousin closed his school in the spring, he returned to Ohio and I was

left alone. At the close of the conference year I was persuaded by the Presiding Elder of the Griggsville district, the Rev. J. P. Dimmitt, to take a recommendation for admission to the Illinois conference. I did not wish to do this because I desired to finish my course in college. He thought, however, that he could get me a place where I could preach and also attend college; and it was my understanding that if he could not obtain such an appointment, he was to withhold my recommendation for admission. The conference met in Danville, Illinois, in August or September, 1864. As I was waiting to learn what Mr. Dimmitt would obtain for me, I did not go before the committee for the examination of candidates for admission to conference. But after that committee had adjourned its sittings, without consulting me, Mr. Dimmitt handed in to the conference my recommendation for admission, and without examination, on his bare recommendation, I was admitted as a probationer in the conference. The rules of the denomination require two years' probation with annual examinations before admission to full membership in the conference. I was not only admitted as a probationer, but was appointed preacher in charge of Virginia circuit. This was quite a responsibility for a young man not yet twenty-three years old. I was much disappointed, but concluded to accept the appointment. Before going to my appointment, I decided to visit my father in Ohio. While there, the state election took place and my Democratic friends insisted on my casting my vote. I did not wish to do so, but could find no valid excuse for refusing unless I disclaimed being longer a Democrat. This, I was

not willing to do, although I could no longer approve the conduct of the party in opposing the civil war; but I was not ready to desert the party as yet. In fact, I had, to a large extent, lost my partisanship, being disgusted with the extremists in both parties. The Democratic candidate for Governor was Clement L. Valandigham, who had been sent through the Union lines into the Confederacy by order of President Lincoln because of his alleged sympathy with the rebellion. He had returned to Ohio by way of Canada and had been nominated for Governor by the Democrats. While I felt that he had been unfairly dealt with, and that Mr. Lincoln's act in sending him out of the country was tyrannical and unwarranted, yet I did not approve of his conduct, and did not care to vote for him, but rather than disappoint my friends, I did so. He was overwhelmingly defeated by Gov. Brough, who received the largest majority ever given in the state up to that time. This was the first vote I had ever cast, and I have no special reason to be proud of it. I returned to Illinois and went to my charge on Virginia circuit. On the return trip my trunk got lost and I did not recover it for a month. My best suit of clothes was in the trunk and I was compelled to introduce myself to my parishioners in my everyday clothes. There were four preaching points, or appointments, to use the Methodist language. One Sunday I would preach morning and night in Virginia; the next Sunday, I would preach in the morning at Griggs Chapel, on the Sangamon bottom, and at two different schoolhouses along the bluff at different points, in the afternoon. When the days were long enough, I would return to Virginia the

same day pretty thoroughly exhausted. I went to these appointments on horseback. I boarded with Brother VanEaton, an old wheel horse in the church, and the leading man in the society in Virginia; in fact, he ran things pretty much to please himself. He was a zealous Methodist and a good man, according to his light. He had an unusual physical infirmity; he would go to sleep almost immediately on sitting down, except at table. When listening to preaching, he was continually nodding and waking up, yet he seemed to hear all the sermon. My Presiding Elder was the Rev. Hardin Wallace, a minister of slender abilities, but of great industry and zeal, and who had been unusually successful as a revivalist. I shall never forget the first sermon I heard him preach. It was at a quarterly meeting on Sunday morning before communion service. It was on family government and was full of humor and wit, and I could not resist the inclination to more than smile; in fact, it convulsed me with laughter, much to my shame, as I sat in the pulpit behind him. He spoke of how parents would dispute and quarrel in the presence of their children, one asserting that a trivial event happened on Monday while the other contended that it was on Tuesday until it made the listener feel like the old German travelling in Virginia, who coming to the hot springs, stopped his team and leaving his son, John, to hold the horses, took his bucket and went to the spring to get water for them. Being greatly alarmed and surprised at finding the water hot, he started back to the wagon waving his hand and calling out, "Trive on Schon, trive on Schon, hell iss not von mile from here." It seemed to me the most inappro-

priate sermon for the solemn occasion that I had ever heard. As I became acquainted with the people of Virginia, I entered into the social life of the place so far as I thought it proper. As I loved music I joined a glee club which was composed of some of the best young people of the town. Brother VanEaton had a daughter at home who introduced me into young society. She was at this time affianced to Lieut. Thomas I. Berry, who was a prisoner in Andersonville prison in the South, and who nearly lost his life there. At the close of the Civil War they were married and he afterwards graduated from Northwestern University, and Garrett Biblical Institute, and became the Rev. Thomas L. Berry, D.D., and President of Iowa Wesleyan University at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he died. Not long after his death, his widow fell on an icy pavement, struck her head against the curbstone and was instantly killed. Another of my young friends in Virginia, Archie Campbell, enlisted just before the close of the war and was drowned in the Mississippi river by the sinking of the steamboat on which his company was embarked. Mr. John Prince, a fine young man, was the principal of an academy in the town which was controlled by the Cumberland Presbyterians. This denomination was rather the leading one in the place. He was married during the year to a Miss Maggie Epler and chose me as best man with Miss Mary Dwelle as bridesmaid. I had ordered a new broadcloth coat for the occasion, but shortly before the nuptials, I had the misfortune to fall on a slippery crossing and make a short rent in the knee of my best trousers. I had it mended, but it could still be seen on close inspection. Miss Dwelle was mischie-

vous, and persisted in laughing at my wounded trousers. She herself was resplendent in a new silk dress—made out of one of her stepmother's old ones, but I did not laugh at her. One of my parishioners was a Mr. Randall, who was proprietor of the only lumber yard in the town. He was an Eastern man and his wife was an Eastern woman and niece of Bishop Edmund Janes. She was a very neat housekeeper and a good cook, but very slow about it. I remember how hungry I would get before dinner was ready when I dined with them. There was very little silver seen on the tables of the plain people in those days and I think Mrs. Randall's table was the only one on the circuit on which I found silver knives and forks. A year or two later, when I was in college, I was scandalized and felt insulted by a remark of the Rev. Dr. Sanders, who was a professor in the institution, Illinois College. Speaking in class one day of certain persons, he said, "being civilized people, of course they had silver knives and forks," and I thought the remark unwarranted. Of course, being without proper forks, people ate with their knives, but I could not think this marked them as barbarians. The old school Presbyterians had a small society in Virginia. Their minister, I do not now recall his name, took a notion in the spring of 1865 that he wanted to visit the army in the service of the Christian Commission. He had a large house in which he kept a miniature Young Ladies' Seminary, and some of the young ladies boarded and roomed in the house. The school was closed, but some few of the young ladies remained. His wife was not willing to stay without a man in the house, and for some reason, her choice fell on

me. She said if he could get me to stay in the house he might go on his mission. I felt somewhat doubtful of the propriety of the thing asked of me, though I wished to accommodate, and besides it was to my advantage, financially, as I would get board and lodging free. So I mentioned the matter in the family of Brother VanEaton, knowing that they would be free to express their disapproval if they saw anything amiss in the affair. As they said nothing in disapproval of the project, I promised to stay in the minister's family during his absence, and did so. Though nothing was ever said about the matter, I have since thought it was not prudent for me to do as I did in the case; it might have caused invidious remarks and suspicions. A minister of the gospel cannot be too careful of his conduct, to avoid all appearance of evil. I seemed to be quite successful in my ministry so far as pleasing the people was concerned. No fault was found with me, either as a preacher or a man; but I accomplished nothing, so far as I could see, in saving souls. No one was converted or added to the societies under my charge. I began a series of meetings in Virginia during the winter but an epidemic of small-pox breaking out in the town, the meeting houses were closed and the work hindered. I did not begin any revival meetings at any other point. As to my own personal religious experience, I was passing through a crisis; I was not satisfied with my experience or with my work. I had a keen sense of unfitness for my work, and it seemed to me that my audiences could not but realize my condition, and I felt abashed before them. My sermons seemed to me to be weak and inferior, and I was ashamed of

them. My life appeared to me so imperfect that I thought my hearers must think of it when they saw me in the pulpit. I strove to live an exemplary life, but it seemed to me the harder I strove the less I succeeded. I often wet my pillow with my tears as I reflected on my failures; I seemed either too solemn or too gay in society; I could not hold the golden mean between the two. I was learning my own helplessness and folly and ignorance. I said nothing of these experiences to any one, for I knew no one to turn to for comfort. Sometimes I would be greatly drawn out after God and I would feel my zeal quickened, but soon I would fall back into spiritual lethargy again. I strove until I became discouraged and was in great danger of giving up the struggle and of coming to the same conclusion as the man did who buried his talent in the earth: that the Lord required impossible things of His people. I began to doubt, or try to doubt, my call to the ministry. As I lacked "fruits," one of Mr. Wesley's proofs of a divine call, I surmised there might be some mistake in my case. Then worldly ambition came in to draw me off from the work of the ministry. I knew there was more chance to gain reputation in the practice of the law, to say nothing of more wealth. But with all my efforts to shake off my sense of a duty to preach, I could not succeed. Then I temporized: I could preach as a local preacher while making the law my vocation; preaching could be merely an avocation. I finally decided at all events, to leave the conference and locate. I told my Presiding Elder that I doubted my call, and meant to locate. He did not seem to be overwhelmingly im-

pressed with my duty to preach. At all events, he did not press me to continue in the work, and said I was the one to know about the call. He said if I decided to give up preaching, at which he thought I would succeed, that I should come down to Jacksonville and take up law or medicine: that I would succeed in either. When the Presbyterians of Virginia learned that I thought of leaving the Methodist pulpit, they invited me to fill their pulpit, which was then vacant. I had no inclination to do that, however, though I appreciated the compliment. I was a loyal Methodist, and if I would not preach for the Methodists, I would not preach for any other sect. In April 1865, while I was in Virginia, President Lincoln was assassinated. He was buried at Springfield and I attended his funeral there. I had never seen him in life, but I saw him in his coffin. The night before the funeral, I walked the streets of Springfield unable to find even a chair in any hotel in the city. I saw him carried from the old State House where he had lain in state, to the hearse, while the "Dead March in 'Saul'" was played by the St. Louis Silver Cornet Band and a large choir sang the tune to the hymn "Children of the Heavenly King," the grandest music I had ever heard; it fairly made my hair stand on end. I heard Bishop Simpson's oration at the tomb, but was most too tired to enjoy it or appreciate it.

During the summer of 1865 I attended the State Sunday School Convention, where I heard Philip Phillips sing. He sang more than once in my hearing, the song "Your Mission," which President Lincoln asked him to repeat when he sang in Washington. He had a sweet voice, and accompanied his singing

on an organ. At the close of the conference year, I resigned from the Conference and took the relation of local preacher again. I returned to Quincy and engaged to teach the same school that I had taught two years previously. I intended to take up the study of law, and visited the various law offices in Quincy to borrow a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, but I failed to find a copy that I could get. I then tried the book stores to purchase a copy, but with no better success. My way seemed to be hedged up for the time, and I was not sure enough of my ground to push matters very hard; I feared that I was displeasing God. I concluded to let the matter rest for the time until I could feel more satisfied concerning my future course. I went on with my school and enjoyed teaching. I had secured board with Jacob H. Bishop, whose wife was Salina Reeder. They were Methodists and very congenial people. I got along smoothly until winter came on and I learned that the travelling preacher, Rev. John Sargent, was intending to start a series of meetings ere long at Melrose Chapel. This prospect made it necessary for me to come to some conclusion with respect to my future course. I did not feel that I could go into the revival meetings with the matter undecided. At this juncture I received a letter from my aunt, my mother's youngest sister, upbraiding me for giving up the ministry. She charged me with pride and worldly ambition, declaring that I thought the ministry too small a thing for me. My conscience could not clear itself of the accusations. One evening after school I felt that the matter must be decided at once; that I had come to the parting of the ways, and must

take one road or the other. When I faced the matter squarely, I saw that I must devote myself to the ministry or forfeit the favor of God and lose my soul; this fact was quite clear to my mind. Of course, no sane man could hesitate in making a choice between these two contingencies. I said to the Lord, "O well, if that is the only alternative, I will preach, but I think it hard that I should have my life work imposed on me without having any choice in the matter." Then I said to myself that I would take my time about preparing to preach. I resolved that I would finish my college course and then take a course in a theological seminary. If I had to preach, I would get all the advantages possible. But soon my hard heart began to soften; the Lord was wonderfully patient with my stubbornness and did not take His Holy Spirit from me. As I began submissively to accept my calling, I began more and more to feel my unfitness for the great work before me. Then I said, "Lord if I *must* preach the gospel, give me a fitness for the task; I have done no good so far, give me fruit of my ministry." Then the Lord began to draw me out after Himself. I felt that I needed purity of heart, the anointing of the Holy Ghost, that I might have power in preaching. The revival meetings began and continued two weeks under the labors of the circuit preacher, then he went to another point and left the meetings to be conducted by the local talent. As soon as the meetings began, I began to talk in the social meetings about my need of salvation from all sin, and to pray for holiness of heart. The Lord greatly drew me out for this grace. I knew no one to whom to go for counsel. There was a holiness

man in Quincy, a local preacher, Warrington, by name, who afterwards became a travelling preacher, who came out to the meetings and spoke on the subject of Entire Sanctification; but there was a harshness and censoriousness in his spirit that repelled and prejudiced me, so that I got no help from him. The circuit preacher had been a chaplain in the army and seemed quite unspiritual to me, and I got no help from him. My talk on heart-holiness had a marked influence on others, though I did not use exhortations, but spoke only of my own needs. The meetings became unusually spiritual and powerful. When the preacher in charge left the meeting in charge of the local preachers, there was no one responsible for its conduct. The older preachers would each endeavor to put the duty of preaching upon the others, and when they could not settle the matter satisfactorily among themselves, they would ask me to preach and I never refused to do it. I never put myself forward, but if they did not wish me to officiate, it was incumbent on them not to ask me. I had two reasons for this conduct: in the first place, I could not, in conscience, refuse to preach when the opportunity was given, if I was able to do so; secondly, I knew the congregation did not wish to hear the other men, and I felt responsible for the success of the meeting. So it turned out that I did the most of the preaching. Although they asked me to do so, yet this caused a little jealousy in the other preachers toward me, which caused me great pain. The meetings grew in interest and a number of persons professed conversion, among them many of my pupils. Then unusual manifestations began to appear among the converts. The first

one affected was a young man fifteen or sixteen years old. He was of an irreligious family of rather ignorant people, and undoubtedly had never heard of such manifestations of religious excitement. He would become apparently unconscious and rigid and would remain in this state for a considerable time. Soon the contagion spread to some of the other converts, but to none of the older people. One young woman, in particular, would lie for hours with eyes turned upward, an appearance of ecstacy upon her countenance, able to hear what transpired around her, but unable to speak. She would be rigid as a log. She endeavored to avoid these trances but would be overtaken against her will. Sometimes, being worn out with watching with her, we would take her to some house and put her to bed. She would be all right in the morning. These were all the phenomena of the kind I ever witnessed. No meetings I have held since have developed them or anything akin to them. It seemed to be a cataleptic state superinduced by intense mental concentration. The strange thing about it is that it should have become epidemic. But history proves that such religious manifestations, or manifestations accompanying religious movements, often become epidemic, extending sometimes over large sections of country. They are usually confined to the uncultivated classes, who are more under the control of their emotions than others. Mr. Wesley saw some such manifestations accompanying his labors and was in doubt concerning their origin. He said they might be from God, they might be from nature, they might be from the devil. My opinion is that they are natural physical phenomena and prove nothing

one way or the other respecting the spiritual condition of the subject of them. Notwithstanding my efforts after a higher religious experience, I seemed to make no progress, though I felt much quickened and stirred up. I needed encouragement and instruction, and was in great danger of falling back into indifference. When my school closed in the spring of 1866, which was the centenary year of Methodism in America, I was employed as centenary agent for Quincy College. My duties were to appeal to Methodists for gifts of money to endow the college. I tried the agency for a month, but did not like the work; I found myself a poor beggar, and wished to resign. The Rev. T. J. Bryant, who was travelling the Barry circuit desired the place I filled, so I changed places with him by consent of all concerned and became preacher in charge of the Barry circuit for the remainder of the conference year. I made a contract with the Quarterly Conference of the circuit as to the salary I should receive, the only time in my life that I have done so, and then they failed to keep their contract with me, the only time that I ever failed to get all that was promised me. I went to Barry, Pike county, Ill., to enter upon my duties, and secured board in the family of Wm. Jennings, whose wife was a daughter of Deacon Hoyt, a local preacher on the charge. Mr. Jennings kept a small grocery store in Barry. He had been in California during the excitement over the discovery of gold in that country, but had returned without a fortune. The most prominent family in the Methodist circles in Barry was that of Judge Grubb. The judge was an aged man, a lawyer, who had sobered down and become religious in his old age after

a somewhat notorious and wild career as a young man. I did not succeed in becoming much acquainted with him. He had an interesting family, rather refined and cultivated, and I enjoyed their society. I have little recollection of other people in the town. The circuit had five appointments or preaching places. The first Sunday, I preached in Barry morning and night. The second Sunday at a point in the country in the morning and at Barry at night; and on the third Sunday at three different points in the country, Mt. Carmel chapel in the morning, a schoolhouse at 2:30 in the afternoon, and at another chapel at 4:00 that evening. I enjoyed the work very well and seemed to be acceptable as a preacher. I had quite a reputation as a Sunday school man, being accustomed to training the children in singing. This was my special recommendation to the church at Barry and they told me that I was a much better preacher than they had expected. This was encouraging, as I had made no pretenses to unusual preaching ability. I had a novel experience while on this charge. The former pastor, Rev. T. J. Bryant, who still occupied the parsonage at Barry, had a difficulty with one of the local preachers, an Englishman, whose name I have forgotten, and brought charges against him for slander, which accusations had to be enquired into by an ecclesiastical court. This court consisted of a committee of six local preachers, and it was my duty, as preacher in charge, to summon and convene this court and to preside over its deliberations. As I had never seen a church trial, and knew nothing of ecclesiastical law, or the proceedings of such a court, I naturally felt much embarrassed, and incompetent to preside as

judge in such a case. Happily for me, before the proceedings had gone far, the Presiding Elder of the district, the Rev. Emmor Elliot, came to my relief, and took charge of matters. The local preacher was found guilty and excluded from the church. Whether he had slandered the other man or not, I am not clear, but he had said things he could not prove to be true. Shortly after I began my ministry in Barry a young couple came in from the country to be married. As it happened, the Baptist minister at this time was a candidate for the ministry still unordained, and I also was without ordination. The young people wanted to be married by a minister and did not know what to do. Each time the groom went for a preacher, the bride changed her travelling costume for her bridal apparel, and when he returned without one, she changed again. As a last resort they went into the country to Deacon Hoyt's. The deacon was shearing sheep, and without change of raiment, he went into the house and performed the ceremony, and the married couple went on their way, happy. At the end of the conference year, which was in September, I took leave of my charge, and went to Bloomington, Ill.; to attend the session of the Illinois annual conference. I went with the hope of getting work as a junior preacher where I could attend college. On some circuits, two preachers were employed, the one being called the preacher in charge, the other usually an unmarried man, being denominated the junior preacher. The junior was not expected to attend to the business matters of the charge, but simply to do half the preaching. This arrangement was very common formerly among the Methodist people, but has

now nearly gone out of use, as the large circuits have been cut up into smaller charges. The salary of the junior preacher was usually small and he boarded round among the membership. This being the centennial year of Methodism, the four conferences in the state of Illinois met together that year at Bloomington, that being a central point. I do not mean they held their business sessions together. It was a sort of joint convention. The four conferences had not far from a thousand members, and the meetings were of unusual interest to me. I saw several men who were then, or afterward became, noted.

One of these personages was Dr. Fowler of Rock River conference, who afterwards became a bishop. He was then a comparatively young man of commanding talents. Another was Jesse T. Peck, who had for some time previously been editor of a church paper on the Pacific Coast. He was a large, portly man, past middle age and quite bald, there being but a fringe of hair above his neck. When he rose to address the meeting he convulsed the audience by announcing "The Pacific Coast salutes you." There was at that time a member of the Illinois conference by the name of George Barrett. He was quite an able preacher, but an irrepressible wit and humorist. As Dr. Peck was speaking, Mr. Barrett leaned over toward me and, referring to Dr. Peck's bald head, asked in a whisper, "What do you think, is there not too much prairie for the amount of timber?" Dr. Peck was also afterward chosen bishop. I failed to find a place, as I had hoped, where I could attend college and preach on Sundays, thus paying my way. At the close of the Conference, I called on the Rev.

William Rutledge, who lived in Bloomington and was pastor of the circuit of that name. While there Dr. Peter Cartwright called. He said he was hunting a junior preacher for the Jacksonville circuit and he asked Brother Rutledge if he knew where he could find a young man for this place. Up to this time I had never met Dr. Cartwright. Brother Rutledge cited him to me as a possible candidate for the place, and he informed me that I could attend the Illinois College at Jacksonville and fill the place of junior preacher. I asked Dr. Cartwright what salary they would allow me, and he said he supposed they would allow me \$300.00 for the year. As I thought that, with what money I had on hands, I could live on that amount, he asked when I could be ready to go to the charge, and I replied, "On the first train." So, the matter was settled with a few words in a few minutes. I afterwards heard Dr. Cartwright preach several times, as he was Presiding Elder of the Jacksonville district. He had formerly been celebrated as a powerful preacher, but now, in his old age, his preaching was tame and not at all brilliant. He was a man of great force of character and iron will, but in no sense a great man.

I entered Illinois College at once, it being the autumn of 1866. The president of the college, Dr. Sturtevant, excused me from chapel on Saturday and Sunday as they would interfere with my ministerial labors. I obtained board and lodging with a Mr. Hornbeck on South Main street, just one-half mile from the college campus. I had become acquainted with this family while travelling Barry circuit, they at that time living within the bounds of that charge. Mrs. Hornbeck

was the daughter of Stephen Paxton, the noted Sunday school evangelist, who resided in Jacksonville. Jacksonville circuit was then a large circuit, requiring four weeks to complete the round of appointments. There were two preaching points each Sunday. As this required quite an amount of riding, I procured a young horse of one of the society members, who was a farmer and charged me nothing for the use of the horse, and did my travelling on horseback. I would go on Saturday into the neighborhood of my Sunday morning appointment and stay over night with some member of the society. I would attend the Sunday school on Sunday morning and preach at the morning service, then go to another point and preach in the afternoon. I had no appointment on Sunday night unless it was extra, but I would return to the city Sunday night or early Monday morning to be ready for my college work. I was at that time quite an enthusiastic Sunday-school worker and sometimes trained the children in singing. Ability in this direction tended to make a young preacher more acceptable and popular. I was succeeding very well in my college course and I hoped, by doing extra work during the summer vacation, to complete the curriculum in two years. The literary society with whom I had united honored me by electing me president, although this honor was almost invariably given to a senior. I was now in my twenty-fifth year and it looked as though I might be able, before I should be thirty years old, to complete both a college and a theological course. I was also succeeding quite satisfactorily in ministerial work. My colleague, the Rev. George Rutledge, was considered one of the best men

in the conference as well as one of the best preachers. He and his brother William, of whom I have already spoken, were of poetic temperament and masters of a style of oratory most pleasing to the listener. You would say on hearing either one of them preach that more beautiful and more appropriate language could not be used than came spontaneously from their lips; and I was amazed to learn that my preaching was as acceptable as was that of Brother Rutledge. It could not compare with his in rhetorical finish, but I suppose it was more fresh and more direct and practical. During vacations I held some revival meetings, and for the first time in travelling a circuit, I saw results of my labors in professed conversions. During that winter of 1866-7 we had some quite severe weather and I suffered from cold in riding this large circuit. I had sufficient outside clothing, but did not wear sufficient underclothing. As boy and young man I had worn no underclothing and this was the common habit among the common people. One morning in January, 1867, I arose at Arcadia, a village eight miles north of Jacksonville and started about sunrise to ride to that city. It was very cold, the mercury standing below zero, and a deep snow was on the ground. I rode swiftly, but when within about two miles of the city, I found my lower limbs becoming quite devoid of feeling on account of the cold and I dismounted to walk and lead my horse. He was unaccustomed to being led and I made slow progress, and I really feared that I should be frozen before reaching the fire. I, however, escaped that calamity but was careful to provide myself with warmer clothing thereafter. It took me several years to become acclimated to Illi-

nois, the prairie winds being a new experience and causing several attacks of bilious fever. I found it necessary to protect myself with underclothing both summer and winter. As I have intimated, the prospect of success seemed to open up before me, and I had good reason to hope for the fulfillment of my ambitious dreams. It is said, "Man proposes, but God disposes." While the prospect looked so roseate, a sudden calamity fell upon me. I was taken with inflamed sore eyes; I could not tell where the disease was contracted or how, but it was a severe case. This was in the early spring of 1867. For weeks I was almost blind, though I continued to attend to my duties on the circuit, but study was impossible, and for two years I was able to read but for a few minutes at one time. This cut short my college career and blasted my hopes for a theological course. I have no doubt that this seeming calamity was a great mercy to me, and intended for my rescue. As Wesley has written in that beautiful hymn:

The troubles that come,  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

In the month of August, 1867, I was taken sick of bilious remittent fever. I was at the time boarding with a Mrs. Allen, a widow of a Methodist preacher, who had been a member of the Southern Illinois Conference. Her boarding house was on State street, one block east of the public square. I was seriously ill from the first and had no one to take care of me. Being a member of a Sons of Temperance lodge, my case was promptly reported and a young man, who

was a member of that order and also a Methodist, took it upon himself to look after my welfare. The members of my charge were living in the country and would not hear of my condition for several days at least. This young man nursed me each alternate night and secured someone to do the same the intervening nights. He also provided ice and other comforts and visited me every day. My fever was highest at night so that sleep was impossible during the night. I lay in a room between the dining room on one side and the public parlor on the other. The flies were numerous and I had no one to keep them off during the day; and what with the noise and the flies, I got scarcely any sleep or rest in the daytime and I gradually grew worse. The parsonage of the Centenary M. E. Church was near at hand across the street, and the wife of the pastor heard of my sickness. The pastor was Dr. Phillips, afterward president of the State Asylum for the Blind. Mrs. Phillips visited me and told me I would die if I stayed where I was. She kindly offered to take me into her house and take care of me. My young friend, before mentioned, had me removed to the parsonage and I soon began to mend; but it was several months before I fully recovered. However, in a few weeks, I resumed my ministerial duties.

Though I had been elected president of the Sigma Pi literary society, I had never presided at a session of the society as it did not meet during the summer vacation, and before the fall term began I was convinced of the impossibility of my continuing my studies and resigned the office. I acted as president but on one occasion. The two literary societies in the college.

the Sigma Pi and the Phi Alpha in alternate years employed eminent persons to deliver public lectures, and used the proceeds, if any remained over expenses, for the benefit of the society libraries. This year it was our turn and the Hon. Chas. Sumner was secured to deliver a lecture for our benefit. As president of the society it was my duty to introduce him to the audience, which I did. I also attended the society banquet given at one of the principal hotels of the city; and there obtained a clearer view of the advantages of education and of the help to be derived from college associations. They did not prove any advantage to me, but it was through my own free renunciation of them. At the close of the conference year which was in September, the official board of Jacksonville circuit asked me to continue another year as junior preacher on the circuit and proposed to raise my salary to five hundred dollars. The preacher in charge, Rev. George Rutledge, had received twelve hundred dollars per year and the use of the parsonage, which he did not use, as he owned a house in the city, but which he rented for three hundred dollars. That made his salary fifteen hundred dollars and mine three hundred. The officials said the disparity was too great as my preaching was as acceptable as his and I had held as many extra meetings. So they proposed to take two hundred dollars off his salary and add it to mine. The Rev. George was a good friend of mine but this was a heavier tax on his friendship than it would bear. He strenuously objected to the arrangement; and as I was not a member of the conference, but a supply, and had no influence in the conference, he had another young man, who was a member of the

conference and who was satisfied with three hundred dollars, appointed in my place. I had never complained of my salary nor asked for an increase. The official board were actuated simply by a sense of justice in their proposal. Moral: See how these Methodist preachers love one another! But God looks after the interests of the widow and the orphan and the simple minded who are not able to look out for themselves. Dr. Peter Akers was made Presiding Elder of the district in the place of Dr. Peter Cartwright. He came back from conference looking for a "supply" for a new charge which had but recently been created in the city of Jacksonville, and which was as yet without a house of worship. He asked me to become pastor of this society and I accepted the place. I think I had the honor of naming it "Brooklyn" charge because of its being situated south of the brook which crosses the city from east to west. The official board allowed me a salary of seven hundred dollars, and I was not at the expense of keeping a horse, nor did I need to ride through the heat or cold to reach my appointments. During the previous summer I had become acquainted with a small band of people, mostly Methodists, who met every Tuesday afternoon in what they called a "Holiness" meeting. I remember that the widow of Richard Yates, Senior, the war governor of Illinois, and the mother of the late Governor Yates, often met with them. I became a regular attendant of these meetings and many of these "Holiness" people, as they were called, became members of my congregation and the society became distinctively a "Holiness" church. I will digress here to say a few words concerning Dr. Akers. He was, at this time, about

eighty years old, about the same age as Dr. Cartwright, but unlike him in most particulars. He was a well educated man, having been for years president of McKendry College; a deep thinker and an able preacher even yet in his extreme age. He was gentle in his manners, without self-assertion and was universally esteemed and beloved. He wrote and published a work on Chronology, which was too profound to be generally understood or appreciated, but was commended by the experts in that science. I have no doubt that he was the most able man intellectually that ever belonged to the Illinois Conference, up to that time. Shortly after I became pastor of Brooklyn charge, we began planning to build a house of worship, and some of the burden of raising the funds was laid upon me. I never was of any account as a beggar. I remember that I was sent to "Uncle Billy Stroebling" as he was popularly called. He was the Rev. William Stroebling, who lived outside the city within the bounds of Jacksonville circuit. He was a remarkable character and most unique. He owned 640 acres of land just outside the city limits and was not celebrated for his generosity or liberality. He was usually dressed in clothes of a bygone age, but was most remarkable for his vocabulary. He never used a small word when a large one could be pressed into service. Dr. Samuel Johnson was celebrated for his stilted style, but Brother Stroebling out-Johnsoned Johnson. The clerks in the stores never knew what he wanted by the language he used in calling for an article. He was thought to be a great preacher because no one could understand him. To give you an idea of this eccentricity of his, I will give you the language he used at

table as reported to me by the hostess herself. "Sister, please pass a portion of that nutritious aliment for which it is enjoined upon us to make diurnal supplication." In short, that is, "Please pass the bread." I had very moderate success in getting a donation for the new meeting house out of "Uncle Billy." The chapel was built that fall and though not completed inside or outside, was available for holding services in. The next summer the interior was finished, but the towers were not completed until after I left the charge, nor was the house dedicated until later.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A NEW EXPERIENCE AND MY MARRIAGE.

I am now approaching the crisis of my life experience, the determining factor of my religious career.

In the autumn of 1867 I was twenty-six years old, and as my college course was cut short, I began to think seriously of marriage. Up to this time the desire to finish my education had been a bar to matrimony, unless I should marry a fortune. It is true some opportunities of this nature appeared to be thrown in my way but they did not appeal to me. But now I was free to seek a wife. If I were to continue in the Christian ministry, it was much better to be married than single, provided I had a suitable wife. I had another great need of which I was sensible, and that was a right heart. I realized this only dimly, however. I had met and became slightly acquainted with a Methodist preacher, by the name of Adam Clark Armstrout, an able preacher and a holy man. I had talked with him several times upon the subject of holiness or sanctification with reference to my personal experience, but he acted as though he thought I was not serious about the matter, and gave me little satisfaction. He probably judged me by my dress, as I was tasty and particular in my apparel and may have appeared foppish to him. But you cannot always tell what is in a man's heart by what is on the outside of

him. I also had made some claims to an experience of holiness of heart, but was not at all satisfied with that experience. In January, 1868, Brother Armentrout, who was stationed at Winchester, 16 miles from Jacksonville, sent for me to assist him in a series of meetings. He had already been two years in the charge and had done a good work there, a number of his flock having been saved from sin, as also some in other congregations. He said he had sent for me to preach to sinners outside of the "church," which he could not do over the heads of sinners on the inside. This was not particularly complimentary to my spiritual state, but I was not offended. I was willing to be used to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. I had heard of a young woman in Brother Armentrout's congregation, a teacher in the public schools of Winchester, and a graduate of Jacksonville Female College, who had been saved from sin through his labors. I had never seen her, and knew nothing about her personal appearance, but she was highly spoken of, and I imagined that she might make a suitable wife for a Methodist preacher. I went to Winchester on Friday and preached on that night, Saturday night, and twice on Sunday, and on Monday night, returning to Jacksonville on Tuesday. The influences about me were such as to make preaching easy, and Brother Armentrout remarked to me that I was an abler preacher than he had supposed, as he had never heard me previously. I put up at the parsonage during my stay, and sister Armentrout soon began talking to me of the young woman I have mentioned, Miss Nannie Burnett. She had lost her position in the public school of the city because of her religious professions, and was teaching

in the country, and did not reach town until Saturday. She and the pastor's wife were intimate friends and Mrs. Armentrout did not fail to sing her praises. I said little and did not show much interest in the subject. Miss Burnett came to visit Mrs. Armentrout, and I met her and had a short conversation with her. I found her a small, delicate looking lady of rather prepossessing appearance, quite ladylike and modest. I was quite favorably impressed with her looks. Her health was delicate, however, and she was not really able to teach a country school. She left Monday morning for her school, I meanwhile having met her a few times in the meetings and having spoken but a few words to her. I noticed, however, that her hand trembled as she shook hands with me in bidding me "good-bye." I enjoyed the meetings and was much impressed with the spirituality of some of the people. My resolutions to be a whole hearted Christian were much strengthened. After the last service on Monday night, January 29, 1868, Brother Armentrout and I sat and talked matters over. He asked me what I meant to do. I told him I meant to preach the whole gospel of salvation from sin. He presented what discouragements he saw lying before me if I carried out such a purpose. He told me that likely the conference would not receive me if I kept my resolutions. I said that would make no difference. This prophecy afterwards came true. He said it would not surprise him if they excommunicated me. I scarcely thought that probable, but declared that it would not alter my purpose. Then he remarked that a man needed a great deal of the anointing of the Holy Spirit to preach a real gospel. I replied that I was convinced



S. R. Harshman at Age of  
Twenty-six Years.



of that and that I did not have this anointing, "but," I asked, "what would you do under such conditions?" He replied, "I would obey God and trust Him for the anointing." I said that was what I would do. As it was late, we rose to retire to bed. He lighted me to my room and started back to the sitting room, but turned again and exclaimed, "Brother Harshman, I bless God I ever saw you," and his countenance shone as he spoke. I went into my room and began to prepare for bed; I had fully made up my mind to obey the Lord and to trust Him for the necessary grace and fitness. I was not long kept waiting for the fulfillment of this promise. As was my habit, I knelt by my bedside to pray before lying down. I was not asking the Lord to save me, though I was trusting Him to do so in His own good time. Suddenly, as I knelt, the Holy Spirit fell upon me in wonderful power. My whole being was illuminated and entranced. I was filled with joy and a sense of God's presence. I did not feel like shouting or making any noisy demonstration; my happiness was indescribable, it was rather,

"The prostrate awe that dares not move  
And all the silent heaven of love."

I had a vivid sense of the fact that my nature was made pure; that there was nothing within me that was offensive to Infinite Purity. God had purged me with hyssop and I was clean; He had washed me and I was whiter than snow. For the first time in my experience, I was wholly delivered from the fear of death. The thought of death was joyous.

"A love surpassing far  
The love of all beneath  
I found within my heart, and dared.  
The pointless darts of death."

I seemed to be in heaven, it seemed all about me and within me, I could fear nothing. I thought of Brother Armentrout and realized for the first time what it was to "love the brethren." I never had felt such love for any human being. It seemed to me that it would be a pleasure to lay down my life for him; I wanted to go to him and tell him how I loved him. But I was restrained by the thought that he was probably asleep and I did not wish to disturb him, and that it would keep until morning. I had no impulse to do anything extravagant or indecorous or absurd, and I have ever since then had doubts of the origin of such impulses. I do not believe that they come from the Holy Spirit, Who is a God of order, propriety and decorum. The spirit of Christianity is the "spirit of love and of power, and of a sound mind." Love "doth not behave itself unseemly." I finally fell asleep and did not awake until morning. When I awoke the ecstasy of feeling was gone, but I felt clearly the change which had taken place in me and did not hesitate to speak of it. The change in me had changed the aspect of many things; I saw them with different eyes. I returned to Jacksonville that day, it being Tuesday, and went to the Holiness Meeting that afternoon and told the people what great things the Lord had done for me, and they rejoiced with me. But many whom I had regarded as my friends, both among preachers and laity, looked at me

askance and with suspicion; and I soon found that Satan was not favorably disposed toward me any more than his friends were. Persecution began which has continued up to the present time. I at once began the consideration of the marriage problem. I learned before I left Winchester that it was currently reported that Miss Burnett and I were to be married. I am pleased to think that the people discerned in this match the "eternal fitness of things," but they reached that conclusion ahead of me. However, I soon made up my mind to the same effect, and immediately wrote the lady proposing correspondence with a view to matrimony. She was at the time receiving the attentions of another young man who lived in Winchester. When she came home from the country the following Saturday, Brother Shearer, her foster father, had a note for her from this young man and also a letter from me. He handed her the note, but said nothing about the letter. She glanced at the note and saw whom it was from and immediately asked, "where is the other one?" He handed it to her, and on reading it, she remarked, "that suits me." I visited her once in March and for the first time we saw each other alone. We were married on Easter Sunday, the 12th of April, 1868, in the M. E. meeting house, Brother A. C. Armentrout officiating. He preached that morning from a peculiar text of scripture, found in Solomon's Song, 2nd Chapter, 8th to 13th verse. I will not quote it, the reader may read it for himself in the Bible if he wishes to know what it is. At the close of the sermon we stepped forward in front of the pulpit and a short marriage ceremony was performed just before the

closing prayer. I had procured a carriage and had driven down from Jacksonville on Saturday and intended to return on Monday with my wife, but she was not feeling well enough to make the trip and we postponed our return until Tuesday. My friends in Jacksonville had prepared a surprise for me on my return; they had prepared an elaborate wedding feast without a hint to me of their intention, and they were much chagrined at our non-appearance to grace the feast, and subjected themselves to a little ridicule by their discomfiture, and were not feeling in the best of humor when we returned on Tuesday. The dinner as a surprise was a complete success, as every one concerned was in some way surprised. During my wife's illness on the Monday after the wedding, I had an experience which I will here relate. She suffered from an ailment which often attacked her and was enduring considerable pain. As she lay on a couch and I sat beside her witnessing her suffering, it occurred to me to pray for her relief. The suggestion seemed reasonable, and I silently lifted my heart in a petition to God for help. I was surprised to realize immediate access to God, and to feel an assurance of being heard. I waited a few minutes and then asked my wife how she felt. She replied, "the pain is all gone"; and after examining herself, "and the soreness is all gone, also." She was completely relieved and never afterward had a repetition of the attack. Then in my ignorance, I jumped to a conclusion that many more experienced and wiser men have arrived at: viz, that because God healed once in answer to prayer, He would always heal, and that there was no need of a Christian's being sick. It seemed such

an easy matter to be healed; but experience soon taught me my mistake. It is not always possible to offer the prayer of faith for the healing of the sick. Such experiences are the exception and not the rule. I might just as well expect that my building would always be protected from lightning strokes, tornado's blast or the ravages of fire, or that my crops might never feel the effects of frost or drought or suffer from the effects of insect pests. God's people are still subject to natural evil and will be until their bodies and this earth are redeemed from the curse pronounced upon disobedient Adam. The Lord will in special cases deliver us from these evils when He sees it to be for His glory and our good in answer to the prayer of faith. The time and place is in His will and not in ours.

My wife and I obtained board and lodging with a family by the name of Lacy. Mr. Lacy was a man who had inherited some wealth but, by extravagance and poor business methods, was squandering it. His wife was a member of my congregation. I had entirely recovered from the effects of my attack of bilious fever the previous summer, though it had taken months to do so, and was enjoying robust health. My weight was greater at this time than ever before or since. I enjoyed my work, but I found some drawbacks, and many temptations. I found it necessary for me to revise my former conception of Christianity in many respects. I had always supposed the essence of religion to subsist mostly in the emotions, and that the great aim of a Christian was to be happy, to enjoy ecstasy of feelings. I expected as a result of my new experience to be constantly exhilarated and

filled with the spirit of rejoicing, and I was astonished to find myself often in heaviness and discouraged and cast down. At one time I was visiting at Brother B. R. Rucker's and, feeling much perplexed and worried, Sister Rucker asked me if I ever sought counsel or comfort from the Lord by opening the Bible and expecting a message from the first passage my eyes might light upon. I told her I had never done such a thing. She said she often did, and she volunteered to ask something from the Lord to comfort me. She took her Bible and retired into another room. Shortly she returned and handed me the Bible to open at random, so to speak. I opened it and the first passage my eye fell upon was in Isaiah XLI, Chapter 10th to 16th verses. This language was most powerfully applied to my soul so that it seemed that the Lord had spoken to me directly from heaven. It melted me to tears and filled me with courage and hope. I had been quite particular about my dress, and I now found myself troubled about the matter. I saw the necessity of plainness of apparel. I had never worn rings, gold chains or things of that nature. My conscience was very tender and Satan was ready to take advantage of this to torment me about trifles. I discarded neckties and have never since worn them, though I lay down no such rule for others. I crucified my taste in dress hoping in these things to please God. I was sincere, but probably in some things mistaken. I felt it laid upon me to kneel down as soon as I entered my seat in a religious meeting; soon others followed my example and it became sort of a distinguishing mark of the Holiness people in Jacksonville. At first it was a cross to do this; but

soon the novelty wore off and it ceased to be a cross, and then I felt it laid upon me to quit this practice. This was a greater cross than the other, as it had the appearance of retrograding; however, I did what I felt to be my duty. Methodist preachers were in the habit of kneeling as soon as they entered the pulpit. I saw that this was often, if not usually, done from habit and that it smacked of vain religious show and hypocrisy. I had to quit the practice. These matters are of no importance in themselves, but only as they are used to instruct and discipline the child of God. In August of that year, 1868, the Western Holiness Association held a camp-meeting near Williamsville, Illinois, and a number of the members of my congregation attended it. My wife and I attended also; in fact, all the so-called holiness preachers of the conference were there, though that was but a small number. There was quite a large attendance at this meeting, and it became quite a means of education to me on account of my short experience in the work. The Rev. Hardin Wallace of Jacksonville, who was in poor health had professed sanctification during the summer, but was not at the meeting, probably because of sickness. During the summer his brother, Rev. Henry Clay Wallace, who was stationed at Petersburg, Ill., had invited me to visit that town and preach on the subject of holiness. My wife and I went and during our stay Hardin Wallace had visited his brother. He was so cautious and conservative that it tended to muzzle my freedom of speech and I became discouraged and disgusted and ran away from the work. I was quite outspoken and bold, and possibly my zeal was not always tempered by knowledge; but I could

not endure any shackles on my liberty of thought and speech. I was advised to be careful lest I might injure the "church" by my outspokenness, but my aim was to speak God's truth and let the "church" take care of itself. I had no respect for a church that could be injured by the truth faithfully spoken. This brought me into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities and brought down upon my devoted head the vials of their wrath. At the holiness camp-meeting a Methodist minister by the name of W. H. Rayburn was in attendance. He was at this time, I think, pastor on Williamsville circuit. There were rumors afloat that his conduct was not above reproach; and that his relations with a Mrs. Redfield, the widow of a Free Methodist preacher, were not what they should be. She was also at this meeting. She was a woman of unusual ability and forcefulness, but considerably older than Mr. Rayburn, who had been an acceptable preacher, of good abilities, fine address and a beautiful voice both for speaking and singing. I could find no substantial basis for these reports, and thought they might be slanders set afloat to injure a good man. I decided to suspend my judgment of the man until I could be better informed, as that was what I would wish others to do in my case. But the Jacksonville holiness people were determined to reject him on mere suspicion and rumor, and fell out with me because I would not do so. I was afterwards compelled to reject him because the rumors proved to be founded on facts. The meetings continued over two Sundays. There was a number of good people there and some who were inclined to fanatical practices. Most of those who encamped on the grounds were Methodists

though the Association was itself undenominational. This movement, though it promoted the spread of a Methodist doctrine, the Wesleyan theory of sanctification, was looked upon with suspicion by the ecclesiastical authorities of the M. E. denomination, as they distrusted the loyalty of the Methodists engaged in it. Their opposition and their hostility tended to produce the result they feared. There was scarcely enough vitality in the movement to have produced a schism if it had been treated with toleration. And even hostility drove but comparatively few out of the fellowship of that sect. I said some things in preaching and testimony at this meeting that provoked the wrath of the Methodist authorities. Among other things, at a love feast and testimony meeting on Sunday morning when a large congregation was present, after having the Methodist "church" lauded "ad nauseum" as the agent, under God, of the salvation of the speakers, I arose and declared that I thanked God that He had saved me in spite of the Methodist Church. This statement gave mortal offense, and the rod was at once put in pickle for me. After our return to Jacksonville there ensued a coolness between me and the official board of the society resulting from our difference of opinion which had arisen at the camp-meeting, and they resolved to bring me to terms. As I was one day walking the streets, I felt suddenly a sense of pressure on soul and body which was so severe as to take away my strength and make my knees quake. I could not imagine what the cause might be as I was in my usual health, and had had no similar feelings before this. I walked on until I arrived at the grocery store of Brother Leo. C. Ebey,

who was one of the stewards of Brooklyn church. He called to me and informed me that the members of the official board of the church wished to have a conference with me and were to meet at once at a point designated where we would not be interrupted. I started at once for the place of meeting. I now knew the cause of my strange attack; Satan was endeavoring to disqualify me for the trial awaiting me. As I walked along I cried to God for help. I felt as though I had no strength to withstand anything. Soon I began to feel relief, and strength began to rise in soul and body so that before reaching the appointed place of meeting I felt, with David, "By my God I can run through a troop; by my God I can leap over a wall." I felt bold, fearless, and independent. When we met, the brethren appeared to be confused and hesitant, and no one seemed willing to state the object of the meeting, but deferred to the others. After enjoying their confusion for a short time, I told them that I thought I could state the object of the conference. They then told me that they had decided that if I would not recede from the stand taken by me at the camp-meeting, they, as the official board of the society, would refuse to give me recommendation for admission to conference, and for local deacon's orders. I told them that those matters were consecrated so far as I was concerned, and that I did not care a fig what they did or did not do in the matter; that I had done what I had believed to be right, and that I was still of the same mind, and could not be bought off or intimidated. This ended the conference. In a short time the quarterly conference of the charge met and without any request on my part they gave

me both recommendations and continued my firm friends afterward. I have just lately (Feb. 1910) visited Brother Leo. C. Ebey in Hermon, California, a suburb of Los Angeles, where he is living retired at the age of eighty-three, having for years been a preacher in the Free Methodist denomination, but at present is connected with no sect. The other members of that official board are all dead, I believe. In September 1868, my wife and I attended the annual session of the Illinois Conference at Quincy, Illinois. I took with me a recommendation for admission to conference as a probationer, and a recommendation for ordination as a local deacon. This could be conferred on any local preacher who had been licensed for four years. If I had had a presiding elder to push my claims, the result might have been different, but Dr. Akers had no ability of that kind and though highly respected, he had little influence on conference business. My enemies among the preachers opposed my ordination on the ground of my disloyalty to the church and my radicalism. One old preacher remarked that they would first take some of the young America out of the young man. I did not offer my recommendation for admission to the conference, so that was not refused me. This left the door open for my employment as a supply, the capacity in which I had been laboring. And before the conference closed, Elder Travis, the Presiding Elder of the Decatur District, offered me the position of supply pastor of the M. E. society at Arcola, Illinois. He said that I might get them all sanctified if I wished to as they needed something very much. I also needed work very much, so I accepted the place. On my

arrival in Arcola, I found that the Presiding Elder had not exaggerated in his description of the condition of things; affairs were truly in a lamentable state. Many members had been admitted who had never professed conversion, among these were some of the leading members of the society. The class leader claimed to be back-slidden, and the only doubt on this point was whether he had ever had anything to slide back from. The most influential member of the society was Alonzo L. Clark, a banker in the town. He was a young man of about my age, of fine business abilities and an excellent man. He was also a man of fine personal appearance and generally liked. He and I soon became fast friends and he supported me in my work with great zeal. The society had been unfortunate in the men who had been pastors over them for several years. They had not been spiritual men and had looked after the temporalities more than after the spiritual interests of the society. I began at once preaching repentance. The members took my preaching very well for a while, but soon became restive as I still insisted on repentance. They began to complain and to demand something else. So I took for my text one day the language of Isaiah (Isaiah 30:10) "Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." I told the congregation that I should like to speak upon other subjects; that I should like to tell them about heaven, and how happy they would be when they reached there, but I feared they would never reach heaven without a great spiritual change. They saw my point of view, and some of the society fell in with it, while others resented it. Thus a conflict was brought on which

continued during my stay with them. In the first part of December I began a series of meetings which continued without interruption for sixteen weeks. There was preaching every night except Saturday night of each week and the regular services on Sunday. Also social meetings each afternoon. I was young and strong and could endure almost any amount of physical and mental labor, and I did not spare myself. I did all the preaching during the meeting except for the assistance of Brother W. B. M. Colt for about a week and three or four other sermons. I also led the singing and did considerable public praying. The meetings became quite interesting and excited a good deal of comment in the country round about. Its influence extended beyond the borders of the Methodist society, and the Presbyterians and "Campbellites" found it necessary to start meetings in self protection. But they could not hold out long enough; their preachers would wear out and quit. One of them expressed a wonder that I could hold out so long. When I was informed of his remark, I sent him word that to keep machinery from wearing it must be kept well oiled. These preachers seemed to lack the oil. During the whole time of the series of meetings there was a factional opposition kept up. A local preacher by the name of Shirley was the head of this faction. When it was evident that the meetings were proving a success, these opposing preachers wished to assist in the work to build up the society. They urged this upon me, and I would gladly have had help, but I "feared them when they brought gifts." I knew they were, at heart, enemies to the work of God, so I incurred their enmity by refusing to let them occupy the

pulpit. They were free to labor in the meetings otherwise. Just before the close of the revival meetings, the Second Quarterly Conference for the year was held. The Presiding Elder publicly commended the work that had been done and declared the society to be in the best condition he had ever seen it. But a strong effort was made privately by my enemies to have me removed from my pastorate. They said that I would divide the church and ruin things generally. They probably believed what they said, though I had not thought of doing anything of the kind. As the Presiding Elder had taken the responsibility to employ me while I was under the ban of the Annual Conference, it made him afraid of the consequences, thinking he would be blamed if any trouble ensued. And though he was friendly toward me, he had no real sympathy with the work I was doing, and did not intend to run any risk of injuring himself in its support. He wrote me a friendly letter telling me that he wished to save me to the church and advising moderation. I was equally frank in my reply and told him that his labor to save me would be in vain, as I was too badly spoiled for any antiseptic that he could apply. I did not wish to leave him in doubt as to my intentions to stand by my principles.

Meanwhile my wife and I had removed from the hotel where we had boarded for several months, and were staying with Brother David McCord and wife, who had professed salvation in the meetings. They were Presbyterians but had been reached by the influence of the Gospel I preached. About the first of April I began to notice that my wife had symptoms of mania; the first symptoms I did not recognize. She

began to destroy some little trinkets that she had discarded when she professed salvation, as also some of mine. I let her have her way about these things as they were not of much value. But soon she proceeded to destroy articles of clothing; then I saw what the trouble was. Her mania took the form of melancholia, and she was not violent. I was prostrated by the discovery of her condition and could neither sleep nor eat for a time. But I soon saw that this would not do, that God's will must be submitted to, and I was in a short time enabled so to give the matter up to God that He gave me a wonderful deliverance from my burden so that my cheerfulness was restored, and I was better qualified to take care of my wife. As I could not attend to my work as pastor of a congregation and take care of my wife at the same time I decided to resign my charge, which I did promptly. But before writing my letter of resignation, realizing what those who had been saved from sin under my labors would have to endure if they remained in the Methodist society, I wrote them letters of dismissal which they could use or not as they should choose. I provided a way of escape for them. This act greatly enraged the M. E. leaders when they found that the net was broken and the prey had escaped. I did it from a sense of duty as their spiritual guide.

## CHAPTER IX.

### I LEAVE THE METHODIST SECT.

I wish, in passing, to contradict a report which has been circulated, to the effect that I was excluded from the Methodist society for immoral conduct. No charges of any character were ever preferred against me while I was a Methodist. Nor was I ever accused so far as I know, of any indiscretion even. This is true of me from the time I united with the Methodists at fourteen years of age until I left them; and I brand as a vile and malicious slander any statement to the contrary. About the first of April, 1869, after a pastorate of six months, having resigned my charge at Arcola, I took my wife to her people at Winchester, Illinois, that she might be properly taken care of. Her mania was not violent, but she required constant watching day and night. In spite of our vigilance she got hold of a pair of shears and cut off her hair. She had beautiful golden brown hair and quite an abundance of it. She refused to recognize her friends and claimed not to know any of them. Her trouble was melancholia, and as frequently happens in such cases, she refused food and had to be forced to take nourishment. I would put her to bed and lie in front of her with doors and windows fastened so that she could not leave the room without arousing me. On the 6th of June she was confined with a girl baby, which I

named Ruth. She was a tiny child, weighing but three and one-half pounds, but prenaturally bright and intelligent. Her mother before her confinement had longed for apples and I had provided them as long as I could procure them, as they were quite scarce. The child when a few weeks old could smell an apple if it was in the room with her. Her mother refused to recognize her child or to nurse it and we had to provide artificial nourishment for her. She was a delicate child and the prospect of raising her for a while was quite poor. But by good nursing she was kept alive and improved in health. I was able to do but little during the summer of 1869 but take care of my wife. On Sunday I sometimes got away to preach a sermon. In August of that year occurred a total eclipse of the sun, visible in Illinois. It was a very grand spectacle, but I could not persuade my wife to notice it. I had hoped that after her confinement she would at once recover her reason, but for three months or near that long I could see little improvement in her condition, so I determined to try a change of scene as a remedy and took my wife to Ohio to visit my parents. It was humiliating to be compelled to take her to them in her insane condition as they had never seen her as yet. But the hope of her improvement outweighed every other consideration. We started about the first of September, going by way of Toledo and Cleveland. In the presence of strangers, my wife was able to control herself and to conceal her condition. I had no trouble with her on the trip, and we arrived at my father's house the second day of the trip. My wife was naturally reserved and reticent except with her

most intimate friends. She now had nothing to say to any one except to answer an occasional question and for a few days I could see no improvement in her condition and I became discouraged about her and went to the Lord about her case. I seemed to get encouragement from the Lord that she would get well and shortly she began visibly to improve. She took a fancy to my oldest sister and wandered around the orchards and fields with her, talking with her. Her improvement became rapid and in a month after our arrival in Ohio, she seemed about well. I held a number of meetings while at my father's, my wife going with me to the meetings toward the last. My father's youngest brother Ephraim Harshman, who was considered one of the best Methodists in the community, became interested in the preaching and before my return to Illinois was gloriously saved. His simplicity after his new experience was remarkable. If he did not understand anything I said while preaching he would interrupt me to ask a question. This mortified his relatives. For two or three days after his conversion he was so filled with the presence of God that he could scarcely eat or sleep. He arose one evening in the meeting and told of an occurrence of his past life that troubled him. At one time he and his brother, George, had lived in Pennsylvania. Uncle Ephraim was about to revisit that state when his brother, George W., asked him to take a small sum of money and pay it to a merchant there, to whom he (George W.) owed it. He took the money and on his way to Pennsylvania thought that he would see if he could outwit the merchant, who was a Jew. So when he met the merchant he remarked about his brother

owing the debt and asked the Jew if he would throw off a dollar of the amount if he would pay it. The merchant agreed to do so, and he kept the dollar. Now he said he felt that this was not honest and he wished to make reparation. But he said that he was not clear as to whom he owed the money. So to make sure he would repay both of them if he could. He did not know just where the merchant had gone but his brother was present in the meeting. About sixteen years had elapsed and at simple interest the amount had doubled. "Now," said he, "lest the devil should get the advantage of me I have given S. R. the two dollars to keep until I call for it." And coming forward to the pulpit, he called for the money. I handed it over to him and he offered it to his brother. He did not want to take it, but Uncle Ephraim insisted and to close the incident he took it, though unwillingly. He did all this so simply and with as little self-consciousness as a little child. Indeed, he seemed to me the best illustration of what Jesus said about our becoming as little children, that I had ever seen. After about a month's visit with my parents my wife seemed to have recovered her mental balance, and we returned to Winchester, Illinois. Our little girl had been pretty well during our absence, in the care of Brother and Sister Shearer. When I had removed to Winchester with my afflicted wife in the spring of 1869, I had withdrawn from the M. E. denomination, feeling that I could not labor in that communion without constant friction. I still believed their doctrines, but my preaching of those doctrines gave offense. I insisted too strongly on purity of heart and life; and I had lost my zeal for the upbuilding

of their sectarian interests. I was intent only on building up the kingdom of God. My relation to the Church of Christ was not clear to me; I seemed to be on the outside. Shortly after going to Winchester, I met Dr. Akers; he remarked to me, "I understand that you are out of the church." I replied, "Yes, out of the visible church; I am still in the invisible church." He said, "There is no such church." That was a poser to me. The Methodist catechism taught that there is an invisible church, composed of all true believers, but Dr. Akers' opinion had considerable weight with me, and I began to look the matter up in the scriptures. I examined the catechism to find what scriptural proofs were given for the existence of an invisible church. To my surprise, I found some of the same texts of scripture given as proof of an invisible church as were given for proofs of a visible church. I saw at once that the same passages of scripture could not prove the Church of Christ both visible and invisible. I felt that I had been trifled with; I could not find a particle of proof in the scriptures of an invisible church. Then, I could not be in it if there was no such thing. I could find a church spoken of that was the "light of the world," but it could not be invisible. I read of one that is "a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid," but it is certainly not invisible. That was the one I wished to belong to if I could find it. Then I began to search for the description of the visible Church of Christ. The M. E. catechism defined it as being "A congregation of faithful men, among whom the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered according to Christ's ordinance." I was willing to accept

that definition, and by it to locate the visible church. I found that nearly everything claiming to be the visible Church of Christ fell short of these characteristics. In the first place, I could not find a congregation of faithful men. All the congregations within my knowledge were composed mostly or entirely of men confessing themselves unfaithful, very unfaithful. I did not need to judge them, they judged themselves. Then, as a rule, the pure word of God was not preached among them, or they would not have been in this condition. As to the sacraments, I did not know about them; I did not find the word mentioned in the New Testament. I concluded that being outside of these congregations of *unfaithful* men, among whom the pure word of God was *not* preached could be no great detriment to me, and I decided to stay out. And if I could not find a congregation of faithful men, I would endeavor to gather one. I could find some faithful men and women, but not congregations of them. It soon dawned upon me that these congregations of unfaithful men, instead of being visible churches of Christ, were visible synagogues of Satan, and dangerous enclosures for Christians to be found in. I saw that these unfaithful congregations, destitute of spirituality and unity, warring among themselves, constituted spiritual Babylon, and that God was calling His people out of them. I began to perceive the danger of unholy fellowship and to sound the warning. This soon caused the houses of worship to be closed against me and forced me into halls and school houses and groves. Brother A. C. Armentrout had come out from the Methodists about the time when I came out and we often labored together. He was the older

man, and I recognized him as the leader. I learned from the New Testament that the Church of Christ is a spiritual body and not a carnal organization; that the Lord Jesus had prescribed no particular form of outward organism, as all acknowledge to be the fact, simply because He did not intend that it should have any such organization; that to organize it promotes schism, contention and spiritual death. Having learned that the Church of Christ is a spiritual body, I had some carnal ordinances left on my hands, that I did not know what to do with. I was as much non-plussed what to do with water baptism as Peter was at the house of Cornelius; and the eucharist, or Lord's supper, was more surplusage. I could not celebrate or practice them until I understood their significance and intention; and I would not repudiate them until I could give sound, conclusive, scriptural reason for so doing. The reasons given for their rejection by the people called Friends, or Quakers, did not seem to me to be conclusive, so I let the question rest there until I found more light.

Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1869, it seemed proper for my wife and me to go to housekeeping. This was so clearly my duty, that I rented a house in Winchester, with the understanding that we should occupy it in a short time. We had been living with Brother and Sister Shearer, and I felt sure we had burdened them long enough, as my wife was now fully recovered. But we were destitute of means to buy furniture. Brother Armentrout had become discouraged at the outlook for doing good in the face of so much opposition and was about to return to the bosom of the "church(?)". He was much cha-

grined because he could not take me back with him and was no longer giving me encouragement, and I was left standing alone. The Rev. W. B. M. Colt, a brother-in-law of Brother Armentrout, had left the Methodists about the time we did, and had gone to the Free Methodists. There were a few brethren in and around Winchester, who were outside of sects, who were generally Brother Armentrout's converts, but they had contributed to my support as well as to his. I let it be understood that I was about to go to housekeeping, but said nothing about my need of help. I had covenanted with the Lord to make my wants known to none but Him, and to trust Him entirely for a support. The Methodist minister in Winchester, who was an old friend, had warned me that this was unsafe and would land me in infidelity. But I replied that God had ordained that those who preached the gospel should live of the gospel, and had declared that if we sought first His kingdom and righteousness, all necessary temporal things should be added, and I believed so strongly that it was true, that I was willing to put it to the test; and if God failed me and I became an infidel, I would then be in his class; but I would not charge God with falsehood until I had proved Him. The time had about arrived for me to go to housekeeping. I was to take possession of the rented house on Monday of the next week. It was now Saturday and my wife had a small rocking chair and a small table, and I had ten cents in money. Brother Armentrout had a pretty good idea of my dilemma and was much amused at it. None of the brethren or friends had mentioned the matter to me; yet, notwithstanding the hopeless-

ness of the outlook, I felt serene and even buoyant. I wonder now as I look back at the circumstances, that I should have felt so confident. I seemed to have the faith the poet wrote of:

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, ‘It shall be done’.”

I knew that something had to occur pretty soon. I went up town on Saturday morning, went to the post-office and received a letter containing eight dollars. This was owed to my wife for a silver watch which she had sold. We purchased with this amount sixteen yards of rag carpet. My wife's health was delicate, and as the floor of the rented house was somewhat open, I knew the carpet was a necessity. I carried the carpet home and returned up town. As I turned the corner on to the public square a friend spoke to me, called me into a doorway, and gave me ten dollars. I started on and before I had gone a block, I met two brethren from the country. They said that they were unable to rest that morning as they remembered that I was about to set up house-keeping, thinking that I might need help; and they had come to town to see about it. “Now,” said they, “what do you need?” I informed them that I was not allowed to make my wants known. “Well,” said one of them, “what have you got?” That was easy to answer. Suffice it to say that I began house keeping on Monday with sufficient furniture to make us comfortable, though some of it was second-hand furniture, and provisions for some time to come. God did not fail me, though He tried my faith severely.

Sometime during the fall or winter Brother Armen-trot returned to the Methodist connection, leaving me alone as leader of the brethren outside of the sects, in that part of the country. His defection was quite a blow to us, and tended to shake the confidence of some. The prospect before us was not flattering. We were few in number, generally poor in purse, and looked upon with general disfavor. The meeting houses had been shut against us, and we had to resort to school houses, halls and private houses for meeting places. Not all of those who had come out of sects for conscience sake, were really saved, and this laid the foundation for trouble and division. However, no serious trouble ensued. We held meetings regularly, and I did considerable preaching. During the winter of 1869-70 I received word from the brethren in Arcola of trouble there. The Rev. W. H. Rayburn, a Methodist minister who had once visited Arcola while I was stationed there, had got some wild religious theories, among other things concerning the relation of the sexes, which led to imprudent conduct if not actual immorality. I never understood clearly what his teachings were. Some of the brethren were affected by these false teachings, and others appealed to me for help. My wife and I went to their help, and held some meetings in a private house. Some of the enemies among the Methodists stirred up a feeling of opposition to me, and to such lengths did they carry their ill feeling that the mob spirit developed among the baser sort. I was notified to leave town or take the consequences. I was not yet ready to leave, and though I had no desire to fall into the hands of a mob, and though I make no claim to great

personal courage, I decided to take the consequences, and did not leave on the first train as directed to do. When my enemies found that I would not run, their fierceness cooled off and discretion, the better part of valor, prevailed among them. I procured a public hall and preached in it on Sunday morning and announced that I would leave town that night. I fear there was a little bravado in that announcement, and it was unwise. I should have gone off without giving my enemies notice. The train for the north left about midnight, and while my wife and I and some of the brethren were standing on the platform awaiting it a shower of eggs was thrown at us. The miscreants threw the eggs and then ran, but they were overtaken by some of my friends and their names returned to the next grand jury. But the grand jury refused to indict them, thus notifying me that I was outside of the protection of the law. I was untouched by an egg, but my wife's skirt was somewhat soiled by them.

My mother's youngest brother, Samuel Jones, had removed from Indiana and was on his way to Missouri, going by wagon, and had stopped in Homer, Illinois, to spend the winter, and we were intending to visit his family before returning to Winchester, and went directly from Arcola to Homer. It was somewhat humiliating to my wife to meet them in such a plight, but she did not shrink from the ordeal. We made the visit despite the evidences of the parting tribute of the toughs of Arcola. In the spring of 1870 I went to Manchester by invitation to hold a series of meetings, my wife and child accompanying me. The Methodists refused me the use of their house,

but the Baptists opened their doors to me. I occupied their house for more than a week, preaching each night and twice on Sunday. They kept questioning me about my views on water baptism, but I avoided the subject until light began to percolate into my understanding on that subject. It became quite plain and clear to me that Jesus did not intend that His church should use that ordinance; that it was superseded by the baptism of the Holy Spirit. When I once got the idea the scriptural proofs began to crowd upon my memory, and I announced that I would preach upon the subject. I thought I would do so in two discourses, but concluded to crowd the matter into one discourse, fearing that the doors would be closed against a second discourse. My fears were well founded. The Baptist preacher, who had charge of that congregation, had been absent from town, but had returned in time to hear my sermon on baptism. After I closed, he arose and made some very abusive remarks, which of course harmed no person but himself. It afterward developed that he was at this time a bigamist and he was afterward convicted of bigamy in a court of law. He then went under the name of Wells, one of his assumed names. After this discourse, the Baptists closed their doors against me, which closed the meetings. My sermon on baptism made a deep impression, however, in the community, and many thought I proved my position to be scriptural. During the latter days of the meeting we stopped with a family by the name of Sanders, who were favorably disposed toward the gospel I preached. Meanwhile the measles broke out in their family and we were quarantined and compelled to stay until released by

the authorities. This exposed our little daughter to the contagion and she soon broke out with the disease. She was so delicate that we had reason to fear the result. The disease progressed favorably for a while until it seemed time for the irruption to begin to disappear when it went to her throat and nothing could save her from slow strangulation. She died on March 25, 1870, being nine months and nineteen days old. She had not yet been put into short clothes, she was so small, weighing only fourteen pounds at the time of her death. She was a sweet little blossom, soon transplanted from this rough world to bloom in paradise. We took her body to Winchester and laid it to rest in the cemetery there.

In April, Nannie and I visited her relatives near Waverly, Illinois. I had never seen any of her near relatives except her youngest sister, Charity, who had married Dr. Ned Metcalf, and then lived at Tallula, in Menard county, Illinois. We visited her uncles, Robert and Jefferson VanWinkle, and her brother-in-law, Matthew Kennedy, whose first wife, Nannie's sister, Mary, had died years before, leaving one child, a daughter. Her brothers had all left Waverly except Isham Burnett, whom we met on the highway. He was about to leave for the southwest. I have never seen any of her other brothers. We also visited her uncle, Isham Burnett, who had been her guardian. Uncle Robert VanWinkle had an ancient colored woman in his family who had once been a slave of his father's in Kentucky. When asked if she knew my wife, she replied, "Yes, its Thirza's gal." Nannie's mother's maiden name was Thirza VanWinkle. Nannie enjoyed this visit among her relatives very

much. In the following summer, as the time of her second confinement drew near, she began to show symptoms of a return of mental derangement. I was kept closely at home during the entire summer, and to pass the time and find employment, I raised a large garden. As I spent much time in cultivating it, it gave me large returns. I usually preached on Sundays; we held regular meetings at Brother Shearer's residence. These meetings continued for a number of years every Sunday morning. About the first of August, my wife's mental condition became such that I had to take her to Brother Shearer's to take care of her properly, and on the first of September she was confined, presenting me with another daughter, but it could not be resuscitated after birth. My wife was also near to death from hemorrhage of the lungs, but finally pulled through. Her mental condition was not nearly so bad as with her first child and she soon recovered her sanity.

In August of that year I attended a camp-meeting near Lena in Stevenson county, Illinois, which had been appointed by some brethren in that part of the state under the leadership of Lyman H. Johnson, a former Presbyterian minister, who had come out from the Presbyterians and was preaching against sects, and also publishing a little periodical called "The Stumbling Stone." A copy of the paper had fallen into my hands and I had a desire to meet the publisher. There were quite a number tented on the grounds, and a fair congregation gathered to hear preaching. But a spirit of fanaticism seemed to dominate the meetings, making it impossible to do much preaching. A few women who imagined they had the wonderful and

miraculous gift of discernment of spirits, were allowed to have things their own way, and confusion naturally resulted. Mr. Johnson did not seem to know what to do in the matter. I made one attempt to preach but was compelled to desist before I finished. There were some good people present but there was no leader, and no apparent good was done. This meeting was a means of education to me. In the fall Mr. Johnson visited Winchester and preached in the vicinity. In the spring of 1871 we removed to the vicinity of Arcola. I thought the brethren there needed my presence among them for a while. We lived in a room of Brother James Schouten's house a mile southwest of Arcola. While visiting Arcola during the winter before moving to the vicinity I engaged to hold meetings in a school house two or three miles east of the town. Two of the school trustees had given their consent for the use of the house, but the third trustee opposed its use by me. So bitter was his opposition that, though a professed Christian, he raised a mob and threatened to keep us out by force. I was staying at the house of his son-in-law, Brother Cooley, at the time. As we were on our way to the meeting place, the mob met us and made so much noise that they frightened Brother Cooley's team, which turned and ran, taking us out of danger. The other two trustees insisted on my going on with the meeting, but I saw there would be a clash and probably somebody injured and I declined to proceed further. The old man was also returned to the grand jury by the other trustees for his lawlessness, and again the grand jury refused to indict. I held meetings in various places during the summer of 1871. In June, my wife and I attended another

camp-meeting at Lena, and found things in a better condition than in the previous year. After the meeting we went home with Mr. Johnson, who lived in Illinois, near Beloit, Wisconsin, and visited in his family a short time. I found them living on a forty acre farm of their own, and exercising great frugality in order to save money for the publication of his paper "The Stumbling Stone." While there, he and I visited in Chicago to attend some meetings in lower Farwell Hall, appointed by Dwight L. Moody for the discussion of various religious topics. There were two sessions of the convention each day and preaching at night. The majority of those interested in the meetings were people called "Plymouth Brethren," who were anti-sectarians and Calvinists of the most pronounced type. I could agree with them in their opposition to sects, but not in their Antinomianism. I had never met such ultra-Calvinists before, and some of their teachings astonished me. When they came to the discussion of "The finished work of Christ" I felt compelled to dissent from their views, and to maintain the doctrines of Free Will and Free Agency. They seemed to argue in a circle and paid no attention, as a rule, to anything said on the other side of the question, nor did they make any attempt to harmonize scripture. They quoted Jesus' words "He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" to prove that no one who had once believed could ever be lost. I showed them that such an interpretation was absurd, since the following words so interpreted would prove universal damnation: "He that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." If one act of faith

inevitably saved, one act of unfaith inevitably damned. And as God had concluded all under unbelief, then all were inevitably lost. I showed that present faith brought present salvation, and present unbelief brought present condemnation. That future salvation depended on continuance in faith, and future damnation upon continuance in unbelief. My arguments seemed to make no impression, however; they seemed immune against conviction. Antinomianism is a very subtle and a very dangerous error. Mr. Moody seemed to be in sympathy with this plan of religious teaching and afterward, when he became famous as an evangelist, he taught it, though not in an offensive manner. In order to satisfy my own mind as to this teaching, I put this question to its advocates: "Is a Christian under any obligation to keep God's commandments?" They would not give me a direct reply but one of them, a Congregational minister, from Springfield, Illinois, an able man and a pleasant gentleman, said, "Let me answer the brother." He did so by means of this illustration: A certain man, who was crossing the Atlantic Ocean on a steamship, saw on board a slave and his owner. He felt sorry for the enslaved man and approached his master with an offer to purchase his slave. This was agreed to and the transfer was made. Then the new master called the slave and gave to him his freedom. Upon hearing of his freedom, the ex-slave fell down at the feet of his deliverer, exclaiming, "Then am I thy willing slave forever." That is, he owed his deliverer nothing but gratitude. I had supposed that it was the *devil's* service that salvation delivers us from, and not the service of God. St. Paul calls himself the "slave"

(doulos) of Jesus Christ. However, this consequence naturally follows from the Calvinistic view of the atonement. If Christ died and suffered for us all that God requires of us, it cannot be justly exacted a second time. This teaching takes away all incentive for good works; they are useless if not dangerous. It tears them up by the roots. Mr. Moody had a house of worship on Illinois street and he invited me to preach there on Sunday morning, and I complied with his request. Mr. Johnson and I lodged, on Saturday night, in the southern part of the city, with an Episcopal minister of his acquaintance. As it was Sunday morning, we decided to walk up to Illinois street, instead of taking the car. This was a mistake, for the distance was greater than we had thought it, and, though we made haste, we were late, and for the only time in my life that I can remember, I kept a congregation waiting. After preaching, they had communion services; at the conclusion of this service, Mr. Moody took me home with him to dinner. In the afternoon I went with him to his large Sunday school. I thought Mr. Moody a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, unassuming and apparently desiring to learn. He was not a great man intellectually, but he had great zeal. The thing that most impressed me about all his labors was the apparent absence of the Holy Spirit. His zeal and earnestness, his simplicity and plainness of speech, his adhesion to the scriptures, made him popular and famous; while at the same time there was in his gospel none of the offense of the cross. I am thoroughly convinced that he builded "wood, hay and stubble."

## CHAPTER X.

### CAMP-MEETINGS.

In August, 1871, I held my first camp-meeting. The site was in Moultrie county, Illinois, about six miles east of Sullivan, on the farm of John Ginn. Early in the spring of that year Brother Lark Delana, who had lived in Sullivan, had brought me to Sullivan to hold some meetings; I had never been in the place before. It was then a town of 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants, the county seat of Moultrie county. The first family I put up with was that of Lee Birchfield. We procured the use of the court room in the court house in which to hold meetings. The first service was on Saturday night. During the day I had met the Christian Campbellite minister, the Rev. N. S. Bastion, who expressed a wish that, as I was out of the sects, I might find my way into his church. I gave him no reason to hope for such a dénouement. I had a fair audience at night and liberty in preaching. My enemies had taken advantage of Mr. Rayburn's teachings in Arcola, before mentioned, to fasten on me the name of "free-lover" although they knew that I had opposed his teachings. The rumor had preceded me to Sullivan that a free-lover was going to preach and some of the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" had provided themselves with eggs to throw at me as I came out of the court house. But some of my hearers,

knowing of this intention, hastened out and informed them of their mistake, and the eggs were not thrown. I appointed the second service for Sunday afternoon when there were no other services in the town. In the morning I went to hear Elder Bastion preach. He had been a leading M. E. preacher and missionary to Africa for that denomination, but failing to make his books balance and being called to account for his delinquency, he had left them and gone to the Baptists and finally to the "Christians." He had published a work called "Babylon in Jehovah's Monarchy" which, though lacking plan and unity, contained considerable truth, and which he was now inclined to repudiate. He was a man of considerable ability, but erratic. On this Sunday morning, he attacked spiritual religion. In the course of his remarks he mentioned meeting Brother Delana and me and covertly disparaged us. At the close of the service I asked the liberty to make an announcement and published the afternoon service, telling the congregation that I would defend spiritual religion, which had been attacked in the sermon just preached, and invited them to come out to hear me. I had quite a respectable audience at this Sunday afternoon meeting, in which I began a defence of spiritual religion and an attack upon "Campbellism." I continued this attack on Monday and Tuesday nights with large attendance and wrapt attention. The Campbellites were very superior numerically to the Methodists and Presbyterians and were correspondingly haughty and intolerant. My attack upon Campbellism pleased these other sects and tended to demoralize the Campbellites. Indeed, so great was the effect of my exposure of the fallacies

of their doctrines that for a time they were stunned and have never since regained their former ascendancy. At the close of the meeting on Tuesday night the Methodists invited me into their house, and on Wednesday night I began holding meetings therein. I had meanwhile sent for my wife, who joined me, and we were treated with great courtesy by the leading Methodists of the town and invited to their houses. The meetings continued with large attendance for about two weeks and there was prospect of much good being done. But there was one obstacle in the way. The Methodist pastor, the Rev. Arthur Bradshaw, professed to be in harmony with the work going on, but was an enemy at heart, and all that he said or did in the meetings militated against their success. At length one evening before service he called me into the parsonage and informed me that the Presiding Elder, Rev. R. N. Davies had written him to close the house against me. I felt sure that he had solicited such orders. He asked me to close my series of meetings without giving any reason for so doing. I told him that I would certainly close the meetings in the M. E. house, but would give my reason for so doing and put the responsibility where it belonged. My announcement created quite a sensation; some were made angry and some wept. The trustees volunteered to keep the house open if I would use it, but I could not accede to their offer. The Presbyterians, who had no pastor at the time, offered me the use of their house and I transferred the meetings accordingly. The conduct of Dr. Davies in shutting me out of the Methodist house tended to give me a brief popularity among the outsiders particularly, that was offensive to me, and

to avoid this I did something which proved to be a serious mistake. Though the Lord had given me a place to preach where I had nothing to hamper me, I preached a few sermons to large audiences and then closed the meetings, thinking I would return in a short time and resume the work. The Lord had set before me an open door and I failed to appreciate the opportunity. Some persons in Lovington, a small village ten miles north of Sullivan, had invited me to hold meetings there, and I accepted the invitation. The meetings continued two weeks there, but as I was out of the Lord's order, they amounted to nothing, though my wife and I were courteously treated, and at the close I was presented with a purse of one hundred dollars, the only time in my life such a thing occurred. This did not make up for the sense of defeat which I suffered. I did not yet see clearly the mistake I had made, but I felt that something was wrong. It was two or three years afterward before the Lord clearly showed me how I had failed to follow His leading, and how I had suffered many things as a result of my heedlessness. In a short time I returned to Sullivan and to my great surprise I found the open door was shut and barred. Not the door into the house I had vacated, but the door of the hearts of the people; and it has not been opened again in nearly forty years. It is no doubt true that that door would have been closed eventually if I had stayed and completed the work God had in hand, but much good might have been done meanwhile. This mistake impressed upon me a valuable lesson, and I have never since repeated it.

I started awhile since to speak of my first camp-

meeting, but turned aside to tell of the Sullivan meeting, which antedated the camp-meeting by six months. The camp-meeting was held at the place before mentioned, in the first weeks of August, 1871. Quite a number of brethren and friends tented on the ground, most of them from about Arcola, but some of them from Winchester. Mr. L. H. Johnson was with us over one Sunday. The meeting continued over the second Sunday and was well attended. The Lord was present with us and much impression was made upon the minds and hearts of the people. Though the ultimate results were not great, that is, few really obtained salvation, a number were convinced of the truth of the gospel and were interested for a long time. They had their call though they did not fully respond to it. One family in particular was much affected by the meeting. The head of this family, a Mr. W—— had formerly been a Methodist of prominence but had apostatized and was then a wicked man and a Universalist. He was quite wealthy and very immoral in his conduct. He came to the meetings and became much interested. He came to me to discuss theology, but soon lost interest in the debate. Before the close of the meeting he came to me and proposed to take up a collection for me. I refused my consent to any plan of the kind proposed. I told him if any man wanted to give me anything he could come to me and give it. He was much disappointed and declared that if I would allow him to solicit contributions much money could be obtained, but that otherwise I should get but little. I did not doubt that he was correct in his opinion, but I could not ask for money or permit anyone else to ask for me.

I received very little at the camp-meeting, but six months afterward the circumstance was recalled to my memory and I realized that I had received more money than in any previous six months in my life, and had not asked for it either. This was contrary to any expectation on my part. Old Mr. W—— was much affected by the meetings, broke off all his bad habits, even refusing to loan money at more than legal interest, though he had before taken heavy usury. He attended the meetings in his neighborhood and took part in them and seemed like a new man outwardly, though he did not profess to be converted. This continued for several years, but he could not consent to give up the world entirely; and when he had so decided, he gave up the struggle at once, went back to his old habits and died without hope. But he remained my friend to the end of his life.

In about two weeks after the close of the first camp-meeting, I began another at Miller's Spring, three miles southwest of Sullivan. At this meeting I had no assistance in preaching, but filled all the appointments myself. I preached each day for ten days at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. This meeting was also largely attended, and deep impression was made upon the community. It seemed sometimes that a majority of the people would accept the truth and be saved from sin, but after the wayside hearers, the stony-ground hearers, and the thorny-ground hearers were sifted out, but few were left. This process of sifting, however, went on for a number of years before the true harvest was apparent. The gospel, though hated and despised by many, and rejected by the mass, had for years, quite an open door in Central Illinois, and

many requests were received for laborers, and the more so, since it was understood that the gospel preached was a free gospel. Humanity is always pleased to get something for nothing. I was young and strong and able to endure great labor, and I did not spare myself. I had quite a compliment on my preaching from a U. B. preacher, who then travelled a circuit which included the territory in which the camp-meeting was held. I was told by one who heard him that he told his hearers that I was a dangerous man and would better be avoided by them, though he could listen to me with impunity; that I would state a proposition and then cover it all over with scripture, which was likely to convince them of its truth, but not him, he knew better. I suppose he considered himself immune against argument and logic. That statement was equivalent to the one made by an enemy of the gospel in Winchester, Illinois, "If you do not wish to believe what he says, don't go to hear him." At the close of this meeting, my wife and I returned to our home near Arcola by way of Mattoon, riding on the first railroad train running between Sullivan and Mattoon. Hitherto, Sullivan had no railroad.

On the 23rd of September, my son Paul was born. He was our third child. When he was four weeks old, we went into the neighborhood of the first camp-meeting and visited the friends and held some meetings. The first week in November we removed to Sullivan.

Mr. S. H. Morrell, one of Sullivan's prominent citizens, had offered me the use of a small cottage free of rent if I would occupy it. It was in bad condition, scarcely habitable, but I had it repaired, doing the

most of the work myself, and we moved into it and began holding social meetings in it, twice each week. These meetings continued to be held with little interruption in private houses, with slight exceptions, in my own house, for more than thirty-eight years. The attendance was small at first and of those who attended these meetings in the beginning, but three beside myself survive: viz, Brothers L. T. Hagerman and A. P. Powers, and John Williams, now of Decatur, Illinois. In the early winter I held meetings at Dunn, a village five miles west of Sullivan. In the beginning of the next year, 1872, I held meetings at a point in Piatt county. Brother Lark Delana, who had been a Methodist preacher, was acquainted in that section, it having been included in his charge, and he took me up there and introduced me. We were entertained at the home of N. A. Trabue, a farmer of the vicinity. The weather was cold and my wife could not well accompany me, and I was much concerned at leaving her at home, as I was never free from fear of her losing her reason suddenly. We had good meetings in a school house near Mr. Trabue's and for several years afterward I occasionally held meetings in the same neighborhood.

About this time, or indeed for some time previously, I had been exercised in my mind on doctrinal points. I had accepted and preached the Wesleyan theory of Entire Sanctification or Christian perfection, though never without some doubts and mental reservations. This theory teaches that a state of heart purity or freedom from sin is the acme of Christian experience and one obtained as a second work after conversion or regeneration. I understood the theory to teach us to

look for perfection of conduct as well as perfection of heart, and I think it was generally so understood. It was supposed that one "fully saved" could keep the divine law. I soon began to discover that my experience did not measure up to such a standard, and I could by no casuistry conceal this fact from myself. Then I became troubled about regular seasons of prayer, and rules of worship, which others had prescribed for me, or I had prescribed for myself. The Lord seemed to be endeavoring to lead me out from this treadmill worship into a larger liberty, but I was afraid of going wrong and getting into error. My judgment was enlightened and convinced but my prejudices were against this liberty. I feared that if I did not pray by rule I would cease to pray altogether. Like the child who should fear that if he did not eat at stated intervals but should wait for the promptings of hunger, he might cease to eat, and starve to death. I am not by nature, a radical nor extremist, but a conservative, and had to be forced by the logic of circumstances into things novel and unusual. I carefully and prayerfully felt my way along untrodden paths. Satan would alarm me with his temptations and suggestions and I would run back, only to be brought up to the same place again by the urging of the Blessed Spirit. I dreaded fanaticism, and had to see clearly that the way before me was reasonable and scriptural before I would walk in it. I have found this to be true, that if I could convince and satisfy myself of the truth of a proposition, I would have little trouble in convincing others. Against anything new presented to my mind as a truth, I urged every objection I could think of, and if I could not answer all these objections, I would not receive it as a truth. As

in science no hypothesis can be accepted as correct which will not meet all conditions, so in the gospel nothing can be received as truth that does not harmonize with all other known truth. The result of my mental and spiritual wrestling with these subjects was the rejection of the "two work" theory of perfection as unscriptural and absurd, and the adoption of the teaching that regeneration and perfection are the same and identical. In other words, that all real Christians are perfect in their moral natures by virtue of being the children of God. I also discarded all set rules for worship, as being clogs to liberty, believing that the Blessed Spirit would teach us when to pray as well as how to pray. As the Lord Jesus had prescribed no rules of this kind, I doubted the authority of anyone else to do it. I also discarded the use of a "mourners' bench" in the meetings I held, believing its use to be injurious and unwarranted. I understood the scriptures to teach that the preached gospel is God's appointed means for saving men and not human persuasion or human influence. To sow the gospel seed and then leave it without any human effort to hasten its germination and growth, I found required a large measure of faith in the efficiency of God's means, but experience has justified the plan. There is much less apparent success, but more real success. We have genuine spiritual births instead of abortions, "The husbandman hath long patience."

Mr. Morrell, generally called "Boss Morrell," found me a difficult man to manage, and soon repented furnishing me a house free of rent, and began charging me five dollars a month rent. This was agreeable to me; however, no one would have lived in the house until I had repaired it at my own expense.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CAMP-MEETINGS AND A BEREAVEMENT.

IN June, 1872, I held a camp-meeting in Scott county, Illinois, about three miles northwest of Winchester. There had been quite an amount of gospel preaching in this vicinity, and it was not a new field, such as was usually chosen in which to hold camp-meetings. Quite a number of brethren lived in this section of the country. Most of them had been saved through the labors of Brother A. C. Armentrout, who had been the M. E. pastor in Winchester for three years. After appointing this meeting, and a few weeks before the meeting, began premonitions of trouble ahead. I had invited Lyman H. Johnson, publisher of the "Stumbling Stone," to attend the meeting and assist us in the preaching. I knew that he did not agree with me on the subject of prayer, either in theory or practice; and I also had some knowledge of his intolerance of any opinion or practice not agreeing with his own, but I had hoped to get along with him without open rupture, as I was willing to think and let think. But, in thinking the matter over, this passage of scripture was powerfully impressed on my mind: "And that because of false brethren unawares brought in, who came in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: to whom we gave place

by subjection, no not for an hour; that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you." (Gal. 2:4-5.) This scripture was brought to my mind upon reading a letter informing me of the presence of Miss Mary Backus (afterwards Mr. Johnson's paramour when he left his wife), in Winchester. This application of scripture was a surprise to me, and was the clearest fulfillment to me of the Lord's promise concerning the Holy Spirit. "He shall show you things to come," that I ever experienced. My wife and I, and our little son, Paul, went to the camp-meeting in a wagon with some other brethren from Sullivan, who drove across country, a distance of one hundred miles. As my wife was not strong enough to carry the child about, as he was quite heavy, I bought a perambulator for her use, probably the first used in our town. There were a number of tents on the ground, and a respectable attendance each day and more at night. We used coal-oil torches with which to light the ground. We had no kind of police protection, but trusted the Lord to keep order on the ground, and we were never disturbed by disorder at any of the camp-meetings we held, though we were sometimes threatened. One way to avoid trouble and contention is to give those who would disturb no one to contend with. It always takes two to make a quarrel.

Mr. Johnson was on hand at the beginning of the meeting and having received a report from Miss Backus, he began at once a discussion of our differences. I endeavored to avoid a public rupture, and to persuade him that the matter was not vital, but among those indifferent things about which everyone was to be persuaded in his own mind, and concerning

which we were not to judge one another. I think I should have succeeded with him, if it had not been for the influence of Miss Backus against me. He at length decided that it was his duty to oppose my teachings publicly, and on Saturday night before the first Sunday of the meeting, he preached on the subject of prayer. Two points on which he particularly insisted were: 1st, that nothing was real prayer that was not vocal or audible; and, 2nd, that he could not know that a man was a Christian unless he heard him pray. He was a considerably older man than I, and I disliked to attack him publicly, but no alternative was left me, and I did not spare him. I think I succeeded in showing the unscripturalness and absurdity of his statements. If nothing is prayer that is not vocal, the deaf and dumb, and those having lost the power of speech are forever precluded from the possibility of prayer. He gave the case of Hannah, the mother of the prophet Samuel, as a proof that prayer must be vocal, because the high priest Eli misjudged her, thinking her drunken, when he saw her in the tabernacle praying for a son, because he saw her lips move, but heard no sound. But he forgot or ignored the fact that God heard that prayer and granted her request. The citation of this event as an argument against silent prayer was unfortunate. If vocal prayer in the hearing of others is such strong-proof of piety, the Pharisees certainly should have passed muster. It must constitute an important part of the Christian's light, which Christ commands him to let shine; how strange then that the Lord should recommend secret prayer where the light would be under a bushel, and forbid praying to be seen of men.

Jesus did not seem to have the same view of the matter as Mr. Johnson. He teaches us to depend upon the open reward for proof of our piety. The next morning, which was Sunday, Mr. Johnson and Miss Backus left the camp-ground before time for services, shaking the dust off their feet as a testimony against us, and left Winchester together on the first train. Satan took advantage of this trouble to violently attack us, as he always does on such occasions, and the brethren being generally young in experience, and ignorant of Satan's devices, were somewhat stampeded. This left a heavy pressure on me, and so violent was the devil's attack that it sapped my physical strength so that I could scarcely walk about. Yet at 10:30 A. M., I was due to preach to a large audience of more than one thousand people. It seemed to me impossible that I should do so, and I cried to God for strength and guidance. In the emergency, this text was suggested to me: "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully; and cursed is the man that keepeth back his sword from blood." (Jer. 48:10.) As the scripture lesson, I read the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy and also the account of Saul's expedition against the Amalekites. As I began to read, I felt the power of God come down, and before I was done reading, my physical weakness was all gone and I realized such an uplifting that was unusual. This continued all through the discourse and the congregation seemed to be bereft of power to resist the truth spoken. I never before or since realized more power and liberty in preaching. Satan seemed to be routed and we had the victory. During the progress of this meeting, the Rev. Andrew

Rynders, a member of the annual Conference came to visit us and to cast in his lot with us. Also some brethren were there from abroad whom I had never met before, among them Brother Abram Jackson of Bangor, Iowa. At the close of the meeting we returned to Sullivan. In August I held a camp-meeting in Cumberland county, Illinois, not far from the town of Greenup. We attended this camp-meeting in a wagon also, with Brother Delana. Miss Magill of Winchester, who was visiting us at the time, accompanied us. This meeting was well attended, and continued over two Sundays, as usual. Nothing remarkable or unusual occurred at it. Shortly after our return home, I held a third camp-meeting for the year at Ringo's Mill, in Shelby county, Illinois. This was a profitable meeting, and the results were seen for a long time afterward.

During the summer, my little boy, Paul, was afflicted with diarrhoea, and by September he became quite bad, so that from being a fat, chubby baby, he was wasted almost to a skeleton. We feared that he would die, but did not dare to employ a physician, dreading the results of strong medicines more than the disease. He was so fretful that I had to carry him about in my arms much of the time. We treated him with simple remedies and waited for frosty weather. When this came, he got better. In October I was invited to hold meetings in Shelby county, not far from the present site of Findlay, though there was at that time no town there. While holding the meetings, my wife and I stayed with the family of James Dazy, an extensive farmer and stockman of the vicinity. While in Shelbyville one day with Mr.

Dazy I took sick and, returning to his home I found my wife also sick. She had contracted a cold which affected one of her lungs. The next morning, Mr. Dazy took us to our home in Sullivan. I had a spell of third-day ague and my wife suffered from congestion of the lungs. We were both sick about three weeks. I would have a chill and high fever each alternate day, but the intervening day would feel much better. My wife continued to grow worse, though she suffered but little pain. She would not consent for me to call a physician, thinking it of no use. I nursed her and took care of our little child, Paul. Sister Delana would come in nearly every day to see us, and occasionally some others. I would be so sick some days that I could not get out to the well to get water to drink. I did not apprehend that my wife was fatally sick until two or three days before the end. Then it began to be apparent that she was not likely to recover. She realized this, and told me so. She said that she would like to live to be company for me, but that she realized that she was a clog to me on account of her delicate health, and that the Lord was about to take her away from me. She had no fear nor dread of dying, and was anxious only that I might be submissive to the Lord's will; and she could not rest until I assured her that I was submissive. This was a difficult thing for me to do; but when once I had given her my word, she said no more about dying, and seemed no more concerned about it than if she were but going to sleep. Though having all a mother's love for her child, she never once mentioned leaving him. The abscess on her lung gave her countenance the flush of health

and she did not look like a sick woman. She remarked this herself a few days before she died. Up to less than twenty-four hours before dissolution she gave no sign of approaching death. Then she began to be unable to take food. She was very fond of persimmons, and a friend having brought her some of that fruit, she ate a little of it and was thereafter unable to swallow. Then she had a sinking spell, but revived and spoke cheerfully of how near death she was. Then she cried out, "Where is my husband?" I went to her side and she said, "It is getting dark again." Sister Delana was with us and we rubbed her with brandy and gave her a taste of the liquor. She remarked, "How sweet it is." I said to sister Delana, "Don't give her too much," and my wife remarked, "Do not give me any more, then." She looked at me with a smile, her head fell back and she was dead. The abscess had burst and strangled her. This was on Friday, the 8th of November. We buried her remains on Sunday, the 10th, in the Sullivan cemetery, I, myself, officiating at her funeral.

## CHAPTER XII.

### IN MEMORIAM.

NANCY MELINDA BURNETT was born near Waverly, Morgan county, Illinois, December 24, 1843. Her parents were James Burnett and Thirza Van Winkle Burnett. Her father was an extensive farmer, being quite well-to-do for those times. When she was three or four years old her parents died, leaving six children and one granddaughter, the oldest daughter having previously died after giving birth to a child. Nannie was the sixth child, having one sister younger than herself. Her uncle, Isham Burnett, was appointed guardian for her and her sister, Charity, and they went to live in his family, not far from their previous home. A short time afterward, probably a year later, she was taken into the family of Jester Shearer, who had married her mother's cousin, Minerva Jane Van Winkle. They at this time lived on a farm between Waverly and Jacksonville, but shortly afterward removed to the village of Waverly, where Mr. Shearer worked at his trade, he being a journeyman harness-maker. Here she grew up to womanhood.

Waverly was then a small village, situated about twelve miles southeast of Jacksonville, the county seat of Morgan county, Illinois. It was built on a level prairie, surrounded by fertile farms and was an unusually quiet and moral community. It was founded

and laid out by a man by the name of Cleveland Salter, in the first half of the Nineteenth century. Mr. Salter was an Eastern man, having removed to Illinois in his early manhood. I never met him, but I had often heard my step-mother speak of him during my childhood in Ohio, as she had lived in his family before he came west, while he was a merchant in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Here Nannie Burnett attended the common schools, and here, when fourteen or fifteen years old, she professed religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Society. Mr. and Mrs. Shearer had no children of their own and she was brought up like an only child, but was not legally adopted. When she was about eighteen years old she entered what was then called the Methodist Female College in Jacksonville. It is now denominated The Methodist Woman's College. Here she remained four years until her graduation in June, 1865. Her younger sister, Charity, was also in this institution several terms, but married before graduation, and did not finish the course of study. At this time the institution was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Charles Adams. I visited the college a time or two in 1864-65, but never met Miss Burnett. About the time of her graduation Brother Shearer removed from Waverly to Winchester, Scott county, Illinois. Still making her home with them she engaged in school teaching after her graduation and was employed in the public schools of Winchester during the years of 1865-66 and 1866-67. In the fall of 1866 Rev. A. C. Armentrout was sent by the Illinois Annual Conference to the charge at Winchester. The winter previously he, while in charge of the Fifth street M. E. charge in

Quincy, had professed the blessing of "Holiness" or "Entire Sanctification," as had also his wife, and was quite zealous in preaching the doctrine and recommending the experience. A number of the members of the society embraced the doctrine and professed the experience, among them Nannie Burnett and Mr. and Mrs. Shearer. Brother Armentrout met with active if not bitter opposition in his work, and the prejudice against the professors of the new experience was such that Miss Burnett lost her position in the public schools of the city, and had to go to the country to teach during the winter of 1867-68. It was during this winter that I met her, and we were married the next April. She had used her patrimony in obtaining her college education, and little or nothing was left at the end of the course.

Nannie's opinion of boarding-schools was not flattering. She judged them from her own experience, and thought them dangerous to the morals of the students. There are, almost without exception, a few girls in any such institution who are immoral, though they are supposed to come from the best families, and their influence on their associates is contaminating and debasing. This is true to some extent of all schools, but where the pupils are together but for study and recitations, the evil effects of vicious associations are minimized. But when this association is constant by day and by night, the danger is much increased. She was so impressed by this view of the case that she declared she would never willingly send a daughter of hers to a boarding-school. This agrees with John Wesley's opinion of such schools.

The subject of this sketch was a woman of small

stature, being not over five feet in height, and of rather slender build, though she was not so slender as she appeared and as her face indicated. She never in health weighed less than one hundred pounds and sometimes weighed nearly one hundred and twenty. She had small feet and rather small hands, though her hands were not so small proportionately as her feet. She could wear No. 1 shoes. Her complexion was rather brunette than blonde, and on account of ill-health, this was often accentuated. Her hair, of which she had abundance, was brown with a glint of gold in it. Her eyes were blue-grey, bright and expressive. She had a prominent forehead, her head being quite long from front to back, and a slender, oval face. Her nose was straight and her mouth moderate in size. She would not have been considered a beauty as was her younger sister, who was a very beautiful woman, but when in good health, with a clear complexion, and with animated countenance, she appeared really beautiful. She had a good carriage, a dignified demeanor, and was quiet and reticent, except when in the society of intimate friends, only. Then her reticence disappeared and she made herself very agreeable. By mere acquaintances she was considered cold and reserved, but she had a very affectionate nature, as her intimate friends knew. She was prone to use terms of endearment in her intercourse with near friends. In our private associations she usually called me "Precious." She had known me only as a gospel minister, and she could not be persuaded to call me by my Christian name.

Her intellectual endowments were above the ordinary. She said of herself, that she was not especially

bright as a student and that it required hard study to enable her to excel. But she had excellent judgment, and strong common sense. She was tactful and of a cheerful disposition, though grave and serious. She was lady-like in her manners and easily commanded respect. In her girlhood she was rather fond of dress and inclined to be fashionable, but when I first knew her this love of display was all gone as a result of divine grace. When the Lord saved her she cast off her finery and thereafter was quite plain in her apparel. One of her characteristics was her inability to endure pain. Severe pain quite unnerved her. As a wife she was a model. I never knew any other woman who had so high an ideal of wifely obedience and reverence as she had; and she lived up to her ideal. She observed the apostolic recommendation "Even as Sarah obeyed Abraham and called him Lord." Her husband's decision was law to her, unless it violated her conscience, and she never disputed it or called it in question. During the four years and eight months we lived as husband and wife she never contradicted me, she never opposed me in anything, she never reproached me. Of course she was not always pleased with what I did; she did not always think as I did, but she kept these differences to herself. I sometimes wounded her carelessly or inadvertently, and her demeanor would show pain, but not one word of blame was uttered, and when I begged her forgiveness all was forgotten. She never had to beg my forgiveness for she never wounded me. I am impulsive and quick to speak out my feelings, she was deliberate and governed her tongue. Hence we never had our first quarrel. Her submissiveness was not in any

sense the result of weakness or colorlessness, for she had a strong individuality. It was the result of grace and a high ideal. I have great cause for thankfulness that I was permitted to know such a woman and to live with her as my wife. I felt myself unworthy of her companionship, and I wondered at her profound affection for me in spite of my faults and weaknesses, but her love, I never for a moment doubted. She told me more than once during our married life that she would not live to be thirty years of age; she died more than a month before she was twenty-nine. She was a noble woman, a sincere Christian, a faithful wife and mother. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CONTINUED LABORS.

The death of my wife naturally was a great shock to me and for a short time I lost all interest in my work and was strongly tempted to abandon it and to return to Ohio. I lost the desire of life and would have been willing to leave my child alone in the world. I was tempted to fear that Satan would succeed in trapping me in some way if I continued within his reach and that I should never see my wife again. This tended to make me afraid to live longer. After seeing my wife die, it seemed an easy thing to die. The language of the poet impressed me deeply:

“ O fear not thou to die,  
    But rather fear to live; for life  
Hath thousand snares thy feet to try,  
    By peril, pain and strife.  
Brief is the work of death  
    But life the spirit shrinks to see  
How full, 'ere heaven recalls the breath,  
    The cup of woe may be.”

But these benumbed feelings, the result of the heavy stroke, soon began to pass away and nature began to reassert itself. Interest in my work began to return, and I felt that it would be disloyalty to God to abandon my work. I took my little boy, Paul, to his mother's relatives in Winchester, Brother and Sister Shearer. Sister Shearer was in delicate health, but she under-

took the task of caring for him, a child fourteen months old.

The winter of 1872-73 was one of great severity. Nannie was buried on Sunday, the 10th of November, the weather being mild, but on the next day the weather changed to cold winter temperature. A blizzard raged, and a heavy snow fell. I disposed of my furniture and crockery, stored my bedding and prepared for evangelistic labors. The first meeting I held was in Shelbyville. I had never preached in that city, though I had preached at several points in Shelby county. Mr. Dazy procured the use of the court house for meeting purposes and I held meetings therein for a week or two, assisted by Elder Andrew Rynders of Waverly, Illinois, but these meetings did not prove very successful. The attendance was not large and no special interest was aroused, and I did not continue them long. And though I have lived less than twenty-five miles from that city for thirty-eight years since then, I have not preached there since.

During this winter, while I was in Sullivan, I received word that Paul was sick with the inflammatory croup, and likely to die of it. The news came by telegram. There was a railroad running from Mattoon to Decatur through Sullivan, but there was no telegraph. The telegram was sent on the train from Mattoon to the station agent at Sullivan, who gave it to me. Train service was irregular and the telegram had been so long on the way that I had small hope of reaching Winchester in time to see my child alive. I went to Decatur, and while there waiting for a west-bound train, I felt like praying over the matter. I attempted to do so, but the Lord seemed to ask me

what I would have. Of course, I wished that my boy's life might be spared; but I could not know whether that would really be for the best; and as the choice seemed left to me, I said, "Lord, I do not know what is best, I dare not dictate; do what Thou seest to be the best and I will submit." The doctor had said, "Poor little fellow, he must die," but when I reached him I found to my joy that he was on the road to recovery. And I knew then that that was the best. I remained in the vicinity of Winchester and did some preaching in the city and in the country round about. Meetings were held regularly each Sunday at Brother Shearer's house. I also visited Waverly, the home of Elder Rynders, who had been a Methodist preacher, and a member of the Illinois Conference. On our way across country from Waverly to Winchester in a private conveyance, we encountered the severest weather I ever experienced in travelling. As we left Murrayville one morning early, quite a blanket of snow covering the ground, I warned Brother Rynders that he should protect his ears or they would freeze. He scorned the advice, and, he being an older man than I, I said no more. After driving two or three miles farther I happened to look at him and saw that his ear next to me was frozen, and so informed him. On examination he found them both frozen. We stopped at the nearest house and thawed them out, as he found the application of snow failed to affect them it was so cold. After that he covered his ears. As a result of the freezing he had a very sore pair of ears. They were large, naturally, and the freezing greatly exaggerated their size. I returned to Sullivan and then went to Piatt county and held some meetings in the

same neighborhood where I had preached the previous year. There was considerable interest manifested in the meetings there and fruit is yet remaining of my labors there.

Sister Shearer's health being poor, she found the care of a child quite burdensome to her and felt that she could not undertake it for any long time, and in the spring she spoke to me about the matter and advised me to marry again to provide a mother for my child. I had not thought of marrying again so soon, though I had not contemplated remaining a widower the remainder of my life. I felt sure that remarriage after so comparatively short an interval, though perfectly lawful, would provoke comment. But it was my duty to provide a home for my boy, and I could not feel free to impose upon Sister Shearer much longer. I had been extremely careful during the time of my widowerhood to avoid anything like attentions to the opposite sex, both for my own quietude of mind, and for the sake of the gospel, that my conduct might excite no remark. This line of conduct compelled me at times to appear almost rude toward women, but I steadfastly held to it. So many men who have lost their wives make themselves ridiculous by their antics, that I resolved to be an exception to that rule, and I think I succeeded. Brother and Sister Shearer also recommended to me the woman whom I afterward married, as a proper person to care for my boy. My judgment coincided with theirs, my only objection being the disparity of our ages, she being twelve years younger than I. So, on July 10th, 1873, at Brother Shearer's house in Winchester, I was united in marriage to Miss Euretta L.

Magill. Her father resided at Naples, in the same county, but she was not living with her father at the time. She had been teaching school near Winchester, and indeed, she resigned her position as a school teacher to marry.

I had held two camp-meetings in 1871, and three in 1872. As the meeting-houses were closed to me, I found what Mr. Wesley called "field preaching" my best means of getting a hearing, and for a number of years such meetings were quite successful. Quite large congregations would attend them, and deep impression was generally made upon many of the hearers. In August, 1873, I began a camp-meeting at a point called Appolonia, near Waverly, Morgan county, Illinois. This was probably the most largely attended meeting I ever held. Quite a number of brethren from points in Illinois, and some from Iowa, were present and tented on the ground. Elder Rynders and I did the preaching, I doing the most of it. As the stand was free for any one who felt he had a message from God, a Baptist preacher, by the name of William P. Hart, took the pulpit at one session and opposed the doctrine we preached of salvation from all sin. This gave me an opportunity to answer his objections. At the close of this meeting, which continued over two Sundays, my wife and I came to Sullivan and soon went to another camp-meeting, which I had appointed to be held near a large spring in the northwestern part of Douglass county, Illinois. Some of the brethren from a distance accompanied us to Sullivan from Waverly and attended this second meeting. The attendance here was creditable, but the results were less satisfactory than of any camp-meeting

I ever held. The prevailing feeling in the community was either indifferent or hostile, and not much impression was made.

I spent a large part of my time during these years holding meetings here and there, usually in neighborhoods where I had already preached, but sometimes in new places. I kept no diary, and after the lapse of so many years it is impossible for me to recall many of these meetings, and when I remember the meetings I often cannot fix the date of them. I usually revisited once a year at least, and often more frequently, any point where I had held meetings, and especially if the prospect for obtaining fruit of my labors was promising. Brother Lark Delana, who lived in Sullivan, had invited me, after my second marriage, to occupy a part of his house and we accepted the invitation and moved in. My wife had a small amount of money, inherited from her maternal grandfather, and we used this in building a small addition to Brother Delana's house, he promising to reimburse us when we relinquished the house. During the autumn of that year Paul was quite sick and we almost despaired of his life, but he finally recovered. I held meetings at nearby points during the fall and winter of 1873-74. One series at Dunn, five miles west of Sullivan. We had regular meetings twice each week in my house. I also held meetings at Mackville, Piatt county, near the point where I had formerly held meetings in that county. The social meetings in Sullivan were then attended by but few persons. We were earnestly endeavoring to learn how to worship the Lord in Spirit and in truth, but we found many hindrances. Sometimes the Lord would meet with us

in power, and at other times the meetings would seem formal and lifeless, and we could not tell why these differences occurred. We could not determine whether it was our own fault, or whether it was in God's order for the trial of our faith. If our fault, we could not locate the fault, and as we could not read each other's hearts, we could not know who might be grieving God's Spirit if He was indeed grieved. This ignorance laid the foundation for suspicion of each other, and for judging each other. But we struggled to keep the unity of the Spirit until we should come into the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God. And we avoided all effort to substitute wrought-up emotion in place of the work of God's spirit. This kind of self-deception is too frequently practiced. We gradually learned the great and difficult lesson of spiritual worship. We learned to do the best we knew and to leave the rest to God without worrying and without curious inquiry. God's ways are sometimes past finding out. I might have greatly increased our numbers if I had given people something tangible and carnal to attach themselves to; or if I had not insisted on such a high standard of life and experience. But I refused to lower my ideals of Christian character, and held men up to the gospel standard with unfailing persistence. This discouraged the faint hearted, and offered no advantage to self-seekers. There was nothing to be gained and everything to lose by association with us. To speak after the manner of men, I deemed half a dozen thoroughbreds of more value than ten thousand hybrids. I still think the same. The world is cursed

with multitudes of make-believes ; the genuine Christians are scarce and precious.

In May, 1874, my wife and I visited Winchester. Owing to the failure of making connections with trains we were forced to spend a night in Springfield, Illinois, at a hotel. About midnight, Paul awoke strangling with the croup. We had no medicine with us, so I went down into the office, woke up the clerk and we searched the pantry for onions and lard. Securing a supply of each and a tin pan, I returned to our room. We then heated a portion of the onions sliced in the lard, using a kerosene lamp to furnish the heat, dosed Paul with the onion juice and in an hour had the satisfaction of seeing the little fellow much relieved. In the morning we went to the station through the rain to take the train but he suffered no harm and never afterward had an attack of the croup.

During the spring of 1874, I the second time visited Mason county, Illinois, and held a few meetings there. There seemed to be an opening for doing good in that vicinity and I arranged to hold a camp-meeting in August near Poplar City, a railroad station about eight miles east of Havana. Meanwhile Elder Rynders had removed from Waverly to Mason county. The camp-meeting was largely attended and was quite successful. There was quite an interest in the "Holiness" work throughout central Illinois at this time. One of the principal agents in promoting this work in the territory mentioned was the Rev. Hardin Wallace, a Methodist preacher and a member of the Illinois Annual Conference, whom I have previously mentioned. In 1867 he had lost his health through an attack of nervous prostration, and while this inca-

pacitated him for active service, he professed the blessing of entire sanctification according to the Wesleyan theory, and when he had partially recovered his health he began holding Holiness conventions in various parts of central Illinois. Though a man of comparatively slender abilities, he had untiring zeal and was quite successful in his work, though still an invalid. He afterwards removed to California and continued his labors there with considerable success and organized a society or church of his own. But he was at length superseded by some of his co-laborers. He died in Los Angeles. I found upon visiting California in 1910 that his work had perished as it has in Illinois.

I had visited Mason county, Illinois, in the spring of 1873 and had preached at several points in that county. One of them was a place called Paterville, southeast of Havana. Here I held a series of meetings in a free chapel, and had quite a good hearing. I preached also near Poplar City and in school houses near that point, so that the people had heard enough gospel to arouse their interest. Several Holiness workers had been in that section of the country also and the people were agitated upon religious subjects. I was not able to work in harmony with the Holiness evangelists as they usually held to some sect, while I opposed sectism. Then, though we agreed upon the doctrine of salvation from all sins, I did not accept their theory of two separate and successive experiences in order to reach Christian perfection. These things gave them offense and they would not work with me. On the other hand, I considered their work superficial, as a rule, and that it failed to bring its votaries to a real salvation from sin and a holy life.

The camp-meeting at Poplar City was held in August, 1874. It was largely attended by the people of the neighborhood, and quite a number of brethren tented on the ground. Some brethren were present from a distance. Elder Rynders and I did all the preaching, I doing the larger share of it. The meeting was quite successful, many of the results continuing until the present day, after more than thirty-seven years. A society was gathered there which met for a number of years, until it was scattered by removals, several of the members of it coming to Sullivan. Some of those who were saved as a result of these meetings have gone to join the saints on the other shore, among them, Brothers William Poland and S. A. Poland, Brother James T. Chaney and Sister Martha Poland. Elder Rynders took up his residence in the neighborhood and looked after the spiritual interests of the church there. After the close of the camp-meeting my wife and I, with Paul, took a trip on a steamboat on the Illinois river from Havana to Naples, where my father-in-law lived. This was the only steamboat ride I ever had and I enjoyed it very much. It certainly is an ideal way of travelling, especially in pleasant weather. Paul was very much interested in the deck hands; he had never seen black men, and he thought they were dirty. This was the first time since her marriage, more than a year previously, that my wife had revisited her father's family, as her stepmother was not eminently her friend, but she thought it her duty to visit her. Her father was not at home, as he worked at his trade mostly at a distance from home, which was most conducive to his peace of mind. We were courteously received and hospit-

ably treated while the visit lasted. Soon after this visit we returned to our home in Sullivan. I do not now recall where I labored during the autumn and winter of 1874-75, but a large part of my time was spent in gospel labors in different places. On January 11th, 1875, our first child was born, a boy, whom we named Rufus Magill, the first name for his father, and the other his mother's maiden name. He was a large and robust child and grew quite rapidly, so that when three months old he weighed more than twenty pounds. In the spring we again visited Winchester and I did some preaching in that region and again visited my father-in-law, at Naples. The feeling at Sullivan was becoming quite hostile to the gospel and its adherents, and some threats were made against us. The people called Campbellites were the most hostile. There was a man living in Sullivan by the name of L. C. Banks, a man of good family, who had been quite friendly to me, and toward the gospel I preached though he was a "Campbellite." His wife professed salvation, which seemed to bring about an alienation from us on his part, which was aggravated by taunts of his friends, who insinuated that we had more influence over his wife than he had. He forebade his wife to attend the meetings held at my house, or in my rooms rather. She sought advice from me in the matter, and I told her that the New Testament strictly enjoined upon wives to obey their husbands, and that nothing but her duty to God could take precedence of that obligation; that she must decide for herself whether her duty to God compelled her to disobey her husband in this particular. But some others, Brother Delana in particular, knew more about her

duty than I did and insisted that she must disobey her husband. I think, and then thought that this was bad advice, but I did not feel free to advise her to stay away from the meetings. Her disobedience enraged her husband and on our return from our visit at Winchester we found the church quite concerned at the condition of affairs. It was Wednesday and meeting was to be held that night, and Sister Banks was intending to be there and her husband was threatening vengeance. I did not feel the pressure at first and was disposed to make light of their fears, but before meeting time, I began to realize the pressure of the powers of darkness. There was a general attendance of the church so that the not very large room was full, and Sister Banks was present. The room was in the southwest corner of the house and just east of it were the apartments of Brother Delana. The front door of my room was in the south side, near the southeast corner, and near it was the door into the room east of it. Brother Delana took his seat as usual in my room between my front door and the door into his room. I sat opposite my front door near the door of the dining-room to the north. As we sang the first hymn Banks made his appearance and took his stand in my front door, which stood open. My intention was to sing or talk so as to face Banks and give him no opportunity to do anything without being scrutinized by all present, as I saw he was bent on mischief. Had this course been followed I doubt whether he would have had the courage to do anything. But Brother Delana, who was an old soldier and apparently devoid of fear and really devoid of caution, though sitting so near to Banks that

he could touch him as he sat, said, "Let us pray" and turned his back to Banks and knelt down to pray. As all knelt, this relieved Banks of public scrutiny, though I took the precaution to turn my face toward him, thinking it a proper time to watch as well as to pray. As soon as Banks saw himself unobserved he exclaimed, "Yes, say your prayers, for I am coming," drew a pistol and fired at Brother Delana, being near enough to him to touch him. I at once arose and started to the assistance of Brother Delana, thus directly approaching Banks, who in his excitement was trying to cock his revolver to shoot me. But his mother, who had followed him, and unknown to those in the house, stood outside, screamed as she heard the shot, sprang to his side, and seizing hold of him, jerked him from the door before he could accomplish his purpose. He then ran away. I never have boasted of physical courage, indeed, I have always thought myself lacking in this respect, but in the face of real danger I have never felt fear. In this instance I might have retired through the door behind me and avoided the threatened shot, but the idea did not enter my mind. I did not think of the danger of death that confronted me, but only of the wounded man. Brother Delana's almost erect position as he knelt in prayer, and the downward trend of the pistol caused a glancing impact of the bullet. It struck him in the back, about half-way between the shoulder and the hip, on the right side of the spinal column, on the ridge or dorsal muscles lying there, and glanced downward, lodging in the muscles of the hip, making but a shallow wound. The pistol could not have been heavier than a thirty-two caliber. The ball afterward

gave him some trouble, from its irritating the sciatic nerve, but it was never extracted. This attack caused considerable excitement in the town, and threats of mobbing me were made, but nothing came of these threats, though the spiritual atmosphere was charged with ill-will toward us for some time afterward, making this world seem like a very undesirable place of residence. Some one reported the occurrence to the Police Gazette, which gave it a prominent place in its columns with an unfair and slanderous statement of the case. All this was very humiliating. Dr. Abram Kellar, a "Campbellite" preacher, wrote a libelous account of the affair for the newspapers, and altogether we were subjected to much reproach and contempt. And all for what crime? Simply for preaching the gospel as we understood it, and for quietly worshipping God according to our understanding of His requirements, without injuring or disturbing others, a right guaranteed us by the constitution and laws of the land. But God's children have found in all ages that the citizens of the heavenly country have no rights which worldly men feel bound to respect. The spiritual descendants of Cain are born persecutors. No efforts were made by the church to bring Banks to justice for his crime. Indeed, they had no desire to see him punished by human laws, being satisfied to leave him in the divine hands. But the next grand jury seemed to think it necessary to take some cognizance of the affair "to save its face," so to speak. But they were careful to subpoena no witness who would testify against Banks, though they were furnished with the names of such witnesses. As they had learned that the brethren were in con-

science restrained from taking an oath or an affirmation according to the legal form, which has all the force of an oath, they subpoenaed Brother A. P. Powers to go before them to testify against Banks. As he could not do this, he was reported to the sitting Circuit Judge, who remanded him to the custody of the sheriff, where he remained until the adjournment of court, when the judge fined him one hundred dollars for contempt of court. This sum, however, was far short of expressing the contempt which such a court merited. This righteous and upright judge was from Champaign county and "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him 'Smith.'" In the trial of a murder case some time afterward, the Hon. John R. Eden, one of the attorneys in the case taunted Judge Smith, who was presiding in the case, with the injustice of this fine, but the judge did not fine the learned counsel for contempt. The accused man was turned loose, of course, as was intended from the first. The miscarriage of justice in this case was too much for the sense of fair play, which is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race, and public opinion veered a little toward the right. Satan is a great strategist, but either like the poets, he sometimes nods, or he has not perfect control of his agents, for, as is frequently the case, he pushed the joke too far and produced a reaction against his own cause. My wife was so shocked by the shooting episode that she did not recover from its effects for many months. She was constantly haunted by the fear that I would be assassinated. We learned from bitter experience how much security for life or property the laws of the land afforded to Christians. Their protection was not worth

a rush. And why should Christians expect protection from human laws or human governments? If Jesus instead of being an hysterical fanatic, spoke words of truth and soberness when he declared, "Behold I send you forth as lambs in the midst of the wolves," we have no reason to look for security from such a source. Lambs are ill protected by laws made by wolves, their natural enemies. "God is the refuge of His saints," and they need no other defence.

I have omitted a visit made in April, 1875, to Iowa, in which I was accompanied by Brother Delana and Brother J. R. Poland. I left my wife and children in Mason county near the site of the camp-meeting the previous year, with friends, and went first to a point in eastern Iowa near West Liberty, where Brother Poland's brother lived. Here I halted and held a series of meetings in a school house. It was very cold weather for the time of year, a heavy snow being on the ground. Brother Poland went no further with us, but Brother Delana and I went on to Crawford county in western Iowa. Here some brethren lived, among them Brother David McCord, who had removed there from Arcola, Illinois. I held some meetings here also and we then returned to Illinois, I stopping in Mason county for my family.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MY VISIT TO INDIANA.

On July 4th, 1875, Brother Delana and wife, and my family and myself, started by private conveyance to southern Indiana to hold gospel meetings. The conveyance, aforesaid, was a covered wagon, drawn by a team of mules, the outfit being the property of Brother Delana. The mules, as is often the case with those sagacious hybrids, had their own ideas about the proper length of a day's journey, which did not always coincide with the opinion of the driver; and if the day's drive was extended beyond what the mules considered the proper distance, it must be at the expense of much muscular effort in wielding a whip. Brother Delana was properly called a Jehu, for "he drove furiously," and with his trusty "black-snake," he was adequate to all demands made upon him in this line. I had never been in the section of country we were purposing to visit and knew no one therein, but Brother Delana had grown up there and thought it hopeful ground for gospel labors. We drove through Mattoon, Prairie City (now called Toledo), Greenup, Newton, Olney and Edwardsville to Grayville, on the Wabash river, and thence down that river to New Harmony, Indiana, crossing the river at that point. New Harmony was founded by Robert Owen, or by Robert Dale Owen, his son, on the communistic plan,

but it had not proved a success as an investment. Human nature was too strong for Socialistic theories; and, though the town was dedicated to infidelity, a number of Christian societies had invaded this stronghold of unbelief. This town is situated in Posey county, Indiana. I had often heard this county mentioned in derision, and had supposed that it was a backwoods sort of community, and that the soil was rather barren. I found, to my surprise, that I was much mistaken in my preconceived notions. The soil is fertile and the people enterprising. It is said that the county got its bad repute from the circumstance that emigrants from North Carolina and Tennessee and other southern states, who were mostly poor whites, in journeying toward the states further west, would get as far as the Ohio river the first year and cross this stream into southern Indiana, where they would remain until the next fall, "making a crap," when they would go to Iowa, Missouri or Nebraska. In passing through Illinois, if asked where they were from, they would reply, "From Posey county, Indiana." Their "oufits" gave a bad impression of the place whence they professed to come. Posey county forms the southern pocket of the state, and Mount Vernon is its county seat, situated on the Ohio river, at the southern-most point of the state. The soil is a reddish, loamy clay and is quite fertile. Great quantities of watermelons are now grown there and shipped to northern markets. The residents are principally of southern extraction and are quite hospitable. We stopped at a point southeast of New Harmony, and about eight miles north of Mount Vernon. We put up with an acquaintance of Brother

Delana's, named Lafayette Alexander, who had been a fellow soldier with Brother Delana in the Civil War. He was a well-to-do farmer and had a spacious residence, capable of accommodating us all, and he and his wife were very hospitable people and made us feel at home. We had been several days on our journey, passing the nights in a tent with which we were provided, and cooking our own meals. After spending a short time at Mr. Alexander's, we were invited to put up with his father-in-law, Mr. James French, a wealthy farmer of the neighborhood, and a Methodist. In the vicinity was a Methodist meeting-house, which was offered for our use and on the first Sunday of our stay I preached in it morning and night to good audiences. At night my theme was from the 24th Psalm: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, etc." I showed that the "hill of the Lord," Mount Zion, was a type of the Christian church, as was the "holy place" in the tabernacle which David had located on that hill; that the priests who ministered there were types of Christians; and that the questions asked in the quoted passage were equivalent to the question, "Who is fit for membership in the Church of Christ?" Then I dwelt upon the answer to the question. Before going to Indiana I had heard of a Separate Baptist preacher of that vicinity by the name of J. J. Rusk; that he had had trouble with some of the members of his congregation and had carried a revolver with which to defend himself against them. He had been quite a successful preacher and had established several new churches in waste places. When I closed this

sermon a stranger arose in the audience and began to speak. I noticed that he seemed much affected and the tears ran down his face. He began by saying that what they had just heard was the truth; that it presented a truth they all needed; one that he individually needed and he exhorted the hearers as they valued their souls not to resist the truth; that it would damn any man to resist God's truth, etc. At the close of the service he introduced himself to me as Elder J. J. Rusk, and invited me to use his pulpit, which invitation I accepted. The Separate Baptists are a small sect, quite numerous in southwestern Indiana, with scattering societies in southern Illinois and Kentucky. They are Free Will Baptists, in contradistinction to the Baptists who are Calvinistic. I began meetings in Elder J. J. Rusk's church at once and continued them nightly for two or more weeks. Brother Rusk stood by the gospel I preached with fidelity, and quite an impression was made on the audiences that attended the services. The results will be seen in eternity. The pastor, himself, showed unusual teachableness and soon found salvation from sin. During my meetings, the regular monthly meeting Sunday came and the pastor preached on Saturday afternoon, with an appointment for me at night. As the afternoon meeting was a church meeting I did not attend it. When I reached the meeting at night Brother Rusk asked me if I could guess what his text was in the afternoon. Of course I could not guess, and he informed me that it was, "I know you that ye have not the love of God in you." It was, no doubt, a pointed discourse. I afterward visited several other points in the county and preached. In a place called

Springfield I preached several sermons and put up with an old gentleman by the name of Carl Pitts, who was an extensive farmer and was then, or had recently been, a member of the State Legislature. I preached in a school house, the Methodists refusing me the use of their house, but came out to hear me, enduring the inconveniences of a crowded house and poor seats, thus locking themselves out of their own house. Such conduct seemed to me quite inconsistent and foolish. Such is bigotry. I also held several meetings in Mount Vernon in the Congregationalist house. This society was then without a pastor. They had a fine new house but its acoustic properties were about equal to those of a cubical box. There was nothing promising in these meetings. I preached one night at a point several miles north of Mount Vernon in a Baptist chapel. During the services, some practical jokers removed the taps from the axles of Brother Delana's wagon, thus exposing the lives of the occupants when they should start to ride home. Fortunately the trick was discovered before any harm was done. This meeting house was set up on blocks or pillars and left without underpinning, and the hogs had adopted the space underneath the floor for a sleeping place, and the building seemed more prolific of fleas than of righteousness.

During the latter part of July there was much wet weather and the streams in southern Indiana and Illinois overflowed their banks. The Wabash river was out over the bottoms, covering hundreds of acres of corn-fields. This, taken with the hot weather, produced malaria. From my first coming to Illinois I had been quite subject to malarial attacks in the

summer and fall. About the first of August I was taken sick with intermittent fever in the form of "third day ague," and I was quite sick for several days, but soon began to recover. Brother Delana was also attacked with sciatic rheumatism in his knee, the result of the irritation of the bullet in his hip. After having spent a month or more in Indiana, we started on our return trip, both Brother Delana and I being somewhat incapacitated for work. When we reached Mattoon Brother Delana was feeling so badly that he and his wife took the train for home, leaving me to drive the team the last twenty miles. It was so late that we could not reach Sullivan until after night. When we reached the Okaw (Kaskia) river about four miles east of Sullivan, it was already dark, and we found the bridge over the river had been washed out by the high waters. We could see that teams had been fording the river above the bridge and we drove in. Now for a mile or two above the bridge there were two different beds or channels of the river, an old channel and a newer one which converged just above the bridge. I was ignorant of this fact and when I struck the point of the island between the two channels I drove onto it and finding a road, I followed it. Things did not look just right, but I knew there was but the one road on the west of the river and I could not see how I could be wrong. After having driven a half mile or so, the moon rose in front of me. I thought I was driving west, but I was pretty sure that the moon rose in the east. Then shortly I found a large tree lying across the road. I saw that I must turn back, but the road was so narrow and the trees so thick on both sides there

was no room to turn. Fortunately we had an ax with us and after I had cut down several small trees we were able to turn and retrace our steps. When we reached the river the moonlight revealed the true state of affairs, and we reached home about ten o'clock without any further adventures.

We had appointed a camp-meeting in August of that year to be held in the northern part of Macoupin county, at a point called "Barr's Store." This place was in a heavily timbered region, and, as is commonly the case in Illinois in such neighborhoods, was inhabited by a simple backwoods kind of people not noted for enterprise nor intelligence. Contrary to what I naturally expected, I have not found the gospel most successful among this class of people. There is usually among such persons a lack of moral stamina, which is essential to success in Christian living. No doubt it is as true now as when the great apostle wrote it, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble are called, but that God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom." Wealth and culture are not auxillaries of the gospel, but it is not generally the very poor, the "submerged tenth," that are most easily reached by the gospel message. It is the class between these two extremes who are most accessible, and among whom the gospel has its greatest triumphs. A fair degree of intelligence and independence of character are most favorable to present and final success in holy living. I have often been struck with admiration of the wisdom of Agur's prayer: "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty or riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be rich and say 'who is

the Lord,' or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of the Lord in vain." This camp-meeting, while reasonably well attended, was apparently one of the least successful I have held. During the winter of 1875-76 I visited Fulton county, Illinois, and held some meetings in the village of Liverpool on the Illinois river. I had quite a good hearing, and some favorable impressions were made, which afterward culminated in the salvation of some souls in the following spring. I visited the same neighborhood again but did my preaching in a country school house on the river bluffs. This was a neighborhood where they had but few religious meetings; the people were careless and indifferent and more than usually immoral. It seemed, however, like a good field for religious effort and I determined to continue my labors in that vicinity.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MORE CAMP-MEETINGS AND OTHER MEETINGS.

It must not be supposed that I chronicle all the meetings that I held, but only the more important ones. I travelled extensively and put in most of my time in gospel work. When at home I did some work in garden and truck work. Meetings were held regularly at my house each Sunday and each Wednesday night. These meetings have been kept up regularly since 1871, nearly forty years at this writing. The congregation was quite small at first but has gradually increased in numbers and, I trust, in the graces of the Spirit, also. We found it a difficult lesson to learn, to worship God in Spirit and in truth. The first hindrance that we found that was serious was the natural tendency found in all beginners, to judge one another concerning things indifferent. Each person is inclined to make his own conscience the standard of judgment regarding the conduct of his brethren. This is grieving to God and forbidden in His word, but tyros in religion do this in ignorance. Each one thinks what he cannot do, no one else ought to do. We gradually learned the evil and error of this course, and attained to the spirit of tolerance respecting things not clearly commanded nor forbidden. Another lesson not easy to learn, is how to be led of the Holy Spirit in worship

and other religious exercises. Unless we are so led, our efforts will be formal and lifeless and of no benefit to any one.

In August, 1876, we held a camp-meeting in Fulton county, Illinois, at a point about twelve miles south, and a little east, of the city of Canton. The grounds were near a school house in the district Number 5 in township No. 5 and was consequently called "5-5" school house. The camp ground was in a fine grove of oak trees. The meeting was quite largely attended and was of unusual interest. But few meetings I have held were as prolific of manifest results as this one. I was assisted in the preaching by Brother Andrew Rynders, who had removed from his former home in Waverly, Morgan county to Mason county, in the vicinity of the Poplar City camp-meeting, that he might look after the brethren in that section. A number of persons were saved as a result of this meeting, and I visited this county regularly about twice each year for a number of years, preaching principally at "5-5" and in the village of Bryant. On October 3rd of this year (1876), our second son was born, and was named Lucius Romaine. Not long after this increase in my family I visited Upper Sandusky, Ohio, for the purpose of holding meetings. Brother Kellar, a minister in the Church of God (commonly called Winebrennarians), sent for me to visit that city and preach the gospel. Brother Kellar was the father-in-law of Elder D. S. Warner, who afterward organized a religious society and published a periodical called "The Gospel Trumpet." The religious movement which culminated in the organization of the "Church of God" was initiated by a preacher in Pennsylvania,

named John Winebrennar, a man of considerable ability and spiritual understanding. He held truly that the Church of Christ was composed of all true Christians, and of such only; and that consequently it was a unit. Unfortunately, he held to carnal ordinances, and finally organized a sect contrary to his own teachings. These people call their houses "Bethels," and the bethel in Upper Sandusky had fallen into disuse and Brother Kellar had bought it. In it I held meetings and the attendance was encouraging. There was a preacher by the name of Clemons living in the vicinity. He lived on a farm a short distance from the town, and was a man of considerable wealth, with a collegiate education and good natural ability. He was a religious Ishmaelite, his hand being against every man, and every man's hand against him. He belonged to no sect, but was anti-sectarian. He preached on the streets and in his manner of address was abusive and intolerant, though in the main, speaking the truth. He was a large man, with imposing presence and domineering disposition. He made a practice of going into religious meetings and interrupting the services, for which offence he was afterward arrested, and it was said that he had been in nearly every jail in northwestern Ohio, as well as in other parts of the country. By reason of the truths he told and his offensive manner of telling them he had become so detested where he was best known that he could get no hearing except by addressing other men's congregations. I think he was sincere in his work in the beginning, but had become soured by the opposition and persecution until he gave no one credit for honesty. This man came to our meetings and at the

close of the sermon he would arise and endeavor to criticise what he had heard, though really there was little difference in our religious views. He endeavored to show a friendly spirit by inviting me to his home, which invitation I accepted, though I did not expect to enjoy my visit, and was treated with courtesy and hospitality. But his attitude toward the meetings did not change and Brother Kellar got restive under his attacks. He much disliked Mr. Clemons anyway and there was no love lost between them. I advised patience, hoping he would tire of his assaults, but whether he did or not I was opposed to any resistance as contrary to the teachings of Christ. However, Brother Kellar did not look at things in the same way and determined to have Clemons arrested. As he owned the house I could not prevent him, and he called a policeman and ordered him to make the arrest. Clemons had studied law and had been admitted to the bar in order to be able to defend himself in court, and denied that he had been disorderly, as I held free meetings, and defied the policeman to arrest him; and as the officer feared to do so without a warrant, the attempt fell through, making matters worse instead of better. I publicly disclaimed any responsibility in the matter but Clemons did not believe me. However, afterward I had the opportunity of demonstrating my sincerity, as he afterward attended a meeting I held in Findlay, Ohio, where I had full control of its conduct, and where he had liberty to talk all he wished until he was convinced of my honesty and ceased to oppose.

In December, 1876, I revisited the scene of my labors in southern Indiana. Brother Andrew Rynders and

Brother J. R. Poland, of Mason county, accompanied me. I held another series of meetings in Brother Rusk's church, but I was disappointed to find that Brother Rusk was not in so good a spiritual condition as when I had left him more than a year before; nor has he ever since regained the lost ground. He had in some way compromised or let down. He was a preacher when the gospel found him and he continued to preach, but either he had no call to preach or he rendered his labors nugatory by unfaithfulness, since he had no success in saving souls. According to Mr. Wesley, the marks of a divine call and commission are three: "Has he gifts? Has he grace? Has he fruits?" Any man having these marks is supposed to be called. But the latter is the most important proof of a divine call, as to have genuine fruit he must have the other two marks in some degree; while a man may have gifts and grace without any call to preach, and fruits are *prima facie* evidence of God's help and consequent approval.

About the first of July, 1877, Brother Henry Cain and I drove down to Clay county, Illinois, about sixty miles south of Sullivan, where he had relatives and acquaintances. Brother Cain had been a very wicked man, according to his own testimony, and the change made by grace was so marked as to appear wonderful to those who had known him in his wickedness. It was a fulfillment of the scripture, "Behold, I work a work in your day, a work which ye will in no wise believe, though a man tell it unto you." He held out for many years, and when past the scripture limit of life, died in great peace, "As fades a summer cloud away." We put up with his brother-in-law, J. M. Aldrich, in

the neighborhood of Keen's chapel, where I had an appointment to preach. The word was well received and while we were in that neighborhood we made arrangements to hold camp-meeting in August at a point about half way between the villages Iola and LaClede. The camp-meeting began at the time appointed and proved to be one of the most important and successful meetings I have ever held. Brother Rusk was there to assist me, accompanied by another Baptist minister by the name of F. M. Kerr. Mr. Kerr was about to withdraw from the Baptists and come out on an independent line. He afterward removed from Indiana to Clay county and lived in Iola for several years, and then for a short time in Fulton county, during this time collaborating with me; but becoming dissatisfied, he returned to Indiana and the Baptist communion. Both he and Brother Rusk had been soldiers in the Civil War and both obtained pensions from the government to assist in their support in their old age. Mr. Kerr had good abilities as a preacher but had little success in evangelistic work. The congregation worshipping in Keen chapel were Protestant Methodists and their pastor was a man named Gentry, who lived in the neighborhood. He became displeased with the preaching at the camp-meeting and made threats of running us off the ground if we did not leave voluntarily. This we declined to do. In conducting a camp-meeting, I have never called upon the civil powers for police protection, nor did we have any guards of our own stationed about the camp during the night. We believe in the doctrine of non-resistance, and practice what we preach. We depended upon the Lord above to preserve order and give us protection. When

the services were over at night we all retired to our tents, extinguished our lights and went to sleep, and of the numerous meetings of the kind which I have held though the truth was fearlessly preached, which is abhorred by the multitude, we had no disorder and were never disturbed. I afterward learned, however, that had Mr. Gentry attempted to carry out his threat he would have met with a warm reception from citizens of the neighborhood, who volunteered to protect us, and had established a guard around the camp. This conduct on the part of Mr. Gentry proved to be a boomerang and in a few years his congregation was entirely wiped out, and the chapel took fire and burned to the ground. Mr. Gentry afterward became friendly and would come to hear me preach when I held meetings in his neighborhood. This was probably the most successful camp-meeting I ever held and its results are the most enduring. For thirty-four years I have continued to visit that community and hold meetings two or more times each year. A number have been saved, among them several of whom have passed over to the other shore.

Shortly after the close of this meeting I held another camp-meeting in Scott county, Illinois, a few miles east of Winchester. There had been much gospel preaching in this part of the country and nothing remarkable occurred during this meeting. After its close, if I remember correctly, I held a grove-meeting in Morgan county, near Murrayville, before returning home. I do not remember the meetings I held during the fall and the winter of 1877-78, but most of my time was spent in evangelistic work. In April, 1878, Brother Delana and I made a trip to western Iowa.

We went by way of Mason county, Illinois, and Brother J. R. Poland accompanied us to eastern Iowa, where his brother Joseph lived, and we stopped with his family and held some meetings in a school house nearby. We left Mason county in a snowstorm and by the time we reached Iowa, in the neighborhood of West Liberty, there was a heavy blanket of snow on the ground and the weather was frigid. It was the heaviest snow and the coldest weather I have ever seen in April. At the close of these meetings Brother Delana and I proceeded on our way to Crawford county, but Brother Poland went no further. In 1871 Brothers David McCord and Joseph Duncan, whose wives were sisters, removed from Arcola, Illinois, to Crawford county, Iowa, and settled upon raw land, deeded to their wives by their father-in-law. In 1872 W. A. Duncan and his wife, Sister Lydia Duncan, removed to the same county. In the fall of 1876 Brother Andrew Rynders and I held a little camp-meeting at Dow City, in that county which I forgot to mention in its proper place. This was the year of the plague of grasshoppers in western Iowa. They were equal to the eastern locusts in their destruction of vegetation. The brethren in that county had been holding regular meetings and as we learned that there had been some friction among them we hoped to settle matters satisfactorily by visiting them. It finally developed that the trouble arose from the fact that some of them were real Christians and some were not and they could not walk together because they were not agreed.

On July 5th, 1878, our third son was born and was named Clement Eugene. We were having the

most torrid spell of weather we have had in forty years. The present summer (1911) gives promise of approaching it. So soon as I could leave my wife, the hot weather continuing, I went to Fulton county to hold a grove-meeting. The location of the meeting was at a point on the west bluff of the Illinois river, southeast of Canton. I put up with the family on whose land the meeting was held. The house had no screens and the flies swarmed by day and the mosquitoes, by night. I preached on Friday night, three times on Saturday and three times on Sunday. I got but little rest or sleep for three nights on account of the mosquitos. I had a strong constitution, but the intense heat, the labor of outdoor preaching, and the loss of sleep combined were almost too much for my endurance and I suffered with symptoms of sun-stroke for two days afterward, and did not entirely recover from the effects during the remainder of the summer.

My sister, Martha Ellen, had come to visit us in 1875 and concluded to remain in Illinois. Not long after her arrival she found salvation. In June, 1876, she was united in marriage with Brother Samuel A. Poland, of Mason county. In the spring of 1878 they removed to Sullivan and rented a farm north of the city. Here, on July 6th, their first child, a son, was born to them, being one day younger than our latest child. When the children were not more than a month old, Brother Poland and I took our families to attend a camp-meeting, which I had appointed near the village of Oskaloosa, in Clay county, Illinois. This meeting was well attended but did not have the success that attended the one held in the same county

the year before. Nothing occurred at it particularly worthy of note. Immediately on our return home, I began to get ready for another camp-meeting, which I had appointed to be held near Civer, Fulton county, a few miles west of Canton. Our wives were not strong and Brother Poland and I provided tubs and washboards and did a large washing under our wives' supervision. We went to the Civer camp-meeting in Brother Poland's wagon. The distance was nearly one hundred and fifty miles. We started so as to reach the camp grounds on Friday evening, as the first service was to be held on Friday night. We had two mishaps on the way. One afternoon Lucius, who was nearly two years old, was taken with a spasm as we rode along in the heat, though the wagon had a cover on it, and we were compelled to stop and procure hot water to bathe him. This soon gave him relief. After our start I was taken with the ague. The first attack was light and soon passed off. The next day I felt about as usual, but on the third day, which was Friday, when we were not many miles from the camp ground, after we had stopped for dinner, my chill came on and it was as severe a one as I ever had suffered. I lay down in the wagon and shook it with the violence of my chill. Then the fever raged all the afternoon. I could travel no further that day and we had to pitch our tent and lie over until the next morning. There were four preachers on the ground, Elders Rynders, Rusk, Kerr and myself. Brethren were in attendance from a distance and the audiences were large. On Sunday I was due to have another chill and I tried to persuade the other preachers that one of them should preach

(I had always been accorded the hour on Sunday morning), but none of them was willing to take the responsibility and I was forced to make the attempt. There were probably a thousand to fifteen hundred hearers present. I made the attempt to preach, and got along very well until about two-thirds through my discourse, when I felt the chill attacking me and my breath began to shorten. I closed as promptly as I could and went to my tent, where I had another severe chill followed by hot fever. A physician of the neighborhood came to me and insisted on giving me quinine, I objected to taking it on account of its effect on my head. He said if I did not take it I would have another chill on Tuesday as certain as Tuesday came. I replied, "All right, I will not take quinine and I will not have another chill." And I did not, but I felt unwell during the whole meeting.

Up to the fall of 1878 we had lived since my second marriage in a part of Brother Delana's house in the south part of the city. I had taken a little money that my wife had inherited from her maternal grandfather's estate and had built an addition to Brother Delana's house, he agreeing to refund the money when we ceased to use the house, but my family had so increased that we needed more room and we removed to a house in the north part of the city.

I think it was during the winter of 1878-79 that I received an invitation to visit Howard county, Indiana, and hold meetings. A family named Johnson had removed there from Clay county, Illinois, where they had heard me preach. The point to which I went was a few miles northwest of the city of Ko-

komo, in a section of country quite thickly inhabited. The meetings were held in a deserted Methodist meeting-house, which was still in good repair, but not often used, as there was no society nor regular meetings therein. I began the meetings on Friday night and held, I think, two services each day. On Saturday afternoon, after I had begun speaking a gentleman came in and took his seat in front of me, about half way between me and the door. Of course he was a perfect stranger to me, but I at once found myself addressing my remarks to him as though he constituted the whole audience, and this continued whenever he was in the congregation. On Sunday morning a local preacher from a distance had an appointment to speak there, but it was thought to be doubtful about his being present. I told the people that I would preach if he did not, but he was present and preached a fine sermon from the text "We are a spectacle to men and angels," but it was very evident that the sermon was not original, which spoiled its effect. He had invited me into the pulpit with him and, as I had expected, he invited me to close the meeting after him. The first thing to be done was to read and sing a hymn. As I saw he was about to close his discourse I picked up a hymn-book lying on the desk. After a short consideration I had concluded to read Charles Wesley's hymn beginning: "Which of the monarchs of the earth can boast a guard like ours," etc.

I had supposed the hymn-book to be the Methodist collection and I thought I could soon turn to this hymn, but I found it to be one with which I was unacquainted, and I did not know whether it con-

tained the hymn in question. However, as the preacher sat down I opened the book and, strange to relate, I opened it at that identical hymn. The congregation had been listless during the sermon, but as I began to read I felt the power of God, and they began to take notice. We sang and I talked half an hour with such liberty and power as I have seldom experienced. I was invited to dinner by a family in the neighborhood, and found the man to whom I had been preaching also a guest. He proved to be a United Brethren preacher by the name of Turflinger. He remained in the vicinity a day or two longer and then left. Before going we exchanged addresses and he declared himself convinced of the truth of what he had heard, and expressed an intention to preach the same doctrines, though aware that they were unpopular. I have never since heard from him. I continued the meetings after his departure, but though I had large audiences I had the strange and unique experience of feeling as if I was preaching to an empty house. There did not seem to be a hearing ear present. As I could feel little interest in such labors I closed the meetings and returned home. I seemed to have been sent to preach the gospel to but one person.

In the fall of 1878 I did some preaching in the city of Findlay, Ohio. Brother Samuel Furgeson, when a young man, had lived in Findlay, and in company with his brother, had carried on the business of manufacturing carriages. He had come to Illinois and married and was living in Sullivan when I first preached there, and received the gospel I preached. He had formerly belonged to the "Church

of God." He had returned to Findlay and through him the local society of the "Church of God" heard of me and invited me to visit them and assist their pastor in revival meetings. This proposal did not commend itself to me, as I doubted my ability to work in harmony with them, but I did not feel at liberty to refuse the invitation. Their pastor was a younger man than I and quite enthusiastic. We were to preach on alternate nights, but I stipulated in the start that I was not to be expected to take part in the "altar exercises," as I had repudiated them as being injurious. The older members of the society received my preachings very well, but the young people were not pleased with it. I soon found what I expected, that my preaching spread a wet blanket over their enthusiasm. It had the same effect as that of the colored preacher who inveighed against chicken stealing. "It frew a coldness ober the meetin'." However, they bore with me with great patience; they could not deny that I told them the truth. At length one night after I had preached, and "mourners" were called for, there came to the "altar" a strange lot of mourners. They seemed to have put on all the available jewelry and feathers, etc., and they not only looked, but behaved unusually for sinsick persons. It was evidently a conspiracy to burlesque me, and I resolved to meet it. At the close of the exercises I asked for an opportunity to speak. I asked the congregation not to think that I was promoting that kind of work. I told them that the road to hell was crowded with that sort of Christians, and that my preaching had no tendency to increase the number, and that I claimed no share in such success. In a

short time I returned home. I learned afterward that they had quite a successful revival after I left. Their pastor said he did not want to give sinners too much truth on the start, but would make up for the lack afterwards. My plan has been to crowd just as much truth as possible between a sinner and Christ; if he will not receive it on the start so far as he can understand it, he never will. If a soul is going to balk at the truth he would better do so at the start. The United States government has been accused of deception in that it conceals from recruits for the army the most disagreeable features, and the hardships of a soldier's life. The Lord Jesus Christ does not use any false pretense in seeking recruits for His army. He desires that every man shall know the worst so far as he can know it before he enlists, so that he may afterward have no excuse for desertion.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CAMP-MEETINGS AND OTHER MEETINGS. (CONTINUED.)

In December, 1878, I made a trip to Iowa for gospel work. I first visited Bangor, in Marshall county, and held a series of meetings. Some of the brethren in this place had attended some of the camp-meetings in Illinois. Bangor was a "Quaker" settlement and the "Friends" had a chapel here. Most of the anti-sect people here had formerly been Quakers. I preached in the school house to rather small audiences and without any visible success. I attended a Quaker meeting on Sunday morning, the only one I have ever been in. I think but one of the members of the congregation spoke during the interview. After sitting silent for quite a time I felt moved to make some remarks on the following passage: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up upon wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." I stated first that sitting silent in the meeting was not necessarily "waiting upon the Lord." That we could know whether or not we were waiting upon the Lord by the results. If we waited upon the Lord we should *renew our strength*. We should discern whether or not we renewed our strength by the signs mentioned. At the very least "We should walk and not faint." If we could not walk in God's commandments without

fainting, our strength had not been renewed and we had not waited upon the Lord. But we might have our strength renewed so far as to "run and not be weary" and even to mount up on wings as eagles and thus fly toward heaven, etc. No one made any further remarks and the meeting closed.

The winter of 1878-79 was a very cold one, and I was dressed hardly warm enough for that latitude. When I was ready to leave Bangor Brother Frederick Albright took me to the station at State Center. We started before sunrise in a sled with the mercury 20 degrees below zero. I did not get out of the sled during the whole distance and did not suffer severely, but when I got to the fire I shook for an hour as with ague. I resolved then never to so expose myself again. I found the weather no milder in Crawford county and when the wind was high I could not endure facing it. I held some meetings in this county and visited with the brethren. On my return home I met my wife and children in Decatur, Illinois, where she was visiting friends. On our arriving at home we found the walls and ceiling of our sitting-room covered with frost crystals owing to the intense cold, and all the vegetables in the house were frozen solid though my wife thought she had them well protected. But the frame houses of those days in this section of the country were built often without other foundation than a few blocks, and without what is called underpinning. This gave the winds free course under the floors; and the walls consisted only of weather boarding on the outside and lath and two coats of plastering on the inside with no lining inside or outside. They build differently now.

The years from 1873 to 1879 up to the resumption of specie payment by the government were very hard on the wage-earners and those who were in debt. Many of the farmers were in debt on their farms and were hard pressed to pay interest. The currency was appreciating and consequently other things were depreciating in value. Land was cheap and had little demand, produce was also low in value. It would seem that in such time of financial stress the man who preached a free gospel and asked no man for a dollar, and who was without private means and had no visible means of support would starve, or at least become perfectly destitute. But though we were quite poor and our family increased in number from three to six we never were in actual want and never suffered from hunger or cold. Neither did we become ragged nor by an appearance of destitution appeal to the sympathies of others. The Lord did not permit us to discredit His gospel by such a show of poverty. He graciously provided for all our actual needs. But our faith was often sorely tried and we were forced to use the utmost economy and frugality. My wife became expert at making new clothes for the boys out of my old ones, and we were able always to appear decently dressed or even well dressed in public. In my leisure times I cultivated a truck patch and garden, and often assisted brethren or friends in their labors at carpentering, hay-making or anything else that I could do. I never was ashamed of honest toil though I never professed great liking for manual labor, as my tastes ran in other directions. But whatever I have done, whether in physical toil

or in intellectual pursuits I have always done with my might. We lived on an income of about four hundred dollars a year when beefsteak was 10 to 12½ cents a pound and but eight or nine pounds of sugar were given for a dollar. Clothing was also costly. In the spring of 1878 I had a present of a cow and ever since that time we have owned at least one cow. This cow, with a little cheap household furniture and a few chickens, constituted all my worldly wealth. The assessor and the tax collector passed me by as not worthy of notice. As I had no assured income, I made no debts but paid ready money for everything. I took it as an axiom that if the Lord was to furnish me with all I needed, He would furnish it *when I needed it*. My children were strong and healthy and I have yet to call a physician to one of them. I have, however, called a surgeon.

In the spring of 1879 Brother Lark Delana died. When I met him in the winter of 1868-69 he was a Methodist local preacher, travelling a circuit as a "supply." He fell in with the gospel I preached and was active in the propagation of the truth, though he did not labor as a preacher. For nearly ten years he was with me in the meetings and was never so busy that he could not leave his work, hitch up his team and go to assist in a meeting. His zeal was unquestionable. He was a very ignorant man and had the assurance about things that usually goes with ignorance. He had had a good deal of experience in the world, having been a California gold seeker and a soldier in the Civil War. His labors in the meetings were not generally well received as his

manner of address was irritating. He also got the idea that he had some sort of oversight over things in the church, which tended to hinder liberty in the meetings, but his intentions were no doubt good, and, though I found his labors something of a handicap in the meetings, yet I trust he was a good man and has gone to his heavenly reward.

This was the first year for nine years that I had held no camp-meeting; but in August Brother Jasper Shaw, of Fulton county, went with me to Schuyler county, Missouri, to the neighborhood in which his father lived, for the purpose of holding a grove-meeting. This meeting differed from a camp-meeting in that no one camped on the ground, and that it was attended only by people of the neighborhood. This was the most successful grove-meeting I have ever held, and was largely attended. It began on Friday night and continued over the second Sunday. Hundreds of people were in attendance and especially on Sunday were the audiences large. I preached three times each day with unusual liberty. There was a southern Methodist society which met in a school house nearby, and on the second Sunday their pastor held an opposition meeting to keep his people away from the grove-meeting, but his effort was a flat failure, and his evident hostility reacted against him and his cause, and the upshot was the disintegration of his society. Quite a number were convinced of the truth I preached and a little society was formed which met regularly for years. Some of them were really saved from sin and lived holy and exemplary lives but the leaders are now dead and the society is scattered. Brother Peter Swanson, the leader

among them died but a few months ago (in 1910) at quite an advanced age. The influence of the work will not soon die. I visited this point again in the following winter and held meetings in the Swanson school house.

In the winter of 1879-80 I was again called to Ohio to hold meetings. I first went to Upper Sandusky to hold meetings in Brother Keller's "bethel." He had removed from his farm and now lived in the city. The meetings continued for a week or more but did not seem to make much impression upon the people. I went to Findlay and held meetings in the county court house. I was annoyed each night by a friend who had more zeal than knowledge or discretion. I taught that the Lord could save a sinner with one effort. He believed that it would require two efforts on the part of Deity and he thought it his bounden duty to set me right. But if his reasoning had been as logical as that of St. Paul he would have convinced no one, since he would soon become so excited that his speech would become tangled up so that no one could understand what he said. After enduring his nonsense for a few nights I was forced to abridge his liberty of speech, as the county officers had stipulated when they gave their consent for the use of the house that there should be no undue noise nor confusion in the meetings. These services continued for several days until they were brought to a close by an accident. In walking across a yard from one house to another on Saturday evening after dark, I stepped into a hole and was thrown headlong, striking the bridge of my nose on a lead trough at the corner of one of the houses, with

such force as to fracture the bone. Of course my face was soon so swollen as to make me unpresentable, while the congestion in my nose made enunciation difficult, so all further appointments were cancelled. I had to remain in the city until Monday, as there were no Sunday trains. By that time the swelling was gone, but I had acquired a pair of black eyes in addition to a pair of blue ones. However, I put on a pair of colored spectacles, pulled a soft hat low over my face, and reached home without attracting attention or comment. Of course explanations were due to my friends at home, but a reputation for sobriety is sometimes of much value in averting suspicion.

I think of nothing of interest that occurred during the spring and early summer of 1880.

In August of this year we held a camp-meeting in Morgan county, Illinois, near the village of Franklin. This meeting was quite largely attended. Elders Rynkers, Rusk, Kerr and myself were in attendance and another minister named Templeton, who had recently withdrawn from the Free Methodists. He was a Scotchman of good family, of more than ordinary intellectual abilities, having had a fine education, and was a good preacher. However, he was unfortunately erratic, and at times afflicted with mental aberration. At such times he was abusive and cruel to his wife, a meek little woman, who would not resist him, but she felt forced to expose his conduct. This created strong prejudice against him, and conduct, which to me seemed un-Christian on the part of some,

especially some of the preachers. It seemed that they could not understand that the man was irresponsible when demented. Their conduct may have been the result of their horror at unkindness to a wife, but it had some of the earmarks of jealousy. The man afterward died in an insane asylum.

During this same summer, and, I think, subsequently to the camp-meeting, I held another grove-meeting in Schuyler county, Missouri, on the same ground as on the preceding year. This meeting was also largely attended and was quite successful. One of the objections made by sectists to the meetings was that old sinners who never attended any other meetings regularly attended mine. But I remembered that many gladly heard Christ who had no use for the Pharisees. Brother Peter Swanson's wife had died recently and left a little child, which died during my visit, and I was asked to hold short services in the cemetery, during which I offered public prayer. This was the first time the people had heard me pray, as I seldom pray publicly at a preaching service. I noticed nothing extraordinary in this prayer, but those who heard it seemed much impressed by it. I visited a sick man in the afternoon and some of the people followed me to his house, hoping to hear me pray again. I have learned of a number of instances in which persons have been thus powerfully impressed by my prayers. One man declared that he had never before heard a prayer. I will give another instance. One of my neighbors in Sullivan had for some reason conceived a violent dislike for me. He had a death in his family and I felt much impressed to attend the funeral though I suspected that the man would not be pleased

to have me do so. The funeral services were at his residence and were conducted by the local Methodist pastor, as the man was a Methodist. Though doubting my welcome I felt inwardly urged to go, and went. I got into a back room, making myself as inconspicuous as possible, hoping to escape notice. But the officiating minister recognized me and came to me with an invitation to offer a prayer. I feared that my taking part in the services would displease the family; but he assured me that it would be all right, so I consented and offered prayer. On the following Sunday this minister spoke of me to his congregation, declaring that he believed me a good man, as he had heard me pray, and had never before heard such a prayer. Also the man who had been my enemy was ever afterward a friend. I speak of these things because I have been condemned in some quarters for my teaching and practice with respect to prayer. I would rather offer one prayer that the hearers could recognize as taking hold on God than ten thousand that are mere lip service. My severest critics are much given to public prayer, even as were the Pharisees, but I have never heard of their prayers impressing any one as being out of the ordinary.

On September 17th of this year our hearts were gladdened by the birth of a daughter, our first. We named her Nannie Persis. The name Nannie was in memory of my first wife. My wife did not recover from her confinement as promptly as usual, but was troubled with a cough which some thought indicated pulmonary affection. When she felt able to travel, about November 1st, we went on a visit to Winchester, Illinois. My wife's brother, Russell

M. Magill, having married some time previously, we put up with him for a week or two. My wife's health began to improve at once and she was soon in her usual health. While she and the children stayed with her brother I went over into Morgan county, in the vicinity of the late camp-ground and held a series of meetings in a school house. The winter came on early that year and before my return to Winchester there was a heavy fall of snow and zero weather. After a visit of about a month we returned home.

I travelled and held meetings during the remainder of the winter and during the spring of 1881, but I remember nothing worthy of record. My stepmother visited us in the summer of this year and spent several weeks with us and her daughter. In August we held a camp-meeting in Knox county, Illinois, at a place called Hazel Dell, several miles southeast of Knoxville. Before this camp-meeting I went to Fulton county, taking my family with me, and held a grove-meeting near Lewistown, the county seat, on the farm of a man by the name of Boardner. He was a very old man, nearly one hundred years old, but, I think, died before he reached the century mark. His wife, however, lived to be considerably over one hundred years old. They were Brother Jasper Shaw's grandparents. We put up during the meetings with Moses Boardner, a son of the gentleman's, where we were very hospitably treated. This meeting was well attended and considerable interest was manifested. At the close of the grove-meeting we drove through in a wagon to the vicinity of the camp-meeting, stopping with Brother Henry Thurman until the camp-meeting was ready. This meeting was quite successful and

was well attended by the brethren and by the people of the neighborhood. There was a man from Indiana, claiming to be a brother, who was a stranger to us. He also claimed to be a preacher. His name was Ansel Raper. He has since become somewhat notorious as a travelling evangelist under the name of Reaper. He has been accused of false teachings and immoralities and I fear that the charge may not be without foundation. Brother Solomon Miller, of Bangor, Iowa, became offended at this meeting and withdrew. He thought we had too much liberty and were not solemn enough. He seemed to feel that it was a sin to laugh, or to appreciate anything humorous. I believe him to have been an honest man, serving God in the spirit of the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son, but he could not tolerate the sound of feasting when the fatted calf was eaten, so he chose to stay outside. It is difficult for unspiritual men to distinguish between sinful liberty and Christian liberty, and to avoid the one they miss the other and become slaves to fear. My wife suffered severely at this meeting from an abscess on her face, which was about at its worst when the meeting closed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### I BECOME A FARMER.

In the spring of 1882 Sister Shearer died in Winchester and I was sent for to conduct the funeral services. She had not enjoyed good health for many years, having had pulmonary trouble of that slow nature in which the lungs gradually waste away. But in May of this year she was seized with pneumonia, and, having had but one lung left, she soon succumbed to that fatal disease. Several years before her death she and her husband had taken into their home a young woman by the name of Clara Lancaster and she kept house for Brother Shearer after his wife's death. Brother Shearer's health was also quite poor, though up to the time of his wife's death, or not long before that event, he had continued to work at his trade of harness making. The year before they had gone to Texas for the benefit of his health but with little avail. In August of 1882 he sent for my wife and myself to come and take care of him, as he was bedfast and expecting to die soon. He had become suspicious of his housekeeper and alarmed at her conduct when he learned that she was carrying off some of the household effects. We shut up our house and went to him at once, and remained with him until his death, which occurred before the month was out. He and Sister Shearer were good people.

They had opened their house for the meetings of the brethren in that vicinity, which were held each week, for years. Brother Shearer left his property by will to my oldest son, Paul. It was but a few hundred dollars. During the fall of this year I visited my old home in Ohio. My father and stepmother were still living, though neither of them was in good health. I remained with them several weeks and meanwhile preached when I had opportunity. When the time came for me to return home, my father took me to the railroad station in Warren, gave me a five dollar gold piece and went up town until the train left. He could not trust himself to bid me good-bye. I never saw him again. In less than three years after that he died of valvular disease of the heart, accompanied by heart enlargement. My stepmother had preceded him to the spirit world. My father was that *rara avis* an honest man. I do not think he ever intentionally wronged any man out of a cent. Though he did not leave property enough behind him to pay all his debts, his children saw that they were paid. He was justice of the peace for twenty-five years, and was often appointed by the court as administrator and conservator, and though possessing little of this world's goods he could give bond for thirty thousand dollars, so great was the confidence in his honesty. He was honest in other senses as well as in money matters. As a magistrate he was a peace maker, and would forego his costs at any time to settle a dispute. He spent much time and labor in persuading litigants to settle their differences without going to law and he much disliked to sit as justice on a case. He said in each instance he would make

one doubtful friend and one sure enemy. His funeral was the most largely attended of any ever held in the township in which he had lived so long, and in which he died.

The property left by Brother Shearer consisted of a house and two lots and as the only way to get any income from it was to rent it out, it was constantly exposed to loss by fire. Besides, the class of tenants who would occupy a house of its character was not reliable, and as I did not patronize insurance companies, and as I was not at liberty to go to law to collect rents nor to eject tenants who refused to pay, the property did not promise to prove remunerative. So I thought it best, if I could do so, to sell it and invest in land at Sullivan. The land would not burn and we could cultivate it ourselves. Besides, the land would increase in value, while the house would deteriorate. Brother John Poland had come to Sullivan from Mason county and desired to buy some land. There were forty acres in the southern part of the city to be had for two thousand dollars. He could pay for but half of it, and I agreed to take the other twenty acres, he to pay ten hundred and fifty for his half nearest town, and I the balance out of what I should get for the Winchester property. But the judge of probate in Scott county spoiled my plan, for when I made application through the administrator for leave to sell to pay debts of which there were a few, he refused permission. As it would be costly to take the matter up to the chancery court I gave it up, and as I could not repudiate my agreement with Brother Poland without injuring him, I kept the land myself, being able to raise most of the money

on a mortgage. The probate judge is supposed to look after the interest of his wards, but Judge Callan, though he may have meant well, made a great mistake. The Winchester property declined in value by the time Paul became of age, while the land it would have then purchased is worth fifteen times as much as it was then. By the year 1883 my two older sons had become old enough to do something toward earning their living when out of school. I needed their small help and they needed employment to keep them out of idleness. I thought the matter over carefully and prayerfully. There were two courses open to me, either to hire the boys out or to furnish work myself. My principal objection to hiring them out was the influence it might have upon them. There were two dangers in this course, first the unfavorable influence the bad example of others might exert, and secondly, the weakening of home influence which would inevitably result from their absence from home. I had seen the evil results of this in brethren's children who were older than mine. When this home and personal influence is once lost it can never be regained. It would be much the easier way to hire them out and collect their earnings; it would save me much trouble. Besides, preaching the gospel was my vocation from which I did not wish to be diverted; I wanted no avocation. Then again I had no means to go into any business with. Farming seemed the only business open to me and that would require a team and implements for which I would be compelled to go into debt. But the spiritual influence of my children was paramount, and could not be jeopardized under any consideration. And let me

say here that the result has fully justified and vindicated the wisdom of my decision. So I became a farmer. The first year, 1883, I farmed only the twenty acres that I had bought. I bought no team nor farming utensils but hired the breaking done and did the cultivating with a horse and double shovel plough. We also did a good deal of hoeing. The land had been rented out and had been ploughed in narrow lands thrown up toward the center, cultivated when wet and otherwise butchered up. The whole surface was covered with cockle burs, so we had our work cut out for us. I raised a fair crop this first year, but did not prove much of a success as a farmer on the whole. In the first place, I had had no experience. I had worked on a farm in my boyhood, but farming in Ohio in the fifties and in Illinois in the eighties were two different propositions. I felt my ignorance and sought advice, but my advisers really knew little more about farming than I did. It takes long experience to learn how to farm successfully, and those most competent are the least ready to give advice. They know the uncertainties and the contingencies to be reckoned with. Then the land I could rent had generally been run in corn until it needed rest, and it usually had become infested with weeds, especially cockle-burs. The prevalence of this weed was attested by the condition of the tails of the farmers' horses at husking time, they were usually matted with cockle-burs. Some farmers tied sacks on the horses' tails to prevent this. I have gone over the field twice in one season with a hoe and cut these weeds out and then at gathering time they would be so large that I could scarcely get along to husk the

corn. Now, after thirty years, you scarcely ever see a bur in a horse's tail, though some careless, slovenly farmers still raise them. I learned quite a good deal about farming in the ten or twelve years that I engaged in it, but I learned it mostly in that expensive school taught by Experience. In 1884 I farmed some rented land in addition to my own, with moderate success. Brother Miles Smith, of Downing, Missouri, had sent me an old mare as a gift, and I bought a young horse that spring and some farming utensils. During the winter I had held meetings in Missouri and at various other points, but I cannot recall them distinctly. One meeting, I think, was in Green county, Illinois, near Carrollton. I generally spent much of the winter in evangelistic work. I had not to permit my avocation of farming to interfere with my vocation of preaching. Usually during the spring and early summer, when the days are long and the nights short, there was not so much call for meetings except over Sunday. The people were so busy with their work, especially the farmers. This gave me opportunity to plant and tend my crop. In August, 1884, I held the last of a series of seventeen camp-meetings in central Illinois. There had been none since 1881. There seemed to be less and less opening for such meetings. As people became more prosperous in worldly affairs the interest in religion gradually lessened. Spiritual indifference began to settle down upon them. From 1860 to 1880 there was a great religious awakening all over the country. This took the form of a campaign of Holiness or a Higher Life. The people were aroused and there were many hearing ears. Since the latter date this interest has rapidly waned, and

so low has become the spiritual condition that the principal demand seems now to be for the ministrations of such religious montebanks as "Billy" Sunday and others of that ilk. The great majority have decidedly "turned away their ears from the truth."

The camp-meeting of 1884 was held in Green county, Illinois, near a little station on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, called Berdan. The site was located on the farm of Brother Robert Meek. A number of the brethren tented on the ground, and the meeting was quite well attended. Elder Rynders was present to assist in the preaching. There was also another preacher, a stranger, who came to the meeting, whose name was Sexton. He was from Topeka, Kansas, and was the editor and publisher of a little religious paper. Though holding mainly to the same religious tenets as myself, he saw fit, for some reason, to oppose me and attack me in various ways, and endeavored to assume leadership. As I wished to avoid all appearance of division and controversy, which would have neutralized all of the good influences of the meeting, I ignored this conduct on his part as far as possible and bore these injuries as patiently as I could, but they had a deadening effect upon the meeting. His conduct was not only un-Christian but discourteous and ungentlemanly. In all the camp-meetings I held in fifteen years the same liberty was extended as in the last one but Mr. Sexton was the only man who thus abused this liberty.

I forgot to mention it in its proper place that on March 29th, 1884, our second daughter was born, and we named her Lois Retta. We had removed in the spring of this year to the south part of town and

occupied the house in which we had formerly lived. It was more convenient to the land I had bought. We now had a family of six children and while our living expenses had increased our income had not kept pace with this increase, and though my efforts at farming had somewhat added to our resources it was scarcely sufficient to make up the discrepancy. The older children are, the more expensive they are, and when a family grows in numbers as well as in age, the living expenses mount up rapidly. We now had two cows and soon had three, and we began to sell a little milk to the neighbors. Feed was not costly and there was considerable profit in this business. Then I took any opportunity to help along by doing any job of work that fell into my hands. But notwithstanding my efforts we felt the pinchings of poverty more during the next three or four years than at any other time in our history. I found also that the abasing of myself to the performance of menial tasks to make myself self-supporting did not add to my prestige with people in general, and not even with the brethren. I learned the lesson that the Apostle Paul learned at Corinth, when he made tents to relieve the church of his support. They thought the less of him for his self-denial, and honored those rather who took of them and domineered over them. He did not use his power over them, as he asserts. It was their duty to support him, but he did not require it of them and thus lowered himself in their estimation. The brethren in Sullivan were few and not wealthy, and so were they generally in other places, and I wished to spare them; but they did not seem to appreciate my efforts in their behalf. As a rule, if

we undervalue ourselves, others will also undervalue us. A minister of the gospel needs to ponder well Paul's advice to Timothy, "Let no man despise thee." Anything that lowers a minister in the estimation of his brethren, whether it ought to do so or not, will lessen his authority. An independent spirit and a desire to be self-supporting ought not to lower one in the esteem of any person; but there may have been some sub-conscious motive in my mind of which I was not aware, that was not pleasing to God. At all events I found it necessary to change my conduct in this manner.

During the fourteen years from 1870 to 1884, my work had been principally that of an evangelist. It is true that I had charge of the church in Sullivan, as its pastor, but evangelism occupied most of my time. During this period I had travelled thousands of miles and had labored at various points in a territory extending from eastern Ohio to central Kansas. At a number of places small congregations had been gathered, some of them meeting regularly each week. From this time on, my evangelistic labors began to slacken. It is true I occasionally visited a new point and held meetings, but these calls became fewer and fewer. A spiritual lethargy seemed to be stealing upon the people. It seemed henceforth to be my main work to look after these scattered congregations. When the gospel had gained a foothold the interest still seemed to survive, especially among those who had accepted the truth, at least in theory. Then the work in Sullivan began to demand more of my time and attention. Our numbers were slowly increasing through additions from without and after-

ward from removals from other points to Sullivan. This period continued for the next sixteen years, during which my work became gradually more and more pastoral. There were six or eight points which I visited pretty regularly, from once to three or four times each year, and others that I visited occasionally.

During the years 1885-86, I held no large meetings. I occasionally held preaching services in Sullivan in some public hall, which services were usually well attended by the public. I still continued to farm with indifferent success generally. I could not raise a full crop of corn but I had good success in raising oats, which was not a profitable crop. I paid, as rent, two-fifths of the corn and one-third of the oats in the crib or bin. My landlord got a fair return for the use of his land, as rents were low, but I did not have much left after expenses were paid and the team fed for a whole year. Produce usually sold at a low price. I sold fat hogs as low as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound. In the spring of 1885, one of my horses was badly cut on a plough and lamed for life. My old mare had died and I had to buy another horse. He was young and not very gentle and caused the accident.

In the fall of 1885, I visited Schuyler county, Missouri, where I had held the grove-meetings. Elder Rynders accompanied me. Rather an amusing experience occurred in this trip. I was always careful of my health and when travelling any great distance even in the warmest weather I always took with me an extra garment that, when being out at night, I might be protected from any change in temperature. I had with me on this trip a shawl, carried in a

shawl strap. Brother Rynders had taken no such precaution. It was quite warm while we were in Missouri and, as I carried my bundle from place to place as we changed stopping places, he became much amused and rallied me about the matter. When we returned to Illinois we stopped in Fulton county at the village of London Mills, and held a few night meetings on the site of the camp-meeting of the previous year. We put up with Brother Henry Thurman in London Mills and drove back and forth to and from the meetings, a distance of about five miles. The weather had turned quite cool and as I did the preaching Brother Rynders borrowed my shawl to wear while listening to me. Unfortunately for me, he forgot to return it to me before starting on the return trip, and I lost the use of it, after carrying it so long as an incumbrance, and was left to shiver or borrow one of someone else. This was quite a joke on someone and I suspected that it was on me. Fortunately I did not take cold nor receive any other harm from the exposure. Not a great while after this meeting Brother Thurman, who ran a sawmill, accidentally fell on the circular saw while it was in motion and was instantly killed, and I was summoned to conduct his funeral. My sister, Martha Ellen, the wife of Brother S. A. Poland, had died in 1884, leaving four children, the youngest but a week or two old, and it soon followed her. My sister was a good woman, a faithful Christian, and I missed her sadly. She was the only one of my father's family who fully sympathized with my views and my work. I think it was the next year that Brother Poland married Sister Mary Delana, the widow of Brother Lark

Delana, to provide a mother for his motherless children.

During the year 1886, matters went on about as before. I continued my avocation of farming and my vocation of preaching. Nothing extraordinary occurred in either. I held no large meetings and raised no large crops. In the meetings in Sullivan we were striving to learn how to worship God in spirit and truth. We were endeavoring to learn what was Christian liberty and how to extend it to others. This is not an easy lesson to learn, and comparatively few ever learn it. To understand in what sense a man is his brother's keeper and in what sense he is not, is really important and requires spiritual illuminating and discernment. As a rule, a zealous man acts where he has no responsibility and refrains where he is responsible. However, a homily on this point is not appropriate here. The meetings often were quite free and spiritual; at other times they seemed dry and formal. We learned that we could not supply the liberty of the Spirit by noise and wrought up enthusiasm. We could only await the movings of the Holy Spirit. On the whole, the meetings were lively and enjoyable. I held several short series of preaching services in public halls in Sullivan and had a good attendance of the public. Now and then someone would cast his or her lot among us, and there were very few defections. My views of the gospel system gradually expanded and at the same time became more clear and definite. There was no revolution in my views, but a constant evolution. In particular did the doctrines of grace open up to me, and I saw more and more clearly what was meant by salvation by

grace. How little is this glorious doctrine comprehended even among its professed votaries! Another point that became very clear to me was that a Christian's difficulties did not arise from the state of his heart, but from the exercise of his free will. I do not suppose that I was any more ignorant nor blind than the majority of believers, but it took me quite a while to discern this simple truth. I sometimes had experiences that I could not account for when things went wrong. I could not understand how a pure heart could produce such feelings as I would have or bear such fruit. I was often willing to throw away my profession and start anew, but I could not feel free to do so. At length I learned that my trouble arose not from the state of my heart, but to my resistance to God's will as expressed in His providences. God could not do for me what I needed, I must do it myself, viz: submit to God's will, then all would be peaceful and serene. I learned that the only way in which we can really understand the doctrines of the gospel is through experience.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### I ACQUIRE A NEW BUSINESS AND A NEW HOUSE.

In the year 1887, I still continued my usual farming operations, not neglecting my ministerial duties. I recall nothing of special interest in my religious work. In the fall of the year I took up a new business. We now had three cows and had been for some years selling milk to our neighbors, the boys carrying to them night and morning. I thought I saw an opening for going into the business more extensively and starting a wagon. I pondered the matter for some time and then determined to try the experiment. There was no milk wagon running in the town at that time. At least two persons had tried the business and had given it up as a failure. In a short time after I had begun I had to begin buying new cows, and for six or eight months all the profits of the business went into cows. At the end of this time I had quite a dairy and was selling about as much milk as I ever have done since. I did none of the peddling myself, but delegated this part of the business to the boys, who went round with the wagon night and morning, and for twenty years the wagon went twice each day, without one failure, cold or hot, wet or dry. I was not properly prepared for the business, as I had no suitable barn, and so went forward under diffi-

culties. But we found sufficient profit in it, even under these handicaps, to greatly assist in the support of my family, and from this time on, my circumstances improved.

On November 2nd of this year, our third daughter was born, and was named Leah Lorena. We now had seven children, quite a respectable sized family.

In 1888 I still continued farming along with the milk business. I found in the latter business that there was much more sale for milk in the winter and early spring when it cost the most to produce it than in the summer, when it cost much less. In the summer time I had more cows than I needed and the surplus milk was left on my hands. I also found it difficult to procure good milch cows. Those recommended to me as first-class proved disappointing after I had bought them, and if I sold them I could never get for them what I paid. In fact there were few good cows in this section of the country. I got along, however, though in an unsatisfactory manner, and with what financial aid I received in gospel work, I succeeded in supporting my family.

For some years I had been thinking of the advantages of owning my own dwelling. It seemed to me that paying rent for a house to live in was a waste of money. But work and manage as I might, I could not get ahead. Everything I attempted was disappointing. I thought I was submitted to the will of God in the matter, but the Lord had made it clear to me that my submission was not complete. So I proceeded to make it complete. I told the Lord that I was perfectly willing to live in a rented house as long as I should live and I realized this to be true,

and I gave up thought of anything different. In a few months after this experience Brother S. A. Poland and his partner in business, Brother A. P. Powers, proposed to me that they would furnish the materials to build me a house on the land that I had bought. I accepted their offer and through the assistance of other brethren, in particular, Brother L. T. Hagerman, a carpenter and builder, in July I was enabled to move into a house of my own, costing nearly one thousand dollars, though had it been built on contract it would have cost much more, with my indebtedness increased but one hundred and fifty dollars. My land needed tilling and I borrowed fifty dollars of Brother Jasper Shaw to assist in the work. Brother Shaw afterwards gave me the amount of the loan. I moved an old corn-crib and stable onto my land and with some additions I constructed a sort of cow barn, which served that purpose for more than ten years. I dug some shallow wells that furnished stock water except in very dry times. Thus I was, in a rude way, equipped for carrying on the dairy business. Our sitting room was rather large and communicated with a smaller room by means of double doors, and together the two rooms afforded more room for the meetings.

About this time a movement began which increased the size of our congregation. Brethren from abroad began to remove to Sullivan for the privilege of the meetings. First, about this time or some time afterwards, Brother Jasper Shaw came from Fulton county, having bought a farm near the city, and in a short time Brother James T. Chaney followed from Mason county. They both very materially bettered their financial interests by the change. Brother Chaney

also purchased a large farm not far from Sullivan. A year or two afterward Brothers W. A. Duncan, Nelson LaNeue and Henry A. Emmons came to Sullivan with their families from Crawford county, Iowa. They built residences in the city. During the winter of 1888-89 I visited Crawford county, Iowa, and held meetings in Charter Oak, where Brother W. A. Duncan lived. This was before his removal to Illinois. We had a good attendance and interesting meetings. On this visit I saw Brother David McCord for the last time. He had built a new residence, large and comfortable, which he much needed. In fitting up for farming I had necessarily involved myself in debt. I owed several hundred dollars aside from my mortgage. I desired to pay off this indebtedness and concluded to try other forms of agriculture besides raising corn and oats. I decided to raise sorghum and make it into syrup. I began in the year 1889. I planted several acres of sorghum, procured a second-hand cane mill, and bought me some new evaporating pans. They were shallow and calculated to boil down the sap quickly and give the best opportunity to remove all impurities. As I knew but little about this process I sought information of those who had made sorghum molasses, and read everything I could find written on the subject, which was little. I bought a saccharometer and prepared for business as well as possible. I used litmus paper to test the amount of acid in the cane juice and used lime water to neutralize the acid. I hired an "expert" and kept him two days. He proved to be a failure. Then I decided to go it alone. The people were used to sorghum syrup boiled in deep pans or kettles which

could not be properly cleansed of its impurities and which, when cooled, was dark and thick, and which would not run in cold weather. The sorghum of commerce was thin and would not keep in hot weather. It registered 32 degrees by the saccharometer. I boiled mine until it registered 38 degrees and would begin to sugar but I could not make it thick nor so dark a color. However, I learned by experience that it would keep through the hot weather and improved with age. I continued making it until the McKinley Bill gave us free sugar and spoiled the business. I also tried raising strawberries and although I never had a full crop I made some money in the venture. The raising of sweet potatoes was another of my projects and I was quite successful in this work until sweet potatoes from abroad lowered the price of the product so far as to take away the profit. By means of my farming operations and these side issues I succeeded in freeing myself of my unsecured debts in three or four years.

On January 29th, 1890, our fourth daughter was born and named Lydia Orpah. She had the good fortune to be born in our own house, and we have not changed our residence since. The winter of 1889-90 my wife and I both had severe attacks of la grippe. My wife was at the worst at the time of her confinement, having a severe and straining cough, and I feared that she would not survive the ordeal, but through the mercy of God, she came through safely. My principal distress was in my head, just above my eyes and it resulted in great impairment of my sight through astigmatism. Up to this time I could read the finest print without lenses though I was nearly

fifty years old. I felt the ill effects of this attack of grippe for two or three years in my nervous system.

It must not be supposed because I have said little about religious meetings that the gospel work was neglected, but the meetings were not of a nature to impress themselves upon my memory. There was nothing about them of special interest, so that one meeting was not differentiated from another. As I have before stated my work was gradually narrowing down in extent and was confined to fewer places, assuming more and more a pastorate and less and less the work of an evangelist. Yet, I still travelled quite extensively and neglected no call that I received.

The year 1890, if I remember correctly, was the last year in which I carried on farming operations. My two older sons got work that year during school vacation at laying concrete side walks, a business just in its infancy in this section of the country, and during the summer they learned to do the various parts of the trade. It was a hot dry summer but I raised the best crop of corn I ever did raise. We put up a large supply of clover hay on the shares so that my share was about enough to feed my cows through the winter. We had to stack our hay and my haymow would hold but a small quantity. In the dairy business we labored under two handicaps: we had not enough pasture land to properly supply the cows in the summer unless it was a wet year; and our cow barn was so open that every cold wave would shrink the milk supply in the winter. This made the milk yield irregular and often we would be compelled to buy milk to supply our customers.

But it was the best we could do under the circumstances and we endeavored to be content.

Our congregations continued to increase and we found ourselves cramped for room, so it was decided that accommodations should be provided by building an addition to my house where the meetings were held. Accordingly in the summer of 1891 a two story front, sixteen feet square, was built onto my house. Between the room previously used for meetings and the new room an opening was left seven feet wide, closed with sliding doors. This afforded us abundance of room for the time being. The new room was occupied by the women, the old one mainly by the men. In the spring of this year my brother, L. O. Harshman, removed to Sullivan from Ohio. I had persuaded him to do so hoping that he might better his financial condition, but his wife was not satisfied with the change and he returned to Ohio in the fall of the same year.

During this year I had an experience which was the most painful and harassing that I have passed through during the whole course of my life. The details would not be of interest and I will give only the outlines of the affair. As I have already stated, the two older boys, Paul and Rufus, worked at laying concrete walks during the summer of 1890 and their employer told them when they quit work in the fall that if they would work for him the next year he would give them two dollars per day. They told me of the offer and although this sum was small wages for finishing, I was willing that they should accept the offer as they were young. Rufus was finishing his high school course and could not work

until June, but Paul went to work in April. He did the finishing, kept the accounts, etc., his employer coming around about twice each day to note progress. After about two weeks' work Paul was paid for his time up to date and received but one and two-thirds dollars per day. He complained to me of this and I was much surprised at the report. His employer had picked up a tramp and paid him two dollars per day and paid the finisher the smaller sum. I was puzzled at this conduct and went to the employer for explanation. This man had been received among us as a brother though his case was not a clear one. I had believed him at least sincere and well intentioned. He was disposed to deny his promise of the year before, and declared he could not afford to pay the sum he had promised. I knew enough about the business to know that statement to be untrue. I never have been able to understand the motive that prompted him to do as he did. The sum in dispute was trifling and not worth contending about. The division of sentiment among the brethren gave Satan a door for entrance and I suffered intensely from his assaults. So great was my distress that I felt a loss of desire to live longer if these experiences must continue. After several months the powers of darkness gave way and I obtained relief; but the victory was not even then as decisive as I could have desired. The suffering I had undergone made such an impression upon my health that it was followed by a severe spell of sickness. However, it resulted greatly to my spiritual advantage, as it served to deliver me from fear of the opinions of my brethren to a much greater degree than I had before experienced, adding

greatly to my feeling of independence of men. I afterward found to my astonishment that it also in a marked degree increased the respect and reverence of my brethren for me as their pastor and spiritual guide. It is through suffering that we climb the heights of spiritual experience and spiritual power.

I had in bearing this year about three-fourths of an acre of strawberries, and the crop being fair, they netted me a neat little sum. On the other hand I lost a valuable young mare by disease so that accounts about balanced.

## ADDENDA.

Thus ended my father's "Memoirs." The last chapter was written only five or six weeks before his death. He told me only a few days before he died in talking over his affairs, when his mind reverted to this work, that it was all right as it stood, as nothing much of consequence had happened after the time where the narrative ended. But as he left many interesting letters and several sermons, which have never been printed, we thought it would be of interest to print them and tell something of his later life and triumphal death, as he lived almost twenty years after the transpiration of the events of which he last wrote.

The preparation of the Memoirs was a labor which he much enjoyed, though much of it was done when he was scarcely able for the task. But while he was not physically able for it, his mind was as bright and acute as it ever was, and remained so up to the last few moments of his life.

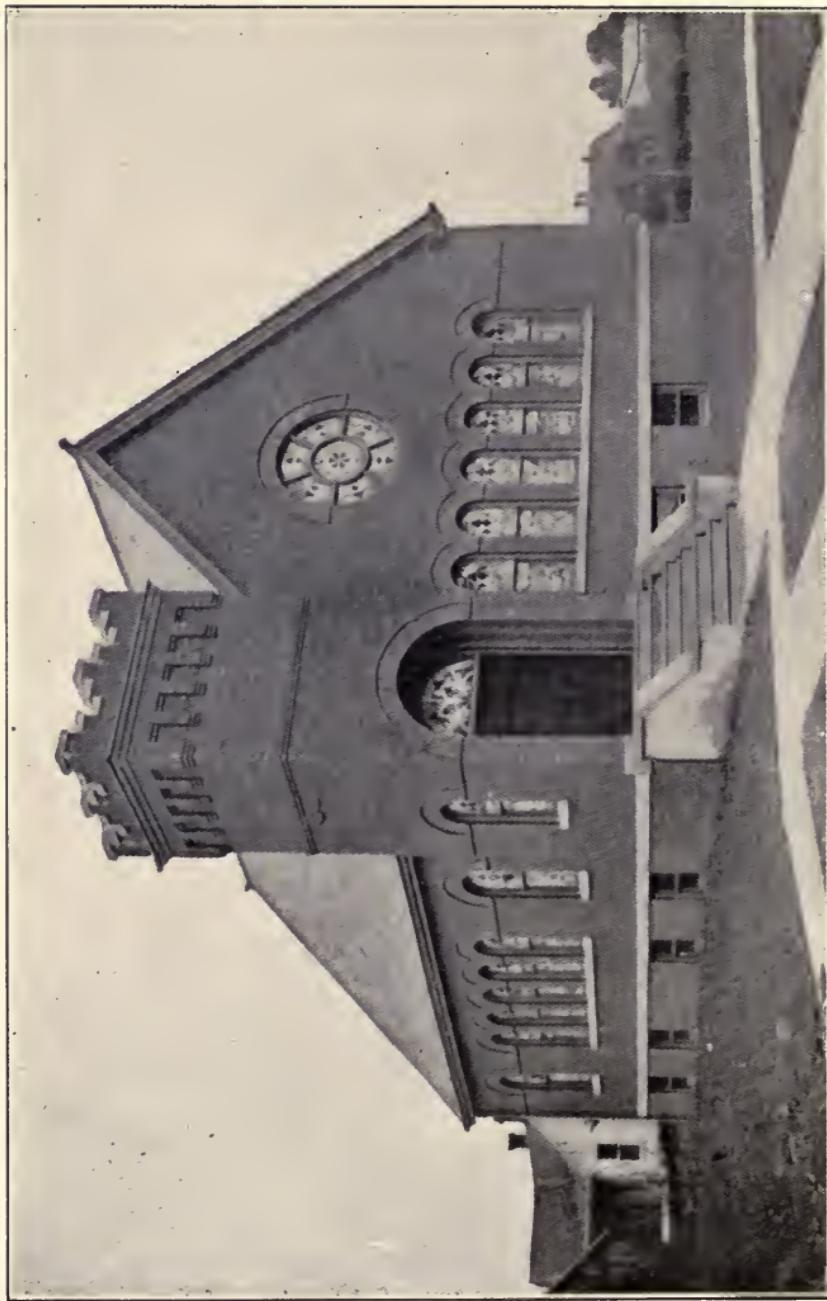
On December 24th, 1892, his youngest daughter was born and was named Grace Elizabeth. She, with her four brothers and four sisters, whose births have been duly noted, all survived him at his death. Though he suffered affliction in his earlier life in the death of his wife and two little girls, his life was much blessed in respect to the health of his family in his later years. Upon the occasion of the funeral of an infant

grandson, in 1909, he called attention to the fact that in his immediate family, then consisting of nine children and eighteen grandchildren, it was the first death in more than thirty years.

Between the years 1892 and 1896, he prepared material for a book of sermons, which was published in 1896; under the title "Sermons on Familiar Subjects." This was followed by the publication, in 1902, of another book of sermons, under the title "Christian Citizenship and Other Sermons." In 1904, his book, "A Commentary on Romans, Doctrinal and Practical," was published. In this book the reader will find his deep insight into, and his profound interpretation of this much disputed-about Epistle. He also left manuscript for a selection of hymns, which was published after his death, in 1913, under the title "Hymns, Selected."

His congregation continued to meet at his private residence for fifteen or sixteen years after 1892, during which time it had so increased in number, through the growing-up of the children and the addition of friends from different places, who located here, that in 1908 the problem of providing a larger meeting place demanded attention. In extremely cold weather it was impossible to make all comfortable with stove heat, and a lack of proper ventilation and breathing space was injurious to health. We all felt a hesitancy about building a meeting-house, due to a fear that in it we might not feel the same freedom and informality that we did in a private house. However, forced by the necessity of the circumstances, it was decided that we would build, and we have found that our fears were groundless. A lot was purchased





CHAPEL OF CONGREGATION AT SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

across the street from father's residence, and a neat brick chapel was built with an auditorium 38x50 ft., with vestibule, and ante-room of sufficient size for the accommodation of women with small children. A furnace was put in the basement and a steam heating system was installed. Modern pews were put in and the walls were frescoed, making us a very comfortable place of meeting.

About the year 1900 father's health began to fail. He suffered much from indigestion and affection of the pneumogastric nerve, causing irregular heart action and much discomfort. Through the summer months when he could be out in the open air he got along very well, but when the long winters set in and he could not get out much, he suffered a great deal from this trouble. After the winter of 1908-09 he decided that if the Lord spared his life, and means were provided, he would go to a more comfortable clime through the winter months. This he was able to do, and so, accompanied by my mother, sister Orpah, Apollos Hagerman and wife, he spent the latter part of January, February and the fore part of March, in California. In anticipation of his absence he prepared a few sermons which he left to be read to the congregation at some of the Sunday services. These three sermons, "The Conversion of Paul," "God's Means of Salvation," and "The Doctrine of the Imputation of Sin and Righteousness," will be found in the back of this book.

Concerning his trip to California, we have several letters from my father, which follow:

Los Angeles, Cal., 1/24/1910.

*Dear Son:*

I suppose you have seen some of the letters which Orpah and I have written, but I will begin at the beginning anyway. We got on the chair car at Sullivan, but the porter of the parlor car came to me and asked me if we did not want to ride in the parlor car. At first I thought not, but soon changed my mind, disliking to spoil his high opinion of me, and thinking that I needed all the comfort I could get. We found the parlor car very comfortable. We got into St. Louis about on time and found our berths on the M. P. awaiting. I tried to find a place in which to eat our lunch, but in the first-class lunch room they furnished lunch at your expense, and we did not like to butt into the second-class lunch room. So we ate in a corridor. About fifteen minutes after eating, my stomach gave notice of a revolt and continued insurgent all night. However, I slept part of the night. Our train left at 10:10 and at 9:30 we went on board. Two station porters assisted us with our luggage, consisting of four suit cases and two bags. We reached Kansas City late the next morning and were met by Apollos, who had secured a suite of rooms for us at the Coates Hotel. After getting breakfast at the lunch counter in the station, when I ate two poached eggs on toast, we mounted two flights of stairs and took the street car for our hotel. Soon after reaching it my bowels began disturbing me and for an hour and a half I suffered intensely. I then got ease and lay down and fell asleep, but it was three hours longer before I was entirely relieved. I did not get out to see the city as I should have

liked to do. The next day I felt well and we took the train at about 9:30. The train was in two sections, but we got on the first section where we found car No. 1. Near Lawrence we ran through more than a foot of water for quite a distance. We reached the mountains some time during the night and passed the summit of the Rockies the next morning beyond Trinidad, Colorado, about 8:00, 5 hours late. There is a tunnel just at the summit. The distinguishing feature of the Rockies is that they are rocky; the whole surface of the ground is covered with fragments large and small. We ran down the west side of the mountains into New Mexico. For hours we ran over a vast grassy plain with mountains in the distance. Occasionally we passed a small station. We sometimes saw a herd of cattle or sheep, grazing. New Mexico is principally distinguished for its distances; it is full of them. We passed one city in the state (or territory), Albuquerque. It is a beautiful place. During the night we entered Arizona. Eastern Arizona resembles New Mexico, but western Arizona is a sandy plain, destitute of grass, but sparsely covered with sage brush. Hills and mountains are always in sight but you have to guess at their distance. We saw Indians at the stations. Some of them are in the employ of the railroad. We crossed the Colorado river into California Friday morning. The water of the river looks red, hence its name. We passed over the Sierra Nevada Thursday night. We crossed the coast range about dark Friday and reached Los Angeles four and one-half hours late, at 10:30 p. m. Here cousin Nelson and wife met us and took us, or rather accompanied us, to the Hotel Rosslyn, where

he had secured a suite of rooms for us, two contiguous bed-rooms and bath-room. If he had not done this we would have had trouble to get rooms, though Apollos got one. The next morning cousin Edith came for us at 9:30 and helped us find a cottage. We got one at 726 E. Adams Street, about a block and one-half from where my cousin lives. It is nicely furnished, the owners living in the second story. We get five rooms and a bath-room, two bed-rooms and a folding-bed in the dining-room. Saturday was a beautiful day here. The temperature was up to 80°. Yesterday and today it is cooler and fire feels pleasant. We went to the mission to meeting yesterday. I went intending to be pleased, if possible, but it was no use. I was bored. My cousin is a fine man, and I like his wife, also. We are going out to J. J. Harshman's tomorrow. We are quite comfortable and my stomach seems to be on its good behavior. Food is little higher here than there, but fuel is out of sight. I have written a long letter and will close. Address us at 726 E. Adams and let me know how the meetings progress, and how they like sermons read to them, how the chapel progresses, etc.

Affectionately your Father and Mother,  
S. R. and RETTA L. HARSHMAN.

A few days after their departure for California a member of the congregation died. It is partly in regard to her death that he writes in his next letter, which follows:

Los Angeles, 2/2/1910.

*Dear Son:*

I was thinking of writing to you when I received

your letter and Cora's of the 28th, ult. We were glad to hear from you. We received your telegram informing us of Mary Houston's death on the same day it was sent. It was received at the telegraph office seven minutes, by the time here, after you sent it: viz, 9:37, but we did not get it until our return from meeting. We were not surprised, but none-the-less sorry. It seems a strange dispensation of Providence that she should be thus taken away from her fatherless children. But the Lord knows best. I trust she was prepared for the solemn call. We must do what is necessary for the children. I suppose they will be taken to their grandfather's and that she will be laid to rest beside her little son in Greenville.

We are still in good health. I suppose you have read of my preaching on Sunday and the results to myself. I seem to be entirely recovered from the results of my dissipation, and am as well as I was last week. It seems strange to have no duties, and to be entirely an idler, yet my time is pretty well taken up. We breakfast at eight o'clock, I read the morning paper awhile, write a letter or two, go out for my morning walk of a mile or two, or go down town, though I have not been down town this week, read awhile on my return, and it is dinner time, one o'clock. I rest an hour after dinner, take another walk in the bright sunshine, read a little more and it is dusk, and almost supper time. We sup at six o'clock. After supper put on gown and slippers and take it easy until bedtime, Mama or Orpah reading to me some evenings. I sleep first rate and enjoy eating, hugely. We were intending to go to Compton again today, but cousin Josiah telephoned that he

was so busy that he wished we would postpone the visit until next week when he would accompany us to Long Beach. That suits us, for it is too cold to make Long Beach a desirable place to visit. There was a damp, cool wind from the ocean yesterday p. m., which was positively chilling, and there was a slight frost this morning. According to the morning paper it froze some in the nearby mountains. It is pleasanter this morning, but the mercury out of doors stands at 55°. The first day we were here was the warmest we have had, though some days have been quite pleasant to be out of doors. Mama and I went to visit Norris Harshman yesterday p. m. We walked one-quarter of a mile east then took a street car fifteen blocks to E. Eleventh Street. We found them without trouble. They are living with his wife's niece, who is a widow. They have been here since October. We visited them when in Ohio. She is a great talker and reminded me of a story I told her in 1869, when father and I visited them, of the miller who slept while his mill ran, but waked up promptly when it stopped. We spent an hour with them and walked all the way back, about one and one-half miles. Mama became tired and complained of my fast walking. She says when I take a walk, I walk as if I was sent for. I naturally walk fast when I feel well. I hope you will get Lucius' house ready for occupancy by April 1st. Glad to hear that the chapel is progressing, also that my sermon was appreciated I think it a good one. I think the long one is more

profound, though, the most profound of any I ever wrote. Others may not agree with me, but I trust they may like it.\*

Your affectionate Father and Mother,  
S. R. and RETTA L. HARSHMAN.

His next letter addressed to the Brethren and Friends, telling of religious affairs in Los Angeles, follows:

*Dear Brethren and Friends:*

I have written a number of personal letters to different persons among you, but I think it might be well to write an epistle to you collectively. I wish to say in the first place that I was sorry not to be with you in the time of your affliction over the death of one of our members, but my heart was with you. My presence would have done nothing to avert the stroke, however, and little to ameliorate its pang.

I find Los Angeles a limbo for broken-down Holiness evangelists, as well as the home for nearly all kinds of unusual religions. I have attended, so far, only one place of worship, a mission supported by my cousin here in the city. They worship in a hall and have but a small attendance. They formerly belonged to the large Nazarene Society, founded by Dr. Brazee, and came out of it in protest against sin which they found condoned by the authorities of that society. They are probably as pure and self-denying a band as can be found in the city. I have attended three meetings and preached, by request, at the last one. They

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\* This refers to sermon "Imputation of Sin and Righteousness"—back of book.

are a devoted, zealous, enthusiastic congregation. They hold to much truth in theory, and especially to the importance and necessity of the influence and help of the Holy Spirit in all their labors and worship. They talk, sing and pray about this, and for this blessing. And yet in spite of my sympathy for them and respect for their apparent sincerity, I cannot realize any presence of the Holy Spirit. Their services, though earnest, enthusiastic, and sometimes even noisy, tire and bore me. I did not express my feelings or opinion until my wife and Orpah, Apollos and Alma expressed themselves, and they were quite unanimous and emphatic in declaring the services very tiresome. If these people have not the Holy Spirit where else in this great city can I look for it with any prospect of finding what I seek? But is this not an awful state of things? Their pastor, an old Holiness evangelist, is a man of good abilities, earnest and devoted, but his preaching is lifeless so far as the Holy Spirit is concerned. After my sermon last Sunday night they had a mourner, and altar exercises. It was almost amusing to see the amazement and disgust of our young people at the performance, as it was their first experience of the kind. It is truly amazing that sensible people should do such things. My cousins here are honest, sincere men, and I am persuaded that if they had opportunity of hearing the truth they would receive it. The Apostle Paul was inclined to boast of some of the churches he founded, and I sometimes feel like doing the same thing. I find no other people like the one I serve. May the Lord bless you and make you more peculiar in this respect. I can only wonder how so many people with so much theo-

retical knowledge of the gospel miss the power of it. The people of this mission I spoke of are strong to do great things. They have organized a Holiness College and are supporting a missionary in Japan. They are not content with small things but are straining after things that are beyond their means, and thus burdening themselves and making their service hard. All this time they are imagining that they are urged forward by the Lord, when it is their own vanity and vainglory that moves them. The Lord does not urge us to undertake what will burden us. His yoke is easy and His burden is light. He does not make beggars of us and put us to the task of showing other Christians the manner in which they should use their money. My cousin's wife, here in the city is very zealous in promoting this work and has several times suggested to me that she wishes to urge the matter on me, and ask my help. I would rather throw my money into the Pacific Ocean. There, at least, it would harm no one, not even the fishes. If I had millions I could not feel free to use it, nor any of it, in that way. I am sorry for people in such a state of darkness.

There is at present in Los Angeles a Holiness evangelist by the name of Joseph Smith holding meetings but I do not know just where and so have attended none of his meetings. Next Tuesday the Pentecostal Association of California is to hold an all-day meeting at the same place, which will close these meetings. This is the Holiness Association of this state. I scarcely think I will attend. I see from the daily papers that there are several congregations in this city who announce themselves as truth-seekers, but I judge

from what they say, and the subjects discussed at their meetings that they are skeptics and infidels. They will look for truth a long time in the direction in which they now turn their eyes without finding the truth. Truth is such an entire stranger to them that they would not recognize her if they met face to face.

I. N. Cooly, whom I had not seen for nearly forty years, hunted me up during the past week. He and his wife were saved, or professed to be saved in my meeting in Arcola, in the winter of 1868-69. She died a few years afterward and he has been married twice since. He has lived in this vicinity for the five years last past, and says he is in feeble health. He is now attached to no sect and attends meeting nowhere. We hope to visit him before we leave this place. We are having dry, bright, pleasant weather, not so cool as it was a few days past. I think we will be at home by the middle of March at the furthest. Trusting that the Lord will continue with you and lead you onward, I subscribe myself your Pastor and Friend, and Brother in Christ,

S. R. HARSHMAN.

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He returned from California much improved in health. Our chapel was completed soon after his return and the first meetings were held in it about the third Sunday after his arrival. Many of the friends from other communities were invited, and Burnell Johnson of Toledo, Ohio, was invited to occupy the pulpit with father and assist in the services.

Father was able to preach almost every Sunday all through the summer and fall, but along about the Holidays, he was suddenly taken with his old trouble. So he and mother and sister Leah, arranged to go to San Antonio, Texas, to see if the change would not prove beneficial. He was bothered at this time with swelling of his limbs, and swelling in the abdominal cavity. We were much concerned as to his condition and were quite anxious as to the outcome. He gives a very good idea of the state of his health and his attitude concerning it in the several letters which follow:

New Orleans, La., Jan. 21, 1911.

*Dear Children:*

This morning finds us in the Crescent City. We arrived at 10 o'clock last night, one and three-quarters hours late, and found the S. P. (Southern Pacific) train, to which we should have been attached, had gone. So we lie over until 11:55 this morning. I stood the strain of getting off, and of the trip to Mattoon better than I expected to do, and went immediately to bed and slept until morning. I felt quite well, for me, all day yesterday, though the weather was wretched most of the day. It got brighter toward evening and warmer also. It was quite warm and close in our berth, and I lay all night without cover. I am feeling cheerful and hopeful and not like an abandoned orphan. Mama was quite unwell last night of her cold, but is better this morning. The country through which we travelled yesterday, through western Tennessee and Mississippi, was

low and swampy and dreary to look at in the extreme. There was not much scenery to engage the eye. The architecture along the route was not high class. Negro cabins are not uplifting to look at. New Orleans is seven hundred and fifty miles from Mattoon, and we have about the same distance still to travel. We will not reach San Antonio until tomorrow forenoon if on time (Sunday). I telegraphed from Memphis to the St. Anthony hotel in San Antonio to reserve a two-room suite and bath for me Saturday night and over Sunday. As we will not reach there Saturday night suppose we will have the suite to pay for anyway. But that will cost us no more than if we had reached there on time, as our extra night on the sleeper will cost us nothing. You can write to me, addressing me simply San Antonio, Texas, until we get located. We hope to hear from you soon.

With much love,

Your affectionate father and mother,

S. R. and R. L. HARSHMAN.

San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 23, 1911.

*Dear Son:*

San Antonio opened her hospitable arms to receive us about 10:30 yesterday morning, but her embrace is quite cool, as the mercury fell during Saturday night to about 45 degrees, and it is still cool. I stood the trip quite well though it was tiresome as the coach was full and room scarce. There was no room to "boil over" into except the library car which was used as a smoker until we got on to the Southern Pacific. They had an observation car. Mama was quite sick all day yesterday with high fever, but is

free of fever this morning, and feeling much better. Leah is sick this morning. These circumstances will keep us in the hotel another day, as they cannot see about renting furnished rooms. There are quite a number of cottages and furnished rooms advertised and I suppose we will have no trouble to find something suitable. Many advertisements read "No sick or children" so I will pose as a well man. If it were not for the condition of my legs I would feel pretty well now, but they continue to swell up during the day, and shrink during the night. When swollen, they feel so stiff and unnatural I dislike to do much walking. I am in hopes these symptoms will gradually abate as my general health improves. I feel quite a little better than I did ten days ago. This is a fine hotel, much the same class as the one we stopped at in Los Angeles. It is called the St. Anthony. We have rooms on the second floor, nicely furnished, steam heated, electric lighted. The restaurant and café in the building are each first class, but the prices are "fierce." Mama insisted on my going down to breakfast with her this morning as Leah was sick. Our frugal meals cost us 90 cents. If we stay here long we will hunt a restaurant outside. I think San Antonio is a modern city from what I have seen

Affectionately your father,

S. R. HARSHMAN.

San Antonio, Texas, February 3, 1911.

Dear Son:

Your letter came promptly to hand and I answered your queries in a letter to Clement which you have no doubt seen. My nerves are much better than before I left home, and my digestion is improved, but

the other symptoms remain about the same as yet. The weather here is fine and I am enjoying God's tonic of pure air and sunshine. I have suffered much physical discomfort during the last six weeks and I trust my experience may not be in vain, that I may be neither stubborn nor stupid, but that I may learn obedience by the things which I suffer. I am chagrined and ashamed that I should have brought this suffering upon myself by my own self will. I had no wrong intention, but made the mistake of thinking that God's will agreed with mine. Henceforth I hope to be sure that my will harmonizes with His. I was so persistent that I made it necessary to bring me up with a sharp turn. My sickness came like lightning out of a clear sky, but I am reproved and corrected. My course was a mistake. It is not surprising that I should make mistakes. I have no human path blazed out ahead of me but must blaze it myself. The man whom God thus sends out as a pioneer must suffer many hard knocks. I was carrying others' burdens to their spiritual detriment and my own physical harm. The work was not moving forward as it should. We must be taught a lesson. There were difficulties in the way that we were not reaching. Some deceived that needed to be undeceived; some thinking they wanted salvation who were making no progress toward God. God will show us how to get at these things if we seek wisdom. I trust He will give me a chance to correct my errors. While He has use for me, all the devils in hell cannot kill me. When He has no further use for me here will be the right time to go to Glory. You may read this to

the Church. Send me news of the meetings and other things of interest.

Your affectionate father,

S. R. HARSHMAN.

San Antonio, Texas, 2/9/1911.

*Dear Son:*

Your letter came this morning. I am rejoiced to learn of your good meetings, and I hope the Lord will do great things for you. I do not know what He is going to do with me, only that it will be the best thing. A few years, more or less, makes but little difference. I have a desire to be useful to the Church a while longer, and if the Lord sees that I can be He will spare me a while; I leave it all to Him. Disease and threatening symptoms are nothing to God; they try our faith and test our self-abandonment. It is a great relief to leave the whole matter with God; it so simplifies things. I am feeling pretty well, though my condition is quite uncomfortable. I slept well last night and my general condition may be slowly improving, but symptoms remain about the same. It is cooler here, making fire necessary for comfort. Mama and Leah are well. Let us hear from you often whether I write or not.

Affectionately your father,

S. R. HARSHMAN.

San Antonio, Texas, 2/16/1911.

*Dear Son.:*

I was pleased to get your letter and glad to hear of the good meetings you have been having, glad to learn that you had been praying for me, as I need your prayers. I lost some ground last week, the result of

indigestion but am feeling considerably better this week. I find it difficult to get around on foot; it causes pressure on my stomach and shortness of breath, otherwise I am about the same. I slept nine hours last night. I find that the hot days here are hard on me. They affect my nerves, and I dread them. For this reason I shall not stay here longer than February, as the heat would probably be worse on me than the cold. I cannot say what day I will be home, but will let you know in time. I found the swelling reduced all over me this morning when I got up, which is not an unfavorable sign. I have felt somewhat pessimistic about the outcome, but I agree with the Irish woman who is house-keeper for the Reverend Jones, "If the Lord wants him to get well, He will make him well." Mrs. Hicks called on us yesterday. She is quite a pleasant lady, and I enjoyed a little society. I was sitting out on the front porch. We liked the pictures very much, were pleased to get them. Some of the people think you look like me, others think you look like your mother. Hope to see you before a great while. Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

S. R. HARSHMAN.

San Antonio, Texas, 2/18/1911.

*Dear Son:*

We got your letter of Thursday evening. Was sorry to hear we had made you feel gloomy with the report of my health, as I had to tell you the truth. I am pleased to send a more favorable report today. My digestion has been good this week, causing but little gas, and of course my nerves must be stronger to produce the digestion. In fact, if it were not for

the dropsy I would feel myself on the road to recovery, and from what the Doctor says, I am on the road to recovery when my general health improves,—but it is all in the will of the Lord. I got a letter from George Williams this morning; he says he is clear I will recover. I think him a good man, but don't know just how confidential his relations may be with the Lord. We have decided to return home next week. The weather has been favorable this week, not hot, but wet and warm, so that we can have the house open. I dread the return of the hot weather. Heretofore I have always begun to improve the first of March, and hope it may be so again. We have engaged a drawing room which will give us privacy. I was afraid I couldn't dress and undress in a berth. We start Thursday, the twenty-third, at 10:45 A. M. We will reach Mattoon on Saturday at 6:25 A. M. and will get home on the 8 o'clock train if all goes well. Should we miss our train at New Orleans we will wire you.

Your affectionate father and mother,  
S. R. and R. L. HARSHMAN.

He was very much swollen with dropsy upon his arrival at home from this trip, so much so that he could not walk any distance and get his breath. Two of his sons met the returning party at Mattoon and carried him in a chair from the parlor car to the baggage car of the train for Sullivan, and he rode from Mattoon to Sullivan in the baggage car. He was very much relieved to get back home, as the strain of the trip was almost more than he could stand. Indeed, he said he did not know when he started whether he would get home alive or not. But he began to get

better from the day he arrived at home, and in a few weeks the swelling from dropsy had all been reduced and he was able to get around again. He enjoyed moderately good health through the summer, and preached, from his chair, almost every Sunday, though he was never again able to stand and deliver a sermon.

In the latter part of October of this year, 1911, he had an attack in the nature of a fainting spell. He started upstairs and was stricken so that he could not see, and almost fell, but was able, with assistance to get to a couch and lie down. He became very pale but recovered in a little while. The Doctors, when they had examined him had always told him that his heart was in good condition and there was no organic trouble in this organ. That the affection of it was entirely sympathetic. As this fainting spell indicated the presence of heart trouble he concluded the fight was a losing one, and expressed himself as not wanting to live if his heart was affected. He was able to get about for a few weeks longer, though he gradually became weaker and the dropsical condition again returned. About December 10th he decided to conserve his strength by staying in bed, and though he may not have expected to get up again, he was optimistic, and made a hard fight against the encroaching enemy. He could take but little nourishment as it was not properly digested and caused him much distress, affecting his nerves and heart action. As soon as he became bedfast his children took turn with their mother, at nursing him, and their care was to him a comfort in his suffering. He always took much delight in the companionship of his children. While he had no

worldly ambitions for them, he was always familiar with, and interested in all their undertakings, and pleased with their success. When much depressed in spirit from his suffering (his nervous trouble tended to produce melancholia) it always cheered him to have one of his children stop in and discuss with him his business and the events of the day. While, as we say, he often felt depressed, he would almost invariably talk of favorable symptoms and attempt to relieve the inquirer's anxiety. He had a very keen sense of humor, and enjoyed exceedingly a good story or anecdote. This sense of humor he had to the last, and as long as he was able to talk, he would joke about his condition and the things happening about him. Toward the last, aside from his suffering from his wrought-up nerves, he suffered excruciating pain from his mouth, his mouth and tongue being entirely raw. Neither did his inveterate enemy, the Tempter, abandon his assaults at the last. In the long, dreary hours of the night, with nerves wrought up almost to the breaking point, in anguish from misery from his sore mouth so he was almost unable to speak, the Tempter would tell him that the Lord did not love him or He would not permit him to so suffer. When his nerves relaxed and he could rest, he told us of his sore temptations, and how he never wanted to doubt the goodness of the Lord to him. He had absolutely no fear of death itself. He desired to live for the sake of his family and the Church, but when he felt the chance of recovery was gone, he was anxious for the end and release from his suffering. His great mind was as keen as ever up to within a few moments of his death and he

watched his symptoms closely. Only a few hours before his death, as he felt the end approaching, he asked if his face yet showed an ashen appearance. When the family was at one time all gathered about him, he exhorted us to be true to our faith, and said, " You children must all stand together, for the Devil hates you." At another time he quoted almost in its entirety that beautiful hymn of Chas. Wesley's:

Thou hidden source of calm repose  
 Thou all sufficient love divine;  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am while Thou art mine.  
 And lo, from sin and grief and shame  
 I hide me Jesus in Thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is  
 And keeps my happy soul above.  
 Comfort it brings and power and peace,  
 And joy and everlasting love.  
 To me with Thy great name is given  
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain:  
 The med'cine for my broken heart:  
 In war my peace; in loss my gain;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply:  
 In weakness, my almighty power:  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;  
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
 In grief, my joy unspeakable,  
 My life in death, my all in all.

He often quoted portions of Scripture, indicating his assurance of victory. Brought to mind particularly are those memorable words of the Great Apostle, " I have fought a good fight, I have finished my

course, I have kept the faith." A little after one o'clock in the afternoon of January 9, 1912, he lapsed into unconsciousness, and a few minutes before two o'clock his Spirit took its flight to that shore which he had often viewed in anticipation, "To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie."

On November 30, 1911, he had attained to the age apportioned to man of "threescore years and ten," and was at the time of his death seventy years, one month and nine days old. The funeral services were held from his late residence, Thursday, January 11, 1912, being in charge of L. T. Hagerman and A. P. Powers. His body was laid to rest during a blinding snowstorm, in Greenhill cemetery at Sullivan, by the side of his wife, Nannie.

He was a man of unconquerable spirit, and looked upon death as a merciless enemy. He battled against his encroachments for the last few years of his life, fighting a losing battle with cheerfulness and a gallant spirit. When defeat became inevitable he looked Death unflinchingly in the face, as courageous in apparent defeat as in victory. "Soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust, he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him, and lay down to pleasant dreams." "O Grave, where is thy victory: O Death, where is thy sting?"

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."



## GOD'S MEANS OF SALVATION.

*For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.—I Cor. 1:21.*

*Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheep fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.—John 10:1.*

Man is naturally averse to simplicity. He loves and admires the spectacular, of which he longs to be a conspicuous part. This is owing to ignorance of his real spiritual condition. If he were conscious of his spiritual rags and nakedness, he would shrink from publicity and seek seclusion and concealment. His foolish love of parading himself is pitiable to those who have discernment. Naaman, the Syrian leper, was foolish but he was natural. Though suffering from an incurable and loathsome disease he could not control his desire to occupy the center of the stage. Informed by a captive Jewish maiden of the prophet of Israel and his ability to heal him, he was not content to go as a humble suppliant as became his condition, but with pomp and state he approached the prophet as though about to confer a favor rather than beg one. When told simply to dip seven times in Jordan and be clean from his leprosy, he was offended and felt insulted. It seemed to him like the play with the principal character left out. Where was he to get any glory or notoriety out of such a simple performance as that? Where was there any

recognition of his importance as a great Syrian general? Fortunately for him, his servant had more sense of the fitness of things than his master had, and his protest called him to a sounder way of thinking. So God's way is too simple for vain foolish man. He is not content to enter in by the door into the sheep-fold, the simple natural procedure, but must needs climb up some other way and rob Christ of His glory that he may flatter his own pride and vanity. Nearly all the effort of philosophy and metaphysical speculation is directed toward finding some other way to God than the one way provided by Him. The sinner, vile and loathsome as he is, must needs parade himself, though he is an offense to God and all pure beings. The speculative thought of our present day as exemplified in our universities and elsewhere is largely pantheistic, and the religious thought of the times is strongly impregnated with the same views. "Christian Science," if not atheistic is pantheistic, though practically, pantheism is atheism. The doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, so popular at the present time is an offshoot of pantheism, though many who use the phrase are not aware of it. Pantheism denies the existence of moral evil or sin in the universe. It denies the existence of a God external to nature and above nature, but recognizes a spirit in nature which it calls God but does not define Him, and this God is in fact a mere abstraction. "Pan" means "all" and pantheism teaches that everything is God and that man is the highest known expression of God. It deifies man. Pope's celebrated lines express the teachings of pantheism.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Yet these transcendental teachers, like Emerson, profess to come in to unity with, or experience of, this Divine abstraction, this "Over-soul" of the world. That is, they profess by their wisdom to have found out God, and to have become acquainted with Him by inward contemplation. They claim to have found a way of approach to God which makes Christ unnecessary and superfluous. Jesus says, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." We have here then a question of veracity between the mystical philosophers and the Lord Jesus. They say they have done what He says they cannot do. The Christian believer cannot hesitate in his decision on this controversy. Their supposed discovery is a delusion. If this is the only way in which we can arrive at an acquaintance with God, the great mass of humanity is doomed to hopeless, irremediable ignorance of God! and as knowledge of God is essential to eternal life, as Jesus says it is, the masses are doomed to eternal death. For Jesus says, "This is eternal life to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The masses are doomed, since it is claimed that a high degree of culture and sublimation of soul is necessary to enable one thus to find God in nature. This, the masses never can attain to. And if they could, what practical good would such a knowledge of God do them? Yet we have this same nonsense taught, not only in our universities, but in our public schools; by tyro transcendentalists, admirers of Ralph Waldo Emerson and his ethical teaching. It is genuine atheism and a denial of the only true God and of

His Son, Jesus Christ. The world, by its wisdom, has never found out God, and never will. Christ is the only way to God, the only door of the sheep. Those who teach some other way are bent on mischief and would rob men of the things most valuable to them.

It is not an oversight that man by his own wisdom is not able to discover God, but by design. It is so determined in the wisdom of God. It is "in the wisdom of God" that "the world by wisdom knows not God." God had more respect to the needs of humanity than the philosophers have, much as they boast of their humanitarianism. He cares for the masses, the poor, the ignorant, the lowly. He has devised a scheme which reaches down to the lowest and meets their needs and provides salvation for them; which lifts them up out of darkness and makes them meet companions for angels and brings them into harmony and fellowship with the infinite God. Which makes them really God's children, partakers of His holiness. And for the accomplishment of this purpose of divine benevolence, He has provided agencies the most unique and yet the most simple; such as human wisdom would never have thought of, and which human wisdom pronounces foolishness. For "It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." No doubt, God sees such instrumentalities to be the most effective of any that could be used or He would not have chosen them. We would naturally suppose at first thought that in the work of lifting up fallen humanity to a higher spiritual plane, God would make use of agents from that spiritual world in this great work. Angels and Arch-

angels would be willing laborers in this vineyard of the Lord. But God has not seen fit to use these pure and perfect beings as ambassadors, bearing messages of mercy and hope to lost men, but He has elected to use men of like passions with those to whom they are sent; men compassed with infirmities; liable to mistakes; earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of men. That God should have left this stupendous work of saving a lost race to fallible man, is a most astonishing fact. Because it has become commonplace to us, we do not rightly appreciate it. And if it were not that He has sent the Holy Spirit to be efficient Agent in the work, it would be incredible. It is only as He works through these human instruments, anything good can be accomplished. In order to raise the fallen, it is necessary to get them near to God Himself. That He might gain the confidence of lost men, He became incarnate, a partaker of flesh and blood. We needed a Savior who appealed to humanity because of having experiences in common with it. The further we are above those who need help, the more difficult it is for them to have confidence in our sympathy and our understanding of their needs. The more we have in common with them, the nearer we seem to them, and the more readily they listen to us and the more willing are they to accept help from us. Perfect intelligences like angels seem at first view much more competent messengers of love and mercy to lost men than imperfect fallible man can be; but they are too far removed from them to have the best success in such a work. Consequently, God has entrusted to the work of preaching the gospel to fallible men.

Not only can they tell men of the power of Christ to save, but at the same time they can furnish living examples of that power. They get nearer to sinners because they have been sinners themselves. They can, with confidence, declare the power and willingness of Christ to save others because He has saved them. They know by experience what they preach as the truth. This, an angel could not know. But though men because of their humanity are best fitted for successful preachers of the gospel, if left to themselves they would utterly fail. Though human and fallible instruments are used in gospel work, they must be under the direction and control of an infallible Agent, the Holy Spirit. So Jesus would not send forth the apostles to preach the everlasting gospel until the descent of the Holy Spirit. They were totally unfitted for the preaching of the gospel until they had received the Holy Ghost, and men now are just as much unfitted as they were then, until they receive this baptism. No amount of learning or training can take the place of the Holy Spirit in the great work of preaching the gospel. Other things being equal, that man is best equipped for gospel work who is most fully under the teaching, guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Without this Spirit, learning is sounding brass, and eloquence is tinkling cymbal, utterly impotent to do anything for the salvation of lost man. To suppose that the apostles who for three years had been with Christ and listened to His teaching had more need of the Holy Spirit to fit them for gospel preaching than men have now, is extremely absurd. It takes just the qualifications now as then to equip a man to preach the gospel. The apostle Paul

is emphatic in claiming that he received his gospel direct from the Lord Jesus, and in a sense, so must any man who successfully preaches it. He may receive instruction through human instrumentality but can get an understanding of the truth only from the teachings of the Holy Spirit. One generation can not hand down the truth to another, since each generation must get its truth from the same source. God alone can teach us the truth. We may perpetuate the form of sound words, but this will do little good, and no good only as men who hear or read have the interpretation of the Holy Spirit. Hence we can do little for future ages. We can but serve the present age. This explains why a real reformation or work of God so soon languishes and dies out. Men lose out of it the Holy Spirit who alone gives it vitality and virility. Each generation must furnish its own prophets, its own reformers. Each age is occupied in persecuting its own prophets and in building and garnishing the sepulchers of the prophets of former ages. What a satire upon human hypocrisy. No, we cannot inherit the truth from our ancestors, nor hand it down to our posterity. We may entail our wealth upon our descendants and keep it in the family, so that our children may begin life where we left off, but in spiritual things they must begin where we began. They must learn the truth where we learned it. The same means are necessary to save them that were necessary to save us. If this were not so, mankind might gradually be evolved into a heavenly state, and sin be eliminated by natural generation. It may be a sad thought, but it is in harmony with the facts in the case that we must all begin at the foot of the

ladder of spiritual progress; each must for himself climb the hill of Zion. It takes just the same to save sinners now as it did two thousand years ago, and the appointed means to that end have not been changed. Still it pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. We are not to understand from this language that preaching is really foolishness, but that it is such only in the estimation of worldly-wise men. The preaching of a crucified Christ is to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness. In this classification, the Greeks include all those who are not Jews. To the Jews the gospel was too serious a matter to be considered foolishness, but to the pagan Greeks, it seemed a matter unworthy of notice. It seems the same to their successors today. They can see no good, no utility, in gospel preaching. Just in proportion as men are wise in worldly things, do they despise the simple gospel. To such, it is antiquated and behind the times. In their estimation, we need something more up-to-date, more modern; a gospel that has to do with present human interests and economic questions of the times, rather than with the interests of a future state of existence. They esteem it a weakness to be so much concerned with one's own personal salvation, that it is a narrow and selfish thing to be engrossed with the preparation for a heavenly state. This demand for a modern gospel is met by the popular preacher who deals with economic problems in the pulpit and with moral and political reform to the exclusion of Christ crucified. As a result of such betrayal of their trust, the masses have forsaken their ministrations and left them with empty pews to face a faithless pulpit.

Preaching is despised, and the shorter the sermon, the more acceptable it is to modern hearers. The people do not want a real gospel, and they soon tire of a sham gospel. They exemplify Christ's parable. They are like children sitting in the market and saying unto their fellows, "We have piped to you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." But though a false gospel is a failure in the way of doing men good, yet the preaching of the gospel is still God's appointed means of saving men from sin and wrath. Other means than preaching may be used to that end, but there is no promise that they will be so used. No other instrumentality than that of men will be used. The Lord Jesus, when He arrested Saul of Tarsus in his mad career, when asked by Saul what He would have him do, would not give him the desired information. He would not preach the gospel to Saul, but sent him to Annanias, or Annanias to him, to tell him what he should do. The Lord has absolutely committed the work of preaching to men and to them alone. When Cornelius, the Roman Centurion, was earnestly seeking light from God, the Lord sent an angel to tell him where to find Peter, a preacher of the gospel, but the angel was not permitted to preach the gospel to him. That work has been committed to men only. In order to preach the gospel, men must know the gospel. Gospel ministers must "speak that they do know." The apostles and early evangelists had been under Christ's tutelage for three years, but yet they did not know the truth. Jesus said to His disciples, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth

shall make you free." They did not, then, know it as yet. If they had not learned the truth after a three years' course in Christ's school, men can scarcely hope to gain a knowledge of it by a course in a theological seminary. For this purpose, the Holy Spirit was given, that they and we might learn the truth. Jesus said "He (the Holy Spirit) shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." "He shall guide you into all truth." The Holy Spirit is the efficient Agent in all true gospel preaching, man is but the instrument used. To awaken, enlighten, convince and persuade men, is the work of God, and nothing short of divine power can do these things. God uses man as His mouthpiece; He speaks through him; but God must speak to us or we will remain dead in trespasses and sins. The apostle Paul represents gospel preachers as ambassadors for Christ, representing Him and speaking for Him. Says he "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." An ambassador must be independent of the power or people to whom he is sent to insure his fidelity to the power that sends him. If it is necessary for him to please those to whom he is sent, he cannot at the same time faithfully represent Him who sends him, for their several interests may be diverse. Says the same apostle again, "If I yet please men, I should not be the servant of Christ." For this reason, God's ministers are made independent of those to whom they are sent. God says to them, "Be not servants of men." Though God had ordained that they who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel, it is the Lord's business to see that this plan

is carried out. And while it is woe to the man whom God sends if he preach not the gospel, it is equal woe to the man who receives the gospel if he does not do his part in supporting it. We hear a great deal now-a-days about a free gospel, and the duty of those who preach it, but little about the corresponding duty of those who hear it. They are very insistent that Christ's ministers must preach at all hazzards and at any sacrifice of ease and earthly good, but are not willing to make any such sacrifice in supporting the gospel. Like the Jewish lawyers of old they bind heavy burdens and lay them on other men's shoulders but are unwilling to lift a finger's weight themselves. How easy it is to see another man's duty. God had not put the burden of preaching the gospel on just a few men that the remainder should go free, and He will even things up after while. He has not called one man to a life of toil and poverty and self-sacrifice that others might be eased and left free to buy and sell and get gains; to add farm to farm and dollar to dollar, with a little pittance squeezed out occasionally for the support of His gospel. Those who imagine this to be true are deceiving themselves. Peter declares that the gospel was first preached "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." So it must still be preached to be effectual. In fact, without the influence of the Holy Spirit attending the preaching, it is not the gospel, but merely the shell of the gospel without the meat. The gospel is the power of God; without the Holy Spirit, it is merely the power of man. No one is authorized to preach it unless commissioned of God, for "how shall they preach, except they be sent?" God will send no man until He had

qualified him for the work; no more will He do so now than in the case of the first gospel preachers. Thus equipped, he has the promise of God's help and protection. He says to all such, "Lo, I am with you always." Of all God sends, He will make their great commission known. They will need no commendation from men, but through the power of God they will commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. They bring messages from God to man and are responsible to Him for their delivery. The Christian ministry is not a profession, but a calling, a divine calling. No man represents God in the work of the ministry except he be commissioned of God. Only such have the divine approval and the divine commendation; only such preachers can be successful in soul saving. Without a divine call and a divine commission, men may be popular, renowned and brilliant preachers, high in the esteem of their fellow-men, but God does not recognize them nor work through them. No doubt men are called to the work of the ministry who are never sent because never qualified. To those whom He calls and sends out, Jesus says, "he that heareth you, heareth me." "Whomsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whomsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." The great work of saving men is committed to their hands, for the gospel they preach is God's chosen instrumentality to that end. Under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit there must be a measure of infallibility in their teaching. It is a mooted question among the Papists as to where the infallibility of the church is lodged. It is recognized as a necessity that it should reside somewhere. They

think it resides in the pope or a general council, or in both combined. Protestants have generally given up the idea or doctrine of an infallible church, and hold only to an infallible bible. But God's ambassadors must be infallible teachers in-so-far as that truth which is essential to salvation is concerned, or it will not be true that he who heareth them, heareth Christ. This infallibility is secured by the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit which Jesus promised to them. They must have the inspiration of the same Spirit that inspired the holy scriptures. Without this all will be doubt and uncertainty. The infallibility of the church and of God's ministers is secured by their being under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit. This inspiration is felt and recognized by those who hear them. The Shepherd's voice is discerned when they speak. When we do not recognize that voice, we are to flee from such a teacher; it is the voice of a stranger. Jesus says, "My sheep hear My voice and they follow Me; but a stranger they will not follow for they know not the voice of a stranger." Jesus spoke with authority and so do those whom Jesus sends. He makes their great commission known. "Blessed are the people that hear the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

One of the greatest factors in the spread of Christianity in the first century of the Christian era was the labors of the Apostle Paul. Though it is idle to conjecture what might have been, yet to us at the present time, it seems that the whole trend of events, so far as the gospel is concerned, would have been changed without his evangelism. No other man, nor not all the other apostles combined, had so much to do in establishing the Christian system upon a sound and firm basis. He was much more to the founding of Christianity than Philip Melancthon was to the Reformation, since he was not only the profound theologian, but also the active, successful, indefatigable evangelist. His burning zeal found no parallel among the other primitive laborers. All the powers of his extraordinary intellect were exerted to the utmost in the work of saving sinners and of upbuilding the church in Holiness. To him we are indebted for the arranging and systematizing of the principles and doctrines of the gospel. So greatly is Christianity indebted to his labors of tongue and pen, that some skeptics have insinuated that he, rather than Jesus, was its author. Saul, who was afterwards called Paul, probably because of the smallness of his stature, was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, which was made a free city by Augustus Cæsar so that all the inhabitants became Roman citizens. This must have taken place not long before the birth of the future apostle. At

the time of his first appearance upon the stage of history, which was not much to his credit, and occurred at the death of Stephen, he could not have been much more than thirty years old, so that he was born shortly after the beginning of the Christian era. His parents were Jews of strictly religious stock of the tribe of Benjamin, which probably accounts for his name, Saul, after the first Israelitish king, who was also called a Benjamite. They were pharisees of the strictest sort and brought up their son in the same faith. His father must have been a man of some wealth since he was able to give his son a finished education according to the standard of the times. He was, no doubt, intended for a Jewish Rabbi or doctor of the law, and had as his instructor, Gamaliel, the most noted doctor of his day. From the advice he gave to his fellow religionists, as recorded by Luke, he seems to have been a man of judicial temper, sound judgment and good common sense. His disciple, however, does not seem to have approved of his advice, for he did not follow it. His zeal for his religion would not permit him to remain a quiet spectator, awaiting the logic of events, but he must needs take a hand himself in shaping those events. You remember the advice of Gamaliel concerning the Christians was to "refrain from these men and let them alone; if this work or device be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it but may yourselves be found fighting against God." This wise, do-nothing policy did not accord with the impulsive, energetic nature of Saul of Tarsus, and he disregarded it and took the first opportunity to show his colors and to act in defence of his principles.

Stephen's sermon, with its caustic indictment of Judaism, filled him with indignation, and though as a young rabbi he would not demean himself by throwing stones, he was ready to encourage those who did throw them by holding their garments that they might not be impeded in their good work, or be prevented from doing a good job. So Stephen, the Christian, died while Saul, the Pharisee, raged. The face of the one shone like that of an angel, while the other's countenance must have had quite a different aspect. Stephen went home to glory, and Saul started for Damascus with letters of authority from the Sanhedrim in his pocket and wrath in his heart to persecute the saints, put them in prison, or even deprive them of life itself. Not being content to harass the Christians in Jerusalem and its vicinity, he "persecuted them unto strange cities, being exceedingly mad against them," as he declares. There was nothing clandestine or indirect in his warfare against the Christians; such tactics were foreign to his nature; he was an open relentless foe. Everyone knew where he stood and what he proposed to do. He breathed out threatening and slaughter. Having done what harm he could to the church at Jerusalem, and having gained a reputation for cruelty and relentlessness which preceded him, he obtained authority from the chief priests to go to foreign parts to continue the same course of persecution, and started for Damascus, the capital of Syria, which lay to the north of Palestine. It is suggestive of the high estimation in which his zeal and talents were held by the Jewish rulers that so much authority should be intrusted to so young a man. His superior talents were recognized and used

with avidity by the enemies of Christ. When we contemplate Saul of Tarsus at this period of his career, full of pharisaical self-righteousness, without a doubt of the goodness of his cause and the righteousness of his course, full of contempt and hatred of the gospel and its votaries, his apparent religious duty harmonizing with his worldly preferment and success, he looks like a very unlikely candidate for conversion to Christianity. With man the thing looked impossible, but God saw differently. In the divine ken, he was a chosen vessel of grace.

“But lo, the eternal counsel ran  
Almighty love, arrest the man.”

How little we know of the inner workings of any human soul and of its prospects of salvation. Those whom we would suppose the nearest salvation may be the farthest away; and those whom we consider hopeless cases may be nearest the kingdom of heaven. The Pharisees looked upon the publicans and harlots as desperately wicked, as no doubt they were, yet they entered the kingdom of heaven before their critics. Their wickedness did not commend them nor give them an advantage, but the contrary; but their moral honesty which existed in spite of their outrageous conduct gave them great advantage.

So Saul, having heard Stephen's preaching, and consenting unto his violent death, and full of dire purpose of destruction to Christians and their heresy, left Jerusalem and started on his journey toward Damascus. The thoughts that filled his mind, we can only conjecture. That Stephen's preaching had made some impression upon his mind and conscience, we cannot doubt, since he was an honest, though misguided, man.

There was too much of the power of the Holy Spirit in Stephen's sermon to fail to affect such a soul. Besides, Saul was not an exception to the rule that it is by the foolishness of preaching that God saves them that believe. How little did Stephen realize the far-reaching results of that sermon. It was success enough for the labors of a lifetime to be instrumental in the salvation of such a man. What honor has the Lord given to His first martyr. But these results might have been long delayed, had not extraordinary means been used to bring matters to a crisis, the persecutor to a decision. The readiness and promptness with which the decision was made shows the condition of a mind almost persuaded. As the agent of the sanhedrim rode along with the attendants who accompanied him, suddenly an intense light shone about him, producing such a shock that he fell to the ground and heard a voice in the Hebrew tongue saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." This language of Christ proves that the truth which Saul had heard was goading him while he was still disposed to resist it, but with painful results to himself. Conviction then had resulted from Stephen's preaching. The truth had entered his soul like a barbed arrow and he could not shake it off. His question was very natural; "Who art Thou Lord?" The reply was, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." At once the culprit, caught in the act, begins to show a disposition to surrender. Said he, "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" And the Lord said to him, "Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." This was an astonishing intervention of the

Lord in behalf of Saul's salvation. There are two reasons apparent for this unusual proceeding. The first reason for such a miraculous intervention is the protection of the church from such fierce persecution. Saul must be stopped or the destruction of gospel work was imminent. Nothing short of the direct interposition of God seemed adequate to accomplish this result. Then again Saul was intended to fill the apostleship made vacant by the fall of Judas. It is true that the apostles before pentecost, had undertaken this work, but the fact that Christ chose Saul for an apostle proves that He did not recognize this apostolic choice, which was a mistaken usurpation of Christ's prerogative to choose His own apostles. Christ had called the other apostles by name, and in order that Saul should not want any credentials of apostleship, it was necessary that he should be called by Christ directly. So he was called as one born out of due time, as he himself says. For some reason either natural or supernatural his eyesight was injured so that he must be guided by others during the remainder of his journey. His blindness may have been caused by the intense light that shone about him, though those who were with him do not seem to have been similarly affected. They also saw the light though it may not have shone upon them so directly, as they may have been at a small distance from him. This is made more probable by the fact that, though they heard a voice, they did not distinguish the words spoken. Thus in quite a different manner from that anticipated by him, Saul of Tarsus made his entry into Damascus. While under the immediate influence of the sudden and supernatural interruption of his journey he seemed to

be submissive enough, yet his proud spirit and stubborn will were not yet broken. Thus often under the sudden stress of grief or disaster we make vows, which afterward, when the extraordinary pressure is removed, we find it difficult to pay. The exceptional interposition of the Lord Jesus in the case of Saul did not introduce into his experience any factor not found in the experience of every true believer. Saul's conversion is usually called miraculous. So it was; but in this it does not differ from the experience of other Christians. All genuine conversions are supernatural, which is the same thing as miraculous. A miracle is an event that cannot be accounted for by the operation of known natural law. And are sinners saved by the operation of natural law? By no means. The conversion of a sinner is a supernatural event, and as much a proof of direct Divine interposition as the raising of a dead man to life. Indeed Jesus declares it to be a greater work than any one He Himself performed while He was on earth. While there were extraordinary circumstances attending Saul's conversion, the conversion itself was an ordinary one. The same means were used, the same conditions were required of him as of other men. Thus blind and at bay, the bigoted Pharisee, the merciless persecutor of the innocent was left to fight out the battle with himself to make the great decision upon which all his future hung. The great problem which confronts every convicted sinner confronted him, viz, "Can I afford to give up all for Christ?" The world with its honors and its flatteries seemed within his grasp. He had just begun to taste the pleasures of power and authority. They had not yet begun to pall upon

his taste. The allurements of a worldly career were very enticing. On the other hand, though he did not foresee all the afflictions which lay before him in the future, he could feel assured of scorn and contempt, stripes and imprisonment, the loss of friends and the unremitting hatred of those whom he had been serving. Perhaps, as he was yet a young man, his parents still survived. They had been to much expense to fit him up for a career of usefulness as a Jewish doctor, and had fondly hoped to see him rise to prominence and wealth among his own people. He must prove a bitter disappointment to them if he yielded to these new convictions and accepted the call of Christ. For three days and nights the conflict raged in his breast as he lay sleepless and fasting. The demons of hell and the angels of heaven were interested spectators of the struggle, waiting for the decision to be reached. At length the die was cast, the decision was made and he began to pray. He had often said prayers in the past but now he really prayed. He prayed for light and instruction and deliverance, for that was what the Lord sent. There was a Jewish Christian in Damascus by the name of Annanias. The Lord appeared to him in a vision and directed him to go to the rescue of Saul, declaring that he was praying and had seen, in a vision, Annanias coming to him. But Annanias was afraid to put himself in the power of a man of whom he had heard so much evil, until the Lord assured him that Saul was penitent and a chosen vessel of the Lord for preaching His gospel. With these assurances, Annanias went to the designated place in the street that was called Straight, and found Saul in a deplor-

able condition of weakness and affliction. He said to him, "The Lord that appeared to thee in the way hath sent me that thou mightst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptised and wash away thy sins calling upon the name of the Lord." And Saul "arose and was baptised"; and we are told that something like scales fell from his eyes and sight returned; and having received food he was strengthened. Now what took place at the interview between these two men? The matter which concerns many people is the question whether Annanias baptized Saul in or with water. There seems to have been no other person present at this meeting. Saul was evidently not in the house of a Christian. Those who accompanied him to Damascus would not have taken him to such a house. It was probably the house of an unbelieving Jew. Now it is possible that Annanias may have sprinkled or poured water on Saul, but immersion is out of the question. It is generally taken for granted that Saul was baptized with water. But where is the proof? It is altogether improbable and requires proof to substantiate it. Now I am willing that anyone should believe this with or without proof, but I must be convinced, and the burden of proof is on those who so teach. Annanias did not say that the Lord sent him to baptize Saul with water or to baptize him at all. He says that he was sent that Saul might receive his sight and be filled (baptized) with the Holy Ghost; and he urged him not to tarry, but have the work done at once. The work to be done was to take place while he was calling upon the name of the Lord, and was to wash

away his sins. Now why should he call upon God for water baptism since a man was to perform it? He should have called on Annanias. And would water baptism wash away his sins? "O," but says one, "he was to wash away his sins by calling upon the name of the Lord." No, the language will not admit of this construction, nor will calling upon the name of the Lord wash away sins, but baptism will, if it is the right kind. It is evident from the language of Annanias that the baptism was to wash away his sins, and it was to be received from God while calling upon Him for it. This could only have been the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When the disciples at pentecost were baptized with the Holy Ghost, they were said to have been filled with the Holy Ghost; so the two expressions are synonymous. And when Annanias said he was sent that Saul might be filled with the Holy Ghost, it was the same as if he had said he was sent that Saul might be baptized with the Holy Ghost. If we substitute the word "baptized" for the synonymous word "filled" it will read, "Brother Saul, the Lord that appeared to thee in the way hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be baptized with the Holy Ghost. And now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." This makes everything clear and plain. All could have taken place just as described without the presence of a third person, and nothing would have occurred outside of the commission Annanias said he had received from God. Saul may have been baptized with water, but it must have been on some future occasion from the one here described. On or

after the time of his conversion, Saul received a new name by which he was henceforth known. As I have said, the conversion of St. Paul was in no respect different from that of any believer. He heard the gospel preached by Stephen, and was no doubt struck by it and more or less thoroughly convinced of its truth. He stubbornly resisted these convictions, and persisted in his course of persecution, unwilling to admit to himself that he was wrong. The Lord did not assume to Himself that authority which He had delegated to His disciples of preaching the gospel, nor did He usurp the work of the Holy Spirit in convincing of sin. . He simply called Paul to the vacant apostleship in such a manner as to hasten the crisis in his experience which was sure to come in the case of any man who heard the gospel and who was possessed of such honesty of heart as Paul possessed. With such a man there could be no half measures. As a Jew, he was a whole hearted Jew. He had the courage of his convictions, and whatever he did, he did with all his soul. Conversion meant with him, as it means to us, a complete spiritual and moral revolution. Nothing short of this will avail. He declares of himself that immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood. No consideration of earthly ties or selfish interests influenced, in the least, his conduct. With single heartedness, he renounced all worldly hopes and prospects, counting those things which were gain to him as loss for Christ's sake, and immediately began those Herculean labors of travelling and preaching the gospel, which ended only with his martyrdom in Rome in his old age. He declares that he received his gospel directly from

Christ by revelation and was indebted to no man for it. His revelations were so abundant, that to prevent undue exaltation on account of them, he had to endure special opposition and affliction which he denominates "a thorn in the flesh, a minister of Satan" to buffet him, and to prevent spiritual pride. It is impossible to ascertain with certainty what his affliction was; whether it was some bodily weakness or some external hindrance. It may have been some personal antagonist, as the apostle speaks of it in the masculine gender. I am disposed to think that it was the latter, and was distinct from the infirmity in the flesh, which he speaks of in his letter to the Galatians, which they were said neither to have despised nor rejected. This infirmity, some have conjectured to have been stammering speech, since his enemies charged against him that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible. Others have supposed that he was afflicted with weakness of the eyes, as when speaking of his infirmity to the Galatians he said they were willing to have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him. It may be that he suffered from both these infirmities. But, however much he was handicapped by them, he did not allow them to dampen his zeal, nor hinder him, nor deter him from exercising a faithful ministry. He even declared that he would glory in his infirmities, that the power of God might be more plainly discerned in his labors. God is not always glorified by human gifts and excellencies. They are liable to attract more attention to the man than to his message. They tend too much to the glorification of the instrument God uses rather than to the glory of God. So the most

efficient instrument or agent God ever used in the spread of the gospel was probably the most handicapped by physical infirmities. Thus God, and not Paul, had the praise of the results of his labors. A fine presence, a melodious voice, great eloquence of speech are pleasing accessories to preaching, but it was the stammering Paul, not the eloquent Apollos that brought most glory to God. It was the small, insignificant looking Paul, not the majestic, imposing appearing Barnabas, that was most successful in the work of the ministry. These pleasing gifts impress the fancy and move the feelings of the hearer, but may fail to convince the judgment, and their effects are likely to prove evanescent, and the impressions may not prove permanent. In these considerations we may detect a valuable hint, and from these facts of holy writ we may draw a valuable lesson. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

## THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMPUTATION OF SIN AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

*"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."*

—Rom. 4:19.

*"Sin is not imputed where there is no law."*—Rom. 4:13.

*"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin."*

—Rom. 4:8.

There is no doubt that the most profound theological essay ever written is Paul's epistle to the Romans, and there is no part of the Holy Writ that has been so variously explained and so differently understood, or rather, misunderstood. The Lord Jesus did not see fit to construct a system of theology; His teachings are not dogmatic. The fundamental principles of His religion are found scattered through His teachings, but they are not arranged in order or systematized, so that their harmony and interdependence might be easily seen. We are not to conclude that, from this circumstance, system and dogma are useless and unprofitable. We have no authority for such an inference. The Lord may have had various reasons for His conduct in this matter. Our Lord committed nothing to writing, but that is no proof that He did not want His teachings written down, though He gives no instructions for so doing. His reasons for these things we may not be able to discover, but they must be good ones. It is evident that as much as possible of the work of saving men was left to the agency of God's people. God does nothing directly that He can do through them. It would have served

no good end for Him to have given us a system of theology. He wished to stimulate our curiosity and to induce research. He said, "Search the Scriptures." God's plan of salvation can not be understood at a glance. It requires much time and experience to gain a knowledge of it. If Christ had given us a comprehensive system of doctrines, we would have imagined we understood it when we did not. Then men would have differed as much about this system of theology as they do about the inspired scriptures we now have. Christ was often called the Great Teacher, though His principal work was not to teach men but to redeem them. They were not in a spiritual condition to be taught. Like Nicodemus, they could not understand even earthly things, much less heavenly things. God had provided a Great Teacher for His people: viz, the Holy Spirit. Jesus said, "He shall teach you all things"; "He shall guide you into all truth." He brought to their remembrance all things Jesus had spoken that they might write them down for the instruction of future ages. This is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. He is our Teacher, our Guide, our Leader, our Comforter. He is that person of the Godhead who is in the world and with whom we come in vital contact. Through Him alone can we learn the truth and be instructed in the Gospel doctrines. The evangelists were led by this Spirit to write the gospels, giving us samples of Christ's teachings and narratives of His life among men. Others were inspired by the same Spirit to write epistles to the various churches. The chief of these letter writers was the apostle Paul, one of the greatest intellects that ever adorned this earth. He claimed to

get his gospel directly from God and not from the teachings of any man. This seems to have been necessary to him as an apostle of Jesus Christ. He claimed such an abundance of these revelations that he was in danger of being unduly exalted so that buffetings were necessary for him to keep him humble. No one now need expect such revelations as St. Paul received, as they are not necessary; but the same Holy Spirit that taught him will teach us through the revealed word, and guide us into all truth. There has been more controversy over the epistle to the Romans than over any other book in the Bible. It certainly comes under Peter's description of Paul's writings as being hard to be understood, which some wrest to their own destruction. A system of doctrine is useful to all, and to some minds a necessity. It gives us a better understanding of any truth to perceive its relation to other truths. It is said that order is heaven's first law; and the apostle Paul declares that God delights in order and abhors confusion. So He has, through the apostles, given us a system of doctrines, and especially has He thus used the apostle Paul, who was the best equipped for this work of all the apostles both in ability and training. Yet what the apostles have done in this direction does not prohibit or exclude our efforts in the same work.

The subject under consideration naturally divides itself into two parts:

(1) "Imputation of sin"; (2) "Imputation of righteousness."

(1) We will consider, first, the doctrine of the imputation of sin.

If nothing were said of this matter in the Scriptures

there are facts in nature which would suggest it to thinking men. These phenomena are not obscure, but are thrust upon our notice and attention. It is a patent fact, acknowledged on all hands, that in this world the innocent often suffer with the guilty. It is one of the principal defects of human governments that their laws bear unequally upon their subjects and that injustice is an inevitable result of the administration of justice. The interests of all classes are so inextricably mingled that they can not be segregated when law is enforced, and thus the innocent are made to suffer. This is unfortunate but unavoidable. That is, in other words, under human laws crime is imputed to the innocent and they are dealt with as if they were guilty. This is one of the results of the imperfection of human nature, which is derived from the fall of our first parents. The worst feature of this injustice of human law is that it has no recompense. An innocent man is suspected of having committed a felony, is arrested, indicted and tried for his life. Before the trial he is imprisoned while awaiting the session of the court. And though he may escape conviction, his substance is wasted, his reputation smirched, his family stigmatized, his business ruined and he is turned loose, glad to escape with his life. What return does society make to this victim for the suffering and loss it has occasioned him? None whatever. Since, then, in his relations and dealings with his fellows an innocent man is liable to have transgression imputed, it is not so strange and startling a proposition that the same thing should be found true in his relation to God. Man's defection from righteousness made one of two courses necessary in

his case. Either the sin and its punishment must be confined to, and end with the first transgressors; or if allowed to propagate their species, they must produce children exposed to the same evils as they themselves were exposed to, living under the same conditions. As they themselves were mortal, exposed to natural evil and subject to vanity: viz, sickness, pain and various sufferings, so would their innocent children be. In other words their sin would be imputed to their innocent offspring, since they would suffer the same as if they had committed the sin their parents had committed. We are not to understand when it is said that Adam's sin is imputed to his descendants, that God regards them as actually guilty of that sin, but that they suffer the same penalty in this life as those who were actually guilty did suffer. So the apostle declares, "Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." (Rom. 4:14.) This was true though "Sin is not imputed where there is no law," and the law was not given until Moses. Hence, death could not have been the result of their own personal transgressions. If it be admitted, as the apostle declares, that death is the penalty of sin, it must also be admitted that it is not the penalty of our own personal sin, since those die who could not have sinned. Little innocent children die and are subject to the same natural evils as adults. "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope." (Rom. 8:20.) God's people likewise are left under the dominion of vanity and death. "For if Christ be in you, the body is dead because

of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." (Rom. 8:10.) Adam's sin is still imputed to God's people. "Because of sin" means Adam's sin, and "Because of righteousness" means Christ's righteousness. As our own personal disobedience had no part as the cause of our subjection to vanity and death, so our own personal obedience is no part of the cause of our deliverance from death and vanity. As dying is entirely without condition and responsibility on our part, so deliverance from death is equally without condition on our part. As to the manner of our resurrection we have responsibility, but not as to the fact. I have no more responsibility for being delivered from the grave than for having been born mortal. "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." (1 Cor. 15:22.) As we died in Adam without our fault so will we be made alive in Christ without anything being required on our part. I speak thus fully on this point because of the inferences to be drawn from it. The resurrection of the body is no part of the salvation which we obtain by faith in Christ. It comes to us unconditionally, as it does to every man, saint and sinner. Our faith has nothing to do with it. I trust that I make this point clear. Sickness, pain and death are the result of imputed sin which we personally have no part in, while the resurrection of our bodies will be the result of imputed righteousness in which we have as little part. It follows then that our salvation from sin by faith in Christ exerts no influence over natural evil, the result of Adam's sin. In other words, those who are saved from sin through faith in Christ Jesus, have in no wise changed their relation toward natural evil,

but are under the curse, and suffer the results of the sin of our first parents just as they did before. This fact contradicts the teaching, now quite prevalent, that sickness is a shame to a Christian. He is no more exempt from sickness or other natural evil than a sinner is, since his moral or spiritual condition has nothing to do either in producing or preventing it. In order to be exempt from sickness he must be delivered from the curse of the first sin. Now he is either under the curse which denounces sickness, pain and death and all natural evil, or he is exempt from it. If under the curse, he is in the same condition he was born in; if exempt from the curse, he is no longer subject to death or any natural evil. There is no middle ground. He would never need healing for he would never be sick.. What folly and absurdity it is to claim exemption from sickness and not claim exemption from death since the same cause produces both. God does sometimes in the exercise of His sovereignty heal specific cases of disease as Christ did while on earth, and for the same purpose that he raised Lazarus from the dead, for His own glory; but those are the exceptions, not the rule. I have no more right to a claim in Christ to continuous health than I have to endless life without dying. It is true that God has made two exceptions to the rule and took Enoch and Elijah to heaven without dying, but that gives me no claim to exemption from "the inevitable hour"; no more does the fact that Christ healed some sick people give me a claim to exemption from sickness. If I am delivered from the results of Adam's sin, then I am not only exempt from sickness and death, but from sorrow,

bereavement, accident from loss by fire or flood, from drought, or the destruction of fruits or crops by noxious insects and from every other natural calamity. I should expect rain and sunshine when I need them whether my neighbors have them or not. Since it is evident that the Christian is not exempt from all these evils, it follows that he is exempt from none of them. It is clear that the apostles knew nothing of freedom from natural evil on the part of Christians. They did not profess to be exempt from sickness themselves nor teach that others were. But some may object that it is not claimed that Christians will not get sick, but that if sick may be immediately healed if they have faith in God. But I reply that if God will heal sickness immediately when it supervenes, and if it is a proof of want of faith to be sick, this must be because it is not the will of God that His people should be sick. If this is true, will not faith prevent sickness as well as heal it? If it is not God's will that I should be sick, what need is there that I should get sick? Then I should never need healing if I have faith. Faith will surely be as strong as a preventive as it will be as a cure. It is generally understood that the apostle Paul was subject to some disease but it is not clear what the malady was. Whether the "thorn in the flesh" of which he speaks was some diseased condition as many suppose, or some human antagonist, is not certainly known, but it was the source of weakness, since God, in refusing his request for removal, replies, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My grace is made perfect in weakness." And the apostle concludes that he would much rather glory therefore in

his infirmities. O, shameless man. Then St. Paul left Trophemus at Miletum sick. What a shame and disgrace. If he had possessed faith like our modern apostles this would not have occurred. I suppose Trophemus was profoundly ashamed of himself as became him to be. Then there was Timothy, that eminent laborer in the gospel, the spiritual son of the apostle Paul and greatly beloved by him. Timothy suffered from a weak stomach, and had frequent attacks of illness. Doubtless this tended to interfere with his gospel labors. But it seems that neither the sufferer himself nor the great apostle to the Gentiles had faith enough to heal him. It is true that on occasion St. Paul had power to raise a man from the dead, but it seems to have failed in Timothy's case. And worst of all to the scandal of modern healers, he recommended to Timothy to use a remedy. Alas for St. Paul. He has forfeited the confidence of our modern faith healers. But this much can be said in his favor, he raised a dead man to life, which none of them has done so far as reported. I trust this fact will modify their judgment of him, though I can not hope that it will entirely exculpate him. Probably the greatest "fake" of modern times is the prevalent faith healing. It proceeds upon the theory, which I have shown to be a false one, that it is criminal and shameful for a Christian to be sick or diseased. It runs through the entire gamut of religious opinions, from the atheism of Christian Science to the fanaticism of Dowieism; from the miraculous power of relics at a Roman Catholic shrine to a mountebank like Schlatter. I have equal confidence in all of them since they all exhibit equally convincing

testimony of the reality of their cures. That God should be using all these conflicting and antagonistic agencies for the performance of miraculous cures, overtaxes my credulity. And yet, if I believe one of them I must believe all of them, for, as I have said, they all produce equally convincing testimony. No doubt there are many apparent cures, but I refuse to believe that there is anything supernatural in them. I have known a violent toothache cured by simply starting toward the dentist's office, but it was no miracle, nor was the cure permanent. But some one may enquire, "Do you not then believe that God can heal the sick?" I certainly do believe that God can heal the sick and raise the dead, and that He will do either or both whenever He sees it to be to His glory to do so; and that he will use His people as His instruments in this work. And I further believe that any man who has faith to save his soul from sin has sufficient faith to save his body from disease when it is God's will that he should be thus healed. Not only can God heal the sick, but He is the author of healing as the Devil is the author of disease. Whether a man is healed of disease with or without the use of remedies, God does the healing. The use of remedies is condemned by these faith healers as being inconsistent with faith in God. But this assumption is untenable. The denunciation of physicians and medicines is unreasonable. I am not disposed to set up a defence of physicians, and I am persuaded that the less medicine people take, especially poisonous drugs, the better they are off; but an indiscriminate condemnation of all remedies is absurd. I am perfectly willing that anyone should

refuse to use medicines if he believes them harmful, and I am persuaded that people are just as well off without medicines as with them, as they do as much harm, probably, as they do good; yet there is no force in the claim that the use of remedies in every case is inconsistent with faith in God. I know that if I am healed, God must heal me, whether with or without medicines; and I know that if I am fed, God must feed me, whether I labor for a living or not. But it does not follow that I must sit down and wait for God to feed me, because he fed Elijah by means of ravens, or the Lord Jesus in the wilderness by means of angels. Because I am dependent on God for food does not make it inconsistent with faith in God for me to work. So far is this from being true that the apostle Paul has declared that the man who will not work shall not eat. God is as able to feed me without work as He is to heal me without medicine, but He has not promised to do either, unless necessity demands it. If I cannot work I can trust God to feed me without it. If I know no remedy for disease I can trust God to heal me without any. In other words God will do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. But if I know of some remedy that is likely to give me ease from pain and I will not use it, how can I trust God to heal me any more than I can trust Him to feed me if I will not work? But one may object that he knows that labor will obtain food but he does not certainly know the effect of a medicine. But you do not know that labor will procure food. The farmer may labor all season to obtain a crop for the sustenance of his family and be disappointed. Flood, or drought, or storm, or nox-

ious insects may entirely destroy the results of his labors. Is he therefore justifiable in sitting down and refusing to labor because the result is uncertain? Usually his labor is rewarded with success. Usually a certain remedy gives relief. In neither case is the result certain. In neither case is one justifiable in doing nothing; and in neither case is action contrary to faith in God. I am not trying to persuade any person to employ physicians or to take medicines. That is a matter of indifference to me. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. I am combatting the notion that abstinence from the use of remedies is necessary to faith in God. That claim is unscriptural, unreasonable and fanatical. I have known persons who would not use cold water to assuage a raging fever so bound were they by fear of offending God by using remedies. It is to deliver from such bondage as this that I labor. It seems to me that the emphasis that is at present laid upon the subject of physical healing without the use of medicine is an effort of Satan to distract earnest souls from a matter of much more importance: viz, the salvation of the soul. The health of the body is a matter of comparatively little importance. As the poet has written:

“ How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compared with Thee:  
And what's my safety or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?  
Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without Thy graces and Thyself  
I were a wretch undone.”

The saving of the soul is a much greater work than the healing of the body. Jesus gave healing power to the disciples while they were even yet unconverted, but they could not do the work of the gospel until they had received the Holy Spirit, giving them power and qualifying them for gospel preaching. This is the greater work that Jesus promised they should do after His return to the Father. If they are qualified for this greater work, they certainly must be qualified for the lesser. To set up healing the sick as a greater work than that of preaching the gospel, requiring greater faith and deeper experience, is to contradict Christ, turn the gospel topsy-turvy, and draw the special attention of men to the things of least importance and away from the matter of highest moment. Thus Satan will deceive, if possible, the very elect. I have no doubt the honest, sincere souls have been affected by this snare of Satan, but God will deliver them if they remain simple and teachable. Early in my Christian experience I was in danger from this wile of the Devil, but the Lord graciously delivered me. Through suffering I learned the needed lesson. We have a right to all the help our friends can give; to benefit by all the lessons of experience and observation; to gain advantage from all the discoveries of science, realizing at the same time that by whatever means or through whatever channel help may come, the Lord Himself sends it.

We conclude from the arguments adduced that since the curse of natural evil, sickness, pain and death with all their concomitant evils are the result of Adam's sin and are ours through imputation of that sin, that God's people, like other men, are still

under this curse and will be until the redemption of their bodies in the resurrection. That though the Lord may, in special emergencies, deliver His people from special attacks of disease, He leaves them still under the inexorable decree of which fact the death of Christians is the undeniable proof.

This imputation of the sin of another would be manifest injustice unless restitution shall in some way be made. As I said in the beginning, the suffering of the innocent was unavoidable if our first parents were allowed to perpetuate the species, and I think that everyone, if the matter were left to his choice, would choose existence, even under these circumstances, rather than nonexistence. But God does not intend that the suffering of the innocent shall extend beyond this short life. No one will suffer in the future world as a result of Adam's sin, but solely as a result of his own free choice. The mortal life, lost through the first transgression will be restored unconditionally through the atonement of Christ. And though this restored life will be of no advantage to the impenitent, that is their own fault. Every man, through the gospel of Christ, may have recompense for all his sufferings here which result from imputed sin. The apostle Paul declares that these light afflictions, which are but momentary, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And if this is not true in the future experience of anyone, it is because he has chosen that it shall not be true. The believer will have reason to thank God in eternity for the sufferings undergone through imputed sin, since "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the

glory that shall be revealed in us." Thus, though we may suffer and do suffer for the fault of another, we may, if we will, find abundant recompense for all our suffering. Those who die in infancy do find this recompense for suffering the same as the believer through the obedience of Him who "taketh away the sin of the world." No one then will be the final loser through the sin of our first parents except him who by free choice elects to take this responsibility. Thus God is justified in His dealings with men and cannot be fairly charged with disregard of the rights of His creatures. We may not be responsible for the sufferings of our present state, but if we suffer in the future life and fail of recompense for present sufferings, we will have no one to blame but ourselves.

(2) We now come to the second part of the subject: viz, the imputation of righteousness. The apostle declares that "as by the disobedience of one, many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." It is proper and in accordance with correct exegesis to assume that the word "many" in each clause of this quotation refers to the same persons; that is, that the "many" made righteous are the same "many" who were made sinners. Now as the many made sinners includes all mankind, the many made righteous must include all mankind. But all mankind are not actually made righteous, nor were they actually made sinners as we have already shown. In the same sense then as sin was imputed to them, so righteousness is imputed to them also. That is, as they were regarded as sinners when they were not really and actually such, on account of Adam's disobedience, so on the account of

the obedience of Christ, they are accounted righteous when they are not really such. This fact is what John the Baptist referred to when he pointed Jesus out to the multitude, exclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Adam's sin was the sin of the whole world, and Christ's obedience is the righteousness or justification of the whole world from Adam's sin. It is true that the results of the first sin are not eliminated in this life, neither mortality nor depravity, but if we accept of Christ's salvation, they will be destroyed, depravity here and now, mortality in the resurrection. This imputation of Christ's righteousness preserves every human being in a state of justification or legal innocence until personal responsibility begins. (I pause in my argument to state here that while imputation of sin is mentioned in scripture, imputation of righteousness is not spoken of in these exact words. But the fact is stated in other language. The language which I have here quoted, "by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous," is a statement of this doctrine. I speak of this since some have objected to this teaching because these exact terms are not found in the scriptures.) The period in the experience of any individual when personal responsibility begins cannot be definitely stated. Responsibility comes with our knowledge of our duty toward God, and is in proportion also to our ability to perform that duty. Two things are essential to responsibility, therefore, light and power; light to see duty and power to perform it. Not light alone is the measure of responsibility, but light and power. It makes no difference how clearly I may see duty, if I am not

able to perform it, I cannot in justice be held responsible for its performance. This fact greatly limits the obligation of those who are without the grace of God. God has been pleased to furnish light and strength in about equal proportions; for of what avail is it to give much light to see duty without much power of performance? It could but add to the misery of the recipient. We sometimes are made to wonder at the favor and toleration God showed to men of such morals as were many of the Old Testament worthies. I know that there are some who exclaim against such a characterization of the Old Testament believers, but it is God Himself, by the pen of inspiration, who has drawn their moral portraits, and I do not see how God will be glorified or men benefited by our trying to palliate grievous sins or to whitewash their characters. Let their portraits stand as God has painted them. The endeavor to rehabilitate them and to make their conduct appear less reprehensible has done much to furnish professed Christians with excuses for their sins, and to lower the standard of Christian morals. This effort to furbish up the characters of believers before Christ's advent by theologians and critics arises out of the mistaken notion that they were held to the same standard of morals that Christians are held to. And the inference is drawn that if God could excuse such lapses from virtue as they were guilty of, He will excuse the same in us. If the premise were true, the conclusion would be legitimate and logical. But the premise is not true, which invalidates the conclusion. The same blameless life was not expected of those who lived before the gospel age that is demanded now.

It is true that God's holy law demanded the same perfect life then as now, but so far as expecting perfect obedience to that law, which neither they nor we can render, but little in respect of morals was required of them, because of their moral inability. And so far as we can see the same standard applied to those who were of faith and those who were not. There are many proofs for this difference of standards for them and us. Jesus, speaking of the law of divorce in the Mosaic law, declared that men were allowed to put away their wives "because of the hardness of their hearts." This law applied to all the Jews equally. "The whole house of Israel" were "uncircumcised in heart." They all had such hearts. Again "It was said to them of old time, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.'" But Christians are required to love their enemies, and this love is made a test of their sonship. Again, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was permitted them of old time, but revenge is expressly forbidden to Christians. The apostle Paul, speaking of the time before Christ's advent, says, "The times of this ignorance, God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." God winked at, or made allowance for their ignorance and consequent violation of His law, since He had withheld the light and knowledge of duty, as well as the power to perform it; but under the gospel He furnishes both light and strength so that allowance need no longer be made. Now all men who hear the gospel are commanded to repent and obey God's requirements, and if they neglect or refuse to do so, they can expect no grace or mercy; no palliation of the offence. Jesus makes

declaration to the Pharisees, the most pious and zealous sect of the Jews, that sets forth this fact of the allowance made for the shortcomings of men before the gospel age in a strong light: "If I had not come and spoken to you as no other man has spoken, ye would be without sin; but now ye have no cloak for your sin." If we are to understand Christ literally, these Pharisees were in a state of justification before they heard Him speak, but afterwards, having rejected the light sent to them, they were without excuse. They had not changed, nor had their manner of life changed, but their relation to God's law had changed entirely. The law's demands were no greater than before, but they had become accountable for their conduct in a sense that was not true of them previously. While they were ignorant and helpless, righteousness, which they were destitute of, was imputed to them; so that they were regarded as being as innocent of offence as if they had kept the whole law of God in every jot and tittle. But the moment light and help came, they became personally responsible for their conduct, and Christ's righteousness could no longer be a cloak for their sins, since it does not cover sin knowingly and freely committed; and they were left exposed to condemnation and wrath. The responsibility of men without gospel light is small and usually is greatly exaggerated in the common conception of it. Only as men freely and knowingly choose to disobey are they accountable, and then much allowance may be made, because of the hardness of their hearts. But when heaven-bought and heaven-sent light comes, a great revolution is brought about. Jesus says, "This is the condemnation,

that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light." Men are not condemned because their natures are evil, nor because their lives are consequently evil, since a bad tree cannot bear good fruit. Condemnation begins when light comes from God, accompanied with offer of help, which light and help are refused. Up to this time they are counted guiltless because of imputation of righteousness. God does not expect, nor require of us, great remorse for those past transgressions of ours, which were unavoidable to a large extent at least. How can we greatly reproach ourselves for what we could not help; but past rejection of light and divine assistance is a proper cause for remorse. It is not, so much, hatred of our past sins that is necessary, but hatred of sin in the abstract. Godly sorrow for sin produces in us a proper attitude toward sin; it makes us feel toward sin as God feels toward it. God hates sin; so must we. Not our sins or your sins, but all sin. Real sin is not in our lives but in our hearts, as Jesus declares. All sin proceeds from within out of the heart. As I have remarked more than once, there is no sin in God's universe except in the hearts of wicked men and devils. They have a monopoly of it. The apostle Paul represents the repentant sinner, not as bewailing his own past transgressions, but his slavery to sin, inward sin, the sin of his nature. This tyrant and his service, we must hate, though naturally we love it. Many men imagine they are seeking after light and truth. This is a mistake. Men naturally hate the light, as Jesus declares. Light and truth, when they come to us, produce a shock. It is not what we had expected; and only as we receive them

do we long for more. Is it possible for mankind to desire light and truth who rejected Him, who is Himself the Truth and the Light of the world? Men are not reprobated by the Lord for what they were nor for what they did in a state of darkness and unbelief. His merits cover these offences. They forfeit His favor when they turn their backs upon the light.

The spiritual status of believers before the gospel age is a subject of great interest and was to me from my youth a matter of curiosity and enquiry; but I could find no clear and definite teaching upon the subject, and I think it a point of doctrine not clearly understood. Many false opinions are held upon this subject. It is not relevant to the subject under consideration to speak at length upon this point, however. It is clear from the teachings of scripture that Old Testament believers were in a state of justification. It is equally clear from the same testimony that they were unholy in heart and life. Purity of heart is an experience peculiar to the gospel age. Evangelical repentance and the new birth were unknown to former ages as experiences. They are affected through the gift of, and by the agency of the Holy Spirit, who was not given until Jesus was glorified. The prophets foretold these glorious experiences and earnestly desired to know about them, but were informed that these blessings were not for them at that time, but for us who live in the gospel age. You ask, "What things are they that were not for them?" I answer in the language of Peter, "The things which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy

Ghost sent down from heaven." Is it not astonishing that Christian ministers should teach, in the face of this express declaration, that Old Covenant believers enjoyed the same experiences that God's people enjoy under the gospel? Where is the excess of glory of the new over the old if such teachings are true? It fades into a faint twilight. But some one may enquire, "Did not men have the Holy Spirit before Christ's advent?" Certainly; the Holy Spirit has always been in the world. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It is one thing to have the Holy Spirit to influence the mind and direct and control the thoughts, and quite another thing to have Him refine and purify our natures and make us new creatures. The Holy Spirit was never given until pentecost; and then for the first time did men experience His cleansing, purifying power. When Jesus spoke of the living waters which should flow from them that drank of Him, John declares He spoke of the Spirit which believers should receive, "For the Holy Ghost was not given forasmuch as Jesus was not yet glorified." If any believers ever had the Holy Spirit in this gospel sense, why did not the disciples have it? If anyone had ever been converted in the evangelical sense, why were not the disciples converted? Jesus tells them they must be converted and become as little children to enter the kingdom. He said, likewise, to Peter, "And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Jesus declared, concerning John the Baptist, "Of men that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John; nevertheless, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven, is greater than he." John gives the reason why. Said

he, "I have need to be baptized of Thee." He lacked that gift of baptism, of the Holy Spirit, which is the experience of everyone in the kingdom of heaven, the church of Christ. St. Paul declares of the Old Covenant believers. "These all having obtained a good report through faith received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." These scriptures which I have quoted are conclusive upon this point. Pre-advent believers did not enjoy the experiences now enjoyed by God's people. Being married to the law, they brought forth fruit unto death, as St. Paul shows, and not until the law becomes dead unto them by the body of Christ that they may be married to another husband, will they be able to bring forth fruit unto God. The Old Testament believers then being destitute of inward holiness, and without such lives as would meet the requirements of God's holy law, could be justified only by imputation of inward and outward righteousness. The faith which they had was imputed to them as righteousness; or in other words, was accepted in the place of righteousness, and they stood in the same relation to God's law as if they had been inwardly and outwardly holy. This is what we mean by imputed righteousness. This could be done only through Christ's vicarious atonement. Their lack was covered by His abounding grace. Thus, though unholy, they were accounted holy, and though destitute of outward righteousness they were accounted righteous.

The same thing occurs in the case of the penitent sinner. He comes to God destitute of all righteousness. His past life has been an uninterrupted course

of transgression, either voluntary or involuntary. In either case, God's holy law condemns him. He seeks forgiveness for the past. He cannot undo what he has done. A perfect and faultless life in the future could make no amends for the offences of the past, even if he could live such a life, which he cannot. The demands of violated law must be satisfied. It may be asked, "Cannot God just forgive and forget the past, since the sinner is now penitent?" I answer, no, He cannot. Strictly speaking there is no such thing as forgiveness of sin. So far as the sinner is concerned, there is forgiveness, but not in an absolute sense. The sinner is forgiven but not the sin. Strictly speaking, can that sin be said to be forgiven, for which the penalty has been exacted? And the penalty is always, invariably exacted. If the sinner does not pay it, some other person must pay it for him. It must be exacted, else in the first place, God's word would be found untrue. He threatens a penalty for sin. If the penalty is not inflicted His veracity is impugned. Not to inflict the penalty in the second place would encourage the transgressor. In the third place, not to punish sin would weaken the authority of God's law. In the fourth place, it would be an injustice, since it would treat alike the obedient and the disobedient, and so tend to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong. The past sins of the penitent sinner cannot be wiped out by divine fiat, they must be atoned for. The sinner himself is powerless in the matter. In order, then, that God may pardon the sinner, the violated law must be satisfied. Here Christ appears as our substitute. He suffers in our stead the punishment due us, and obeys

in our place, the law by us transgressed. So what He has done and suffered is imputed to us as though we, instead of our Substitute, had paid the penalty. This is another example of imputation of righteousness, so that the Lord is truly our righteousness or justification. Thus, by His suffering and obedience, our past sins are covered and the blessing St. Paul speaks of comes upon us; "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." (Rom. 4:7-8.) Sin must be covered before it can be passed by and forgotten forever. And it is forgotten, and remembered against the sinner no more, only so long as it is covered. While the whilom sinner trusts in Christ for salvation his sins are covered by Christ's imputed righteousness; but this is true only so long as faith continues. The sinner is not pardoned absolutely, but conditionally. His past transgressions have not ceased to exist as facts, for if they were not in existence, how could they be covered? They still exist, but are not imputed to the sinner because Christ's righteousness is imputed to the sinner and covers his past sins, which are imputed to Christ, his Substitute. But this state of affairs continues only so long as Christ's righteousness is made available to the sinner by faith in Christ. But if faith is no longer exercised, Christ's righteousness no longer avails him and his sins are no longer covered by imputed righteousness. They then remain against him in full force. The sum of the matter is this: Our past transgressions, while in a state of unbelief, which were involuntary and unavoidable, were never imputed to us ("sin is not imputed where there is no

law "'), but were unconditionally imputed to Christ. Only those sins were imputed to us which were wilfully committed against light and knowledge. Of such sins we must repent, though repentance is for sin rather than for sins, and such sins are pardoned through faith in Christ, but upon condition, not absolutely. While we believe in Christ, our past sins are expiated by His death, but if faith fails, they are no longer covered by His obedience, and responsibility for them falls back on us. Those sins which were pardoned and covered unconditionally, always remain covered. They are taken away forever. Those sins which are pardoned and covered conditionally through faith in Christ, remain covered only so long as the condition is complied with. When Christ ceases to bear them because of our unbelief, they are imputed to us. This answers the question I have heard asked: "If sin is once pardoned, will it ever, under any circumstances, be imputed to us again?" It may be. Since it is covered conditionally, it will remain covered only so long as the conditions are complied with. In this sense, then, is Christ's righteousness imputed to the justification of the penitent sinner.

Under the dispensations preceding the Christian, righteousness was imputed to the sinner as I have shown both for inward and outward righteousness, since he possessed neither. That is, both justification and sanctification in his case was the result of imputed righteousness. But this is not the case under the gospel. Now provision is made for the actual sanctification of those who believe in Christ. The Holy Spirit is now given as our Sanctifier, and Christians are made new creatures in Christ Jesus; their

hearts are purified by faith; the blood of Christ cleanseth them from all sin; the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in them; they are made partakers of the divine nature; the old man is crucified in them and the body of sin is destroyed; being made free from sin, they become the servants of God; sin has no more dominion over them because they are no longer under the law, but under grace; they have the mind of Christ. Since, then, they are actually made holy and right in their natures, they no longer need inward righteousness or holiness imputed to them. The real Christian has one perfection: viz., perfection of moral nature. This makes his affections right, his intentions pure, his motives in accordance with the demands of God's laws. He loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, and so will not intentionally disobey the one or injure the other. Being a good tree, he brings forth good fruit, fruit unto holiness. Can he not then stand alone? Will he have any future need of grace? Will he, for the future need any allowance to be made for him? If he be blameless and harmless, the Son of God without rebuke, as he is exhorted to be, what more can be asked or expected of him? Some persons imagine that nothing more can be demanded and that therefore the life of a true Christian will be faultless and infallible. But this is a mistaken notion and contrary to all experience as well as to the teachings of holy scripture. If this were really the case, why should Christians be exhorted to confess their faults, one to another? The presumption seems to be that they will all have faults. God's holy law, made for and adapted to holy beings, requires both a perfect

heart and a perfect life. The one, salvation provides, but the other cannot be produced in this life, since it requires, in order to effect it, both moral and physical perfection. The latter will not be enjoyed by us until after the redemption of our bodies. While our bodies are imperfect, our mental processes will be imperfect. Our knowledge is imperfect, our judgments are imperfect and every so-called mental faculty is imperfect, and every mental process is unreliable. This makes perfect conduct impossible; and if we were left, after our conversion, amenable to this law which exacts perfect conduct, none of us could measure up to that standard. "Lord if Thou wert strict to mark iniquity, who could stand?" But in order that the child of God might be justified, He is made free from the demands of this law, and through the grace of God is placed under another law called "the law of Christ." This other law is the law of love, in which not the act, but the motive of that act is alone considered. So to the child of God "love is the fulfilling of the law," though he may not be able, through ignorance or other infirmities, always to do what God would have him do, nor to benefit his neighbor, though that is his intention.

The supposition that the Christian needs the grace of God only because of his disobedience, that is, of sin against light and knowledge, or principally for that reason, is not warranted by the teachings of scripture. It is generally assumed that Christians will sin and that therefore they will need the grace of God. If by sin is meant any violation of the holy and perfect law, it must be admitted that they will sin. But those who thus teach are not careful

to discriminate between voluntary and involuntary transgressions of that law, and thus they encourage men to sin knowingly and to expect mercy for such sin. Involuntary transgression of God's law is imputed to no one until he has voluntarily assumed the responsibility of it by rejecting God's help. But involuntary sin calls for no repentance. I cannot blame myself for what I could not avoid; and only so far as I see and feel myself at fault, can I be sorry for that transgression. Christians may be sorry in a measure for unintentional transgressions because they see they did not exercise due care and watchfulness, but what is unavoidable, can produce no remorse. To declare that no man can live clear of sin is a very ambiguous statement, and is purposely left ambiguous by those who plead for sin; and the fact that men profess repentance and sorrow for sin is *prima facie* evidence that their sins were voluntary and not unavoidable. For a man to declare that he sins because he cannot help it, and at the same time profess sorrow for such sins and reproach himself for them, is a plain contradiction, and proof of hypocrisy. We are not asked to repent of sins we cannot avoid; Christ's righteousness unconditionally covers such sins. It is the sins that have the concurrence of our wills that condemn us and that call for repentance, and Christians do not commit such sins. For a child of God to thus freely choose to sin against God would be to seal his eternal doom. "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment." This is the sin unto death, which we are not required to pray

for. There is a sin not unto death that does not bring condemnation, and consequent separation from God, yet when it is recognized by us, it should be repudiated and so far as we feel ourselves responsible because of want of care or watchfulness, we should seek forgiveness; but most of such lapses or shortcomings are never realized by us, and cannot therefore be confessed. To those who do not see the matter in its true character, there seems to be a discrepancy between the various declarations of scripture. "There is, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. 8:1.) "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" (Rom. 8:33.) "He that abideth in Him sinneth not." (1 John 3:6.) And then on the other hand we find these scriptures: "I have written unto you little children, that ye sin not; but if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." (1 John 2:1.) "Confess your faults, one to another, and pray for one another that ye may be healed." "And if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." "If a man sees his brother sin a sin that is not unto death he shall ask and he shall give him life for a sin that is not unto death." To those who are not enlightened, these and many other scriptures seem a jumble of inconsistencies and contradictions. It does not seem possible to harmonize such statements. But there is no real discrepancy in these teachings. It is not necessary to imitate the example of Martin Luther, who rejected the epistle of James, because he imagined that he contradicted Paul in his teachings on the subject of faith. The fault was not in James' epistle, but in Luther's understanding. Thus many people think

that as they cannot harmonize these teachings, they must choose between them, and almost invariably they reject those passages teaching the believers freedom from sin, because they are not in harmony with their experience. In attempting to harmonize these apparent contradictions in the scriptures, it is necessary first to understand that the term "sin" does not have an invariable meaning when used by the New Testament writers. St. Paul tells us "sin is the transgression of the law." Strictly speaking, all the infractions of the holy, perfect law of God are sins; and in this sense of the term, all are sinners, since no man in this life can keep that law perfectly. But Christians are not under that law, but through grace are under the law of Christ, which is the law of love. This law does not take cognizance of the act, but of the motive and the intention of the act. Saints can have pure intentions, though they cannot live perfect lives. When the New Testament writers use the word sin they use it in one or the other of these senses, but they do not differentiate these meanings but leave that task to the reader. When they declare saints to be free from sin, sin both inward and outward, that they do not commit sin, they refer to infractions of the law of love to which they are subject. Judged by this standard, they are clear of offence. When they speak of them as sinning, they refer to unintentional infraction of the law of God. Judged by one standard, they are "blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke." Judged by the other standard, they are found wanting. It is true that all deviations from this holy law are punishable and must be atoned for. I have shown how these

are not imputed when light and power to obey are wanting, and how when light and help are rejected, the sinner becomes responsible for every infraction of the law of perfect obedience. But the Christian believer is not under this law, but under the law of love, and is held responsible for the violation of that law alone. But in order that he may be held guiltless, Christ's obedience of the perfect law is imputed to him, since his disobedience was imputed to Christ. So that this law, so far as the believer is concerned, passed away, having all been fulfilled. As Jesus foretold, "until heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot nor one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law until all be fulfilled." Here, then, the true Christian, perfect in heart, but imperfect otherwise, and still compassed with infirmities, needs the imputation of Christ's righteousness. Christ's obedience atones for our want of it, and thus we are saved by His life as well as by His death, as the apostle Paul declares: "For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." True believers, then, need the grace of God, not because of voluntary transgression or willful sin, but because of those technical violations of the perfect law of God which are incident to their imperfect state in this life. So we need an High Priest who can be touched with feeling for our infirmities, and who can have compassion on the ignorant, even those who are out of the way. I assert that real Christians do not intentionally and willfully sin against God; they cannot do it. "He cannot sin, because he is born of God." "A good tree cannot bring forth evil

fruit." Jesus declares, "If any man love me, he will keep My word." He does not say he ought to keep it; but he *will* keep it. It is in his will to keep it, and cannot be in his will to do otherwise. The idea that a man can love God and at the same time defy Him by refusing to obey Him, is absurd. Jesus says again. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And the apostle John declares, "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous." Nothing is the love of God that comes short of obedience. But do not understand from this that the true believer cannot fall away. Though he cannot voluntarily disobey God while he loves Him, he may cease to love Him, and then, like a shorn Samson, he becomes weak like other men. The Christian stands by faith and faith may fail. Jesus prayed for Peter that his faith might not fail. Why should He do this if faith could not fail? The possibility of falling is clearly taught in the scriptures. It is only those who are down that need fear no fall; those who most assuredly stand should take heed, and watch against falling. Believers do not fall by outward transgression, but by unbelief, as they stand by faith. Faith brings unity with God; the lack of faith separates us from God. Since the work of God in the heart of the believer has made it possible and natural for him to obey God because he loves Him, there can be no allowance made for voluntary transgression; the righteousness of Christ's obedience does not cover such sin, else Christ would have become the minister of sin and encourager of it also. The apostle Paul denies that Christ is the minister of sin. It is sometimes charged by the

enemies of the gospel that the doctrine of pardon of sin encourages transgression. If after men have been redeemed from slavery to sin and have been made capable of obedience, their voluntary transgression were excused, this objection would lie against the doctrine of pardon. But though this is the ordinary teaching of professed gospel ministers and theologians, it is a libel on Christ and His gospel. Christ did not die to excuse sin nor to encourage men to continue in sin that grace might abound, but to make an end of sin, and to bring in its place everlasting righteousness. Unmeasurable harm has been done by such unscriptural and unreasonable teaching. How astonishingly little have men understood of the gospel which they have professed to teach. The blind, full of confidence in their ability to lead have led the blind, full of confidence in their blind leaders, and both have gone together into the ditch of destruction. The awful consequences of such false teaching are beyond the power of language to express. Calvinists have justly objected to the teachings of Arminians on the subject of back-sliding or falling from grace. The common Arminian teaching on this subject has been as great an encourager of sin as Antinomianism has been. They both encourage men to look upon sin as a trivial or light affair. The gravity and seriousness of sin against God is not realized. It is supposed that men can fall away after conversion, live in open and flagrant iniquity for a while, then repent and be restored to the favor of God to repeat the former experience again and again. No such teaching is found in the gospel. The New Covenant holds out no hope to the apostate. It is true that God was once

married to a backsliding church, fitly represented by an unfaithful spouse; but this is not the case now. Christ's New Covenant bride is a chaste virgin, not a reformed harlot; and there is no unfaithfulness in her. Those who draw back, draw back to perdition. Those who fall away find no place of repentance, as the apostle plainly declares. The one sacrifice avails for but one cleansing. If once renounced, by willful sin, a sin that separates from God and brings condemnation, "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." St. Paul declares of such that it is impossible to renew them unto repentance. We are told in the epistle to the Hebrews that the reason the sacrifices of the Jews in the Old Covenant were repeated was because they, for whom these sacrifices were offered, continued to sin. One sacrifice could remove sin but once. Repeated sin required repeated sacrifices. If these sacrifices could really have taken away sin and given the worshipper a clear or perfect conscience, then they would have ceased to be offered because "the worshipper, once purged, would have had no more conscience of sin." This is the case with the sacrifice of Christ; it purges the conscience from sin or dead works and leaves the conscience clear. If by willful sin this sacrifice is repudiated, no other one remains. "By one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." To fall from this high estate, is to fall like Lucifer, never to rise again. But someone may object, "This is contrary to experience. I have seen such persons converted over and over." Yes, no doubt. Such conversions need to be repeated often because they are of no value; they are delusions. Human experience is an uncertain thing to pit against

the word of God. Let God be true, though it make every man a liar. What He says, I accept as true, and it accords with my reason and sound philosophy. There is no provision made for willful sin in those who have tasted of the good word of God and the power of the world to come. Christ's righteousness does not cover such offences. But those transgressions which are the result of human weakness and frailty, which are without the concurrence of the will; and are not deliberate and intentional have provision made for them in the atonement. They are not imputed to the transgressor, but are covered by the imputed righteousness of Christ. Those lapses which also are the result of ignorance or deception are covered. In the case of deception the offender is not wholly without responsibility, though the offence is not deliberate or intended. It results from the lack of sufficient watchfulness, which gives Satan an unnecessary advantage. When realized, such sin must be repudiated and repented of. Not to do this would be to make the sin willful and damning. Then there are the offences that are the result of sudden surprise or inattention, which are immediately regretted when recognized. These also are among the sins that are "not unto death," which are covered by the imputation of Christ's righteousness. When it is said of the believer that he does not sin, and that he cannot sin because he is born of God, intentional, deliberate, willful sin is meant, which brings condemnation and separates the soul from God. This alone is sin to him who is not under the law, but under grace. Herein lies the real distinction between mortal and venial sins of which the Romanists speak. No offence is venial which is intentional and

deliberate, and no sin mortal, which is not such. To place one act in the venial list and one in the mortal list without respect to intention, is unmitigated nonsense. Because of these unintentional and unavoidable infractions of the perfect law of God we are daily made great debtors to grace. Like prevailing Israel, we go halting all our days, but the grace of God abounds above all these shortcomings. So the believer can sing with Charles Wesley :

“Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt till life’s short journey end;  
All helplessness all weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength depend.”

Though we have this treasure still in earthen vessels, we have no occasion for discouragement, and no excuse for failure, since the grace of God is sufficient to give us the victory over sin. So we continue to sing:

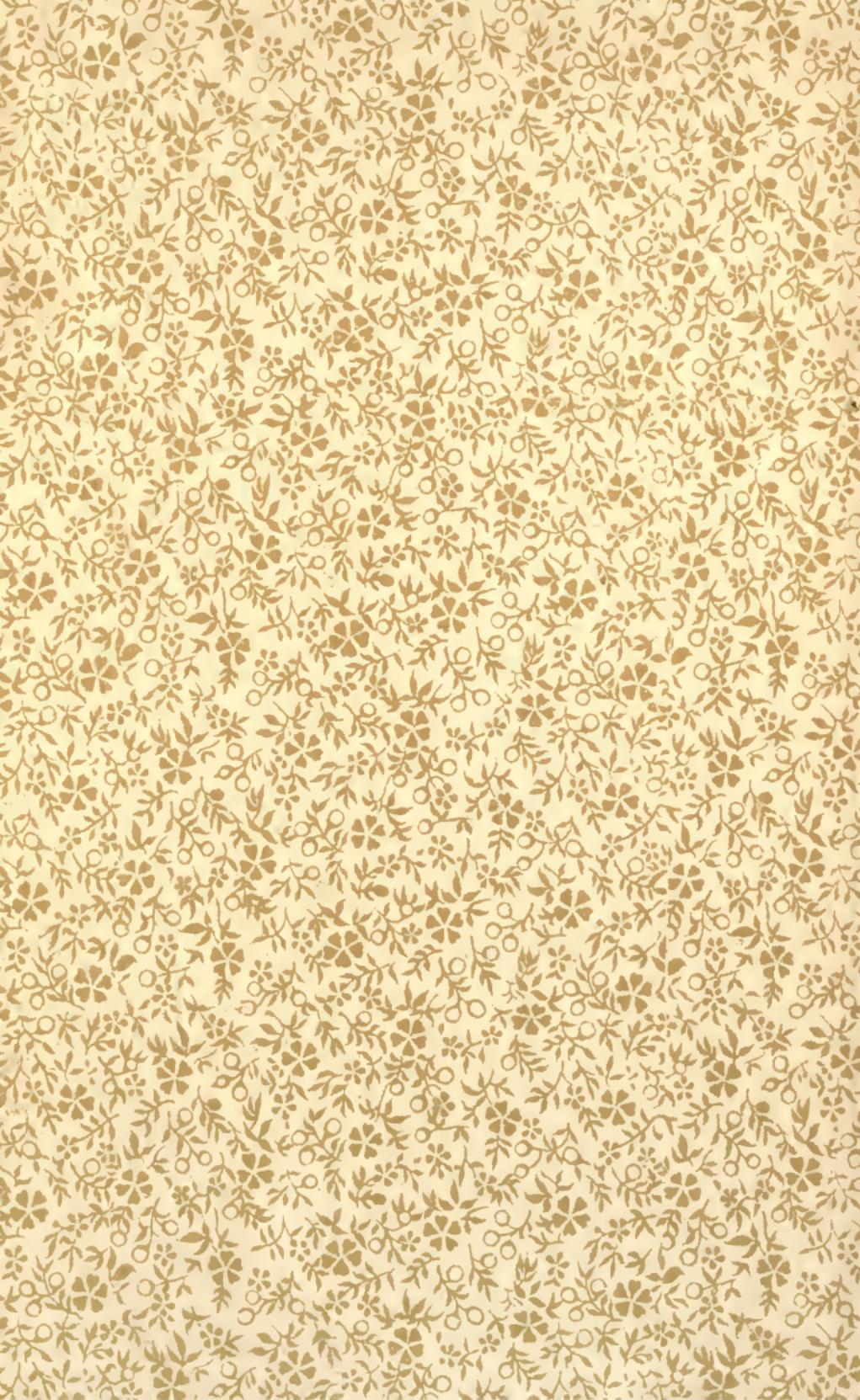
“Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
Hell, earth and sin, with ease o’ercome;  
I shout for joy, pursue my way,  
And like a bounding hart, fly home.”



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