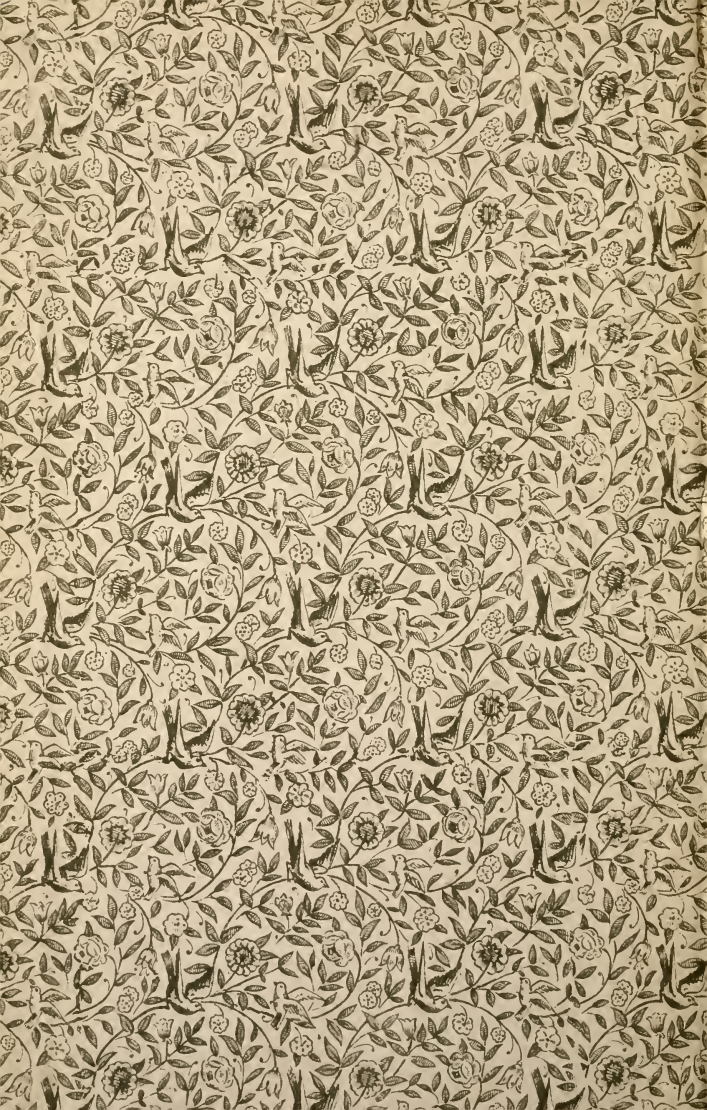

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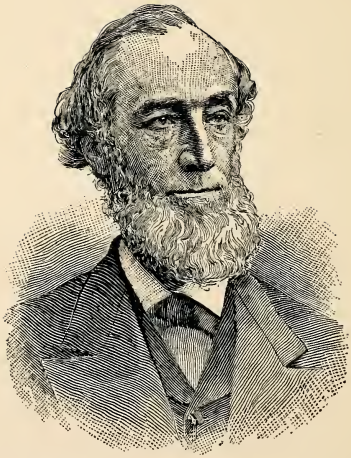

Chauncey Hobart

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MY LIFE.

FIFTY YEARS OF

ITINERANCY IN THE NORTHWEST

BY

CHAUNCEY HOBART, D. D.

RED WING:
RED WING PRINTING CO.
1885.

TO the friends whose generosity has made the publication of these Recollections possible; and to my dear wife and youngest son, who have encouraged me to believe that their perusal will strengthen the faith and inspire the hope of the reader; this book is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

RED WING, Minn., April 2, 1885.

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ERRATA.

On page 10, seventh line from top, read, *1781* instead of "1728."

On page 273, third line from top, read, *P. S. Bennett, I. M. Leihy, C. Hobart, E. Cook and E. Yocum*, instead of "I. M. Leihy, C. Hobart and H. Summers."

On page 369, ninth line from the bottom, read, *built largely with*, instead of "built with."

Recollections of My Life.

CHAPTER I.

THE name which I inherit is probably as old as the Norman conquest—and is alluded to in English history as "highly respected in the county of Norfolk for many generations before 1611,—when a baronetcy was conferred on Sir James Hobart—Knight,—Attorney-General, and of the Privy Council of Henry VII."

"Sir Henry Hobart—Knight,—Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas"—is also mentioned as a man of note in the 17th Century. Sir Miles Hobart, Member of Parliament in the stormy session of 1627-8, when he helped to hold the Speaker in the chair, while certain strong resolutions were passed, and afterwards locked the door, while they were being published,—and for which he was imprisoned.

My immediate ancestor, Edmond Hobart, emigrated from England in 1632,—made his home in Hingham near Boston in 1633—and was joined by his son Peter in 1636.

Peter Hobart was a graduate of Westminster University. He was a Puritan minister at Hingham, Eng., and with some forty of his flock emigrated and settled at Hingham, Mass.

My father, Calvin Hobart, the fifth in descent from Peter—was born in New Hampshire, May 28, 1728. My mother, Sallie Norris, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Norris, of Dorchester, N. H., was born, in Dorchester, April 1, 1785. My paternal and maternal grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolutionary war, in which each lost a brother.

My parents were married by Elijah Hedding, at the residence of the bride's father, March 12, 1809. Both being at the time members of the M. E. church. They immediately removed to St. Albans, Vt., and settled on the beautiful shore of Lake Champlain, six miles from the village. Here I was born on June 9, 1811, the youngest of twin sons, named respectively Norris and Chauncey. At the breaking out of the war of 1812, at the earnest solicitation of my grandparents, who feared an Indian foray from Canada, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, where my parents lived, they removed to the town of Essex, twenty miles in the interior.

My first recollections begin with the summer of 1813, when but little over two years old. On one occasion my mother sent me to take a sieve to her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Hazeltine, twenty-five rods distant, and had pinned a little red shawl over my head and shoulders. Just before reaching the house an old turkey gobbler, attracted by my red

costume, began to strut and gobble around me at a fearful rate. I stopped a moment—hesitating as to whether I should fight, run or cry—when my good aunt ended the difficulty by coming out, driving off my persecutor and taking me into the house.

I also remember, the following spring, of attending a quarterly meeting, held in the barn belonging to my mother's uncle, Samuel Hazeltine. During the service, myself and brother sat on the floor, and as the service was rather tedious for little folks, we began to amuse ourselves, and Norris began to talk. The presiding elder, Rev. Bromley, seeing my mother's anxiety to quiet the child and also to hear the sermon, undertook to assist her, and supposing that he could awe the little fellow into quietness, stopped, and looking at him said sternly: "Little boy, you must not talk!" Norris straightened himself back, and fixing his eyes, as black as Erebus, on the elder, said in about the same measured distinct tones: "I will talk!" At which an almost audible smile stole over the faces of the audience, while my mother took up the youngster and carried him out of doors.

Another memory of these early days is, that myself and little brother were sent to bring home a pair of shoes, left at Grandpa Stockwell's, to be repaired. As we started home we were greatly delighted to find a nice baked apple in each shoe. To suit more fastidious tastes than were ours that day, we will suppose that each apple was daintily wrapped in tissue paper, yet, as a matter of fact, I have no such recollection.

On one occasion, in September, 1814, while our parents attended a quarterly meeting at Jericho, fifteen miles away, we (Norris and myself) were left at the home of Peter Hobart during their absence. On that Sunday afternoon I very distinctly remember hearing a heavy distant sound as of thunder, and of being told by the boy and girl who had us in charge: "Hark! Do you hear? That is the cannon where they are fighting over in Plattsburg!"

My parents returned to St. Albans in the spring of 1815. For beauty and picturesqueness nothing to my mind excells the landscape as viewed from this point of the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. Two miles to the west lies Butler's Island, and a little to the left Ward's Island, each containing about two hundred acres. Two miles still further west stretches that gem of beauty known as Grand Isle. While twelve miles to the northwest through the gap between the north end of Grand Isle and the west end of Hog Island lie the clear, blue waters of the main lake.

Where the road through my father's land touched the shore from the east, ran a beautiful gravelly beach, with an irregular line of rocks along the water's edge, affording one of the most convenient and attractive places for angling. Here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, in sight of the far-off Adirondacks in the west, and the snow-capped peaks of the Green Mountains, on the east, the pleasant days of my early boyhood were passed.

From the spring of 1815, until my father started for the west in 1821, I have no recollection of a

sorrow or care, save when parental faithfulness or pedagogical prerogative held me responsible for juvenile indiscretions. My parents were in my estimation models of everything good. I thought my father the wisest, strongest and handsomest man in the world, and my mother the embodiment of all that was noble in womanhood, and I had no idea that there was anything knowable that they did not know. As they had each been teachers before their marriage, devoutly and practically religious, and were sincerely devoted to each other, I think now as then, that there are but few households which furnished more of real enjoyment than did theirs.

My father was a carpenter and joiner as well as farmer; my mother, the daughter of a New England farmer, and a model housekeeper after the models of that day; both were good singers and above their neighbors in intelligence. They were the peace-makers of the neighborhood, and in church and social life succeeded in retaining the esteem and confidence of all who knew them.

My first attendance at school was in the winter of 1816-17. My father being the teacher. Nothing unusual occurred until the winter before I was eight years old, when my father took my twin brother and myself in his sleigh to the mill in Swanton, six miles distant, and across the Missisco river, in order that we might do the milling for the future. Accordingly, the next spring I was mounted on the top of three bushels of grain thrown over the back of an old, bay mare, and rode away

to mill, walked my horse all the way there, got my grist ground and was home again before sundown, being warmly congratulated on my return by my mother as having accomplished quite a feat. The next grist was taken by my brother, and this alternation of going to mill was continued until our tenth year. I remember also that about the time of our first going to mill, a neighbor, whose son was a year older than we were, asked my mother to allow me to go to mill for her. In very clear, decided Anglo-Saxon words, yet with nothing unfriendly in look or tone, mother replied: "No; your boy is older than mine. It is bad enough to have the child go for ourselves!" On one of my milling trips, about this time, I was asked by the miller if my father and mother were dead. He affected surprise when I told him they were both living. No doubt the feat of crossing the river on a ferry with our old horse and riding the twelve miles with our sacks of grain or flour seemed to the old man quite an exploit, for two little fellows of our size and age.

During the winter that part of the lake near our home was a fine place for skating. The anchor ice would form along the shore until some two or three hundred feet wide, outside of which the ice would be as smooth as glass and twenty to thirty inches thick. On this all, from boys of ten to veterans of seventy, were in the habit of enjoying themselves in the manly art of skating. Tales of wonderful speed were common. It was said that feats of a mile a minute had been performed.

The following story I heard then, and have learned since was a fact:

During the war of 1812 the British had a fort at St. Johns at the lower end of the lake, while the Americans had one at Whitehall at the head of the lake. The forts being one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. In the winter of 1813 a number of American prisoners were kept at St. Johns. One pleasant day, the Indians obtained permission to take a prisoner out on the ice, in order to enjoy themselves at his expense, supposing it likely that he knew nothing of the art of skating, and promising that he should not escape.

Accordingly, when on the ice a good pair of skates were given to him, these he put on awkwardly, pretending he could scarcely stand, staggering slipping and falling. This the Indians enjoyed supremely. But after straining, fixing and refixing his skates, until the fit was perfect, he began to improve in gait and to get off a little distance from his tormentors going to and fro near them several times until the wary Indians were actually off their guard. Then finding himself about ten rods from the nearest of them—he struck out boldly for the Lake. Raising the war whoop his captors started in hot pursuit. Whatever of muscle or skill was possessed by either party was brought into immediate requisition. Pursuit was vain. In less than half an hour the prisoner who was an old Champlain skater was half a mile ahead. The pursuers were distanced, gave up the chase, and the escaped

prisoner in about four hours reported at Whitehall for duty.

My first summer school was in 1817, taught by Miss Jane Todd, whom I think of as wise, kind and good, and who succeeded in very sensibly managing the forty juveniles, she assisted in climbing the hill of science.

Morals and manners were a part of our daily routine. We were taught that we must go to and return from school in a quiet, orderly way. If we met any one older than ourselves, to politely step aside, the boys to take off their caps and bow, and the girls to courtesy as the stranger passed.

The work of my brother and myself about this time during our ninth and tenth years was, in the spring, to assist in sugar making, commencing about the 25th of March, and continuing until late in April. Then plowing, planting and making garden, etc., until hoeing time. After this we went into the haying; afterwards the small grain was to be harvested, and then the harvest of fruit. Most of the farmers in the fall and winter were occupied in making potash from the ashes produced in the burning of the huge logs which accumulated in clearing the land. Stock raising, especially in the line of cattle and sheep was followed to a limited extent, and in these varied pursuits we assisted.

In the spring of 1816 my grandfather, Jonas Hobart, came with his family to live with my father occupying adjoining houses. After his coming "Grandpa" took the direction in planting and hoeing. And in our busy out door life we were con-

tinually plying him with questions about the Revolutionary war: about the wound he had received in the fighting just before Burgoyne's surrender; of his brother Isaac's death at the battle of Bunker Hill; and innumerable other questions as they were suggested by childish curiosity. And I have a grateful recollection that he was always pleased to talk with us and tell us all that he knew. I said to him on one occasion, "Grandpa, if you could find the man that killed your brother Isaac, and knew, that he was the *very man* would you kill him?" His answer was "Yes!" with such an arousement of energy and flashing of eye that, to this hour, I not only hear but see the answer. It was soon after this that during the summer we were first permitted to fish; an enjoyment which we improved during the successive summers that we lived on the lake shore, and it was not unusual for us to bring home from three to a dozen fine pan fish. Black bass, pickerel, perch, shiners, bullheads, catfish, eels, and other kinds, we caught with hooks; while sturgeons, muscalunge and many other kinds the men caught with seins. I well remember finding a large pin which I bent into a hook, tied it to a short line, obtained a stick about five feet long for a pole, and dropping my line into a hole between two rocks—pulled out eleven large perch in less than twenty minutes. I was then about eight years old and carried my perch home and presented them to my mother with about as much consciousness of self-importance as had Wellington, probably, on his return from Waterloo.

The winters then, as I remember them, were long and cold. The snow often coming and hiding out of sight fences and stumps. The summers were enjoyable and full of delight. The forests and fields verdant and gay, alive with thousands of birds of every hue, who sought a northern clime in which to rear their young, and whose many notes rendered both field and forest a vast orchestra.

The social life of the community was vigorous and pleasant. The ladies had their quiltings and other parties. The men their "bees," trainings, elections and "Fourth of July." I also remember hearing of a certain class who patronized balls and dances; but of these we knew nothing definite as the people called Methodists frequented no such gatherings. Drunkenness was considered disgraceful, but moderate drinking was almost universal. Quarrelling sometimes occurred but fighting never. A man's person was deemed sacred but his reputation might be assailed with impunity. To question a man's veracity was hardly considered an offense, but to touch one's person or property was a crime which must be settled by the courts.

In my seventh year there came to me my first remembered conscious impressions of personal religious obligation. I had been taught to pray from my cradle, the "Lord's Prayer" and other petitions, by my dear mother, and I thought that all was well with me—and I have no doubt it was. At this time there came to visit us several of my mother's cousins, all warm hearted zealous Methodists, not only converted but anxious to "tell to

sinners round, what a dear Savior they had found." One of these, a young lady, took me on her knee and told me of God, of Christ, of the Savior's death and of my obligation to pray to him in secret. She also obtained from me a promise, that I would pray in secret, which promise I kept. These extra religious observances satisfied my conscience and gave me no small amount of satisfaction. We were as a family, including myself and twin brother, my brother Truman, aged four and Elizabeth K. aged two years, in the habit at this time of attending preaching, prayer and class meetings and love feasts. From these means of grace I began to acquire a correct idea of conversion and of the duties, obligations and privileges of religious life. Indeed, my impression then, was that I was doing all that the Lord required of a little boy, and enjoying about all that a little boy had a right to expect. I confidently believed that when I reached the age of ten or twelve I should be "called" in some special and satisfactory manner, and that I would then experience religion as my father and mother had experienced it, and after that, should enter fully into all those enjoyments of which I had heard others speak.

This impression of a special call before conversion arose, from the fact, that previous to their conversion to Methodism my grandfathers and grandmothers, all four of them, had been members of the Calvinistic Baptist church and that my parents were educated under that influence.

This conviction had a benificial influence on my

conduct. I was kept from profanity and from Sabbath breaking and if I found myself at any time betrayed into anger I could get no rest until I found some place to pray, and had made an humble confession, and asked forgiveness of the Lord for my sin.

When ministers and other religious people came to our house, and began to talk of their experience —their trials, conflicts and victories, I used to get as near to them as I could and listen with the greatest interest to their conversation. It seemed to me that I had some relation to them, and that when the Lord should give me the expected "call," I, too, would find all that these so joyfully narrated.

Our circuit preaching was on Friday—once in two weeks. And the preachers on the St. Albans circuit then were men of strength. Among these I remember Beman, Stratton, Covel, Bromley, Goodsell and Dunbar. All of these were men of renown afterward most of them presiding elders. And in those days and for years after to be a presiding elder was Methodistically "to be greater than a king."

CHAPTER II.

MY first camp-meeting to which I was taken by my parents, was held in Peru, New York, on the west side of Lake Champlain. The ministers present were Rev's Beman, Mitchell, Bromley and others, men of power. Instead of having an altar before the stand there was arranged a circle for prayer, out in the middle of the camp ground about one hundred feet in diameter. This circle was made by the members taking each other by the hand and all who desired to take part in the meeting or to assist their friends who were seeking salvation were permitted to enter and the exercises were kept up within, almost continuously, when there was no public preaching. In the centre of this prayer circle, and standing about twenty feet apart, were two trees. Between these trees, for about three days and nights, no one could pass without falling, losing their strength and becoming unconscious to all outward things.

This now strange phenomenon, called by some "having the power," by others "fanaticism," was regarded by the pious then, as the work of the Holy Spirit and an agency used by the Almighty, to wake up a sleeping church and community, to the great facts of revelation and religion.

The second camp-meeting which I attended, was

held in Georgia, Franklin County, Vt., in the summer of 1821, J. B. Stratton presiding elder and, I think, Rev's Covel and Dunbar, circuit preachers. There was some little friction here growing out of the fact, that the elder, who had married into a Presbyterian family, had made it the standing rule of the meeting, that all exercises should cease, and the lights be extinguished at 10 P. M." This, it was alleged, was done to please his wife's friends, who had been induced to attend the camp-meeting —it was contrary to previous usage, and Elder Bromley, who had had charge of the District, the year before, was so "tried" that he would not preach. In vain did the preachers and people urge;—he would not preach with a gag in his mouth, nor while the people were restrained in any way from the enjoyment of the largest religious liberty.

This unpleasantness was rather calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of the meeting, when at last, on Saturday evening, Elder Stratton probably to prevent a failure, said to Elder Bromley— "All the brakes are taken off" and that he, (Elder B.)—must preach on the coming Sunday at 10, A. M. I distinctly remember that my father said to me, that Sunday morning as we took our seats— (myself at the root of a tree)—"Now my son, you must hear every word, and tell me something of what the preacher said after the service!"

This quickened my attention and I remember now, after sixty-four years, that the text was Isaiah XII, containing six verses—the whole of which

was used as the text that morning. The sermon was an earnest one, and spoke of the wrath of God, the turning away of that wrath, the mighty comfort secured, and of the Water of Life drawn from the well of salvation. During the earlier part of the sermon, the tide of feeling was evidently rising, as attested by responses from every portion of the great congregation; but it was the last part, while the preacher was commenting on the sixth verse—"Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee," that interested me most; and this, it was that I repeated to my father after the service—as he inquired, what I remembered? In the earnest tone and impassioned manner of the preacher and imitating his style as nearly as I could I exclaimed: "Away with your pop gun religion!—Give us a six pounder!—A twelve pounder!—A twenty-four pounder!—The bigger the better!!"

In the earlier part of the meeting and preceding the removal of the 10 o'clock P. M. limit, perhaps on Friday evening, there was a very warm prayer meeting in progress at my father's tent, during which several were converted and some reclaimed. The meeting was going on with increasing interest when the hour of ten arrived, a few minutes after which, one of the preachers came in and reminded those present that the meeting must close, and the lights be extinguished."

This was done, much to the regret of all, and especially of my mother, but would have been borne,

probably without expostulation, had not the same preacher, with one or two others come the next morning, and said rather facetiously; "Now sisters you may shout as much as you please!" This was too much for my mother to bear, and turning to the speaker she said: "Now Brother, I am tried! I am hurt deeply at two things which you have done! Last night when the Lord was preciously near, and some of our dear neighbors were being reclaimed and others converted, you came, and insisted on closing the meeting, telling us that we must put out the lights and retire. Now this morning, when we are all busy with our breakfast, you come and say, 'Now sisters you may shout!' What would you think of us if we should begin to shout now, just because you told us we might?" This put the matter in a rather strong light and ended anything like levity on the subject, especially as my mother was known to be no shouter, though she did not object to others shouting when they felt like it.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the summer of 1814, when it was expected that the war with England would continue, several regiments had been enlisted in New England, composed principally of young men; with the intention of carrying the war into Canada the next year. But as the war closed in December, these recruits were sent to the west and stationed at different forts, along the Mississippi, Missouri and other frontier posts. They were discharged in 1819 and returned to their New England homes, bringing wondrous reports of the west. They stated, that, in Illinois and Missouri, hundreds of tons of hay could be cut for nothing; that corn grew so high, that many of the ears could not be reached by a man standing on the ground; that from eighty to one hundred bushels of corn could be raised on an acre; that the soil was more than two feet deep and inexhaustibly rich, and, that in many places you could plow a furrow six miles long without touching a stone, stump or tree. They told that the climate was mild and delightful, and that cattle could live without being fed or sheltered during the winter, in the southern part of Illinois and anywhere in Missouri.

Many of the people regarded these reports as

unreliable, exaggerated and altogether of the Munchausen school. But with my father it was different. He knew several of these men and believed their statements to be true. The consequence was, he determined to sell out, and find a home in Illinois. Accordingly he sold his house and farm for three quarter sections of land, situated in the "Military Bounty Tract." This tract lies between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and extends from the mouth of the Illinois river to near the mouth of Rock river, thence east to the Illinois. The land which he purchased all lay within Schuyler county.

Preparations for the journey were made during the summer, by gathering his harvests and turning personal property into teams, wagons and money.

In the meantime while these were being carried out, an old friend of my father's, a friend of his youth, Mr. Enock Danforth, with wife, determined to join him in his expedition to the west. To facilitate matters, Mr. Danforth and family moved into a part of our house and the friends were mutually helpful in getting ready for the long journey.

The summer passed pleasantly and on the 25th of August, 1821, teams and wagons being provided, goods packed and everything in order, we were "all aboard" about two o'clock in the afternoon and ready to start.

I well remember the occasion, about two hundred of our friends and neighbors had gathered. Friends who had known and loved my parents from childhood were there. Many tears were shed,

many kind wishes expressed, many prayers uttered and many blessings invoked.

After my father had stepped into the wagon, and had taken the reins in his hand, he stood up and made a little speech.

He expressed his appreciation of their kindness, as neighbors and friends in the years that had passed, and said, that if life and health were spared, and he should prosper he hoped in ten years to come back on a visit.

The last good-byes were said, the word was given and we started for the far west.

The first afternoon, we only made the short stage of about three miles to the Bay, where we stopped over night, with an old friend, Elijah Dunton, whom we children knew as "Uncle Lijah." The next day we reached Essex in the neighborhood of which we had lived from 1812 to 1814. From Essex we moved westward via Burlington and Vergennes. At the last point named we learned something more of a Mr. Spencer, father of Judge Spencer of Rock Island and grandfather of Rev. Spencer, of Rock River Conference. Of this gentleman my father had had some knowledge, and learned that he had started for Illinois in the early summer of 1821, two months previous. About the tenth day we arrived at the home of my uncle, Amos Hobart, who lived in the eastern part of New York. Here we rested three days, passing the Sabbath.

Proceeding westward, we passed through Utica, crossed Cayuga Lake on a long bridge, and going

through Batavia, came to Buffalo. At Buffalo we rested two days with Mr. Folsom and wife, who were old New Hampshire friends of my father and mother. This city, now one of such wealth and importance, was then but a small village.

From Buffalo we traveled along the shore of Lake Erie, over a very rough and muddy road, for many miles, immediately on the brink of a precipice, over four hundred feet deep, which constituted the shore of the lake. Towards the last of October, we reached Painesville, Ohio. Here we rested about a week with my mother's oldest brother, Benjamin Norris, Jr., a well-to-do farmer who had been there several years.

Here it was thought best, in view of the near approach of winter and the bad condition of the roads, which from freezing and thawing were nearly impassable, and as we must go through this then new and but little improved country, to find, soon, some neighborhood, where work could be obtained and living would be cheap, for the winter. For this purpose, we drove on to Hudson, Portage county, and stopped three miles west of that village, in the Darrow neighborhood. The country around here, had been settled about twenty years, and the people were generally thrifty, intelligent and pious. We were soon comfortably situated for the winter, plenty of work for my father, and a good school for us near by. The most of the people in that vicinity were Presbyterians from Connecticut, but my parents were greatly pleased to learn, that there was also a class of Methodists,

and that there was preaching in the school house once in two weeks—Billings O. Plympton, circuit preacher, and William Swayzie, presiding elder.

The school for the winter term soon opened, with Leander Sackett, teacher. And for the next four months, we little folks were about as contented and happy as it falls to the lot of most mortals to be. Father and mother, busily at work and my brothers Norris and Truman, sister Lizzie and myself going to school. Our grandparents and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, who had traveled in company with us, also found comfortable dwellings near us. The winter proved a mild and open one, so that the time passed very swiftly.

The school which we attended numbered about fifty pupils, and was of about the same grade as the one we had left in St. Albans, except that, besides the spelling book, Geography and New Testament, we here found, and for the first time saw, the English Reader.

In the course of the winter, having, as we ourselves and as our teacher supposed, developed our ability very considerably in spelling, a proposition was sent from our school to a school two miles east of us, to meet in a spelling match. To our invitation they did not respond, but in a week or so sent their teacher down to visit our school, one Friday afternoon, in time to hear the exercises of our spelling class. He was courteously received by our teacher, Mr. Sackett, and when the "first-class," of which I had the honor to be a member, was called to take its place, the book was handed

to the visiting teacher, with the request that he would give out the spelling lesson. As he took the book, Webster's old spelling book, he inquired of Mr. Sackett where the lesson was. "Anywhere you please," was the reply. The gentleman hesitated a moment, then turned, I think, to the twenty-sixth table, consisting of words in which the hard sound of ch is found, beginning with Christ, chyle, scheme, ache, &c., and he announced the first word. This word, "Christ," was spelled by the first boy, when without waiting for the giving out of another word, the class, one after another, spelled each successive word in the table of some two hundred of the most difficult words of that style. It was done promptly round and round, without any mistake or trepidation. When the last word had been spelled, the visitor, turning to Mr. Sackett, remarked: "You have given some special attention to *this* table, have you not?" "No, sir!" replied Mr. Sackett, "no more than to any other part of the book!" This was indeed true. However, we never succeeded in getting an invitation after that, to go up and spell with our visitor's school, nor in getting them to accept an invitation to come down and spell with us.

Thus for four months, our school progressed, not without the usual admixture of fun and frolic, mischief and meanness, and a fair amount of good hard study; then it was closed with a turn out of a large number of the patrons of the school to witness our closing exercises, and dismissed with kind words of commendation.

In the spring, the first Sunday school ever held in that neighborhood was organized, which, we also, for the first time attended. There was no literature extant for Sunday schools at that time; but we had our Bibles, and with these and good, pious teachers, no difficulty was found in making and keeping up an interest. Our program was: first singing, then prayer, next the Bible lesson and the recitation of verses, which we were required to memorize. Afterwards the superintendent catechised the school on the lesson studied, and closed with singing and the benediction.

At the first meeting of our new Sunday school, it was announced, that a pocket Bible would be given as a reward to the scholar, who, at the end of two months, had learned and recited the greatest number of verses, from the New Testament. Of course, this was the occasion of much excitement. Such a prize was rare, indeed, and many started in to obtain it, if possible. On the next Sabbath, I recited three chapters, and was among the foremost that day. This success added to my already fixed purpose, to earn the prize, others beside myself being equally determined to win. But on the third Sabbath there appeared a new contestant, a stranger lately come to the place, Julia Burnett, a girl of about thirteen, who repeated, on that day, for her first effort, seven chapters in Matthew's Gospel. On the following Sunday, she completed the Gospel of Matthew and recited several chapters in Mark; on the fourth Sunday, she finished Mark, and could have re-

peated nearly all of Luke, had her teacher had sufficient time to hear her. This settled the matter; she walked through the Gospels, and finished the New Testament. She took the prize, obtaining the much desired pocket Bible, bound in red morocco, all the rest of us having thrown up our hats, and retired from the contest, long before the expiration of the two months. What the subsequent history of Julia Burnett was, I never knew, but she excelled in her ability to memorize any one of her age whom I have ever known.

My father's intention, when he stopped in Ohio, in the fall of 1821, was to move on in the early spring. But in March, 1822, he was attacked with a slow debilitating fever,which continued until past-midsummer and prevented our going forward until the latter part of August. This delay discouraged Mr. Danforth, who concluded to go no further west but to find a home in that part of Ohio where we had wintered. During our stay in Hudson, my father had learned that an uncle of his, William Hobart, had settled in that part of Ohio, a few years before, and that his home was some twenty miles away, and made it convenient to visit him. He found that his uncle was dead, that his sons were scattered and that his daughter Prudence was the only one of his uncle's family left there. She had married a Mr. Taylor. Her second son William Hobart Taylor, then just twenty-one years old, was at home with her and agreed to accompany my father to Illinois. But in consequence of his continued poor health we

did not leave Hudson until the first of September. Then we were all in readiness, and started again with two teams, one driven by my father, the other, containing my grandparents and Miss Ruth Powers their granddaughter, was driven by our cousin, W. H Taylor. The country over which we traveled was new, and the roads rough and heavy. Roots and stumps were abundant and corduroy roads, of indefinite length continuous. Our route lay from Hudson, through Medina and parallel with Lake Erie, leaving Sandusky, twenty miles to the right, thence to Columbus, and then on to Dayton, where we turned south, and went to Cincinnati, where an uncle of my mother, Andrew Norris, had settled a few years before. We stopped in Cincinnati two days with a son of Uncle Andrew and then drove out twelve miles and stayed four days with Uncle Andrew Norris. On our arrival at the home of this uncle, who had had no intimation of our coming, we were welcomed with a heartiness that I now recall very vividly. This visit was to our relations a most pleasant surprise, and a source of much joy. I remember our Aunt Norris, clasping my mother in her arms, then holding her off, clasping her closely again, and exclaiming "Why this is Ben's Sally!"

While resting in this friendly home we assisted in gathering in the apple harvest. Before leaving, on Monday morning, we were well supplied with tubs and sacks full of fine apples, which we enjoyed during the remainder of our journey, and

which were the last apples that we tasted for about nine years, or until we raised them ourselves on the prairies of Illinois.

Our next drive was to Brookville in Indiana where we spent the night. After this, for ten nights and days we were in a densely wooded country without any regular roads, only such as travelers and frontier-men had improvised for their own immediate necessity. Neither was there any inn or place of shelter, so that we were obliged to camp out. This was a novel experience. There was no difficulty in finding a good camping place under the great beech trees and the beds of dry leaves that had been accumulating for years, but the trouble was to find good water. Hence every brook was noted as the spot in which to camp, and except on two occasions, we succeeded in finding camps well supplied with water, and in these instances we gathered an aromatic herb, known as spice brush, and knowing that the water was bad, boiled it and made spice brush tea to drink.

Around these camping places, on the bark of the smooth beech trees, we found registered the names of many travelers, who had preceded us—with the date of their advent there, and the place from whence they came and where they were going. With special delight my father found the names of our friends, the Spencer's from Vergennes, who had taken the same route about a year previous.

These ten days were especially wearisome and full of hardships. They served however, to de-

velop one feature of American character, the ability to accomodate one's self to his environment.

These days of toil brought us to Terre Haute, where we crossed the Wabash river, and entering Illinois we drove to Colonel Austin's, near where Paris has since been built. His home was situated on the eastern border of that wonderful plat of fertility and beauty. "The Grand Prairie." This was the first prairie that we had seen in its natural state, and it is no exaggeration to say that in those lovely October days the sight to us was a grand one far beyond our expectations. We had looked to find "a prairie where a furrow could be plowed six miles long without striking stump, tree or stone," but here we beheld a prairie where a furrow one hundred miles long might have been plowed without the least obstruction.

We had come to a halt at this spot late at night. Early the next morning, long before day light my father was up and had walked out a mile or two. After taking a good view of the country around he returned and informed us all, with much delight, that if there were a more beautiful country or one more promising on earth or in heaven, he would like to see it!

At this point we laid in "provisions for man and beast" for four days, as it was more than one hundred miles to the next house.

Setting out again we drove on about twenty-eight miles and camped for the night at a small grove on the head waters of the "Okaw." We proceeded forward the second and third days stop-

ping only to camp. This we were obliged to do at "the Groves," as in crossing the prairie these were the only places where wood and water could be found. As we approached these they looked in the distance like islands in an ocean of wavy grass, beautiful beyond description.

On the morning of the fourth day at about 10 o'clock we came to a place where a few poles had been laid across the road, and a row of stakes ran off angling to the right, and on a board fastened to a stake were these words, "Twelve miles to Steven's."

Not having learned yet the language of cross poles and angling stakes, instead of following the "stakes," as we should, we drove round the poles and followed the trail. This trail which we kept, was in fact the track of a lost Dr. Somebody, who had been the first to cross the prairie about four months before, and had been lost, as had been the travelers who followed him.

This error led us about twenty-five miles out of our way, and was the hardest experience of our journey so far, nothing for ourselves or horses to eat, a road through slashes, creeks and mud. We camped at night not knowing where we were nor when we should get through. However, we started on the next day and reached Mr. Steven's about noon, glad enough to find food and shelter.

Mr. Stevens lived about three miles west of the present site of the city of Decatur. His nearest neighbor on the east being Colonel Austin, whom

we had left, and on the west Colonel Rogers who lived twenty-five miles distant.

Here we remained three days to recruit, and the following Monday morning moved on, reaching the Colonel Rogers settlement that night. The next morning we drove on, crossing the Sangamon leaving Springfield several miles to the south and camped at the head of "Clary's grove," and the following day crossed "Richland creek" and kept the road on the south side of the grove as far as Harrison's at the head of the creek. We then set out for "Job's settlement" sixteen miles west across the prairie, hoping to get there before dark.

In this, however, we were disappointed, as night overtook us when about half way across. To add to our trouble it began to rain, so that we could not see the road, and the only way to keep the trail, was for W. H. Taylor to pull of his boots and follow the path in his "stocking feet," guided by the sense of feeling. This was done, and by about 10 o'clock P. M. we came to Mr. Archibald Job's, and were comfortably housed for the night. This settlement consisted of four families, Thomas and David Blair, Arch. Job and Jacob White.

The next day a drive of twelve miles brought us to the cabin of Timothy Harris, living at the foot of the Illinois Bluffs, and six miles east of the Illinois river. Here was the Ultima Thule of settlement.

Beyond this or west of it, except a deserted cabin at Downing's Landing, (now Beardstown) there was not a shanty that side of the Rocky Mountains,

and north of it, not a resident nearer than Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Harris' cabin was about twelve feet square, and was already occupied by himself, a Mr. Brown, Ephram Eggleston, wife and six children. But stop there we must, and stop we did. To add to the novelty and strangeness of this situation there were about three hundred Potawatamie Indians camped along the creek just above the house. These with about as many dogs as there were people swarmed out to greet the new-comers, giving us a noisy welcome, and appearing as much astonished as if we were an embassy just arrived from the moon.

That night the floor of the little cabin was actually covered with beds, and these only accommodated about half of the company. The other half finding shelter in the wagons. To add to the embarrassment of the crowded situation, the second day after our arrival Mr Nathan Eels, wife and seven children made their appearance at the cabin door.

Two things now demanded immediate attention. First, bread— something must be had to eat! Secondly, shelter—a place must be made ready to live in!

To meet the first necessity we gathered about twenty bushels of corn and shelled it.

My mother took one of our teams and with my brother Norris went back sixty miles to where there was a horse mill to get it ground.

While mother was gone on this expedition all

hands turned out to cut and haul logs to build cabins for the coming winter.

It happened that in getting the corn ground mother had succeeded better than father could have done had he taken it to the mill. When she arrived there were enough there waiting who had come before her to keep the miller busy for three days. But because she was a woman and had come so far, the generous hearted Illinoisians kindly waived their claim and allowed her to have her grist ground immediataly. On the fourth day she returned safely with her wagon load of meal, and found a kind of double log cabin well advanced towards completion. In another day or two the cabins were ready for occupancy.

Floors, made of basswood puncheons hewed; doors, and roof made of shakes, called boards, four feet long six to eight inches wide and half an inch thick, split with a froe, from white, black and burr oak.

The process was to find a tall straight grained oak, three or four feet through, saw it into blocks four feet long, split it into bolts, and then "rive" it into boards. An experienced man could make boards enough in a day to cover a house, if the timber was good.

The house being built we moved in, after which things were soon arranged so as to be comfortable for the winter.

After this my father and Mr. Eels took the latters' oldest son Nathan, and myself and went back to Clary's grove, forty or fifty miles to buy grain for

the winter and coming summer. Here we found a job of gathering corn on the shares—one third for harvesting. We took twenty acres, which gave us about three hundred bushels for our share, as the team belonged to my father. Taking a wagon load to mill we returned with a supply of meal for the winter. The next thing was for my father to make a trip across the river to see the land he had bought. He was much pleased with the country; but not quite so well with his purchase, so far as the quarter section which he saw was concerned—it being heavily timbered and hilly.

Still he determined to move over as soon as possible. For this preparations must be made. Accordingly he went back to the older settlements and traded a wagon, watch, etc. for a yoke of oxen, plough, chain, two cows and seven hogs. Another trip back to the settlement secured enough of meal and corn to last until mid-summer.

All things being in readiness, goods packed and teams harnessed, on the 22d of February, 1823 we vacated the first cabin built and which we had occupied about three months, drove six miles to the Illinois river, and staid with Mr. Eggleston, who had lately moved into the deserted cabin at Downing's Landing. Here we were feasted on honey, taken from "bee trees" found in the neighborhood. The next morning, the 23d, we crossed the river on the ice. We proceeded up the river three miles when we crossed the bottom, drove up the bluff and stopped to cook and eat our dinner. While here we noticed bees flying around in

various directions. With a little effort a bee tree was soon found, cut down, and the honey secured. A drive of ten miles then brought us to the prairie, we found a camp of basswood puncheons, which had been made a week before by two young men, Orris McCartney and Samuel Gooch, and in this we stopped.

These young men had brought three hundred head of hogs from the neighborhood of Jacksonville to fatten them on the "mast," (nuts and acorns) which was abundant.

In three days we had a log cabin ready to occupy, and were soon settled in it. This being necessarily hastily completed, my father, W. H. Taylor and S. Gooch, who had joined us, proceeded to build a more substantial house for our family about sixty rods west of the first house. This for three years was our home; while the first cabin built, after being made more comfortable, was occupied by my grandparents and their granddaughter, Miss Ruth Powers, who crossed the river about two weeks after us.

This location was on the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section sixteen town two north of range one west, of the fourth principal meridian, school land, open for settlement.

And we began to feel that our wanderings of eighteen months were ended.

On the second day after our arrival, and while still in camp and the men busy in building, we were visited by about one hundred Indians, (Kickapoos) who were returning from their southern

winter hunt, and had camped just across the prairie, about a mile south of us, this being one of their favorite camping grounds in their semi-annual migrations north and south. Their summer village and corn fields were at the head of Henderson river, seventy miles north, just where the village of Henderson has been since built.

These Kickapoos gave us their idea of aristocratic rank by saying:—"A Potawatamie lives on the river, rides in a canoe, and eats muskrats and mud-turtles; while a Kickapoo, lives on the high lands, rides on horse back, and eats venison."

The Indians were very friendly with us from the first. They called my father "Postonie," or Boston man, to distinguish him from the men from the south, whom they called, Chemo-co-mon, or long knife. These people were around us more or less every day while they were in camp, and many of them were present and witnessed our exit from camp to cabin.

When we had time to look about us, we found that our new home was located on a beautiful prairie, extending only about one mile east, but running off west and northwest indefinitely. Fortunately, too, we had chosen a healthy situation, with no local causes of sickness in the vicinity. The springs of which we drank, ran north into Sugar Creek. One mile south, similar springs ran south into Crane Creek; and two miles west, the waters ran southwest into Crooked Creek. Had my father been a western frontier-man, he could scarcely have found a place in all respects more desirable.

Game was abundant, bears, panthers, wolves, lynxes, wildcats, foxes, raccoons, 'possums, minks and muskrats were plenty and were heard and seen in all directions. Deer, turkeys, prairie hens and quails swarmed in thousands. And what was not so pleasant, the snake family was fully and numerously represented. Those most to be dreaded, were yellow rattle-snakes, prairie rattle-snakes, copper-heads and moccasins—the last the most feared and venomous of all.

But our father was no hunter, and he never killed either a deer or turkey, although they many times came very near the house.

Spring soon came, and all who could work were busy in preparing to plant as extensively and as early as possible. As the wild prairie land in that latitude produces but little the first year, we cleared and planted fifteen acres of timber land, besides, breaking twenty-five acres of prairie. From the timber land we had a yield of one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and from the breaking a fair crop of corn, pumpkins, melons and turnips.

Mr. Eggleston, whom we left at Downing's Landing, moved over with the help of our team about the first of April, and settled about a mile west of us. As the river was very high the family came up four miles to the "upper landing," where they were met by my father and myself. We camped in the bottom all night, and in the morning the horses were turned out to eat the fresh grass which was abundant. After eating breakfast, I was dis-

patched to bring up the horses, which had wandered off about fifty rods.

When I came to where they were feeding, my attention was attracted by a steady, dull, buzzing noise, which seemed to proceed from a spot near them. Approaching with great caution I discovered a huge rattlesnake coiled on a large moss covered log, giving notice to all intruders not to come too near. I had yet to learn that a snake could not rise from the ground in its attempt to strike an enemy, but supposed they could actually jump several feet. Hence, in order to be safe, I procured a dry pawpaw pole about twenty feet long. Coming within reach I struck him so as to break my pole, and knock him from the log. Venturing a little nearer I multiplied my blows, and soon had the pleasure of fully bruising the serpent's head. This was the first yellow rattlesnake I had seen, and he measured over four feet.

This was the beginning of a war of extermination, by me, on this enemy of our race, and which eventuated in the lessening the numbers of the rattle-snake family, copper-heads and vipers thrown in, by probably a thousand.

The third cabin built in the settlement was by Mr. Eggleston, on the southwest quarter of section sixteen.

The next settlers were Samuel and James Turner, from St. Clair county, Ill. They came in quest of health, having lived in the American bottom until they two were all who were left of the entire family, and they had suffered with chills and

fevers until life was almost a burden. And these gentlemen built the fourth house. They never occupied their house, as intended. They returned to St. Clair county with the expectation of coming back in the spring to stay, but in this they were disappointed, as James sickened and died in the summer of 1824, and Samuel returned alone in the spring of 1825.

About the last of June, 1823, my mother and myself were taken violently ill with what we then called billious fever. Physicians were out of the question; there were none within a hundred miles. My parents, however, had considerable skill themselves as nurses, knew something of the use of ordinary medical remedies, with several of which we were provided; and they had in addition brave, trustful hearts and quite an amount of good common sense. My father's treatment of the patients was successful, and in about two weeks I began to recover, and mother shortly after.

During our sickness, our Indian friends were down from their village on their summer hunt, and camped near our house, and of course came to visit us. We had been greatly annoyed by the injury of our garden by deer, whose depredations were committed in the night. Knowing the skill of the Indians in detecting trails, my father took two of our Indian visitors into the garden, and pointed out to them the damage done. The two men walked through the garden looking carefully at the tracks, consulted together a moment, and then said: "There are two; one has gone north, the other east," point-

ing in the different directions. Mounting their ponies they rode away in the directions indicated, and in less than an hour each had returned with a deer. This ended the poaching on the garden.

The day following, the head of the clan, a sub-chief called Be-kik-a-nin-ee, came bringing a deer just killed. After selling us one quarter, he carefully took out the tenderloin, and presented it to my father, saying: "It for sick squaw." He directed that it should be well boiled, and some of the soup made from it given to my mother, remarking in a plaintive way: "May-be she get well." This Indian had been in the British army, and had been wounded in the battle of the river Raisin. This accounted for his being able to speak English.

I may say here that the following fall while my father was in the woods, bee hunting, and about three miles from home, he met our old friend Be-kik-a-nin-ee on horseback, hunting deer. As soon as they came in sight of each other, the Indian wheeled his pony and came dashing up rapidly, jumped off and saluted him, by extending both hands and exclaiming: "How-te-too! How-te-too! How-te-too!" He then asked: "Keene-squaw-Nepoo?" (Did your wife die?)

"No," replied my father; "she is nearly well."

"Yeep! Yeep! Yeep!" he shouted, "Me go see her." And mounting his pony he laid whip for our house, which he reached on a quick run. When he saw my mother up and busy around the house, this manly fellow appeared as much pleased as if he were conscious of some relationship between them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fall of 1823, following my mother's recovery, was one of special religious anxiety with her. It had been her earnest prayer, ever since leaving Vermont, that the Lord would enable the family in that new country to maintain a true, religious life. Now she began to plead still more earnestly, that there might also be public worship in the settlement, and an acknowledgment of God in the neighborhood. To this end she saw that a preacher must be sent, and a preaching place established, and for this she prayed.

Late in the afternoon of a day in the early November, while busy as she was wont to be, in her household care, a stranger knocked at the door. Before my mother there stood a tall, straight, gaunt man. He was clad in well worn Kentucky jeans, deer skin moccasins, coon skin cap and a rifle in his hand.

A few moments' conversation gave to my mother the information that he was a Methodist local preacher, that his name was Levin Green, that he and his family, with his brother-in-law, George Stewart and family, were camped on Dutchman's creek, sixteen miles above on the Illinois river, that he was looking for a settlement, and that he

and Mr. Stewart would proceed at once to put up a house for winter.

Judge of my mother's delight and surprise at this direct answer to her prayers. Here was the preacher—and she quickly had it all arranged, and an appointment for preaching in my father's log cabin was given out for the next Sunday. In her eighty-ninth year my dear mother would joyfully tell of this circumstance—of God's goodness and faithfulness, as the hearer and answerer of prayer—and of her anxiety then, that her boys should not grow up without the public means of grace; and of Levin Green's preaching and the good influence resulting therefrom.

The arrangements for settling his family were soon made. They had traveled by canoe from below St. Louis, and with the assistance of my father's team and our united help, they were brought safely from our landing, (Fredericksburgh). The two families were accommodated for the winter, in the house built by the Turners.

On that first Sabbath in November, 1823, the whole settlement of thirty souls turned out, and we had a warm, earnest, pointed sermon. This was the first sermon preached west of the Illinois river. I well remember, that my heart was much moved under that sermon and that when, after it, he began to sing: "There is a fountain filled with blood," and to pass around shaking hands with all in the house, I ran out of doors fearing that my emotions would overcome me, should I remain.

Another appointment was made for preaching

in two weeks, and thereafter was regularly continued.

Levin Green belonged to that remarkable class of men, so well known on the frontier line of advancing civilization, previous to the advent of steam, as pioneers. Born where the howl of the wolf and the war-whoop of the savage were well-known sounds; accustomed to supplying the larder from the chase, and to eating bread made of meal manufactured by the "hominy mortar" or hand mill; men, whose perceptive faculties were keenly developed, by the new and strange surroundings of their exposed lives, and whose resources, mental and physical, were by the very exigencies pressing upon them, nearly always equal to the demand.

Our preacher, Levin Green, sprang from an ancestry which had been on the frontier from the settling of Maryland and Virginia. He had stopped for a time in Kentucky; then on to southern Illinois; and thence to Missouri, leaving that state on its becoming slave territory; he now sought a home on the frontier of western Illinois.

He could barely read intelligently, having had no literary or scholastic opportunities, but his natural ability, to memorize and to use what little he had acquired, was above the average. It made but little difference to him that the "King's English" was murdered, in almost every sentence, he did not know it; and but few of his hearers were any wiser than he.

To him, God, eternity, death, the resurrection,

the judgment, Heaven and hell, were vivid and solemn realities. In many of his discourses, he spoke as if these were actually present, being seen and felt by him.

CHAPTER V.

BEE hunting, by which the settlers obtained marketable honey and bees-wax which when taken to St. Louis could be traded for tea, sugar and other necessaries, was largely pursued, and it was the only way of obtaining supplies.

Money was not to be had. There was none, absolutely *none*, in the country.

Mr. Eggleston and my father went into partnership in this business, while another firm was formed by the three unmarried men, McCartney, Gooch and Beard, the latter afterwards became the proprietor of Beardstown. This firm sent, that fall, twenty-seven barrels of honey and several thousand pounds of bees-wax to market.

Bees were then so abundant that it was no unusual thing to find ten swarms in a day, and sixteen had been found. The yield of honey varied from one quart to thirty-six gallons per tree.

In the spring of 1824 our settlement was still further and very pleasantly increased by the moving over of Mr. Nathan Eels and family.

This, my brothers, my sister and myself, considered a most fortunate addition, as Mr. Eels' family included six boys and two girls. We now numbered with those already named as settlers, and

Mr. Thomas McKee and Willis O'Neal, the two last were about six miles south of us, all told, ten families in the Hobart settlement.

On their annual winter hunt, the Indians, who occupied their camping ground one mile south of us, were frequent visitors. One day our old friend Be-kik-a-nin-ee called and stated, that the next day he intended to bring over his two wives on a visit to my mother. And the following day they came in good season, arrayed in their very best style—paints, brooches, broadcloth and calico. As Be-kik-a-nin-ee talked some English and we had learned a little Indian, we could and did keep up quite a conversation.

In the course of the visit mother inquired of the chief, which of his wives he loved the best.

This was a poser, and brought a very serious expression to his face. The squaws meanwhile looking on and listening with evident interest.

The husband of these two wives, however, proved himself equal to the occasion.

He looked at them fixedly a moment, then turning to my mother said with a solemnity of manner that was quite impressive: "They are both good, very good; they chop wood, dress the skins, cook the meat and build the wigwam; that one, (the oldest) very good to take care of pappoose; that one, pointing to the other, very good, too; she work, but she tee-hee-hee too much."

Before leaving for the hunt, Be-kik-a-nin-ee brought some sacks of dried corn and beans, and asked to leave them in our loft or attic, until his

return in the spring. Permission was readily granted and they were carried up the ladder and carefully stored away.

On the return of the band in the spring, we were first made aware of their arrival by seeing their horses turned out on the prairie. The day following Be-kik-a-nin-ee, with others came to our house to inquire about the sacks which he had left. Father told him they were all right, and sent me up to hand them down. The Indian received them with evident satisfaction; took them out into the lane and placing them down in a pile, while the other Indians formed a circle around them, he made the following speech:

"There," said he, "you said last fall, when I left these sacks of corn and beans here, that I would never see them again; that 'Postonie's' pappooses would eat them all up. I told you that they would not. Now you see they have not touched them. You have eaten your corn and beans all up, and you have none; I left mine here and now I have plenty."

"Yeep! Yeep! Yeep!" said he as he swung his arm over his head and uttered his exclamations of triumph.

The result of this was that the next fall, our loft was packed with more than fifty sacks: the corn and beans of most of the band. This practice of voluntary storage, and trust in my father's honor, was continued until the tribe removed to the Indian Territory.

In the fall of 1823 a school was opened in the

settlement, and W. H Taylor employed as teacher. This was the first school west of the Illinois river, We had about this time among us a young man, Isaac M. Rouse, a famous turkey hunter. He boarded with us and at my mother's suggestion he would; on almost any day, after an absence of an hour, bring in two or three fine turkeys. So that, during his stay with us, we fared sumptuously.

Accessions to the settlement were now becoming numerous.

David E. and Thomas Blair, Jacob White, William, Jeol and Riggs Pennington, John Reeves, Samuel and Manlove Horney, J. D. Manlove and others came. These attracted their relatives and friends, and soon arrivals were no longer a novelty.

A ferry was established at Downing's landing, by Thomas Beard & Co., and the name was changed to Beardstown.

In the meantime Cupid had been busy at his old trade in the hearts of Mr. Samuel Gooch and my cousin Miss Ruth Powers, and in due time, our first wedding, in what is now Schuyler Co., was solemnized by Rev. Levin Green.

About the same time a new wonder arrived. In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Eggleston, a baby was born, and this little girl was the first white child born in Schuyler county.

In the spring of 1824, my father organized and superintended the first Sunday school in the county. It numbered about fifteen members, and had a salutary influence in the community.

It has been stated by another chronicler of these early days, that the first Sunday school in Schuyler, was organized by David Manlove; this is a mistake, as at this time D. Manlove had not yet come into that part of the country. So that whenever credit appertains to the organization of the first Sunday school in Schuyler Co., belongs to Calvin Hobart, my honored father.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the time of which I am now about to speak, I was in my thirteenth year. From our first coming west, I had been conscious of what I cannot better describe than by calling it a hunger for knowledge. This wide world, that was lying all about me; its great rivers and mountains, its millions of people, its kings and countries. What were they? Who were they? How did they acquire power? What was the history of all these things?

These and a thousand other questions clamoring for an answer within me, led me to devour our own limited assortment of books and to long for more.

It had been my practice, to call upon each family so soon as they moved into the neighborhood, and to borrow all the books they posessed, which I had not already read. This I continued to do until 1826, when up to that time, I believe, I had read every book which had been brought into the county.

This primitive "circulating library" although it had many dificiencies, was in many respects of great advantage to me. It however led me off, into too great an extreme in some directions, while, in others, it left me in ignorance of many things

which I needed to know. On the whole, it largely increased my world of thought, and improved my stock of knowledge.

Pilgrim's Progress, I read in my tenth year as a veritable history, and thought, when Christian and Faithful had been imprisoned by Giant Despair, and almost murdered—and, then after, when Christian said, "I have a key in my bosom, which will unlock any door:"—"What a simpleton! It would be no great matter if you were killed, when you knew you had a key to let you out and didn't use it!"

Weem's Marion, I almost knew by heart, so also his life of Washington, Goldsmith's histories of Greece, Rome and England were devoured. A fine work on Heathen mythology, was much enjoyed. Guthrie's Geography of fifteen hundred pages, only stimulated my appetite for more of the same definite information, and which was gratified soon after, by the perusal of a still larger work combining Geography and History, borrowed from Squire Davis.

The last named work gave me the best idea of the political changes in Europe, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, that I think I have ever had. Lorenzo Dow's Cosmopolite, bound with Peggy Dow's vicissitudes, gave me much pleasure. The burning zeal of Dow, and the fervent piety of Peggy, made impressions upon my heart and life that have not and never will be erased. Many times, while reading, I was blinded by the tears which I could not keep from flowing. An increasing earnestness in prayer and desire to have my life right in

the sight of the Lord, were the beneficial results produced.

During the summers, thunder storms were frequent, and of great severity. Though I did not like to acknowledge it, I had a great dread of them. So to protect myself, I had a habit on these occasions of taking my Bible, and sitting down as closely as possible by my dear mother's side and reading until the storm was over; thinking that if killed with lightning while reading God's Word, it would be bettter with me than otherwise, and also that God would, if I were so employed, be less likely to permit the lightning to injure me.

In my thirteenth and fourteenth years my religious convictions were deep, and my heart tender. Thoughts of eternity, Heaven and hell, so impressed me that I could find relief only in secret prayer, then the burden would for a time be lifted; many a night, during these years, I have lain awake weeping and praying until my pillow was wet with my tears.

And yet through all this, such was my pride, or sensitiveness, bashfulness or cowardice, or all combined, that I would not permit any one to speak to me on the subject of personal religion, without in some way antagonizing it. Nor did I let any one know during those years what my real feelings were.

This condition, which was known only to myself, and which, it ought to have been overcome, either by admonition, or consciousness of duty, was an occason of loss, and deprived me of the

great privilege of serving God in my boyhood, with an assurance then that I was His child redeemed by the blood of the Son of God.

I feel on reviewing the past, as if I had by a strange willfulness, or obstinacy or bashfulness, cheated myself of, at least five years of earnest religious life.

To meet the growing necessities of our growing settlement, father had built a band mill, a primitive affair, driven by horse power, which would grind two or three bushels of corn an hour.

This was of much benefit to the neighborhood, though it proved of but little pecuniary advantage to its owner. Before its construction, we had been dependent on hominy mortars, tin graters or hand mills, for our bread. This was the first mill in the county, and my father the first millwright.

His next enterprise was in company with two other men, to get out a raft of logs. These were cut along the Illinois river. Upon the raft were placed several thousand staves—intended for the St. Louis market. In April they were taken down and sold, which sale procured a supply of goods and groceries for the season.

During these years, had the opportunity been afforded, my brother Norris and myself would have become expert hunters, the game was so very abundant. As it was, we took the barrel out of an old musket stock—(Queen's Arms') and tied in, an old rifle barrel, brought up by the Turners—improvised a pair of bullet molds, and with this

unsightly affair, furnished a plentiful supply of prairie chickens.

In the spring of 1824 we enlarged the farm by breaking about thirty acres and putting the whole, into corn and oats.

The crops were good and food abundant, but there was no cash value for anything. Corn was, in trade, valued at five cents a bushel, oats so plenty that there was nobody to buy. Good cows with calves, eight dollars in trade, and every thing else cheap in proportion.

We procured our amunition by hunting racoons and foxes, and selling their skins at St. Louis. This for my brother and myself was fine sport, and at it we became quite successful.

Father, during the winter and spring, was mostly occupied, either by working at his trade in Beardstown, rafting, hunting bees, or disposing of the results of his labor at St. Louis; while the enlarging of the farm, plowing, hoeing, etc., was done by my twin brother and myself, under the supervision of our mother.

Before the sickly season came, my father returned home, as it had been ascertained that but few could remain on the river during June and July without running the risk of being taken down with some form of bilious disease, usually chills, shaking ague or bilious fever.

Father's return home, was joyfully hailed by us all, but by no one, I fancied, more than by myself.

There had been from my earliest recollection a feeling of companionship between my dear father

and myself which was to me a source of great delight. From the fact that I had always been larger and stouter than my twin brother, I had been usually the one selected to go with him when help was needed; and so had come to be depended on, in our early boyhood, when the work required of us was expected to be done.

In my father's absence, I was "the miller" at the band mill, so his coming home during the winter released me from this duty, and was improved by Norris and myself in trapping quails and rabbits, and in preparing flax for spinning. Another occupation, at that time, was in assisting mother in her part of the labor of preparing material for the clothing of the family.

This consisted in preparing the flax, carding the tow, helping to put in the web, and an occasional hour at the spinning wheel, at which, I must confess I was, in my own estimation, an awkward hand. But we were brought up to be industriously occupied, and to contribute, so far as we were able, to the welfare and comfort of the family. Even our recreations, and of these we had an abundance, and all that our childhood and growing years demanded, were to be made conducive to our own and others' advantage.

We knew almost nothing of fun and nonsense, which means too often a getting rid of time, because we were little folks. And to habits of industry, acquired in youth, and to some proper valuation of the importance of time, I am indebted for whatever I have been able to accomplish in

after years, that has been of service to others, and satisfaction to myself. The associations of these days of boyhood and early youth were in some sense peculiar. Around us mingled two tides, or essentially different types of life. The New England, or Puritan, called Yankee, and the Southorn. The latter, especially, were of that class, who, from their abhorrence of slavery, sought a home free from its influences.

The Yankee, with his characteristics of thrift, shrewdness and enterprise, regarded the person of another as sacred. His differences, if settled at all, must be settled by law. He could talk, scold, or even quarrel, but never did he think of defending his rights *vi et armis.*

The Southorn, with his generosity and hospitality, thought nothing sacred except his reputation and his word. He never questioned a man's veracity, unless he intended to fight him the next moment; nor did he allow his own word to be disputed by any one, without like Roderick Dhu, setling that matter on the spot.

Growing out of these differing peculiarities, the settlers in our community were formed, ere long, into two social circles; the one composed of Yankees of strictly moral and religious habits; the other given to various excesses, among which were drinking, gambling, dancing, &c. Hence our associates were selected from the families of the religious, and were, in the main, free from vicious habits. To this, which must be attributed to the sterling integrity of our parents, I owe it, that I

was preserved from the vices, which ruin so many young lives, and lead so rapidly to their destruction.

Now, in my seventy-fourth year, I take pleasure in recording that, through the grace of God and the avoidance of contaminating influences in youth and early manhood, I have the pleasure of looking back on a life of social purity—not stained or marred by dancing, swearing, drinking or gambling. From all these evil practices, which swarmed around our young settlement, my life has been free.

To me, as I regard it, this experience is full of encouragement to parents and guardians, who in humble dependence upon God and the promises of His holy word, are adding to their example, their own earnest faithful efforts to train their children in the fear of the Lord. As is the sowing, so is the reaping, and this is eminently applicable to parents who permit their children to form vicious habits, or who allow them to mingle with improper associates in their youth. Children taught obedience to parental law, are prepared to render obedience to the laws of God and man, and they only are likely to have a prosperous and useful life.

In the fall of 1825, my father sold the farm on which we had lived two years, and from which we had gathered three harvests, and then estimated to be the best farm in the county. At the same time he purchased the southeast quarter of seventeen, and immediately adjoining it on the east, the im-

provements on the southwest quarter of sixteen, first settled by Mr. Eggleston.

We now began to enlarge the farm on sixteen and also to open and build on seventeen. Pushing matters as rapidly as possible, in the spring of 1826, we moved on to section seventeen. At the same time we arranged for my grandparents, who had for some time, indeed, since the marriage of their granddaughter, Ruth Powers, to Mr. Gooch, lived with them, hereafter to make their home with us.

We also commenced to build a horse mill, to be run by a forty-four foot wheel. To do this it was necessary to manufacture the mill-stones from boulders in the neighborhood. This was done during the winter, and the only "smith's" shop where tools could be repaired was six miles south of us. It was therefore necessary that my brother and myself should travel this distance every other day, to keep the tools in repair. This we did on foot, not a house on the way. On these trips, which were mostly through the forest, it was no uncommon thing to see hundreds of turkeys, and scores of deer, while wolves, foxes and smaller game abounded. A fall of snow would often reveal the fact that all our former calculations of their plentifulness was an under-estimate.

The following spring, immigration increased largely, and new settlers arrived in swarms.

In August Rev. Wm. See, then stationed on the Peoria circuit, which extended a hundred miles along the east side of the Illinois river, came on

an exploring expedition across to the west side, down by way of Lewiston to my father's house. In some way, notice had been received of his coming, and a two days' meeting had been appointed.

Quite a number of Methodist people were now in the settlement, and a church was on this occasion organized of over twenty members. All joined by letter except W. H. Taylor, who united on probation, and was converted a few days afterwards. This was the first conversion in the county, and I think the first west of the Illinois river.

In the spring of 1827, my father moved his buildings from his first location on section seventeen to the west side where there was a fine spring of water, and more desirable surroundings. The house which he then built, and which he occupied while he lived, was built of logs. It was forty-five feet long, and contained three apartments. The east room was occupied by my grandparents, and the middle one was our parlor and guest chamber.

The mill, on which we had been working, was started in the spring and was of great value to the adjoining country, as an inducement to hundreds to settle. It was also a financial success. People living at a distance of forty and sixty miles came with corn and wheat to be ground; for to its other conveniences was added a "bolt," turned by hand, as wheat was now raised in abundance.

Our house, which had been the preaching place from the time of the first sermon by Levin Green, was now the regular place for preaching by the circuit preachers, who came once in three weeks;

the intervening Sabbath's service being held in the same place by Levin Green and others.

One beautiful Sunday in August, after a searching sermon by Levin Green, when the congregation had all dispersed, a young man named Joseph Reno, remained seated in the back part of the room. My mother observing him, with his face buried in his hands, spoke to him, when with trembling voice and flowing tears he said: "Aunt Sally, I want you and Uncle Calvin to pray for me." These were the names by which my parents were known througout that part of the country. Young Reno's request was immediately complied with. Earnest prayer commenced, not only for his conversion, but for a general reformation in the neighborhood. This was the beginning of one of the most sweeping revivals I have known. It continued for over two years; spread through all the settlement, and hundreds were converted.

During the meetings of those two years, the cries of seekers, the prayers of Christians, and the songs and exultant shouts of the converted might have been heard at a great distance. Nearly all who were converted, united with the church and were steadfast, proving the genuineness of their conversion by upright lives, or glorious and triumphant deaths.

During these stirring times, my own religious life was to me then, and is to me still, an unsolved enigma. My heart was in the work—I was pleased to see it prosper. I was in the habit of attending all the meetings, and when I saw a "sinner" begin

to tremble, and endeavor to hide his tears, I would quietly slip around to some of the "brethren" and ask them to go and talk to such and such a one. Then I would watch while these were being led to the mourner's bench, observing them with the keenest interest, and finally when they had struggled through and were converted, I was almost as ready to shout as the converts themselves. And yet I did not yield, nor confess to any one that I wanted to be a Christian, though keeping up all the time in secret a form of prayer.

My brother Norris became an earnest seeker for many months, but refusing to join the church when he knew that it was his duty to do so, he did not find the blessing which he sought.

Our first quarterly meeting in Schuyler county was held in 1827, by the renowned Peter Cartwright, at the house of Levin Green. At this quarterly meeting occurred the first baptism in the county, and we now considered the Methodist Episcopal church as established in the county. The first class organized by William See, at our house, had now grown into three classes. Regular circuit preaching, first by Rev. William Medford and then by Asa D. West, the present circuit preacher, and our settlement a regular appointment on the Atlas circuit. And of all those who rejoiced in this progress of the church and spread of the truth, there was not one so delighted as my dear mother.

In the fall of 1827, I accompanied my father to St. Louis. We went down the river in a skiff,

camping out and shooting geese and ducks in abundance. The day after our arrival, father went down to Carmi, about a hundred miles further on, to attend to some business matters, leaving me for several days in the city with friends. While there, I soon fell in with a lad of about my own age, and together we took a job of cleaning out a keel-boat, and taking care of it while it was being loaded for the Missouri river fur trade, earning about two dollars apiece. While engaged in this work, one day, the steamboat, "America," the best then on the river, came in from Pittsburg, and landed immediately below our keel-boat. At night we built a large fire on the shore, around which soon gathered ten or a dozen lads of about our own age. When there, enjoying ourselves, we were startled by a splash in the water and the sight of a man just disappearing under the guards of the boat, and sinking in water about fifty feet deep, where was a perpendicular lime-stone bank. The largest boy of the company, and who happened to be nearest to the river, rushed down and fortunately caught the man by his clothes and pulled him out. Dripping, and as we soon found drunk, as well, we helped him to the fire. While the poor, unfortunate was there warming and drying himself, he said to his rescuer in a hiccoughing way, for his plunge had not quite sobered him: "I am very much obliged to you, my young friend, for pulling me out of the river." "Yes, I guess you are, or ought to be," returned the boy. "If I had not caught you just as I did, I expect you would have

been in hell now, and the old devil would have had you on a big pitchfork, and would have been roasting you." To this sentiment, the wretched man appeared to assent, while the company of boys around the fire, by their seriousness and gravity seemed to appreciate the point.

On my father's return we made a fine sail up the river, making thirty miles the first day.

On this trip when near the mouth of the Illinois, father shot an immense grey eagle, measuring between seven and eight feet from tip to tip.

About this time he also bought for my brother and me, our first rifles. My earnings in boat cleaning while in St. Louis procured the ammunition, and we felt, that at last, we were well equiped for hunting.

Thus prepared, we took good heed that whatever time could be spared that winter and afterwards from caring for stock and our usual winter work, should be devoted to hunting. We looked mostly for turkeys, raccoons, foxes and similar game, and of these we killed a great many, and considered ourselves quite expert hunters.

On one afternon, when we had each killed a turkey and were nearing home, just about dark, we saw a large owl fly into the dense top of a lofty elm tree. "Stop!" said my brother, who stood ready to discharge his gun. "Let me shoot him!"

Instantly he fired into the tree top, when to our surprise down fell the owl, shot as centrally as if Norris had known just where he sat, when the fact was, it was too dark to see anything clearly.

A good opportunity was, this winter, afforded us of exercising our skill as marksmen. We were then wintering a herd of cattle in the Illinois bottom, and were in the habit of salting them every two weeks. During that season I killed fifty-five turkeys, six being the largest number killed in any one day.

In the spring of 1828 Norris and I told father that he might consider himself excused hereafter from farm work; that he might employ himself as he thought fit and that we would attend to the stock and the work.

This agreement, which gratified father very much, was faithfully adhered to by us as long as the family remained unbroken, and was a helpful arrangement to all. The next spring we were early at work, putting in the crop and enlarging the farm. We pushed business so far ahead, that we also found time to attend school three months during the summer.

But in order to do this, and keep everything up, it was necessary to plow and hoe from four until eight in the morning, and from five until eight in the evening. This we considered no burden and accomplished it with satisfaction, glad of an opportunity for self improvement, and literary culture.

In July I was attacked with the ague, and had seventy-two shakes in seventy-two days. This reduced my strength very much and released me for a time from labor.

But nobody on this account thought me entitled

to much sympathy or attention, nor considered that I was very sick.

It was only the "ager"—which everybody had, and which would end when frost came, which I found that it did to my great relief. The next fall I made a very pleasant trip to St. Louis with my father, in a large canoe or pirogue, and which trip resulted in making me somewhat skilled as a waterman.

In the fall and winter of twenty-eight and twenty-nine, A. W. Dorsey taught the school in our neighborhood which I then attended.

From Mr Dorsey I first heard of Abraham Lincoln, who had been one of his pupils the previous winter.

Mr. Dorsey remembered young Lincoln kindly, spoke of him frequently, and would say, "Abraham Lincoln is one of the noblest boys I ever knew and is certain to become noted if he lives."

I might be permitted to add here, although it may be considered to savor of egotism, that Mr. Dorsey also spoke of my resemblance to Lincoln on several occasions. He would sometimes flatter my vanity, by saying, "that he would be greatly mistaken if Chauncey Hobart and Abraham Lincoln would not each be heard from in this world," after a while. The July following, both of my brothers were laid aside with the ague.

This sickness of theirs, afforded me an opportunity for a playful retaliation of their boyish pranks on me the previous year, when I had been

similarly laid aside from work. Then when too feeble to run, they would amuse themselves by throwing squashes or other missiles at me, just to laugh at my awkwardness—in trying to avoid them.

But I was merciful in my fun at their expense, as I could appreciate their feelings, from my own, the year before, and preferred to do what I could to make their confinement endurable, rather than miserable.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT the first of May 1831, the community was startled with the announcement that the Indians, at and near Rock Island, under the leadership of their chief Black Hawk, were threatening the destruction of the whites in that vicinity; that the few regulars at Fort Armstrong, were unable to bring them to order; and that a brigade of mounted volunteer riflemen, was to be raised, and marched immediately to the scene of action. This news was soon followed by the Governor's Proclamation and call for men.

As soon as the call was issued I, announced my determination to go, as a volunteer. To this father at first was rather unwilling to assent, but when the time came, he not only consented that both my brother Norris and myself should go, but indeed felt strongly inclined to accompany us himself.

Our company of one hundred men was organized, by electing Hart Fellows captain, Wm. C. Ralls first lieutenant, and all the other officers.

Governor Joe Duncan took command, and, as our county lay immediately on the line of march to Rock Island, we were ordered to wait until the

brigade came, when we (Captain Fellows Co.) were made part of the "Fourth regiment, Illinois volunteers," fifteen hundred strong.

We marched in four columns, the baggage train keeping the road, and two regiments on either side. Ours being the extreme left.

To most of the men this going to war was a time of rare frolic and nonsense. To us frontier boys, accustomed, as we had been, "to roughing it," most of the time, and to all kinds of wind and weather, the camping out in blankets under the stars, and marching through heavy rains, were not considered hardships; we vastly enjoyed it; we thought it was royal fun.

Guards and scouts, however, were regularly detailed, as if there was danger near; but nothing occurred to interrupt the jollity of the march to Rock Island, not even the occasional mishaps of some luckless wight, as when a stumbling or skittish horse would throw his rider, or some such accident. The catching of the "runaway" and the adjustment of the traps again, would serve but to increase the merriment.

On our fourth night out, we were camped on the prairie, on the north side of Pope river, about thirty miles from Black Hawk's village on Rock river. During that day our scouts had captured and brought in two Indians who pretended to be Potawatamies, but who were in reality sent out by Black Hawk as spies, to ascertain the strength of the army approaching him. This started the report that there was a large body of Indians near us,

and that we might expect an attack that night. This some believed, but the most of the boys regarded it as a ruse to try their temper, and laughed at it as a joke. Sure enough, about ten o'clock at night, the whole army was aroused by the firing of the guard, and the order was given to form in line immediately. Those of us who were expecting this, or something like it, regarded it as a false alarm to test the grit of the men, and, of course, we stood ready, firm and calm. A few, however, were terribly frightened, and felt inclined to show the white feather, so that after all, the false alarm, which it proved to be, answered the purpose for which it was gotten up, admirably.

The next day, when about half way to the Indian village, we were met by one of Gen. Gaines' staff officers, and were ordered to turn to the left, and camp on the Mississippi, about ten miles below Black Hawk's village. This was thought wise and politic, as it brought our army in full view of the Indians, and gave them an idea of our strength, and allowed them to leave in their canoes for the west side of the Mississippi, if they would, and so avoid bloodshed.

The following morning, as we marched up toward the village, Gen. Gaines left Fort Armstrong and came down towards the same point with his artillery, and opened fire, not on the village but on the hiding places of the Indians round about. This plan succeeded admirably, and the Indians took to their canoes and left. Our brigade then crossed Rock river by ford and ferry in one of the

most drenching rain storms, and camped that night, in the deserted bark huts of the town (Black Hawk's village.) After destroying the corn fields we burned the village and then camped three miles above, where the city of Rock Island now stands. Word was soon afterwards sent to Black Hawk to come in and make a treaty. But this he refused to do, until told that "the wild men," (our brigade) would be sent after him if he did not. He then came in, and after several days were spent in parleying, he agreed that the Indians should not come on the east side of the Mississippi river, more than two at a time, unless they were permitted by the Indian agent. This ended our first campaign in the Black Hawk war, having been in the service about thirty days.

Black Hawk's village was the largest Indian town in the west. It is supposed to be the place where, during the British war, Tecumseh had assembled all the western Indians and united them against the Americans. The band of which Black Hawk was chief, was composed of Sacs and Foxes, and was known as the British band.

It is well known that when the northern part of Illinois was bought from the Indians, Black Hawk did not attend the treaty; would not and did not agree to sell, and refused to leave. But as all the tribe, except this one clan had sold, his stubbornness was not considered worthy of much attention. And so, when the settlers began to get near him again, he was as hostile as he dared to be, acting as if they were trespassers on his rights. On an

occasion of this kind, Gen. Gaines told him that if he did not behave, he would send the soldiers from the fort to make him. At this, Black Hawk scornfully dared him to execute his threat, saying menacingly: "If you do, I will make my squaws whip your regulars and run them back to the fort!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SOON after our return home, father engaged to assist our neighbor, Mr. Chadsey, in erecting and starting a saw mill, which the latter was building on Sugar creek, near the Illinois bottom. This was well known to be an unhealthy place. The sickly season was coming on, and we felt much anxiety as to his health, while thus occupied, knowing that he was remaining there on this work at the peril of his life. But because of the warm friendship existing between Mr. Chadsey and himself, the desire of the people to have a saw-mill started, his own need of lumber to finish a barn he had commenced building, and with a feeling, too, of security against the unwholesomeness of the location, as he had not been sick a single day since coming into the State, my father disregarded our warnings and fears, and remained at work until August, having then completed the mill.

On his return home he was feeble and restless, and did not seem like his cheery self. Mother became at once alarmed, and anxious, and commenced the use of all the remedies of which she knew, to nurse him back to health and strength. But her efforts were in vain. In a short time his

symptoms developed into a serious attack of bilious fever.

The best physicians in the county were sent for, and all that skill could do, was done. Sympathiz ing friends by the hundreds were at hand, to do all that their kindness and good will could prompt. Probably there was scarcely a man in the county who had not been in some way helped and benefited by my father. This fact seemed at this time of our sorrow to unite the whole community in an effort to lighten our burden, and to prevent, if possible the dreaded result. But it came. Nothing checked or seemed to modify the disease which had attacked him. It held on steadily to its relentless grasp, until about six o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of August, when the great brave heart stood still.

The mortal struggle ended, and the true noble soul, joined the unnumbered hosts of the glorified. He was hid from our sight: had entered that world where there is "no more death, and where sorrow and sighing are unknown." But he left us so lonely. He had only reached the age of fifty years, and, had always been so strong and vigorous. Of my father it may be truly said that, for moral integrity he has had few equals. He loved what ever was true, and just, and right, above everything else, and he hated the false, and the mean, with equal intensity. This phase of his character was the only occasion of an unkind feeling toward him so far as I have known.

What he thought wrong he denounced, honestly

and fearlessly, in friends or enemies. And what he believed to be right, he unflinchingly upheld and approved, decidedly.

No one mistook his position or needed to be in doubt as to where he stood on all moral questions.

So that on this part of the battle field of life, a grander fight than his was never fought.

More than fifty years have passed since that sad hour, when he was taken from our home and life, and in these years my opportunities for observing character have been many and varied; yet as a man and a citizen of elevated tone and principle, and of unswerving adherance to what he believed to be right, he is still my model.

In his early Christian life, my father felt called to preach. This he shrank from, as involving, he thought, too many and too great responsibilities.

On the birth of his twin sons, however, he solemnly dedicated them to the Lord, entreating Him to accept them for the work of the ministry in his place.

My dear, honored, much loved father! Our reunion, and companionship will in due time be consummated, and its unmeasured joy will be the counterpart of my unutterable sorrow at our parting.

This sad event changed, probably, the entire course of my own, and brother's lives—all our plans were altered.

It had been our purpose, when we came of age, to go to Texas, which was then a foreign country, and struggling for its independence. And we had

determined, when there, if energy and daring could win us honor or position to make these our own.

But now we could not think of leaving mother, and the two younger children. Duty said, our place was to care for these, and so far as we might, to fill together a father's place to those he had left.

CHAPTER IX.

THE winter, following our great loss, was spent by us in getting in logs and sawing lumber, in order to complete the barn which father had begun.

In the spring we had but just finished getting in the crop, when the whole country was again startled by a call for a brigade of mounted volunteer riflemen to repulse the invasion of Black Hawk, who had crossed the Mississippi, fifteen hundred strong, and was marching up Rock river to the terror of the frontier settlements.

To this call of Governor Reynolds, a quick response was made. Rushville, the county seat of Schuyler county, and two miles and a half from our home, was made the place of rendezvous.

There the brigade was organized by electing Samuel Whiteside, general. Schuyler county furnished two companies. Samuel Hollingsworth was captain of the Rushville company.

It was agreed between my brother and myself that I should volunteer, and he would remain at home to look after the family. I was elected corporal of Capt. Hollingworth's company. In four days we reached our first objective point, Oquakee.

We were then ordered to an island in Rock river, where was the village which we had destroyed the year before.

We remained on this island five days until supplies arrived and then a battalion of infantry composed of regulars and volunteers was formed. Our supplies were mostly placed on board a keel-boat of which this battalion took charge, and we (Whiteside's brigade) were ordered up Rock river, in pursuit of Black Hawk and his band.

General Atkinson, who commanded the expedition, remained with the infantry and keel-boat, while General Whiteside was expected to keep in communication with the party on the river.

This was too slow work for our boys on horseback, and Whiteside determined to dash on to "Dixon's" ferry a hundred miles further up, although we had but three days rations with us.

This point was reached on the third day; and we found Major Stillman, who had been there about four days, with two hundred and seventy-five men.

These, being an independent battalion, they were ordered by Gov. Reynolds to proceed up Rock river as a scouting party, and learn what they could of the whereabouts of Black Hawk.

Stillman left the next morning taking his baggage train and provisions along, while our brigade was obliged to wait for the keel-boat for supplies.

In the mean time our rations ran short and no help could be had until the infantry came up with them.

The few hogs and cattle which the settlement of half a dozen families afforded were soon exhausted, and we were living on less than half rations, having really out ran our orders. About two o'clock on the third morning after Major Stillman had left, we were startled by the report of a straggler from Stillman's battalion stating that there had been a desperate fight with Black Hawk, and that Stillman and all his men with the exception of two or three were killed. And that the Indians, fifteen thousand strong, would be upon us before daylight.

This aroused the camp. The men were sent to bring in the horses—many of them miles away.

Our scanty breakfast was hastily eaten, and by sunrise we were two miles out on the prairie.

During the march up Rock river to the battle field, we met squads of Stillman's men who were perfectly demoralized, and saying we would find Indians by the thousands just ahead of us.

When we had proceeded about twenty miles we came upon the indications of the fight: dead horses, blankets, guns and other articles which had been dropped in the flight. And before we had reached Stillman's camp we had found the bodies of ten white men, and two Indians who had been killed. These we buried, and then camped on the battle field.

We soon learned the particulars of the scrimmage of the day before, and found that Black Hawk had vacated his camp and fled up the river to parts unknown. Our want of provisions prevented our following him, and we returned to Dixon.

Here we waited two days, when our supplies arrived.

As our brigade had been called out for only ninety days, and as war was now a certainty, Governor Reynolds issued a proclamation for three brigades of mounted volunteers for six months to rendezvous at Ottowa.

In the meantime Gen'l Whiteside was ordered to proceed up Rock river and Sycamore Creek, cross the big prairie to Fox river, and protect the frontier as much as possible until the other brigades should be organized. This was done, and on our meeting the brigades at Ottowa we were mustered out of service, and returned home.

My brother Norris then volunteered, and spent the summer scouting along the frontier settlements between the Mississippi and Illinois rivers.

In December, 1833, my mother was married to Joshua Ticknor, Esq. As the two younger children went with mother to the home of Mr. Ticknor, my brother and I were left to run the farm by ourselves.

CHAPTER X.

THE year following this event was filled up with farm work, also by my brother's going to New Orleans on a flat boat, and by my teaching a three months, school.

It was in the November of this year that there occurred that remarkable meteoric display, which has made memorable November thirteenth, 1833. On that wonderful occasion almost any point of the heavens on which the eye was fixed appeared as a centre from which the "stars" were shooting in all directions, and this continued from midnight until daylight.

People were generally much alarmed. Horns were blown here and there to arouse the people. Many thought the day of judgement had come, and the end of all things was at hand. Others took this wonderful phenomenon as obtusely as a neighbor of mine who said, he thought that was the way the stars went out every morning.

With myself and brother Truman, as we observed it together, it was a matter of intense curiosity and interest, but without, to me, any feelings of alarm.

I had been for some time previous to the events

already narrated, captain of a militia company, and being widely and favorably known throughout the country, my social and political prospects were rather flattering, having already held several offices of public trust.

We had kept a large tent in order, on the camp ground, for mother, for several years, in which we had frequently entertained at a dinner as many as sixty persons. And yet in all these years although keeping up the habit of reading my Bible and of secret prayer, I had in no way committed myself outwardly to a religious life.

In the latter part of February 1834 I had attended a protracted meeting at Rushville, which had for some time previously been in progress under the conduct of Rev. Wm. C. Stribbling of Jacksonville, Illinois, and T. N. Ralston and Peter R. Borein, the two last, being the preachers on the Rushville circuit. This meeting was held in the Rushville Court House.

Sunday, February twenty-fifth, had been spent by myself and a party of young ladies and gentlemen in sleigh riding. We had come to Rushville, intending to attend church in the evening and ride home at night.

Accordingly we went to church. In a moment, almost, after the text was announced, I found myself intensely interested in the discourse that followed. Every thought was given to the subject treated. The text was from Rev. VI., 17: "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" The divisions of the sermon

were: First, "Days of God's wrath;" second, "Great days of God's wrath;" third, "Greatest day of God's greatest wrath."

The speaker was Wm. C. Stribbling. A tall spare man, with long face, large mouth and swarthy complexion.

This awful theme was then in the hands of a master, and seldom has its presentation on that evening, been equaled.

The parting heavens, the descending Judge, the angelic host, the arch-angelic shout, the resurrection trump, the rising dead, the triumph of the redeemed, and the wailing of the lost—were all brought before us, as in living reality.

None, I think, seemed unmoved, while many cried aloud in terror, and agony.

This discourse was followed by a powerful exhortation from Bro. Ralston, and then by an overwhelming pathetic and tender invitation to seekers, given by Bro. Borein. The sermon had stirred me mightily; the exhortation and invitation had deepened conviction until I was nearly on the point of yielding and going forward to the mourner's bench, determining almost to seek God then and there; but just at this moment a good brother, Ayers, a neighbor of mine, came to persuade me to *go forward*. This aroused my old, troublesome spirit of antagonism, and I refused to go, refused to commit myself.

At the close of the meeting, however, and as I went out of the house, a terrible fearfulness seized me; an awful dread lest the day of grace had passed,

and that the door of mercy had been closed against me forever. I seemed to see, that if it were not already too late, this was God's last call to me. And from all my subsequent history I have every reason to believe that this was really so. I wept and prayed all the way home, and although it was a great cross to me, went and asked Bro. Ayers to come in and pray with me. My dear mother, who had returned home with me, also prayed for me most earnestly. For three days and nights my soul was in agony and distress, unutterable, indescribable; I read my Bible and prayed almost continually. I attended the meeting the next evening, and contrary to all my former habits of taking a seat where I should not be observed or spoken to, I then took my place in the very front seat, and on the bench to which mourners would be invited. I knelt with these, prayed, sought, wrestled and used every means of grace within my knowledge. At the end of these three days the keenness of my agony passed away, and I was conscious of a little hope; but I was unwilling to accept this as conversion.

On Monday night, February 26th, I joined the church as a seeker, thus committing myself publicly, and as fully as possible, to the cause of Christ.

The protracted meeting ended; but still, as a seeker, I attended all the prayer and class-meetings within reach, as well as the preaching on the circuit, and the private means of grace.

In the meantime Bro. Borein had appointed a two days' meeting in MacDonough county, (a point

on our circuit,) to be held the tenth and eleventh of March. This appointment was fifteen miles away. The day before the meeting commenced, Bro. Wm. H. Taylor came and spent the night with me, and insisted on my going to the two days' meeting with him the next day. We talked together until a late hour that night. He understood my condition much better than I did, and among other things he told me that I must immediately begin to discharge duty by confessing Christ in public; that I must speak in the love-feast the next morning, at the meeting, and go right forward in the discharge of every public and private religious duty, leaving results with God. We went on, and the following morning he handed me, at the house of Bro. Jackson, where we had stayed in MacDonough, the Bible, telling me to lead in family prayer. This I did not dare to refuse; so, taking the book, did the best that I could, but with much shrinking. At the love-feast I told the people in a broken sort of way, what my convictions and purposes were, and that I had determined to serve God. When, to my astonishment, on taking my seat, there came over me, and into my heart, a calm, sweet peace, and a consciousness that God was reconciled and that I was accepted of him such as I had not known before. He became mine and I was His. This was the great event of my life; "old things had passed away, and indeed all things had become new," and from henceforth my one work was to serve God.

On my return home, I erected the family altar, which has been a tower of strength and of comfort

to me from that day to this, and has never fallen down.

My family, at this time, consisted of my aged grandmother, ninety-three years old; my sister Lizzie, who assisted in caring for our grandmother, and my youngest brother, Truman, who was attending school and living with me.

On the fifteenth of the following April, 1834, I was married to Miss Betsey C. Ticknor, eldest daughter of Joshua Ticknor, Esq., my stepfather. We made a happy household. Life, which, since the death of my father, and the marriage of my mother, had seemed desolate and often dreary, became full of the old time cheer and brightness, with the added joy of the Lord now in my soul.

In May, my brother, Norris, returned from New Orleans, with health much impaired, and in the following August he was happily converted at a camp-meeting, held near Rushville, and united with the church; and in the following September he was married to Mary, youngest daughter of my stepfather, Joshua Ticknor, and sister of my wife. My sister, Elizabeth, and Greenburg G. Dorsey, Esq., being married at the same time and place.

In the preceding June the cholera had broken out in Rushville. Many had died, and among the first that were attacked were about twenty men who were known to be habitual drunkards. This alarmed the people, who fled from the town in great numbers; but among those who, like brave men, stood at their posts, caring for the sick and burying the dead, were Rev. John Scripps and Bro.

Borein. It was hoped that this terrible scourge would not spread beyond the village, but it did. On the fifteenth of July, my nearest neighbor and good friend, Bro. Ayers, was attacked. I sat up with him until daybreak. He died soon after.

In a few days my dear old grandmother died in her ninety-fourth year. She had survived her husband a year and a half. Her death was followed by that of father Ticknor. Here the disease seemed to stay, after having carried away about sixty persons.

So terrible was the thought of this destroyer, that it was difficult to procure help to take care of the sick, or to perform the last sad rites for the dead. In the cases of three who died in our neighborhood, I took care of them alone, and was one of four, who laid them away until the morning of the resurrection.

During these few terrible weeks our religious meetings were suspended, but with returning health they were resumed and with increased enjoyment.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the June of which I spoke in the last chapter, I had been appointed assistant class leader, and in the following September, steward. These official responsibilities were helpful by way of prompting me to duty, extending my acquaintance with the work and usages of the church, and accustoming me somewhat to public speaking and to leading in church matters.

Our preacher, on the Rushville circuit, for 1834 and 1835, was Rev. W. H. Window, a young man recently from England. Intellectually and theologically he was above mediocrity, but entirely unacquainted with our American frontier life and its peculiar usages.

My duty as steward lead me to visit the circuit extensively; and as "the table expenses" of the pastor were collected mostly in provisions, and had to be taken to the preacher's home, I was frequently at his house, and our intercourse afforded me excellent opportunities for mental improvement.

The leisure of the winter and spring was occupied in reading several theological works, and in attending the quarterly and two days' meetings on the circuit. To enable us to do this with-

out pecuniary loss, Norris and I were in the habit of plowing by moonlight, so as to gain time to attend the meetings on Saturday.

In our neighborhood "class," several of us, among whom were my brother and myself, covenanted to visit and pray, each week, with some one of our neighbors, who was unconverted. This induced quite a revival spirit, and resulted in the conversion of a number at our class and prayer meetings. In the next year, June, 1835, Norris and myself were licensed to exhort by Bro. Window, having been recommended by the class. This was unexpected by me, and caused me to hesitate long about the propriety of accepting; but after humble, earnest prayer and many tears, I reasoned about it in this way: "If these good brethren think that I ought to exercise this gift, it is my duty to do the best I can, and at least give them a chance to correct their error, if they have committed one, in appointing me." Consequently I sent out three appointments for the next three Sabbaths, leaving one Sabbath in four to spend at home. These appointments were kept up during the summer, and were sometimes seasons of great liberty and religious enjoyment; and at other times, the heavens seemed brass and the earth iron, and I was much discouraged. But I considered it important that I should make a fair trial, so that the quarterly conference, when called upon to act in my case, might not be in ignorance, in regard to me, and so went on.

Just before our fourth quarterly meeting, Bro. Window called and said that he should ask

the class to recommend me for license to preach. This I endeavored to persuade him not to do, telling him that it was altogether improper. And although I was very weary, having had an unusually hard day's work, I rode two miles in the evening, with the intention of opposing this proposed recommendation; for as I saw it, I was not competent to preach. When the matter, however, was brought up I had a strange conviction that I must not say a word. And the result was, that the brethren very cordially recommended me.

As this was what I had neither planned nor desired, nor made any calculations for, I shrank from it, oh, so much; but finally comforted myself by thinking: these good friends and kind brethren have done this for fear of hurting my feelings; when the quarterly conference comes to act on it, they will certainly see the impropriety of such a course, and will just renew my license as an exhorter, and then I will be all right.

The camp-meeting for the circuit that year was to be held at Pulaski, twenty miles from home. The membership of the circuit being about six hundred, and of the quarterly conference, over fifty. In due time (September, 1835,) the camp-meeting came on; and when my case came up in quarterly conference, I retired into a corn-field, and prayed most earnestly that God would interpose and guide in this affair, and that He would permit nothing improper or wrong to be done. Upon my return, I learned that Norris and myself had been licensed to preach, and also Bro. Granville Bond, whose case was

under consideration when I retired. Thus, almost against my own convictions, feeling myself unworthy, and but poorly qualified to assume such serious responsibilities, I was, in obedience to what I dared not doubt to be the Godly judgment of my brethren and fathers in the church and the will of God, ushered into the ranks of the great, grand army of Methodist preachers.

Our first work as local preachers, was to appoint a two days' meeting at Uncle Azel Dorsey's, twelve miles west of us. Bro. Bond, my brother and myself had to assume the responsibilities of preaching until Sunday, when we had the promise of assistance from Rev's. D. B. Carter and W. H. Taylor. We entered upon this enlarged field of work with much solicitude and many prayers. As the idea of this meeting had originated with me, it was arranged that I should preach the first sermon on Saturday, at eleven o'clock A. M. This I did as well as I could. We were looking for the promised help on Saturday, before the evening meeting, but as it did not come, my brother preached at night; and we had a time of much seriousness; the spirit of God being manifestly present. In the morning, we had a good love-feast, and Bro. Bond preached well. On Sunday morning Bros. Warner Oliver and C. J. Houts, exhorters, came; the latter speaking at three o'clock in the afternoon.

For the Sunday night meeting, the following, was our plan, I was to preach, and if I felt like it, call for mourners. If not, Brother Oliver was to exhort, and if he felt like it, he was to call for

mourners. If not, my brother Norris was to exhort, and if he felt like it, he was to call for mourners. If not, Bro. Bond was to exhort and he was to call for mourners, whether he felt like it or not. Take notice—we were four boy preachers.

At the appointed hour I preached, and then gave way to Bro. Oliver. He exhorted and then gave place to Norris. He exhorted and then ventured to call. By that time Bro. Bond could stand it no longer, and he began to exhort in another corner of the room. At the same moment I too, without previous purpose, began also to exhort in another part of the room.

The holy fire began to burn wonderfully. Seekers rushed forward to where each of us stood and knelt down at our feet,—sixteen seeking souls pleading with God. We then all knelt and prayed. There were not less than forty, supplicating, weeping, earnestly entreating, all at once, and yet there was not the slightest approach to disorder. In a short time one was converted and began to shout. Then another to praise God, and shout, "glory! glory!" until little else could be heard, but shouts and praise.

Looking up I saw uncle Azel Dorsey, who had been unable to walk without a cane for years, rushing through the house and over the benches shouting and praising at the top of his voice, without a cane or other support. While Aunt Nellie his wife, a very quiet Christian lady, was clapping her hands and praising God aloud, something she had never done before.

And well they might rejoice, two of their sons had just been joyfully converted. Before the close of that meeting thirteen united with the church. This greatly encouraged us and removed many doubts as to the life work which was opening before us.

My work as a local preacher was now fairly inaugurated. The circuit preachers this year were Wilson Pitner and W. T. Williams. There were twenty-eight appointments and about six hundred members, with ten or twelve local preachers and exhorters. My regular appointments were as in the three months previous, every fourth Sunday at Sugar creek, at Lamasters and at Astoria.

These were only interrupted by the circuit preaching, quarterly camp-meetings, and two days' meetings. The last we managed to hold about every four weeks, and with our host of warm hearted loving members, local preachers and exhorters, in attendance, they were often seasons of very great power, at which many were converted; clearly and satisfactorily saved.

Late in the fall I appointed a two days' meeting, at Sugar creek, at which point I had been exhorting and preaching for over a year. This place which had been among the most lawless, had been much benefited by the year's work and by the meeting at this time, at which my brother and Isaac Linder, an exhorter, assisted me.

This meeting was one of great power. It began with considerable interest, which grew more and more intense until sixteen were converted or re-

claimed. As the result of this meeting a class of about twenty was formed, and the place became from that time one of the regular points for circuit preaching.

Sometime in the latter part of May, our band of "local itinerants" had planned to hold a two days, meeting at old Bro. P—s, twenty miles south of me. I could not get away from my corn plowing so as to get there until late Saturday evening. When I arrived the brethern informed me that I was to preach on Sunday, at three o'clock P. M.

I decided to speak from Ezekiel XXXIII., 11, on which Scripture I had been bestowing considerable thought and study. I felt some confidence that in consequence of this, my sermon would be an improvement on my former efforts. The time came. The afternoon was sultry and hot. The house a log cabin twenty-four feet square, from which beds and furniture had been removed. There was also a wide porch on each side. Every spot was crowded full, and it was close and oppressive. After the opening exercises I took my text, "As I live, saith the Lord I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, Oh house of Israel?" My intention had been to speak principally from the clause, "Why will ye die?"

For about two minutes I said what I had planned to speak of as an introduction. Then all at once my plan, sketch and previously arranged thoughts, utterly vanished. Not a shred, or clew, or thought of them remained; and catch them I could not.

"A horror as of great darkness," came over me. I could scarcely see across the house. The room became dark. Yet there was nothing to do but to keep on talking. This I did for about fifteen minutes and then sat down, desiring nothing so much as to get out of sight of every one as fast as possible, and get into a hole somewhere. My confusion and mortification were great. I felt as if I never could try to preach again. Even now I shudder to think of the desolateness of that hour; and had it not been that an appointment for the next Sabbath was out, and there was no one else to fill it, I think it doubtful if I should ever have attempted to preach again.

This experience, painful as it was at the time, proved of lasting benefit. I learned from it, that however much the study, or thought, or human effort may be to expound God's Word, all is vain without the presence and help of the Holy Spirit in the heart. And that to reach other hearts the power must be of God.

It was with much trembling that I went to my next appointment the following Sabbath. But the Lord was with me; I climbed to the mountain top and had, by far, the best time in preaching that, up to that date I had enjoyed. This encouraged me greatly, and in humble dependence on divine power I studied and worked and kept up my appointments through the year. These experiences led me to ask in great solicitude and with deep seriousness—the absorbing, and to me

awful question, "Am I called of God to preach the Gospel?"

There was such a shrinking back from the responsibilities, which were involved in an affirmative reply, that at times the thought nearly overwhelmed me.

My own unworthiness for the sacred calling; my lack of school culture, and thorough theological training, would confront themselves in my mind with the impression from childhood that sometime, God would call me to preach; and with the remembrance of the many exhortations which as a boy I had given to sinners to come and seek the Lord, and which filled me with gladness, when only the birds and the trees were my audience.

The memory too, that I had been dedicated as a Methodist preacher, to God, from my birth, by my sainted father; my own joy in the work, and most assuring of all, the seal of His approval, which had attended my humble efforts as an exhorter and local preacher, in the conversion of many souls; all led me to ponder, again and again, the great question of my life work.

Towards the close of the year, I found my conviction of the duty of devoting myself to the preaching of the Gospel growing in strength.

In September (this was in 1836) my poor rebellious heart was led still more to yield obedience to the voice of God within me, by the death of our first born, Sarah Emiline, a lovely babe, given to us in April and left with us but four months; then she was borne to the "upper fold." The

little tabernacle, which she occupied so short a time, sleeps in the Rushville cemetery, with a little brother and sister, who also died in infancy.

All these doubts and fears and hopes as well, were finally settled by me in this way: I solemnly covenanted with the Lord, that if it was His will, made evident by the wish of the church, I would give up all opposition, and devote my life to the work of the ministry, and do, with His help, the best I could. And if, after an honest effort thus to do his will, I found that I could not succeed as a preacher, then I would return to my farm work and a Christian life of usefulness; but I was to be forever after free from the burden of a call to preach.

The mental and great bodily labor which I had undergone that summer reduced my strength and health, so that at the fourth quarterly meeting for the year, which, as usual, was held in connection with the camp-meeting, I was too feeble to be of any assistance, though I enjoyed the camp-meeting, which was an excellent one, very much; and I found myself greatly benefited by the few days rest, and the freedom from care and anxiety. At this camp and quarterly meeting, Peter Cartwright being presiding elder, I was recommended for reception on trial in the Illinois conference, together with my brother Norris, C. J. Houts and Warner Oliver.

CHAPTER XII.

THE conference this year, 1836, met at Rushville, and was held in connection with the camp-meeting for that station.

The preachers came from Green Bay, Lake Superior, St. Peter, (Minnesota) Prairie du Chien, Cairo and Shawneetown, a glorious band of heroic men.

John Clarke, Salmon Stebbins and Alfred Brunson, were leading the battle along the northern frontier. Bartholomew Weed and Henry Summers took all of Iowa, and a good share of northwest Illinois, and southwest Wisconsin in their districts. While Charles Holliday, S. H. Thompson, John Dew, John VanCleve, Asahel E. Phelps and Peter Cartwright were marshalling grandly the hosts of the Lord in their great fields.

The business sessions of the conference were held in the church in Rushville; while the public religious services and preaching were conducted at the camp-ground, a mile away.

As we had a large tent on the camp-ground and old friends by the hundreds to care for, I could see but little of the conference; save what was to be seen and enjoyed and heard, on the ground.

On Sabbath, Bishop Morris preached, and ordained the deacons at eleven o'clock A. M.; and A. Brunson gave us a rousing missionary sermon in the afternoon; after which the elders were ordained.

I learned during the Sabbath, that on the Saturday before, when the "first question" had been taken up in conference, that in answer to the inquiry, "who have been received on trial?" the record read: "Warner Oliver, John P. Richmond, Chauncey Hobart, Norris Hobart, C. J. Houts, Ahira G. Meacham, William H. Taylor, William Haney, John Jordan, David King, David Hotchkiss, John Crummer, T. W. Pope, Elijah Corrington, John C. Hamilton, Stephen Arnold, Daniel G. Cartwright, Asbury Chenowith, R. W. Clarke, John Shepard, Amos Wiley, Annis Merrill, Isaac Poole, James B. Woollard, Joshua Barnes, Arthur Bradshaw, Samuel Pillsbury, George Smith, Isaac I. Stewart and John Demorest."

The camp-meeting closed on Monday noon, and on Monday evening, Peter R. Borein, at the church, gave the missionary address on the occasion of the missionary anniversary. What John Summerfield was in the east, flaming with eloquence and holy zeal, was Peter R. Borein in the west, during the five years preceding his death. On this occasion, he began with a description of the missionary spirit, as seen in the Evangelical churches, and especially in our own church; traced this wonderful influence back to McKendree, Abbott, Asbury, Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, Knox, Latimer,

Ridley, Cranmer, Luther, Zwingli, Melanchthon, Wyckliffe, Huss and Savonarola; found it working mightily in the hearts of Augustine, Hilary, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Irenæus and Polycarp; burning in Paul and Silas, in Peter, Stephen and John; seen in matchless power in the Pentecost, and in the loving life and glorious death of the world's Redeemer. Back of this, climbing the heavens and scanning the Infinite, he found it flowing in ocean fullness, from the very heart of God. His peroration was an eloquent portrayal of its final and glorious triumph; in its grand and universal consummation, amid the apocalyptic glories of eternity.

The effect was simply overwhelming; we descended to the contemplation of earthly things again just a little, when, after singing the missionary hymn, John Clarke, missionary from Lake Superior, stated, that he had three Indian boys—George Copway, John Johnson and Peter Marksman—who had been soundly converted and who wished to spend a couple of years in school; that they could be accommodated at Ebenezer Institute, near Jacksonville, then under the supervision of Dr. Peter Akers, and all that was needed was the money to pay expenses. In response to this appeal, three thousand dollars were raised immediately.

On the next day, the appointments were read, and I found that I was set down for Rockingham circuit; Henry Summers, presiding elder. My

brother, Norris, was sent to Burlington circuit. Both appointments were in Iowa.

Rockingham was a speculators' town, long since abandoned; located on the west side of the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of Rock river. A class of sixteen had been organized at this place, by Rev. C. D. James, the previous summer. Excepting this, there was no other organization, class or appointment, on what was intended to be Rockingham circuit, and which was to include all the settlements west of the Mississippi and above the lower Iowa river; a stretch of one hundred miles on the river and as far back as the settlements extended. No church, no parsonage, no steward; not an official member, save one class-leader, and his name I did not know. To take my wife to this work was impossible; and so it was arranged that she and her sister (my brother's wife), should live together at my house, during the winter, at least, while we went to our circuits.

Our preparations were made as rapidly as possible. Outfit and saddle-bags procured, on the third of November, 1836, my brother and I, leaving our wives in tears, started for our circuits in the Black Hawk purchase, since known as the grand State of Iowa. We traveled together as far as Burlington, having spent the Sabbath at Augusta, on Skunk river, where I had preached at ten o'clock. After that we rode on to Burlington, intending to hold meeting there that evening, but we found a Bro. Shelton, an exhorter, who was filling an appointment of his own. This was the

principal point on my brother's work. The next morning we parted, he starting westward, and I north, in company with Bro. Shelton, for Rockingham. Our route lay along the Mississippi; we followed the trail under the bluff, where, in some places, it was made passable for wagons and in others difficult even for horsemen. I spent the first night with Bro. Swank. The next day I rode on and in two and a half days reached Rockingham, in a drenching rain, and was kindly received by Bro. Davenport, the class-leader.

Once on the ground, the next thing to do was to learn the extent and population of my field of labor. Leaving an appointment here, for the next Sabbath, I proceeded to the town of Davenport, five miles above. There I gave out another appointment for Sabbath, at three o'clock P. M., and rode up the river and stopped with a good Bro. Herald. The next day I rode eight miles further on and left an appointment at Father Spencer's for two o'clock P. M., Tuesday, and rode back to Father Davenport's. Here I found Rev. Daniel G. Cartwright, who had been appointed to the Iowa mission. This would bring Bro. Cartwright and myself to occupy, in part, the same ground. This mistake had arisen from the fact that Rev. Peter Cartwright, when at Burlington, having learned that there was unoccupied ground above Burlington circuit, had organized for this, the Iowa mission; while Rev. A. Brunson, having learned, when at Rock Island, the same facts, had organized the Rockingham circuit, and preachers had been sent

to each. Bro. Cartwright preached for me at Rockingham and then went with me up to Davenport, where I preached. In the evening, Bro. Shelton held forth at Rockingham, and I left an appointment there to be filled in two weeks.

It was arranged, in view of the mistake which had been made by the elders, that Bro. Cartwright should take the country south of Pine river for his circuit and I all north of it for mine. This division was continued until spring, when all north of the Iowa river was given to me. The week was occupied in hunting up members and professors, and in filling the appointment at Father Spencer's, who, by the way, was a brother of my father's old friend of that name, from Vermont.

On one of these rides, in going along an Indian trail, I met a man hunting his horses, who, when questioned about preaching places and religious people, excitedly replied, that he did his own preaching. When asked if his neighbors did the same, he gruffly made answer: "They do." I soon learned that he was one of those wicked, swearing, reckless men, who, without any pretense, even, to that claim, like to call themselves Universalists; one of the kind that always gets mad at the sight or thought of anything looking to a religious effort. Riding on I dined with a young man of the name of Hubbard and left with him an appointment for preaching in two weeks, Wednesday, at eleven A. M. Three miles on, I left another appointment, at the house of the father of young Mr. Hubbard, for the same Wednesday at candle lighting. These

two points were a few miles above the present city of Le Claire. I then rode five miles further and spent the night with a Mr. Pineo, who, I desire to say, would accept nothing in the morning as compensation for my entertainment, which in those days and in that country, was something rather unusual.

The next morning a ten mile ride brought me to Brophy's Ferry, on the Wapisipinecan. Here I learned that there were but three houses above this point for the next twenty miles, and only one of these occupied by a married man. As Brophy, the ferryman, was a bachelor, there were four houses, containing four men and one woman, in a stretch of thirty miles. This information ended my search for preaching places in that direction.

I then took an Indian trail for Rock Island, and reached Davenport, after a hard ride, crossing many bogs, creeks, sloughs and marshes of a doleful character, and spent that night with Bro. Cook, below Davenport. This excellent brother, now Judge Cook, is still living at the same place, a good man and true.

Thursday, I went down the Mississippi to learn how frequently, and where, I could preach in that direction. I had heard of an old Bro. Campbell, who lived three miles below Clarke's ferry, and I thought to stay that night with him. Accordingly I rode up to his cabin door a little before sundown. Being somewhat bashful, about announcing myself a Methodist preacher, I simply inquired for entertainment. The old gentleman

replied in a hesitating way that he did not make a business of entertaining travelers; adding that at a house a mile back, I could probably be accomodated. Lingering a moment, after this reply, and seeing that he had evidently made up his mind in the matter, I rode back. My mistake here was, in not introducing myself at once as a Methodist preacher. This would have secured me a welcome as I learned afterwards. When I reached the house, a mile back, I was again refused, and directed to the next house above; thus retracing the road I had traveled. I rode on for the "house above," and was again refused, and sent to the next house, that of Mr. Robinson, a Presbyterian, and of whom later I learned to think very highly.

Mr. Robinson assured me civilly, that they were full; two families being already in one log cabin. The next trial was to be made at the tavern at Clarke's ferry, New Buffalo. Riding back, I reached the ferry house about dark. I had observed when riding past this place on going down to Mr. Campbell's, that the whiskey shanty adjoining the house was the scene of a drunken row, judging by the sound of blows, blaspheming, and brutal yelling. When I came back to it, from my last halt, they were still at it, making the night hideous with their cursing and howling.

I asked the landlord, if I could be accommodated there for the night, and the reply was, only with great inconvenience to myself and my horse, as he was full, with a lot of rivermen.

I inquired if the men in the shanty were to stay

all night, and on being informed, that they were, I turned away, mentally declaring that I would not stop in such a pandemonium as that. Again riding back to Mr. Robinson's I informed him of the situation of things at the ferry, and that I could not stop there, I then said: "You have hay and corn for my horse, and I have money to pay you for them. If you will feed my horse and permit me to sleep by your haystack I will be greatly obliged." To this he did not answer, but followed me as I started towards the stable. After I had pulled off the saddle, he took my horse and fed her, and I, taking saddle and saddle-bags and blanket, went round to the south side of the haystack and commenced preparing a place in which to sleep. It was a dark night, the wind being from the northeast, and a cold November mist falling. He stood for a while watching me, and then said very slowly, "I reckon you had better come into the house." I replied, "I can sleep here, but I would much rather sleep on your floor if you will permit me." "Come in," was his answer, "we will do the best we can." Gladly accepting the tardy invitation, I went in and was made quite comfortable.

The next morning, I rode down again to Bro. Campbell's, and this time, told him who I was, when he admonished me, in a fatherly sort of way, for not telling him that I was the preacher, the night before. Leaving an appointment with him for two weeks from that day (Friday) I pursued my explorations down to Pine river.

Having the next Sunday unoccupied, and being fearfully lonely and homesick, I crossed the Mississippi and rode down to Monmouth, to spend the Sabbath with Father McNeil, Bro. West and other old friends of my father, and of my youth. I preached at Monmouth early on Sabbath morning and again at eleven o'clock A. M. Staid there three days and returned to Rock Island, where I found Bro. John Spencer, son of my father's old friend from Vergennes. This gentleman, a grand, good man, has since been honored as Judge Spencer, of Rock Island. I also take pleasure in here recording my remembrance of the Christian kindness, and hospitalities received not only from Judge Spencer, but also from his wife, a lady every way worthy of him. I also gratefully remember the courtesy and thoughtful care of Bro. Wells and family, and of Messrs. Hartzell, father, grandfather and uncles of Dr. Hartzell now secretary of the Freedmen's Aid society.

Leaving my horse at Bro. Spencer's I crossed the river in a skiff, this the thickly floating masses of ice made very perilous at that time. Then borrowing a horse, filled my appointments and arranged a two weeks, circuit of seven preaching places, extending fifty miles along the Mississippi.

At the end of the first quarter I returned home, and during my stay of ten days there, held a two days' meeting which resulted in ten conversions.

At Hickory Grove which was an additional appointment made during the second quarter, I met a Mr. Keys with whom I had quite an interesting

talk on the subject of Universalism, and I especially remember this as being the first one I had had, on a subject which has since engaged my best thought, and which I have discussed hundreds of times. It occurred on this wise, we were at the house of Bro. Carter, who purposely urged Mr. Keys to remain all night in order that he might engage us in a religious controversy. Soon after tea, Bro. Carter quite adroitly managed to draw out Mr. Key's views on the subject of a Christian life, and future punishment; when, as was to be expected, Keys bitterly denounced orthodoxy in general and Methodism in particular. Bro. Carter, at once, turned to me with the inquiry, "What do you think of that?" "What are your views?" Shrinking from involving myself in a controversy, I calmly replied; "I do not look at the matter that way, I regard religion as beneficial here, and necessary for our well-being hereafter." The arousement of Mr. Keys was immediate. He went on vindictively to assert, that it was slandering the Almighty to suppose that He, whose nature was love, and whose wisdom, power and goodness were infinite, would permit one of His creatures to be miserable eternally. To this I answered "that if God's infinite wisdom, love and power, were certain to save all men finally from sin and sorrow, I could not see why these perfections did not prevent sin, sorrow and suffering here in the first place; that God was now, no better, or wiser, no more loving nor powerful than He was when man had sinned; that if men could sin and

suffer a day or an hour, and the Almighty continue as wise, good, powerful and loving as He had ever been or ever would be, then there was nothing in the divine perfections, to keep men from sinning and suffering eternally."

To this he angrily responded: "Everybody knows that the Bible says, that as all men had borne the image of the earthy; so all were to bear the image of the heavenly; that all were to be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and be caught up and be forever with the Lord."

I replied, that in I. Cor. Chap. XV., from which he quoted; "the *change*, spoken of, was the resurrection of the body, and the changing of the then living, from a state of mortality to immortality, and not a *moral* change; that when Adam sinned, his soul lost its spiritual life, and became dead in sin, and his body lost its means of perpetuating its natural life, and must die; that Christ had secured the resurection of all men from the dead, and had brought all within the reach of eternal life, but that the final salvation of adults, depended on the choice they made and the life they lived, and, that was proved by the words of Christ Himself; John V., 28-29, when He said, 'the hour cometh, when all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation. "Here" said I, "Is damnation after the resurrection.'"

In a torrent of excitement he exclaimed, "It don't say so! It is not so!!"

"It certainly does," I replied, "it is written just so!"

"It don't!" he cried, "I will give you my horse, if it does!"

"I don't want your horse," I said, "neither do I want to dispute with you, so we will get the Bible and see."

A Bible was brought, Bro. Carter handing it to me, I turned to the passage, and read, as quoted.

"You don't read it right!!" he thundered. "You are just making it up, it ain't there!"

"Well" said I, "there it is," handing him the book, "read it for yourself!"

He took the book and read, or pretended to read, and then slamming the Bible together exclaimed, "It ain't so! The Savior never said it!"

At this, Bro. Carter began to laugh, and said, he hoped Mr. Keys would hand over the horse, as Bro. Hobart had rode his, pretty well down and needed a fresh one.

To which, he replied, "I'm sorry I stayed here, I've a mind to go home!"

We had family prayer soon after and parted for the night, he leaving next morning early.

During the winter, Bishop Chase of the Protestant Episcopal church visited Rock Island, and was invited to preach in Davenport. In the course of his sermon, which was only moderate in quality, he took occasion to specially warn the people not to give any countenance to those persons, who

were riding up and down through country, the calling themselves preachers; as they were, most of them, speculators and horse-jockeys, and none of them worthy of the least attention as ministers of the Gospel. I should have been generous enough to have shared this morsel of superannuated spleen, had there been any one with whom to divide it; but as I was the only one on that side of the river, to whom it could possibly apply, of necessity I appropriated it all, thinking, at the same time that, since I was doing a work, which neither he nor his subordinates could do, he might have been manly enough to let me alone, rather than attempt to hedge up my way.

Among the many friends, made that year and whom I remember with much pleasure, were Rev. Elnathan C. Gavit and his royal hearted and most excellent wife.

A watchnight meeting was held at Rock Island on New Year's Eve by Bros. Gavit, West and myself. This was a precious time of power, the good results of which were enduring.

In the spring immigrants came by hundreds, to settle in this part of the country, and as soon as the grass was sufficiently grown to keep our horses, Bro. D. G. Cartwright and I arranged to take a trip into the interior, to get acquainted with these new settlers and, if possible, to supply them with preaching. For this purpose, we met at Bloomington, now Muscatine, and rode to a place, then called Moscow, on the Cedar river. From thence we pushed on, ten miles, to Colonel Hardman's.

We found the colonel to be a member of our church and received a warm welcome from him. The news of our arrival soon spread and quite a congregation gathered that night, to whom Bro. Cartright preached. His, was the first sermon ever preached in the Cedar river country.

We rode through the Sugar Creek and Rock Creek settlements, the next day, and found six or eight families, in thirty miles travel and stayed at night at the head of Red Oak Grove, near where Tipton now stands.

Next day we started in a northeast direction, intending to reach Bro. Carter's at Hickory Grove, supposing it to be distant about thirty miles. There was neither road, trail, stake, nor anything else to direct us on that great prairie; nor had any one ever been through the route we were then taking; but we knew the direction we wanted to go and struck out. About eight o'clock in the morning, we reached the top of a high swell or hill on the prairie, and could see, in the far off distance, in our course, a grove of timber, which we hoped was our point of destination. About one o'clock, we came to a deep, muddy creek, twenty-five feet wide; no ford and the banks very high. This we must cross. Riding along up stream, we found a place where we could get our horses in, and about a quarter of a mile above, we discovered, on the opposite bank, another break, where we thought we could get them out. We then pulled off our boots, stuffed our stockings inside, and threw them across; pushed our horses in, mounted, rode up to

the break on the opposite side, and with great effort, got our horses up, found our boots and rode on. About five o'clock P. M., we reached the grove which we had seen in the morning, and there, from an elevation, could see, fully twenty miles ahead, Hickory Grove, for which we had started. To reach there that night was impossible, as it was getting dark and we could not keep our course, so we turned to the southeasterly side of the grove, to find a sheltered spot for ourselves, and grass for our horses. Just as we reached the lower extremity of the grove, we discovered a wagon track, *one day old*, which we followed and soon found a settler. He proved to be a new comer of one day, with a wife and three children; his log cabin was half completed. Here were kindly kept, and, the next day at noon, reached Bro. Carter's.

Bro. Cartwright lived in the bounds of my brother's circuit and, as this circuit was twice as populous as both of our's and included about twenty-eight appointments, we decided, on this trip, with my brother's consent and that of the presiding elder, to arrange the work, for the rest of the conference year, as follows:

My circuit was to include all the country from the Wapsipinecan to the lower Iowa; Bro. Cartwright, to take all from the lower Iowa to Flint river, and Norris, from Flint river to the Missouri state line; each going west as far as the settlements extended.

As soon as possible I arranged my work into a

three weeks' circuit, with fifteen appointments, to which I shortly added another, and on this wise: When at Moscow, I heard that a settlement was forming on the Wap-si-no-o-nock, a tributary of the Cedar, on the west side, and ten miles southwest of Moscow. I then planned, so as to have a spare day, to visit this place on my next round. After preaching, at Bro. Hardman's, one Sabbath about the last of May, I rode down the next morning to Moscow, expecting to cross the Cedar on a ferry boat, but found when I reached the village, that the ferry-man was off locating a claim and would not be back until night. "However," said my informant, a sensible looking middle aged man, "you can ford the river if you wish to go over." Thanking him I asked for directions so as to find the ford. "Well," said he pompously, "If I undertake to direct a man I want to direct him right!" "If you please, sir," said I, "for I have no desire to swim your river this morning." Walking to the top of the bank which was some sixty feet high, he said: "Now, you ride down this angling footpath, till you come to the water; then ride in, quartering down toward that black snag, you see down the bend, yonder. Then, when you get two thirds over, turn square across the river and you will come out all right." With thanks, I rode on as indicated. When I went into the water I discovered that I was on a sand-bar, which caused me to hesitate, but as the water was only up to the girth I rode on. When about half way across, I perceived that I was just riding off the lower end of a

steep sandbar, and, I had barely time to snatch my saddle bags from under me and throw them over my shoulder, when, in we plunged, all under water excepting the horse's head, and the upper part of my body. My horse proved a good swimmer, and I concluded, that when we were in, we might as well swim over as to swim back. Giving the horse the rein and guiding him with my hand, we were soon on *terra firma*, safe and sound. Riding up to a log I dismounted, pulled of my boots, wrung out my stockings, dried my clothes a little by pressing the water out, and in a few moments was on my way. I had proceeded about ten rods, when I heard the whiz of a rattlesnake near my horse's feet. My rule, since a boy, had been never to let a poisonous snake go, without killing him, so I dismounted, killed the reptile and rode on. In a few minutes I heard the rattle of another snake, dispatched him—and went on, thinking, if I accomplished nothing else, on this ride, I might be a sort of "St. Patrick" in freeing the country from snakes. A ride of about ten miles brought me to the settlement. Calling at the first cabin, I found it occupied by a Mr. Foote and family, when the following colloquy occurred:

Preacher,—"Good morning, sir!"

Mr. Foote,—"How do you do, sir!"

Preacher,—"You have a fine country here. About the best I have seen in the territory!"

Mr. Foote,—"Yes! I think it very good indeed!"

Preacher,—"Have you many settlers here?"

Mr. Foote,—"Only six families."

Preacher,—"Any school?"

Mr. Foote,—"No! we have only been here about four weeks."

Preacher,—"Any preaching, or religious meetings?"

Mr. Foote,—"No! but an old gentleman, a Baptist, I believe, was here and left an appointment to preach next Sunday."

Preacher,—"Have you any religious people in your community?"

Mr. Foote,—"Why yes! I'm trying to be religious myself! Won't you come in, and stay all night with us?"

I then informed him that I was a Methodist preacher, and had come to get acquainted with the people, and gladly accepted his invitation.

I found that Mrs. Foote was the daughter of Mr. Proctor of Lewiston, Ill., an old friend of my father's and that she was also a very intelligent lady.

Mr. Foote was a Connecticut Yankee, whom his father had intended for the ministry of the Congregational church; but his health having failed before completing his college course, he had taken the advice of Horace Greely and, came west.

We were soon engaged in discussing the doctrinal differences between the Congregational and Methodist churches. Mr. Foote had himself introduced this subject, as I felt somewhat reluctant to enter into a discussion of this character, with an ex-theological student; and just then, also being

his guest. He soon, however, put me quite at ease by saying:

"It is not for the sake of controversy that I desire to talk on this subject; I am seeking light. My brother went down to Tennessee four years ago. There he married a Methodist wife and joined that church. Some months since he wrote to me asking my reasons for continuing a Calvinist, and wishing me to give them to him. I had, of course, thought them very numerous, and in order to collect and support them with scriptural authority, I took my New Testament and read it carefully through. To my astonishment, I did not find a single passage in the four Gospels, which necessarily taught the peculiarities (election, reprobation, etc.) of Calvinism; and but one or two, in the other parts of the New Testament, that I could not satisfactorily explain in a way, which did not favor that doctrine. So you see, I am seeking light."

I gave him the Methodist view of Romans VIII-IX., and Ephesians I, which seemed in his estimation, to be the most difficult to harmonize with Armenian views; telling him, at the same time, frankly, that I was young in theology, and was only just reading up my ministerial course, but would on my next round, bring him a book, which would give our views on these, and many other, disputed texts and doctrines. During that conversation, Mr. Foote stated, in a rather perplexed way, that he had been in the west six years; had lived in seven different localities on the frontier, in Illinois, Wis-

consin, and Iowa, and that he had never been called on by a Presbyterian or Congregational minister; "While," said he, "it is a little remarkable, that I have not been in any of these localities four weeks, without being visited, at my own house, by a Methodist minister!"

Leaving an appointment with this pleasant family, I started on for my next preaching place, which was at the mouth of Pine river, expecting to cross the Cedar at "Powsheek's" village, six miles below Moscow. After quite a hard day's travel, I came, about 5 o'clock P. M., to a log cabin and inquired as to my whereabouts, and learned that I was ten miles from Pine river, but that if I would stop, I could feed my horse and get a bite to eat. Here I met an elderly lady, who inquired, if I was not a Methodist preacher. She informed me that she was the widow of a local preacher of New York, had lived along the frontier in Indiana for the last ten years, and that she had not heard a sermon in eight years. According to invariable custom, after supper I read a Scripture lesson, prayed and sang. The old lady seemed very much comforted, expressed great thankfulness to God for having permitted me to call, and renewed her covenant to serve Him faithfully; saying as I left, "I believe I shall get to Heaven yet." I never saw her afterwards.

The next week, in company with my brother I spent at my home, and then went back to my work.

This summer was fully occupied in filling my appointments, visiting new settlements, and or-

ganizing work. There were few roads and no bridges, and, in many instances, I visited places from directions where none had traveled before me. I therefore claim to have the honor, not only of preaching the first sermon in many localities, but also of laying out more new roads than any other man in that country, before or since.

On my next round, I brought Bro. Foote "Watson's Theological Institutes" to his great satisfaction. I also filled my appointment here, preaching the first Methodist sermon ever preached west of Cedar river.

In view of the growing settlements, it was arranged that our next quarterly meeting should be held at Bro. Hardman's, where I had organized a class of twenty-five members, the extremes of which were thirty-five miles apart, so far as the localities in which they lived were concerned. This meeting was held about the last of August, 1837, my brother Norris, D. G. Cartwright, and Henry Summers, our presiding elder, being present. The weather was fine, the attendance large, probably about three hundred; so that we were obliged to hold the services during the day time, in the grove.

Saturday the preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., was by the elder; 2 o'clock P. M., by Bro. Cartwright, and "at candle lighting," by my brother. Just before love-feast, on Sunday morning, we were all delighted by the arrival of Bro. Foote, who had come more than twenty miles, starting a little after midnight. That was a glorious love-feast;

many were "shouting happy." Bro. Foote said it was the first meeting of the kind he had ever attended, and the happiest day of his life. Before he went home, he joined the Methodist church, bought Watson's Institutes and Wesley's sermons and returned, rejoicing in the Lord. He was subsequently licensed to preach; lived an active, useful, Christian life, and died, some years since, triumphing in Christ.

In the evening, after my brother had preached, there was a great move in the congregation. Several came forward for prayer, and, of these, almost all were converted. At about ten o'clock at night, we opened the doors of the church and a number joined; but as there were several others who were deeply convicted, and especially a neighbor of Bro. Hardman—whose wife had been reclaimed and had that evening joined—I continued the exhortations, sang another hymn and extended the invitation. Two others joined, but my man still held back, crushed with conviction and weeping profusely. I felt that I could not leave him so, and knowing the difficulty in his case, was a bet on a horse-race which was to come off the next week, I determined to make my appeal as pointed as possible. Saying, among other things, that to start now might *cost something,* but that utter bankruptcy *here,* if we made *Heaven* by it, would be eternal gain; that I was going to leave them in the morning and might never see them again, until we stood before the great white throne. This, he could not resist; the Holy Spirit applying the truth

—and there being a great wave of sympathy pervading the entire audience—he started; coming to me, reaching out his hand—with his face bent almost to his knees—he cried: "I'll go! Cost what it may! I'll go! I'll go!" We all bowed in thanksgiving and prayer, and dismissed about as happy a circle of Methodists as could be found anywhere.

This man, who that night, had such a struggle to yield obedience to God, remained for years, and so long as I heard of him, a faithful Christian. Nor did he suffer the loss he anticipated. When the day of the race came, neither he nor his horse were at the accustomed place. But when the men, with whom he had made the bet, heard that he was not there, because he had joined the Methodists, they agreed to let him off without forfeit.

This ended my first year's work as an itinerant. A year of toil, much anxiety, some peril, great joy, fair success, and a good deal of encouragement.

From this meeting, in company with my brother and the preachers who had been with us, we went to Augusta, to assist Norris, who was to hold a camp and quarterly meeting near there. Here I met, for the first time, Rev. T. M. Kirkpatrick, who became my colleague the next year, and who has been my valued and dear friend ever since. It was at this meeting, that I made my first missionary speech, and succeeded in displeasing myself most thoroughly.

At a quarterly meeting, held by my brother, three months before, an incident had occurred

in the love-feast, which I have always enjoyed repeating:

The country west of Mt. Pleasant, between the head of Skunk and the Des Moines, had been nearly all taken that spring by new settlers. My brother had visited them and had preached, and had organized them into a large class. He arranged to hold the quarterly meeting early in June, in this neighborhood. A large log-house, in process of erection, with roof, and floor and openings cut for the windows and doors, was utilized for the Sunday morning service and love-feast. The attendance was large. The first one to speak in the love-feast, was a brother who rose and said: "Brethren, I am glad to enjoy this occasion. Some months since, I left my Eastern home, and all my associates to come to the west. I have been much disappointed. My family have been sick, and I have been sad and lonesome; but I want to get to Heaven, and hope you'll all pray for me."

Another rose and told about the same doleful tale, adding that one of his children had died, and he felt despondent and discouraged, and hoped the brethren would pray for him. This brother had scarcely taken his seat, when a third, his face beaming with joy, sprang to his feet, saying: "Glory to God! Brethren, I'm just about as happy this beautiful morning, as I can be! Six months ago I was living in Ohio, on a nice little farm, with my wife and two children. God called me to sell out and come to this country, and do something for Him and the Methodist church. I was not called

to preach, but as a layman to come and do what I could for the upbuilding of the cause of God. I advertised my place for sale, and in two weeks sold it for the money I asked. Bought my teams, arranged all my matters, and, by spring, was ready to start. By Saturday night everything was packed in the wagons, and we spent the Sunday with our friends and brethren in worshipping God together. We had a glorious time and promised each other to be faithful unto death, and meet in Heaven, if we should not meet again on earth. Monday morning we started, drove on until Saturday night, then found ourselves in a religious community, attended preaching and class meeting, and had a glorious day. Monday we went on, and drove until Saturday night; locked the wheels again, and had another grand, good Sabbath. Off on Monday, and before Saturday night we reached this neighborhood, and found just as good a claim as I could ask; and from the time of starting until now, there has not a hame-string, buckle or tongue, failed me. And, brethren, we had our family altar all the way, and I am just as happy as I can be in the body. Glory to God!"

This was too bright a light not to show some others their delinquencies; and this joyful brother had hardly concluded, when the first speaker rose up and, with tears and in penitence, said:

"Brethren, I see it! I see it! I traveled on Sunday; I am sorry for it, and hope God will forgive me."

Then number two stood up and said, "I traveled

on Sunday, too, and I think I have been afflicted for it. I hope God and the brethren will forgive me."

These confessions had a quickening effect, and that meeting was not soon forgotten.

We returned home for a few days, where we found all well; then we took a conveyance and with our wives, my brother and I started for Jacksonville, the seat of the conference.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFERENCE met, September 27th, 1837. Bishop Soule presiding. The attendance numbered one hundred and thirty-eight members. Their field embraced the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota with the upper peninsula of Michigan. The sessions were held in the basement of the First Jacksonville M. E. church. The audience room being occupied at the same time by preaching services, and the speakers being the most prominent men of the conference.

The gatherings at all these meetings were large and elicited much interest and enthusiasm. The delightful memories of that conference occasion, are only marred by my recollections of grief and shame for the folly and wickedness of Simon Peter, who up to this time had been regarded as an honored member of our body. His very improper and unbecoming conduct towards the wife of the man at whose house he was being entertained, produced so much indignation that a mob of many hundreds surrounded the church, awaiting the action of the conference in his case. He was expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal church.

In those days, the appointments were kept profoundly secret, and we juniors waited with the most intense interest to enjoy the excitement of their announcement. Having obtained the plan of the whole work from some accommodating elder, we sat with sharpened pencil, to write the names as they were read; and when that of Chauncey Hobart was reached, it was for Knoxville circuit, with T. M. Kirkpatrick as colleague. This brought me into the same district, and with the same presiding elder as the year before. We reached home after a nine days' session, and were soon *en route* for our appointments. My brother Truman, took a four-horse team, and our two families, and left myself and wife at Monmouth, one of my preaching places, and my brother Norris and wife, at Rockingham, where he succeeded me.

Knoxville circuit, the field of labor assigned to Bro. Kirkpatrick and myself, was, as we traveled it, two hundred and fifty miles in circumference, including Knox, Warren and part of Fulton counties. Our first work was to find a house in which to live. This, too, was part of the preachers business, as the stewards had done nothing towards procuring a house; and, indeed, felt under no obligation to do so. The only available shelter was an unfinished log cabin, sixteen feet square, half a mile east of Pierce's grove. It was half floored with puncheons and the chimney, half built. This was the best we could find; and we, Bro. Kirkpatrick, wife and three children, and myself and wife, moved into it. The neighbors turned out and assisted in

finishing the floor and chimney; covered a log pen with hay for a stable, and we were settled for the year. This work was a four weeks' circuit, with twenty-four appointments, which we soon increased to twenty-eight.

We usually left home on Saturday, Bro. K. going west, and I, east; each returning after being absent two Sundays. We remained at home until Saturday again, when each started in the opposite direction, Bro. K. going east, and I, west. So we continued through the year.

As a sample of our alternated circuit work take the following:

On the Tuesday of our first round, I preached at Long's and Bro. K. at Well's. The day was bright and warm and we each had a "good time," and the people at each of these appointments were well pleased with their new preacher. Two weeks later I was at Well's and Bro. K. at Long's. The day was dark and stormy and but few out, and the preachers had each a "dry time." And, what was a little singular, these fair and foul Tuesdays alternated just two weeks apart for the next six months. As a consequence, Bro. K. always had a good congregation at Well's and was very popular and successful, while I at that place was considered but a "dry stick." At Long's I always had a good congregation and a successful time, while Bro. K. was considered dull and prosy. This was the occasion of much pleasantry between us, and a kindly strife as to who, at these two points, should take in the greatest number of members

during the year. For six months Bro. K. was ahead of me, thirty-five to my twenty-six, but during the last half of the year I began to gain on him, and, after a two days' meeting held at Abingdon, attended by the Long's people, about the close of the year, we stood for those two points, respectively: Kirkpatrick, forty-three; Hobart, forty-seven. This was the only year in which I had a colleague. And no two men could have labored together more harmoniously than did we. It was to each of us, notwithstanding much toil and hardship, a year of great enjoyment and blessing.

The watchnight-meeting, held at Elliston, was a memorable one. After a prayer meeting of an hour and a half, I requested Bro. Kirkpatrick to preach without any previous exercises, which he did. I had asked him to speak for about thirty minutes. But he had only been talking about fifteen minutes, when there came over him such a wave of power that he lost his strength, and fell to the floor; while the joyful shouts of the Christians and the cries of the penitent, filled the house. After this occurrence which did not, in the least, interrupt the exercises, the interest and power of the meeting increased, sensibly. Another sermon was preached, followed by a continuation of the prayer meeting; then an hour of testimony, when at 11:55 P. M., on our knees, in solemn, silent, prayerful consecration to God, we closed the year 1837, and entered upon 1838. At this meeting,

several were converted, and the power of the Holy Spirit was manifestly present.

About the middle of January, on my way to my appointment, I had to cross Haw creek. Snow and cold weather had been followed by a thaw and heavy rains, and I found the creek to be two hundred feet wide, twenty-five feet deep and the water rushing with a swift current. How to get across was the question. I must do it, or miss my appointment.

After some thought and a prayer for guidance, I determined to swim across, or, at least, attempt it. Placing my saddle-bags on my shoulder, I rode in. My mare took the water well, and swam about half way over, when she either caught her foot in the girth, or in some other way became entangled, and sank. I remained in my seat until the water came up to my arms and floated me off. Seeing I must swim, I put my hand against my horse's head, pushed her away as far as possible, then struck out for the opposite shore. After I had almost gained the shore, I looked back and saw that my mare had risen and was swimming back. So I, too, turned and swam after her. On reaching dry land I found that my saddle and saddle-bags were left in the creek. Finding herself free, she had started back on a run; and I, dripping wet, with overcoat and leggings on, and my whip still in my hand, started in pursuit of my saddle and saddle-bags. The latter I soon discovered lodged on a bush, and they were secured by wading out into water about four feet deep. My Bible, hymn book, a

volume of Dick's works, and one volume of Rollin's Ancient History, I found badly damaged, and spread them out in the sun to dry. My saddle I saw about forty rods below, caught on a limb, where the water was twenty feet deep. By the assistance of two long willow sprouts, twisted together securely, I managed to disengage the saddle, which was twenty feet from shore, but only to see it sink again beyond recovery.

Starting back on foot, I was gladdened by the sight of my horse, returning at the top of her speed, and mounted by a young man who had caught her, and had come to see whether I was drowned. Returning home with him I dried my clothes a little, ate some dinner, and by a circuitous route, found a ford and crossed the creek. I reached the place of preaching about five P. M., but too late, as the hour of meeting was eleven A. M. This I greatly regretted. It was almost the only time I ever missed my appointment. My saddle was afterwards found by a brother, whom I had asked to get it when the water subsided; and I obtained it in about four weeks, on my next round, it being badly damaged.

The third quarterly meeting was held at the camp-meeting, at the head of Elliston, in June. This was considered an unfavorable time; but our meeting was a grand success, forty-five being converted.

Such was the state of religious feeling on the circuit, that another camp-meeting was arranged for in the middle of July, to be held at Pierce's

grove, one mile west of where we lived, now Berwick. As neither Bro. K. nor myself were yet ordained, and the elder could not be with us, we secured the services of Rev. James Haney. This good brother, the father of Revs. Richard, William, Freeborn and Milton Haney, of Central Illinois conference, was a royal man and an excellent preacher. His wife, Aunt Mary, one of the noblest Christian women, was also with us, a leader and a mother in Israel. This meeting was productive of many blessed results, and among them the conversion of Frank Snapp, which event was prefaced by some very solemn admonitions to him. About a week before camp-meeting, as he was plowing corn, a dark thunder-cloud came up, which drove him to seek the house. On reaching his door, he barely had time to snatch the bridle from his horse, when a flash of lightning struck the animal, killing him instantly. About five days after, in the house of his neighbor Carr, five children were playing together on the porch, when another thunder storm came up as suddenly. Three of the children were killed by the lightning, and the others paralyzed.

These sad occurrences made Frank unusually thoughtful. He belonged to a brave, frank, energetic, wicked family of five or six brothers, who scorned to do what they thought a mean thing; but fighting and swearing were considered honorable, when occasion required it, according to their standard of morals.

But to return to our story. Frank was at the

camp-meeting. The first sermon preached there was on the occasion of the funeral of the three children, killed two days before. From the very beginning a solemn seriousness rested on all who gathered at that meeting. Among the mourners, indeed the very first to come forward to the altar, was Frank Snapp. The struggle to believe was with him a hard one. The devil did not willingly relinquish his hold on so good a subject, and Frank had much to learn. It was difficult for him even to accommodate his habits of thought, to religious usages. But he was determined to conquer or die. His oft-repeated prayer, after he had exhausted his entire and not very lengthy vocabulary of petitions was, "Oh, Lord; give me just such religion as my wife's got!"

Many were converted around him, but he still struggled and wrestled on. Sunday was the fourth day of his great distress. That day, some young men had arranged to hold a prayer-meeting in the grove. Frank started to join them, but quickly turned back, saying to himself, "God is just as near to me in the tent. I'll seek him again there." Kneeling down in that tent, where was his wife's mother, he exclaimed in great seriousness: "Oh, my dear mother, do pray for me. I feel as if I should die!"

The good mother, Sister Morse, did pray for him, and with her were soon joined three other elderly ladies: my own mother, Sister Pierce and Sister Bay—all soldiers of "the old guard," whose faith had achieved many a victory. Poor Frank prayed as well as he could, with broken accents and with

groans and tears. It was not long before deliverance came. Frank's chains fell off, and the power of God fell on the people. And shouts of great joy, such as are not often heard this side of Heaven, filled the tent and spread far out over the camp-ground. But neither tent nor camp-ground could hold Snapp, until he had told of the mighty joy that filled his soul. All round he went, telling saint and sinner what God had done for him.

We had a Bro. Jones there, a joyful, earnest Christian, who was converted about a year before. This man had sought Christ in great sorrow for an entire year—a long dark night. And when he found the Savior, his day was as bright and clear as his night had been dark and gloomy. He became one of those Christians who *knew* he was converted; a living proof that Christ has power to save from sin. A short time after he was converted, his brother-in-law, whose name was Mings, with wife and three children had come to reside with Bro. Jones, and together they worked a large farm.

Mings had been raised a "two seed" Parkerite. He was an anti-missionary, anti-Sunday school, anti-temperance, and anti-nomian Baptist; called by outsiders "a forty gallon Baptist." His teaching was that, "when you found religion, you didn't want it. When you had it, you didn't know it. If you had it, you couldn't lose it. And if you lost it, you never had it." To all this Bro. Jones could and did every day oppose his own joyful religious experience, insisting that there was not a word of truth in such a theory. In this condition

of mind both families came to camp-meeting. And on Saturday night, Mings and his wife went forward for prayers. The mighty power of God was present to heal; and in a short time, fifteen were converted, and Sister Mings among them. Bro. Jones had come and kneeling by his brother-in-law, continued praying by his side for more than three hours. All the other seekers had been converted, or had retired. It was nearly midnight; but, left alone, these two brethren remained, and continued in prayer and supplication.

I stood in the pulpit at some distance from them; considering, as I watched them, what was best to be done. Suddenly I saw Bro. Mings straighten himself out on his back, from a kneeling position, and quiver, and tremble a moment as if in a spasm. Then he instantly bounded to his feet and began to praise God and shout: "Glory! Glory! Bless the Lord! I'm converted! I'm converted!" His first rush was to the tent where were his wife and little ones. Snatching his wife in his arms, he exclaimed, "I'm converted! I'm converted! I know it!" and together they praised Him through whom they had been redeemed.

There were quite a number to be baptized the next day. And I supposed that Bro. Mings and wife would choose to be baptized by immersion. But to my surprise, they both desired to be baptized by sprinkling, and to have their children also baptized. After the service was all over I sat down by him and said:—

"Bro Mings, how is this? I expected you and your wife would be immersed"

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. You know I was brought up a Baptist, and taught that immersion alone was baptism. I was also taught that no man could know when he was converted. And that a consciousness of acceptance with God was impossible. But as I have found that this teaching is exactly the reverse of truth, in the two last things, I have concluded that they were wrong in regard to baptism, and in about everything else."

The ingathering to the church from this camp-meeting was large.

On the 31st of July that year, we were gladdened at our home by the birth of a son, whom I then thought, and still think was one of the most beautiful babes I have ever seen. We named him, Calvin, in memory of my honored father. While absent at Alton, in the September following attending conference, this dearly loved baby boy died; lent to us only about seven weeks. Of his illness I had not even heard, and knew nothing of his death, until I reached home, and found my wife in tears, sadness, and loneliness. We could only weep together, and bow in submission to His will, who "doeth all things well."

This year, spent on Knoxville circuit, may be chronicled as one of hard work, poor pay, and glorious success: four hundred being converted and added to the church. I will also state that at our fourth quarterly meeting, which was a camp-meeting, I raised over forty dollars to

help start the "Christian Apologist", edited by Dr. Nast, and at Rushville, soon after, took up a like sum, for the same purpose.

The conference of 1838, my second conference, was held at Alton. Bishop Soule presiding, and at which I was when my little Calvin died. Our class, of nearly thirty, was examined for admission, and was put through the "Flint Mill," which was then set to make common flour, and not superfine, otherwise some of us would have been found "wanting." As it was, we all passed and were admitted.

As the Bishop was not well enough to speak on Sunday, it was arranged that Rev. Alfred Brunson should preach at 10:30 o'clock A. M., Peter Cartwright at 3 o'clock P. M., and John Clarke at 7.

In lucidating his text, "Go ye into all the world, &c.," Bro. Brunson was led to speak of the aggressive movements of the church, and how Peter, Paul, Polycarp, Athanasius, Ambrose, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, Asbury, McKendree, Roberts, Finley and Brunson had led the hosts of the Lord in her great missionary movements. This was well enough until it came to the last illustration, where two trips up the Mississippi and camping out a few nights, were incidentally compared to the heroism of Paul, the martyrdom of Ridley and the life work of Asbury and Wesley. Somehow the enthusiasm did not rise, especially as there was scarcely a man in the audience who had not himself endured much more than this, in the ordinary affairs of frontier life. Indeed there

was not a fur trader in the west, who had not encountered twenty times as much, in securing a few musk-rat and beaver skins.

A treat was anticipated at 3 o'clock when Bro. Cartwright was to preach, for his renown was great. But from the very first he wallowed heavily. He made, however, a manly effort to get out, but in so doing, went in the deeper. Then he tried to relieve his embarrassment by an exhortation, saying among other things, as only he could say it: "Oh, I wish I had some of you rascals in a corner, I'd give you your own, once, before the devil gets you!" But even this attempt to master the situation did not succeed. The effort was a failure. As he left the pulpit, Bro. Brunson, who had sat behind him, said:—

"Bro. Cartwright, is that a fair specimen of your ordinary preaching?"

"Humph!" said Cartwright, "It was as good as yours, if it was a failure!"

On that Sabbath, my brother and I, with many others, were ordained deacons; having been elected to that office and admitted to full membership in the conference.

Quite a sensation had been produced among us, during the week, by the arrival of Jason Lee, direct from Oregon. He came unheralded, and was introduced to the conference by Elder Brunson. He was a modest man and gave us an earnest but brief outline of his work in Oregon; also the reason of his return, &c. He remained a day or two, and then journeyed on to New York.

When the appointments were read, I was intent on writing down the names of the brethren in the different districts, yet not particularly concerned as to the places occupied by them, until we came to Rock Island district, in which I expected my work to be. To my astonishment we passed through it, and my name was not there. All the districts were read, until Quincy district, the last on the list, Peter Akers, presiding elder, was reached. The charges, one after another were announced; but one or two remained. Then, in a tumult of excitement, I was ready to spring to my feet, and inquire, if I had not been forgotten, my name omitted. But I did, somehow hold still, until the long list was ended, and the *very last one*, "Macomb circuit, Chauncey Hobart," was distinctly uttered. I assure my friends I was very glad to get an appointment, even though it were the very last one.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN a few days we had reached Macomb, the county seat of MacDonough county, twenty-five miles from our old home.

I found my work to consist of what had been the Macomb station, and a part of the Carthage circuit, with fourteen appointments to be filled in two weeks. Macomb and La Harpe were the two Sabbath points, and by preaching at two other places also on Sabbath, I gained two days of rest, and could be at home two days and six nights out of the fourteen. Bro. Warner Oliver was on the Carthage circuit, and as he and I were in adjoining neighborhoods every two weeks, we soon arranged to meet at a point between these, preach alternately and spend the night together. This was mutually agreeable and beneficial. Bro. Oliver and I had been acquainted from boyhood. We were licensed by the quarterly conference of the same circuit; I at his father's house, and he, six months after, at my house. We had been recommended and received into conference at the same time, and were warmly attached to each other. Bro. Oliver was a very successful and talented young man.

At La Harpe there was a class of sixty, but religion there was at a very low ebb. A Unitarian, a merchant from New Hampshire, had been sowing some bad seed in that place, which, unfortunately, took root.

I had been preaching here but a few weeks when I was informed by one of the stewards, that "the people were much pleased with their preacher" and he thought I could do them good if I "would preach on *practical* religion;" but I had "better not touch anything doctrinal, such as the 'Divinity of Christ,' 'depravity' and 'regeneration;' that the people were too enlightened to believe what the old creeds taught on these subjects." I told him as politely as I could, that I had been sent there to preach God's word, and that I should preach what the Bible taught on these and all other subjects, according to the best light I had.

Shortly after this, when preaching there, on the "Divinity of Christ," I observed my little merchant, twitching and squirming around, as if sitting on hot bricks, his nervousness increasing as the argument progressed. At last, when I had proved that the Jehovah of the Old Testament was the Christ of the New, he could stand it no longer. Jumping from his seat, he caught his hat and ran out of the house. I was told afterwards that he vented his displeasure by violently abusing the preacher.

To help matters, my second quarterly meeting was to be held at La Harpe, and I was careful to inform my presiding elder, Dr. Akers, of the condition of things. This opened the way for one of

the most masterly discourses on "Divinity," that I have ever heard, even by our grand Dr. Akers.

These efforts did not, so far as I know, convince or reclaim those who had already committed themselves to Unitarianism. But the doubts of others were removed, and the majority were strengthened in faith, and some, saved. Those who still willingly adhered to their errors, were the next spring captured by a loquacious "saint," and swept into the seething mælstrom of Mormonism. So proving how short and steep is the descent from scriptural orthodoxy to the devil.

As at this time my presiding elder could spend two Sabbaths with me, we arranged to have him preach at four of my week day points, and then hold a two days' meeting at Macomb. I had also secured the assistance of my brother and Bro. Oliver. We began the meeting on Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M., and during the two days, six as eloquent sermons for point, power and appropriateness, were given as it has been my privilege to listen to, consecutively.

Dr. Akers on Sabbath preached from Eph. III. 14-21. To say that he exceeded himself would be saying very much to those who knew him in the days of his strength; for his were the utterances of a master mind, a cultured brain and an humble heart. I have listened to him often, always with profit and pleasure, yet I think I never heard him quite equal that sermon. He dwelt upon the foundation of our religion—God's love. Upon its rich and royal experiences; on its hopes and

boundless prospects; then he swept, as with an archangel's wing, the very highest heaven, and lifted us up amid the bursting raptures of the noon tide of glory; and left us with our hearts melted into tenderness and reverent love, and our poor faces bathed in tears.

At the close of the third quarter after a two days' meeting of great power, resulting in the conversion of about forty, and good prospect of a still greater harvest being soon gathered, I was taken down with bilious fever. It had been a sickly season throughout that part of Illinois. Many had died, and in Macomb, a town of eight hundred, thirty-eight heads of families and many young people had been buried. In my case, the fever ran for twenty-four days, and left me so reduced that I could not move nor raise my hand for thirty-six hours. My good wife and my mother, who had hastened from Schuyler, nursed me tenderly, and a skillful Dr. Thompson, prescribed for me. But an excellent constitution, which I had inherited from my temperate godly parents, with the blessing of God, enabled me to recover from what had seemed, for a time, certain death. This severe illness, which laid me aside from the work that needed my care so much, brought with it to me, a very blessed experience.

When I was converted, I had greatly desired to be overwhelmingly blessed. But instead, I had found sweet, calm peace. This I thankfully accepted, yet had not ceased to pray for such a blessing as might lift me up where, in spirit, I

might see God. I longed for sanctification, as taught by the Fathers. This desire had been intensified by reading Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Stoner and others; until the constant cry of my heart had, been "Oh, for the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ!" During my illness and until after the crisis, my faith had been unwavering; calmness and peace had filled my soul, during all my conscious hours. As I began slowly to recover, my desire and longing for a pure heart, returned.

About three o'clock one morning—while all in the house except myself were asleep—I was engaged in thanksgivings to God for his loving kindness and mercy in thus restoring me to prospective health, and to my work. I was also rejoicing in the assurance that, had I been called hence, it would have been to be forever with my Lord. Then, all at once, I began to feel that I could adopt the language of Paul and say, "whether in the body or out of the body, I know not; God knoweth."

A mighty blessing had come. It came in unutterable fullness, like the vast tide of a mighty ocean, filling and thrilling my soul with the conscious presence of the Lord of life and glory. I seemed to be lifted up above earth and earthly things, until I was near to the land of life. Sun, moon and stars, seemed under my feet, the glory and effulgence of eternal bliss were all around me. To the praise of God's grace, I acknowledge that I had not the least idea before that it was possible for a soul in the body to be so ecstatically happy,

as I then was. I remained in this blissful state about two hours, when I returned to earth again—but not as I went. My experience was far deeper and richer and sweeter than before. Like the food brought by the ravens to the prophet, so that great baptism of love and power has not only lasted me forty days but over forty years, and it grows clearer and steadier as I behold, not far off, the spires of the Celestial City.

Since that blessed morning, amid the lights and shades and sorrows of ordinary life, and the toils and trials of an itinerant, I have never doubted the genuineness of my conversion, nor the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

The harvest, of souls saved through the power of God's word, which I had hoped to gather, on Macomb circuit, was garnered, the next year, by my successor, Rev. Edward Troy, whose labors were blessed with the conversion of between three and four hundred. "One soweth and another reapeth."

As soon as my strength would permit, my brother Truman came and brought us down to the old home. Here I was soon joined by my brother Norris—who had been shaking with the ague, on Rock Island circuit—that we might recuperate together. After a rustication of about four weeks, I was able, though still quite weak, to start for conference, which my brother was not well enough to do. This was done at the urgent request of W. H. Taylor, who hired a conveyance and promised my wife and mother, about as solemnly

as Judah promised Jacob to bring back Benjamin safely from Egypt, that he would bring me back from conference, without harm.

Conference met at Bloomington, McLean county, one hundred miles from Schuyler. We found kind friends along the route, who took special care for my comfort, and I reached the seat of conference, in improved health, on Monday afternoon, September 1839. The conference opened on Wednesday, Bishop Morris presiding.

There were some changes made this year. B. T. Kavanaugh succeeded Rev. A. Brunson in the Indian mission; J. T. Mitchell was sent to the Chicago district, and Hooper Crews to the Chicago station. These unexpected changes were made for reasons then deemed best, as there was, at that time, an under current of dissatisfaction in the manner of managing affairs at the north, that came very near assuming serious proportions.

At this time my own heart, as well as that of many others, was made sad by tidings of the death of Rev. Peter R. Borein, who had died in Chicago, a few days before. To assert that we had no man in the conference who was his equal in fervor, zeal, pathos and boundless sympathy, is saying but little of him.

In person, Peter R. Borein was under medium height, and somewhat portly in build. His dark brown hair, clear blue eyes, arching eyebrows and fair complexion, only served to add attractiveness to the contour of a fine Grecian face. His voice was as musical as we may suppose the harp of

Æolus to have been. Added to these exterior graces, was a heart, purified by the atoning blood; moved by intensest love for a suffering race, in guilt and danger; and an abiding consciousness of the boundless tenderness and mercy and power of Christ to save to the uttermost. What wonder that his appeals to the impenitent were more like the admonitions of a lost soul, regretfully tossing on the billows of wrath, than like the expostulations of a fellow sinner! His invitations to come to Christ seemed to partake of the very sweetness of Heaven. Had he lived he would have had a national reputation. And it is but just to say that much of the strong-hold which Methodism to-day has in Chicago, is more attributable to the faith, zeal, purity and power of Peter R. Borein than to that of any other single individual or human agency. But seven years of itinerant life completed his work on earth.

At this conference of 1839, delegates were elected to general conference. They were Revs. Cartwright, Akers, Holliday and John Clarke. As C. Holliday was unable to go, J. T. Mitchell filled his place.

This year, greatly to my astonishment, I was sent to Quincy station. And it appeared to me that "some one had blundered;" for I could see a hundred reasons why I should not go, and not one good one why I should be sent there.

CHAPTER XV.

QUINCY was the county seat of Adams county, and was one of the only eight stations in the conference. However, go I must, and go I did.

On my way there I attended a camp-meeting at the Wesley chapel, seven miles from Quincy. Here I met Bishop Morris, going to hold the Missouri conference, and I told him my doubts and fears. The good bishop tried to encourage me, as did also my presiding elder, Dr. Akers, with many kind, assuring words. But still I went to my work with much fear and trembling. On my arrival in the city I was warmly welcomed by the brethren. A house was found, and we were soon ready for work.

During the pastorate of Bro. Borein, two years previous, the church had been greatly increased in membership, and they had undertaken to build a large brick edifice. In this enterprise they would doubtless have succeeded, but for the financial crash of 1837. But this overtook them with the church partly completed, and a debt of over four thousand dollars. This burden had been carried by a membership of eighty-two, not a wealthy man among them, and many were much discouraged.

But from the beginning of the year there were indications of prosperity.

The church was in harmony, and there were not wanting a few Hannahs and a Caleb, and a Hur or two, who knew well what to do in the day of battle. And it was not long before there was "a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees." Clear indications of a revival were apparent.

The first one who was converted was Miss Ralston, the sister of T. N. Ralston who had taken me into the church. This young lady had been under conviction, and in great distress of mind for some weeks and had tried in vain to hide her emotion. Immediately at the close of the sermon, one Sunday morning, a good Sister Ballou observing that her countenance had assumed a glad and joyful look, asked her how she felt.

"Oh," replied she in a whisper, "I'm just as happy as I can live."

This was the beginning of a protracted meeting, and without help I held it for two weeks, preaching every night and twice on Sundays, beside laboring at the altar until 10 o'clock or later, each evening. The brethren, seeing that I was becoming worn, sent to help me, Rev. Harvey Brown, a superannuated member of the New York conference, a wise and earnest man. He remained with us a week and assisted us much. Another week of effort alone, and we brought the protracted meeting to a close—with one hundred conversions and accessions to the church—thus more than doubling our membership in the first four months.

Among the many things of interest which occurred during this revival, I will mention the case of a gentleman by the name of Clowse, whose wife was a member of the church. He had been a regular attendant and would pray when called on, and seemed to be an earnest seeker of salvation; but he was always in deep sadness and almost in despair. Great solicitude was felt for him by the church, and prayer was offered up, continually, on his behalf. When he was invited to come to the mourner's bench, he replied that he had been there many times and found no relief.

This I learned had been his state for some months before I came. No one had seen him smile for, perhaps, a year, and he obtained no relief until on New Year's morning, 1840. When just as the sun rose, he rapped at my door, and without waiting for a response, came in, radiant with joy, one of the happiest of men. When asked about this great change, he answered nearly as did the Rev. Mr. Tennant, of New Jersey, in the days of Whitefield. When he was asked in regard to his wonderful trance, he replied: "I cannot tell you all." So said Bro. Clowse, and he added: "It seems wrong for me to try; but such a revelation of Heaven and Christ, and of God's power to save, as I have had, I did not think was possible. My conversion has been as miraculous as was that of St. Paul." This was a genuine transformation, and his life, while I knew him, was as bright as a glad heart at peace with itself and God, could be.

The Mormons had been ejected from Missouri

in December, 1838, and had crossed the Mississippi at Quincy, where with Joe Smith, the prophet; his father, the patriarch; and Hiram, his brother; they had been residing when I came to Quincy. During the preceding summer, Smith's father had died and many of his people. He and those who were left, were poor and so inclined from necessity to be quiet and peaceable. But as at our revival four or five of their members had been re-claimed and joined our church—one of these an elder and one of "the seventy"—the leaders became alarmed. In order to counteract our influence, they sent out several committees to visit the city, composed mostly of elderly women.

Apostate Methodists were sent to Methodist families, apostate Baptists to Baptist families, and thus, with the wisdom of the serpent, these women went to the people of the other demominations. These hypocrites called on our members and told them of their former religious experience, where and when they had been converted, where and when they were sanctified, and how well they had enjoyed themselves; adding that all they had ever known of religious enjoyment was nothing when compared with what they had experienced since joining the Mormons, and much more of like sort.

This they repeated from house to house with an artfulness and an apparent sincerity, which began to affect the minds of some of the weaker ones, in many of the churches. They had become particularly distasteful to our members, because they

would crowd themselves into our revival meetings and talk and advance their views.

I was finally obliged, in self-defence, to exclude them from our love-feasts. This made them angry and impudent, and on one occasion, when at the door, they insisted upon coming in, they went so far as to demand, in a boisterous and insolent way, the reason for their exclusion. I informed them that one reason was, that they did not recognize us as Christians, teaching and telling that no one could be saved but Mormons. To which they made answer:—

"That is a lie!"

This reply was about what I had expected from such a crowd, so I took no notice of the insult, but coolly locked the door, and prevented further intrusion at that time.

The following Sabbath evening, thinking that it might do some good, I announced that on Monday evening I would lecture on Mormonism, provided, that the people thought it a subject of sufficient importance to come out, really doubting whether there would be any who would so consider it. On Monday afternoon, however, Bro. Harris, one of those who had left the Mormons and joined our church, called on me and said: "You had better be ready. You are going to have a crowd to-night."

And, indeed, so it proved. There was a crowd: scores of Mormons and hundreds of others, representing the entire city. The church would not hold the people. Many stood around the doors and windows.

After the singing and prayer, I introduced the subject of the lecture by saying that the occasion of the present evening's discussion was: First, to settle a question of veracity between myself and some of the Mormon leaders, who had charged me with lying, in stating that they believed that everybody would be damned but Mormons. Secondly, to examine the claims of Mormonism.

To settle the first, I took "The Elders' Journal," a monthly magazine, edited and published by Joe Smith. I read from the July number, 1837, a series of questions addressed to Smith, by one of his elders from the South, among which was this one:—

"Will everyone be damned but Mormons?" The reply was, "Answer next month."

Turning to the August number, I read the question again: "Will everybody be damned but Mormons?"

Answer: "Yes; and a good many of them, unless they do better than they have done."

This first point settled, I proceeded to the main subject: "The claims of Mormonism to credence as a revelation from God."

My first proposition was that—"It would be unjust in God to demand that man should accept anything as a revelation from Himself, under the pains and penalties of His eternal displeasure, without furnishing *proof* that such revelation was from Himself."

This I illustrated by reference to the giving of the law to Moses; the forty years' sojourn in the

wilderness; the crossing of the Jordan, and the fall of Jericho. By the miracles wrought by the prophets, in attestation that God had spoken by them; and by the fulfillment of the prophecies which they uttered; by Christ and His apostles, who, "by signs and wonders and divers miracles" wrought in the audience of all the people, made full proof of the divinity of their God-given authority and mission.

My second proposition was—"The denial of the claims of Mormonism to inspiration, and credence because of the utter want of proof."

In discussing this, I stated that their claim to "gifts of healing," was false; "that Christ *never failed* when he undertook to heal the sick; that the disciples, after the resurrection, *never failed* when they undertook to heal the sick. But here," said I, "during the last summer in Quincy, many have been sick—and many have died, their own patriarch among the number—some of these sick people had sent for their prophet and elders, who had prayed for them, laid their hands on them, and anointed them in the name of the Lord. Some of these have recovered, and many have died. Others in the town have been sick and have not sent for the prophet and elders. No one has laid hands on them, nor anointed them in the name of the Lord; some of these have recovered and some have died. There is not a particle of difference, and not the least proof of miraculous power."

I then showed that the "gift of tongues," in the Apostolic church, was the real knowledge of the

actual languages spoken. But that the gift of tongues claimed by the Mormons, was the shallowest kind of gibberish and hypocrisy; that we had men here in Quincy—who understood the Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French, German, Spanish, and perhaps other languages. And I defied the whole Mormon fraternity to produce a man, woman or child, who could speak correctly a single sentence in one of these languages, which he or she had not previously learned or been taught. And that they would not do it, simply because they could not do it.

"It is an easy matter" I said, "for one hypocrite in a meeting, to get up and gabble like a goose, and then for another hypocrite to get up and say that such nonsense, meant this, or that, whatever he pleased; but that no one but a simpleton, would be deceived by such folly. Instead of such conduct being a proof of miraculous power, it is a proof of the most devilish hypocrisy, and a desire to deceive."

As to the gift of healing, I inquired why the Mormons did not heal their own members several of whom are here, maimed, half deaf and blind?

The answer was, that they could not do it—and they knew it!

Lastly, I showed from "Pratt's Voice of Warning," the "Book of Covenants," and other publications of theirs, that their intention was to subvert this government, and to give the inhabitants their choice between Mormonism or death.

While speaking on this point, and proving it by

quotations from Mormon authority, I saw the feeling of indignation rising, and I thought best to quiet the people and to conclude by saying, gently, that we could well bear with such vaporing as this, as the Mormons were too feeble to arouse any fear, and too contemptible to excite anything but pity and disgust. This calmed the people, but left the Mormons enraged.

As I concluded one Mormon sprang to his feet exclaiming:—

"This is a jug-handled business—all on one side!" And he was proceeding to speak further, when a storm of indignation rose from all sides of the house, and cries of "Put him down! Put him out!" This induced the gentleman to take his seat, and taught him that just then, "prudence was the better part of valor."

When ready to leave the house, I found myself escorted by six stalwart men, who, fearing that the Mormons would follow and attack or perhaps kill me, were determined to protect and, if need be, defend the speaker. Of this I had not the least fear, and no personal violence was at any time attempted.

In one of my pastoral visits, however, a day or two after, I was introduced to an old "Mother Higbee."

"Oh," said she, as my name was mentioned, "you lectured on Mormonism the other night!"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well" said she, "you told a lie!"

Somewhat amused, I remarked pleasantly, "that is easier said than proved, madam."

"Yes, but you did," she said fiercely, "you told a lie!"

Seeing that she was so spiteful and persistent, I asked her to tell me what it was that I had said that was a lie.

"You said," she replied, "that the Mormons had an organization among themselves, called, at first, 'The Daughters of Zion,' afterwards, 'Danites,' whose business it was to prevent anyone from leaving them; that this society might first admonish, then whip and afterwards take the life, if nothing else would prevent the members from leaving them. Didn't you say that?"

"Yes," I replied, "I did!"

"Well," said she, "that is a lie!"

"How do you know it is a lie?" I asked, sternly. "Because," said she, "I have been with them from the beginning, and my two sons are, and have been in the 'First Council' among the highest. And if this had been so I know they would have told me."

"Well," said I, looking her steadily in the face, "I want to ask you a few questions, and I want you to tell me the truth.

Did you join the Mormons before the temple in Kirtland was endowed?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to Missouri before July 1837?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear Sidney Rigdon's 'salt sermon,'

delivered in the Far West, on the Fourth of July in that year?"

"Yes: I did."

"Well, now tell me the truth. Did not Sidney Rigdon say in that sermon, that the report in the New Testament, that Judas went out and hanged himself, was wrong? And that the truth was, the disciples put him to death because he had betrayed his master? And did he not say, that the account in the Acts, that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead, was false? That the truth was they were killed by the young men because they had lied? And did he not say that the Mormons had better take warning? That one had already 'slipped his wind' and others had better be careful? Now, tell me the truth, did he not say these things?"

To this she answered doggedly: "*I won't tell you what he said!*"

I simply remarked, with all the emphasis I could muster, (as this conversation was carried on in the presence of a Bro. and Sister Dilley, whom she had been endeavoring to proselyte), "*You know he did say all this!* And that he said it for the very purpose of preventing persons from leaving the Mormons!"

I was warmly thanked, afterwards, by many prominent men in the city and vicinity for my lecture. And I am glad to be able to say that it had the effect of putting an end to proselyting while the Mormons remained in Quincy, which was until the next spring.

During that spring I attended a public debate,

held in the Baptist church, between Dr. Nelson, and the Mormon magnates on "The Claims of the Mormon to Recognition, as a Christian Church."

Dr. Nelson the challenger on the occasion, was the author of "Nelson on Infidelity," and the founder of several classical and theological institutes, then in successful operation in the neighborhood. Bishop Eels was selected as the Mormon speaker; Jo. Smith, Sidney Rigdon, P. P. Pratt and Orson Hyde of the Mormon fraternity being present. This debate lasted three days, but was never concluded, as in the course of it, Dr. Nelson was taken ill with a severe attack of vertigo, to which he had been subject. So that, while it attracted considerable attention at the time, the result anticipated by Dr. Nelson and his friends, was not realized.

Soon after this, the Mormons moved to the old village plat of "Commerce," which had been for sometime deserted; and which Jo. Smith & Co., had bought early in the spring of 1840. This was in Hancock county, on the east bank of the Mississippi, and at the head of the "lower rapids." Smith asserting that it had been revealed to him, that this place was to be named "Nauvoo," and that here the saints were to gather together from the four winds of heaven. Of course all the saints obeyed, and while there, for a year or two and struggling with poverty, they made but little trouble.

The wonderful religious interest in the city of Quincy during 1839-1840, commenced in the Meth-

odist church. This was continued and increased by a protracted meeting, held in the Congregational church, under the direction of Rev. Foote, a co-laborer with Mr. Finney of Oberlin. After that, a union protracted meeting was held in the Baptist church, which resulted in a number of conversions. For this meeting I was fortunate enough to secure the services of Rev. W. C. Stribbling, who greatly endeared himself to the people, while laboring there. During the summer of 1840, two camp-meetings were held, in which Quincy station and Columbus circuit united. Bro. J. H. Piper, the circuit preacher, and myself were responsible for the first. This was held in the Hanks neighborhood. It was a meeting of great power, and the Spirit of the Lord was present, in convicting and converting, from its commencement. Bro. Harvey Brown preached at 11 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, with great acceptability.

In the evening, there was a wonderful stirring among the dry bones. Many were converted, and the prayer meeting with the seekers was continued until the dawning of the morning.

But Monday was the great day of the meeting. I had slept from five in the morning until nine. Then Bro. Piper came to me and said I must get up and preach *then*. I consented, rather reluctantly; and spoke from Isaiah I., 18., "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." I had only moderate liberty, but the Spirit was wonderfully present, to apply what was said.

After the sermon Bro. Brown took the stand, saying:—

"I am not going to exhort, or argue, or persuade. I want every seat in this altar cleared for mourners. I shall not sing you up; but right here, and now, I want everyone, on this camp-ground who wants religion, to come into this altar and seek for it!"

No sooner was the opportunity given, than the movement forward seemed simultaneous all over the ground. Every seat was filled about as quickly as the seekers could get to them.

"Give us the first row of seats outside the altar," said Brown. These were filled.

"Give us the second row!" And these were nearly filled. And among the seekers came a Mr. Campbell, said to be the wickedest man in Adams county, led in by Bro. Clowse, who had followed him when he left the ground while I had been preaching.

"Now," said Bro. Brown, "every man to his post. Here is work to be done; don't stop to shout, we shall have plenty of time to shout in Heaven, now is the time to pray." All knelt, saint and sinner. And a mighty volume of prayer went up to God.

Soon the ringing notes of victory were heard from the converted. One and another, and another in quick succession, until scores were rejoicing in the blessed assurance of sins forgiven. Waves of pentecostal power fell upon the people, and the whole camp-ground became one vast scene of exul-

tation and triumphant joy. For more than an hour, nothing could be heard but the great shout of that happy company of Christian people. Just how many were converted at that time, we could not definitely ascertain; but there were taken into our own church, about one hundred and fifty, as the result of that camp-meeting.

The second one was held at Wesley chapel. And this, too, resulted in the conversion of many and a great ingathering of souls.

My first year in Quincy ended joyfully; at the same time, it was my judgemnt that I ought not to return there for the second year. This I stated to my official board and to my presiding elder. But the church and Dr. Akers were of a different mind in the matter, urging that I ought to return. To their expostulations I finally yielded, and consented to come back for the second year; but principally on account of the many new converts, who had joined the church during the year and needed much care. I, perhaps, ought to say here that we paid on the church debt, during my first year, two thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE annual conference of 1840, met at Springfield; Bishop Waugh, presiding.

To meet our examinations on Monday, it was necessary to get near the city on Saturday. Accordingly, sixteen of us met at Rev. Peter Cartwright's, sixteen miles west of Springfield, on Saturday afternoon, and attended a two days' meeting in that neighborhood, which had been appointed in view of the preachers coming to conference. In these meetings we all assisted. On Monday morning we rode into Springfield on horseback.

As we started in the morning, Sister Cartwright remarked to her husband:—

"You may look for me about Friday."

"Humph," said Uncle Peter, "You need not expect me to look after you if you do come!"

"Thank you, sir," said she, "I have a little popularity of my own; I can take care of myself."

To us younger members, our annual conferences were real Jerusalem feasts, as we had nothing to do but enjoy the religious services of those occasions. It was at this conference that we first organized a literary and theological society for the

junior preachers. A course of study was adopted, committees on examinations appointed, and John W. Merrill, of McKendree college, was chosen president, and Norris Hobart, secretary. This association, which was very beneficial to its members, was continued while I remained in that conference.

On Sabbath, twenty-eight, I think, of our class of thirty, including myself and brother, were ordained elders, by Bishop Waugh; Peter Cartwright, assisting. My reception on my return to Quincy for the second year, was most kind and cordial, and I was soon at my regular work again.

Two things I saw needed this year to be done. One was to care for, and train, religiously, the many who had been gathered into the fold the previous year; and the other to keep up my own pulpit efforts. To the accomplishment of these, I addressed myself, with all the energy, force and faith which I possessed.

My rules of life, were to study from six in the morning until noon; do pastoral work from two until six in the evening; then study again until nine or ten, except on the evenings of our prayer-meeting.

The congregations were large and my success in building up the church encouraging. The most of those who had united with the church, remained steadfast. Many of them have since finished their course with joy, and have left a good record, while others are still, and have been for more than forty

years, active and useful, and many of them leading members in the church.

My pulpit efforts were maintained, I think, to the standard I had fixed, but it cost me too much. My health failed; I became too nervous to sleep, and was consequently obliged to give up most of my studying for the last three months. While this was a subject of great regret to me, yet, so far as I am aware, it was not known or thought of by others.

About the last of August, Bro. Piper and I had a camp-meeting on the head of Bear creek, twenty-five miles north of Quincy. This camp-meeting resulted in establishing a Methodist church in that neighborhood, which is still, so far as I know, "a city set on a hill."

During the spring and summer of this year, 1841, I preached, once in four weeks, in the Murphy neighborhood, at the urgent request of Mrs. Murphy, mother of Dr. Jno. H. Murphy, of St. Paul. On these occasions, I always enjoyed the hospitalities of this excellent family; and the pleasant friendships there formed, have been but cementing during more than forty years. The dear mother—a "mother in Israel, indeed"—lived to the age of nearly ninety years, exemplifying, to the last, the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Hers was a pure, true, brave spirit. We laid her away in the cemetery by the falls of St. Anthony, only a few days since, in joyful hope of meeting in "our Father's house." I per-

formed the last loving rites, and conducted the funeral services of my dear old friend.

My second year at Quincy closed with the debt decreased by another thousand dollars—a large and prosperous church—in uninterrupted peace and harmony. We mingled our tears at parting, commending each other to God and the word of His grace.

The conference for 1841, was held at Jacksonville; Bishop Morris, presiding.

This was a most harmonious session. My presiding elder, Dr. Akers, took occasion to ask me early, how often I had preached at conference. Surprised enough at such a question, I replied that I "had never dreamed of doing such a thing, and wouldn't preach under any consideration."

"Well, we will fix that," he said in his genial way. I, rather fearful at first from this half intimation, soon quieted myself by the assurance that Dr. Akers was too wise a man to do such an absurd thing, and tried to forget the matter. But what I dreaded came; that evening I was announced to preach the next day at 2 o'clock P. M. To say that I was scared, embarrassed, confused with the thought, is nothing compared with the fact. I was all these and much more. But the decree was inexorable, and try I must, in the strength of the Lord.

Fearing, trembling and praying I went into the pulpit, took my text, James I., 27, "Pure religion," etc., and, for about forty minutes, did the best I could in contrasting the impurity of heathenism,

the sensuality of Mohammedanism, and the development of Judaism, with the pure religion of the Gospel of Christ. The last was clear in its proofs; experimental in its acquisition; saving in its results and glorious in its issue. I am thankful to say, that the Lord helped me, and I, at least, had a happy time, and was without anxiety as to results.

Bro. Stribbling, who was noted for his pleasantries, was present at this conference, to settle up his book accounts. He came to the door of the basement, in which the conference was held, just as Bro. J. F. Wright, the book agent, was going out, and they were introduced to each other by Bro. Mitchell.

"Ah," said Bro. Stribbling, in his own peculiar way, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee!" To which Bro. Wright, making a very low bow, responded:

"And I abhor myself in dust and ashes!"

Bro. Stribbling was for a moment decidedly nonplused, then they each laughed heartily, and were friends at once.

This year I was sent to Rushville to succeed my brother, Norris, who was sent to Alton. Rushville, at the time, was one of the best stations in the conference, and my brother's year had been very successful: over one hundred having united with the church. Most of these were from the Sunday school, and needed special pastoral care; quite a number had joined as seekers of religion. The membership was large, including the greater portion of the wealth and business talent of the vil-

lage, and the adjacent country, and having more members than all the other churches in the vicinity.

A busier year than this one was, I don't know that I have ever had. For, in addition to my own large charge and regular work, there were so many of my old friends, in adjoining neighborhoods, who came urging me to preach for them, that I thought best to set apart Wednesday evening of each week to filling appointments in the country. In Rushville the congregations were very large, as they had been through the preceding year.

Finding that many of my Sabbath school probationers were only seekers, and some of them hardly that, and that many in the congregation were seriously desirous of obtaining religion, and that a number of the old and substantial members had become cold and formal, too much so in fact, to take hold of the work spiritually, I commenced, immediately after the holidays, a series of revival meetings. It was not until the third night that an invitation was given to mourners to come to the altar. Then fifteen presented themselves, under deep conviction. There were in the audience at the time, more than one hundred members of the church, and to my utter surprise and astonishment, I could only get two old ladies forward to pray for the seekers.

This state of things brought a very heavy burden on me: holding meeting every afternoon and evening — talking, singing, praying, exhorting, preaching and visiting, and almost all by myself.

The seriousness of the unconverted increased; but there was no break or change with the membership until the eighth night, when God honored the faith of the few who were engaged in the work, and fourteen were converted. This occasioned me more joy than I can express, and it also increased our working force, and best of all, it placed the seal of Divine approval on our efforts.

For two weeks we kept up the meetings, and the result, direct, was that twenty-five who had not belonged to the church, with many of the probationers who had been seekers, were happily converted. We should have continued longer, but I broke down, I could not speak from exhaustion, and was obliged to desist.

Among those who claim my grateful remembrance during those two weeks of labor and of faith, against the world, the devil and the coldness and indifference of a church "at ease in Zion," were Mrs. Josiah Parrott, Miss Sarah Pope, (now Mrs. Samuel Spates, of Red Wing M. E. church), Father and Mother Johnson, and my own dear mother. These assisted me, laboring faithfully for the conversion of souls, and who will all, I believe, have many stars in the crowns of their rejoicing.

In the spring of 1841, there were two instances of special Divine direction in my work, which I gratefully record:

Fourteen miles west of Rushville, there was a neighborhood in the forks of Grindstone creek, where there had been a Methodist class. It had also been a preaching place, but the members had

moved away; preaching had been given up, and the Mormons had tried to get a foothold among the people, and had succeeded in getting a few to join them. The neighborhood consisted of between forty and fifty families, with a multitude of young people, left apparently without any religious teaching. Learning of this state of things, the impression came to me like an inspiration and grew strong within me, that I ought to go and hold a two days' meeting there. So convincing was this impression that I arranged to have my pulpit filled, and sent an appointment to the Grindstone people for the 16th and 17th of April. Starting in company with Bro J. Dewit, a young local preacher of my charge, we arrived in time to meet the 11 A. M. appointment, and I spoke to a good congregation, from I Tim. I., 8. Bro. Dewit preaching at night.

Sabbath morning I held a social meeting, and at 11 A. M. preached from Rom. VI., 22: "Being made free from sin." My arrangement was: First, to show, in what sense and to what extent men are involved in sin. Secondly, how we are made free from it — sin imputed, sin inherent (depravity), sin actual, in all wrong doing, in thought, word and deed. These were illustrated and explained.

On my second proposition, which was the principal one, it was shown: First, that the idea that men suffered in this life in proportion to their crimes, was both absurd and false. Secondly, that to teach that sinners suffered in hell until hell fire freed them from sin, or until they repented

and believed, was anti-scriptural and ruinous. Thirdly, that the doctrine that we are made free from sin by baptism, as taught by Romanists, Mormons, Campbellites and some others, or that baptism is a condition necessarily of pardon and renewal, was false and unauthorized by the word of God. Its absurdity was set forth by showing: First, that this doctrine takes the pardon of the sinner out of the hands of the Almighty, and places it in the hands of the administrator. Secondly, that it is salvation by works. Thirdly, that it makes the salvation of some impossible, as it would be in the case of an Alexander Selkirk, or any other excluded from human association. Fourthly, that this was unscriptural.

Then came the "tug of war;" as this doctrine of baptismal regeneration, was the doctrine taught by the Mormons and the Campbellites who were in that neighborhood; and the pentecostal sermon of St. Peter (Acts II., 38,) was given by them as their foundation and authority: they teaching that *baptism* and not faith was the condition of pardon; while I asserted, and proved, that faith is in the Scripture made the condition of salvation.

It was shown that Peter's sermon consisted of two parts: The first being from the fourteenth to the twenty-first verse; that this division covered all of human history from the coming of Christ designated by the Patriarch Jacob (Gen. XLIX., 10,) as the "last days," and extending to the general judgment, (see II. Peter III., 3-7); and that during this entire period, "whosoever

shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Acts II., 21.) The remaining portion of that sermon, I explained, was devoted, *exclusively*, to those Jews who had rejected Jesus as the Messiah. This is proved by the apostle's own words, "Ye men of Israel" (verse 22); and, again, "God hath made that same *Jesus, whom ye have crucified*, both Lord and Christ" (verse 36).

To see the propriety of using such language to the rejecters and crucifiers of our Lord, we must go back in their history, and ascertain, what their obligations were to receive Christ, when He came; and what their condition was to be, should they reject Him. Going back to the giving of the law, I said:—

"We find that such was the overwhelming revelation, which God made of Himself to Israel, at the giving of the law, that they were fully convinced, that should He again reveal Himself in that way, *they must die.* So deeply were they conscious of this that they said to Moses (Ex. XX. 19, If we hear the voice of the Lord, our God, anymore, then we shall die. Go thou near, and hear all that the Lord, our God, shall say, and speak thou unto us, all that the Lord, our God, shall speak unto thee, and we will hear it, and do it!"

To this proposition the Lord answered, "I have heard the voice of the words of this people. They have well said all that they have spoken." That is, God agrees to their proposition, that He will not speak again to them as He did in the giving of

the ten commandments; but that He will speak to them through Moses; and they agree, on their part, that whatever God commands them through Moses to do, "*they will hear and do.*"

Now, in the XVIII chapter of Deuteronomy, verses 15-19, we learn exactly what it was, which they were to do. We have it in these words: "The Lord thy God, will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him *ye shall hearken.* According to all that thou desiredst of the Lord thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly saying: Let me not hear again, the voice of the Lord my God, neither let me see this great fire any more, that I die not. And the Lord said unto me, they have well spoken, that which they have spoken. I will raise them up a Prophet, from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him."

Peter in quoting this passage, gives the exact meaning, as follows: (Acts III., 22, 23.) "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; Him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever He shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that Prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people."

"This," I went on to say, "makes the case very

plain. Israel was under special covenant obligation to adhere to Moses until 'that Prophet,' Christ came. *But when that Prophet came*, they were under the same obligation to forsake Moses and adhere to Christ, that they had been before his coming, to adhere to Moses. To make this more immutable, Moses, in the XXVII, chapter of Deuteronomy, commands Israel, after they should pass over Jordan, to go up to the valley between Mt. Gerrizim and Mt. Ebal; that six tribes were to stand on Mt. Gerrizim to bless, and six on Mt. Ebal, to curse; that Levi was to stand in the valley between, and to pronounce the blessings and the curses. To each of which the entire nation, was to respond '*Amen!*'

"The last curse is in point in this connection. It is this: 'Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them. And all the people shall say Amen!' (Deut. XXVII., 26.) And the curse which should come upon them, was that they should be cursed in person, in their families, in their basket, in their store; cursed with sickness and bondage, driven before their enemies; peeled, torn, scattered as vagabonds and wanderers among the nations, until life became a burden. (See Deut. XXVIII., 16-68.) And all these curses were to come upon them, if they did not recieve that Prophet, Christ when He came. Every Jew understood this. There was not one of them that did not know that the Messiah was to be received when He came; nor one who did not expect and intend to go to Him when He should

come. The question in the days of the Master, was not, shall we go to Christ when He comes? but, Is Jesus of Nazareth the Christ?

"Keep these facts in mind: More than fourteen centuries from Moses had passed by; prophet after prophet, had spoken; promise after promise had been given; continued and increased, and concentrated light had shone upon this subject. The promise given to Moses was renewed to later prophets, as the promise given to Moses had been but the renewed and developed promise given to Adam and Eve in 'the garden.'

"The family, the place, the time had all been announced. The Jewish world was waiting. The time had come. The Messiah appeared, heralded by the angelic host. Heavenly visitants had been on the wing. Strange rumors had been circulating among the people. The saints in the temple were exultant with joy. A new and glorious star was added to the constellations. Then an anxious pause of thirty expectant years ensues. When all unlooked for, the voice of John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' startled the nation and the people of Israel. Like a mighty trumpet tone came the great herald of the Master; rousing to intense excitement, calling Israel from Dan to Beersheba to repentance, and announcing the actual presence of the long expected Messiah. He came, not as the scribes and the rulers had taught,—in the splendors of an oriental potentate—but as a Galilean peasant from the obscure village of Nazareth!

"If He had come as a king, announcing His lineage and claiming the throne, the scepter and the crown of David; endorsing their teachings and inciting them to rebellion against the government of Rome; no doubt the Jews would have followed Him to the death. But instead He associated with the lowly and selected His disciples from among the unlearned fishermen of Gennesaret. He visited the temple, turned out and scourged the occupants who were desecrating it, and charged the rulers with making it a den of thieves. He denounced, the Scribes and Pharisees as hypocrites, filled with all manner of corruption, and boldly asserted that none but the pure in heart should see God. He taught a morality such as the world had never heard, and sustained His claims to the Messiahship by miracles of the most wonderful character. The blind saw; the deaf heard; the lepers were cleansed; the maimed were made whole; devils were cast out, and the dead were raised up. Chronic diseases were healed by His touch; and sickness and sorrow fled from His presence as darkness before the sun.

"Excitement ran high. As the ocean is stirred when the great winds sweep over and agitate its billows, so were stirred and tossed and agitated the hearts of Israel's thousands, during the years of the public ministry of the Son of God. Those who recieved Him, worshiped Him as Divine; while His enemies denounced Him as an imposter, a drunkard, a glutton, a Sabbath breaker, a blasphemer, and in league with the devil.

"Such fearful conflict and variance of opinion, could not exist long together. One party or the other must triumph. Hence, when the great feast of the Passover came, His enemies who desired His overthrow, planned for His arrest and death. Betrayed by a false disciple, tried by a mob governed court, condemned by a cowardly judge. A judge, who while he asserted the innocence of the Savior, yet yielded to the clamor of the multitude, who demanded His death, crying His blood be upon us and upon our children. Nailed to the cross, hanging three dreadful hours in agony, a spectacle to angels and to men; while the darkened sun, the trembling earth and the startled dead attested their horror of the crime. He died: was buried in Joseph's tomb; a great stone closed the sepulchre; the king's seal, and a Roman guard made it secure. Vain thought! The third morning angel hands rolled away the stone! And the mighty Christ came forth, Lord both of the living and the dead! He was seen of the Marys; then by the eleven; then in Galilee, by five hundred brethren at once; then at the sea of Tiberius; then back to Jerusalem; and on the fortieth day He ascended from the Mount of Bethany, in the presence of His disciples; and the heavens received Him out of their sight.

"For ten days they wait in prayer, and on the fiftieth morning from the crucifixion, the great pentecostal baptism came. The disciples are exultant; the multitude of strangers come together, the one hundred and twenty, clothed with

tongues of fire, speaking in many languages and proclaiming with power, the Messiahship and resurrection of Christ. The multitude are somewhat confused, while the haters and murderers of Christ are asserting that this is a drunken debauch. And it is just at this point that Peter gave his memorable sermon, the latter part of which is addressed, *exclusively*, to the haters, betrayers and murderers of Christ. He charges them with the crime, which they dare not deny. And then conclusively proves, from their own Scriptures, that the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, has been prophetically announced hundreds of years before. Then turning to them clothed with the awful majesty and earnestness of truth, he asserts, 'Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ.' When this was proved it followed that several other things were also proved. For, if Jesus was the Christ, then these men had broken the covenant made with God, by the Fathers. They had put themselves out of covenant relation with God; had cut themselves off from the covenants of promise, had brought upon themselves the curses of the violated law, and had enacted the blackest crime that was ever committed in the universe, by staining their hands in the blood of the Son of God, and invoking the curse of His blood on themselves and their children!

"Three thousand were convinced; and in shame and agony cry out—not like the jailor, 'What

must we do, to be saved?'—but, 'Men and brethren *what shall we do?* How shall we avoid the fearful curse which we have incurred? How get out from it? How avert the storm of divine wrath, the utter and irreparable ruin which awaits us?'

"To this view of the subject, the answer is pertinent. They had publicly ridiculed, persecuted, denied and murdered the Lord's Christ, and invoked the curse of His blood on themselves and their children. Now nothing but a confession of their sins, and an espousal of the Messiah of God, equally as public, can bring them within the reach of pardon. We must remember, that when Peter spoke, the lines were so sharply drawn, that nothing short of being publicly baptized in His name was regarded as acknowledging Him as the Messiah. Hence, the answer to those who had denied, and who would now acknowledge Him was: 'Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' This public acknowledgment of Jesus as the Christ, would bring them back into the covenant relation, which they had violated, and take off the curse to which they had so wickedly subjected themselves and nothing else would.

"That Peter did not teach nor believe that baptism was the condition of pardon, is proved as follows: Twelve years after the Jewish Pentecost, came the Gentile Pentecost. Peter was at Joppa, where he had that wonderful vision of a great sheet let down from Heaven, full of all man-

ner of beasts and creeping things—and he heard a voice saying unto him: 'Slay and eat.' He answered: 'Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath entered into my mouth at any time.' To which the voice responded: 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.' Thrice was this repeated, then all was taken up again into Heaven. While he pondered as to the meaning of the vision, three men called at the gate, and inquired for Peter. The spirit said: 'Go with them, nothing doubting.' These men told him of this visit of the angel to Cornelius, a devout Gentile, and that the angel directed Cornelius to send to Joppa for Peter, who should tell him (Cornelius) 'words whereby thou and all thy house shalt be saved.' (Acts VI., 14.) Peter went; but knowing that he would be churched for it, as soon as he returned to Jerusalem, he took with him five brethren. On arriving at Ceserea, he found that Cornelius had called his friends and household together and was waiting for him. As Peter came near the house, he was met by Cornelius, who explained the reason for his sending for him, and introduced him to the company. Peter commenced his sermon by saying: 'Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.' He then introduces Christ, heralded by John, who healed the sick, raised the dead and went about doing good; was crucified, raised from the dead, and ordained of God to be the judge of the quick and the dead. 'To Him,' says

Peter, 'give all the prophets witness, that through His name, *whosoever believeth in Him*, shall receive remission of sins.'

"Mark here! First, this is the same Peter who preached on the Pentecost, twelve years before, and then opened the doors of the church to the Jews. Secondly, he is now preaching the first sermon to the Gentiles. Thirdly, the angel had told Cornelius that Peter should tell him words whereby he and his house should be saved. (Acts VI., 14.) Fourthly, he announced the condition—'*Believeth*'—'*Faith*'—without one word on the subject of baptism. Fifthly, as soon as the word was uttered it was heard; as soon as heard, believed; and as soon as believed, salvation came in mighty power. 'The Holy Ghost fell on them,' says Peter, 'as it did on us at the beginning.' A glorious high land, dry land conversion, and not a drop of water about it! And if you will read each case of conversion recorded in the New Testament after Pentecost, you will find that every Jew was baptized before he was converted, and that every Gentile was converted before he was baptized. Why this? Because the Jew was under the curse of a violated covenant, while the Gentile was not. This shows, conclusively, that *faith* was, and that *baptism was not*, the condition of *Gentile* salvation.

"I will now prove by Peter himself that faith *was*, and that baptism *was not* the condition of the *Jews'* salvation. Ten years after the conversion of Cornelius and twenty-two years after the Pentecost, the first great council was held at Jerusalem.

Present: the apostles and elders, Paul and Barnabas, and many others. The question to be settled was, 'Shall the Gentiles be circumcised and keep the law of Moses?' (Acts XV.) The controversy was sharp, as the record proceeds to say (verse 7): 'And when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up and said, 'Men and brethren, you know how that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe. And God which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even, as He did to us, and put no difference between us and them—*purifying their hearts by faith.*'

"Four things are here to be noted. First, this was the same Peter who had preached at the Pentecost twenty-two years before. Secondly, here he declares that the hearts of the Gentiles were purified by faith, not by water baptism. Thirdly, he also states, that God put no difference between us (Jews) and them (Gentiles) on this very thing. Fourthly, therefore, if the hearts of the Jews were purified by water baptism, and the hearts of the Gentiles by faith, then God did put a difference between the two, and Peter stated what was not true. But if Peter told the truth, then the Jews were saved by faith and not by water baptism, and our point is proved.

"That Peter did not attribute salvation to water baptism, but to faith, is shown by his own declaration. When some thirty-three years after the Pentecost, and not long before his death, he writes

his general epistle to the strangers scattered abroad, he congratulates them as the elect of God; as heirs of an incorruptible and eternal inheritance; as kept by the power of God through faith; as having their faith tried as by fire.' And then adds, speaking of Christ, 'Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; receiving *the end of your faith*, even the salvation of your souls.' This certainly settles the matter so far as Peter is concerned, that the soul is saved by *faith*, and *not* by water baptism.

"But if it be urged that water baptism was, on the day of Pentecost, taught by Peter to be the condition of salvation, I will now prove that this, was changed at a subsequent date, and by a higher authority than that of St. Peter.

"Four years after the Pentecost, when Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, was arrested by the power of God, and prostrated to the ground, the Savior appeared to him and said in the Hebrew tongue, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?' He answered, 'Who art thou, Lord?' To which the Master answered, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest! It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' Trembling with fear, Saul cried out: 'Lord! What wilt thou have me to do?'

"Part of the Savior's answer to this inquiry is found in the ninth chapter of Acts, and part in the twenty-sixth chapter, as follows: 'But rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness,

both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee. To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by *faith, that is in me.*'

"Here, then, we have a Gospel ministry, sent to Jews and Gentiles, proclaiming this, and only this, that every blessing which the Gospel brings, from the first ray of light flashed into the understanding, to the full fruition, enjoyed by the glory crowned conqueror in Heaven, is obtained by *faith in Christ.* And observe, this is the last enactment which Heaven has made on the subject, and it is from the highest authority in the universe of God. It stands an irrefutable demonstration that men are to receive remission of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified *by faith* and *not by* water baptism. This glorious arrangement opens wide the gates of Gospel grace; and whosoever will, may take of the water of life, without money and without price. So rich is the atonement, so abounding the grace, so efficient the spirit, and so exactly adapted to the conditions of humanity, that nothing but rejection and unbelief can keep men out of Heaven. The world's Redeemer does not stop to inquire, What is your name? Where have you been? What have you done? but,—What is your faith? And just so soon as the humbled and penitent heart trusts in Christ,

his sins are pardoned, his stains washed out, his nature renewed, and he becomes a child of God. Heaven is burdened with solicitude for man's salvation, and all the powers of hell cannot keep that soul away from Christ who desires to be saved, on Gospel terms."

This sermon was wonderfully owned of God, and the effect was abiding.

In the afternoon, Bro. Dewit preached, and in the evening I spoke again from Heb. II., 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." Again the Lord helped me, mightily. Before the sermon closed, the cries of the penitents filled the house, and the voice of the preacher was almost drowned. They fell on their knees where they were. We prayed with them as long as we could, but were obliged to leave them the next morning.

But the Lord cared for the people. A good brother, Harrison Berry, a Cumberland Presbyterian, a friend of mine, about my own age in life, and in the ministry, carried on the revival which then commenced, until between three and four hundred were converted in this and adjoining neighborhoods.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN just two weeks, according to a previous arrangement, I went with Bro. Wm. G. Piper, (junior preacher on Rushville circuit) to hold a two days' meeting on the ridge between Sugar creek and the Illinois river. This had at one time been an appointment on the circuit, and we had had there a large class but some had died, and others had moved away, and a few had joined the Campbellites, so that at this time there were only three or four persons, in the neighborhood, who were trying to live religiously after the Methodist pattern. But the country was well settled and there were many young people whom I felt sure should be cared for religiously.

Uncle George Skiles and his good wife, Aunt Molly, who were surrounded by more than fifty of their children and grandchildren, were very desirous that I should hold a meeting there. And my own convictions were that I ought to go and preach to these people.

Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M. we had a large and attentive audience, and again in the evening. Sabbath morning love-feast was followed by a sermon in which I again discussed the conditions

of pardon. And the Lord magnified Himself in His word, marvelously. In the afternoon Bro. Piper preached and in the evening there was a mighty stir and there were three clearly and happily converted. This roused the animosity of the Campbellites, and they refused us the use of the school house, when we proposed to stay another day. This difficulty was soon overcome, however, as Uncle George Skiles quietly remarked, that we could have his house. This was larger and more central than the school house. So on Monday at 11 A. M. we held meeting there; Bro. Piper preached and I exhorted, and after singing and prayer we dismissed the people. But not one would leave; all sat down again, many weeping. When I saw this, I began to sing:—

"Oh, when shall I see Jesus!"

In this all joined heartily. We had not sung half the hymn through, when a young lady, who had been forward for prayer the night before, arose from the most distant corner of the house, and pressing her way among the closely seated people, knelt down beside where Bro. Piper and myself sat. As she knelt, I remarked that it was always in order to call for mourners; and if there were any that desired to find Christ, let them come forward. To my surprise, every unconverted person in the house, with one exception, crowded to the front and knelt down. We all prayed. The place seemed filled with God's presence, and His power was revealed in a most wonderful manner. Soon the shouts of

happy Christians and rejoicing converts, made such music as the angels of God delight to hear.

After about half an hour of prayer and praise, I heard a strange sound near where I was kneeling. Looking around, I saw "Old Grandfather Justice," Aunt Molly's father, then ninety-one years old, *just converted*, and as happy as he could be.

"Bless the Lord! Oh, Bless the Lord!" he said, "I shall even yet get to Heaven! I shall! I shall!!"

This was the oldest person I have ever seen converted. He had joined the church as a seeker—some seventy years before, in East Tennessee,—when his wife was converted, and who had lived and died a Christian. He had long before given up a religious life; but still affirmed that he would get to Heaven. "Because," said he, "the Bible says, 'the prayer of the righteous availeth much.' And if there is a righteous person on earth, it is my wife, Molly; and she prays for me every day." Four years after, I rode from Springfield, a distance of sixty miles, to bury the old gentleman. He had lived the four years as a Christian and had died right.

We had service at night in the school house. I spoke from Deut. XXX., 19. "I call Heaven and earth to record this day against you that I have set before you life and death, blessings and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

It was a time of God's convicting power. The crowd was so great that room at the mourners' bench, could only be obtained for ten persons, and

those were converted in less than twenty minutes; making in all, since Saturday, between twenty and thirty who had been converted, and were praising God with joyful hearts.

I returned to Rushville the next day. But the revival went on, and continued for more than two years, spreading through several neighborhoods, until over four hundred were converted; and among them four or five who became preachers. Several churches were also raised up in that part of the country, as the result.

This year ended very pleasantly, and I started for conference, which was held at Winchester, leaving my wife comfortable and happy with a lovely little daughter of six weeks. But the day after I left home, our little Rebecca was taken suddenly and seriously ill and I never saw her again. When I returned home, I found that, all unknown to me, the angels had carried our baby to the skies. Our home was emptier, but we had one more in Heaven.

Before leaving for conference, I had told the old friends in the Skiles neighborhood that if they would have everything ready for a camp-meeting, I would spend a few days with them, before going to my next appointment, and would be responsible for the preaching.

The conference at Winchester was a very happy one; Bishop Roberts, presiding. I was sent to Peoria, having made but one request to my presiding elder, and that—that I judged it not best for myself to be returned to Rushville. According

to promise, accompanied by my brother, who was bringing his wife to visit her sister, we proceeded, after a day spent together at my home, to the camp-meeting. The brethren had made wise arrangements, and advertised it well. The attendance was large and the meeting a much greater success than was anticipated.

After I had preached on Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M., we held a prayer meeting at the altar, at which the power of God fell upon the people in a marvelous manner. Several lost their strength; and, among others, an old acquaintance by the name of Greer, called "Little George Greer." He had refused, for a time, to come forward for prayer; but did at last consent; and very soon after, he fell to the ground, losing his strength and lying like a dead man. His wife, Martia, was very much alarmed, and rushing to me exclaimed in great distress:—

"Bro. Hobart, What is the matter with George? Will he die?"

"Oh, no:" said I, "he will not die!"

"Well," said she, "you have got him into this, and now you must get him out!"

"No:" I replied, "I have not got him into this, and I cannot get him out. The Lord has done this, and He only can bring him out."

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Just sit down by him," I said, "and see that his position is natural, and then sing and pray for him."

This she did. And in an hour George came out

all right, and about as happy a mortal as had been seen in that country for many a year. The meeting ended with a march around the ground, with joyful shouts and earnest prayers. There were between forty and fifty converted, and we all returned to our homes, assured that God had been with us, and had given us good success.

The following week my wife and I were on our way to Peoria. I arrived there a stranger, but soon found myself among friends. I also found a very pleasant little society, a small church and everything in good order, as left by my predecessor, Rev. N. P. Cunningham.

My first sermon was from Col. I., 28: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

The Lord helped me and I was at once received as a messenger from God. A revival commenced almost immediately, attributable to the faithful seed-sowing of my predecessor as much as to any effort of mine. Our little church was always well filled, and many times, was uncomfortably crowded. The revival spirit continued and the church nearly doubled its membership before the close of the year. Some who had been known as desperately wicked, were converted and united with the church: between sixty and seventy.

This year I was most efficiently aided in my labors by my official board: Bros. Bristol, Parker, Dyvelbiss, King, Smith, Knowlton and many others, who did their work well. Two elect ladies, Sisters

Frye and Smith, planned their departments of labor with great skill and success, and helped me much.

Among the many very pleasant memories of the friends in Peoria, is that of Dr. J. C. Frye, son of Rev. Michael Frye, and nephew of Revs. Joseph and Christopher Frye, of Baltimore conference. Dr. Frye is one of nature's noblemen, a manly, genial, kindly gentleman. May he win and wear the crown of life eternal, and may He whom we serve reward him a thousand fold for his many kindnesses to me and mine. He and his good wife are still pressing on.

In the spring it was thought best to build a parsonage. Money was scarce; our members poor; lumber hard to obtain. But a good Bro. Wilson, who lived on the east side of Peoria lake, four miles from town, gave us liberty to get out the timber on his land. So we made a "frolic;" that is, some twenty or thirty of us went over and cut and hewed, in one day, enough for the frame of the house. This was rare sport. And it was increased by Bro. Wilson's finding a bee-tree, while we were at work; and we were soon feasted on butter and honey, and worked with a will. Very speedily the lumber was rafted and taken down; and with a good deal of volunteer work and some donations, when I left Peoria, at the close of the year, the parsonage was plastered, almost ready for occupancy, and out of debt.

The next year conference met at Quincy; Bishop Andrews, presiding. The same whose case the

next year caused such a furor in the church, and resulted in its separation.

The session was harmonious, and to me a most delightful one; affording me a joyful re-union with both preachers and people.

My presiding elder, Rev. A. E. Phelps, had intimated that I should return to Peoria, and as there seemed many good reasons why I should, and none why I should not, I expected to do so. To my surprise and disappointment, when the appointments were read, I found myself set down for Jacksonville station. I was astounded; not Jacksonville! Surely there must be a mistake! So large and literary and well educated a community, and considered the best appointment in the conference! But the die was cast and there was no appeal; I must do the best I could.

Hastening back, I found my wife, and infant son four weeks old, well and prospering, for which I was devoutly thankful. After naming my boy Joseph Christopher Frye, for my friend, Dr. Frye, I bid my many friends a tearful farewell and hastened to my work; thus concluding a very happy and successful year at Peoria.

I was most cordially received at Jacksonville, and soon became fully absorbed in my duties there. I found the church large, including a good share of the wealth and talent of the place. Our best preachers had been stationed here for years, and many gracious revivals had been enjoyed. Yet for the three preceding years, a very bitter feeling had existed between some leading members

of the church, and, as is always the case, the feeling had extended to the church members generally, so that the sympathies of nearly all were on one side or the other.

Faithful efforts had been made by our wisest and best ministers, and by my predecessors to heal this breach. Church trials and civil suits had been instituted; but these had failed to bring peace. A few months before my appointment, Rev. Peter Cartwright and others had advised that charges and suits be withdrawn; and all parties had agreed to say no more about the trouble. But I soon found that, although the snake was "scotched," he was not dead by any means. I saw the principal parties in the case, and used the best wisdom and skill I had to heal these troubled waters, but found that it was impossible; they were still bitter.

I concluded after a while, and with much prayer and reflection, that time and the grace of God could alone effect the needed cure. I therefore addressed myself to the great work of preaching the Gospel, and endeavored to build up the church in righteousness and true holiness. How well I succeeded, is not for me to say. But the facts justify me in saying, that for two years the church was crowded with hearers; several were converted and the membership generally gave evidence of advancement in the divine life.

During my second year, I succeeded in securing a lot, with a small house for parsonage: the gift of my old and valued friend, W. C. Stribbling. We

built an addition of two stories and fitted it up in good order, and I had the pleasure of leaving a comfortable parsonage for my successor. Soon after being settled at Jacksonville, I became acquainted with Rev. W. H. Milburn, since known, both in Europe and America, as the "blind preacher." He had been just received on trial in the Illinois conference and appointed junior preacher on the Winchester circuit. As his circuit lay but a few miles west of Jacksonville, his home, a good part of his time was spent on my charge. Thus we spent several hours of each week together, and there sprang up between us a friendship like that between David and Jonathan.

Bro. Milburn was at this time almost boyish in appearance; but even then the brilliancy of his imagination and the ease and fluency of his language, were an astonishment even to his friends. Our association was not only very pleasant, but it was to each of us mutually profitable. He found in me, in regard to sermonizing and studying, just what he needed, and I, in him, a fountain of sunshine and joy, and lines of thought which I had not before taken up. Since then, my friend has acquired a national reputation as an orator, and has fully met the expectations which his young manhood promised.

The college grounds near Jacksonville, having been nicely seated for the Commencement exercises, we arranged to hold there, on the 4th of July, 1844, a grand union Sunday school celebration.

The day came, everything was in readiness, and

the city in expectancy. At the appointed hour, a large procession of children and teachers, headed by music and banners, marched to the beautiful college grounds. There were several addresses made by learned college professors and others, all of whom did very well; after which "Billy Milburn," was announced to speak. He came forward; and, without notes or manuscript, for about thirty minutes so electrified and thrilled that audience of thousands, that but little was talked of, or indeed, remembered, of any other address than his.

In 1845, Gen'l. Andrew Jackson had died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn. And as was to be expected, when the bitter strife of partisan politics had been hushed by the stillness of the tomb, there were but few whose hearts did not prompt them to desire, that in some suitable way the nation should express its sense of sorrow, and loss, and show its respect for the memory of the mighty dead.

In accordance with these feelings a meeting of citizens was called at Jacksonville—then considered the Athens of Illinois—to make arrangements for a public memorial occasion. It was there decided that a eulogy should be delivered. Who should deliver it? was a much more difficult question to settle. Many propositions were made, and voted down. For as the talent of the town was about equally divided between the Whigs and the Democrats, neither party was willing to give the other the opportunity of speaking, or, of making capital

out of the memorial occasion. It was finally moved and carried, as the only alternative upon which unanimity of action could be reached, that the Methodist minister should be invited to pronounce the eulogy. A committee was appointed to wait on me, and report my answer at a subsequent meeting.

In reply to the very courteous request of the committee, I told them that I felt as if I ought not to consent; that there were several reasons why I should not fill that place:—

General Jackson had been a Democrat, I was a Whig; he had been a Presbyterian, I was a Methodist; he had been a politician and a soldier, while I was a preacher of the Gospel. To this they replied that I had been the only man they could agree upon, and if I refused, there would be no eulogy. As this seemed the fact, I then said that they might give as my answer, "If it be the unanimous wish of the community—and no one else can be found, I will reluctantly consent." The time for the eulogy had been fixed for about the tenth day in advance. The day after my reply to the committee, I was informed that Messrs. McConnell and Lambertson, two prominent Democratic lawyers of the town, had expressed great dissatisfaction with the arrangement for the eulogy. I immediately wrote a note to the committee, stating that as I had consented to speak on condition that the request was unanimous, and had been informed that certain prominent gentlemen objected, they would please consider my obligation to speak,

cancelled. This produced quite an excitement, and disappointment also. The Whigs poured out their vials of wrath on the Democrats, and they in turn emptied their indignation on poor McConnell and Lambertson. So fast and furious had the excitement grown, that in less than two hours after sending my note to the committee, these two gentlemen had taken the shortest and quickest route to my house. And in the most direct and courteous manner, said to me:—

"Mr. Hobart, we regret very much having said anything on the subject of the eulogy, and take it all back. We insist most earnestly that you will speak!" The obstacles being thus removed, I again consented and commenced the work of preparation.

When the appointed day arrived, it was as fair and beautiful as the most interested could desire. The procession was more than a mile long, and, with muffled drums and banners draped, we marched to the appointed place. Hundreds came from other cities and from the country round, until the assemblage numbered several thousands. Prayer was offered by Dr. Todd, of the Presbyterian church.

My discourse I cannot give as it was never written, but the following points were made prominent:

First—The proof which this occasion furnished that the nation was really *one at heart*; that although party strife was now and then fierce and bitter, yet below this, there was a unity of senti-

ment which only needed a proper occasion to call it forth, and that this was an encouraging fact in our national life. Like the great ocean, the surface may be lashed into fury and foam, but the depths below remained undisturbed.

Secondly—General Jackson as a man and a citizen; a brief biography of his life, from his birth in North Carolina, A. D., 1767, until his death at the Hermitage, in 1845.

Thirdly—General Jackson, as a soldier tracing his war record, from his refusal to black the boots of the British officer in Revolutionary times, to the conclusion of the Seminole war, 1817-18.

Fourthly—General Jackson, as a politician, the great central figure of Democratic laudation and of Whig hate; arbitrarily removing the deposits from the U. S. Bank; and vetoing the charter of that bank. His honesty and sincerity made apparent by the fact, that had he signed that charter, his support for the presidency would have been almost unanimous; while by vetoing it he would and did array against himself not only all the monied power of the Bank but nearly the entire monied interest of the country. Yet, in view of all these facts, he vetoed the charter, which had passed both houses of congress and then took an appeal to the judgment of the people, in suffering himself to run for a second presidential term. That election came, and he was triumphantly sustained by the popular vote. "And," said the speaker, "if the old adage '*Vox populi, vox Dei*' be true,

then his action was approved both by God and men."

Lastly—he was looked upon as a Christian. Naturally of a fearless nature, and living in a community and in an age where fighting, swearing, gambling and duelling were hardly regarded as crimes, or as out of harmony with the character of a gentleman, he had become notorious in these practices, and yet he had always respected Christianity and its ministers. When he had filled more positions of honor and trust, than any other citizen of the United States ever had, or would ever be likely to fill—full of days and of honors—he calmly and deliberately gave his last years to the service of God. He united with the Presbyterian church—than which no more patriotic church has existed.

Among the several lessons which this act of his life furnished, was this one, that it was a perfect refutation of the slur, which Infidelity sometimes urges against Christianity; namely, that men were moved to profess religion by fear. "For," said I, "Satan, the father of lies, never dared even to intimate that General Jackson was moved or awed by fear." The eulogy terminated as follows:—

"And now fellow citizens, I cannot better conclude my remarks than by uttering a sentiment in which I am sure we can all unite: Peace to his ashes, honor to his memory, and rest to his soul!" Of course a vote of thanks was tendered. And a copy of the eulogy requested for publication.

But I could give none as there never was, and never will be a copy.

I felt some solicitude as to how I had succeeded in the estimation of the different political elements; well knowing that it was a difficult matter to say enough to please the admirers of the General and not at the same time to offend those who were opposed to him. I received many congratulations on my effort and have never heard an adverse criticism; though, doubtless, there might have been some.

About a week afterwards, a friend of mine, who was present on the occasion of my speech, called on me and stated that a friend of his, but a stranger to me, had asked him quite earnestly, who that Methodist preacher was, who delivered that eulogy on Jackson. Being informed, he replied: "Well, I heard Col. Wright at St. Louis, and Ed. Baker at Springfield, but I'll be blest if that Methodist preacher, didn't beat both of them!!" As Col. W. was the best stump speaker in Missouri, and Ed. Baker as good as Illinois could produce, I was willing of course to let it go that way.

At the close of two most delightful years, I bade farewell to my many friends at Jacksonville —most of them now on the other shore—and soon found myself and family comfortably settled in a pleasant parsonage at Springfield, to which station I had been appointed by Bishop Morris at the conference of 1845. Warmly welcomed and ably seconded by my official board, the year's work

opened encouragingly. Early in the year there were indications of a coming shower of blessing. In this we were not disappointed. We commenced a protracted meeting in December, which continued about two weeks and resulted in the conversion of forty-five; some having previously joined as seekers, and a few uniting with other churches. In the same month, I held a three days' meeting at Horse creek, at which nine were converted, and a good religious influence was awakened, which spread through the neighborhood.

On Jan. 11, 1846, I was called to preach the funeral sermon of a child of Rev. Richard Bird, the circuit preacher. I spoke from I. Cor. III., 21, 23. "Therefore let no man glory in men: for all things are yours. Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours. And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

The large church was full to overflowing and great grace was resting on both preacher and people. While speaking of death as "ours," to introduce us into the unspeakable glories of life eternal, a good Presbyterian sister, who had recently buried a lovely child, sprang to her feet and began to praise and shout in the old Methodist style, much to the astonishment of those of her own church who were present, and greatly to the pious edification of the Methodists, who thought it perfectly orthodox and proper. The good sister, after her first exclamations of joy and praise,

with her face all bathed in tears, yet radiant with delight, tried to apologize by saying, "I can't help it! Oh, brethren, I can't help it! I am so enraptured with the thought of meeting my dear ones in Heaven!"

In the winter of 1845-6, Dr. Elliott, then editor of the "Western Christian Advocate," gave us some stirring editorials on China as a mission field. These roused my soul; and I proposed, through that paper, to be one of a hundred to give ten dollars each to send a missionary to China. This sum I forwarded. Several of my own congregation also responded, and others from different places. This, so far as I know, was the first money contributed for a China M. E. mission, or for a China mission of any protestant denomination in America. Little did I then think how wonderously this enterprise was to succeed, or of the glorious spread of the work in China; still less, that my youngest born, my Willie, would at this time (1885) be the Rev. W. T. Hobart, of the "North China Mission," living in Peking; with a large Chinese circuit; preaching the everlasting Gospel in that strange language to Christian Chinamen; and reporting as the result of their conference work last year in that charge, a hundred baptized and many converted. And as I think of the small beginnings, and the four promising conferences of our own church, now in that mighty empire, I bless the Lord and look forward to the great triumphal shout of the arch-angel when he shall announce that the kingdoms of this world have become the

kingdom of our Lord and His Christ. And I am devoutly grateful that I was counted worthy to have a share in the starting of the China mission; and that I have a son whom the Master has counted worthy to be called into that promising mission field.

My year in Springfield was a very encouraging one. Among the friends who there made our social life very enjoyable, I recall the names of Judge Logan, N. Edwards, Drs. Todd and McNeil, Bro. Roberts, the Bros. Matheny, Jno. Condell, Judge Mathers, and many others.

While I was stationed in Springfield, Illinois was called upon by the war department to furnish one or more regiments for the Mexican war; and these were to rendezvous at that city, one company being raised there. In this company were several members of our charge, and in it the citizens manifested much interest. Soon after the soldiers had left for Jefferson barracks, below St. Louis, the ladies of the city raised over one hundred dollars with which to purchase a flag for our company, and I was appointed as their committee not only to select the flag but to make the presentation speech in their name. This very pleasant duty was performed. Afterwards a Sabbath was spent at the barracks, where I was requested to preach. After the sermon, the officers met, and so far as their action could determine the matter, I was elected chaplain of the regiment. As this had to be confirmed by higher authority, in the great hurry of organizing and embarking the army at New Or-

leans, the matter was overlooked and I heard nothing more of it. So near did I come to participating in the Mexican war.

Abraham Lincoln was then as popular, socially, in Springfield, as he afterwards became nationally; and he, whom the world now honors as the grand war president and the great emancipator of the slaves of the United States, was then and there well known for his genial nature, his natural wit, his sterling integrity, his originality, his honesty and ability.

I became impressed, during my stay in Springfield, with the conviction that I ought to go further north. After much prayer, I wrote to my friend, Rev. Richard Haney, then a member of the Rock River conference, saying that if at the ensuing Illinois and Rock River conferences, (at each of which Bishop Hamline was to preside) it should be thought best by him, I would like to transfer to the Rock River conference. I wrote this letter four weeks before the time of the Rock River conference session; and when I received a reply, it was to tell me that I had been transferred, and was appointed to "Clarke Street," Chicago, then the largest Methodist church in the State. This was accompanied by a note from Bishop Hamline, saying that I must hasten to my appointment, without waiting for the meeting of the Illinois conference. This rather afflicted me, for, if I had thought in transferring that there was any possibility of my being sent to Chicago, I certainly should not have asked to be transferred,

and now it was too late to alter it. Before getting ready for our journey, however, I attended our camp-meeting as previously arranged. We had a blessed time. On Sabbath afternoon I preached on "Justification by Faith;" and at the altar prayer meeting, immediately following, twenty-seven were converted.

With considerable effort in getting ready we were able to take the stage (then the only way of traveling) on the next Friday morning, for Peoria. Here we had a delightful re-union with our old friends, being entertained at the hospitable home of my dear friend, Dr. Frye. On Monday morning early we again took the stage for Chicago. We traveled continuously until Tuesday evening, when arriving very weary and with no little anxiety, we were met and warmly welcomed by the brethren. We were kindly cared for at the home of Bro. Wm. Wheeler, who, with his noble wife, spared no pains in making us feel at home, until the parsonage could be made ready for our occupancy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE first M. E. church of Chicago, since called and ever to be known as "Clarke Street, M. E. church," was organized, not as "Clarke Street," but as the"Methodist Episcopal church of Chicago." This was in 1833, and the first quarterly meeting for that charge was held in the fall of that year.

Good men and true had filled the pulpit from the first, and among them, the saintly and sainted Peter R. Borein of whom I have already written, and of whom I might write much more. His labors in the church at Chicago will always be remembered by those who knew him, as a benediction; and his life as exemplifying the spirit of his divine Master. His last sermon was on the vision of the dying Stephen. His own departure followed in a few days after.

I found the membership of "Clarke Street," large; and a good deal of earnest, active, religious life. Many of the members were from New England and New York, and their habits and church life, were of a more quiet and less demonstrative character, than that which had prevailed at the west. The seats were rented. The singing was led by a choir; instrumental music being part

of the regular Sabbath service. This was all new to me; and it seemed at first cold, formal and unhomelike. But as these things had been introduced and borne by my predecessor, Rev. W. M. D. Ryan, and the majority of the membership favored them, I thought that I would do the best I could and not disturb these forms of church service, though distasteful to me, personally.

I soon found my place a most difficult one to fill. The presiding elder, James Mitchell, who was now in his second year as elder, had determined that the instrumental music and the renting of the pews should be broken up. He therefore informed me that my official board, (a band of noble men) were disloyal to Methodist discipline and to Methodist usage; that they were willful, and were determined to rule or ruin the church; and, what was in his eyes still worse, that they were constantly in the habit of slandering and traducing the presiding elder. He also instructed me that I must fight them; "fight like a bull-dog" were his words. Must resist them and their views; in fact, that I must follow his wishes and pay no attention to those of my official board.

To me, who had known only reverence and love for my presiding elders, heretofore, and who had enjoyed uninterrupted harmony with my brethren, both in the official boards and out of them, all my life so far, this was a horrid condition of things. And to be placed in its midst, distressing and torturing beyond expression. Just as soon as I fairly saw the state of discordance between the

presiding elder and the church, I begged him to change me, and send me to some other place. But this he would not do. So that I was reduced to the alternative of leaving the work to which I had been appointed, vacating on my own responsibility; or of remaining and relying on the grace of God, to be faithful to duty and do the best I could, under these trying circumstances. The last I decided to do. And I went through the year, bearing a burden, which seemed sometimes as if it would crush me; steadily attending to the work of a Methodist preacher, and the building up of the church of God. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, God gave us a good year in "Clarke Street." We had an excellent revival and a time of refreshing from our God during the winter. Between forty and fifty were converted, and many added to the church. And a number, who were members of the church, entered into the blessed assurance of perfect love; many others also in the church, who had once enjoyed the blessing, were able to regain the consciousness of a clean heart.

During this revival I experienced a difficulty not unfrequently met with; that is, a large audience remaining to look on at the altar services to the great embarrassment of the penitent and the seekers. To overcome this, on one evening after a hard struggle with this element of inaction and hindrance, I appointed a meeting, for eight o'clock the next morning, in the parlor of the parsonage. And I emphatically stated that those only were invited who were earnestly seeking the Savior,

and those who were willing to unite with such in earnest prayer. At the appointed time there were about forty present, ten of whom were seekers.

It was a season of unusual solemnity. God's power was wonderfully felt and in about thirty minutes eight were converted; and we had a blessed time of praise and thanksgiving and rejoicing before our God. Brother Clarke, one of our class leaders, noted for his calm, quiet, religious life, jumped to his feet, and began to rush up and down the room, exclaiming:—

"Brother Hobart! Brother Hobart!! What is the matter with me? What is the matter with me?"

At the close of our meeting, when we came to sum up the results of that mighty baptism, the record of which will not be forgotten in this world or in the next, we found that every seeker had been converted, and more than twelve were rejoicing in the blessing of a clean heart.

A singular circumstance occurred in connection with my pastoral work while in Chicago. I found on the church record the name of a Miss M——, a probationer who had been converted during the preceding summer, and who was a member of Bro. Shaw's class. I learned from her class leader that up to a short time before my coming, she had been very regular in her attendance on the means of grace. But after making diligent inquiry from her leader and others, I could not find her, and concluded that she had left the city. In the spring, however, she returned and reported herself to her class leader and to the preacher; having, while

absent, been engaged at work in the country; and had, during the time, attended a Methodist church near by, and was in joyful fellowship with the Lord. Soon after her return, she was married, and in a few months after taken seriously ill with pleurisy. Medical skill was of no avail to arrest the disease, and after lingering for a short time she died. In about thirty hours after her apparent death, preparations having been made for placing her in the coffin, she awoke, or returned to consciousness and life, happy beyond description. Almost the first words spoken by her were, that she had only a few hours to stay. Soon after she went on to say to the many friends who were present (and among whom were her class leader, and Sisters Wheeler and Whitehead, besides other reliable Christians) that when she died she was accompanied by an escort of angels into the immediate presence of her Savior, who welcomed her to Heaven; that she saw many there whom she knew and who knew her; that she asked, amid her great joy, permission to return to earth to bid her friends farewell, and then to come back immediately. When asked how Heaven looked, she replied:—

"I have no words that can describe it. Nothing I have ever seen or thought of, could be compared with it!"

When asked if she did not wish to stay here, with her husband and her friends, she answered:—

"Oh, no! no! no! Heaven is too glorious! None

who had been there would think, for a moment, of remaining here."

To Bro. Shaw, her class leader, when he entered the room, she said:—

"Bro. Shaw, I saw your wife in Heaven; she gave me this message to you." And she gave him the message.

A singular thing about this was that she had never met Sister Shaw here, that lady having died a year or so before. She remained about twelve hours, without any apparent suffering; every breath, almost, being one of praise and rejoicing. She then bade her friends farewell and in an extacy of praise and holy triumph, passed away. This was told me by several who were present, when I came back to the house where she lay, having been called out of the city, and returning but a few moments after her triumphant departure. Her funeral was largely attended and I buried her in the city cemetery.

In the summer of 1847, the first "National River and Harbor Convention" was held in Chicago, at that time a city of about twenty-eight thousand. A large pavilion was erected on the public square, where the court house now stands. This building, which was designed to seat between twenty and thirty thousand, was finished on Saturday, and the convention was to meet on Monday.

As we were going though the immense structure, I remarked to some of the gentlemen, that as there were so many strangers in the city, the pavilion ought to be utilized by having preaching

there the next day (Sunday). Bro. Orrington Lunt at once turned to me and said: "Will you preach here to-morrow?"

"Why, yes," I replied. "I will, if there is no other one to do it."

Bro. Lunt immediately sent out announcements through the papers, that Rev. C. Hobart would preach on Sunday at the pavilion, at 10:30 A. M.

The hour came, beautiful and bright, and with it to the pavilion, some thirty thousand people. The chorister of the M. E. church had collected a large number of excellent singers, who made a fine appearance and rendered good service on the occasion. After the reading of the Scriptures and prayer and the singing of that grand old hymn:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"

with wonderful power and effect by the choir and the audience, I took for my text Isaiah I., 2-3: "Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

I endeavored to impress the following thoughts:

First—"Children nourished and brought up"—drawing the analogy between Israel and America: Each oppressed in foreign lands—Each led out by the Almighty—Heathen cast out before them—Each given a goodly land—And each favored with privileges enjoyed by none others.

Secondly—These cherished children "rebelled:" By forgetting God—By giving their affections to other things—By breaking God's law: the law of the Sabbath, the law of veracity, the law forbidding profanity, the law forbidding the oppression of persons and nations.

Thirdly—Characteristics of this rebellion: Unnecessary — Uncalled — Ungrateful — Absurd and ruinous.

The Master gave me unusual liberty and I was enabled to declare the whole counsel of God. I want to record that on this occasion I was lifted far above myself. I was conscious only of being an ambassador from God to that immense audience of responsible humanity. There was a wonderful stillness and attention on the part of that great assemblage, so much so that so far as is known, not an individual left his seat until the services were concluded. Many kind things were afterwards said to the preacher by appreciative friends on the effort made. But of them all, one, repeated by a number, abides with me and is a source of pleasure as to the result. It was this, that the next day, all through the excitement of that great convention, "not an oath was heard, neither in the pavilion nor on the streets."

At the temporary organization of Monday morning, an elderly gentleman from Rhode Island, Prof. ——, mentioned to some of the gentlemen present that if desired he would open with prayer. And he was requested to do so. When, coming to the platform, he read a prayer, which had been

previously written. At the conclusion of this he remarked that if there were no objection he would address the assembly. Permission being granted, he spoke; but not upon the great national interests which had called the convention together, but upon Rhode Island and the glories of New England and the "Pooritans." Sectional glorification, just at that time, was what all men of sense wanted kept in abeyance; but on went the speaker, claiming that almost everything of worth in the nation had originated with the "Pooritans." At the conclusion of this harangue, there was a general feeling of mortification and disgust, and it seemed evident that something must be done to turn the tide of thought in a happier channel. At that moment some one fortunately called out:—

"Tom Corwin!"

Governor Corwin, of Ohio, who led the delegation from that State, was then in his very prime, and who the best stump speaker in America. On hearing this call for his appearance, he had crouched down as low as possible as if he would hide himself from observation. But vain were his efforts to conceal himself. Loud cries and calls from all over the house, and from hundreds of throats of:—

"Corwin! Gov. Corwin! Tom Corwin! Corwin!!" Until at last Harry O'Sheldon and another gentleman, a delegate from Ohio, saw him, and picking him up, carried him in their arms to the platform.

After the storm of applause, which greeted his

appearance, had somewhat subsided, Corwin bowing gracefully to the audience said:—

"Gentlemen, I came to this convention with the determination not to speak; but under the circumstances, in which I find myself, I think I may be excused, if I change my purpose a little.

"What our friend Prof. —— has just said of the enterprise and push of New England's sons and daughters, I most cordially assent to. Indeed, all that has been said and much more that might be told, is true of the Puritan New Englander. How this great nation could ever have supplied itself with pins and needles, with screws and gimlets, with patent churns and patent tack hammers, with "school marms" and millwrights, with warming pans for winter and ice cream freezers for summer, and with ten thousand other things that minister to our comfort and convenience, to say nothing about wooden nutmegs and white oak cheeses, basswood hams and stone coal indigo, without him—is more than I can tell. All honor to New England, and the descendants of the Puritans! And still, from the very best information that I can get, it is my honest opinion, that there are several other states in this great Republic beside the six New England states. If the gentleman had extended his travels to the west side of the Mississippi, as I have done, he would have found there large numbers of immigrants from the old drab state, with their broad brimmed hats and thrifty ways, making the country bloom like a garden; while New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia,

the Carolinas and every State, north and south, have contributed of their greatness to the prosperity of the West. And really, if I were to be put upon the stand and under oath, I think that I could both swear and prove that there is such a state in this Union as *Ohio!* And not only that there is such a state, but that it now contains nearly two millions of inhabitants!! And that this is not only known to be true in this country, but there are foreigners, who are aware of this fact. Of this I was amusingly convinced recently:—

"In traveling by stage, from Albany to Buffalo, not long since, we happened to have in our company a diplomat from some little ten-acre principality of Germany, who was loud and persistent in his abuse of Americans. I endured this for a while and then in order to ascertain what the difficulty was, said to him:—

'What is the matter, my friend, with the Americans? Don't they pay their debts?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Don't they tell the truth?'

'Yes, yes: they tell the truth!'

'Haven't they used you politely?'

'Oh, yes: they have treated me well enough.'

'Well then, if they pay their debts, speak the truth, and have done you no harm, why do you abuse them so? What is the matter?'

'Matter! matter!' said the little German. 'matter!! Vy de knows not to how to dalk! Dey knows not any things.!'

'Can't talk!' I exclaimed, surprised at such an

accusation, 'Don't they speak the *English* language?'

'No! no!' he replied scornfully, 'dey cannot to speak de English language.'

'Well,' said I, considerably amused, 'what do they speak?'

'Vy,' replied he, drawing himself up, 'dey speaks some kind—of a—*patois*—I believes dey calls it—*Ohio!*'"

Amid a roar of laughter, and another low bow, Mr. Corwin said smilingly:—

"So you see, gentlemen, *Ohio* is known across the sea."

After the cheering incident upon this happy hit had subsided, Horace Greely, who had been seated on the platform, was called for. Horace, seemed rather reluctant to come forward, but as the call for him grew louder and more persistent, he rose, and walked slowly to the front, with his drab coat, his genial face, massive head and long strait hair, and extending his hand towards the chairman he remarked in his own drawling way:—

"Mr. President! I—had—thought—by—this—time—that—my—reputation—as—a—poor—speaker—had—become—universal. But—I—perceive—it—is—only—local."

He then went on for about ten minutes with a most excellent and appropriate train of thought, which was terminated by the appearance of the committee on permanent organization.

The Rock River conference met this year at "Clarke Street." Bishop Waugh, whom we had the

honor of entertaining at the parsonage, presided. A paper was presented to the bishop, soon after the assembling of the conference, signed by the members of the official board of Clarke Street church, and many others, requesting the removal of James Mitchell as presiding elder from the district, and giving their reasons for the same. One of these was, that he had tried to prejudice their preacher against the church. This, with the rest, he denied and demanded proof. In this demand he was quickly accommodated; and the brethren proceeded immediately to put their complaints in the form of charges; and the case took at once the form of a trial.

When the passing of my character came up, early in the session, Bro. Mitchell delayed it, saying, "We will pass that case!" Then he came to me an hour or so afterward and said, "If you dare to appear as a witness against me I will ruin you."

To this threat I replied calmly, "You may be able to do so; but I doubt it very much. Yet, if I am called on to testify, I shall state every fact that I know of, that is pertinent to the case, if it costs me my life."

The trial went on and I gave my testimony. Mitchell was found guilty as charged, and the penalty was that he be reproved by the bishop in open conference. This duty the bishop faithfully performed, and administered such a reproof as but few Methodist preachers have ever received, and which will never be forgotten by those who heard it. This action vindicated me satisfactorily,

as well as the church, and fastened the blame of the strife and discord on the presiding elder, where it justly belonged.

There are two things which I wish to say in reviewing this transaction. One is, no man who was in that exciting conflict can give a full and fair statement of the whole case. The feeling was so intense that any such statement must necessarily be *exparte*. And, after the most strenuous efforts on the part of the presiding elder to implicate me in wrong doing, he was obliged at last to say, "*Nothing* against Bro. Hobart."

CHAPTER XIX.

I WAS this year appointed presiding elder of Racine district, which field of labor included the southeast portion of Wisconsin, extending from Lake Michigan to Sugar river, thirty miles west of Rock river. There were twelve charges to which I added a thirteenth during the first quarter.

We were soon settled, not a Sunday having been lost, and with a glad heart and like a bird escaped from a cage or a snare, I took hold of my work. Before I had completed my first round I felt and saw that the spirit of revival was abroad, and that a great harvest of souls was soon to be gathered.

At Janesville, I remember, we had a very delightful quarterly meeting. There were among the leading spirits on that charge, Bros. Sutherland and Winn, who, with their families, lived in town; and Bros. Wheeler and Willard, who resided a short distance in the country. Bro. Willard was a remarkably noble and capable man, and was held in the highest estimation for his loyalty and Christian integrity. His family, consisting of wife, son Oliver, and two little daughters, Mary and Frances E., were members of the Sabbath school, and these children were unusally bright and

attractive. I well remember that little Miss Frank, then about eight years old, was an intelligent and lovely child. And how well has the promise of her girlhood been realized in the gifted and world-renowned philanthropist and temperance orator, Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the "Woman's National Christian Temperance Union." This elect and honored lady is at this time leading the hosts of the Christian women of our own and other lands, in one of the most significant movements which has blessed this or any other age. One of the adjuncts of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; itself the proclamation of the Gospel under the white banner of temperance, urging that the home should be protected from the dram shop, "For God and home and native land."

At our quarterly meeting this year many were converted, while the interest manifested gave us crowded houses, and the preachers, with one exception, took hold of the work in earnestness and in sympathy with me and with each other. We had a good year; the record being, so far as human entries could tell of the results of that twelve months of faithful preaching and labor, one thousand converted and added to the church.

Early in the year Bro. Whitman, preacher in charge on Bigfoot circuit, had died at his post, having fought a good fight, and of those "having obtained a good report."

I held a camp-meeting for the central part of the district, a few miles west of Bigfoot prairie, the first week in June, and at this meeting many

were converted. One case which deserves special mention, occurs to me:

Having preached on Sunday morning as faithfully as I could, showing the utter hopelessness of the impenitent sinner, and the richness, fullness and freeness of God's mercy to the contrite penitent, I went on, as usual, to my next point. On my subsequent visit to this neighborhood, a man was presented to me, by the preacher in charge, for baptism; and this man informed me, with the joy of a new-born soul, that under the preaching of the sermon referred to on that Sunday morning at Bigfoot camp-meeting, he had been *convicted and converted.* And he then came to me to be baptized, having at once united with the church. I knew of him for many years after, and he continued a faithful, active Christian.

At the general conference of 1848, held at Pittsburgh, the Rock River conference was divided, and the Wisconsin conference was formed. The latter, including the State of Wisconsin and our mission work on the upper Mississippi (now Minnesota). It was divided into four districts.

Plattville—Henry Summers, presiding elder.

Fond du Lac—W. H. Sampson, presiding elder.

Milwaukee—Elihu Springer, presiding elder.

Racine—Chauncey Hobart, presiding elder.

The first meeting of our new conference was at Southport, (Kenosha) the last of June, 1848; Bishop Morris, presiding; Wm. H. Sampson, secretary.

Nothing occurred to mar our harmony, except-

ing that a bill of charges was presented by the brethren from Janesville against Rev. J. Luccock. As the parties were not prepared for trial the brother received an appointment; and the case was referred for trial to the presiding elder of the Racine district. In due time, perhaps in September, the charges were investigated. He was found guilty and suspended until conference met.

When this case came up for trial the next year, the conference found him guilty of falsehood. But when he was about to be expelled, on motion of Elihu Springer, the vote was reconsidered by which he was found guilty, and it was voted as the sense of the conference, "that although he had spoken the words as charged, yet there were some doubts as to whether he intended to speak falsely, and therefore he should have the benefit of the doubt and his character pass."

The reports from the preachers brought good news of increase and of conversions; but very sorry ones of money raised for their support during the year. The appropriation for that year for the support of the presiding elder, who had to keep a horse, rent a house, buy wood, etc., was four hundred and fifteen dollars. This was not nearly all raised; but I made no complaint. We had managed to live, and that was about all we had expected to do.

In my second year on the district four new charges were added; and Bigfoot was taken into the Rock River conference at the time of the division. On one of these charges was Indian Ford,

which was a village of two hundred; and a preaching place on the Rock Prairie charge with J. M. Walker, preacher. Here we had a small class which was the only religious organization in the place.

A few miles west of this little town was another village, Catfish, of about the same age and size; each of these towns contained excellent mill privileges. And there was quite a rivalry between them. In order to attract settlers and build up their town, the Catfish people employed a Universalist preacher named Mr W——, to come and reside among them and preach every Sabbath. While Indian Ford could only afford to have a Methodist preacher come and preach for them once in two weeks. But through the faithfulness and ability of their preacher, Bro. Walker, during the winter of 48-49, nearly the entire population of the town of Indian Ford was converted. This event completely revolutionized the character of the place. Immigrants came pouring in; business became brisk; a church edifice was erected, a good school was established, and the population more than doubled.

That this prosperity was the result of the great revival, could not escape the notice of the Catfish people. After discussing the matter among themselves for some time, a committee was appointed by them to wait on the presiding elder and request him to send them, if possible, a "*Gospel*" minister. This committee informed me that a Methodist was their first choice; but that if I could not supply

them, their instructions were to apply to the Presbyterians and if unsuccessful there, then to try what the Baptists or Congregationalists could do for them. At all events they must secure the services of a "*Gospel*" minister for Catfish. I arranged as soon as possible that this town should become a part of the "Union Circuit," and have preaching regularly by the circuit preacher, which arrangement pleased them well.

This year on the Racine district was one of very decided prosperity in every way; both spiritually and financially there was a marked advance on the previous year. And there were again in this second year more than one thousand reported converted and added to the church.

On the thirteenth of November of this year 1848, we were gladdened by the birth of a little daughter, whom we named Mary Eliza. This dear child has been spared to us and is now the wife of Dr. Charles Simpson, of Minneapolis, Minn., to whom she was married Sept. 11, 1872.

Our Wisconsin conference met in 1849 at Plattsville; Bishop Janes, presiding.

Bishop Janes had never before been in the Northwest, and the brethren were no little in doubt at first, as to how an eastern man would affiliate with western needs and modes of thought. But it was all right. He won all our hearts by his opening prayer, and none of our bishops have since been more welcome in the West and Northwest than he. And there have been none whose death has

been more lamented, nor whose record is clearer as a saint, a scholar, a wise administrator, a Christian gentleman, and royal preacher.

Not long after we met, the bishop told us in the cabinet, that some one must go up to the new Territory of Minnesota, as stationed preacher at St. Paul, and presiding elder of the work in that upper country. He inquired very earnestly of us as to who would be a proper person to send. Several names were given and by the bishop's direction these were spoken to on the subject. But none were found willing to go—some even begging, with tears, not to be sent, the distance and difficulties being so great. This backwardness stirred my soul to its depths; and after thinking the matter over with much prayer, for a day or two, I told the bishop that I would volunteer for the work if he saw fit to send me. The following day in the cabinet he asked me, if I was really in earnest in volunteering to go and take charge of the work in Minnesota.

Assuring him that I was, that I felt I ought to be willing to do, myself, what I had proposed to others to do, and that I was convinced that that upper country offered a fine field in which a man could do good work for God and the Methodist church. To which he said, "All this being so you may consider it settled that you are to go to Minnesota, and arrange accordingly." After an unusually long session we adjourned, and among the appointments were: Minnesota district, C. Hobart;

St. Paul, C. Hobart; St. Anthony, Enos Stevens; Stillwater, J. Harrington; Round Prairie, Jessie Pardun; Black River, R. R. Wood; Chippewa to be supplied.

CHAPTER XX.

RETURNING to Racine, I found my good wife more than willing to undertake the long journey and to break up the associations of her life. We packed our goods, hired teams to take us to the Mississippi, and, with our two little ones, were on our way to Galena, Ill., by the 20th of July. Bro. Stephens joined us on the way.

On our arrival at Lafayette, we learned that the cholera was raging at Galena; so we took another road and struck the Mississippi at Cassville.

On Monday we went on board the good steamboat, "Senator;" captain, Orrin Smith, and were on our way for St. Paul, where we arrived on the last day of July, 1849, about 9 o'clock in the evening. A noisy crowd was awaiting the boat; and the successful candidates for legislative honors, and their adherents, were making themselves noisily merry at a saloon on the landing. The first election for the territory having been held that day. We were met and cordially welcomed by Rev. B. F. Hoyt, a local preacher, who had been in St. Paul a little over a year, and who took us to his home. Here we remained until I could procure a house, which I did in about ten days.

St. Paul had been known as "Pig's Eye," and as an Indian trading post, for several years. At this point the Roman Catholics had built a little log chapel of tamarac poles, and called it "St. Paul's," to distinguish it from a similar structure at Mendota, which was named "St. Peter's." This mud-daubed log chapel gave name to the village, which had been platted about two years, and now contained some four hundred inhabitants.

This was the beginning of our beautiful capital city, St. Paul. I found here a Methodist class of twenty members, organized by my predecessor, Rev. B. F. Close. A brick church had been commenced on a lot, donated by Messrs. Rice and Irving, on Market street; the walls of the church were between two and three feet high.

A new hotel, the "Central," was just being fitted up for the accommodation of the legislature, which was to meet on the 3d of September. In the parlor of this hotel, located on Bench street, (now Second) I was permitted to preach. I commenced at once superintending the building of the church, and the erection of a dwelling for my family, as there was not a house to rent. During the month of August I also preached at St. Anthony Falls, Stillwater and Red Rock.

The legislature met on the third of September; and the senate organized by electing D. Olmsted president of the council; J. R. Brown, secretary; H. A. Lambert, assistant; C. W. Boutwell, chaplain. And the house was organized by electing J.

W. Furbur, speaker; W. D. Philips, clerk; L. B. Wait, assistant, and C. Hobart, chaplain.

The duties of this new office did not interfere with my many other engagements, as I had simply to be on hand each morning to open the session with prayer. This pleasant duty was performed until about the 20th of September, when, by vote of the house, I was permitted to fill my place, while absent for a time in Illinois, and to attend the session of the Illinois conference, soliciting assistance to complete our little brick church. During my absence, Rev. Mr. Neal kindly officiated for me.

My family and myself having been absent from Illinois for about three years, we had concluded that as Quincy, the seat of the Illinois conference, was but a few miles from our former home in Rushville, we would take the children and visit it and our friends. At Quincy we were most kindly entertained during the session of the conference, at the home of our dear old friend, "Mother Murphy," as we loved to call her. And our visit with the preachers and brethren—many of them the tried and true friends of my life—was a great pleasure.

There were in the Illinois conference in those days, some of the grandest men it has been my fortune to meet or know anywhere; men of God, whole-souled, candid, true; who did not know how to be self-seeking nor mean. They were also men of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

We spent a few days at Rushville, also, and hav-

ing enjoyed both the trip and the rest, returned to St. Paul after an absence of four weeks, when I resumed my place as chaplain of the house.

With what help I had obtained while absent, and what the members and friends in St. Paul could do, we enclosed our church and put on one coat of plastering overhead, and with the help of a large stove we occupied it as a place of worship during the winter.

The population of the town was very rapidly increasing; and to meet the necessity of another school—there being but one, and that one held in a small bark covered house—our church was engaged for a school and myself as the teacher. So that to the other honors with which my pathway has been strewn, is this also of being the first male teacher in the Territory of Minnesota. Mrs. H. E. Bishop, since deceased, was the first lady teacher. She taught the half-breed children in the little bark house referred to.

During the winter of 1849-50, I held the regular quarterly meetings on the St. Anthony, St. Paul and Stillwater charges, and, with the help of the brethren, kept up preaching regularly in my own charge also. About this time we had a little revival; a few were converted and several backsliders reclaimed.

On the Stillwater charge, Bro. Harrington had a very encouraging work. About thirty were reclaimed and converted, and a good class formed, all of whom were converts but one. On my own charge, St. Paul, the work had also been pros-

perous, and the year closed with thirty-seven in church fellowship, of whom twelve were probationers.

Bishop Hamline presided at our annual conference, which was held in Beloit, Wis., the next year. The bishop was feeble, so that the presiding elders had to take charge while the bishop lay on a sofa and only officiated when it was necessary. At this conference the Minnesota district was enlarged so as to include all of Minnesota and that part of Wisconsin lying west of the Wisconsin river, up to the mouth of Dell creek, where Kilburn City now stands. This vast territory was divided into ten charges, extending from Fort Ripley to Prairie du Chien, and from Portage, on Wisconsin river, to as far west as the settlements extended in Minnesota.

From the conference I started almost immediately for my quarterly meeting at Prairie du Chien; then to Sauk Prairie; then to Baraboo, and Black River Falls, making a trip of five weeks. The journey to Prairie du Chien I found always a pleasant one, as I traveled on the steamer "Nominee," with my old friend Captain O. Smith.

The first quarterly meeting held at Prairie du Chien was on July 20, 1850; from thence I went one hundred miles up the Wisconsin river to Sauk Prairie, on a small steamboat, the river being then very low. On going on board the steamer, I found some fifty lumbermen who were returning to the Wisconsin pineries, after having taken their rafts down to Dubuque and below. These men

were just beginning to sober up a little from a terrible drunken debauch, several of them being still drunk, three having been attacked with cholera. Two of these cases yielded to the doses of medicine administered by the captain; all steamboat captains in those days being provided with a medicine chest. The third, whom the men called "Dave," grew rapidly worse, until it was evident that, unless speedily helped, he must die. But some four or five of his comrades would not hear of this, and declared with many an oath, *that he should not die.* Acting on their own responsibility, they ordered the steward to bring them a tub of hot water; then they stripped Dave entirely naked, and four of them taking each a towel commenced rubbing him with it and the hot water, with might and main. Poor Dave begged, groaned and swore, but all in vain; on they rubbed, nobody being desired or allowed to interfere. On they rubbed, rubbed, for about two hours, when, almost skinless, Dave began to show decided symptoms of being better; and by the time the boat reached Sauk Prairie, Dave was convalescent; but the poor fellow was unable to move, from his merciful or unmerciful scrubbing.

From Sauk Prairie, after holding the quarterly meeting, Bro. Bunce conveyed me over the high ridge, almost a mountain, to Baraboo. Here I found my old friend, James Maxwell, one of Nature's noblemen, whom I had known on Bigfoot prairie some years before. To their home and

hospitalities I was kindly welcomed by his wife and five promising children.

Our society here was strong in numbers, wealth, piety and intelligence, and after a delightful quarterly meeting I saw that the prospect for enlargement was most encouraging.

My next appointment, a camp-meeting, was at Round Prairie (Viroqua), about one hundred miles west from Baraboo. How to reach this place was a question. The only traveled road would take me back across the Wisconsin to the Blue Mounds, then the old military road to Prairie du Chien; thence forty miles up the lumberman's road to Round Prairie, in all a distance of two hundred miles. Another route was up the Baraboo river to Reedsburg; thence by a newly blazed road, untraveled as yet, until the lumberman's road was reached; then south to Round Prairie. The distance by this latter route would be about one hundred and forty miles. A third way was to strike directly through the wilderness, without road, trail, guide or house; the supposed distance being about eighty miles.

After consultation and an examination of the map, I preferred to take the last named route, provided I could get two men to go through with me. This I proposed to some of the friends, and as there was just enough of adventure and novelty about such an undertaking to make it attractive, there were six who volunteered to go: Rev. James Waddell, a local preacher; James B. Avery, Esq.,

Charles A. Clarke, Warren Brown, Frances Winer and Leonard Foster.

The camp-meeting was to begin on Friday, and on the Tuesday preceding we started, Bro. Maxwell taking us about ten miles in his wagon. Then we plunged into the wilderness, which we knew to be a vast, dense, unbroken forest, for the next one hundred miles, with nothing to guide us but the sun, the stars and a pocket compass. We provided ourselves with food for three and a half days; with four blankets, a small coffee pot, two tin cups, a hand ax, a rifle and a pair of saddle-bags; and these, in carrying, we divided equally among us. On Tuesday night, after having traveled about fifteen miles, we camped in a deep ravine, in a choke-cherry thicket, just deserted by a company of bears, which we had evidently scared from feasting on the cherries.

The next day, Wednesday, we traveled over a rough country, many of the hills being more than four hundred feet high. About noon we found shelter in a friendly cave, while a severe thunder-storm passed by. We camped that night in a deep ravine, and were thoroughly drenched about midnight, being then driven out of our bed of ferns, in which we had been sleeping, to find shelter behind the large trees around us.

About day break the storm passed and we soon had a rousing fire, dried our clothes, ate our breakfast, offered up our morning prayer, and pursued our journey. That day, Thursday, we followed down the ravine, in which we had camped, for

about twelve miles and at eleven o'clock we came to Pine river. Seeing sawdust in the stream, we concluded there must be a saw mill near, and following up the river, soon found Hazelton's mill, some forty miles from the nearest settlement. Here we dined, and after obtaining some supplies, traveled on, until sundown, when we camped on the broad ridge between Pine river and the Kickapoo.

Friday we journeyed on, all day, and camped at night in the Kickapoo bottom. That night we supped on *slippery elm bark and basswood buds*, having then less than a cubic inch of pork, per man, left for our breakfast. We committed ourselves to the care of our Heavenly Father, and slept soundly.

Saturday morning we ate our small piece of meat for breakfast, had our worship as a family, and journeyed on. We soon came to the Kickapoo, which we crossed as Adam and Eve may be supposed to have crossed the Hiddekel, excepting only that we managed to get our clothes tied up in bundles and flung them on the further bank. Then crossing the bottom we climbed up a very steep hill, and almost immediately climbed down again; and found, not long after, a broad trail or wagon road. This we gladly followed, supposing that it would lead us to the settlement. However, after traveling it, about ten miles, we found that it was leading us out of our course and we turned away from it, about due west.

Journeying on, somewhat wearily down a valley

—all having fallen a little behind Bro. Waddell and myself;—about 2 o'clock P. M., I discovered a porcupine climbing a tree. Being somewhat in advance of the others, who were lingering behind, looking for gooseberries, I ran up, throwing my hand axe at him. Missed, sent some clubs after him; but, as Pat said, "I hit him, in the same place, where I missed him before." After a few minutes however, Bro. Foster came up and shot him through the body.

As he was dying slowly and before he fell, I looked around and saw Bro. Waddell kindling a fire. Then I thought as I saw him, of the teaching of the old "Westminister Catechism,"—that it was "fore-ordained," that seven hungry men should eat that porcupine that day.

He soon fell, was quickly skinned; cut into seven pieces and roasted on as many long sticks. When done and ready to eat I said, "Bro. Waddell, ask a blessing!"

"O Lord," he said, reverently, "we thank Thee, that Thou hast spread a table for us in the wilderness. Sanctify the bounties of Thy providence to our good. Bring us through our journey safely, and save us for Christ's sake. Amen."

After this *sumptuous* repast, and being very much refreshed, we resumed our journey, cheerily. About four o'clock, we found ourselves in a Norwegian settlement, twelve miles north of Round Prairie; having been led from our course by following the lumberman's road in the morning. Obtaining some food, we hastened on; slept a few

hours, and reached the camp ground, a little after sunrise on Sunday morning. At eight o'clock A. M., Bro. Waddell preached; Hobart, at eleven; three P. M., Waddell; Hobart, at night. On Monday the same variation. God's power was mightily revealed. Convictions were deep, and conversions clear and numerous.

On Monday night, after laboring in the altar for two hours, I had lain down in the preachers' tent to obtain some much needed rest. I had been there but a short time when I was aroused by hearing one of our young sisters, Miss Mary Crume, exclaiming in a clear voice, "Give me room! Oh, give me room! Give me room!"

Supposing that the people were crowding so closely around the altar as to incommode those who were there, I went out, intending to request them not to press so closely on those who were engaged at the altar. But, when about half way to the stand I heard her say again: "O give me room to praise Him!! This little world is not half big enough to praise Him in!!"

Ascertaining that the occasion of her joy was, that two brothers and a sister had just been gloriously converted, I concluded that I could not well enlarge her sphere of action; and with a glad heart retired again to obtain some sleep, while the meeting went on with great earnestness and interest.

The camp-meeting closed on Tuesday; about fifty having been converted and added to the church.

On Wednesday, the brethren who accompanied

me, returned home to Baraboo by way of Reedsburg; the friends of Round Prairie taking them until they were on the blazed trail, which intersected the Black river road; while I, accompanied by Bro. Pardun, went up to Black River Falls, to hold my next quarterly meeting there. Returning home by way of Prescott, I learned that Bro. Harrington was sick at Stillwater, and hastening there I had the sad privilege of spending a few moments with him, and of commending him in prayer to God. Tearfully I left him, and he, triumphing in Christ, departed very soon after to be "forever with the Lord."

A few days after the death of her husband, Sister Harrington went to join him "in that land where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick—'" leaving six children, orphans and alone.

I did all that was in my power for the children until they were settled with relatives of their mother, in Wisconsin. I also arranged for supplying the vacancy left by Bro. Harrington on the Stillwater charge. But his death was a severe loss to me and to the work. This was one of those inexplicable mysteries which we are sometimes brought to face, and from which we turn away, conscious that we can not fathom the darkness; yet trusting that even these inscrutible providences of life "shall work out, for us, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

It required the utmost diligence to complete my several rounds before navigation closed, so as to reach the Wisconsin appointments; there being

no communication between Minnesota and the country below, during the winter, except by a mail once a week, via Hudson, Eau Claire, and Black River Falls; which mail failed to get through about as often as it succeeded. The winter was spent in assisting the brethren in Minnesota. The spring was early; water, high; the steamboats, were numerous; and I had no difficulty in reaching my appointments, by boat.

At our next conference, which met at Waukesha, Bishop Waugh, presiding, the work was so arranged that it was no longer necessary for me to ascend the Wisconsin river, that part of the work having been attached to Madison district. That conference also took action on the establishment of "The Northwestern Christian Advocate," and a book depository at Chicago. The following were elected delegates to the general conference to be held at Boston in May, 1852: C. Hobart, H. Summers, and W. H. Sampson.

I was continued on the Minnesota district, which was composed of nine charges. La Crosse and Point Douglas having been added during the year. The work had so increased and enlarged in Northwestern Wisconsin, that my time and strength were taxed to their utmost, this year. But I was richly rewarded by seeing the work of God prosper throughout the entire district. I was in the habit of taking a horse on the steamboat, with me, down to Prairie du Chien, and so provided, reached all my appointments during the summer.

Having now been repeatedly all over the settled portions, and much that was still unsettled, in Minnesota and Wisconsin—over their bluffs and highlands—I "pre-empted" them all, every hill and valley, every table-land and prairie, for God and the Methodist church, and His they are, by right. This "pre-emption," I want to say, I have from that time to this held; and with the assistance of my brethren, we have been proving up and keeping possession of our claim tolerably well.

The appointments on the district that year were: St. Paul, T. M. Fullerton; St. Anthony, C. A. Newcomb; Point Douglass supplied by Bro. Dow; Stillwater, G. W. Richardson; Chippewa, W. Mayne; Black River, Jessie Pardun; Prairie La Crosse, George Chester; Round Prairie, E. Stevens; Prairie du Chien, J. C. Dana. These dear brethren were faithful and true and we labored together in great harmony and with good success.

About the third week in April, after a ride from St. Paul to Prairie du Chien, where I had held the quarterly meeting, I took the steamer to Galena; a night's ride by stage brought me to Freeport; the railroad, to Toledo, where I spent the Sabbath and preached; steamboat, to Buffalo, and railroad via Albany and Springfield to Boston, the seat of general conference, April 30th.

I was entertained, while in Boston, by Bro. Collins, a son-in-law of Rev. E. Washburn, a superannuate of the New York conference. This was particularly agreeable, as I had formed the acquaintance of the father of Mrs. Collins, while

on the Racine district, and we were friends at once. Bro. Miller, of the Philadelphia conference, was my room-mate.

General conference met at Bromfield Street church, May 1st, 1852. It was to me, at this time, an inexpressible pleasure to meet many of the great and good fathers of our Zion, with whose names I had been familiar from childhood: Nathan and Heman Bangs, Phineas Rice, J. P. Durbin, J. A. Collins, Dr. Elliott and many others; not omiting my old friends and presiding elders, Peter Cartwright and Dr. Peter Akers. Bishop Hedding had died but a few months before, leaving Bishops Waugh, Morris, Janes and Hamline, to superintend the church and bear the burdens of the episcopacy. Bishop Hamline was not present, and resigned at this conference.

Our principal business seemed to be to try "appeals," re-arrange and systematize the Missionary society, and elect four additional bishops. Among the "appeals" was that of J. S. Inskip. He had been censured by the Ohio conference for criticising, in a book which he had published, the action of said conference in the matters of singing, pews, etc., and had appealed from the decision of that conference. Granville Moody and others defended the action of the conference, while B. F. Teft and J. S. Inskip pleaded for the appellant. The decision of the conference was reversed and Inskip cleared.

Dr. Durbin was then secretary of the Missionary society, and it is to him that the M. E. church is

indebted for the present form of our grand missionary organization.

Much of my time was devoted to the work of the committee on "Missions and Boundaries," and when not so occupied, every moment was spent in attending to the business of the conference.

When it was reported that four new bishops were needed, there was no small stir and excitement, and there was much talk among the delegates as to the men who were supposed competent to be elected to that important office. But I am proud to be able to say, that among those there was not one, so far as I knew, who did anything that looked like scheming or planning for his own election. Each man felt anxious and ambitious that the best among us should be the ones selected. There seemed to be a general consent to the plan that the New England states should have a man taken from one of their conferences. Philadelphia, Maryland and New Jersey, one; Pennsylvania and Ohio, one; and one from the western conferences, including Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Rock River and Wisconsin.

When the election came on, greatly to the satisfaction of the bishops and older members, the four bishops were elected on the first ballot: Prof. Baker of the New Hampshire conference; Levi Scott, then book agent, of the Philadelphia conference; Mathew Simpson, at that time editor of the "Western Christian Advocate," and E. R. Ames of the Indiana conference.

Indianna wanted Dr. Berry, and would not and

did not accept nor vote for Ames, but Illinois, Rock River, Wisconsin and Iowa favored him.

As I recall the scenes of that day and its tide of interest, I am reminded that the eight bishops—the four who for so long had been loved and revered as our superintendents, and the four who were that day elected, and bore themselves so wisely and so well afterwards and have earned the honor and respect and affection of the church,—with nearly every man who as delegate to that general conference voted for them, have passed, on to the legion of the "promoted." "They rest, but their works do follow them."

Boston cared for our General conference of 1852, with a generosity and wealth of hospitality such as had never before been extended to that body.

One expression of this was the chartering of a fine steamer by the city and an invitation to our body to take an excursion to the several islands in the harbor, including a visit to Fort Warren and other points of interest; also to partake of a collation on our return. We were escorted on our very delightful trip, by the Mayor and Council of Boston, presidents, professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants and statesmen, resident in that city. And on our arrival at the grand Immigrant Building, just then completed, in which we were to be served, as some of us in our greenness supposed, with a "cold lunch;" there was spread for our refreshment, on large and elegantly furnished tables, every thing, it seemed, that earth or air or sea could furnish. Before we discussed the viands

however, so luxuriously displayed and so liberally provided, we were requested to sit and hear the mayor, or some other notable, tell us what wonderful men we were; what great things we had done; what an heroic ancestry we represented; what a vast influence we were exerting; and what great deeds were expected of us. This, some of us at least, thought might be taken at about seventy-five per cent. discount. However, as soft solder was cheap and very abundant, and it pleased our friends to use it, we generously allowed them to put it on to their hearts' content.

Not to be outdone in courtesy, there must, of course, be a response, and on John A. Collins of Baltimore, fell the honor. In a very graceful style he began by saying:—

"Since my childhood, I have heard of New England, and of Boston, its proud capital. But until within a few pleasant days past I had never set foot on its soil. I have heard of its energy, ingenuity, thrift and enterprise; of its educational and humanitarian institutions; of its talent and eloquence; of its elegance, its generosity and its hospitality. My expectations were very high. But when I came, and saw, and enjoyed for myself, like the Queen of Sheba I can say, 'The half had never been told!' "

Other speakers were also called for, who did credit to themselves and the occasion. And altogether, before we did execution to the eatables, we had pretty nearly cancelled our obligation in the line of "solder."

Still further to do us honor, a grand meeting in "the cradle of American liberty," Faneuil Hall, was announced, and Daniel Webster was to address us. Seats were reserved for the conference, and we listened while the greatest of American orators told us of what he knew about Methodism, and the Methodist church.

In common with the majority of the delegates, I preached on each of the four Sundays during the month, in Boston, Charleston, Providence, and Malden. In the last city I had the pleasure of visiting Rev. Samuel Norris, my mother's cousin and a superanuate of New Hampshire conference. My care and effort at our General conference were earnestly given, that action might be taken on the establishment of a "Northwestern Christian Advocate," and a book depository at Chicago, on which measure our Wisconsin conference had previously taken action at the suggestion of myself and one or two others; recommending that the conferences of the West all unite in this request.

I wish also to state that this idea originated with myself while stationed in Chicago in 1847. During that year so desirous did I feel that a beginning should be made of the publication of a "Northwestern Christian Advocate," that I wrote an editorial for what I hoped we should soon issue as the first number. But the unpleasantness arising out of the conduct of James Mitchell, hindered the execution of our plans and delayed action. To my very great satisfaction

General conference acceded to our request, and J. V. Watson was elected editor. And the book agents at Cincinnati were directed to open the depository at Chicago. At this conference I also suggested, and secured the adoption of the rule in the Discipline, authorizing the appointment of a committee on church music.

Before leaving St. Paul for Boston, I was authorized by the trustees of "Market street" to collect what funds I could to complete the building of the church. In prosecuting this trust, I called, while in Boston, on that prince among men, and among Methodists, Lee Claflin. He was especially busy when I first called on him; but kindly and courteously explaining how it was, said, "Come and take tea with me to-morrow evening, Bro. Hobart, I'd like to talk with you!"

I went accordingly, and after spending a most enjoyable evening with Mr. Claflin and his charming family, and after we had talked up the great Northwest, and Minnesota, and St. Paul, with its one unfinished Methodist church, I felt almost confident from the interest which he had already manifested, that he would contribute something toward the church. I thought of perhaps twenty-five, and I hoped, fifty dollars might be given. Imagine my surprise, when before I left, he handed me a check for *two hundred dollars*, at the same time telling me that if it were in his power then, he would have done better by me.

This liberal souled Christian gentleman, the father of Gov. Claflin, of Mass., illustrated the

truth of God's promise, "Them that honor me I will honor." He commenced business life, he told me, as a young man and a Christian, with very little capital. But, from the commencement of his going into business, he covenanted with the Lord, that year by year he would devote to His service one-tenth of all he made. He did this until his capital became ten thousand dollars, which capital he had accumulated much more rapidly than he had once thought possible. He then covenanted to devote a higher per cent. of his increase, and did so until he reached a capital of twenty thousand. When this was reached, he increased his per centage of offering to the Lord, and so continued to do, until his capital was eighty thousand. He then covenanted with the Lord that hereafter, whatever his increase be over ninety thousand dollars, it should be entirely devoted to His service. "And," said Bro. Claflin, "many years have passed since then, and I have made a good many hundred thousand dollars, and it has been my happiness to give every cent of it to the cause of God."

He was at the time of my visit, contributing to the building of a large free seated church in Boston, to the amount of several thousand dollars. The sunshine of a heart at rest, beamed from his countenance. His life was a perpetual benediction; and to me, his memory and the kindly utterances and lessons I learned in that interview with my friend, Lee Claflin, of Boston, have been like ointment poured forth, of perpetual fragrance.

At the close of the conference I took the steamer from Fall River for New York, intending to spend a couple of weeks there in soliciting funds for our church. This was my first and only sea voyage, and I enjoyed it exceedingly.

Arriving in New York, I made my way at once to 200 Mulberry street, and was there frankly informed by the preachers, whom I met, "that the prospect for getting funds for a church building in Minnesota was very poor; that so great had been the financial pressure of late that every official board had requested the city pastors not to give the name of a single member of their respective charges to any one who was soliciting funds." I saw that they intended to heed the request. This looked as if my way would be completely hedged up. Still I determined not to leave the city without at least making an honest effort to succeed.

While thinking about how I should proceed, I took up a paper, which fortunately contained a full list of the contributors to the purchase of the "Old Brewery," at "Five Points." This I knew was a Methodist enterprise; and here, I judged, would be found the names of the most wealthy or most liberal members of the church. Accordingly, I sat down and made a copy of the names of every individual who had given twenty dollars and upwards to that fund. Then, obtaining a city directory, I made a list of their residences and places of business. Next, I took a map of the city and grouped together those whose places of business

were located contiguously, and then I was ready to set out.

In the meantime Bishop Janes had given me a note of introduction; but at the same time apologizing, almost, for so doing, by stating that he would not feel justified in even doing this, only that Minnesota was missionary ground, and must have help. Rev. David Terry very kindly made me welcome to his home while I remained in the city, which was also a great help to the work.

The two weeks' effort, which I at that time made in New York, proved one of the most annoying and trying that I had ever undertaken. Usually, about such a conversation as the following would ensue on my calling at the office or residence of some of these Methodist brethren. After presenting Bishop Janes' note, which spoke of me as a friend of his, the brother would read and say:—

"Minnesota! Where is that?"

My reply would be, "You have heard of the Mississippi river?"

"O, yes!"

"And you have heard of St. Louis?"

"Well—yes!"

"Then, if you will take a steamboat at St. Louis and go up the Mississippi a thousand miles you will be in Minnesota, at the very northwestern extremity of the settled portion of the United States. There, in St. Paul, the capital of the territory, we are trying to establish Methodism; and we are building a Methodist church, and we need help, very much."

"Who gave you my name?"

"Nobody."

"How did you find me out?"

"Well," I would say, "I had either the good or ill fortune to be born in Vermont, and have been exercising my Yankee prerogative of 'guessing' that you were a clever sort of man and would like to help us!" In one instance, at this remark of mine, the hand of the party addressed went into the pocket, a two dollar bill was produced, and the hand with the money was thrust at me from behind without a word; the action plainly signifying —take this, and leave!

Before the Sabbath came I had had several invitations to preach; but no one was willing that I should use his pulpit to mention the subject of my mission, nor take up a collection for my work. However, I preached for them in "Janes' Street," as well as I could, and on Monday morning started out again. Meeting Bishop Janes in the street, he inquired how I was getting on. I told him I thought rather poorly, as I had succeeded in getting but fifteen dollars a day.

"Oh," said he, smiling, "you are doing splendidly! Keep on while you can do as well as that!"

What I did collect was in small sums, ranging from fifty cents to ten dollars. The four Brothers Harper gave me five dollars stating that it was from the *firm*—while Bro. George Stevenson a comparatively poor man gave me ten dollars and wished he could help me more. Some gave grudgingly, some willingly—and nearly all were

courteous and kind. Altogether, at the end of the two weeks after gleaning the field pretty thoroughly, I had collected about two hundred dollars. I took the afternoon train on Monday, having preached again on the second Sunday, and reached home on the 20th of June.

The work on my district was about as it had been the previous year, and was attended with the blessing of the Lord in the saving of many who were added to the church.

Bro. George Chester who was on the La Crosse circuit, did a hard year's work. His charge was over two hundred miles in circumference, as he traveled it, and it was an exceedingly rough country. Over this he had journeyed on foot and filled all his appointments. But this labor proved too exhausting for him. He was taken ill with typhoid fever, and, though he lived after convalescing for some time he never regained his health. He was a young man of much promise, and of deep piety, He died in great peace, some years after, a martyr to his zeal.

Many of us knew something by experience of what it was to suffer for Christ's sake in those days. The country was new, the work hard, the way rough, and sometimes perilous, the pay poor.

On one of my trips that year from Prairie du Chien to Black river I killed fourteen rattlesnakes.

This year our conference met at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; Bishop Ames, presiding. I was returned to the district for the fourth year. My district—now extended from Prairie du Chien to

Sandy Lake, (Rev. Samuel Spates, missionary) a distance of eight hundred miles—including St. Paul, T. M. Fullerton; St. Anthony, E. C. Jones; St. Peter, S. L. Leonard; Stillwater, R. Dudgeon; Willow River, George Chester; Round Prairie, Nicholas Mayne; Chippewa, supplied; La Crosse, Jessie Pardun; Black River Falls, supplied. The work was more difficult this year than before and the hardships greater. But my health was good and I was able to visit all my charges on the lower part of the district and hold their quarterly meetings twice before winter. The winter was, as usual, devoted to pushing the work in Minnesota. I was able also to secure two lots in St. Anthony for a church and parsonage; and with the assistance of two hundred and fifty dollars, the gift of a friend in Baltimore, Bro. Jones succeeded in erecting on one of the lots, a small frame church, and subsequently a parsonage was built. The parsonage is still the same with some improvements, and the church, which later was enlarged, gave way in 1872 to the present fine building on the same lot. The old church may yet be seen on the opposite side of the street to which it was removed when sold.

Five hundred dollars was received from "Zachens" of Baltimore by Bishop Janes to be a perpetual loan and to be used in the building of churches. Two hundred and fifty of this was applied to the church at St. Anthony, and to be secured by mortgage as soon as the title could be perfected. The other two hundred and fifty was

loaned to B. F. Hoyt, on interest, and at the end of my fourth year on the district, both the note and the claim on St. Anthony M. E. church were handed over to my successor, David Brooks.

Early in the spring, I made preparations to visit Sandy Lake, to reach which I had to ascend the Mississippi four hundred miles, mostly in a bark canoe. This point, with our Indian missions at the head of Lake Superior, had been attached to the Wisconsin conference in 1852, and in 1853 fell into my district.

I engaged Bro. Jacob Fulstrom, an old *voyageur*, an employe of the Hudson Bay Company, and familiar with all that country, to be superintendent and generalissimo of our expedition. This Bro. Fulstrom was the first fruit of our mission among the Indians, and was converted on this wise: Residing within a mile of Fort Snelling, at "Cold Spring," he had been employed occasionally by the Presbyterian missionaries, and had been told by them that "the Methodists were coming." Anxious to know who these might be, he was informed that they were a kind of religious people, who were very noisy and demonstrative; that they shouted and hallooed and stamped; that they would often strike the Bible when they preached; and sometimes would knock the pulpit down, they were so earnest. This account greatly interested "Jacobs," as he was called, in the expected missionaries, and on the arrival, not long after, of Bro. Alfred Brunson, accompanied by Bro. David King as missionary, Jacobs was on the alert to

hear and see all that might be said or done by them.

Major Plimpton, of Fort Snelling, to accommodate the people who were anxious to hear the Methodist missionary, fitted up the hospital, the largest room in the fort, with a temporary pulpit, and there Bro. King preached on the first Sunday after arriving. His text was: "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. V., 14.

Bro. King belonged to the school of demonstrative preachers, and after a time becoming very much engaged, he brought down his hand with force upon the Bible and—away went the pulpit. This was precisely what Jacobs was expecting, and with the performance he was very much delighted. He made up his mind that this was the usual way "these Methodists did." Looking, listening, watching, alive with interest, he only waited until Bro. King came down towards the door; when, going to him, and taking his hand in both of his, he exclaimed, "My name Jacobs; I want to join you!"

A Swedish boy, sent off when but a child, probably by those who wished to obtain his inheritance; set adrift in Hudson Bay; a trusted employe of the English fur traders for many years; married to an Indian wife—his life had truly been an eventful one. He became devotedly attached to Bro. King; joined the church; became savingly converted, and lived to be of much use among his adopted people, and very helpful to the missionaries as an interpreter. He died a happy Christian.

Arriving at Crow Wing, we remained over Sunday. I preached at Fort Ripley; dined with Col. Todd, brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln. To Col. Todd, commandant of the fort, the missionaries are indebted for many courtesies and much kindness.

At Fort Ripley we hired a young Frenchman, with a birch-bark canoe, and laid in provisions for the remainder of the trip. About noon on Monday we were under way and camped that night about sixteen miles up the river. The next day we passed through Rabbit Portage, an Indian village, by following up the Rabbit river, a small stream on the east side of the Mississippi; then through another lake; down a small stream; then through a lake of considerable extent, which was very beautiful and star-like in shape. From thence we carried our canoe and baggage about a quarter of a mile, to the Mississippi again. By this route we gained some thirty miles of up stream navigation while traveling twelve.

Our route, during the remainder of the trip, ran through Bro. Jacobs' old hunting grounds, and he pointed out the different localities where he had frequently caught and hunted otter, moose, elk, bear and deer. At night we camped on a beautiful flat, embowered with balsam and spruce, and slept most sweetly. The next day, by making a portage of less than one hundred feet, across a bend of the river, we saved a distance of five miles of paddling. We camped, the last night, out on a pine plateau, and, starting early the next morning, reached

Sandy Lake about 2 P. M. Here we were joyfully welcomed by Bro. Samuel Spates and wife, who had been faithfully laboring in this place among the Indians, since 1847.

I found the mission prospering and the missionaries much beloved by the Christian Indians. A school had been established; quite a number of the children had learned to read, and between twenty and thirty had been converted. I remained with them four days; preached several times through Bro. Fulstrom as interpreter; held a council with the clan; and baptized Bro. Spates' youngest son. I enjoyed the visit much.

On our arrival at the mission, I had paid and discharged the Frenchman, who returned to Fort Ripley with the canoe. My intention was to return by way of Mille Lac and arrange for a mission there, but while we were still at Sandy Lake, a great council of the Indians was called at Watab for the next week; and as all the Mille Lac Indians would be at the council, we were obliged to buy a canoe and return by the river. The council was called because the Winnebagoes, who were located at Long Prairie, some one hundred miles distant, had wantonly murdered two Chippewa Indians. The question to be settled was as to whether the avenger of blood could be bought off, and so save the death of many Winnebagoes, and perhaps long continued bloodshed. But the council did not succeed in making peace. Hole-in-the-Day, a leading chief, ended it by declaring that, "Nothing but *blood* can atone for the killing of the Chippewa."

The result was that the Winnebagoes left their home at Long Prairie, and, shortly after, were located by Governor Gorman on the Blue Earth river; thus putting the Sioux between them and their enemies, the Chippewas.

While holding the council with the Chippewa clan at Sandy Lake, of course I had to make them a speech. I told them, that several winters before, I had lived many day's travel south, in the same country with Brother and Sister Spates; that I had known them a long time before they came to this country; (Just here Sister Spates said, "Tell them we had plenty to eat, and many friends"), so I added that they had had good, kind friends, good houses to live in, good fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, and plenty of beef and pork, plenty of flour and corn and milk and butter, and clothes; that the good people in that "south-land" having heard that the Great Spirit had some red children up here, who did not know Him, and did not do what was right; that these red children had not heard of their Savior, who died to save them, and bring them to Heaven; that these praying people in the "south-land" had sent Bro. Spates and Bro. Huddleston to teach them and help them; that Bro. Spates had stayed with them two years and then had gone back to see whether he could get a young lady to come and help him to teach them; that Sister Spates had come, and they had been with them now many years, not to trade with them or cheat them out of

their furs or skins, but just to do them good, and tell them of the blessed Jesus; that if the red brothers would be kind to Brother and Sister Spates, and send the children to school, they would stay with them and help them and teach them still; that if they would not do this, then Brother and Sister Spates would have to go back to their kind friends in the "south-land;" that I had come from St. Paul to see them and to learn what they intended to do: and now I wanted their answer.

When I sat down Bu-sha, the chief of the clan—a tall, hard looking Indian with a restless look—rose, came forward, and shook hands with me, and with all the others present; then, straightening himself to his full six feet, he said, extending his long hand and arm:—

"I am known from Mackinaw to Gull lake. They talk about me across the great water. Everybody knows that I speak the truth. [He was a noted liar.] We have heard your words. We are glad that you came, and have spoken. All the Indians here want a missionary, and we want no one but Mr. and Mrs. Spates. We like them. We have not sent our children to school much. We cannot send them in the spring when we go away to make sugar. We cannot send them in the fall when we go to gather rice. [Wild rice.] We cannot send them when we go to hunt. But we will send them when we are here. We want Brother and Sister Spates and we don't want you to take them away."

To this speech the Indians assented by the usual, "Ho!! Ho!!" I told them that their teachers should be left with them another year, and after that we would see how well they had kept their promise.

Then we went down to Watab and attended the great council; saw the Mille Lac Indians and arranged with them for a mission; which mission continued several years, Bro. Jacob Fulstrom being the missionary. We also met here Governor Stevens as he was starting, with about fifty men, across the then untraveled wilderness for Puget Sound. At the conclusion of the council we put our canoe on board the steamer "Gov. Ramsey," and were soon at home.

The remainder of that summer I traveled in almost every way: by stage, wagon, ox-cart, buggy, and on foot; by fording and swimming; by steamboat, on a barge; by raft, in a skiff and by canoe; in short, in *any way* in which I could reach my appointments and preach the Word of life to the people and build up the church—I journeyed and labored.

Preaching in our one church in St. Paul, in school houses, in hotels, in private houses, in barns, in groves and in saw mills, in every place in which I could get a congregation together,—I declared, so far as in me lay, the whole counsel of God.

During the winter of 1852-3, two members of the New England conference, Revs. Nutting and Nichols, came out as the agents of a colony to select a location for settlement in Minnesota. I

took considerable pains to assist these gentlemen, hoping that the coming of such a colony would be alike beneficial to the colonists and to the state. After looking the best locations over, we finally selected the land on the Cannon river—where the city of Northfield, the seat of Carlton College now stands—a site hardly to be surpassed for milling and farming facilities. The colonists came in the spring; went over the country; visited the place selected, and came down to Red Wing, through one of the most beautiful and desirable sections of the territory, and there reported that they "had seen nothing worthy of attention!" Most of them apparently disgusted with the country, returned to the East, while those who remained, scattered in various directions.

The two ministers settled here. Mr. Nutting, whose health was feeble, lived among us for a few years, a worthy Christian man, much respected. Mr. Nichols soon joined the Congregationalists; but after preaching for that denomination a few years, united with the Presbyterians. Some eight years afterwards he was drowned in Lake Calhoun.

The conference met in 1853, at Baraboo; Bishop Scott, presiding.

I was soon informed by the bishop and others that the church at Milwaukee had been using what influence it could exert on the bishop, to have me sent to that city and stationed at Spring street church, where it was thought I was needed. This seemed to me then, and has ever since appeared, not only an unwise but also an unkind and un-

necessary change. With this view of the matter I represented to the bishop that I thought I had better not be sent to Milwaukee. But the bishop was inflexible, the cabinet inexorable, and the Milwaukee friends unchangeable and determined to have me, so despite my protest, I was appointed to Spring street church, Milwaukee.

During conference, after preaching the missionary sermon on Sunday, the fifth day of the session, I was taken seriously sick with what threatened to be bilious fever. From this illness I was relieved by a hydropathic ice water pack, which induced such a copious perspiration that in two days I was comparatively well. Returning home, much against the best judgment and inclination of my wife and myself, we began to pack up for our journey of five hundred miles to Milwaukee; and reached that city in two weeks.

CHAPTER XXI.

I FOUND Spring street church, Milwaukee, large, zealous and united, and began my work with encouraging indications. From the manifestations of the Spirit of the Lord and the enthusiasm and cordiality with which the people received us, it seemed that the hand of the Master was overruling this appointment for good. Conversions soon began to be numerous; the congregations were large and attentive; prayer meetings overflowing and the classes, unusually well attended.

We had held a very profitable watch-night meeting, taking into the church on probation in the first half hour of the new year, about twelve persons; among whom were Isaac E. Springer, now of Michigan conference, and his twin sister. But early on the morning of the first of January, a fire broke out in a blacksmith's shop adjoining our church property; and before eight o'clock our large, well built church, which had but a few hours before resounded with the praises of God, and the rejoicings of new born souls, was consumed by the flames; nothing remaining but the blackened walls.

This deranged all my plans for the winter; for

among other things I had intended to hold a protracted meeting, seeing hopeful evidences of a revival. But we went to work to rebuild; not, however, on the old site. A better location was purchased and a church, on the plan of the Clarke street church, Chicago, arranged for and built by my successors. We hired a part of "Young's Hall," standing on the opposite side of the river from where our church had stood, and which was the best we could do. This we occupied for Sabbath services, and held there, for a short time, a series of week-night meetings. These could not be made the success that we desired; as during the progress of our services the other parts of the "Hall" were frequently occupied by concerts, and balls, the noise from which disturbed us very much; the rooms in which these were held, being directly over our heads. And soon, too, the owners of the "Hall" objected to the continuance of our meetings "as they interfered," they said, "with the renting of the other parts of the 'Hall' for social purposes." Consequently we had to close our week-day meetings twenty having been converted.

Conference met at Janesville the following year; Bishop Morris, presiding.

Jessie T. Peck, missionary secretary, visited us. He was then filling out the unexpired term of Dr. Monroe, lately deceased. J. V. Watson, editor of the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," was also present; and Dr. Hinman, president-elect of our Northwestern University. These were at that time three of our most noted men, and they each did

us good service both in the pulpit and on the platform.

Dr. Hinman and I roomed together. He was not well, and I was convinced from his appearance, that he had been too long in a malarial country; and ventured to advise that he return, as quickly as possible, to his native hills of Vermont. He thought my fears were groundless. However, in about two weeks afterward, he did start for Vermont; but it was too late. He was attacked with bilious fever on the way and died before reaching his old home.

During this session I was urged by several of my old friends from the Racine district and elsewhere to preach; and to gratify their importunity, I suppose—the committee on public worship arranged for me to occupy Sabbath evening. I spoke from Rom. I., 17: "For herein is the righteousness of God revealed, from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith." God gave me unusual liberty and "a measure of the spirit to profit withall," so that I was enabled with some clearness to prove:

First, that the Gospel shows the act of creation and the establishment of a moral government to be a righteous act. Secondly, God's method of justifying sinners is thus shown to be a righteous act. Thirdly, the final salvation of the pure and the final punishment of the wicked will be in accordance with the principles of immutable rectitude.

Among my old friends who were present, was Father Ebenezer Washburn, of whom I have before

spoken. He was seated in the pulpit, and greatly enjoyed the discourse; manifesting his appreciation from time to time by the heartiest responses. At the conclusion he thanked me, with much warmth and kindness; telling me that he was glad he had heard that setting forth of God's righteousness; that it was new to him, and was most satisfactory. This dear brother, then in his eighty-fifth year, I think, and for about ten years a superanuated member of the New York conference, was greatly beloved by all who knew him; not only for his grand record, and for his work's sake, but also for the sweet and helpful spirit which he constantly manifested. He had been the peer and associate, in the ministry, of Nathan Bangs, Daniel Ostrander, William McKendree, Drs. Fisk, Olin and others; so that his approval was very grateful to me, and I thanked the Lord and took courage.

Another pleasant remembrance, in connection with this conference, is the drive which Bros. Wesley, Lattin and I gave to Drs. Peck, Hinman and Watson, whom we took out six miles to Mount Zion, an elevation of nearly two hundred feet on Rock Prairie; I asked Dr. Peck, while we were enjoying the lovely prospect, to count the wheat-stacks which were in sight. He did so, and there were more than two thousand.

My appointment to the Milwaukee district necessitated my removing my family to Waukesha. Here Bro. I. M. Leihy had succeeded in building a comfortable district parsonage, in which we were soon established. And I, with a newly purchased

horse and buggy, commenced my work. This district was very large and the roads, with one or two exceptions, miserable; yet, though frequently much exhausted, I was able to meet all the appointments through the year. The charges were nearly all blessed with good revivals, and the membership of the district was increased several hundred.

About the middle of the year my wife, who had never been robust, was prostrated with a severe illness, and confined to her bed the remainder of the year. This increased my cares and added greatly to my labor and anxiety, as it was necessary for me to be with her as much as possible.

At the following conference, which met at Racine, Bishop Janes, presiding, I told the bishop and the brethren, frankly, in the cabinet, that I could not care for the district without neglecting my wife; and that I could not care for my wife without neglecting the district: hence, I must ask for another field of labor. I also stated to them that my wife greatly desired to return to Minnesota, where she had enjoyed much better health, and that it was my wish to be sent there. Accordingly, I was appointed to Red Wing, Minnesota. At the same conference my brother was appointed presiding elder on the Winona district, Minnesota.

At this conference we elected delegates to the General conference of 1856, to meet at Indianapolis. And as we, as a conference, were known to be among the radicals on the question of slavery, there was a good deal of figuring among the

brethren so as to send an ultra anti-slavery delegation to represent the conference. The effort was successful; the delegates being, I. M. Leihy, C. Hobart and Henry Summers; with N. Requa and A. Brunson, reserves.

My wife being still very feeble, in order to remove her to Minnesota safely, we arranged a bed in a carriage, and by easy stages succeeded in getting her to Galena in six days. I should not have attempted to have her take such a journey at that time, but from the fact that while we had been in Minnesota her health had been much improved; and we hoped that the change now, could we get her there comfortably, would be beneficial. So it proved; for from the time of our getting settled there, indeed, almost from our setting out for Minnesota, her strength and vitality increased. From Galena to Red Wing our travel was accomplished with little difficulty; as we were on the steamboat with my old friend, Captain Smith, commanding, and he spared no pains to make us comfortable.

Red Wing, now the county seat of Goodhue county, and a beautiful city of nearly eight thousand inhabitants, was, when I first saw it, on July 30, 1849, an Indian village, and not open to white settlers. Some three hundred Sioux, men, women and children, greeted the boat at the landing; as filthy and ragged a set of people as can be imagined.

Near the southwest corner of our present park, in a corn-field, stood a scaffold made of poles and

bark. On the top of this, and wrapped in a red blanket, with a white rag for a flag, fluttering at his head, lay an Indian. This man had died a few days before, in consequence of his ambition to be considered a "Wau-kon," or medicine man. In order to show that his claim to this honor was true, he had placed a rattlesnake in his blanket and carried it about, taking it out and handling it before the people and telling them on such occasions, "You see the snake don't hurt me—I am "Wau-kon." But the snake had bitten him, and he, being too proud to acknowledge it and procure the necessary help, had received a fatal wound.

This was my second arrival in Minnesota; when, after an absence of two years, with my sick wife, I returned in July, 1853. I found that things at Red Wing had changed considerably for the better; there being now about three hundred white settlers.

I had sent money to my brother, Norris, who had been living in Red Wing, to put up a house for us; having already purchased some lots of my friend, Rev. B. F. Hoyt, one of the principal proprietors of the town. The little one story house containing two rooms, was completed and into it we gladly came and took up our abode. This property I have kept. It has been enlarged now and then, and still anwers the purpose of an earthly home.

The only available preaching place in town was the upper story of a building which occupied the site of the present C., M. & St. P. railroad depot.

Here, for more than a year, religious services had been held on Sunday by my predecessors, Rev. Jabez Brooks, A. M., and Rev. Matthew Sorin. During the week it had served as the school room of the preparatory department of Hamline University.

This university had been chartered by the legislature two years before; and the contract for the building, designed for the preparatory department, had been let. On my reaching Red Wing, the walls of this building had ascended to the height of six feet. The school, then in the loft of the storehouse, was under the care of Rev. Jabez Brooks. The preparatory school building, was completed so as to be occupied the next winter and was the only structure ever attempted for the university while it was located at Red Wing. The money panic of 1857, and the depreciation of the Chicago and New York property, the gift of Bishop Hamline to the university, prevented any further effort at building. This school house we occupied as a church, also, and we thought it very comfortable.

Our congregations were good and soon a gracious revival commenced; and this continued until the following spring. In the progress of this revival, I was greatly assisted by Bro. Jabez Brooks, and by Miss Sherman, a teacher in the school, and a Christian lady of rare grace and culture, now the wife of Rev. Daniel Cobb. Fifty were converted during the meetings and added to our little society, which strengthened us greatly. The winter was a

severe one, but as spring opened immigration increased even more rapidly than before. Thousands were coming to our new territory.

As the time for the General conference at Indianapolis drew near, it seemed to me quite doubtful whether I should be able to attend it; for although my wife's health was improving she was still delicate. However, in view of the fact that the Wisconsin conference was decidedly anti-slavery and desired her vote to be a unit on that subject, and that the first reserve delegate was absent in South America and the second rather conservative and also that the Minnesota conference was to be formed, and that I was the only delegate who knew enough about this upper country to properly locate the boundaries, I made the best arrangements that I could for the comfort of my family, and, trusting them to the care of our covenant keeping God, concluded to go to Indianapolis. On my way there I spent the Sabbath with my friend and cousin, William H. Taylor, for whom I preached in the morning, and greatly enjoyed hearing him in the evening. He was then on a circuit near Shelbyville, Illinois. This was our last meeting. He died about ten years since; died as he had lived, a faithful, earnest Christian, and a true-hearted man of God.

Conference met in the state house, a rather incommodious place for such a gathering. It was organized by the election of Wm. L. Harris, secretary. I was appointed on three committees: "Boundaries," "Revivals" and "Itinerancy." At

the first meeting of the committee on "Boundaries," the request of the Wisconsin conference was taken up, and the line, dividing the same and determining the limits of the Minnesota conference was fixed. This done there remained but one reason why I should not return home at once; that was to secure unity of action by the Wisconsin delegation, whenever the question of slavery should come up. This kept me at my post and I greatly enjoyed the social privileges of the occasion.

Many of our great men were at that General conference. The old men, who for half a century had led in the van and the thickest of the fight, while Methodism had been conquering for herself a name and a place and had extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were there: Davis and Griffith, from Baltimore; Finley and Young, from Ohio; Cartwright and Akers, from Illinois; Nathan and Heman Bangs, from New York. These, with many others whose names have become household words in our Methodism, shed on the business and the devotional sessions of that conference, a radiance which will never be forgotten.

Seven bishops presided over our deliberations: The venerable Waugh, distinguished not only for his eloquence and pulpit power but also for his unvarying evenness, and his knowledge of character; the portly Morris, laconic, full of gentle humor, and notably conservative; the saintly Janes, whose every word seemed chosen with wisdom and who as a Methodist bishop, take him all in all, stands peerless among his brethren—

great, good, wise, tender and Christlike; the fragile looking Scott, who with that delicate organism of his, took rank among the mightiest of thinkers, the clearest of logicians and the most judicious of administrators; the silver tongued Simpson; the scholarly Baker, and the statesman-like Ames, then strong men—gone home now, everyone of them.

Early in the session Drs. Hanna and Jobson, of England, were introduced, as delegates from the British Wesleyan connection, and whose fraternal greetings we greatly enjoyed.

On Sabbath, Dr. Hanna preached a sermon remarkable for its evangelical sweetness and richness of thought. We also received a delegation from the religious portion of the Wyandotte nation, headed by Mo-nen-cue, their chief, asking to be recognized as members of the M. E. church, instead of being forced into the M. E. church south, so distasteful to them. Rev. J. B. Finley through whose labors Mo-nen-cue had been converted, introduced the chief, giving a brief history of his own work among the Indians and of Mo-nen-cue's conversion. This brother concluded his very impressive account, by jumping from the floor, clapping his hands and exclaiming, with a pathos which was indiscribable, that in view of the thousands who had been converted through his ministry, he was the "happiest old man in the world!"

From the social intercourse of the delegates it soon became apparent that the rule, making non-

slave-holding a test of membership in the church, could not at that time be carried by the majorities required. Hence, all that could then be done was to see to it that our press was in the grasp of men who would express the views of the larger part of the church on the subject.

While these things were being considered I was pleasantly surprised to find that Rev. H. Requa, first reserve delegate from Wisconsin, a man who was true and staunch on the slavery question, had arrived, and would consent to serve the remainder of the session in my place. Therefore, in consequence of my wife's state of health, and assured that nothing would be lost to the church by my absence, I requested leave from the conference to return home, stating that Bro. Requa would take my place. My request was granted. But Bishop Janes came to me before I left and almost scolded me for asking permission to leave. Saying among other things that I was needed there; "No other man understands the work and wants of the upper Northwest as you do." And I may say, that had I known the bishop's views concerning myself before asking to be excused, I think I should have remained until the close of the session. However, I was thankful to get home, and find my good wife's health much improved, and the children well.

Everything was very lively that summer in Minnesota. Immigrants were coming constantly. New counties were being organized. Cities and villages springing up as if by magic. Roads being laid out, and the country settling up in almost

every direction. The work on my charge was also prospering. Additions by letter were frequent, and probationers were received almost every week.

Since we had now been set off as the "Minnesota conference," including Minnesota and the northwest part of Wisconsin, it must needs be that we hold an annual conference of our own; which was arranged to meet at Red Wing, Sept. 1856, for its first session.

As Bishop Simpson, who was to preside, was detained by low water, and the steamboat on which he was to arrive could not be heard from, on motion of C. Hobart, at 9 o'clock on the appointed morning, the conference was called to order; Rev. Jno. Kerns being elected bishop *pro tem*, and Rev. Jabez Brooks, secretary. We progressed fairly with our business until about eleven o'clock, when to our great joy, our anxiously expected Bishop Simpson arrived and took the chair.

On Sabbath, the bishop preached from II. Thim. IV., 2: "Preach the Word." It was one of his grand sermons. And what an influence attended it and went out from it, all over our young conference! It was like a benediction, and was felt for many days, as an inspiration.

I was returned to Red Wing for the second year, and entered upon my work with much to encourage, and many to help me.

On the 18th of September our youngest son was born. We named him, in memory of our esteemed friend Judge Thomas, of Jacksonville, Ill., "Wil-

liam Thomas." The judge, a noble son of the Methodist church and who was converted at her altar in his early manhood, has been for many years one of her pillars. And he has been this not more by his love for her and loyalty to her institutions, than by the honor reflected on her by his long life of unswerving integrity. Eighty years of unsullied rectitude, and occupying for many years, as he has, various prominent political positions; yet such have been his character and reputation for honesty, that his soubriquet of the "upright judge," is worthily bestowed. The higher the responsibilities with which Judge Thomas has been invested, the more lustrously has shone the pure gold of faithfulness to the trusts reposed in him. He still lives and honors the church and her communion.

Our dear little Willie, the judge's namesake although apparently bright and healthy at first, soon began to grow thin and feeble, and for a time it seemed as if we should not be able to keep him; but through the good providence of God and the care of Sister Samuel Spates and other friends, we succeeded in nourishing him back to health and strength. And we have had cause, ever since to be thankful that He who gave has spared to us a gift which has been one of the greatest earthly comforts of our lives.

The winter of 1856-7 proved another very severe one; but the inclemency of the weather did not hinder our efforts in revival work. We were gladdened with the conversion of about forty souls

that winter most of whom remain until this day; but "some have fallen asleep."

Again in the spring the tide of immigration set in, strongly; and property quadrupled in value, in about as many weeks, and money was abundant. Then it seemed necessary, and was deemed advisable for us to build a church in Red Wing. For this purpose a subscription was circulated; a sufficient amount was raised, the contracts were let, and I spent a good portion of my time during the following summer in supervising our church building.

At our conference the next fall, as my wife's health was too uncertain to justify me in moving her, I asked with great regret for a supernumerary relation, stating as my reason, that I was as well able to labor as ever, but that for my wife's sake I requested this relation. This was kindly granted, and for about ten days I was without work. At the expiration of that time Bro. T. M. Kirkpatrick, then my presiding elder, requested me to take charge of Lake City circuit, eighteen miles from Red Wing. This work would permit me to be at home part of each week. Lake City had been united with Wabasha and Reed's Landing and to this Bro. E. Stevenson had been appointed. Soon he saw that Wabasha and Reed's Landing would demand his entire time; and an earnest petition was sent to the presiding elder, from preacher and people asking that Lake City should be provided for in some other way. This appointment to Lake City circuit was very satisfactory to myself and to

the people. I went directly to my work; and soon organized a charge with three appointments: Lake City, Florence, and Wacouta; with preaching occasionally at Central Point.

In the fall of 1857, I organized the first class in Lake City, consisting of sixteen members; also a class in Florence, and held a protracted meeting there at which about fifteen were converted. Most of these have been steadfast and several of them remain worthy members of the church. The Lake City charge still remains one of the pleasant appointments of the conference, and it has been supplied by some of our best preachers.

The money crash of 1857, came upon the country in the midst of our prosperity; and greatly embarrassed our church enterprises. We had requested the bishops to change the time of our conference from fall to spring; consequently we met the following April in St. Paul.

At this conference it was thought best to form that part of Wisconsin belonging to Minnesota, into a separate district to be called the Prescott district. To this I was appointed as presiding elder; having thirteen charges, six of which were left to be supplied. This district extended from St. Croix Falls, to the mouth of the Black river, some two hundred miles in length, and as far east and north as the settlements had gone, and included all the inhabitants along the Trempeleau, Beef, Eau Claire, Chippewa, Menominee, Rush, Willow and Apple rivers, with their tributaries.

The country was rough, almost mountainous,

thinly settled and most of it religiously unorganized. The roads were those made by lumbermen; and with scarcely an exception, ran from points on the river back to the pineries. But there was work that needed to be done; the lost sheep were to be found; and I addressed myself to my Master's business, with all the strength and ability I knew how to exercise; and He helped me mightily. Three local preachers were put in charge of circuits; two exhorters, Rev E. S. Havens and E. Doughty, both now with the hosts above, were licensed to preach, and put in charge of new work. Bro. J. S. Anderson responded to my call, through the "Northwestern Christian Advocate." So that in one way and another the work was supplied. One or two quarterly meetings had been held in the Chippewa valley, in the fall of 1857, by Rev. S. Bolles, presiding elder of St. Paul district, and a few sermons had been preached, but the work throughout was unorganized. But now "the time to favor Zion, the set time had come;" and from the first meeting held on the Prescott district, the work of salvation commenced.

To tell of our blessed protracted meetings where souls were so wondrously converted; of our quarterly meetings, what seasons of refreshing they were, and of how the spirit of God was poured out at our camp-meetings, would fill a volume. We had three small churches, one at Hudson, one at Prescott and one at Pepin; and these furnished all the accommodation in that line which the district afforded. School houses with

such buildings as we could secure, and these often crowded almost to suffocation were thankfully made available. And when we could hold our services in a grove, or enjoy the privileges of a camp-meeting, we were glad indeed, and anxious to make the occasion as profitable as possible. At one of our camp-meetings, held on the River Falls charge, among the many hundreds present, were some leading Spiritists.

On Sunday I preached from Rom. III., 1-2. "What advantage then hath the Jew? or what profit is there in circumcision? much every way, chiefly, because unto them were committed the oracles of God."

My object was to show that whoever observed the "oracles of God," as a rule of life profited much every way. In contrasting the clear and conclusive proofs in support of the Bible as an inspired rule of life, with the absurd and unsatisfactory attempts to prove Mohammedanism, Shakerism, Mormonism, and Spiritism, to be such, I stated that the adherents of the last, that is Spiritism, admitted that the spirits often lied; and therefore, I said, no one of common sense would depend for truth on such pretended revelations. To illustrate this I told the following anecdote. Not long since, in a neighboring state a seance was held, at which the spirit of Tom Paine was called for. Answering to the call, this conversation occurred, between the inquirer and the spirit:

"Are you Tom Paine?"

"Yes!"

"Did you write the 'Age of Reason?'"

"Yes!"

"Do you now believe what you then wrote?"

"No!"

"Do you now believe that the Bible is true, and that it is the word of God?"

"Yes!"

"Are you sorry you wrote against it?"

"Yes!"

The questioner was elated with the conversion of the noted infidel and related the conversation to a friend, who doubted that there had been any conversation with Tom Paine, and to convince him he went with his friend to the seance the next night. Tom Paine was called for by this gentleman, who inquired:—

"Are you Tom Paine?"

"Yes!"

"Did you write the 'Age of Reason?'"

"Yes!"

"Do you believe what you then wrote?"

"Yes!"

"Don't you now believe the Bible is true?"

"No!"

"Why, how is this, did you not say last night that you believed the Bible true, and that you were sorry that you wrote against it?"

"Yes!"

"Then why don't you say now what you said then?"

"It's none of your business!" said the spirit.

My large congregation, which had sat with sup-

pressed breath and with intense interest, upon this denouement, burst into a roar of laughter that seemed infectious. I was not quite prepared for this outburst; had not intended to provoke laughter. But in a moment recovering myself, I stated that I had not told this to excite their mirth, but to expose this abominable scheme of the devil to ruin souls. The smile passed away, and, regaining their seriousness and attention, the sermon continued in an earnest effort to set forth the glorious issue of a life, regulated by the word of God.

When I had finished speaking, one of the Spiritists rose and inquired whether he might be allowed to answer the sermon. My reply was, "No, sir! This is a Methodist camp-meeting and its order cannot be interfered with."

A few weeks after this I was at River Falls, and was invited to dine with a gentleman, a former Milwaukee friend, (but who had turned Spiritist since,) to meet, as I afterwards learned, this Spiritist inquirer of the camp-meeting. He took occasion to say to me, "I think you were too hard on me at the camp-meeting, in not permitting me to speak and defend Spiritism."

"No!" I replied, "I only did what was right. That meeting had been published far and wide as a Methodist camp-meeting; hundreds of people had come to attend it, as such, and neither you nor any one else had any right to turn it into a public discussion on Spiritism. You have a right to appoint and hold a Spiritist camp-meeting; and I,

if I please, have a right to attend it, but when I am there I am under obligation to behave myself as a gentleman, and I have no right to disturb, or attempt to change, the order or plan of the meeting. If I should hear said at your meeting what I do not like, I can retire, but I have no right to interfere with those having the oversight of it. Neither did you at that camp-meeting! You were wrong, and I was right!"

This ended the controversy on that point; and the hour or two ensuing was devoted to a discussion of Spiritism, in which I gave him the best logic that I had against that pernicious theory; and left him, I presume, as I found him, wilfully deluded. Although I ought to say, that I heard of no more converts to Spiritism in that neighborhood, while I visited it.

The Spring Valley camp-meeting, at which this incident occurred, was of great spiritual benefit to those attending it. More than forty were converted, and good seed was sown, which was soon gathered by the "reapers" on the different charges represented.

One good woman, of about thirty years, intelligent above the average, who had been a leader in the dancing parties and fashionable follies of the town where she lived, was gloriously converted; and after a time she rose to her feet from her knees, conscious that she had found a new life and new joys. She stood erect, looking at herself, surveying her feet, her hands, *herself*, and then in a tone of earnest wonderment, never to be forgot-

ten by those who heard, exclaimed, "*Where have I been all my life? What have I been doing?*"

The following week the quarterly meeting for Bear creek charge was held; Rev. S. M. Webster, preacher. Among this class, made up of royal Methodists who valued the privileges of their "high calling," were Edmund Doughty and his wife, Aunt Fanny, and Henry Coleman and wife. These two families were related by marriage, and all the older children of both families were members of the church. The quarterly meeting was held in Maxwell's school house on the south side of the Chippewa river, ten miles from its mouth. It was a most excellent meeting. The presence and power of God were with us. On Sabbath evening fifteen were converted, and among them, Johnnie Doughty, the youngest son of Bro. E. Doughty. So rich was the blessing which little Johnnie found, that he made the school house ring again with his shouts, and then flew to the street which reverberated with his expressions of joy and praise. Bro. Webster continued this meeting until almost the entire valley of the Chippewa felt its influence. At Rock creek, fifty miles up; Fall creek, ten miles lower down; at Chippewa village, at the mouth of Bear creek; at a school house, six miles up the Bear creek valley; at Mondovia, on Beef river; and at the Rocks, three miles above Alma, on the Mississippi, scores were at each place converted. At Pepin, J. S. Anderson, pastor, over one hundred were converted.

Bro. Anderson was mentally built for contro-

versy, and for this combativeness he found use, in the first winter of his itinerant life. An old Mormon, who had settled five miles back from Pepin, undertook to build up that faith by tearing down the Methodist church. There was also a "good brother," who had been sent to the village as a missionary of the "American Board," who thought it to be his duty to expose the errors of Armenianism. Both of these found to their cost that, "Prudence would have been the better part of valor," for a few broadsides from Bro. Anderson's battery soon silenced these controversialists.

At Trimbelle circuit, S. N. Phelps, pastor, there were over a hundred converted; Prescott, A. D. Cunningham, nearly two hundred; at River Falls, Bro. Shelby, eighty; and at Pleasant Valley, Willow River, Hudson and Osceola extensive revivals also occurred, where many were converted and added to the church. Most of these still adorn their profession.

There are several things which were connected with these revivals which deserve to be recorded, as illustrating Divine co-operation in this great work: At the Point of Rocks, there lived a family, the parents of which had been members of our church in former years, and who asked that there might be preaching in their neighborhood; proposing to open their house for that purpose. Bro. Webster arranged for preaching there, and after a time planned to hold also a series of evening meetings. At the appointed time Bro. Webster, accompanied by his wife, and Bro. E. S.

Havens and wife, arrived, he (Bro. Webster) was so ill that he could not conduct the meeting. What was to be done? A house full of people had gathered and the services could not be postponed. Bro. E. S. Havens had only just been licensed; had never conducted a meeting; had only attempted to preach once or twice, and was one of the most timid and self-distrustful of men—and yet there was nothing for him to do but to preach; and he and the two ladies had to bear the burden of the meeting. With much trembling he took his text; but as he proceeded he received such a baptism that he was lifted far above himself, and preached the word with such mighty power, that men and women were convicted; seekers came forward and sinners were converted.

To appreciate the Divine power of that hour it will have to be stated that the most of those that night brought under the influence of the Gospel, and who cried to God for pardon, were among the roughest specimens of humanity; the men being nearly all raftsmen, rivermen, and lumbermen. Many of these had brought their families on large hand-sleds over the ice. One man who had been powerfully convicted, and had been at the mourners' bench praying for pardon, had a wife who was present, and who remained unmoved—was angry and sullen because her husband had gone forward.

Sister Webster had done what she could to persuade the woman to seek the Lord with her husband, but she decidedly and angrily refused.

Sister Webster then asked if she would kneel where she was and let her pray for her. To which she indignantly replied:—

"No: I wont!"

"Well," she was asked, "will you not pray for yourself?"

"No," she answered, in the roughest kind of way, "I don't know how to pray, and don't want to!"

At the close of the meeting, this family, the father, mother and little eight-year-old daughter, started for home; the father taking the woman and child up the slough on the ice. They had not gone far when he walked over a place, where the ice had been taken out a day or two before, and on which a thin crust had then formed and a light snow fallen. As soon as the sled reached the thin ice, it gave way and all went through. The child and sled went out of sight; the man and woman caught by their hands on the thick ice and clung there. Their loud cries attracted the attention of those who were behind and assistance was soon at hand, but before help could arrive this obdurate woman had learned how to pray; and with an earnestness that was heard by many at a distance promised the Lord that if He would save her life, and send them help, she would be a Christian. They were taken out and brought to the nearest house. The child was found clinging, though unconscious, to her mother's skirt. This woman was afterwards soundly converted and united with the church, and remained steadfast as long as I knew of her.

Another case occurred at Durand, which was then a small village on the Chippewa. Here we had a few members and a fine stone school house, which furnished the best accommodation for preaching in the valley. After having held several successful meetings in the adjoining neighborhoods, we thought to have a meeting at Durand. As soon as this was noised abroad, the devil took the alarm and stirred up his children to prevent, if possible, the holding of a revival meeting. The principal leader in this opposition was an unmarried man of about thirty-five, a Mr. Foster. This man, when he learned that the meetings had been appointed, swore a fearful oath that there should be neither meeting nor revival *there*, if he could prevent it. Accordingly, he called to his assistance a number of his associates and together they circulated invitations for a grand ball for the whole Chippewa valley, to be held at Durand and at the time of the announced protracted meeting. Bro. Webster and the brethren who were making the arrangements, being made aware of this, thought it best that the meeting should be re-called for a time at least, and see what would come of it.

The ball came off, as per printed notice; and Mr. Foster was much elated over his success in breaking up the meeting. I think it was less than two weeks afterwards, when one morning, this man at breakfast, at his boarding house was observed by his landlady to look unusually sad, and gloomy; and she began to inquire as to the cause. With some hesitation of manner he replied by asking if

she believed in dreams, and then told her that the night before he had dreamed that an angel came to him and said: "*Within three days your body will be burned to death, and your soul will be sent to hell!*" On the third morning after this conversation, he did not come as usual to breakfast, nor make his appearance. His store in which he slept remaining closed, was during the day forcibly opened; and he was found on the floor *burned to death.*

I came into the village the morning after he was buried, and this account of the sad occurrence I had from several who knew the facts.

Spring, and the consequent breaking up of the river, was too near at hand, to allow us to hold a meeting at that place immediately after this. But there was no more organized opposition. And the success of the preachers in that town and neighborhood has since been encouraging.

The Trimbelle charge, Bro. S. N. Phelps, pastor, was one of the points alluded to, which was so specially blessed by revival influence and the conversion of more than a hundred. Yet, so great was the pressure in money matters, and so little had as yet been raised by the people on the circuit for their own support that a number of the brethren thought it hardly right to have Bro. Phelps remain, and suffer as he must needs do, without sufficient support from them. With great reluctance they made the state of the case known to their pastor, to whom they would willingly have given generously had it been in their power.

Their solicitude for him, and their desire that if he could be better cared for at some other point in the church, he should feel free to leave the Trimbelle charge, only fired the heart of this good man with renewed courage and determination. He felt that he was in his place and at his work, and need take no anxious care for the morrow.

I do not know whether there came to his soul then, the assurance that has since that time in so many distresses cheered and comforted him, and which I have heard him utter when in the deep waters of trial, that "the Master makes no mistakes." But I do know that he told those brethren that he had been appointed to that charge, and on that charge he should stay until conference, if life and health were spared; pay or no pay. Stay he did, and suffer he did, doubtless. But the Master's eye was on him, and the brethren were able to do better than they feared. So God sometimes opens a way in the desert. He preached salvation to them from a heart that knew whereof he spoke, and many were saved and remain to witness to his faithfulness.

Our conference met this year at St. Anthony in the spring of 1859. Bishop Baker presided. I had frequently at our own conferences tried, as best I could, to set forth the needs of this northwest part of Wisconsin, pleading for men and money to carry on the work. But the presiding elders who were the "missionary committee," were so impressed with their own necessities that I had had but poor success, and no better this year.

And so we all went to work again to do what we could, though sometimes it looked as if we were trying to "make bricks without straw."

This conference year was only six months long, the brethren having concluded that spring conferences were not well suited to this latitude. Willow river, Rev. Thomas Harwood, (now superintendent of our mission in New Mexico), and Prescott circuit, J. S. Anderson, were greatly blessed during our short year with revivals. The work continued to prosper on the Trempeleau and Galesville charges.

October, 1859, conference met at Prescott; Bishop Janes, presiding. This conference was remarkable for its spirit of devotion, and for the manifestation of God's power and mercy to both preachers and people.

The bishop preached on Sunday with wonderful unction, from Jno. I., 14: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

His theme, divine and human co-operation, in the world's salvation. His propositions were: God working—God working with man—God working with man for man.

To describe the influence and effect of that sermon would be impossible. To tell how the words seemed to move and melt the souls of the great audience, and how his lips seemed indeed touched, as with living "fire from off the altar," as he told us of the boundless love, of the

infinite mercy, and unmeasured tenderness of God. How he made us to see the honor and the glory with which he encircles those who in the wonderful plan of redemption become co-workers with Christ in the salvation of the human race. And how he took us to the Celestial City, and led us round among the angelic hosts, until with them we fell upon our faces and worshiped with hallelujahs to Him that liveth for ever and ever, and who is "worthy to receive blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and power and might," would be impossible. But we felt as though we had had a glimpse into the glory land, and could join the angelic host as many of us did in songs of salvation and shouts of grateful praise to Him who "had loved us and given Himself for us."

To write this, to tell it, gives but a faint idea of its effect. It was as if Heaven had come into our hearts and we had been caught up to the place where the things of earth are too small to obscure our vision of celestial and eternal realities.

At this conference B. F. Crary, C. Hobart, and Cyrus Brooks were elected delegates to represent the Minnesota conference in the General conference to be held at Buffalo in May, 1860.

On the first round on my district after conference, I started off with a horse and buggy to visit that part of the work lying within and south of the Chippewa valley. I crossed the Mississippi at Reed's Landing and held the quarterly meeting at Pepin; then over the hills, twenty miles, to Round Hill ferry on the Chippewa; down

on the south side of the river to Maxwell's school house, where I was royally entertained as usual, at Bro. Colman's.

The next day I started for Trempeleau circuit, some fifty miles down the Mississippi on the east side. I found a passable road for thirty five-miles, along the bottom under the bluff, until I reached Fountain City. There I climbed the bluff, nearly six hundred feet high, and was then left to follow my own judgment as to the course, for I could find no one who had been through to Trempeleau. Of one thing I was certain, that the point I desired to make was about twenty-five miles a little east of south, and I learned that a few persons had been through, so I pushed on, taking such roads as seemed to lead the nearest in the right direction. I spent that night at the house of a new settler twelve miles east of Winona, who with his family, appeared very much pleased that a preacher had found them. In the morning my host spoke very doubtfully as to the probability of my being able to get through. He had only known of one or two who had come from Trempeleau that way, and they had each been on horseback. But I could not then afford to turn back; so I determined to try and reach my appointment, at least not to give it up until I was obliged to.

After going about ten miles through an oak forest, I came to the top of a bluff down which a wagon or buggy had never gone. I drove slowly down the slope until I reached the steepest part,

which was a descent of more than a hundred feet, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Here I stopped; got out, and, taking the lines, steadied the buggy as well as I could, and we began to go down, down, down. We had proceeded about twenty feet when both horse and driver began to slide, owing partly to the thick bed of leaves which slipped with our every motion. By this time the horse was almost sitting on his haunches, and I did not dare to let go the lines. So we went down together, much more rapidly than we desired, yet as slowly as we could; and reached the bottom, almost miraculously, in safety. Thankful for this merciful deliverance from what might have been a serious accident, I drove on and soon came to a trail leading me up the Trempeleau river, to the village of Old Dandy. (Dandy was chief of the last band of the Winnebagoes that left Wisconsin.) Here I found a ford, which was only a trail, across the Trempeleau. With a good deal of care I managed to get down the steep four-foot bank, and with still more care, succeeded in keeping the wheels of the buggy level while going over, and came out all right. Two hours after, I reached the settlement where our quarterly meeting was to be held, and surprised everybody, when I told them that I had driven a buggy through from Fountain City.

We had a good meeting, and on Tuesday, I started for Arcadia, twenty miles up the Trempeleau, in a northeasterly direction, over a rough mountainous road. I reached the place safely;

rested over night and on the next day, thirty miles further on, made the point at which the quarterly meeting for the Arcadia charge was held. Here we had a blessed time, and the rain of salvation came down upon our hearts, as "rain upon the mown grass."

My next appointment was at Mondovia. I drove on twenty miles up the Trempeleau; then twenty-five miles along the old Black river trail to the head of Beef river; then down that stream about thirty miles, to Mondovia. At this point we had a warm hearted society, the fruit of a revival held by Bro. Webster, and others, the winter before. Our meeting was a very encouraging one, and greatly helped the membership.

My next appointment was on the Bear creek charge and led me through that beautiful and remarkable formation, known as Bear Valley. This valley lies between the Beef and Chippewa rivers and is about twenty miles long. Half way between these two rivers, in the middle of the valley, is a tamarack swamp; out of it runs a creek each way, one into the Beef and the other into the Chippewa. Our quarterly meeting was held here and as this was the last one to be held on that round, I blessed the Lord for the way in which He had led me, took courage, and set my face toward home. Reached it safely, having been absent about four weeks, and having traveled about four hundred miles; and though weary, I was thankful for the privilege of laboring for the Master in a

field so rough and hard that few would be willing to cultivate it.

The winter of 1859-60, although cold, was not so severe as the preceeding two had been, and I was able to meet all my appointments. This winter a new charge was formed on the Chippewa river, above Eau Claire, with Chippewa City as its center. This included Bloomer Prairie, Duncan's Creek, and one or two other places; Rev. Thomas Harwood, preacher. Here several classes were formed and a good work begun.

Having held the quarterly meeting at Pepin, I remained until Wednesday, assisting in a revival of great power. While there, the weather had turned very cold and I had wrapped up as closely as I could, only leaving enough of my face uncovered to see my horse. I had a ride of twenty-eight miles, and when I reached home, found that a narrow angling strip across my face was frozen. It turned brown and then peeled off; was somewhat painful and caused no small amusement to my friends, from the odd appearance it gave me.

About the 25th of April, I took the steamboat for Galena, on my way to Buffalo. Had a delightful visit in Chicago with my friend, Wm. Wheeler, then of Trinity church. While there, Bro. Wheeler received a letter from his time-honored friend, Bro. Jackson, of Hamilton, Canada, asking him to try and secure three of the delegates to the General conference, to remain in Hamilton over Sunday and occupy its three Methodist churches.

At Bro. Wheeler's request I consented to be one of the three, and assisted him in securing, as the others, Dr. B. F. Crary and Rev. Richard Hargrave, of Indiana.

Taking the Michigan Central railroad we were met at the depot by Bro. Jackson, and were most elegantly entertained at his home; and we did what we could for the good people of Hamilton, in the way of preaching.

Monday morning we took the cars and soon found ourselves in the fine city of Buffalo. I was the guest of Captain May while in the city; and had for my room-mate, Rev. Jacokes, of Michigan. Our host was both jolly and companionable; enjoying a joke as well, I think, as any sailor who ever trod the quarter-deck.

After organization I was put on the committee on boundaries, and on a large judicial committee of one from each delegation, to hear and determine the complaints, brought against the administration of Bishop Ames, by Rev. Seth Mattson; also to hear and determine the appeals of Revs. Roberts, McCartney and others, from the decisions of the Gennesse conference, which finally resulted in the formation of the Free Methodist church; also to take action in regard to an Episcopal decision of Bishop Simpson, which virtually allowed the preachers in charges to exclude members from the church, without trial. The final action of the judicial committee, and of the General conference, on these cases, was the reversal of Bishop Simpson's Episcopal decisions; the confirmation of the

action of the Gennesse conference; and the acquittal of Bishop Ames.

But the absorbing theme of interest and discussion was slavery, as it existed in the Methodist Episcopal church. This, as a subject of thought, dominated everything else. A large committee was appointed, of which Calvin Kingsley was chairman. To this committee were referred all petitions on that question. We were not long in ascertaining that while a majority of the conference was in favor of making slaveholding a test of membership, yet, as in the conference of 1856, we had not a two-thirds majority; consequently we could not alter the Restrictive Rule, permitting members to hold slaves in states where the laws would not tolerate emancipation. The best thing, and all that we of the anti-slavery majority could do, was again to see that our editors and the bishops, to be elected, were of pronounced and advanced views on the iniquity of American slavery. When the report of the committee on slavery was brought in, full time was given for its discussion.

Dr. James Floy, of New York, and C. Kingsley, of Erie or Pittsburgh, led. Many others followed, who were in favor of the adoption of the report which denounced slavery as "the sum of all villanies;" and stated that the intention of the M. E. church was to free herself from it. Norval Wilson and Henry Slicer, of Baltimore, and Peter Cartwright, of Illinois, with several who spoke after them, opposed the report. Wilson of Baltimore, told us, "that if that report should be adopted,

the part of the Baltimore conference which he represented, lying in the State of Virginia, would be compelled to leave the Methodist church, and join the church south." But the report was adopted, nevertheless, and by a very decided majority. When we came to the election of editors, the same difficulty, in character, had to be encountered and overcome.

Four years before, Dr. Abel Stevens had been taken from the editorship of "Zion's Herald," and placed in charge of "The Christian Advocate and Journal." This had been done on account of his well-known and frequently expressed anti-slavery principles. But strangely enough, a four years' residence in the city of New York and among its conservative influences, had so changed his views on the question of slavery that he was no longer a fit representative of the ideas of the advanced thinkers, nor indeed of the majority of the church, on this vital question. Hence, his removal was determined upon. A telegram sent from the seat of the General conference, brought a delegation of some thirty Methodists from New York, headed by the venerable Dr. Nathan Bangs, whose business was to say to the committee and to the conference, that as it was the local paper of that state, New York claimed the right to say who should edit "The Christian Advocate and Journal." They stated further, that they desired Dr. Abel Stevens as editor; and if he were not elected, that they could and would raise thirty thousand dollars at once and start another church paper, which would crowd out

"The Christian Advocate and Journal," and kill it. Notwithstanding these strong words, Dr. E. Thompson was elected editor of "The Christian Advocate;" but, according to their threat, the New York Methodists went home and raised the thirty thousand dollars and started the "Methodist." But it did not kill off "The Christian Advocate," which still lives and prospers grandly.

It was at this conference that the subject of lay delegation came up for action. This was strongly urged by Dr. Durbin, Bishop Simpson and others of influence. But as the petitions from the churches stood ninety for and one hundred and twenty-five against (as I recollect), there was no change made. On this subject the action of the conference was kind and conciliatory.

Bro. Norval Wilson had brought with him to conference, from Virginia, a servant, legally a slave, but practically a free man, known as "Uncle Tom," a local preacher. I greatly desired that this man should have an opportunity to speak, and for this purpose requested the committee on public worship to appoint "Uncle Tom" to preach at the colored church, on the next Sabbath. This was so arranged, and on Sabbath morning several of the delegates with myself enjoyed hearing him. At the close of the sermon, a brother, the pastor of the church, came to me and requested that I would preach for them at 3 P. M. I consented and the announcement was made accordingly. But in the afternoon I had scarcely been seated in the pulpit, before, to my surprise, I saw Captain May (my

host) and his family, and about a dozen or more of the delegates with several whites, come in.

I took for my text: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth," (Job XIX., 24-27.) and did the best I could. Toward the conclusion of the sermon and while speaking of the Christian's hope, and of the prospect of reunion with the loved beyond the grave, quite a number of the elderly colored sisters began to shout. In a moment more they were out of their seats, and up and down the aisles they went, clapping their hands and shouting, "Glory! Glory!" This did not trouble me at all. It seemed like good old western style, such as I had seen and heard hundreds of times. But it greatly interested and amused Captain May. He thought he had a good joke on me, and insisted as long as I remained, that I must be a Free Methodist in disguise. He took occasion to tell the friends who visited the house, over and over again, with much enjoyment, about my preaching for the colored people, and setting them all to shouting. So the joy of the good old colored sisters became the source of many pleasantries from him, at my expense.

At this conference I heard Bishop Morris preach the funeral sermon of Bishop Waugh. This he did in his own clear-cut style, with scarcely a redundant word or phrase. In speaking of the toils and responsibilities of a Methodist bishop, he observed in his quiet, humorous way, "That however great they were, there were still several good men and brethren to be found in the church, who

were willing to endure even this heavy burden." This elicited a responsive smile; which so disturbed a good brother from Maine, a spiritual dyspeptic, who sat by my side, that he exclaimed in a loud whisper, "Oh! oh! that's too bad! too bad!"

When the report of the committee on Sunday schools was under discussion, about the close of the session, after editors and agents had been elected and the business nearly concluded, Bro. Biglow, fearing that a certain motion to which he was opposed would pass, moved a call of the house. This was ordered, and when made, showed that there was not a quorum present. This annoyed Bishop Janes so much that he expressed his displeasure quite decidedly. Some one remarked that there were, no doubt, a majority of the members in the city. "They might as well be in *France!*" replied the bishop. "Nothing more can be done." And nothing more was done, except the reading of the journal and adjournment. The fact was that those who lived only a few hours ride' distant, had taken the cars for home; but, so far as I know, every western man was in his place.

After the adjournment the Minnesota delegation returned home together, via Niagara, Detroit, Grand Haven, Milwaukee and La Crosse. Finding all well, I rested one day at home and then took the road for my district.

During a camp-meeting, held that summer near the mouth of Bear creek on the Chippewa, some effort was found necessary to maintain good order. About thirty had been converted, and

the meeting was progressing. On Saturday morning, while at breakfast, eight men from the pineries came, bringing a cloth tent, which they put up directly in front of the "stand," and not more than thirty feet from it; and then two of them immediately began a game of cards therein. As soon as I came to the "stand" and saw what had been done and what they were doing, I went to them, and remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," told them kindly what the order of our meeting was, and that all inside the circle of the tents was our church; that I believed there was not a lumberman in all the pineries, who was not too manly and too honorable to think of disturbing a religious meeting. I told them also that many of their fathers and mothers and sisters were good Methodists; that we were very willing that they should put up their tent in a proper place and stay with us and enjoy the meetings, etc. To all that I said they quietly assented; removed their tent, and all trouble and disturbance from that source ended from that time.

The Monday preceding the meeting of the Northwest Wisconsin conference, it was arranged that Bishop Scott should join us at Trempeleau, where I had just held a quarterly meeting. On Tuesday about eight of us, in company with the bishop, drove to Sparta. We had a rough ride of forty miles but came through all safely.

During our ride and while talking over the work of the district and of the conference, I remarked to the bishop, in reference to the changes of con-

ferences which I had been called to make, that "I would prefer now to remain in the Minnesota conference," and hoped that I should not have to change again. To this the bishop quietly said: "Well, Bro. Hobart, you will have to change once more. You must go into the new Northwest Wisconsin conference. You are needed there. This work which you are on now goes into that, and you cannot be spared from it."

This new conference had been made by the action of the late General conference at Buffalo. Numerous petitions had been sent to that body, asking that a new conference should be formed from the territory included in the Prescott district, Minnesota conference; and the La Crosse district, West Wisconsin conference, and extend north so as to include Ashland, Bayfield and Superior City, on Lake Superior. This movement originated with Judge Gale who had contributed liberally to the establishment of a university at Galesville, to be under the control and patronage of the M. E. church. His reason was that as the Minnesota conference was pledged to Hamline university, and the Wisconsin conferences to Lawrence university, the Galesville university would stand a better chance of support if it could have around it a conference interested in its welfare.

My acquaintance with Judge Gale commenced in 1847, when I was on the Racine district. We were both from Vermont; and not far from the same age. He was a promising young lawyer, well read in his profession; a graduate of the

university at Burlington, Vermont and noted for his candor, ability, and moral integrity. In 1850, we met again near La Crosse, where he had opened an office. Here I had the pleasure of mentioning him as a suitable man for circuit judge and rejoiced when he was elected. This office he filled with credit to himself and satisfactorily to his friends He was an energetic, active, public spirited man; and lived and died a member of the M. E. church. And our friendship was warm and sincere.

It was also thought that as the territory included in these two districts was so extensive, and necessarily separated in interest, somewhat, from the respective conference to which they had belonged and needed great care and labor for their development, their formation into a conference, would give them an increased supply of men and money.

Being a member of the committee on boundaries in the General conference, I had there stated all these facts; and had used what influence I could to have this conference formed. This I did because I knew so well the needs of the work which I there represented; being at the time a member of the Minnesota conference and desirous to remain identified with it.

During the following winter, the weather was such that I could only reach my appointments by traveling on horseback. In February, beginning at the lower end of the district, I held my quarterly meetings for Trempeleau and Galesville; then

on to the head of Beef river, striking the Chippewa a little below Eau Claire. I held a quarterly meeting at Fall Creek; and on Monday morning started for North Pepin. But on reaching the Chippewa, at the mouth of Bear creek, I found the river had risen so as to leave the open water one hundred feet from the shore on each side, while the ice was very solid in the middle. To get across with my horse was impossible. So I remained and held the quarterly meeting for the charge at this point, although it was two weeks earlier than they had expected it, hoping that by the following Monday the river would be so that I could cross either on the ice or by ferry. But there was no change by Monday morning. It was still impossible to cross. Yet I felt that something ought to be done. Obtaining the assistance of four men we went to work to saw the river in two —for in some way, I must cross that river, and be at my work. We sawed and hewed and shoved and floated the loosened ice, for three days and a half, and by Thursday noon had succeeded in opening a passage for the ferry boat, on which with my horse I crossed, and, riding twenty-five miles, reached Pepin.

This feat of sawing the Chippewa river in two, was not only a difficult but a dangerous undertaking. Could we have been furnished with ice saws or with any suitable instruments or tools, our work, though still difficult, would have been easier. But to open a clear passage through solid ice, a quarter of a mile across and about two feet thick,

with an old cross cut saw, a crow bar and some axes, and at the same time in momentary dread of the cracking of the ice above, and its closing on us, was then and as I recall it now, quite romantic enough to be worth the telling, and remembering for some time. From Pepin, after a hard ride of fifty miles over the hills, and the greater part of the way without a road, heading around to cross the streams, I reached Prescott within one minute of the time for my next quarterly meeting. There were already quite a number in the church and others were gathering and about to enter, as I rode up to the door.

All through the following summer, political agitation and the threats of national disruption hung like a dark cloud over the land. Stephen A. Douglas had undertaken to ride into the presidential chair on his hobby of squatter sovereignty. The North had determined on no more slave territory; while the South demanded, as their right, to take their slaves anywhere in the United States just as freely as they might take their horses or their dogs. And to add to the complications and excitement—three different presidential candidates made party spirit intolerant and rampant. But after a hotly contested political campaign, Abraham Lincoln was elected; and the South foresaw that unless something desperate and daring was speedily effected by them, the sentiment of the North and West would overthrow their cherished prestige and institutions. And not long after, the first gun was fired on Fort

Sumpter, from a Rebel battery, and war was inevitable. Unfortunately, the occupant of the executive chair had weakly permitted the Treasury to be depleted in the interest of the South. The army was scattered, and the navy had been mostly sent to foreign ports, through the same influence. Congressmen and senators from the southern states had been with one hand drawing their pay as the maintainers of the Constitution, and with the other had been doing all that they knew how to do, to weaken and destroy the power of the Government.

September, 1861, our small but spirited conference met at Galesville; Bishop Baker, presiding. And it was, after much careful planning, divided into three districts: La Crosse, T. E. Golden, presiding elder; Chippewa, C. Hobart; and Prescott, Wm. Hamilton.

I had completed the first round on my district and was just ready to set out on my second, when I received a telegram informing me that I had been elected chaplain of the Third Minnesota regiment, and must be ready to join it at Red Wing, on its way to Louisville, Kentucky, in twenty-four hours.

Unexpected as was this summons, the duty of the hour seemed very plain. I wrote to all my preachers, also to Bishop Baker, and to Rev. James Gurley, and requested the latter to superintend the work for me, until some arrangement should be made for the district by the bishop. And then needful preparations were soon made. My joining

the army was regarded by my wife and myself more especially as duty at that time, because our eldest son Joseph, only eighteen, was already enlisted as a volunteer and belonged to Captain Shelley's company of the Fifth Iowa cavalry, and we hoped that I might be near enough to him to have some guardianship over him.

About sundown on the evening designated, with Company E., Captain Gurney, we took the boat; and amid cheers and tears, hurrahs and sighs, and the hopes and fears of the loving hearts who came to say farewell to us, we made for the seat of war. Reaching Louisville, we found General Buell in command; forming the arrivals as rapidly as possible into brigades and divisions, while the larger part of the army had been sent forward to different points on the railroad towards Nashville.

We had been in camp about a week, when we were ordered to guard the railroad, leading to Nashville, from Shephardsville on Salt river, to Elizabethtown, a distance of about sixty miles. Head-quarters for our regiment were established at Belmont Furnace, five miles from Salt river, christened by Colonel Lester, "Camp Dana," and we occupied positions along the road.

Here we spent the winter of 1861-2, keeping up regular drill and camp duties with five companies in camp, while the other five were guarding the road, these companies alternating each week. As Kentucky winters are made up of raining, drizzling, freezing, snowing, sleeting and thawing, with a mixture of mud and sunshine, we went

through with what is known as the "seasoning process," and the feeble ones were soon in the hospital or discharged. However, our regiment fared much better than many others, which spent that winter in Kentucky, having about twenty small frame houses which were utilized as barracks, and a church which was converted into a hospital.

The measles broke out largely in the army that winter. We had one hundred and ninety cases of which we lost but six, while many other regiments buried from fifty to a hundred and fifty. In caring for the sick, going back and forth to Louisville for such supplies as they required for nourishment, preaching on the Sabbath, holding prayer meetings Thursday evenings, and burying the dead—I was kept busily employed. We also had daily prayer at dress parade; and I wish to say that at each of the graves of the boys whom I buried, I erected a head board, which I made myself, of white oak; charring the end driven into the ground, and placing in the center the name, age, regiment, and company of the deceased.

December 24, I was called on by a Mr. Leslie of Lebanon Junction, a staunch Union man, to perform the marriage ceremony for his daughter, Miss Catherine A. to Mr. J. R. Hale. Miss Catherine having declared, that no "Secesh minister" should ever marry her! And to make the matter sure, she had persuaded her father to come over to the Union camp and see if the chaplain would come and marry them. To this I had not the least ob-

jection, was on hand at the appointed time, and in the presence of a large company, united, as securely as the Ritual would permit, the happy couple. I was hospitably entertained over night, and returned safely to camp the next morning; although I was not unaware that I was in danger, at any moment, of being made a target for a Rebel bullet.

In January, 1862, in company with several of the officers, I was invited to dine at the home of Mr. Patterson, principal owner of Belmont Furnace. This gentleman claimed to be a strong Union man although a wealthy slaveholder. After an elegantly served dinner, I baptized the youngest child, a babe of five months.

I usually stayed, when in Louisville, by urgent invitation, with Rev. Wm. Holman and lady, where I received a brotherly welcome. Soon after our first meeting, we found that we had many mutual acquaintances and when Bro. Holman learned that Revs. Peter Cartwright and Peter Akers were old and dear friends of mine, he took me to his heart as a brother to be trusted in. Our intercourse during those turbulent times is a pleasant memory.

I was in Louisville on February 16th, when news of the capture of Fort Donaldson was received; and was the first to bring in the report of it to our camp. While walking, that morning in the city, a lady came toward me from the opposite side of the street. As she approached she exclaimed aloud, with flashing eyes and indignant manner, "It isn't true! I don't believe a word of

it! I won't believe it! It hasn't been captured!" To which I could not resist the impulse of saying, as we came face to face, "*It is true*, madam, every word, as you will find!" To say that she looked "daggers" at me is, altogether, too mild a way of putting it. She looked as if she would have enjoyed annihilating me.

It was soon after this that one of our soldiers became earnestly and seriously anxious about his soul's salvation. He came and stated his case to me and his difficult point was, whether he could be converted while in the army. After explaining to him that if the cause for which a man was fighting were a just one, and he were there faithfully doing his duty, that a soldier was as near right in the army as he would be anywhere. I told him also that if he would then and there surrender himself unconditionally to Christ, to be an obedient cross bearing Christian forever, whether in the army or at home, he would find that Christ would accept him in the pardon of his sins, right there. Encouraged, he knelt down and commenced praying. The next day we prayed again together; and before he rose the blessing came, and he rejoiced with great joy in the consciousness of sins forgiven.

I received many boxes of goods, provisions, money, blankets and clothing. Some of these were sent by friends, others were obtained from the supplies at Louisville. These boxes I distributed according to the doctors' directions and the needs of the men.

I also sent to Cincinnati and obtained several

hymnals with music. These the boys greatly enjoyed, and after that we had rousing singing at our prayer meetings, and many a song from the boys at other times.

About the 11th of March, the sick of several regiments were sent to Belmont as a general hospital. And soon after we were relieved by the Eleventh Michigan and ordered to Louisville, preparatory to embarking for Nashville. By the 19th we were on board, passed Fort Donaldson on the 22d and reached Nashville on the 23d.

We were now ready for the field, with General Buell, and all hoped to be ordered to the front. But much to our disappointment we were ordered to stay at Nashville and guard the road, the depots, the magazines, and the stores which had accumulated there. Our camp was about two miles out of the city, and most of the men were kept constantly on duty.

It was amusing, while here, to watch the social condition of things around us. The old men, the women, children and darkies, were about; but all the middle-aged and young men were with Johnson and Beauregaurd. The ladies were spiteful; the old men, sullen; the darkies, delighted—they scarcely knew why. They had the impression, however, that in some way they were to be the gainers in the conflict.

The boys of Rebel families, who came, frequently, to the camp, were generally talkative and boastful. In reply to some of our questions they would say: "Oh, yes; our boys have gone to the army now,

but they are coming home one of these days, and the way they will make you Yanks skedaddle will be awful!"

While we were guarding our interests in the city, the great battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, was fought. That this battle was to occur, the Rebel part of the population seemed to have been apprised of for some time before it took place; and they were sanguine as to the expected result. And to depict their surprise, chagrin and distress, when they learned that the victory was on the Union side, would require much skill and time. But everywhere were signs of their mortification and disappointment.

Early in April I went back to Louisville to look after our sick, whom we had left in hospital at Belmont Furnace. I remained with them two days and procured supplies, clothing, etc., and left all improving but two. These I commended to "God and the word of His grace," and, with our last farewells sadly spoken, returned to camp.

Not long after this, I found myself considerably out of health. A very bilious condition of system unfitted me for duty and obstinately refused to yield to medical treatment. I saw that if I remained I must go into hospital, and, in all probability, into my grave. My friends, who felt anxious for me, advised me to ask for sick leave, and go North as soon as possible. But I concluded that if I could not do the work, I ought to resign, which I did, and which resignation was in a few days accepted.

On the 16th of April I left for Louisville. Here, at the home of my friends, the Holmans, I became too ill to go further, and was under the care of a physician for four days. To get North, as soon as possible, seemed the proper thing in my case to do, and, being carefully brought in a carriage to the depot by my friends, I was put on board the cars for Chicago. At Michigan City we encountered a snow-storm, the sight of which seemed to have a tonic effect and did me good. I rested a day in Chicago and arrived home, April 24th, still weak but improving.

The Minnesota Third, from which I had just parted, was a grand body of men. The rank and file were intelligent, many of them religious, and all, so far as I had opportunity to observe, influenced by a sense of honor and a determination to do their duty. Shortly after my return home they were ordered to Murfreesboro, and there were ingloriously surrendered as prisoners of war, by a bare majority of their officers, without having struck a blow. This so discouraged and demoralized them, that they scarcely recovered their self-respect during the war.

This regiment, however, did good service in the Indian war of 1862, and also in Tennessee and Arkansas, and until the war closed, when they were honorably mustered out. My health began to improve from the time of my reaching a higher latitude; and so soon as able, I was, at the request of the official board and the presiding elder, at work again in the Winona station, filling out a

vacancy caused by the illness of the pastor, Rev. S. Bolles.

This dear brother was, in the days of his strength and for many years, one of the most noted evangelists in our Methodist church in the Northwest. He was almost a boy when he gave his heart to God and his life and labor to the church. He has had a wonderful influence in reaching the conscience of sinners, and through the might of the Holy Spirit many thousands have been led by him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Of a gentle, dignified and eminently Christian character, and of a sympathetic nature, he is called, because of his readily flowing tears, the "weeping prophet." Bro. Bolles has done a grand life-work in the Rock River and the Minnesota conferences, and his sun is setting in fadeless splendor.

While filling out this term of service I found a very pleasant home in the family of Hon. Thomas Simpson, of Winona, and his most estimable wife. These dear friends, then in the morning of their married life and Christian activity, were abundant in good works. The M. E. church, of Winona, now one of our strongest and most desirable appointments, owes very much to the fidelity of Bro. Simpson, who, as superintendent of the Sunday school for almost twenty-five years, local preacher, trustee and steward, has been instrumental in laying its foundations in truth and righteousness. Nor can less be said of his noble wife, who wisely and with the administrative

ability of a statesman, and the gentle carriage of a Christian lady, has moulded and developed the social life of the church society, making it a very model for earnest work, on all lines of Christian activity and associated benevolence.

During the war times Sister Simpson did very much to contribute to the comfort of the soldiers. Boxes of bandages, lint, jellies and comforts of many servicable kinds found their way to the front from the ladies of Winona; whose leader was our indefatigable worker, Mrs. Thomas Simpson. Later, when the children, orphaned by the war, were to be cared for, it was Mrs. Simpson who planned and superintended the "Soldier's Orphan's Home" at Winona; in which many a young life was directed to honorable manhood and womanhood. And, she still labors for the Master in the church and Sunday school and in the blessed work of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." A few silver threads are mingling with the brown upon her brow; but it bears the stamp of a noble, earnest womanhood; that with "patient endurance of hope unto the end" will one day wear the crown of immortal life. Three promising sons are also rising up to call her blessed.

CHAPTER XXII.

DURING my service in Winona the Sioux Indians on our western frontier began an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants. Eight hundred were killed before their furious onslaught could be stayed, although as soon as their treachery was known, hundreds of men self supplied and self equipped, rushed to the front to stay the tide of death.

The call of the Governor brought out a strong, well organized force sufficient to chastise the savages for their cruelty. For two years this Indian war was prosecuted by Minnesota troops alone, paid by the General Government, until the murdered settlers were avenged, and the Indians taught a lesson which they have never forgotten. Forty of these savages were hung at one time at Mankato, or rather thirty nine were hung, one having died. This severity seemed at last to break the spirit of the Sioux, and the rebellion ended.

The Minnesota conference met in Winona in September; Bishop Janes, presiding.

The Northwest Wisconsin conference met at Hudson; Bishop Janes, presiding. Both very pleasant sessions. My appointment

was Prescott station. This was one of the pleasantest appointments in Northern Wisconsin. And as soon as the arrangements could be made, I moved my family from Red Wing, where we had made our home for the preceding seven years.

We were cordially welcomed to our new home and field of labor, and the year's work was as successful as under the constant excitement of the stirring events of those days, could be expected. For there was scarcely a family in the village, or in the vicinity of it, that was not represented in the Union army. Some with General Grant along the Mississippi; some in Tennessee with Rosecrans; some with McClellan, and some in the Indian campaign up the Missouri. And almost every heart was throbbing with anxiety or wounded with sorrow; and every flash of the telegraph brought news of conflict or reports of victory, which meant blood and death, and tears, and broken hearts; or there were calls for more troops; or help was needed by Sanitary or by Christian commissions.

With what eagerness tidings were sought and watched for, to be so often only the messengers of sadness! From that little village, as from many an other town and city, our whole country over, of the fathers and husbands, brothers, sons and lovers who went forth at the call of their country, strong and brave hearted, many never returned, and many came back only to die; or crippled for life, to wear the scars of carnage and of cruelty. The terror and dread, caused by the

savage ferocity of the Indians, added to the troubles of that terrible time. While the Indian war was being waged on the west, all knew that the Chippewas on the north could any day attack our frontier settlements; and they were restless and threatening. This, also disturbed the people. The settlers in the West were nearly all collected in stockades and forts; while in Northwest Wisconsin the inhabitants of large neighborhoods were stampeded by rumors of approaching savages. Yet in all this ordeal, and time of excitement, "of wars and rumors of wars," our society in Prescott waited upon God; and we stayed our hearts upon His Word. And we held our own and gained a little.

The Minnesota conference had been held at Hastings; closing October 3, 1863, and the Northwest Wisconsin was to meet at Eau Claire, October 6. Bishop Ames was to preside at each.

To get from Hastings to Eau Claire, it was necessary to travel through the Eau Galle and Menomonee woods by way of Prescott and Hammond, a distance of one hundred miles, forty of which was a wilderness, as there were but one or two houses on the route after leaving Hammond for the next forty miles. To make it pleasant for the bishop, who was depending on us for conveyance, I had arranged that about twelve of us should meet at Bro. Mattison's in Pleasant Valley, to which point the bishop was to be brought; and we would convey him on from there. And also that after

the bishop's arrival at noon, we would enjoy dinner together.

By twelve o'clock we were all on hand at Bro. Mattison's, and looking for the bishop; while Sister Mattison, knowing we had a long ride to take, had her dinner promptly ready, and an abundant and excellent one it was. One o'clock had come, but no bishop; 2 o'clock—half past two—and we then concluded that he had stopped at River Falls for dinner; and we sat down hungry enough. We had just finished, however, when the bishop drove up —and had not been to dinner. The supply of provisions had been abundant, especially the beans, and so the bishop fared equally as well as those who had enjoyed the first table. But there had been quite a loss of time; consequently, we made little delay after the meal was over in taking to our vehicles and horses as we were obliged to push on as far as possible into the woods that night, in order to get through the next day. My intention had been to make about twenty-five miles before dark and camp out in the woods. But as it was, night overtook us just as we came to a deserted log hut, having driven only about fifteen miles. Some of us, in arranging this plan, thought that it might assist the bishop to appreciate the luxuries of his Baltimore home a trifle more, if he should camp out with us and experience for himself a little of the rough and tumble of western itinerant life. But as it happened, we slept quite comfortably on the floor of the deserted hut; and having blankets and provisions in abundance, could in no sense

consider it hard fare. At least it was what we had learned by frequent experience to think very fine accommodation.

The next day, the bishop, as we were getting ready to resume our journey, proposed a change of partners in his own conveyance and mine, so that we might talk over the work of the district and needs of the work. Some of the pleasantry, of which the bishop at times had an abundance, could not be much longer repressed; and after we had been talking and riding for some time he said, (there being three of us in the hack with the bishop):—

"Well, brethren, it appears to me that as we are on our way to conference, we ought to settle any little differences we may have, before we get there." To this there was cordial and general consent; all wondering, however, who was meant, and what differences there were to settle.

"I was thinking," he continued, in a sober and somewhat grieved tone, "about the difficulty between Bro. Hobart and myself, on account of his having eaten up all the beans for dinner yesterday, before I came." At this there was a hearty laugh; when Bro. Hobart defended himself by saying, that he had waited dinner two hours and a half for the bishop, and had concluded that he did not intend to dine with us; consequently, we were the parties, if any, who had a right to complain, we and the good sister who had kept her dinner hot—expecting him for two and a half mortal hours.

"Well, well," he responded, pleasantly, but as if

pronouncing a judicial sentence, "I suppose we ought, perhaps, to compromise the matter and have no hard feelings, even if Bro. Hobart did eat up the beans."

We reached Eau Claire the next day, where the good people entertained the preachers with royal good will. And we had a pleasant, harmonious and profitable conference. C. Hobart and Rev. T. C. Golden were elected delegates to the General conference to be held in Philadelphia, May, 1864. And I was returned to Prescott for the second year; which was satisfactory to the preacher, and, so far as I know, to the people. As our daughter was attending Hamline university, and we found it difficult to secure such boarding accommodations for her as we desired, we arranged this year to have the family return to our Red Wing home, while I remained at my work, and I found a pleasant boarding place with Grandma Redman and her daughter, Mrs. York.

During the winter a call was made for ministers to help in the Sanitary and Christian commissions, to nurse the sick and wounded, distribute Bibles, tracts, papers, clothing, etc., and to care generally for our "boys in blue." To this call I responded, asking to be sent to the front; and preferring to go to Alabama, near Huntsville, where the Fifth Iowa cavalry was at the time, and to which my son belonged. I arranged to have my pulpit supplied, and, accompanied by Rev. G. W. Richardson, was soon *en route*.

On reaching Nashville, I learned that the Fifth

Iowa had just arrived there from Huntsville, to remain for a week or two until paid off, and be newly clothed, when they were to return to their homes on a "veteran furlough." This, of course, changed my desire for proceeding to Alabama, and at the urgent request of Rev. Smith, superintendent of the Christian commission at Nashville, I consented to remain there and take charge of the "Zollikoffer Barracks." The building so named was an immense unfinished hotel, which would accommodate about two thousand of the soldiers, and was used as a stopping place for those going to the front and returning. Bro. Richardson was given charge of the convalescent camp adjoining the penitentiary. Our work consisted in preaching to the boys, once or twice a day, in the various camps; in caring for the sick and distributing books and papers to the soldiers, well, sick and wounded, and especially in furnishing every man going to the front, with a Bible or Testament. We were also able to visit several of the hospitals, and gave such help and comfort to the brave sufferers in them as we could. This labor of love we enjoyed; it kept us busy and fully occupied; but we have hope that it made it easier for some to do right, harder for others to do wrong, refreshed many weary hearts, smoothed and soothed some dying pillows; and directed the feet of hundreds to the "Lamp of Life."

While attending one of the camps, I found a strong, muscular young man, who belonged to the First Tennessee cavalry, who had been placed under

guard, and left there while the regiment proceeded toward Memphis. The regiment had been ordered off in a hurry, and he had probably been forgotten. It appeared that when his regiment had come to Nashville he had become drunk, and mistaking himself for commander-in-chief, had to be put under guard. When I found him he was sober enough, and chafing like a tethered eagle, held to the earth, and struggling to mount to the clouds: "I must get off! I can't stay here! I ought not to be here! What shall I do?" were some of his expressions of real distress. After seeing his situation I went to Gov. Andrew Johnson, afterwards Vice-President, and later, unfortunately, President of the United States, and secured his discharge and return to his regiment; for which favor he gave me his grateful acknowledgments.

One Sunday afternoon, after Bro. Richardson and I had preached in the morning, we went to the Zion Methodist church, colored. We heard a rather unique sermon, after which we had a class-meeting on a new pattern. The preacher called forward twelve of the brethren who took their places in the altar. These he addressed and exhorted as a leader would the members of his class, and concluded by saying, "Now, bred-ren, do your duty." Each of the twelve proceeded at once to take charge as class leaders of as many sections of the congregation, four of these being in the corners, and the other eight scattered about in the centre and adjoining parts of the church. The members seemed to understand

to which claim they belonged, the several claims being in many instances not only contiguous but over-lapping. Zeal and fervor began soon to rise as an oncoming tide, when a shout from one corner was heard; then another from an opposite direction; then from several intermediate points, until scarcely anything else could be heard in the house but exclamations of praise and shouts of glory.

We had been seated in the division on the right of the pulpit and had, in due course, been spoken to by our leader, who was engaged in addressing those behind us, when the leader of the adjoining class in his rounds came near and supposing that the brother on our right belonged to his class, said with considerable official dignity:—

"Tell us, brudder, how's you getten 'long?" To which the brother responded with equal importance:—

"Augh g'long! I'se been looked over!" Shortly after, with a general hand shaking, the meeting closed.

During our stay in Nashville, we were delighted to meet Bishop Simpson, who had come down at the suggestion of Secretary Stanton, to ascertain if it were practicable for the M. E. church to reoccupy and hold the church buildings of the M. E. church, South. The bishop called together about twenty of the Methodist preachers, who were there as chaplains, visitors and workers, in the Sanitary and Christian commissions, and had a consultation on the subject. The bishop was in favor of such

occupation, and made quite a plausible speech in its interest, and after giving us the opinions of Mr. Stanton and others, called on the brethren present for an expression of their views on the subject.

After considerable discussion and expression of opinion from others, I told them that I thought the measure proposed, both wrong and impracticable; that I had no doubt of the triumph of our cause, nor of the propriety of carrying our work into the South, but that we were perfectly *able to build our own churches.* I also said that it was my opinion that if we should take those churches and man them, that we would never have any one who had been in sympathy with the Rebellion to hear us. The good bishop dissented entirely from my views, and when the vote was taken upon the measure, I found myself in the minority of one. Subsequent events, however, proved that the minority was in the right, and in this case, at least, that the majority was wrong.

After four weeks spent in Nashville, we were sent down to Murfreesboro, to look after the wants of our soldiers, in the garrison and hospitals there. While here, Bro. Richardson and myself visited the Stone River battle field, where for three days nearly five hundred thousand men had struggled in mortal combat. We walked among the graves where peaceably slept, side by side, the boys of the Blue and the Grey. And we thought of the burial of Sir John Moore, and his heroes, of whom it was sung:—

"They have slept their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle;
And no sound can awake them—
To glory again."

I gathered a few mementoes there and on my return labeled and presented them as souvenirs of Stone River's bloody battle field to the cabinet collection of Hamline university.

On my return home, at the expiration of my term of six weeks' service, I found my son was still on his "veteran furlough." We enjoyed a visit with him for a few days, and then he was ordered to Fort Snelling. From thence his battalion had orders to join General Sibley in his expedition against the Indians up the Missouri. In that service, they were retained until the close of the war.

About the 22d of April, I joined Drs. Eddy and Crary, and we proceeded via the Pensylvania Central and York railroad to Baltimore. Dr Crary and myself spent two days in looking at the objects of interest in the Monumental City, and then proceeded to Washington, where we remained three days, visiting the Capitol, the Treasury Building, just then completed, the Smithsonian Institute, several of the libraries, and the White House; then the residence of my old friend of Springfield days, President Abraham Lincoln; and reached Philadelphia, the seat of the General conference, on April 30th, 1864.

At this conference I missed many familiar faces, of those with whom I had been associated through the earlier years of my ministry. Twenty-eight

changeful years had caused those who were elderly men when I joined the ranks of the itinerancy, to be either laid aside from the active work, or borne them to the Land of Life; and now vigorous and younger men were filling their places.

The happy suggestion was here made by some one, that the committees should meet once in three days; thus giving the smaller conferences an opportunity of being represented. Bro. Golden and myself served upon about six different standing committees. When a member of the "committee on revisals," I had the satisfaction of suggesting two amendments, which were adopted by the conference and which have continued in the Discipline until the present. One, allowing the bishop to appoint a traveling preacher, agent for the temperance work. This I did at the suggestion of my old friend and brother, Dr. John Quigley. The other, amending the Discipline so as to read: "A *majority* of the board of trustees, shall be members of our church." Thus allowing us to avail ourselves of the help of those who, though friendly and loyal to the M. E. church, were not members in fact. I remember that at the close of the Episcopal address, there seemed to be a wonderful outburst of enthusiasm and applause on the part of many. My friend, Rev. Granville Moody, D. D., voiced this feeling by thanking God, in his boisterous style of eloquence, that he had lived to see the day, when such recommendations as we had heard should be embodied in an Episcopal address in regard to slavery.

With this laudation I could not sympathize. It appeared to me to savor of absurdity. That now, when the Almighty had, with the avenging tread of the war demon, trampled out the "accursed institution," and washed away some of our national stains with the spilled blood of our brave thousands—*now* to recommend in General conference, that no slave holder be admitted to membership in the M. E. church, was a matter of no great credit.

Had this been done eight, or even four years before, it would have been an act of moral heroism, which would have entitled us to take higher rank as a church; but to do it now, when there was nothing to lose, and no moral altitude to be gained by it, demanded, it seemed to me, rather a consciousness of humiliation, than of commendation or applause of ourselves. The great men who in those days were our leaders, have passed into Abraham's bosom; their eulogies have been said and sung in all our churches, and yet among the multitude of their panegyrists, none have, nor could, truly assert that they had ever fully antagonized the monster, Slavery, until the old giant was in his coffin.

Quite early in the session, Bro. Golden and I had sent to the chair a resolution, asking that a committee of five, including one bishop, be sent to Washington to congratulate President Lincoln on his wise management of the war, and to assure him of the continued loyalty of the General conference, and of the Methodist Episcopal church, to the cause of the Union. This resolu-

tion was adopted without a dissenting voice. And it was in his interview with that committee that President Lincoln pronounced and sent to the General conference his noted eulogy on our denomination: "That the Methodist church had sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the camp, and more prayers to Heaven than any other church." Parliamentary etiquette would have entitled either Bro. Golden or myself to a place on that committee, but we were satisfied with the honor of having originated the thought. The committee were, Bishop Ames, Drs. Elliott, Cummings, Moody, and, I think, Bristol.

It was at this or the preceding General conference, when on the committee on "boundaries" that I called up the question of the naming of our conferences, and proposed that hereafter, instead of calling an Ohio conference—Deleware, an Illinois conference—Peoria, a New York conference —Oneida, Black River, or Genesee, that, the geographical position of the conference should determine the name. This recommendation, greatly to the advantage of all concerned, was adopted and has been since continued.

The report of the committee on "Episcopacy" favored the election of three bishops. And it very soon became evident that, in the opinion of their friends, there were about twenty brethren well fitted for the office of a bishop; and not less than fifty others, who would not have refused election to that responsible office, had their friends insisted that they should assume the honor. However, the

report of the committee was adopted and but *three* were chosen. The first ballot elected Drs. Thompson and Clarke by a fair majority; the second, Dr. C. Kingsley, greatly to the satisfaction of his old anti-slavery friends.

During our stay in Philadelphia, there was also held a National Association of the Baptist church, bringing together a large number of its leading ministers and members. I was pleasantly surprised a few days after this body convened, to receive a call from the Rev. Isaac N. Hobart, a minister of that church and a member of the association. We were cousins; had occasionally corresponded for years, but had never met before. We spent a day together, visiting libraries, museums, art galleries, etc., and found our association mutually agreeable.

On returning to my charge, I gave much time and attention to the building of the parsonage, which I had commenced before going to Philadelphia, and by the close of the summer had succeeded in getting it ready for occupancy and out of debt. On this parsonage I had worked assiduously, laying the foundation, framing and enclosing the building, hauling the lumber, etc., mostly myself, with the occasional assistance of the brethren, when we would make a "bee" for the special service needed.

This summer, that of 1864, was the crucial period of the war. Sherman and Thomas, with others equally heroic, were fighting around Atlanta some of their bloodiest battles. While Grant, with his

grand corps commanders, Sheridan, Meade, Hancock and others, was cutting his way from the Rapidan to Petersburg, leaving the ground saturated with blood. Now all the agony of the previous years seemed to be intensified. In Prescott there were many aching hearts and several bereaved households. Two young men, sons of our leading church members, each commanding companies, fell in that awful Battle of the Wilderness. Our friends in the Chippewa valley were also in sorrow. One, our "Little Johnnie Doughty," who had been the first person converted in the great revival of 1858, and who made the air vocal with his glad songs of praise, had been taken prisoner at Chickamauga, and sent to Libby prison. There, as his hand was seen by the guard, on or near the ledge of the window, it was made a target of, and wantonly shot through. Then he was sent to a hospital and allowed to die of a wound which ordinarily would have healed. Another was shot down at the battle of Stone River, and a third, the son of our excellent Bro. Colman, was so injured by a wound in the skull, that for long months it was doubtful whether reason would ever return. And so it was, mourning and anxiety were everywhere.

Our Northwest Wisconsin conference was to meet that fall at Black River Falls, and I had gone to my home preparatory to setting out for it and was just packing my valise, when Rev. B. F. Hoyt, of St. Paul, called to inform me that Bishop Kingsley, (who had been presiding at the Minnesota conference at St. Paul), had transferred me to

that conference and stationed me at "Market street." As there had been no intimation either on my part, or that of any other, so far as I was aware, of this transfer, it not only surprised but disappointed me. It necessitated changes that I had not thought of making, and drove me to much prayer and renewed consecration, before I was prepared to believe that this was the best thing for the work and for me; and was part of the "all things working together for good," according to the Word of our God.

In about ten days we had packed up; found a tenant for our house, had moved, and were settled in St. Paul, and I was at my work in the same little church which I had labored so hard to build, fifteen years before. Here I found a Sunday school of some thirty attendants, and a congregation of about thirty-five; these nearly all members of the church.

This condition of things is accounted for by the fact that some few years before the great majority of the membership of Market street church, had selected another site, and built the Jackson street church, thus leaving the Market street church in its then depleted condition. On ascertaining these conditions, the next thing for me to determine was, whether there was any possibility of an increase either by accretion or absorption. If so, I intended by the "help of the Lord," and the "Word of His grace," to do what in me lay to bring about an enlargement. But if local conditions and social influences were such that the Sunday school and

congregation were hemmed in, and bound down by an ineradicable conservatism, then I saw that my duty required me to do the best that I possibly could for that year; but that it did not make it incumbent upon me to remain there any longer.

I also learned, after a while, to unriddle the enigma of my having been so suddenly picked up from my work in the Northwest Wisconsin conference and transferred to Minnesota and to the Market street church. It came about in this way: Among my earliest acquaintances in St. Paul, was a young man of much promise and ability, Wm. P. Murray, Esq., a lawyer from Indiana. This gentleman had been a member of the M. E. church, and was then an attendant on our religious services. He very soon became exceedingly popular with the people, and a leading man in the Democratic party, which in St. Paul was in need of a leader. He had been a resident of the territory but a few months, when he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and from that time until the present has been in various political positions of influence and trust—the present city attorney of St. Paul being Hon. W. P. Murray. In about two years he returned to Indiana and brought back as his bride a bright, sensible little lady, a member of the Methodist church, and a warm hearted Methodist, of good Methodist stock. The associations of his political career had not conduced to Mr. Murray's growth, religiously. This was a grief to his wife, who was anxious for his salvation. For some time

she had been greatly exercised for an improvement in his interest in the things that would "make for his peace," and on one occasion, while conversing with him on the subject, learned that my appointment to Market street church would, as she believed, result in his return to the church, and to an earnest Christian life. What wonder, then, that the good little lady and loving wife, put on her thinking cap? And what wonder that when not long after, the conference met at St. Paul, as the result of her diplomacy and wise and persistent effort, the bishop and cabinet saw the matter in the same light as herself, and I was transferred and stationed at "Market street," St. Paul?

Query: Is our nation the gainer or loser by excluding one half of the talent and three-fourths of the piety from participation in the government of the country and allowing the worst half to manage public affairs as they please? Is not the real mystery of the day the fact, that in the church and in the political and civil world, as well as in the social realm, we do not assign to women the place which they would by their tact and purer moral perceptions elevate and adorn and to which their very earnestness and enthusiasm in whatever affects the welfare of their homes and of their loved ones, adapts them?

Among the burden bearers of our little society, I recall with pleasure the names of Hon. John Nichols and his cultured, Christian wife, a Baltimore lady. Bro. Nichols was for a time the only wealthy member we had. He was leader, steward,

trustee, and an earnest Sabbath school worker; as well as a liberal supporter of the preacher and of the church. A quiet, undemonstrative, order loving, genuine Christian, of more than ordinary literary attainments, and an intelligent, thoughtful hearer of the Word of God, and a lover of whatsoever things are true. His elegant and hospitable home was made a welcome resting place for the preachers, and the recollection of many pleasant hours enjoyed in that Christian home, is a delightful memory. Bro. Nichols died about ten years ago, in the faith and hope of a glorious immortality.

Mrs. Wm. P. Murray was also one of our active workers. She and her husband never wearied of making their home attractive by its friendliness to the preachers. During the year, this kind family were saddened by the death of an unusually attractive and beautiful little girl of about nine years. Little Jennie had caught the welcome, and the manner of her mother in her entertainment of her pastor, and on one of my visits to the family exemplified this very prettily. On that day, her mother was not at home when I called; but little Jennie received me in the parlor with all the dignity and propriety of twenty-five, inquiring if I had been to dinner, and learning that I had not, but was waiting to meet an engagement by the boat, she insisted that I must have at least a lunch before leaving. She would take no excuse or refusal, and considerably amused and pleased at her womanliness, I yielded to the child's request; then

she left the room, asking to be excused for a moment or two, and returning, invited me to the dining room, where was spread the arrangements for my meal. With what womanly grace she helped me, inquiring, "Tea or coffee?" "Cream and sugar?" and went through the etiquette of the table, is well remembered; and how she waited on me to the door, hoping I would have a pleasant meeting, and come again soon, when mamma would be home, etc. Dear little Jennie! We laid the fair tenement, in which she had dwelt while here, tenderly away in the grave; but we knew that the spirit of the child, wise above her years, who had so often sung to us of Jesus, and talked of her love for Him who had died for sinners, was in His presence, who hath said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

Shortly before my transfer to the Minnesota conference, I had been notified that I had been appointed a member of the General Mission committee, to represent the conferences of the Northwest for the next four years and which was to meet in November, at New York. And soon after, I was informed that the members of the General Mission committee, would this year, also represent the church in the "board of church extension," to meet in Philadelphia. Making the most satisfactory arrangements that I could to have my pulpit supplied for two Sabbaths, I set out for New York, and arrived there, early in November, in time to meet the committee, having stopped

at Pittsburg over Sabbath; also spending a day at Madison, New Jersey, when I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Dr. McClintock's inaugural address, and was present at the opening of Drew Theological seminary.

I had been informed by Rev. David Terry, before leaving home, that while in New York I was to be the guest of Samuel P. Patterson, Esq., of 61 Third street. On arriving at the Methodist Book concern, 200 Mullberry street, I inquired my way to 61 Third street. Being directed, and making my travel soiled person slightly more presentable I repaired there and was kindly welcomed by Mrs. Patterson to the hospitalities of that Christian home. In the afternoon the board met in the old Mission Rooms, opposite the "book room." Present, all the bishops; Dr. Darbin, the local board of ministers and laymen, and the twelve delegates; who represented the several districts of the church.

Our task was an arduous one; the whole field, both foreign and domestic, was to be reviewed, and appropriations made for the coming conference year. Several brethren were present with us who had been sent there to make special pleas for their own localities. Among these was Dr. George, of St. Louis, who was under the impression that all the churches owned by the church, South, were to be handed over to the M. E. church; and that at least fifty thousand dollars must be appropriated to the work in Missouri. Between myself and the doctor, there occurred quite a friendly contest.

I succeeded in modifying the sum claimed for his work, to about one-half; and he succeeded in reducing the appropriation asked by me and needed for the Minnesota conference, from six thousand to four thousand dollars. The work and business of the committee required our closest attention for about a week; and the Sabbath was spent by the delegates in preaching in the several churches of the city and Brooklyn.

On the following Wednesday, having completed our work in New York, we hastened to Philadelphia, to meet with the Board of Church Extension. I had greatly enjoyed my stay at the family of my kind friends, the Pattersons. The children, of whom there were six, were especially interesting. The two eldest were twins, a son and daughter; and the second son, Frank, was a handsome wide-awake boy, whose heart, as well as those of the elder children, I seemed to have won by telling them bear stories. I here met also Miss Harriet A. Duncan, sister of Mrs. Patterson, who assisted in making my visit agreeable; and who, on the Saturday afternoon before my leaving, kindly accompanied me to one of the best stores of the city, where we selected cloaks, etc., for my wife and daughter.

At Philadelphia we met, for the first time, as a Board of Church Extension, and there formulated plans and made such suggestions, during two days of thoughtful and prayerful effort, as has resulted in making this grand enterprise take rank

as one of the most important benevolences of our church.

This child of our care and prayer, has needed much nurture during these intervening twenty years. It has not reached its present excellent maturity without having had many a struggle with difficulty and acquiring many a lesson of wisdom, learned only by suffering and experience. But I rejoice in its accomplished success, and am thankful that I had a share in starting it on its upward course, and most gladly do I re-echo the chorus of its grand assistant secretary, Chaplain C. C. McCabe, who in response to the infidel assumption that Methodism had declined, and that her churches were dying or dead, telegraphed: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!—we're building two a day!"

Business over, I hastened back to my work and resumed my pastoral and pulpit duties.

The war kept thundering on. Grant was before Petersburg. Sherman was marching from "Atlanta to the sea." Thomas was in the vicinity of Nashville, there scattering and weakening the forces of Hood. Soon came news of the great decisive battle, which disposed of the last Rebel army in the valley of the Mississippi: the Battle of Nashville. We heard how Generals Smith and Schofield had been ordered to advance; how they had dashed forward with leveled bayonets, and high, ringing cheers, on the Rebel position; of the short but frightful work; how "the hills shook and the earth trembled; and the whole

field was like the sulphurous and gaping mouth of hell." For the entire Rebel line was ablaze, like a sheet of fire; in half an hour it was over and the Rebel army in full retreat.

And through it all we kept on praying and laboring; and about the time of the end of the Christmas holidays we began to see signs of a revival. Then we commenced a series of meetings, which continued for about four weeks, and resulted in the conversion of forty souls, and a great increase of zeal and faith in the church.

I received, during these meetings, kind and efficient help from my brethren, Revs. Hewson and Griswold, who were members of the legislature, which met that year in St. Paul. And I remember that during the last week of our meeting, while enjoying a glorious baptism of the Spirit, eight young married ladies, whose husbands were all, I think, in the army, came forward as seekers; and were each happily converted. I took their names and hoped to be able to help and encourage them religiously. Five, however, when I called to see them, had moved away. One of them only, I met several years after, and she was still a happy Christian.

In April, that great national calamity, the assassination of President Lincoln, fell upon us like the knell of doom. When the first telegram announced the fact, the people of St. Paul, in common with the whole nation, seemed dazed. The loss itself was great; but it was aggravated by the dastardly manner in which the foul deed was done. There

is some degree of respect due to a man who donned the grey and periled or lost his life for the cause he loved, though he fought in a bad cause. But for the miscreant, who lacked the courage to meet his foes on the battle-field, nor had the magnanimity to even attempt to adjust his differences on the "field of honor," but could sneak up like a thief and murder his unsuspecting victim, there is no other verdict than the universal contempt of mankind.

The sad occasion was soon after improved in our church by setting forth God's ability to make even the wrath of man to praise Him and the remainder of wrath to restrain. Before the close of the year, our Sunday school had quadrupled in numbers, and our membership had about doubled. But, although this was encouraging, yet I plainly saw that as this church had become situated, we could scarcely expect to make much permanent growth. Large and elegant churches had been built all around ours. The population in the immediate vicinity was chiefly foreign, and supplied with churches of their own. After careful consideration of the matter, I suggested to the brethren that under the circumstances it was my judgment that the time had come for us to sell and build in a more promising location. But the few who were the burden bearers, were not quite ready to give up the old location, and they thought that it would be wiser to wait before making a change, although assured that it would come of necessity by and by.

When conference came I told the authorities

that I wanted a larger field, and was appointed to the Red Wing circuit. This permitted us to return to our home, and gave me a two weeks' circuit with six preaching places, all to be filled on Sunday. The work was later enlarged to eight appointments, to be filled once in three weeks. We had several local preachers on the circuit; so a plan was made out on the English pattern, and by it every point had preaching on Sunday, and the work went on very satisfactorily. Every one of these points was visited with a revival and many were converted.

During the summer of this year, I had arranged to have a camp meeting held on some land which I owned, about three miles from town, and which furnished pleasant shade and good water. This was a season of wonderful power. From the very beginning of our meeting, the spirit of earnest prayer and mighty faith took possession of the hearts of believers. Very many were baptized with the Spirit of the Lord and entered into the "rest of soul." Backsliders were reclaimed and about sixty were converted. Among those who were converted, was my own little Willie, then about eight years old. He came to me soon after and asked if he might join the church. He united then as a probationer; was duly received into full connection; and has since by a consistent walk adorned the doctrine of Christ. And he is to-day preaching in China, the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God.

Some of the old fashioned style of conversions took place there. Brother Lewis Johnson was so

overpowered with the Spirit, that he was unable to move for several hours, but could sing and shout and praise, which he did lustily; thanking God that although he could not use his limbs, he could use his tongue to praise Him. This good brother, a Scandinavian by birth, continues one of the most faithful and efficient Christians. He has been of much assistance in organizing Sunday schools in Goodhue county, being secretary of the Goodhue County Sunday School association.

At one of my circuit appointments, lived a very estimable family, several of whose members belonged to the Christian or Campbellite church, and who were quite zealous in their endeavors to propagate their peculiar tenets. The father of this family had asked and obtained permission to use our church on Sabbath afternoons. Things went on harmoniously until after a while when the preacher took occasion to make telling points, in his judgment, against the teaching and discipline of the Methodist church, assailing the doctrine of justification by faith alone, and insisting that baptism by immersion, was the New Testament condition of remission of sins, and the only way of salvation. I thought to reply to this, in preaching sometime when at that place; but when I spoke of it, to the brethren, they rather objected, fearing that it might make ill feeling in the neighborhood. But I was not quite satisfied to let things go that way; and so at the camp-meeting, I thought that as it was my meeting and on my own land, at a suitable

time I would say what I believed ought to be said, on this subject.

On Sunday morning we had a large congregation, and our Campbellite friends were all out. I discoursed for an hour and forty minutes on the doctrine of "justification by fait,h" as God gave me ability. During this discourse the arm of the Almighty was revealed, setting his seal to the truth. And during the progress of the meeting, numbers were lying on the ground like dead men slain in battle. Additional interest was given to the exercises by the presence of a large number of Albright Germans, whose songs and shouts in German, added more ferver to the exultant chorus of praise, which went up from that camp-ground to Israel's mighty Savior. At the conclusion of the sermon above alluded to, our good Campbellite brother came to me and said:—

"I think you were too hard on us in your sermon this morning."

"In what way, my brother?" I asked.

"Why, you said we taught that baptism was the condition of salvation!"

"No, my brother," I replied, "I never mentioned your name while I was preaching!"

"That is so; but you meant us all the time!"

"Don't you hold that doctrine?" I asked.

"No:" he said positively, "we do not!"

"Then, my friend, I did not mean you, for I was speaking of those who held that doctrine!"

"Well, but you did mean us," he replied warmly.

"You *meant us*, and we hold just what Peter taught on the day of Pentecost!"

"Bro. L——" said I, "we might talk this over for hours, or days perhaps, and we would then be no nearer to agreeing as to the meaning of what Peter said than we are now, but I can tell you what we will do: I hope you are a Christian; and I want you to be sure and gain Heaven, and I will strive, by the help of the Lord, to get there also. Now when we both find ourselves safe in the Land of Life, and have become somewhat accustomed to our surroundings, we will inquire, 'Where can we find St. Peter?' And when we have found him, we will seat ourselves under the leaves of the Tree of Life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God, and we will ask him to tell us *precisely what he did mean*, by that statement in regard to baptism, which has caused so much controversy in the church. And then I expect we will agree." To this he smilingly assented.

Bro. L—— has gone and I am still here; but we have that appointment in the future, and it may yet be carried out.

Early in the spring of 1865, came the glad news of the surrender of Lee to Grant, and the entire discomfiture of the Rebel host at Appomattox. A more eventful Sunday than this never dawned on our nation. The mighty structure of Rebellion, which had organized itself to withstand the colossal power of the North, and had attracted to it the eyes of the civilized world, suddenly dissolved; leaving only the record of daring and pride and

folly, and the sad mementoes of the most terrible fratricidal war this world has ever witnessed.

It is said that on the 9th of April, when Grant received the letter of Lee, surrendering the army of northern Virginia, that "he hastened to the front where Lee was awaiting him. The two soldiers met in the parlor of a neighboring brick house, and saluted each other with dignified courtesy. Lee presented his sword, which Grant received, and after contemplating it a moment handed it back, saying: 'It can not be borne by a braver man!' The scene was one of intense interest. The younger, the victor, stood there, backed by a million of soldiers; the elder, vanquished, had but the fragment of a disheartened army left him. Long years before, they had fought, side by side, under the same dear old flag; for the last year they had confronted each other as foes, and struggled to overthrow each other on many a desperately contested battle-field. At their behest, men, by tens of thousands, had crowded the portals of death, and the track behind each was a long pathway of blood."

This joyful intelligence, the capitulation of Lee, was quickly followed by news of Johnson's surrender to Sherman, and the close of the war was hailed by the nation, with a wealth of joy which no words can express.

During the spring and summer, the boys in blue, our hero soldiers, began to return amid the welcomes and honors which a grateful nation hastened to bestow. But it was often hard to distinguish, as

they reached their homes, which flowed the most freely, the tears of joy for those who returned, or the tears of sorrow for those who came not. And the only solace left to many an aching heart was, in remembering that—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread.
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The grandeur of character, manifested by General Grant at, and after the close of the war, added new lustre to the crown of fame with which his brow had already been encircled. With unostentatious, manly bearing he received the grateful praise and loving gratitude of his own nation and the plaudits of the world. And when he was nominated for the presidency of the nation, which his bravery and skill under God had preserved "one united people," with what thunders of unanimous acclaim he was once and again elected.

How well and forcefully and yet how kindly he filled the difficult position to which the suffrages of a loyal people had lifted him, history will one day tell. We are still too near those times to do him justice. Since then he has visited the courts of every potentate on our globe, where civilization and intelligence have established a government; and his march around the world was like the chime of constantly swinging, sweet-toned bells, which sounded forth his honor, his fame and his manliness. But he has been the same honest, earnest, unaffected, high-souled man. In the hour

of victory and glory, meek; and in the hour of adversity, sublime.

And now, as I write, the word comes that General Grant, who laid down his sword that he might at his country's bidding put on her civic crown, has at last, by act of congress, been restored to his rank as *General.* Yet, amid the gladness with which "Columbia re-buckles his sword," comes the *sad, sad* word that a fatal disease is on him, and that very soon the brave hero of Donaldson, of Shiloh, of Vicksburg, of the Wilderness, of Petersburg and Appomattox; great in war, great in peace, and great in the love of his countrymen—*must die!*

"Aye! Write that name grandly once more, at the head
Of the legions his genius to victory led!
Write it high, where the sunrise and sunset shall slant
Their beams, on the name and the glory of Grant.
While from ocean to ocean a continent cheers
Its hero to-day, with huzzas and with tears!"

While in the summer of 1865, the army was disbanded, the cavalry was still kept in service. And Brackett's Battalion, to which my son belonged, was stationed at Clinton, Iowa. Early the following spring they were ordered to Fort Snelling and mustered out. Joseph had been then in the service five years. Soon after his return home he married Miss Loraine Stetson, of Clinton, Iowa, whose acquaintance he had formed while there with his battalion the winter before; and he shortly afterwards engaged in farming near Red Wing. He is now in business in Chicago.

At the conference, held in Red Wing, 1866, Bishop Scott, presiding, I was sent to the Winona

district. This was a large field, containing nineteen appointments, extending for about one hundred miles along the southern line of the state, and including six counties. This part of the country was mostly prairie, very difficult to travel, on account of deep snows in the winter and the unbridged streams in the spring and summer. I left my family in our home at Red Wing, and went to my work, endeavoring so to plan it as to bring me back to Red Wing about once in four weeks.

The charges on my district were:

Winona, William McKinley; Stockton, W. D. Bennett; Plainview, W. C. Rice; Elgin, N. Tainter; Marion, B. Blain; Chatfield, J. R. Carighton; Pleasant Grove, supplied; Austin, W. Carver; Lansing, W. H. Soule; High Forest, W. C. Shaw; St. Charles, S. N. Phelps; Spring Valley, J. G. Teter; Preston, J. H. White; Money Creek and Rushford, O. P. Light; Pickwick, — Gates; Caledonia, J. W. Klepper; Leonora and Eyota, J. Lamberson; Brownsville and Hokah, J. Door; La Crescent, H. G. Bilbie.

The Winona district was my first in the Minnesota conference, State of Minnesota. Of the brethren then on it, W. D. Bennett, J. R. Creighton, W. Carver, J. H. White, O. P. Light, have been transferred. W. C. Rice, B. Blain and S. N. Phelps are superannuated. William McKinley is at present stationed at Red Wing. A sweet spirited, gentle, Christian brother, whose intellectual culture is of the highest order. He takes rank as one of the best, if not the very best, pulpit orators in

our conference. But his chief power and strength and charm lie in the depth and richness of his own personal religious experience. He has known severe affliction, and has not been exempt from the trials incident to the life of an itinerant; but these have served to develop in him the grace of character, which comes from the possession of "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus." Bro. McKinley is at this writing having a revival among the young people of his church and Sunday school, thirty of whom rose one night recently for prayer.

W. H. Soule is at present on the Castle Rock charge, and is doing good earnest work, as he always does. Bro. Soule is a clear, practical, sensible preacher, and a kindly contented spirit, at rest with himself and at peace with his brethren.

John Lamberson is at Cleveland on the Mankato district. A plain, earnest man, who has had few scholastic advantages, but who draws from his own fellowship with the Master, and from the treasures of His Word, things, both new and old, in such rich measure that he is a successful preacher and a good pastor, and has had many souls as seals to his ministry.

J. Door is at Anoka, and is doing what he can to build up the church in that city, so lately devastated by fire; and many of whose members were among the sufferers. Bro. Door has been characterized as "a man who always leaves a charge in better condition than he found it." He has excellent business ability, and is an energetic worker, a good preacher and a faithful pastor.

H. G. Bilbie is on the Sauk Centre charge, Fergus Falls district. Bro. Bilbie is noted as a clear thinker, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" in handling the Word of God. Because of an intense desire to be right, and a very careful circumspection of his own heart and life, he is not naturally tolerant of mistakes in others. He is a noble man, who has overcome many difficulties, and whose "path is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His only daughter, his Esther, now Mrs. Lewis, of the West China mission, he has given to the church and the work of the Lord, in that far-off field, with the spirit of a martyr. Bro. Bilbie seems to breathe, in all his ways, the spirit which animated the great apostle, when he said: "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

J. W. Klepper is stationed at Hutchinson. Blest with a royal physique, a good preacher and an earnest man, he takes rank as one who during his ministry has added hundreds to the church.

J. G. Teter, now serving his third year at Simpson church, Minneapolis, was then in his earlier ministry. A true hearted, earnest laborer in his Master's vineyard. Bro. Teter has made a good record in the conference; and has been a successful preacher of the Word of Life. There are none among the brethren entitled to more confidence and respect for his work's sake, than he. Two brothers, Gates and Shaw, have left our ranks

here, for the better land. Of Bro. Gates' death I have no particulars. Bro. Shaw had a triumphant departure, a fitting ending to his saintly life.

Before I had quite finished the first round on my district, it was necessary for me to meet the General Mission board in New York, which I did early in November. I was again, by special invitation, the guest, for the third time, of my friends S. P. Patterson and family; and spent a week with them in the intervals of our business sessions; as I had also done the November preceding this visit.

The responsibilities of the board were such that it required the greatest care and much wisdom in making the appropriations and arranging the mission field; the foreign and domestic work having greatly enlarged. Bishop Janes was at this time especially desirous that steps should be taken toward opening a mission in Paris, France. For this purpose and that, if possible, an appropriation should be made for it, he plead earnestly and forcibly. But the majority of the board, though acknowledging the great need of thoroughly evangelizing France, could not adopt the bishop's views, nor arrange to establish a mission field there at that time.

On Sabbath morning I preached on the west side of the city in Janes' street church, I think, and in the evening, in company with Dr. Wm. Butler, then lately returned from India, assisted in holding a missionary meeting at Hanson Place

church, Brooklyn, where a good collection was taken and an excellent impression made.

Returning home, I resumed my district work, finishing up my first round; and then remaining two nights and one day there, and leaving all in apparent health, started off on Thursday morning before daylight.

The snow was falling fast as I set out with a two-horse sleigh. Those who are familiar with the route traveled from Red Wing to Marion, thence to Pleasant Grove, High Forest, Lansing and Austin, will have some idea of this trip. The snow was more than two feet deep on a level; badly drifted on the prairies, and the thermometer, from ten to thirty-five degrees below zero. It was simply awful. And when I started out from High Forest to Lansing, sixteen miles, across a prairie with a stretch of twelve miles in which there was not a house, I had some misgivings as to the possibility of getting through. But committing my way to Him, who had led me through so many dangers, and with a desperate effort breaking my way again and again, shoveling, and wallowing through drifts, after a good deal of suffering, I reached Lansing.

On Sabbath I held the quarterly meeting at Austin; returned in the evening to the home of Rev. W. Carver, and about ten o'clock was preparing to retire, when my son Joseph arrived, and informed me, that on the Wednesday before, January 23d, my dear wife had died of apoplexy.

Those only who have been as suddenly bereft,

by whom the shock has been as little anticipated; and those who have drained the same bitter cup, can only tell what were my feelings in that hour of anguish. As the memory of that night of sorrow comes to me, I can still only refer to my grief in the words of the Psalmist: "I was dumb with silence because Thou didst it."

We had parted some ten days before in the early morning, each in apparent health, and with smiles and cheerful words had said "good bye." We had been married nearly thirty-three years. My dear wife had been a member of the church for some time before we were united, and when we were married she expected to be a farmer's wife. But she bore the burdens and responsibilities of an itinerant Methdist preacher's wife, willingly and to the best of her ability. Almost the last work of her life was to visit her pastor, Dr. Cyrus Brooks, and arrange with him for a woman's prayer meeting to be held in the parlors of the M. E. church. Her faith in Christ was abiding and she never deviated from her purpose of living a Christian life. Four of our little ones had preceded her to the better land; two of whom she had laid away, alone, during my absence at conference. It has been no small consolation for me, since her death, to think of her as being with the children whom she loved and lost so early, safely housed in our Father's home of many mansions.

My son had worn out two horses in his efforts to reach me on horseback. These must be returned.

So with an additional fall of eight inches of snow, we set out with a horse to lead, and on Wednesday reached Red Wing.

Here I found that kind friends had made all needful preparations for the funeral; and the next day my dear wife was laid away in the Red Wing cemetery to await "the resurrection of the just."

Changes in all our home plans must now be made. My daughter was attending the university and my Willie was at school. I made such arrangements for their comfort as I could, without interrupting their studies; rented my house, sent my furniture out to my son, on the farm, and in three weeks was on my district again, sadly conscious of my loneliness, and the breaking up of my home and its associations.

I found that the pressing work, which necessarily occupied my time and thought, was a great blessing to me. The revivals which soon began on almost every charge of the district, engaged my constant attention and interest, and were very beneficial to me. So God graciously helped me.

In this connection I very gratefully recall the sympathy and helpfulness of my brethren, and the kindness with which the good sisters attended to my washing and mending, and saw to it that I should not suffer for lack of care.

In the spring I returned to Red Wing, and while visiting the children, was entertained at the home of my good friend and neighbor, Mr. Wm. Howe. Again arranging for my daughter and son, as the summer vacation was at hand, I sent Willie out to

remain with his brother on the farm, and took Mary with me on the district. We both enjoyed this change; to her it was like seeing a new world, everything was strange and bright, and her joyousness and company were a cheery relief to me.

The summer passed. I was occupied with quarterly meetings every Saturday and Sabbath; many week day meetings and a camp-meeting at Pleasant Grove. During this meeting, at which many found the Lord, Bro. Teter became greatly interested for the salvation of a friend, whose wife was a member of his charge. This was a man of considerable intelligence, and sufficiently convicted to know and do his duty; but he could not be persuaded to come out squarely and commence a religious life. He was a good singer; delighted in helping in that part of our religious service, and was always very kind and friendly. Before preaching on Sunday evening, Bro. Teter had invited him into the altar to help him in a song service before the sermon. Soon the altar and all the seats were filled by the large congregation, and he became uneasy at being in just that location during the preaching; but Bro. Teter persuaded him to remain where he was.

The Lord helped me in the sermon, and the exhortation which followed was with power. When seekers were invited forward, again Mr. Teter's friend rose to get away; but he found he could not move. His strength was gone! He made another effort to rise; but he could not, and then he sank on his knees and began to pray most earnestly. In about twenty minutes he lay perfectly helpless,

and apparently unconscious. He remained thus until after the close of the meeting, perhaps, in all, three hours; then he came out, one of the happiest of men. I heard of him several years afterwards, living a faithful Christian.

During this summer, the rains were very heavy and the creeks and rivers unusually high, especially in Mower county, which included the head waters of the Root and Cedar rivers But by fording, swimming and driving around, I succeeded in reaching every appointment.

The year on the whole was a prosperous one. We had made advancement in every department of church work and life, and had a considerable number added to the church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR conference met at Rochester; Bishop Simpson, presiding. Rev. T. M. Eddy was with us, and he never preached better than he did then. It was a time of such moral power, as few towns or conferences have witnessed or enjoyed.

The bishop preached on Sunday as only Bishop Simpson could preach; and the entire city felt the influence of it. The text was, Matt. XXVIII., 16-18. It was a wonderful discourse. The tide of sympathy in the heart of the bishop broke in streams and eddies and waves over the hearts of his hearers. His main thought was the supervision which God exercises over the affairs of this world: over good men and evil men, and making all things work out the good purpose and pleasure of His will.

We were occupying, on that Sunday, a large hall, built by a Mr. Haney. Some of the lower part was used as a saloon, and the large room in which the bishop spoke (the only available place to be had in the city), had been intended for anything but sacred purposes. Among the bishop's illustrations, when speaking of how the wickedness of wicked men could be overruled for

good, he said: "The gentleman who built this hall did not intend by it to assist in the spread of the gospel of the Son of God. But see how it is made to serve the purpose of our God. See how are gathered in it those whose souls are drinking in, this day, the water of life. Here it is, ready for us to use in the service of God."

The afternoon, at the ordination of elders, was the time of greatest power. Our hearts had been already mightily moved. Everybody was in a tender mood, when the bishop, at the conclusion of the service, turned to the choir, a very fine one, and which had rendered the music in a superior spirit and style, and addressed them in the most pathetic and eloquent manner. Among other touching things which he said, after complimenting them on the delightful singing they had given us, he inquired if they could consent that such powers should be employed in anything less than the service of God. Words cannot picture the scene of that hour: the choir in tears; the great audience all broken down; the brethren some of them so overcome with emotion, that they could only sob; others, among whom was our Bro. Bolles, lying down in an extacy of love and praise; the bishop, his whole soul filled with sympathy and earnest effort to lead those young people to Christ, pleading with them to yield their lives to the glorious service of their God; telling them that by and by, if faithful, with the great host of the redeemed, they, too, should come home "with *songs* and everlasting joy" upon their heads!

I was at this conference elected, for the fifth time, a delegate to the General conference, which was to meet at Chicago, May, 1868. I returned to my work on the district for the second year; and was busily employed until the time for the meeting of the mission board at New York, in November. Again we devoted our best energies to the broadening mission fields. Africa, especially the work as it had been prosecuted in Liberia, was a matter of serious consideration. The Scandinavian mission had assumed such conditions, particularly the church building in Copenhagen, as needed great care in its adjustment. The claims of France as a mission, came up, and, on the whole, we put in nearly a week of about as earnest an effort in the supervision of our great church enterprise as we knew how.

Again I was the guest of my friends, the Pattersons; with whom by this time I had come to feel myself an old acquaintance, having shared the hospitalities of their pleasant home for four years in succession.

This was my last attendance as a member of the mission board. And in reviewing the work of my four years' connection with it, I congratulate myself in having been able to place the claims of the great Northwest, before that body, more fully, than they had been before. And as a consequence, the appropriation to the Minnesota conference had been increased from twenty-five hundred, in 1863, to seven thousand, in 1867. And the appropriation to the "Northwest Wisconsin," from a mere

nominal sum, to an amount corresponding with the necessities of the work.

All the conferences, which I had the honor of representing in that board, had their interests carefully attended to, and their appropriations were increased. This was in part owing to the increase in population, which demanded the extra appropriations; but I also may claim, and justly, I think, that the fact that the great district which included the Northwest was, for those four years, represented by a man who knew its needs; and who had himself been at the beginning of our Methodism in the frontier states and territories; had also a share in the increased appropriations which they then received, and of which they still share the benefits.

After returning from New York, I commenced at once to assist the brethren in the protracted meetings, which soon began to gladden every charge. I had held the quarterly meeting at Money creek, and was coming to Winona to hold my meeting there. In order to do so, had to ride over the "high ridge." It was one of the bleakest, coldest, dampest days of January. I became thoroughly chilled, and on reaching Winona, after a ride of about fifteen miles, I was conscious that I had taken cold, and was ill. I was being entertained at the house of my friend and brother, M. G. Norton, Esq., and telling him that I feared I was going to be sick, requested permission to retire to my room, and also that I might have a tub of hot water and a little tincture of lobelia. All

these were readily granted, and very much more. After four days of good nursing and of as determined an effort as I could make, with vigorous applications of hot water, I was able to leave my room, and was pronounced convalescent.

I was the recipient then, as I have frequently been since, of many kindnesses from Bro. Matthew Norton. And to both the brothers, James L. and M.G.Norton, and their excellent wives, I am under a debt of gratitude, which has been accumulating with almost every year of our acquaintance, and which, I fear, I shall never be able to repay. Indeed, as business men, as Christian gentlemen, as loyal Methodists, as exemplars, in their intercourse with others, of the "Golden Rule," as followers of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, these dear brethren, in whose hearts and homes the peace of God reigns, are my model men. They are also pillars of the church, and the supporters and upholders of every thing that is good. In these two brothers the ministers of our church have always had helpful, encouraging friends; the poor and the needy, generous assistants. They have built, with their own means, the M. E. church, Wesley chapel, at the southern part of the city of Winona. And these liberal souled brothers have also maintained preaching and a preacher at Beef Slough, Wisconsin; at which place they have large lumber interests. And at this point also, they have built a church. And as these Christian men have honored God with their substance and in their

lives, so has He honored them and blessed them abundantly. Sons and daughters are growing up around them, who are in the church, and who bid fair to follow in the footsteps of their fathers and mothers, serving God, and living useful, honorable lives.

Having sufficiently recovered, I resumed the second round on my district. When it came to the Winona quarterly meeting, which as usual there, was an excellent one, the friends requested me to remain with them a few days. I agreed on condition that the meeting would be continued. This was done and I remained and preached.

On Monday evening after the sermon, Bro. McKinley took charge, and as I supposed, to conduct a prayer meeting. To my astonishment he went to a table in the altar, and uncovering it, began to address me, saying that the preachers and friends in the district, as an expression of their regard and confidence, had requested him to present me with the American Encyclopædia—twenty-one elegant quarto volumes, bound in calf. This valuable gift was highly appreciated by me for its own worth; but it was still more valuable as an expression of kindness and good will from those with whom I had labored.

In attending the four General conferences, from 1852 to 1864, with many others the conviction was strong in my mind, that something ought to be done to relieve that body from the care, responsibility and loss of time, involved in the hearing and determining of the many appeals, which had come

up, and would be likely to come up, during each quadrennial; also so to arrange as to avoid the great injustice done an appellant, in being virtually suspended from the ministry (as had occurred in several cases), for nearly four years before an appeal could be tried. And still further, to perfect our judicial system, that there was need of an arrangement by which a bishop might have a trial and an appeal in case of accusation.

To meet these defects in our ecclesiastical polity, I originated and published, in the "Christian Advocate," in March, 1868, substantially what now relates to the subjects alluded to, with only this slight difference: that those who are now in the Discipline called "triers of appeals," were named in my plan, "judicial delegates." When the General conference met at Chicago, this subject was taken up by the "committee on revivals," and after being most thoroughly scrutinized by Revs. Merrill, of Ohio, and Hester, of Indiana, was reported to the conference and published in the "Daily Advocate." When it came to be acted on, however, it lacked a few votes of becoming a law, greatly to my regret. But four years after, in 1872, Dr. Miley took up the report; made a few alterations, and secured its adoption by the General conference, much to our advantage. And while a few have since thought that this could be amended, yet it has for twelve years met its requirements fairly, and its defects have not yet suggested the need of change.

This was about my last work for the church, in

the line of legislation. And it is a source of gladness and gratitude, that I have been able, in any measure, to add to the greater success and efficiency of the Methodist Episcopal church, the grandest organization of the ages, and to whose service I would gladly give another fifty years of labor, if I could.

On the 29th of April, 1868, I was united in marriage to Miss Harriet A. Duncan, of New York, by Rev. David Terry, D. D., at the residence of her brother-in-law, S. P. Patterson, Esq. My wife accompanied me to the General conference at Chicago, and while there, we were entertained at the home of my old and valued friends, William Wheeler and wife. We had also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Rev. Morley Punshon, who was likewise the guest of Brother and Sister Wheeler.

Dr. Punshon was a delegate to the General conference from the Wesleyan Methodist church of England. His address before the conference, on being introduced, will never, I think, be forgotten by those who heard it. Its clear and elegant diction, its sweet, brotherly spirit, its entire absence of everything like assumption, and its masterful eloquence, as well as scholarly oratory, made it a very "gem of beauty and a joy forever." We also had the pleasure of hearing him deliver his lecture on "Daniel," in the opera house, before an immense audience. In this he established, still further, his reputation among us, as a very prince of orators.

The status of delegates, representing Mission conferences, which had been formed at the South, occupied considerable time and called forth earnest discussion, during the first days of our session. This was settled by their admission. Then came up the question of lay delegation, which, at the request of the laymen themselves, had been settled in the negative by the conference of 1860. But the agitation had been kept up mostly by the newspapers, especially "The Methodist;" so that while it was apparent that the laity were indifferent on the subject and that the interest in the movement was kept up by the ministry, many of whom saw or thought they saw, great advantages to be derived from it—yet it must needs be brought up for action again.

Many, *many* speeches were made, good, bad and indifferent. Some put forth their first attempts in the conference on this subject, and some debated it, who had already won many a well fought battle on that field. Among those who obtained the floor, and attempted to make an address, was Peter Cartwright. But it could not be done; his age and infirmities obliged him to desist. There was something more than pathetic, about this last public effort of this old hero. Laboring under the weight of years, tremulous and yet eager to lead where he had so often led before, staff in hand, his eyes bright, the soul life unabated, but the fleshy tabernacle so decayed, that neither voice nor strength would obey the will of the aged veteran.

After hearing all sides of the question, provision

was made for taking the vote of the church on lay delegation, and as there never had been any serious opposition to it, it was readily incorporated into our economy. This change has been in operation for about twelve years, and of it we can affirm that it has done no harm. We can also assert, just as truly, that about the greatest good it has accomplished is that in has ended agitation on the subject and kept hobby riders in the church, quiet for a time.

If liberality to the benevolences of the church had been increased, or if revivals had become more frequent, thorough, and further reaching in their influences, if a higher standard of personal piety in the membership, or greater efficiency in the ministry had prevailed since its adoption, then it might be admitted that the measure of lay delegation was what its advocates claimed it would be —of untold advantage to the church.

There was some idea that the requirements of our Methodism would necessitate the election of two or three additional bishops at this conference; but the report of the committee on "Episcopacy," in accordance with the judgment of the bishops, was that the present number could meet the demands of the church for the next four years. This was a case in which it would seem that the spirit of prophecy did not rest upon the church; for at the end of the next four years, three of the bishops were in their graves, and the remaining five, nearly ready to drop into theirs, from the amount of extra labor they had performed, and the

tremendous strain they had endured, in their own work.

During the conference we spent a Sabbath at Jacksonville, and were the guests of my old and tried friends, Judge Thomas, and wife. I preached in the same old church, in which I had been stationed, twenty-five years before, and also in the New Westside church. In the evening I met very many of my former friends and we rejoiced together. But the quarter of a century had made such changes that there was to me an undertone of sadness, and a missing of the old, accustomed faces and places, which impressed me with an unwonted consciousness of our mortality, and the transitoriness of earthly things. I met here also my dear friends, Wm. C. Stribbling and wife; but found them feeble and only the shadows of their former vigorous selves. Bro. Stribbling died not long after.

Dr. T. M. Eddy was nominated as secretary of the Church Extension society, by a large majority, in a caucus held by the western delegates. But he refused to allow his name to be used, when it came to be voted on, and Dr. Kynett was elected to that position.

Dr. J. M. Reid, who had successfully edited the "Western Christian Advocate," was elected editor of the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," and Dr. B. F. Crary, editor of the "Central Advocate." A few more changes were made, items of unfinished business taken up, and the Fifteenth General conference of the M. E. church closed; the dele-

gates separated; the bishops departed to their duties; never more all to meet again on earth.

We were soon *en route* for Red Wing. After seeing the children we started off with colts and buggy for the district. Mrs. Hobart, who had known nothing of country life, found the experience of the next five months rather novel. The change from twenty-five years of teaching school in the city of New York, to riding daily over the prairies and valleys of Minnesota, was an experience something like entering into a new world.

It was early June when we set out to travel the district together. Minnesota was in her loveliest attire. The spring had been warm and the season forward; everything was clothed with verdure, and the melody of the meadow-larks, orioles, cat-birds and chirping sparrows, with the fragrance of wild flowers springing up everywhere made her wish, "that all New York for this summer at least, could be turned loose in Minnesota." The immense wheat fields which by the end of July were laden with their golden grain were an occasion of great enjoyment; and an object lesson of such beauty as she thought could only be appreciated thoroughly by one who had spent life shut up in a great city.

We journeyed on, holding the meetings at the various points, and a camp-meeting at Pleasant Grove, until the commencement exercises of Hamline university at Red Wing, in June. My daughter then graduated, and we attended the exercices, which we greatly enjoyed. Then we continued our work on the district until September,

only varying it by an occasional drive to Winona where we received our mail and where we enjoyed, occasionally, the society and the hospitalities of our friends the Nortons, Simpsons, Drews, Fryes, Brinks, and others.

Our conference met that year at St. Anthony; Bishop Ames, presiding. We had a harmonious and profitable session. There had been progress all along the lines of enterprise and endeavor, and much to encourage us. At the last meeting of the cabinet, when all the appointments, excepting those of the districts, had been "fixed," I ventured to call the attention of the bishop to these. And giving them his immediate attention, he arranged them all, until he came to Winona. Pausing there, I inquired whether the same appointee (myself) would be continued. To this, in his own dry, slow, yet humorous way, he answered:—

"Well, I don't know that I can do any better; if I could I would!"

To which I replied, "Yes, bishop: I know it is rather a hard case; but you understand that in a new country, when we cannot do as we would, we must do as we can! In fact, we need first-class men for bishops and presiding elders; but when we cannot get them, we must take such as we have, and make the most we can out of them!" This was our last joke. And we had seldom met without them—each of us understanding pretty well the calibre of the other. I have never seen the bishop since. He died in 1872, shortly after attending the General conference of that year.

After returning from conference we went to housekeeping at Winona, where I had bought a house. This brought us all together again; and the children greatly enjoyed the privilege of once more having a home, that they could call their own. My Willie, at this time a lad of eleven, and who for nearly two years had sadly missed the love and care to which he had been before accustomed, seemed particularly pleased and happy. He had been with us for a trip on the district at the close of his school term; also to conference, at St. Anthony, and he appeared to realize that in his second mother he had found the friend he needed.

During the remainder of my time on the Winona district, and afterwards when on the St. Paul district, his mother and he were necessarily much together, and their companionship was of the happiest character. In reviewing those formative years of his life, I feel assured that the love and care exercised by his mother, has had much to do in developing a character, which has been unusually pure, true, noble and efficient.

It is with feelings of something more than paternal pride, that I here allude to the life of my son William. Remarkably docile and obedient from his earliest childhood, he did not need correction nor reproof; of his own will he chose to be industrious and obedient. Our companionship has been the closest and tenderest. His father and he enjoying each other's society as if they had been brothers, each pleased with the pursuits and views of the

other. Converted and joining the church as a probationer in his eighth year, and in his twelfth year, at Winona, uniting in full membership, his entire responsible life has been that of a professing Christian. After acquiring a good English and Latin course at the public schools of Winona, St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Red Wing Seminary, (Hood's) he entered the Northwestern university at Evanston, Ill., as freshman, in the fall of 1875. And there took with honor his degree of A. M. in 1879. During his senior year he felt assured that he was called of God to preach; although for some time he had struggled against this conviction. But in the early part of that year he willingly submitted his will to the will of God, and wrote me: "Father, I may as well tell you. The 'woe is on me.' I must preach."

After his graduation from the university, he entered Garrett Biblical institute, and took the Theological course; having also in addition to his university and Theological course, acquired a knowledge of French and German. During his two years in Garrett Biblical institute he was employed, by Dr. Willing in city mission work in Chicago, with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people. And in the second year, while attending a camp-meeting at Des Plaines, in connection with his receiving a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, he felt that the Lord called him to a foreign field. "He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," but at once allowed it to be understood,

that if he were needed for that work, he was willing to go. His mother, believing that after six years of continuous application to study he should at least wait for a year before entering upon so great an undertaking as the study of the Chinese language and the labors of a missionary in that field (for to this he had been assigned by Bishop Wiley), advised that he rest at home for the three months preceding the Minnesota Annual conference of 1881, and if he judged best, take work in that conference for a year. This he did, and in 1881, was received on trial and appointed by the Minnesota conference to Worthington. He entered upon this work with his usual thoroughness; built up and established the Methodist church in that place, where without a house of worship and under many difficulties, the society had been much discouraged; and nearly completed a substantial and tasteful church, on which he had labored assiduously, before the end of June. In August, 1882, he was united in marriage to Miss Emily M. Hatfield, second daughter of Dr. R. M. Hatfield, of Evanston, Ill. And early in September they sailed for China. To say that the announcement of his having chosen a foreign field, was a shock and a surprise to me, does not begin to tell how my poor heart had to struggle for submission, when I learned that the dear son, on whom I had leaned as an earthly prop, and in whose society I had hoped to spend the evening of my life; of whom I had always thought as caring for me when no longer able to

provide for myself—was to leave me, in all human probability, forever. I could only turn to Him, who had been my staff and stay through many years and trials, and say, "Thy will be done!"

Later, as we became more accustomed to the thought of the separation, we blessed the Lord who had counted us worthy, not only to rear up a son to serve Him, but that He had permitted us to suffer for His sake. I think I may add that to his mother and me, earth has seemed more empty and Heaven more attractive since the departure of our dear son to China.

During the winter of 1868-9 there were revivals on almost every charge on the district. The preachers were earnest and faithful, and our quarterly meetings, seasons of refreshing from the Lord. We held two camp-meetings this year, which were blessed to the spiritual profit of many, the conversion of souls and the enlargement of the church. I drove my own team in going to my appointments this year and generally was able to spend a day or two at home each week.

The conference of 1869 was held in Minneapolis; Bishop Scott, presiding; from which I was sent to the Winona station. On the whole, this was not to me a satisfactory year, so far as the result of my labor was concerned. My work in the pulpit, if I am able to judge of it, was done as well and as faithfully as heretofore. The congregations were good, the Word seemed to be blessed; and the testimony of many was that they were being built up and established in the faith. The prayer meetings

were well attended, perhaps never better. The Sunday school was large, well organized and prospering in every department; unusually so in the Bible classes and the infant class. The latter, of which my wife was teacher, assisted by Mrs. Dr. Welch, was one of the largest and most interesting I have known, at some seasons averaging nearly one hundred in attendance. And yet there were certain influences at work, which hedged up a revival, and which created an atmosphere, new as it was, uncomfortable to me. But one, and not the least of the desirable features of our economy, is the facility with which disagreeable arrangements can be adjusted so as to release all embarrassed parties. And so, greatly to my satisfaction, although somewhat grieved and disappointed at not having seen such a result of the year's work as I had hoped to see, I finished it and went to conference.

At the conference of 1870, held at Owatonna, Bishop Clarke, presiding, I was sent to the St. Paul district, which then included St. Paul and Minneapolis, and most of the state north of these twin cities. This was an immense district; but with the new and improved order of things, brought about by the railroads, it was comparatively easily traveled.

The opening of the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul & Duluth railroads, had resulted in the building up of a city on the Minnesota shore of Lake Superior. The site, selected for this great city that was to be, was a bluff of solid granite,

slightly covered with soil; rising somewhat abruptly from the shore to a height of about seven hundred feet in the first three-quarters of a mile: covered with a thick growth of cedar, pine, spruce, and balsam, mingled with a variety of the hard woods. This beautiful, rocky, romantic, picturesque, and unlikely place for a city, with an atmosphere that was raw, blustery and cold nine months of the year, and at the head of the "unsalted sea" of the north, which it overlooks, was one of my charges, and an entirely new one.

As the population was rapidly increasing, and there was every prospect of its becoming a business point of considerable magnitude, it was needful to send to it a Methodist preacher, who would there take steps toward the erection of a church edifice; consequently, Rev. Harvey Webb was appointed to Duluth. He soon succeeded in obtaining a donation of two very eligible lots, and in building a substantial church. This was dedicated by Dr. J. M. Reid, the next year, my second on the district.

Another point of growing interest on my work that year, was Superior City. This was located on the Wisconsin shore of the lake, and was long supposed to be the only possible place at the head of the lake, where a city could be built. This city, with Oneota, a little village four miles west of Duluth, was under the pastoral care of Rev. J. R. Creighton, At the latter, we succeeded in building a snug little church. At the other extreme of the district, the

Minneapolis end, Rev. J. F. Chaffee, was building the Seventh street church, now "Thirteenth avenue," which, with the new and commodious Centenary church, were all that we had in the city.

The year was a busy one, but the work grew, and the faith of the people was becoming stronger in God and in the Methodist church.

The conference of 1871, was held in Mankato; Bishop Simpson, presiding. Returning to the district for the second year, I found that I had the advantage of a year's knowledge to assist me in this extensive field. This year we sent a man to Bayfield, whose work included Ashland, eighteen miles south, at the head of Chequamegon bay; and Rev. W. D. Bennett took charge of the church there.

Ashland, at this time, contained about twenty-five houses. The people were then engaged in building a pier which would extend a quarter of a mile out into the bay; and the town was just on the edge of its rising "boom." Here I held the third quarterly meeting for the charge and had the honor of preaching the first sermon ever heard in that place. This city, on the south side of Lake Superior, one hundred miles from its head, is now the terminus of the Wisconsin Central railroad, and a city of considerable importance.

In August I was requested to meet Bishops Ames and Gilbert Haven, at Duluth, and accompany them west, along the Northern Pacific railway. Accordingly, I arranged to do so, and met Bishop Haven (Bishop Ames being detained by family affliction), and in company with Rev. H. J. Crist,

then stationed at Duluth, and Bro. Merritt, of Oneota, took the train to Brainerd, where we remained until late in the afternoon. Thence, by a freight train, we rode as far as Wadena; staid all night, and slept in blankets on the floor. The next day we went on to Glyndon, where the bishop had made an appointment to preach, and he remained there. The rest of us went on to Moorhead and Fargo. At Moorhead we left an appointment with the Presbyterian preacher for the bishop to preach at that place the next evening. We remained at Fargo over night in a log hotel; and it was arranged that I should preach there the next day, at 5 P. M. Fargo then consisted of four or five houses, and about eighty cloth tents.

In the morning, we took a construction train and went west sixty miles, to where they were driving the spikes on the road. The bishop remained at Glyndon, waiting for the west bound train. This was a royal ride across the valley of the Red river, probably one of the richest bodies of alluvial soil on this continent or in the world. This valley is over two hundred miles long, and from eighty to one hundred and twenty wide. Taking the train on its return, reached Fargo in time for my appointment. Observing two small houses near each other, and furnished with porches, I took my stand in the street before them. I then stuck my cane in the ground, and hung my hat on it, for a pulpit, and preached from Deut. XXXII., 47: "For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life." This was the first sermon preached in Fargo.

The next day, the bishop having preached in Moorhead the night before, we took the stage for Frog Point, forty miles north, and there took the boat for Fort Garry and Winnipeg. On our arrival we were hospitably entertained by Rev. Mr. Young, the minister of the Wesleyan Methodist church of Winnipeg. The following day being Sunday, it was planned that the bishop should preach for Mr. Young at Winnipeg in the morning; and that I should, at the same hour, fill an appointment of his, some twelve miles up the Assiniboine river on the north side, and return to the city and preach there at night.

On Sunday morning I was driven by a son of Mr. Young, through a beautiful country called the "Highlands;" a fine elevation of about twenty-five feet. Here I preached, and returned in time for tea and preached, as arranged, at night.

On Monday morning in company with our consul, Mr. Taylor, and the rest of our party, we crossed the Red river; visited the residence of the Roman Catholic bishops; re-crossed the river and walked several miles down the west side; called on the Rev. Mr. Black, the Scotch Presbyterian minister, and were shown his college building; passed on down through what is known as the "Selkirk settlement," which had been commenced more than fifty years before. Here we saw wheat fields, where the forty-ninth consecutive crop was just ready to be harvested, yielding as I afterwards learned, thirty-four bushels to the acre. On inquiring I learned from Mr. Tate, an intelligent

Scotch farmer, with whom I conversed, that these farms had never been summer-fallowed, never subsoiled, never manured, and had borne on, bountifully, for fifty years.

We walked down nearly ten miles through the "Selkirk settlement," and went on board the steamboat which had come down as per arrangement of our friends for our accommodation, and steamed up to Fort Garry. This Fort stands on the north bank of the Assiniboine, and about a quarter of a mile from the Red river. Near this we parted from our kind host, and journeying on reached Frog Point, the second morning, having passed the forts on either side of the British line at Pembina; stopping at Grand Forks, and other landings, which have since become important towns. We reached Moorhead by stage, in time to take the train to Duluth and thence to Minneapolis.

Bishop Haven spent one day at White Earth Agency and then joined me at Minneapolis and having until the evening, before being obliged to leave for the West Wisconsin conference; we invited some twelve or more of the preachers to dine with the bishop at our house. This was a very enjoyable occasion, and was rendered still more so, by a drive to Minnehaha in the afternoon; at which place, with a background formed by the Laughing Waters and the tall trees, we had a photograph taken of our dear bishop, in a group of Minnesota preachers.

The conference met soon after our return, at Winona; Bishop Gilbert Haven, presiding.

Here the new dispensation of steam was inaugurated in the laying out of districts; some of which were now made to extend hundreds of miles along the lines of the railroads. The number of the charges was greatly increased in each; and the old idea of quarterly meetings at which the presiding elder was to preach on Saturday, P. M., hold the quarterly conference afterwards, then preach at night, and on Sabbath, have love-feast at 9 o'clock A. M., preaching by the "elder" at 10:30, and then the sacrament,—became a thing of the past.

By some of us, of the old school, this has been so long a cherished, because a helpful and blessed, order of religious service, that the new course although it comes heralded by the era of steam, does not quite satisfy us. We miss the ardor and the earnestness. While the preparation for, and the sacrifice often to attend, made the *occasion* of the quarterly meetings and the coming of the presiding elder, matters of importance. Then, too, because of the anticipated blessing, it was almost always received. From these means of grace, souls went out stronger in the Lord and "the power of His might," and conscious of a loyalty to and love for Methodism, in consequence of participation in these her peculiar and time honored services. There also it was *expected that souls would be converted*, and we were not disappointed; hundreds having found Christ in the pardon of sins at our quarterly meetings. Then, too, the

presiding elders selected were supposed to be the wisest and ablest men in the ministry. And the people and the preachers welcomed their presence as a benefit and a benediction. But now in the newer order of things, a presiding elder who has to meet forty or fifty quarterly conferences each quarter, can be but little more than an ecclesiastical marshal, whose business it is, to nab offenders and collect his salary. And the quarterly meetings are matters of no special importance. The St. Paul district this year included all the country along the line of the Manitoba railroad as far as Evansville; although the road was only completed to Melrose; leaving about eighty miles to Parker Prairie, where we had a charge, to be traveled as best it could be.

In the preceding summer, while the Seventh street church was not yet completed in Minneapolis, and the city rapidly extending south and west, Mrs. Hobart and myself visited the neighborhoods and families in those directions, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday school. We were successful beyond our expectations. Our project was received with eagerness by very many families; several of them Methodists, who, living at so great a distance from "Centenary," could not take their young children there to church, neither could they leave them to go themselves. Many of these families were just beginning life; and the little homes which they had built had cost about all that they then had to expend, and to dress,

as they supposed, suitably, to attend "Centenary" was beyond their means.

We soon secured the use of an unfinished house from a Mr. Harrison, who did not expect his family on from the east until the fall. And sending out word to the people whom we had visited, we opened our little school about the middle of July. Mr. James Wyman, a young man who had come to make his home in Minneapolis a short time before, was enlisted as superintendent. The attendance increased with each Sunday, and in a few weeks Mrs. Hobart, with some of the ladies whom she had interested in her school, decided that they would build for themselves a chapel or Sunday school room.

To raise the funds needed for this enterprise, the talent of some fifty of the young people, and children of the "Centenary Sunday school" was utilized by getting up a literary entertainment; comprising a congressional debate, dialogues, singing and recitations by the children and young people. This was well patronized and enough was realized to pay for the erection of a little chapel, 40 x 35.

The lumber for this little chapel, was kindly donated by the Brothers Harrison; the windows by Bro. Copeland; the curtains by Miss Ada M. Chapman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the furniture by other friends. Minneapolis Methodism is under many obligations to the Messrs. Harrison for its development, financially. These gentlemen, loyal sons of a royal Methodist father and mother,

contributed largely to the building of the Centenary M. E. church, the first large church which Methodism owned in that city. A little later they contributed to the building of Seventh street church and afterward, to Hennepin avenue church. Indeed, of the ten Methodist Episcopal churches in that beautiful and enterprising "city by the falls," there is not one which has not shared more or less in their liberality and beneficence.

Of these three brothers, William, Asbury and Hugh, much might be written to their credit as Methodists and Christian gentlemen. William Harrison, the elder of the three and the leader and counselor of the brothers for many years, was a gentleman of rare kindness and Christian courtesy, as well as of great sagacity and business tact. He was uncompromising in his adherence to the right on every line, abhorring whatever in his estimation, savored of hypocrisy or deceit; a cordial supporter of whatever would tend to the development of the truth. Hence, in him the preachers always found a kind friend and at his home and table, from himself and estimable wife, a kindly welcome. Naturally quiet and retiring, he chose for his recreation the care of his beautiful grounds and orchard. And it is a pleasant memory to see him in the morning, with his genial smile, come out from under the apple trees to give a cordial greeting, and to think of him with scarcely an absence for many years from his accustomed place in the church and prayer meeting. He left us for the home of many mansions, about eleven years

ago, but he left behind him the testimony of a life of truth and of devotion to the service of God, and "his works do follow him."

His brothers, Asbury and Hugh, are still with us, brethren beloved in the church; helping and encouraging in every good word and work.

Among the many monuments of the Christian benevolence of these brothers, perhaps none will be more enduring than that of Hamline university. This institution, which has been so greatly benefitted by their generosity and which without their aid must have been shorn of much of its present success, is now located about half way between the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. It has already acquired a fine reputation as an educational institution of our Methodist church in the Northwest. It is doing, at this time, a good work, giving proof of its usefulness; and has before it, I believe and hope, a grand career in the development of the Methodism of Minnesota. Dr. G. H. Bridgman is its efficient president.

Into our little chapel, which these dear friends and their wives had assisted us in building and encouraged us in undertaking, we moved the Sunday school before winter. At the same time preaching was arranged for in the afternoons at the close of the school; and prayer and class meeting on Thursday evenings. About this time Dr. Calkins took the superintendency of the Sunday school, Bro. Wyman having left the city.

We soon found that an organ was needed, and another literary entertainment and social was given

by the Sunday school and the needful funds were procured. This chapel was in a short time enlarged and made into a charge, under the care of Rev. S. T. Sterrett. The church grew and prospered and in time eligible lots were secured, and a very excellent church erected; and our little "Hobart chapel" has grown into Franklin avenue church, one of the strongest and best located of the ten pleasant and prosperous M. E. churches in Minneapolis; Dr. C. A. Van Anda being the present pastor.

At the Winona conference it was deemed best to make Minneapolis, which had formerly belonged to the St. Paul district, the centre of a new district to be known as the Minneapolis district. This was done and Rev. D. Cobb was appointed presiding elder. By this arrangement St. Paul became the headquarters of my district and necessitated our change of residence from Minneapolis to St. Paul.

Our stay in this very pleasant "city by the falls" had been a most enjoyable one, socially. Mrs. Hobart regretted the sundering of many valued associations there; but sorrowed most of all to leave her Sunday school and the increasing religious interest centering in the "Hobart chapel."

In the spring of 1871, while the St. Paul district included St. Paul and Minneapolis, two points were selected by myself and friends, in St. Paul, where that growing city needed, in our judgment, more religious privileges. Two Sunday schools had been organized, and were, after a while, made into

a charge under the pastoral care of Rev. F. A. Tuttle. I had some trouble in securing the funds necessary for these enterprises, and for the support of the pastor; but my faith was strong in God and I believed He would send the needed help if efforts were made. And so it was, the money was given and the work inaugurated. These points have since grown into the two flourishing charges of Grace church and "Clinton avenue."

On my third round in the spring, my wife accompanied me on a three weeks' trip to the extreme northwest of my district, including Parker Prairie and Long Prairie As the railroad extended no further than Melrose and we had eighty miles beyond to travel to reach Parker Prairie, we were indebted to the kind services of Bro. J. M. Akers, then stationed at Sauk Centre, and Bro. A. H. Reed and others, who brought us by stages in their own conveyances to Alexandria. Here we were furnished by Bro. H. S. Hilton with the use of his horse and buggy for the next thirty miles to Parker Prairie.

This was a tedious and somewhat uncomfortable ride. The rains for the few days previous had been very heavy, the ground in places naturally miry. A good part of our route lay through woods where the stumps had been left (the only track to drive over); and stretches of bog interspersed with tangled roots. By laying down, now and then, in the softest places, poles for the wheels to run on, and by the patient plodding of the horse who wallowed and pulled us bravely through, we man-

aged to reach Parker Prairie just at dark, after an all day's ride.

We found Bro. J. L. Smith and wife expecting their elder, and we received a cordial welcome. This brother was in the second year on this charge, a good preacher, and an excellent man. For the first year he received nine dollars. Yet with a little garden and some potatoes, corn, and vegetables, raised by his people, and a little missionary money, he had made out the year. The second year, the one of which I speak, the people had done a little better for their pastor, having been able to get their farms under cultivation. The furniture of this good man's log cabin was very scanty. They had not had a chair to sit on during the two years; three wooden stools being the substitutes, with a small wooden bench. On our return, at my wife's suggestion, I mentioned this circumstance to some of our friends in St. Paul, who furnished me with ten dollars to invest in chairs for Bro. Smith and his wife. So that on my next trip, which was in the fall, I had the pleasure of presenting to this faithful couple, two good sized arm camp-chairs, from their friends in St. Paul. How gratefully they were received, and how much appreciated, none can tell but those who have been in like need.

Our quarterly meeting at Parker Prairie was held in a school house, which was still minus the windows, the seats and the shingles. Some of the brethren carried in boards, placed them on nail-kegs and boxes and anything that would support them, and the people crowded in. We were hav-

ing a good time, all listening intently to the preacher, when a sudden thunder shower came up. Hoping that it might not disturb us much, I proceeded; had just commenced the administration of the sacrament, when the rain began to pour down through the open rafters. But on we went; no one seemed to think of moving, until we had concluded the services. By that time some of the men went out and brought in umbrellas and buffalo robes from the wagons; and all waited quietly and patiently for the sunshine which came in half an hour or so.

On Monday we returned to Alexandria with Bro. Hilton's conveyance; took the stage that day for Osakis, and were shaken up in the most approved style in the heavy old stage, as we jolted and thumped over some twelve miles of about the worst imaginable specimen of corduroy roads.

We found Bro. Reed waiting for us at Osakis with a two-horse wagon; and we proceeded to take the road for Long Prairie, where was to be held a camp-meeting and which we expected to reach about sundown. The condition of the roads, which was decidedly bad on our ride to Parker Prairie, the week before, we found horrible now. And beside, the rain of Sunday noon and night had so swollen the streams, that the usually traveled roads were considered impassable; that through the woods, although longer, was thought safer, and so we jogged along.

We had driven about three or four miles when in getting over some stumps our whiffletree broke.

Mending it with a string and bracing it up with a pole, we drove on to find ourselves, before long, in a bog over which poles must be laid for our wheels. Steadying the wagon by holding it up, and placing fresh runners at intervals, we emerged from that dilemma, to plunge into the dense timber just as the rain, accompanied with heavy thunder and lightning, began to pour down. To hasten was impossible. The way had to be trodden with great caution. For a couple of hours we endured what could not be cured, as philosophically as might be, rejoicing that we were provided with one small umbrella for three of us.

About 11 o'clock P. M., we reached Sauk river, which we expected to cross at the ford below the mill. This was discovered, after some observation, to be impracticable; as the river was on a rampage from the late rains. However, a single log was found laid across it on the brink of the dam. Leaving Mrs. Hobart in the wagon, with the rain pattering down, the lightning flashing, the thunder muttering in the distance, the mosquitoes swarming by myriads, and the blackness only made more apparent by the occasional flashes, Bro. Reed and I started to see what was the next best thing to be done. He "cooned" himself over the log and woke, after long calling, the miller; procured a light, held it at the further side of the dam; and called to me that we could get across by driving straight toward the light, avoiding the fall of twelve or fifteen feet on the right, and the deep water of about twenty feet on our left. Returning to Mrs.

Hobart, I stated the case, and we drove on and over the dam, the water coming up and into the wagon box a little. Thankfully we went on for another stretch of about six miles all open and clear, and reached Bro. Losees, where they had been looking for us all the evening, but had given us up after midnight and had retired.

The camp-meeting which commenced the next day, was a great help to the neighborhood for many miles around. Religious privileges were so few, the people so scattered, that some who attended that meeting had not heard a sermon in years before. Fifteen or twenty were happily converted; a still large number of backsliders were reclaimed; a score of children and adults baptized, and the hearts and faith of many, strengthened.

Resting one day, after the close of the meeting, at Bro. Losees, we were then taken by our host to Osakis, where another camp-meeting had been appointed. This, too, was a very profitable occasion. Work was done, the fruitage of which has been better lives for all these years; and the harvesting of which will not be, until the "sweet by and by."

At the close of the week, bidding farewell to the many friends, we retraced our steps by stage, buggy and railroad, and reached Red Wing, tired and yet refreshed; thanking our God for all the way in which He had led us.

At the conference of 1873, the district was so modified by the formation of the St. Cloud district that I was released from the necessity of visiting that upper country. The loss, territorially,

was made up by adding to my district on the south, Red Wing, Red Wing circuit, Northfield and Cannon Falls. This lessened the fatigue of travel, and put the district in much better shape.

The year was a prosperous one, the preachers were efficient and zealous, the charges, increasing in numbers and in usefulness, and the "Word of God grew mightily and prevailed."

Our state camp-meeting at Red Rock, which had been established since 1869, was blessed again this year with the approval of the Lord in the awakening and conversion of sinners, and in the sanctification of believers.

The conference of 1874, met at First church, St. Paul. This elegant structure is the representative of Market street church, the first Protestant church built in Minnesota; which having been sold the money was invested, and with very liberal contributions from Bros. Nichols, Goodrich and others, resulted in the erection of this, one of the most beautiful churches in the state.

My four years on the district being ended, my next appointment was Red Wing circuit. This was to me both pleasant and convenient. And yet the arrangement was not of my own seeking or planning. Fearing that Bro. Levi Gleason, who had been on the work but one year, would feel afflicted by the change, I had stated to Bishop Ames that I was ready for any field. But he, knowing that my home was in Red Wing, and perhaps with some consciousness also of my many changes and long years of service, made the appointment; saying,

in reply to my fears for the comfort of my young brother: "I will assume all responsibility in the matter." And when Bishop Ames set his foot down, there was not much probability of its being lifted.

The Red Wing circuit had five appointments in two weeks; all to be filled on Sundays (two on one, and three on the other); with a ride of fifteen and twenty miles on each alternate Sabbath. To these were added another point which had belonged formerly to the city work.

To help me in this really difficult work, my good wife offered to fill one of these appointments each Sunday. This was quite a relief to me, and was very acceptable to the people. Indeed, I thought they were better pleased with her preaching than with mine. There were indications of revival, at several of the appointments, and we began early in the year to hold special meetings, with very encouraging results. There were several conversions at different points, but at Spring Creek, in the town of Burnside, the work was most extensive. The power of the Lord was there revealed as in the former days; and forty were clearly converted. The influence of this was most salutary; and many of those who started then in the service of the Lord, are not only steadfast still in the faith, but walking in the light, and rejoicing in the prospect of life eternal, while some have already entered "the gates of pearl."

Our next conference was held at Red Wing;

Bishop Wiley, presiding. The good bishop whom we had the pleasure to entertain at our home, endeared himself to all our hearts by his firm and gentle wisdom, his brotherly and considerate administration. His sermon on Sunday was a most blessed one, and will long be remembered. His theme was, "Faith and its Mighty Results."

I was returned to the circuit, and had with the dear people a happy and prosperous year, in which, while there were not so many converted, because there were not as many to convert, there was a good deal of building up and strengthening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE first hundred years of American Independence ended in 1876. In that year ended also my fortieth year of active itinerancy. And it seemed to me with an abiding consciousness of gratitude to Him who for forty years had permitted me to sow by many waters, the Word of Life; who had enabled me to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible, through some hard service; who had given me strength to labor with scarcely the loss of an appointment (saving the time of illness at Macomb in 1839); who had permitted me to build and lay deep the foundations of our faith, in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota; who had led and blessed me all my life—that it would honor Him more, and serve the church better, for me to withdraw from the front lines of the battle, and let the younger men who were pushing on, lead the hosts.

This conclusion did not at all induce me to retire from labor in the Master's vineyard, nor from service in our beloved Zion. But it left me free to preach where I pleased; and as I had labored many years for very little pecuniary recompense, it would permit me to give the Lord and the church

what service there was still in me, without charge.

My work, however, as an itinerant, did not terminate as I had calculated. While traveling on the Red Wing circuit, after an interval of three years' absence, two winters of which were spent as chaplain of our state legislature, and the other in California—in an effort to restore my wife's health—I was taken seriously ill with pneumonia. In this attack I came down very near to the gates of death; and from thence returned slowly to health and strength. But through the mercy of our God and the constant care of my dear wife, and the best skill of competent physicians, Dr. Philo E. Jones, of Red Wing, and that of my son-in-law, Dr. Charles Simpson, of Minneapolis, I have been raised to the enjoyment of comparative vigor.

My experiences during the days when I was hovering between life and death, were glorious beyond expression. It seemed as if I were bathing in an infinite ocean of light, love and sweetness. And with returning health, this fact was deeply impressed upon my consciousness that there is neither "valley nor shadow," through which the Christian must pass to reach his heavenly home.

Our visits to California in 1879 and in 1883, were both beneficial and delightful. On our last trip we were by special invitation the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Duncan, of Duncan's Mills, who by their generosity made the trip possible. To these dear friends, cousins of my wife, we are under very many obligations. On each

occasion of our visit to the "land of flowers," their elegant home was made to us a welcome resting place.

While spending the winter there the last time, Mrs. Hobart's health was so far restored that she was able to visit several parts of the state in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. In Hollister we enjoyed the hospitalities of my old Wisconsin friends, Bro. Rhinehart and wife. This good brother was one of my stewards on the Union charge, Racine district. And here Mrs. Hobart organized a W. C. T. U.

We also visited Santa Cruz, where we met our neighbors and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Howe, who were spending the winter in California, and which beautiful land, Mrs. Howe left the next summer for that country "where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick!'" Butte and Shasta counties were visited; W. C. T. unions organized, and considerable temperance work done. At Chico, we were the guests of General John Bidwell and wife. And we saw one of the best, if not the very best, cultured and most thoroughly managed ranches in California. The superior development of this grand ranche of 24,000 acres, with its fruit farms, grain fields, sheep and stock farms, was not like too many of the great ranches of California, which are about half or one-quarter improved. Here every acre is made to bring forth the choicest and the best. Every road is graded, worked and metamorphosed into the most charming and picturesque avenues and drives. The

same taste and care was observed in the houses of the different overseers; in the fine "fruit drying house;" in the mill, where only the very choicest brand of flour was allowed to be marked and sold; in the banking and bridging of the beautiful Chico creek, from which the ranche and adjoining city are named. And in this self-same gem of a little city of which the General was the proprietor, his wise, sensible and kindly care is also seen.

In Chico the people, almost to an individual, own their houses, and are ambitious to cultivate their grounds and door plats to the best advantage. With them Chico is home; its order, its business, its churches, its benevolences—everything, in fact, but its saloon, belongs to them, and all are interested in making the most of it. Here one sees nothing of the raggedness of old tumble down adobe houses, or of the thriftlessness which meets the eye in so many of the smaller California towns. And which want of thrift and care are the result of the wine and brandy stills, the adjuncts of her vineyards. Chico has nothing of that air. In addition to all her other attractions she has, also, a large and most efficient Woman's Christian Temperance union, with Mrs. General Bidwell the honored president.

Stockton and Sacramento was also visited. In the Capitol we in common with all who look on it, could but admire the beautiful marble, of "Columbus at the Court of Isabella," presented to the state by D. O. Mills, one of her adopted sons.

The great, wonderful, conglomerate city of San

Francisco, with her wealth and taste and grand architecture, and palatial hotels, and cars and nob hills; with her aristocracy and her squalor; with her Chinese quarters and her sand lots; with her generosity and great business interests; her shipping and warehouses; her vast docks; her magnificent harbor and matchless bay—was visited.

We were at Oakland, too, so lovely and so homelike; fit resting place for the tired denizens of San Francisco, who have but to cross the noble bay to breathe the purer atmosphere of peace and home life in that charming city.

But of all California's charming places, the busy stirring city of San Jose in the Santa Clara Valley, pleased us most. And could other matters have been satisfactorily arranged, we would very willingly have ended our wanderings in that beautiful valley. And somewhere in the neighborhood of the "University of the Pacific," an institution which is an honor to the Methodism of northern California, situated midway between San José and Santa Clara, we would have purchased a little home; and there, escaping the severe winters of our Northwestern climate, have spent in the service of our God, the evening years of life. But of this change we are still uncertain.

In conclusion—as we old time preachers were wont to say—one word more to my many dear friends and brethren in the ministry and laity, with whom I have so long toiled in love and friendship. We have labored together in these new fields. We have seen the "handful of corn upon

the tops of the mountains," and we have lived to see it "shake like Lebanon." We have had the great honor of toiling in some of the rough places in the Master's vineyard. Many of our lives have compassed the most eventful years of this or any other age. "The little one *has* become a thousand, and the small one, a strong nation." Some of us have lived to see the centennial of Methodism in the world in 1839; the centennial of Methodism in the United States in 1866, and the centennial of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church, which has just closed. We have seen our own denominational institutions, seminaries, colleges and universities, rise from saplings to the altitude and circumference of mighty trees, which dot the land; and in the shelter of which the children and youth of our church may be, and are, safely nurtured.

Our denominational papers and publishing interests, from small beginnings have become mighty factors in the onward march of evangelical truth, and the moulding of public opinion. Our great church enterprises, the Freedman's Aid, the Church Extension society, and our Home and Foreign missionary societies, with Sunday school and Tract associations, have come into existence, and have attained their well developed proportions in our day.

We have lived through a bloody fratricidal war. We have heard the clanking of the chains of the bondmen until our hearts have ached with very anguish for our shame. We have lived to see

those chains wrenched into atoms, by the breath of the blast of His nostrils, and fall, never to be lifted again.

And now, beloved, what wait we for? To be faithful unto death; to preach the Word, and the acceptable year of the Lord; "to be doers of the Word, and not hearers only;" and to be ready to render our account with joy, and enter into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

My dear brothers and sisters, I charge you all, before our Lord Jesus Christ and before God, the judge of all, that you hold fast your faith and let nothing come between you and Christ. Put yourselves into the inner circle of His fellowship, and see to it that His atoning blood washes you clean.

Most of those we loved are with the immortals. And many times have we pledged ourselves to meet them on "Canaan's happy shore." The Master's voice is sweetly calling: "Fear not, I am with thee." "Be thou faithful unto death." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Many of our dear ones are waiting to welcome us within the pearly gates. Heaven only can supply us with language which can describe the joy that shall fill and thrill and overwhelm us, when together we bow before Him "who hath loved us and redeemed us and washed us in His own blood;" and who "hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever." Let us, then, rejoice and be exceeding glad; for all this shall be ours in a few days hence. Amen.

And while waiting, let us sing with Bro. Mark Trafton:—

"Abide with us, the evening shadows gather
In the low vale; and on the sluggish stream
Chill mists come creeping up, whose thick folds sever
From our dim sight the further bank serene.

"The evening comes; the day's departing glory
Just gilds the edges of Time's flying cloud.
We hear low murmurings of life's fitful story,
As distant echoes from the hurrying crowd.

* * * * * * *

"O traveler from regions dim and distant,
Which our short vision never yet explored,
Where dwells the One supreme and self existent,
Where earth's lost treasures still we deem are stored.

"Stay, thou, and tell, while yet the dawning slumbers,
The mysteries of that home land rich and rare!
Entranced, as listening to the flowing numbers,
These eyes shall close, and waking—find us there!"

THE END.

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