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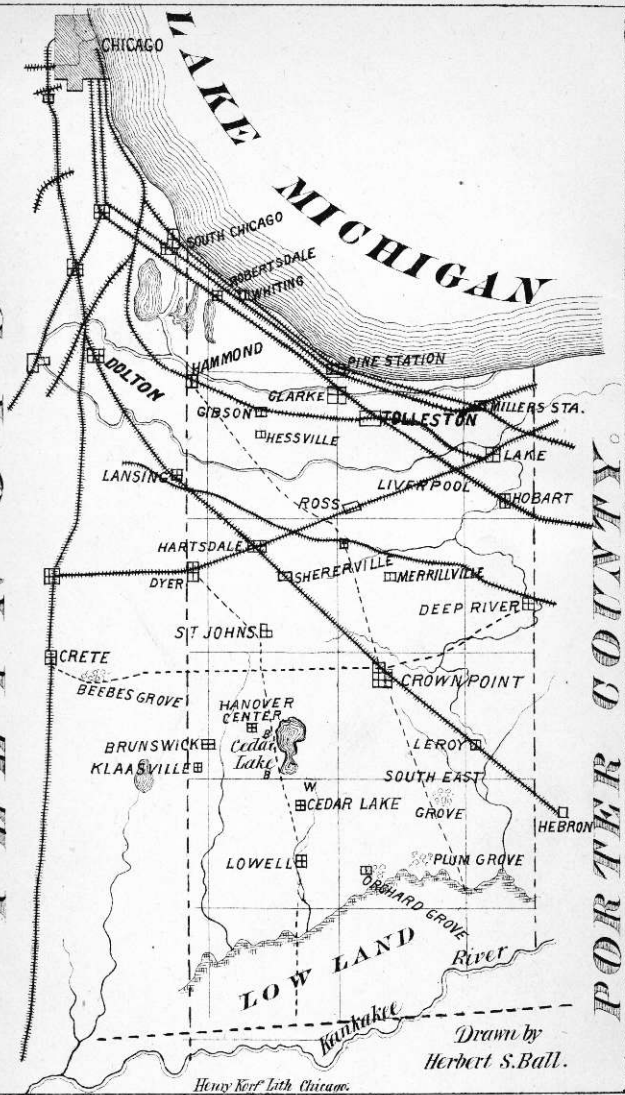
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ILLINOIS



Timothy Horton Ball

The Lake of the Red Cedars;

OR,

WILL IT LIVE?

THIRTY YEARS IN LAKE.

A RECORD OF THE FIRST THIRTY YEARS OF BAPTIST LABORS
IN THE COUNTY OF LAKE, STATE OF INDIANA.

By Y. N. L.

"Other men labored and ye have entered into their labors."

"He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

CROWN POINT, IND.

T. H. BALL, PUBLISHER.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author presents this little volume to the reading public, especially to those into whose hands it may chance to come of the religious world, fully aware that it lacks that charm which fiction possesses to attract and to interest a large class of readers. He has himself read too much of the best literary and religious fiction in our language not to know the fascination and the power which that species of writing justly claims; yet he believes also in the power of truth, and he thinks there are some, like himself, who will sometimes read with proper relish unvarnished truth.

He offers no apology for the biographical cast of this work, believing that biographical or even autobiographical writing, when candid, fair, just, and truthful, may be read with profit.

Neither has he any apology to make for the small number of families entering, to much extent, into the narrative, feeling sure that if, in this respect, the record is truthful, it is all that the reader can justly require. Indeed, this volume may be considered as a memorial, to a great extent, of Judge HERVEY BALL, of Cedar Lake, whose life-work of thirty years it especially commemorates; and also of those connected for a time with him in efforts to do good, of whom are here named HON. LEWIS WARRINER and RICHARD CHURCH.

And the question whether the lessons taught, in regard to the success of effort, especially in

regard to the success of FAMILY RELIGIOUS TRAINING, are of sufficient encouragement, and weight, and interest to justify this publication, the author leaves to the judgment of an unprejudiced, intelligent, and fair-minded public.

So far as is at present known by geographers, the grandest lake region of the world is in North America. From Erie and Ontario, advancing in a northwesterly direction across Huron, Michigan, and Superior; across the Lake of the Woods, Winnepeg, and Winnipegosis; across Deer Lake, Wollaston, and Athabasca; across Great Slave Lake to the Great Bear Lake of the North; a chain of lakes is found unequalled elsewhere in the world. The next approach to such a region seems to be the cluster of lakes in Africa near the head waters of the Nile.

The five Great Lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, are well known as the largest connected bodies of fresh water upon the surface of our earth. Around these magnificent reservoirs of pure and crystal water are many smaller basins, in British America and the United States, that may well be called picturesque, or beautiful, or lovely. Among the uncounted thousands of these lakes and pools, some in their woodland solitude, some in their sunny, prairie beauty, a few are known to every general reader.

The Lake of the Red Cedars is small compared with even the Lake of the Woods, the winding shores of the latter making a circuit of three hundred miles. This is only eighteen miles from the southern bend of Lake Michigan, and its

entire circuit is about eight miles. In size it compares rather with the English than the American lakes. It lies in that broad prairie region southwest of Lake Michigan, and is itself a mirror of beauty on the edge of one of the most beautiful prairies east of the Mississippi.

Here center, at least for some time, the events on these pages to be recorded; because here lived that family largely instrumental, at the first, in connection with two other New England and Cedar Lake households, in building up the religious and educational interests, the spread of which characterizes New Englanders.

Thomas H. Benton, once a United States Senator, gave to the reading public, especially to the political world, an account of the thirty years during which his place was in the senate chamber. Such a narrative of political events and such a review of the distinguished actors in those events might be expected to interest the present and future statesmen of the land. Thirty years is quite a space in the life of a nation so young as ours. And the events on the arena of public life, which aid in making up a nation's history, are often brilliant, always of interest. And the Congress of the United States is a place to which we may reasonably look for great men and worthy deeds.

But the religious world may well claim events equalling in interest, excelling in importance, those in which politicians figure and which their historians record;—events which form a part of the unfolding of the great plan of Providence in

respect to the Messianic kingdom and interests, subordinate to which kingdom, subsidiary to which interests, are the events concerning the rise, the progress, and the fall of nations. The long lines of recorded history that come down to us from Assyria and Egypt, from Persia and Palestine; through Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome; given by Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Tacitus, by Menes and by the Medes; filled with the exploits of the great, brilliant with many deeds of earthly honors; all show, when read aright, preparation for the world's last Monarch; all point more or less directly to him whom Paul announced when standing on Mars' Hill as the man ordained to be earth's last Judge.

As it is considered in the theories of the religious world, — although denied in practice by some religious teachers in the great cities, — that no great difference exists in the value of human souls; as it is considered that every spot upon this earth where human beings dwell, whether noted or unrenowned, is included in those authoritative words that were spoken on the Mount of Olives by that man into whose hands the power of the universe was committed, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and as the field is one, the vineyard one, the laborers employed, fitted, overlooked, rewarded by One; all common members of one body, the eye not saying to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the head to the feet I have no need of you; therefore on these pages the author proposes to record some facts concerning the work performed by the Baptist laborers in a single county of a single state lying near the great

center of inland commerce, trade, and enterprise. He does this remembering that of about the same thirty years, from 1837 to 1867, William Garrett, of Alabama, has compiled a large volume of political facts and narratives for that great state.

And now as he commences this unassuming little work, in such marked contrast with the two great works named, in reference to this labor performed by this generation of Baptists in this little portion of the Lord's vineyard, he asks the question,

WILL IT LIVE?

The state of Indiana has as yet no enviable reputation religiously among her sisters. It has been said, and probably with truth, that there is more unconsecrated wealth in Indiana than in any other state of this Union.—It has a public school fund of twenty and a half millions.—It has been said that for no state is there so much need of prayer. And the county of Lake has not yet become noted for large benefactions or extensive revivals. As was said of old, so of its laborers may well now be said, What do these feeble Jews? Nevertheless, Will not their work live? If Wordsworth had any right to say of his literary labor, I perform it in the full consciousness that it will be immortal, much more fully may it be said of this vineyard labor, "It will not, cannot die." Its results must live, if Christianity is truth, when the names and deeds of Benton and Calhoun, of Webster and Clay, the four great compeers once in the halls of Congress, cease to be spoken by men or to be renowned upon the earth. The Baptist churches in Lake may go down, the Baptist cause in the county may die out, but the des-

tinies once shaped for eternity, the grain reaped or ripened and ready for the Lord of the harvest, will continue onward in the endless ages. One soweth, another reapeth ; both will yet rejoice together.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

“The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, Harvest home.”

THE LAKE OF THE RED CEDARS.

CHAPTER I.

LAKE COUNTY AND CEDAR LAKE.

The northwestern corner of the state of Indiana bordering upon Lake Michigan on the north, upon Illinois on the west, upon the Kankakee river on the south, is known as the county of Lake. Its central length is thirty-one miles, its breadth from east to west is sixteen miles. Five hundred square miles of surface constitute its area; and that surface is considerably diversified. Along Lake Michigan is a range of sand hills and sand ridges where some pines and cedars grow, and then ridges and wet land with scrubby oaks and shrubs succeed. But prairie, lowland, and woodland, comprise the larger portion of the county. Some of the prairie land, all of the lowland, may be called very fertile; the prairies in their natural condition having been covered with grass and flowers in their season, forming then a landscape view of exceeding beauty. The

lowlands, which comprise many thousand acres bordering the Kankakee river, are covered with tall grass or trees, the trees being tall, straight, and slim, of the varieties growing in Northern swamps. A few miles southwest of the center of the county is the

LAKE OF THE RED CEDARS.

Westward and southward as far as from the lake shores the eye can see, extends a beautiful stretch of level and then rolling land known as Lake Prairie. Parts of it are as beautiful, as gently undulating, and as fertile, as can be found in any of the Western States. It has become the home of a number of New England families.

The little lake, from which the prairie takes its name, as viewed on a summer day, from some prairie height, with the blue sky above, is beautiful beyond the art of painters to represent, because nature in sunny loveliness reflects light from the crystal water, and varying hues from the trees that skirt the bank, and from the green herbage, and from the sun-lit sky. The glory of such a scene, in "the leafy month of June," the blue dome above, the sparkling, cooling water, the green-robed oaks, and the flowery meads, and above all the sunshine, painters may in colors bright and in

fair outline represent, but cannot equal. There are many lakes, in this great lake region of America, with grander outlines and with more majestic surroundings. There can be none in June more sunny, there can be few more lovely. A railroad track along the western bank has now spoiled some of the original beauty.

The whole county lies very much in the track of travel; for every eastern and southeastern road that enters Chicago, with, at this date, a single exception, crosses its borders. And nearly all of that mighty tide of emigration, immigration, and migration, which for forty years has been flowing, mainly westward, in covered wagons and on rail cars, populating Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Far West, has crossed the county of Lake. It would be difficult to find in all the United States many such narrow strips of land along which so many great lines of railroad pass, and over which so much freight and so many passengers are carried, as the few miles which lie between the Lake of the Red Cedars and Lake Michigan.

There is more than one beautiful American lake that has its Indian legends, and around which thrilling deeds have been performed. Indian dwellers were lately here, but of their real experiences and of the actual life here

before 1834, there is now no record. One canoe they left, and it came into the possession of the family on the west side, where the cedars did not grow. Their foot-path remained and is visible still, but of reliable legends there are none. And so this pellucid pool, where in 1837 the fish large and small were in luxuriant abundance, where the muskrats and the minks seemed to have undisturbed possession, where thousands upon thousands of different varieties of water fowls found their spring and autumn home, instead of being surrounded and commemorated in written annals by the traditions of the red children, like many American lakes, is to be known in the little world of readers, which this volume will reach, simply as the home of a Christian household, in connection with the spread of the teachings of Him who once walked on the surface of the lake of Gennesaret, and as consecrated by the administration of that ordinance which was administered at first in the waters of the Jordan.

CHAPTER II.

BAPTIST SETTLEMENT.

Indiana Territory was organized in 1800. Indiana was admitted as a state into the Union in 1816. Vincennes had been settled by the French in the old colonial times; and many spots along the Ohio were settled in those early days of western migration when the parents of Abraham Lincoln came from what was called the Dark and Bloody Ground and built their log cabin in an Indiana forest. But the northwestern part of the state remained without inhabitants, except the Indians and a few Indian traders and French missionaries, until about 1834.

Lake county was organized in 1837. For two years pioneers had been penetrating the wilds of this region and locating their claims upon the borders of the prairies, where native oaks and hickory trees could shelter their cabins; among them some professed sceptics or infidels, some Quakers, some Methodists, two or three Presbyterian families, and others with the usual pioneer irreligion and general unbelief.

But in the early summer of 1837 a party of men might have been seen, starting on horseback from a little town on Lake Michigan now no longer in existence, to explore the new county of Lake. Some of these had come in the early spring time from the state of Massachusetts, and had fixed their abode for a summer home ten miles west of Michigan City, on the bank of a great lake. The band of horsemen found trails and pathways, they crossed swollen, bridgeless streams, and penetrated the apparently illimitable wilds as far as Red Cedar Lake. Pleased with that region, delighted with the native beauty of that little lake and the surrounding prairie, they determined there to pitch their tents and took possession of claims on Government lands in accordance with the self-imposed squatter laws. Among these New Englanders, men then in the prime of life, were Amasa Ainsworth, Lewis Warriner, Norman Warriner, and Hervey Ball, and a young man Job Worthington, to which number, if not among them then, was soon added Charles R. Ball, a young man, all from the old town of West Springfield, Massachusetts. The first of these, making a claim, settled afterward at Michigan City. Job Worthington returned in the course of a few months to New England. Charles R. Ball, remaining for a time at Cedar

Lake, settled at length near Chicago, where he still resides. There remain then, for the Massachusetts Baptist pioneers, Norman Warriner, Lewis Warriner, and Hervey Ball. Their temporary houses were soon erected, and their families settled around the lake.

As the family of the one last named will, from the circumstances which existed, be prominent in this narrative as peculiarly the CEDAR LAKE FAMILY of the west side, we may go back to their Eastern home and journey with them from the bank of the Connecticut to the Lake of the Red Cedars.

Hervey Ball, born in West Springfield, now Holyoke, Massachusetts, Oct. 16, 1794, a descendant of Francis Ball who settled on the Connecticut river in 1640, had married Jane Ayrault Horton, only daughter of Dr. Horton of Agawam, also a member of an old Puritan family, and a descendant in her mother's line through the Hanmer family of Wethersfield, Connecticut, of Dr. Ayrault, a French Huguenot. Dr. Ayrault had married Mary Ann Bretoun, of France, daughter of a Huguenot merchant. These left France soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, when seven hundred thousand of the most industrious and virtuous portions of the citizens left that unhappy country. The Ayrault

wedding ring and a large chest in which some of their goods were brought across the ocean were taken as heirlooms to Cedar Lake.

The Ball family of 1837 therefore represented staunch descendants of the English Puritans and the French Huguenots. Hervey Ball was the first of his line to become a Baptist, but they had been Baptists for generations back in the Huguenot line.

In the early spring of 1837 this family, then residing at Dr. Horton's, in Agawam, were making preparations to remove to the West. Death had taken away, that winter, the head of the household. So all the members concluded to remove. It was the breaking up of an old New England family. Generation after generation that spot had been held by those of the Horton line. Many and dear associations clustered around it. It had been a home of great abundance, of every comfort that New England knew, situated on a choice spot, nine miles south of Mount Tom, near the Westfield and also near the Connecticut river. Besides the homestead, on which were orchards, a fine garden, pasture land, a pine grove of considerable extent, a number of large productive chestnut trees, there were rich meadow lands, grain lands, and other pasture lands, making in all a choice river valley country-seat. All

now went to strangers. On the morning fixed for the departure an extra stage coach came over from Springfield to convey the members of that household to Hartford. A few neighbors came in, the pastor of their church was present and commended them all in earnest prayer to God. Then the five children, four sons and one daughter, the oldest eleven years of age, and their father and mother, their Grandmother Horton and their great aunt, and their aged Great-grandmother Hanmer, took their places in the coach. The domestics were dismissed. The parting words were spoken, the last looks, by several of that number, were taken of the well loved and for long years happy home, and then old age and thoughtful manhood and womanhood and gay and careless childhood, started for new homes. Down the main street of the village, past the homes of friends and kindred, by the village church where at least four generations had been accustomed to worship God, the well loaded stage, on that spring morning, passed rapidly along. Stopping and resting the horses for a short time at Windsor, a large wagon conveying the baggage, the nightfall found the travellers at the Dodd mansion in the city of Hartford, a home of kindred where were then residing in ease and luxury, Mary Ann Dodd, whose name

as a writer may be found among the "Poets of Connecticut," her gifted brothers, and their father and mother. Here a visit was made. Some of the children went out and viewed the Charter Oak. Some of the Agawam household remained with the Goodrich and Hanmer families of Hartford. After that separation the ten never met again. The Ball family went to New York city, the children visiting their city cousins there of the Horton and Hanmer lines, took a steamer for Albany, enjoying the trip up the Hudson, changed over to a canal boat bound for Buffalo, and were at length fairly on the way for the mighty West. The Ainsworth family, the father and mother and a daughter, little Julia, with eyes dark like a raven's wing, had now joined them; and day by day the horses jogged on along the tow-path and the loaded boat followed. Many pleasant incidents took place. It was rather funny to be cooped up in a little cabin with several other families by night, to sit on the deck in the day time and watch the scenes along the banks of the canal, to step off sometimes and run along the tow-path, and to watch the filling up of the locks and the ascent of the boat.

Buffalo was reached, and the blowing of trumpets announced the entrance into that young city. It was now April, but the harbor

was blocked up with ice. On board a steamer, that proposed to force a way through a large field of floating ice, the two families with hundreds of others hastening westward that spring, found passage.

Loaded already so that the boat sank below its usual water-mark, the captain gave orders to push off. It was the first boat of the season. Snow and ice the past winter had been abundant. Successfully the heavily loaded steamer plowed its way through the ice, the open water was reached, a heavy gale was encountered, many were sea-sick, but the steamer landed in safety at Toledo. Here leading out for a few miles was a horse rail-road, but other public conveyance for the great tidal wave of migration in the year of 1837 here ceased. The household goods had been shipped to go round the lakes to Michigan City, in a sailing vessel, where sometime in the summer they arrived; but the Ball and Ainsworth families, resting and refreshing themselves at the last home of Massachusetts kindred on the route, near the city of Toledo, like other pioneers, bought a team, fitted up a large wagon with a good cloth cover, and started again westward for City West, on Lake Michigan. Their rate of travel was less than twenty miles a day. There were six children, two women, and three men; as an Irish

adventurer had been picked up on the canal route, who now became the teamster for the party. The mud in some places was deep. Such crowds were on the way that provisions through Michigan became very scarce, and the water was not like the cool clear springs and wells of New England. The children were taking their first lessons in privations, but they learned to endure. When Sunday came they rested. On the first of May they saw a prairie, and the scene to them was charming. They passed Michigan City and ten miles further west they found a summer home. They there formed their first acquaintance with Indians, enjoyed the wild magnificence of that part of Lake Michigan as then it was, found abundance of excellent wild fruits, and were ready before that year closed to enter upon their Cedar Lake home. At City West they had become acquainted with the Morse and Bigelow and Hobart and Bradley and Muzzall families, besides a few others, and with some of these named there were social ties formed that lasted through many after years. But from that young city on a great lake the family removed to an inland prairie home on a beautiful little lake, where when the year 1837 closed there were the father, mother, and five children, and other members of the household. Another New England family was transplanted.

It has been already said that two Warriner families found homes in this same year at a little distance from the east bank of the lake.

These three Baptist families found in a short time that three miles north of Cedar Lake on Prairie West were two other Baptist families. These were the large family of Richard Church and of his son-in-law, Leonard Cutler from the state of New York. And soon to these were added the small household of Mrs. Elizabeth Owen, then a widow, a native of Wales, and the family of Mrs. Leland, also a widow with several sons.

These seven families were the Baptist pioneers of the county of Lake.

There were also, among the first residents around the lake, two brothers by the name of Witherell, the sons of a Baptist minister in the state of New York. One of these was also a minister, Orrin Witherell, and without much doubt he was the first Baptist who ever preached in Lake county. He may have preached twice in the winter of 1837 and 1838; but these two brothers were very slightly identified with the religious interests and activities here, and soon left their claims and went elsewhere.

From the published volume of the "Centennial Celebration of the town of West Spring-

field," held in March, 1874, the following facts are taken in regard to ancestral and family names of the New Englanders settling at Cedar Lake :

“In April, 1707, the land on the west bank of the river” was “assigned by lot” to the male inhabitants who were twenty-one years of age.

Of these there were then seventy-three, and among them were Samuel Warriner, Lest Ball, Samuel Ball, and Francis Ball. Among the town Moderators are these names, Maj. Gad Warriner, 1806, Dr. Timothy Horton, 1811, 1818, Charles Ball, 1814. Among the delegates to Constitutional Convention are in 1820 Dr. Timothy Horton. Among the Selectmen are, Charles Ball, 1777; Maj. Gad Warriner, 1797-1799; Dr. Timothy Horton, 1800-1824; Lewis Warriner, 1827-1829; Charles Ball, Jr., 1833, 1834. Among the Representatives are these names, Maj. Gad Warriner, 1805, 1809, 1814, 1815; Lieut. Charles Ball, 1806, 1808, 1809, 1811, 1812, 1815, 1816, 1820, 1827; Dr. Timothy Horton, 1807, 1810, 1811; Norman Warriner, 1827; Lewis Warriner, 1830, 1831, 1833, 1836. Of Dr. Horton the volume named says, page 74, he “had a good reputation as a physician and as a public man. Having sufficient means of living, he was noted for the extremely small charges for his medical services.” “He was

a man of good sound judgment, and was much respected and esteemed by his fellow citizens." Two others only among the representatives for a hundred years were representatives at Boston as many times as Lieut. Charles Ball. Among the Selectmen for the hundred years no one except Dr. Horton held office for twenty-five years. From this Centennial Volume therefore it appears that the New England settlers at Cedar Lake were from families accustomed in New England to public positions.

CHAPTER III.

THE CEDAR LAKE CHURCH.

Five of the families named in the former chapter soon commenced holding religious meetings at their homes, as school-houses had not yet been erected; and as among these were men and women of more than ordinary intelligence and cultivation, and all of them manifesting fervent piety, the meetings were well sustained with no lack of interest although no ordained minister was yet among them.

Before coming West Lewis Warriner had represented his town in the Massachusetts legislature. His family comprised his wife, two sons, and two daughters. Norman Warriner had resided for a time in Ohio. He was a teacher, had been an active church member, and was well grounded in the Scriptures. He had also a wife, who was active in religious duties, and two sons and two daughters. Herve Ball now forty-three years of age, was a graduate of Middlebury College, had studied law, had been a teacher and for many years a successful lawyer with a large practice, and had been licensed to preach by the first church

of which he became a member. He had continued however his professional duties as a lawyer. His wife, Mrs. Jane Ayrault Horton Ball, was educated in the city of Hartford at the best schools which that city then possessed, was thoroughly accomplished in many branches, and had also had some experience in teaching. The New York Baptists were also intelligent and active workers. It thus appears that the elements for an intelligent, substantial, growing, church organization were now existing around Cedar Lake. Following the example of the Christians in their line of faith during the eighteen hundred years of Christian history, these individual elements soon formed themselves into a Gospel church.

RECORDS.

“June 17, 1838.

A meeting was this day held at the school-house at Cedar Lake, according to previous agreement, by a few professing Christians of the Baptist denomination settled in this part of the country, desiring to enjoy Gospel privileges and to maintain the ordinances of our Saviour and to walk in obedience to his commands.

The brethren and sisters present were, Norman Warriner and wife Marilla Warriner, Lewis

Warriner and wife Sabra Warriner, Richard Church, Sarah Church, Mrs. Cutler, Hervey Ball and wife Jane A. H. Ball. Also Elder French of Porter county.

Elder French led in prayer and the business exercises.

It was resolved that we will maintain the observance of the Sabbath by meeting together and conducting the worship of God by the improvement of such privileges as we may be favored with; also that we will hold regular covenant meetings monthly, and that we will endeavor to watch over each other in love as brethren; hoping that a door will soon be opened in Divine Providence for our being regularly organized as a church of Christ.

Hervey Ball was chosen stated clerk.

Sabbath following Elder French preached to a small and attentive congregation.

Meetings on Sabbath appointed to be held at Prairie West, Center Prairie, and H. Ball's alternately.

Note.—Meetings were held according to appointment five Sabbaths, Elder Witherell Sen. present at one meeting and preached. Meetings interesting and profitable. At the succeeding appointed covenant meeting sickness prevented an attendance. From continued distressing sickness no meetings were held until the latter part of winter.”

The summer and fall of 1838 were noted in Lake county for excessive drouth and severe sickness. The sickness was not generally fatal, but death entered the home of one of the New England families, and one of those named above, Mrs. Sabra Warriner, the wife of Lewis Warriner and mother of Edwin B., of Fanny C., and of little Sabra Warriner, was soon removed from their new home. She died August 24th, 1838, leaving in that home a vacancy never to be filled. The little Sabra, her mother's namesake and the household pet, died in the summer of 1839, and the brother Edwin B., then twelve years old, and his sister Fanny, who was about nine years of age, were left to grow up to manhood and womanhood without a mother's care or a young sister's love. For them it seemed to be a sad and dark visitation of Providence, but He who, some one has said, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, watched over and provided for them. A father, and an older brother, Lewis F., and an uncle and aunt and cousins, yet remained. In those days of childhood the two motherless children knew not their great loss. No memorial monument, no grey stone covered now with moss, marks the resting place, within a little sunny hillock near the water's edge, on the east side of the lake, north of Cedar Point, almost exactly op-

posite the west side home, of the first Baptist dead of the county of Lake. But here are tenderly recorded the names of the two SABRAS, mother and daughter, natives of the Connecticut valley, who soon found, in sight of the resting place of the red warriors and children, their place to repose in the dust beside the Lake of the Red Cedars.

Mrs. SABRA WARRINER died August 24, 1838, in the prime of life, on the very threshold of new experiences in a Western home.

Little SABRA WARRINER, about five years of age, also went to sleep in death and rests beside her mother. The light of a bright morning will fall sometime upon their lone resting place and a voice from above these waters will rouse them from their peaceful slumbers.

Leaving for a time the church records, and the sickness and suffering on the east side of the water, we may glance for a short time into the west side home.

Sickness in that form so common in the new West, ague and fever, visited this home also, but the often prevailing westerly winds, coming from the wilds of the Grand Prairie of Illinois, seemed during all the years of the family residence to render that spot more than commonly salubrious, and the roses of health soon returned to the pale cheeks.

In the summer of 1838 the grandmother of the children in this home, Mrs. Elizabeth Horton of Agawam, who had spent a year with her only son in the city of New York, where she had three young grand-daughters, Louisa Jane, Georgianna, and Adelaide, came to reside for the remainder of her days with her only daughter, Mrs. J. A. H. Ball, where she had five and afterwards seven grandchildren. The older children remembered well her once pleasant home, on a high hill, three miles west of Springfield hill on which stood the United States Armory, and now as she was to follow them into the wilds of the West they tried to make the new home appear as attractive as possible. They found beside the lake some wild columbine. These they transplanted placing them beside the house where their grandmother could see their blossoms. They found also some wild rose bushes and placed them beside one of the windows that their fragrance might enter the room. They sent to New England for some dandelion seed that these familiar yellow blossoms might be around their home, reminding them all of the Connecticut valley meadows. Then no such plant was to be seen, but now they are very abundant in Lake county. About the first of August their grandmother came, in company

with their uncle who soon returned. The two travellers had reached the village of Chicago, where now there is a city, in some kind of public conveyance; and there they fortunately found a livery stable and obtained a conveyance to Cedar Lake, by way of the Torrey bridge across West Creek, making a journey of about sixty miles from Lake Michigan. The children were delighted to again meet their grandmother, and also with the choice presents which their uncle brought from the city of New York. And as afterwards at different times they received remembrances and visits from that dear uncle, they were always glad that they had a city uncle and aunt and cousins, and never will they forget that ever good and faithful friend that uncle, Hiram H. Horton, the prosperous merchant of Division street, New York. Many a box of *good things* came to Cedar Lake, in those years of new country life, from the then far off city. How much that grandmother added to the home life those only can know who have had such a grandmother. Of Huguenot descent, of New England training and cultivation, accustomed to the best of social privileges and advantages, for long years mistress of a home of abundance, fond of flowers and birds and beauty, industrious and cheerful and hopeful, she added yet

another treasure to the home and to the Baptist community.

RECORDS, CONTINUED.

The following is the next entry in the church book.

“1st Saturday in March 1839.

Covenant meeting held at br. Ball's. Introductory prayer by br. N. Warriner. Br. N. Warriner chosen stated moderator.

It was resolved unanimously that we will resume the covenant obligations which we have heretofore entered into, and that we will now receive letters of membership from all who are willing to unite in the formation of a church. Letters were presented and members received as follows:

Richard Church and wife Anny Church of Oakfield church, N. Y.

Leonard Cutler and wife Valona Cutler of Oakfield church, N. Y.

Norman Warriner and wife Marilla Warriner, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Hervey Ball and wife Jane A. H. Ball, 2d Westspringfield, Mass.

Elizabeth Horton, Weathersfield, Conn.

Adopted a summary of faith and practice and covenant recorded on a preceding page.

Agreed to hold covenant meetings on the

Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. - H. Ball, Clerk."

The next meeting, April 6, was held at Br. Cutler's.

Received by letter Azuba Leeland from Ann Arbor Church, Michigan, and Sally Church from Oakfield church, N. Y.

"Resolved to invite a council of ministers and brethren of neighboring churches to meet with us on the third Saturday in May to take into consideration the propriety of recognizing us as a church of Christ. Agreed to invite Elder French of Porter county, Elders Bolles and Sawin of Laporte county, and Elder Hinton of Chicago, with such brethren from their several churches as may be appointed. Closed with prayer. H. Ball, Clerk."

The neighboring churches at this time, it seems, were, in Porter county about thirty miles away, at Chicago, forty miles away, and in Laporte county, about fifty miles away. H. Ball and his oldest son had called at Elder Hinton's village home in Chicago the summer before.

At the May meeting, May 11th, letters were presented by Lewis Warriner, 1st church West-springfield, Massachusetts.

Hannah Caroline Warriner, a daughter of Norman Warriner, Ashtabula, Ohio, and Harmon Waggoner and wife Angeline Waggoner, of Olive Street church New York city.

N. Warriner and H. Ball were appointed to represent the church before the council.

The grass on the prairie again began its unchecked growth. There were no great herds of cattle then to crop it as it grew. The May flowers again appeared in the woodland beside the lake, and the time set for the council came. The following is the record.

“May 18, 1839.

Church meeting at Cedar Lake school house.

Council of brethren convened at same place.

Members of Council.

1st church Salt Creek,

Elder A. French,

Br. Wm. Young,

Br. James Witham:

1st church La Porte,

Elder Benjamin Sawin; Church La Porte Village,

Br. John H. Evans,

Br. Elnathan Gregory.

Elder Sawin chosen moderator, and br. Gregory clerk.

After mature deliberation council reported to the church that they had resolved unanimously

to recognize the brethren and sisters who had covenanted together as a church and to fellowship them as a church of Christ. The council appointed Elder Sawin to address the church and Elder French to give the right hand of fellowship.

The meeting was opened by singing, and prayer by Elder French. Elder Sawin preached in the afternoon.

Sunday, 19. Preaching in the forenoon by Elder French.

Afternoon service. Preaching and address by Elder Sawin and recognition of the church and right hand of fellowship by Elder French. The Lord's supper was administered in the afternoon. The congregation was large for this thinly settled country and the preaching and other exercises very impressive."

There was now a recognized Baptist church in the county of Lake, which became known in the following seventeen years, in Northern Indiana and in other parts of the land, as the CEDAR LAKE BAPTIST CHURCH.

REMEMBERED INCIDENTS.

Elder French was accustomed to ride an Indian pony. He had said when he first came to the Cedar Lake home to preach, in reply to some inquiry that had been made about

him, as he was reported to be a "hard shell" or anti-mission Baptist, "I have come to let you know what kind of Baptist I am." He was quite a pleasant man, a true pioneer. His pony was placed in a pasture. He said it could find water for itself if there was any there.

Elder Sawin came out from La Porte county in a buggy drawn by a nice gray pony. A delegate from La Porte came in a two horse buggy with a pair of fine grays. These two conveyances were sent down early Saturday morning of May 18th to pass out upon the prairie around the south end of the lake in order to aid in conveying some of the families there to the meeting. On account of wet border land, this was a journey of several miles. One of the children of the lake family went as guide. He enjoyed riding after those fleet grays, of which their owner may have been a little vain; but when near the turning point from whence the drivers could find their way alone and meeting there one of the brethren who was going on foot up to the place of meeting it was suggested that the young guide should jump out and walk back so as to give all the buggy room to the women and children. So he trudged back on foot, over the grassy mead, and along the lake shore wood-

land, with an agreeable companion, it is true, but probably with not as great enjoyment as while he marked the speed of the nimble grays. Himself ever fleet of foot he enjoyed seeing animals having speed and endurance.

One incident in the council, which was an open meeting not a secret session, made a lasting impression upon the mind of one of the children present. When the session was closing one of the ministers offered prayer. The clerk of the council probably had not finished his record, and while the child according to his custom closed his eyes reverently in prayer, as he supposed that at least all religious persons did, the pen of that clerk moving over the paper was in his ear painfully audible. He was led in his child simplicity to wonder what sort of a Christian that clerk could be, a man who would write in a religious meeting in prayer time. He has learned since then, to his surprise and shame, that some professed Christians not only do not shut their eyes but do much worse things than that in prayer time. How little do such careless Christians know what indelible impressions they may be making, not much to their honor, not much sometimes for the good of the cause they profess to love, upon young and observing minds.

The recognition service on Sunday afternoon was in the grove just outside of the school-house, where seats had been arranged, and as the brethren and sisters of that little band arose and formed a circle, under the thrifty young oaks, on that level grassy spot, near a sloping hill-side, while the hand of fellowship was given and they were publicly recognized as a church of Jesus Christ, solemn and sacred impressions must have been made in more than one young heart. So fresh and beautiful was everything in nature around, so little trace of their existence had the Indians left, that it seemed not difficult to believe that human feet had never trodden on that soil before, and peculiarly beautiful and impressive was the scene, as that choice band for the first time there, and the first time as a church, "took the sacred emblems of blood stained Calvary."

Not long afterwards a public man, not a common politician, who chanced to address a large public gathering,—a man whose home was not in Northern Indiana,—alluded to the recognition services and said he was glad that the banner of the cross was unfurled at Cedar Lake.

And truly that banner was there unfurled. Across the lake many a boat load went to attend religious meetings on one side or the

other. At that Baptist home the first Presbyterian sermon in the county was preached by Dr. Brown of Valparaiso; and there, without much doubt, was preached the first Lutheran sermon in the county, by a Lutheran teacher and preacher Francis A. Hoffman, who afterward became a wealthy banker in Chicago and lieutenant-governor of Illinois. And in that home resided for a time as teacher of German, an inquiring Catholic, W. Schuler, who obtained there new ideas and deeper impressions in regard to evangelical, personal religion, who went to Canada and became, it is believed, a zealous, useful, Christian laborer.

RECORDS CONTINUED.

July 20th, 1839.

“Church meeting at school house. Elder French and also Elder Otis of Henry county, Illinois, were present. Elder French acted as moderator.” At this meeting N. Warriner was licensed to preach the Gospel, and was requested to lead in the exercises of the church.

September 8th.

Brother and sister Waggoner were “dismissed to join the church in Chicago.”

May 30, 1840.

At the meeting held this day delegates were appointed to attend the association, and these

were empowered to invite ministers and brethren to attend another council at Cedar Lake.

Of that council the following is the record:

“ June 27th.

“ A council convened with the church this day for the purpose of ordaining brother N. Warriner. Delegates: From Salt Creek Church, Elder Alpheus French, bros. Wm. Young, Jonathan Hough; Kingsbury Church, Elder Benjamin Sawin; Rolling Prairie, Elder Alexander Hastings; Laporte Church, Elder Charles Harding, J. H. Evans; also Elder William Rees, agent of the General Association of Indiana. The council organized by choosing Elder French moderator and Elder Hastings clerk. On hearing the examination of br. Warriner the council resolved to ordain him to the ministry of the Gospel. Ordination sermon by Elder Hastings, ordaining prayer by Elder Rees, right hand of fellowship by Elder Harding, charge by Elder Sawin, address to the church by Elder French.”

This was the first ordination in the county of Lake. It was an important occasion for the new church. The ministers present were five as substantial, as reliable, as good, as devoted to the cause of truth, as have ever been in the state of Indiana.

Elder FRENCH was at this time somewhat advanced in life, but was a man of vigorous frame

and capable of much endurance. He was probably in early life under the influence of anti-mission sentiment; but he found the atmosphere of Northern Indiana unfavorable for the growth of such ideas. He united with the Northern Indiana Association. He was respected by his brethren, and his name is inseparably connected with the first Baptist labors in the county of Lake. He died many years ago at a good old age.

Elder SAWIN, known generally in Northern Indiana as Father Sawin of La Porte, was a very different man both physically and mentally. He was from the East; was tall, slim and feeble; yet one who performed a large amount of ministerial labor; a man remarkably mild, meek, conciliatory; of an excellent, loving disposition. He too died a number of years ago, and the N. I. Association proposed to erect for him a suitable monument. In his labors, confidence, and love, the Cedar Lake church shared; and while their records remain his name too will live. He cared very little for monumental marble, but he lived and labored in view of that time when, of all faithful Christian workers, "shall every man have praise of God."

Elder HASTINGS will be again mentioned in this record. He was for many years a prominent minister in Northern Indiana. Very strong

in doctrine and sound in the faith, he was a vigorous expounder of the Scriptures. "He too sleeps in death."

Elder REES was known over all the state of Indiana as a zealous, fearless, pleasant, earnest advocate of home mission work. He rested from his labors many years ago. He left sons who entered the ministry and whose names have been heard on the Pacific coast.

Elder HARDING soon became a pastor in Illinois where sprung up the town of Harding. In about two years he died. Elder WARRINER went to attend the funeral and, as will appear afterward, soon received a call to become himself the pastor there. It may be mentioned here, as completing the record of the six, that he commenced labors in Illinois early in 1843 or perhaps in December, 1842; removed to Paw Paw Grove in the same region, built up there a large church, spent in the same locality about thirty years, and while not a brilliant preacher, was an excellent pastor, as faithful and highly esteemed as any in the state. He had been moderator of the Northern Indiana Association at its fifth anniversary in 1841, when Elder Silas Tucker was clerk. He was elected clerk in 1842 when Elder A. Hastings was moderator. He was moderator sometimes of the Ottawa Association, was noted for meekness, gentle-

ness, soundness in the faith, and for a hopeful, cheerful spirit. A few years ago he closed his earthly labors, having devoted nearly all of his pastoral life to the interests of a single community. In that community surely should long live the name of the first pastor of the church at Cedar Lake.

From these memorials let us return to the summer of 1840 at the lake of cedars. The church had now an ordained pastor and prayer meetings at the school house in the grove, preaching, and regular pastoral labors were zealously sustained. Attending these prayer meetings were four young girls school mates and playmates and friends. These were, Marilla Warriner, Elizabeth H. Ball, Maria Bradley, and Ruth Ann Green. The pastor spoke to them very quietly one day, as they were at the school house at play, saying how pleasant and precious for them it would be if they would trust in the Saviour in their early youth. His words did not seem to be deeply impressed upon their minds or to be earnestly heeded then; but in after years each of those girls became active in the Christian life. The first named, the daughter of the pastor, became a teacher at Amboy, Illinois, a Baptist church member. The religious life of the second will soon be mentioned on these pages. The third

and fourth became Methodists. They are all married and are all now living. Ruth Ann Green, known now by another name, lives in Valparaiso, and Maria Bradley, now the wife of a prominent business man and political leader in La Porte, is an active worker in organizing mission circles for the Methodist Episcopal Church work.

Soon there came at Cedar Lake the time for the FIRST BAPTISM, the first in the county, the first for the lately ordained pastor, and the first in the waters of the Lake of the Red Cedars. It was mid summer. It was the time of the opening of the fragrant pond lilies, whose large white blossoms, like emblems of spotless purity, opened to the warmth and glory of the sunshine on the surface of the water. Their roots were down in the hidden depths of the rich soil beneath; but of these the children who in their little boats reached out their hands and pulled off a long stem and a lily or lily bud, did not think. And not always do the more mature in mind think of the dark, unseen depths, out of which mental and moral beauty grow. Now came the time when that sacred rite began in the Jordan, observed at Damascus; administered in jail yards, in pools, in rivers, and in the sea, in Western Asia and Eastern Europe; in the darkly rolling Baltic

and in the rivers of England; in the beautiful Connecticut, in the Susquehanna, and the Delaware; was at length to be observed in this lake of the West.

Some like precise records. Here is the copy from the original entry :

“July 19, 1840.

Covenant meeting at the school house. After the usual exercises Albert Taylor related to the church his Christian experience and was received into fellowship as a Christian and a follower of our blessed Saviour.

Sunday, 20th July.

Br. Albert Taylor was baptized and received the right hand of fellowship of the church. Communion season this day.”

The spot selected for this baptism was on the west side near the usual or second boat landing. The day was warm and bright. The time was about mid-day. Quite a concourse of people gathered on the shaded bank to witness the new and solemn scene.

The meetings continued to be interesting, but there was not yet any large ingathering. The little church now numbered fifteen members. But though few in number, they were a strong, intelligent, united band.

CHAPTER IV.

GLANCES INTO THE CEDAR LAKE HOME.

Before proceeding further in the strictly religious history of the growth of the fifteen Baptists of Lake county, it is desirable, in order to view intelligently that growth, to glance at the situation and learn something of the ways of that household that remained from first to last identified with all the Baptist interests pertaining to this church.

The school house where the church was constituted was before long removed, having become private property, and became one of the buildings in the cluster of houses and rooms, frame and log buildings united, which formed the home of the Ball family. Here for some time the meetings were regularly held, and here was commenced about 1840 the Cedar Lake Sunday School. A donation of library books was received from a Sabbath school in Massachusetts, and funds were also collected and an addition made to the library of choice books published by the American Sunday School Union. Of this school Hervey Ball was at first and for many years the Superintendent.

In it were many precious teachings given and received and impressions were made that will be as lasting as the living souls on which they were made.

It may be desirable here to introduce the reader more fully to the members of this church and school household. Five children, it has been already said, came here from Massachusetts, from Agawam in Hampden county. The oldest need not be specially mentioned. The second was a daughter, Elisabeth H. Ball, to whom her father had promised a flower garden as large as all Agawam, and when as a little girl eight years of age she began to gather the flowers of Lake Prairie she found the promise more than verified. Over beds of beautiful flowers extending for nine miles in one direction she could say, "My right there is none to dispute."

The third, fourth, and fifth were sons, Herman, Charles, and James H. In a few years there were added to these two lovely human flowers, children of the lake and prairie home, two little daughters, Mary Jane and Henrietta. So that soon, like the little cottage girl who was eight years old, whose child beauty made an English poet glad, little Elisabeth H. could say, "Seven boys and girls are we." The boys grew in strength, in vigor, and in various

kinds of knowledge; they could manage horses, and row boats, and swim, and shoot the abundant wild game, and roam the prairie and woodland far and near; and the girls grew also in beauty, and in knowledge, and in loveliness. As one by one they will take their places in the different portions of this history, they need no further mention here. Associated with these in the Sabbath school and in the religious meetings were the children of the Warriner families, of the Church and Cutler families, of a Farwell family residing near the Illinois state line, and of other families that were for a time neighbors around the lake.

A day school was commenced also as early as 1838, which soon became a family and a boarding school, where attended as boarders in the family, Maria Bradley, Melissa Gossett, Ann Nickerson, Sophia Cutler, Augustus Wood, Abby Wood, John Selkirk.

Here much attention was given to spelling and penmanship, to reading and to English composition, as well as to other elementary branches: Latin and natural philosophy were diligently studied, and drawing and painting and botany were successfully taught. The largest and best library then in the county was accessible to these students, periodicals from the East were secured and diligently

read, and while some read Paley's works, and Dick's, and Smelley's, and Johnson's and Addison's; others read the writings of Cooper, and Bulwer, and of many other choice writers of fiction. A somewhat curious mixture both in respect to literary and religious writings formed the range of reading for all the children of the lake household. It is not to be supposed that anything positively bad was within their reach, but they were left for the most part or entirely to their own taste and judgment in gaining a knowledge of some of the choicest of English literature, in reading the best of American novels and in becoming acquainted with such works as Elizabeth the Exile of Siberia, as Bulwer's Zan Oni and the Last Days of Pompeii, and even of such as Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew. In their hands were the writings of Baxter and Doddridge and Flavel and Bunyan and Scougal; and also of Unitarian, Universalist, and Sceptical writers.

Better order and discipline could not prevail in a household than were always to be found here,—truly here love was “the mainspring of duty”—and among the brothers and sisters and the boarders and other schoolmates entire harmony reigned. Obedience, duty, and obligation, went hand in hand along with great personal freedom. The restraints imposed

were those of principle and not those of power. And therefore at all times this was a very happy household. Very little selfishness was ever manifested here; politeness, truthfulness, gentleness, obliging and generous dispositions, characterizing all the members of the household. Around the family altar, erected when the home was established in the winter of 1837, day by day, parents and children, and visitors, and domestics, and the stranger within the gate whoever he might be, all bowed themselves in humble, earnest, grateful, pleading prayer to God; and they found a shelter, when trials or sorrows came, as beneath the mercy seat of old. And as one by one the children learned to pray, and had their several "closets" for private reading and meditation, it became very thoroughly a home of prayer and a home of praise. For thirty years, like lamps that go not out by night, the incense from prayerful hearts was going up daily and constantly to the throne in heaven; and more than twenty thousand prayers from that one home are living before that throne.

Connected with the schools and the home life of the lake household were two literary societies. An intense love for intellectual pursuits and for literary exercises had commenced to grow among the children before they left the

valley of the Connecticut; and here, notwithstanding the fascinations of the chase,—and to hunt and to read Ossian were for a time the great delights of the oldest boy, who was for several years the principal hunter of the family, furnishing large supplies of game;—notwithstanding the great attractions of the lake, in summer for boating and bathing and fishing, and in winter for sliding and skating; here that love was cultivated, entering into every heart, and rendering every one of the children intensely fond of literary efforts and intellectual life. Very soon therefore societies were organized. The first was called The Cedar Lake Lyceum. Visitors were admitted, but no girls were among its members. The second bore the name of The Cedar Lake Belles Lettres Society. This admitted girls to an equality of membership and participation in its exercises. It met once each month, when sure of moonlight nights; the former society held meetings each week during the fall and winter time. Between twenty and thirty young people derived much profit from the exercises of these two societies. When they had both accomplished their work they were disbanded; but several of the members retained a life-long love for such exercises and for literary pursuits.

Shortly before this family left Massachusetts a temperance society had been organized in the village where they were residing. Of this some had become members, and very soon a temperance pledge was prepared, similar to one which had been signed by thousands of children, and these children and many others and even grown up friends who visited them attached their names to this family pledge. Well would it have been for them if all these visitors thus signing this total-abstinence pledge had kept it. Much sorrow and suffering by them might have been avoided. All those who constituted the family temperance society proper have kept their first pledge inviolate, and in various temperance organizations in after years they were active and useful.

Thus in harmony and with much symmetry, no one thing perhaps having special undue prominence, there went along together at the Lake of the Red Cedars the New England implantations of religious meetings, Sunday school and day school, literary societies, total abstinence, religious, secular, and light reading, with hunting, rambling, and a wide freedom of range over the pathless prairie lea and the woodland solitudes, and unrestrained freedom of body and mind, which in the narrow Connecticut valley were all unknown. The old home principles

asserted themselves and took and kept the throne amid the almost boundless freedom and wildness of the new home. And that new home was on a spot as lovely as could well be found in the then Western wilds. It was in 1837 as wild as any lover of the wilderness need desire. Indians were still lingering around their choice hunting and trapping grounds. The Wabash river valley formed the great base for supplies. Mills were few and forty miles away. Mail facilities were beginning to be enjoyed. The United States owned the land. And then and for many years, for choice wild game no better center than this small lake could one need to desire.

It is very certain that along this west side of the lake the feet of the children of the prairie and forest wild, the native red children of America, often passed: for the first white settlers found a well trodden pathway along the bank, on the shore height, where the water never reached. Now, one can walk by the water's edge, where the waves will soon wash out the footsteps; but in those days of Indian occupancy there was no passing below the wooded bank. But these Indians were not like the Narragansetts and Pequods, the Cherokees and Creeks, the Mingos and Delawares. They were Pottawatomies; and yet among them may have

been some noble specimens of the red race; real prayers may have gone up from this same lovely wild to him whom they called the Great Spirit; and longings for some higher knowledge may have stirred many hearts when they deposited the forms of warriors and of maidens, of aged women and children in their place of burial, which was in the ridge of sand near the north-east limit of the lake, and looked forward with hope to some re-union in their fancied hunting grounds of the happy. But they passed away toward the setting sun, and with no knowledge of what they had here been, or seen, or suffered, or enjoyed, there came those with higher and better knowledge, and who could leave behind them written records. And so, except the canoe and the well beaten path, and the burial ground, leaving no trace behind them on land or water, the native children disappeared, leaving their ancient home, with its unrecorded and now forgotten associations, to become the new and fresh home, as new and fresh as though it was but creation's dawn instead of ages having passed away, to become the home of the descendants of European pioneers.

THE LOST GIRLS.

One day when the two little sisters, who were usually dressed alike and were then about the

same size, seeming to be twins, Mary Jane and Henrietta, were perhaps eight and six years of age, they went to visit at a neighbor's, one-half mile distant in the woodland. They did not return at the expected time and a brother was sent in search of them. He learned that they had left the neighbor's house, as it was supposed, to return home, but still they had not reached home. There was some anxiety about them in the household, as the afternoon was rapidly passing away and they were evidently lost. A thorough search was commenced along the various woodland pathways, it being considered improbable that they would go out on the open prairie. We all know thrilling stories about lost children, and had these wanderers taken a different direction this account would be very different from what it is.

There was another neighbor's house farther on in the woodland at the head of the lake, the residence of the Herlitz family, the three homes being in the points of an isosceles triangle. After considerable alarm and search it was found that the two sisters, instead of returning southward to their own home, had passed eastward along a pathway through bushes and woodland to the Herlitz family home, from thence to return to their own home. Wolves at that time prowled on the prairie and in those

woodlands when the light of day passed away, and the brother's heart beat rapidly with joy when his eyes fell upon the little wanderers.

He had a similar experience afterward in searching for a lost lamb. A favorite lamb was one day missing from the flock. The woods after nightfall were dangerous for lambs as well as for little girls, and again he began a resolute search. Quite a long distance away, in the same woods at the head of the lake, at last, alive and unharmed the little lamb was found, and with quite a different and yet a true throb of joy he took up that tired, hungry, silly lamb in his arms and conveyed him to the home and to the flock. Perhaps the lamb was not silly, but the lamb was surely lost, and left to itself its fold it could not find. Years afterwards, in pastoral experience, not with sheep that wore wool, he had occasion to remember the joy at finding his little sisters, the peculiar kind of joy in giving to the lost lamb the protection of his vigorous arms. He who said "FEED MY LAMBS," knew that THEY would sometimes go astray.

One day, when neither girls nor lambs happened to be exposed to their attack, the inmates of the lake home were somewhat startled to see some wolves in the afternoon of a bright day, long before the sun reached the horizon, pass

rapidly near the house, through a field of corn, and pass off to the northward, more leisurely as though they were still free denizens around the lake. They were expected in the night time, but not in the day. And sometimes when least expected some wolf, perhaps in his own shaggy dress, perhaps in sheep's clothing, prowls around the fold of the Saviour's spiritual sheep. And such a wolf, if opportunity is given, will catch and scatter the sheep.

The native wolves of Lake Prairie proved destructive to melons and to green corn, when no feeble animals came within their reach. To their sharp, prolonged bark, the children eagerly listened, when nothing was exposed; and often in the mornings would find proof of their depredations within a short distance of the house. They at length caught one of these in a trap, inside of their home field, and the hunter brother, when out alone in the early morning, shot another, and they soon ceased to venture near that guarded home. This was his first opportunity to aim his rifle at a wolf. He came suddenly upon him in one of his usual morning hunts, then about half a mile from the dwelling house. Both the wolf and the hunter were startled at first. The prairie grass was then tall. The wolf instantly sprang into covert, but coming soon upon an open

spot and wishing, it seemed, to reconnoiter and to make out more distinctly what the young hunter might be, he turned his head an instant to look, as he stood with his broad side exposed. The curiosity of that instant proved fatal to him, for the almost always unerring rifle was that instant pointed toward him with its deadly aim from the hunter's eye, and the quick, sharp report passed toward the lake on the fresh, still air of the morning. The next instant after the aim was taken the head of the wolf turned away from the hunter and he plunged into the tall grass and was out of sight. But the swift bullet passed near his heart, and he was soon found, with his sharp white teeth and red tongue, and motionless form extended upon the earth. Hastening home the hunter obtained a brother's aid and this fine specimen of the *Canis latrans* was conveyed to the house for the inspection of all the members of the family.

Wolves of this kind we are at liberty to destroy; but of the "ravening wolves" which come "in sheep's clothing" we are only to beware. (See Matt. 7: 15.)

Other marauders, not dangerous to children but dangerous to chickens, marauders that loved the night time and the darkness, sometimes broke in upon the even tenor of this home life at which we are but glancing.

The seven children all loved excitement, while all were unbending in moral principle; and loving the lake, and the flowers, and the wild beauty around their home, and the solitary grandeur that could then be found in the West Creek woods, which only one visitor, a young lady from the East, ever seemed as fully as they to appreciate, they also enjoyed with the pleasure of those who have physical, intellectual, and moral health, any little startling episodes in their usually rich life. And the following event was one. In the still hours of the night a sound was heard from the poultry house, like a quick note of alarm, and then all was still. At different times this sound was heard, but it so soon ceased that no one gave it much attention. The next morning the children were surprised to find a number of fine large hens lying dead upon the ground. On a close examination a small hole was found in each one's neck out of which had oozed a drop of blood. Again the same thing took place and the hens seemed to be going by the dozens. They were not eaten nor torn, and the question was, what kind of an animal is the destroyer. When next the quick, sharp cry was heard some of the family arose and made careful search. By the light of a lantern taken inside of the poultry house there was discovered on one of the roosts beside the

hens a large black owl. He would insert his sharp bill into their necks, one by one, and with one cry they would fall to the ground dead. The owl could not escape and was soon dispatched with a club. All were glad on the next morning to see that this midnight marauder had met a deserved fate. A large white Rocky Mountain owl visited them one cold winter, but he committed no acts of pillage.

The American bald eagle in those days often was near their home, they could hear the fish hawk scream, and, at least once, the deer from the prairie, not having learned about the new home, ran very close to the house and bounded swiftly away into the grove. Enjoying, and learning, and trusting, engaged in varied pursuits, work, play, study, air castle building, the children became fitted, perhaps peculiarly fitted, for that thoroughly religious life upon which, in due season, each of the seven entered.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH PROGRESS.

The first Baptist church in Lake county, recognized with fifteen members, ordaining through a presbytery one of its number as pastor in 1840, and soon after receiving one new convert to the Christian faith as a member, received a few by letter and dismissed some, but passed through few changes during the next three years.

Elder Warriner commenced holding meetings at the court house, a two story log building on what is now the public square at Crown Point. He took turns, in preaching there, with Dr. Brown the Presbyterian pastor, and with Rev. M. Allman a Methodist local preacher. A union Sunday school was organized, conducted by each minister in turn. The Baptist family at Cedar Lake frequently attended on the Sabbaths when their pastor held meetings. On the other Sabbaths of the month their own meetings were kept up.

At length, in November, 1842, Elder Warriner requested to be released from the pastoral care of the Cedar Lake church that he might

accept an invitation to labor in Illinois. His success there during the next thirty years has been already mentioned.

In 1844 Hervey Ball was elected Probate Judge, and he bore the title during the remainder of his life.

CONVERSIONS.

In January, 1845, Elder William T. Bly from the state of New York, having settled at Valparaiso as pastor of the Baptist church in that village, came to Cedar Lake and became also pastor of that church, making pastoral visits once each month. The meetings grew in interest. Some of the Cedar Lake household, especially the young hunter and student, had been examining closely the subject of personal religion; and these received some help from the new pastor. In April, 1845, Elisabeth H. and her older brother gave to the church satisfactory evidence of conversion and were received as members and were baptized.

The experience of the brother was quite different from that of the sister. She listened with a new and a personal interest to the plain, practical, earnest preaching of the very faithful pastor. She very soon trusted in the Saviour and began to love and obey him and to rejoice in a new life. He had been for years struggling,

perhaps groping, doubting, hesitating, searching. His first special religious interest began at his Agawam birth-place, when he was eight years of age, when, as he believes, the Holy Spirit first visited his heart and caused him to become anxious in regard to his welfare after this life, caused him to rest no longer satisfied with repeating his child prayers learned from a mother's lips, but to pray in reality to his Heavenly Father, caused him in the still hours of night to inquire of that mother, who always wakened readily to attend to any wants of her children, in regard to the endless future, and in regard to the prospect before human beings in eternity. Then took hold of his soul, never to let go or loosen its strong grasp, the meaning of immortality and of that short and simple declaration, the soul must exist forever. What should for him that existence be? Then it was that the sound of the village bell, as slowly and solemnly it tolled the knell for some departed soul, according to the custom of those years, striking upon his ear on that grand hill top, was a sound of alarm and anguish. Death then seemed terrible, for into his mind the light of the resurrection morning had not begun to shine. Changing scenes and stirring events gave some relief, and he had grown fearfully careless in some respects, when he visited Cedar Lake for

the first time in company with his father in the early summer of 1837, then eleven years of age. He slept that first night in the cabin upon the west bank where was his father's claim, and there in that solitude, thirty miles away from his mother and sister and brothers, beside that beautiful sheet of water, he believes that again the Holy Spirit came to his soul, awakening it once more from its torpor and permitting it never to sleep thus again. Could then the boy of eleven have foreseen the soul conflicts, the doubts, the fierce struggles, the anguish, and the almost ecstatic joy, through which in the next eight years he was to pass on that half mile of surface upon which he stood alone on that summer morning, he would not in the least have wondered at the strange burden that then pressed upon his soul, and he would probably have looked with a solemn awe upon that bright lake whose little waves were dancing in the morning breeze. What that spot was afterward to be to him he had then not dreamed.

He had passed now through those nearly eight full years. He had read Ossian with intense delight, and Johnson's *Rasselas*, and many a work of fiction. He knew every story in the *New York World*, then edited by Park Benjamin. He had read *Allein's Alarm*, and *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*. He had followed

hunting with intense eagerness, bringing home large quantities of valuable game, sometimes almost or quite shedding tears over the death of some sprightly animal that fell before the unerring aim of his trusty rifle. He had put at times his whole soul into his literary societies and pursuits. He had suffered a mental agony that surely not many are called to suffer. He had built many an air castle. Often he had felt, perhaps Indian like, could he but have his dog and his gun he could be at any time well content. But until 1845 he had not found soul rest. On Sunday, April 19th, of that year, in the clear waters of the Red Cedar Lake, at a spot on the west shore connected with which are some sad, some pleasant, and some joyous associations which are connected with no other part of that winding shore, the brother and sister, in the presence of the members of the church and of a large congregation for those days, were baptized according to the ancient custom among the followers of Jesus Christ. On the same day the two united for the first time in observing the Lord's supper.

The brother soon *studied* Scougall's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," a little work which he prizes beyond any other religious writing of man uninspired. He studied Edwards on the Affections. He examined Flavel's

Touchstone of Sincerity with great care. He experienced some of the purest and richest soul joy of which he has ever heard. He passed through two struggles, perhaps, with some of the powers of darkness. He lost in these dark weeks his confidence in the Bible and at last his belief in the existence of God. But in agony of soul he still prayed. The grove and the prairie and the lake were the only earthly witnesses of his doubts, his struggles, his victory, and his joy. The autumn of 1845 found him far along in soul experiences. His doubts were settled in such a way in that solitude of nature, where he used to go alone into the lake woodland to read and meditate and pray, that he thinks they never can rise up again. Since that summer his belief in the Bible and in God has rested on no human traditions, on no human teaching, but on a foundation reached through a fearful struggle attended with no little anguish. The common doubts of professed sceptics to him seem very weak. His sister seemed to tread joyously and hopefully along the new path. There was received by the church on the same day with the brother and sister an elderly woman Mrs. Sarah Farwell, whose conversion was one of the most remarkable ever occurring in this county. She was a native of Vermont. She

came with her husband and family to the West in 1833, and the family endeavoring to follow the Old Soc Trail to the Hickory Creek settlement of Illinois, lost the direction and spent the fourth of July of that year "where Crown Point now stands, amid an unbroken solitude, while a messenger returned eastward for a guide." A few years later the family became residents of Lake county, three miles and a half west of Cedar Lake and one mile from the Illinois line. Mrs. Farwell had received a New England training and had experienced some early religious impressions. Her husband had claimed to be a Universalist. He had died, and the charge of the family rested upon her. Two sons and one daughter were grown up and married. One son, a young man, and three younger sons, Edwin J., Hudson, and Darius G. remained at home. Early in 1845 she commenced to attend the meetings at Cedar Lake with two and sometimes three of the young sons, then boys. These came one Sunday when there was no preaching and attended the Sunday school. It was evident that her heart, like that of Lydia of Thyatira, had been peculiarly, supernaturally opened. She attended to the lesson of that morning with a strange interest. She returned home. And when the eighteenth of April came she

was present to narrate with the other two the wonderful dealings of God with her soul. Remarkable manifestations of the Divine presence, and grace, and love, had been granted to her in her home; and like a child, as young in her Christian experiences as the young Elisabeth H., she presented herself to the church as a candidate for baptism and for membership. The church rejoiced in this accession to their numbers of the head of another New England family, and the door was opened for meetings in a new neighborhood. In order that more members of her family and other friends might be present, the baptism of Mrs. Farwell was deferred till May 18th, when young Eli Church, the youngest son of Richard Church was ready for the same act of obedience, having given to the church the day before satisfactory evidence that he had lately been converted.

There was present April 19th, when the second and third professed believers ever baptized at Cedar Lake were immersed by Elder Wm. T. Bly, a young friend of these two, Ann Belshaw, who soon after became a member of this church, having been baptized by Elder Hastings in La Porte county when she was twelve years of age. There were then four young church members, and the meetings held each month were very pleasant and profitable. The new

pastor was intensely in earnest in his efforts to bring the Scripture teachings to the hearts of the people.

Besides the Farwell neighborhood, lately mentioned, where meetings were soon held, Elder Bly also had a monthly appointment in the Belshaw neighborhood, where seven members were soon collected. This neighborhood was about nine miles south from the school house near the lake.

It was soon ascertained that a few isolated Baptists from the state of New York were residing at Beebe's Grove, a locality in Illinois, about twelve miles from Cedar Lake, north and west, near the present town of Crete. These were the Luce and Smith families, who came to the meetings of the Cedar Lake church, as their nearest Baptist home, and the pastor commenced preaching in their neighborhood, entering actively into the work of church extension. In this neighborhood were very intelligent, enterprising Eastern people, many of them Congregationalists, with whom it was exceedingly pleasant to meet in religious worship. Often the lake family attended the meetings held here, although twelve miles distant. Some members of the Beach family residing in this grove were then the best singers in the whole region. Soon Mary Ann Smith, a young girl,

was converted and baptized; and soon after Fanny C. Warriner, daughter of Lewis Warriner, then residing with the Ball family, was added to the number of youthful disciples. She was baptized by Elder Bly January 24, 1846.

The lake was now covered with thick ice, but a font was soon arranged by cutting through the ice. Steps were placed leading down into the clear water, which was very far from being icy cold, and the emblematic burial was with very little inconvenience readily performed. Those who think such winter immersions are dreadful and cruel acts do not understand very well some of the philosophy of nature.

Meetings at the school house and in the different neighborhoods continued, probably through 1846, although the pastor resided at Valparaiso and came into Lake county only once each month.

Before his labors closed one of the young members, cherished and dearly loved by many, Ann Belshaw, faded away from earth. A short sketch of this choice girl will be found elsewhere.

Changes probably took place at Valparaiso. Elder Bly commenced teaching there, to aid in gaining a support, and Lake county was without a Baptist minister. Twenty-two members had been added to the Cedar Lake church during his short pastorate.

He had baptized but six, but they proved to be very faithful and consistent and living members. He had brought a young theological student to Cedar Lake for a short residence with the family there. He had been instrumental in calling forth Christian activities in some hearts where loving and patient labor was never more in life to cease. He also sowed good seed in many other hearts.

From Indiana he passed westward became a pastor in Minnesota and in Illinois. So far as known he is yet living, but is quite an aged man, a veteran soldier now. Surely his work in Lake will never die.

A mission Sabbath school was commenced and carried on, by members of the lake family, at the home of Mrs. Farwell. Some very interesting and promising children attended here.

THE FIRST DEATH IN THE CEDAR LAKE HOME.

It was one of those very sickly seasons throughout what was then the West. "The summer of 1846 was one of uncommon calamities. It was very dry and very hot. Sickness was almost universal. There were few to relieve the wants of the sick or to administer medicine. Fields of grain wasted, uncut or unstacked." Lake County, page 91. It had been quite a fruitful season, the autumn was

unusually warm. Apple trees put forth blossoms like spring time. It was about all that each family could do to attend the sick ones at home. Work upon the farms ceased with many families while the whole attention of those able to be about was required in the homes. Two of the sons in the Cedar Lake family, the oldest and his brother Charles, were then untouched by the prevailing sickness and the one administered the medicines and watched the sick and the other attended to other household duty. All recovered except the aged grandmother.

The refreshing air of the autumnal mornings brought to her no increase of strength. She was glad to see the flowers which the children gathered for her gratification, and she expressed the hope that earth would have no flower less when she was gone. The family worship for a time was conducted in her room. She was no singer, but to the surprise of all she joined at one time in singing one of the hymns of praise. It seemed like a new power coming to her from the other world. Several of the members of the church came to see her on what proved to be the last day of her life. She joined in heart in the prayers and songs of praise, and as the shades of the evening came on, trusting firmly in the Saviour whom

for so many years she had loved and obeyed she went to sleep in death. The gathered household knelt within the room where death had for the first time entered, and the father of the seven children offered earnest, solemn prayer to God. It was a prayer that left its impress deep on some of that kneeling group. Then while some prepared the dead form for its last rest, the members of the home went to their various duties.

That was a precious, sacred room. There had the two young prairie flowers entered upon life; there as reclining upon the carpet in the summer of 1845, in lonely meditation, had a ray of light entered a struggling soul; there had Father Sawin of Laporte and other visitors led the family devotions; there had some young forms of earthly beauty made and received impressions which were to last forever; and there ten years afterward entered upon life the young grandson whose southern mother in 1855 became a daughter at Cedar Lake. A different building now occupies that spot.

The local associations live now in memory, some of which are named upon this written page. Mrs. Elisabeth Horton died October 25, 1846, seventy-seven years of age.

To the oldest brother of the lake family, whose special duty it had been that summer to

care for the sick, the months of July and August, of September and October, were peculiarly favorable for spiritual growth.

The death of a dear friend, Lewis F. Wariner, in 1845, had left a shadow over his soul, and now the death of the very dear friend, in June of this year, the gentle and lovely English prairie girl, cast a yet deeper shadow around a heart then too sensitive for ordinary life. It has learned since to grow strong in sufferings. The care of the sick in that room, where his grandmother spent her last weeks, gave much time for reading, and the staple of this summer's reading was Sunday school literature, the supply of which was then abundant. There was no weight of care, except for the welfare of the sick, and the recollection of that summer and autumn is filled with two images, the care of the sick ones and the intervals filled with pleasant, instructive reading, reading which was soothing, refining, sanctifying in its influence. Sometimes there was an opportunity to breathe the fresh air and to visit the beds of rich, ripe cantaloupes and muskmelons, which few then dared to eat, and to visit the orchard and wonder at the September and October blossoms. The peculiar mental and spiritual atmosphere of this summer and autumn cannot be expressed in words.

One died, health returned to others.

Farm work was resumed, and soon the winter studies brought the mind back, in some respects, to every day life, and preparation for college life began soon to be made. The influence in forming character, of that year of 1846, has never ceased to be felt. A direction was then given to all the future life of that watcher by the sick, that mourner for the dead. So to speak, a hue was imparted to his soul, in those months and in that solitude, as though given by a painter's brush in the hands of an angel of gentle ministration, a brush dipped in Heaven's own fadeless coloring; a hue which neither the bright joy of Southern life, nor the mingling with ambitious New England intellects, has been able to efface; a hue that is not of this world, nor perishable like the things of earth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THIRD PASTOR.

It is probable that Elder Sawin supplied the church to some extent in 1847. He, at least, visited the different neighborhoods and preached to the congregations, saying to the brethren that he came to see how they did. (See Acts 15:36.)

Elder Kennedy also from Twenty Mile Prairie sometimes visited the bounds of the Cedar Lake Church. But the need of a pastor was felt, and arrangements were made to secure the labors of Elder A. Hastings for a year. He was to make his home with the family at the lake, his own household then numbering four. In February 1848 he commenced his labors, and the Ball family, usually numbering from twelve to sixteen or eighteen members, had now in their home a resident pastor. It was quite a little assembly when the whole household assembled for family worship; it was like the few household churches mentioned in the New Testament records.

Church building again went forward. Five more members were received at Beebe's Grove. But soon it was thought best to form new

churches, and the mother church of the region must be content to see her daughters grow.

The following are records for this year of 1848.

“At a covenant meeting letters were given to the following brethren and sisters to form a church with other brethren at West Creek: Melvin Halsted, Martha C. Halsted, Patty Halsted, David Tabor, and Elizabeth Belshaw.”

(This little band soon were organized and recognized as the West Creek Baptist church. The locality was the Belshaw neighborhood. Elder Hastings continued to be their pastor.

This church was organized May 6, 1848. This is their record. “The conference then agreed to form themselves into a church to be known as The Regular Baptist church of West Creek.” The “then” denotes immediately after adopting articles of faith.

The church was recognized by a council May 28. The members of this council were Elder Hastings and members from the Cedar Lake church. L. Cutler of Laporte church, being present, by invitation united in the council.

Elder Hastings was Moderator and T. H. Ball was Clerk.

Under date of Sept. 11th is the following:

“Resolved to build a Baptist meeting house, M. Halsted, A. Dumond, and O. W. Graves were appointed a committee to choose a site.”

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No house was built. The following are the names of those reported as baptized, during the life-time of this church, by its second pastor, Elder Hunt: Harriet Belshaw, Candace Belshaw, Sarah A. Hunt, Thomas Belshaw, Charlotte Tabor, O. P. Harder, Susan McNutt, and Helen Tabor.)

“At a covenant meeting the following brethren and sisters were dismissed to form a church at Thorn Grove: William Hughes, Jacob Luce, John M. Davis, Sally Luce, Desdemona Little, Mercy Ann Smith, now Mercy Ann Marsh, Mary Babcock.”

These formed a church in Illinois. Elder Hastings labored faithfully during the year in building up the members, and especially the younger ones, in Bible doctrine. He was a very thorough expounder of the Scriptures, and very different from Elder Bly in his modes of working.

Family changes at the ever pleasant lake home were about to be made. The literary societies had been going on prosperously. These the pastor encouraged. The group of young people found not only enjoyment but great improvement in the varied exercises which many of them dearly loved. But they were soon to be scattered. Some of them were looking forward to more thorough prep-

aration for active life. The oldest son of the Ball family, the hunter of the lake and woodland wilds, whose trusty rifle brought down such large quantities of game, was soon to enter upon college life. His preparation for a college course had been commenced in childhood. He mastered the Latin Grammar, the Reader, *Viri Romae*, and began to read Cæsar's Commentaries before he was eight years old. He continued Latin at the select school of West Springfield during his ninth year. He commenced Greek. He had at first a private tutor. He continued Greek during his eleventh year. When eleven years of age he came West, and the attractions of the chase, especially the ducks, the wild geese, the grouse, the sand hill cranes, the wolves, the deer, and the fascination of general and often of light reading, proved too strong for his entire devotion to study. His frame, never large, grew hardy and robust. He could roam the wilds with his gun and dog as untiring as an Indian. He would plunge into the waters of the lake, when frost and even ice was on the shore, without even a shiver. He practiced cold bathing usually from March to November or December. He cultivated endurance. He worked upon the farm and was skillful in holding the plow, in swinging the scythe and the cradle,

or in using the sickle. It was his special work and delight to make and keep in order the large flower beds for his mother and sisters. But now for a year he had been concentrating his energies on Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics. He had studied surveying before this and sometimes performed his father's duties as county surveyor. In the private room which he called his study, where he was safe from intrusion, he worked diligently now, seldom taking up his gun except for exercise, laying all light literature aside, and Cicero's select orations, and the twelve books of Virgil's *Æneid*, the ten eclogs, and the four georgics, were soon mastered. The last georgic containing five hundred and sixty-six lines was read in one day. The benefit of studying Latin in childhood was fully realized. Sufficient Greek and algebra were mastered to meet the requirements of the college;—it was with him Bourdon's Algebra "without a teacher," or a note, or a suggestion, or a guide, and one example in equations proved to be difficult for his ingenuity, but he plodded on. The autumn came. E. J. Farwell was designing to study at Wabash College at Crawfordsville. They went together in a wagon down the Grand Prairie of Illinois, which was wild and tenantless then, where now are railroad tracks, and farms, and

hedges, and orchards, and homes, to the town of Crawfordsville, where he took the stage for Indianapolis, on the way to Franklin College at Franklin. His home parting had been a sad one, as he took, miles away on the prairie, his last look at the grove and the home which contained the most that was dear to him on earth, and the pathos of Ossian and the mournful beauties of Mrs. Heman's poems were filling his mind with plaintive sounds and saddening pictures; but at Crawfordsville he parted with his father who had accompanied him thus far, and with his young friend. He arrived by due course of the conveyances of those days at Franklin and commenced duties there, but to say that he was homesick would be saying very little. Never away from home for a week before, and now among total strangers, whose ways were so different from those to which he had been accustomed, he had that disease, nostalgia, in a very aggravated form. But he did not go home. He plunged into the studies before him as he had been accustomed in early spring time to plunge into the cold water of his lake, and a fellow student who closely observed him remarked afterward that he was sure he would soon kill himself by over devotion to his pursuits, that he would not stand that rate of study long. He wore off his home-

sickness. He had entered in advance, and although then a little behind in Greek, he graduated in two years, in the summer of 1850, and soon, without returning to his home, he was drawn by some strange or hidden attraction to the state of Alabama. He had taken with him from Franklin, besides his diploma, a general letter of introduction from the faculty saying:

“We * * have great pleasure in certifying that * * * the Bearer of these presents is a member of the class which has just graduated here (Anno Domini 1850) and we hereby introduce him to all whose acquaintance he may seek as a gentleman of virtuous and religious habits, of excellent abilities, and of superior scholarship. * * * ” Also he took, when starting for the South the following special statement signed by John S. Hougham, Professor of Mathematics: “The Bearer * * * completed the regular Classical and Mathematical course of this Institution, and graduated in July 1850. His habits of study are of the closest and most rigid character. His uniform course was to study not merely to be able to *recite*, but to be *master* of the studies he pursued. In the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, the department in which I heard his recitations, his attainments are of a high order; and I consider him well qualified to

take charge of that department in any Seminary or Academy."

Having spent his few months after leaving college at Danville, near Indianapolis, having been one of the constituent members of the Baptist church there, and having there commenced the great work of preaching the Gospel, he took with him from that church a license "to preach the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ wheresoever God in his providence may cast his lot." Signed by A. Bland, Moderator, William Crawford, Clerk, and John Jones, Pastor of Church. Furnished with his diploma and these three documents, thus "armed and equipped" for work, we will leave him to follow his romantic, or perhaps providential course, and return to the lake of the cedars.

A break had been made in the home circle, and others will go forth soon. Those remaining continued their accustomed pursuits. The farm work, the studies, the church work, all went prosperously onward. The following entry appears upon the church book: "1849, Feb'y. The church has been supplied by Elder Hastings during the past year. There has been no addition by baptism, yet we hope his labors will be not in vain. Again the church is left destitute."

In 1845 the church had reported to the association seventeen members. In 1846 they reported thirty-six members. In 1849 only twenty-one were reported, two new churches having been constituted within the former bounds. The work which Elder Hastings accomplished, if not showing the same results as that performed by Elder Bly, must also, as connected with the coming kingdom and the undying nature of Christian truth, itself live: "One soweth and another reapeth."

"Thou knowest not which will thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOURTH PASTOR — TIMES OF REFRESHING.

RECORDS.

“1850. January 12th. In the good providence of God the church is again supplied with a pastor, Elder Thomas L. Hunt of Rolling Prairie, whose labors commenced in December. A covenant meeting was this day held and most of the resident members present. The meeting was commenced as usual by prayer, and continued by an expression of faithfulness and fellowship by each member. Expressions were also made by several others, not members, of the goodness of God toward them and their hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. William Taylor was received into fellowship after relation of his experience and his hope in a Saviour. Voted that after being baptized he be received a member of this church.

On motion it was resolved that Elder Hunt be duly recognized as pastor of this church.

This meeting was attended with unusual interest.”

The place of meeting, which for about twelve years had been at the school house and at the

home of Judge Ball on the west side of the lake, was now, in 1850, changed to the school house south-east of the lake.

That part of the county north and west of the lake was already filling up with a Catholic and Lutheran population, the earlier settlers having removed.

Richard Church on Prairie West died September 30, 1848, being nearly seventy-three years old; and soon his large family were scattered, some going east into Michigan and some into the far West; and before long that whole prairie, with nearly all of St. Johns township was densely settled by a German Catholic population.

To accommodate, therefore, the Baptist congregation, the place of meeting was thus changed.

“January 26. Covenant and church meeting was this day held at the school house south of the lake.

Elder Hunt present as pastor.

The usual covenant exercises were attended with interest. Several persons came forward and related the dealings of God with them and their hopes of salvation through the Saviour Jesus Christ. The church having gained evidence of their reconciliation with God and their sincerity of attachment to the cause of Christ

received into fellowship and membership of the church after being baptized Enoch S. McCarty, Daniel Davis, Mrs. Lucy Taylor, Mrs. Mary Edgerton, and Miss Polly Edgerton."

The next day six were baptized. As the place of meeting was changed so now the place of baptism was changed to the south side of the lake. The thoughtful reader may be somewhat surprised that believers were ready for baptism as soon as a new pastor appeared among them. The explanation probably is, that the Cedar Lake Sabbath school transferred to this same south side school house, had been attended by the people of the neighborhood and the truth thus brought to their minds and hearts had made them "free indeed," had made them the obedient followers of the Saviour.

Elder Hunt was pastor three years and additions to the church and baptisms were quite frequent. Twenty-eight were received to membership while he was pastor, and counting himself and wife, who also became members, the number added to the church was thirty, and twenty-one of these were received by experience and baptism, and only nine by letter.

It was truly for this church a season of refreshing. Among these were a number who had grown up as boys and girls together around

the lake, who had been together in school life, in the sports of childhood, and in social life; and now together they made public profession of their faith in Christ. There was joy now in many homes around the lake. And among these was Heman Ball, the second son of Judge Ball, who had taken, in home life, the older brother's place, and who was now nineteen years of age. He was quite tall, with keen dark eyes, very inventive, intellectual, ambitious. Life for him promised much. He was baptized October 18th, 1851. The event proved that less than three years of life were then before him, but they were to be years of rapid spiritual growth and great bodily suffering. On the same day were baptized three other young persons, Jonathan McCarty, Elisabeth Vinnedge, and Harvey Davis.

In the summer of 1850 Elisabeth H. Ball also left the lake home. She spent a year in the city of New York and in Massachusetts among her relatives, and joined her brother, in the fall of 1851, in South Alabama.

Five of the seven only remained now to keep the home, Heman, who has just been mentioned; Charles, who was now about seventeen years of age, and who was always the sparkling life of the home circle, the lover of poetry, the bright looking and brilliant boy;

James H., who was now about fifteen, and who was a sturdy looking, sensitive boy; and the two young girls Mary Jane and Henrietta. Of these five and their home life and of his then dearly-loved lake their brother in Alabama seemed sometimes to think, as he wrote at that time the following, which is copied from the Danville Advertiser.

It is not reproduced here for its poetic merit. It claims none. But it indicates the feelings which that home life, that real "life in the West," cultivated.

" 'BROTHER, COME HOME, COME HOME.'

How many lovely, quiet homes within thy borders, Oh Indiana.

There comes a voice to Fancy's ear,
From the home of my happy youth;
I think of tried and loved ones dear,
Whose spirits glow with joy and truth,
And deem this wish is spoken,
Of love another token,

"Brother, come home, come home."

There is one, with a manly form,
An active mind, a skillful hand;
A heart of kindness, noble, warm,
The second in a brothers' band.
I listen. "Why so long away?
Oh brother, what enticing charm,
Still causes you from home to stay?
Come, view again our rich broad farm;

Come, plunge within our lovely lake,
Its waters yet are pure and clear;
Come, aid us the sweet hay to make.
We'll shoot the grouse, we'll hunt the deer.
All still is bright and beaming,
Our home in beauty gleaming;
 Brother, come home, come home."

Another, with high, radiant brow,
Quick, sparkling mind, and kindling eyes,
Appears, in thought, before me now.
"Say brother, will that morning rise,
When we shall mount our gallant steeds,
Go forth and take a healthful ride,
Behold our fertile, flowery meads,
The beauties of our prairies wide?
The haunts which you have loved remain,
The calm retreats, the shady grove;
(Changes are few round our domain;)
And through them we again will rove.
The wild fowls yet fly o'er us;
They swim the lake before us;
Brother, come home, come home."

A third there is, with thoughtful mien,
With lively feelings, tender heart;
A robust youth, whose glance is keen,
Formed to admire rich works of art.
"Come, brother, to our home again;
Lay by awhile a teacher's care,
Forsake the bustling scenes of men,
And breathe our pure refreshing air.
A 'study' nice we'll fix for you,
Choice books are still upon the shelf,
At morn we'll rise, fresh as the dew,
And 'in the mines of knowledge' delve;

Imagination glowing;
On us her light bestowing;
 Brother, come home, come home."

A gentle girl, so bright, so fair,
So beautiful to me, so kind,
To speak of her I may not dare,
Lest there should seem a trifling mind.
A gentle girl, what will she say?
"Brother, I should be very glad,
Now, in this flowery month of May,
To greet you here. Say are you sad?
We have plucked the flowers of beauty,
And we have woven garlands bright;
Brother is it not our duty,
To love the lovely? Is it right?
Our prairie now is charming,
Delightful work is farming;
 Brother, come home, come home."

Another, and the youngest too;
Of her alike I may not speak.
Oh gentle sister, what would you?
"Come brother, now our quiet seek;
Visit your home and friends again;
For you I'll cull the flowrets sweet,
The fairest in the woody glen;
So glad, if we could only meet.
The snow-white water lilies grow,
As they have grown in days of yore;
Their beauty, fragrance, well you know,
For you have gathered them before.
Our flocks and herds are lowing,
There's milk and honey flowing;
 Brother, come home, come home."

Brothers, sisters, I hope to come,
Your flowers, and fruits, and pleasures share;
Yours, I know, is a happy home,
Scarcely touched by sorrow and care.
But I hear the voice of duty,
Forbidding me a quick return,
And I hope no joy, no beauty,
Will lead me e'er that voice to spurn.
These flowers, now blooming, soon will fade,
The woods and meads be decked with others,
Then, if not in earth's bosom laid,
I hope to meet you, sisters, brothers.
But oh! that home in Heaven!
There may we meet, all seven;
Brothers, sisters, seek Home.

T. H. B."

Franklin Springs, Ala., May, 1851.

Some of the outward attractions at this home were the cultivated flowers, the songs of birds, the lowing herds and bleating flocks, the swarms of bees, and the fruits in their seasons. Sometimes the number of swarms of bees reached a hundred. And on the Sabbath mornings in May and June there was something very soothing to the mind to sit in the shade of a tree and to hear, without listening, the pleasant hum of the bees. Many an hour of reading and meditation has thus been rendered yet more pleasant by this soothing sound. Milk and butter and honey, the three choicest products in all lands, were here always in abundance, with

everything else which was good and nice that the climate would allow.

Well says Pollok of the righteous man, "May he not eat, if Providence allows, the finest of the wheat?"

Health, content, and abundance are three great elements of home happiness, where around the table sit "blooming sons and daughters."

May 3, 1851 there was received into the membership of the Cedar Lake church, on a letter of dismission given by a Baptist church in New York, one who from that time till now has been a stanch, earnest, consistent Baptist Christian, closely identified with the Sabbath school work of the county and with the advance of true Baptist principle and practice. This was Mrs. M. J. DINWIDDIE of Plum Grove, then a comparatively young mother, just taking a position among the Baptist laborers in Lake county and commencing a work which would make her home one of the Baptist centers for, it might be, thirty years to come. Other facts concerning her family and work will be given under the head of Plum Grove. She has already almost completed thirty years of Sabbath school and church work.

Elder Hunt made his home the first year with the Warriner family—his brother James

Hunt, had married Fannie C. Warriner — and the resident pastor was now on the east side of the lake; but the second and third years he made his home at Crown Point, building then the house afterward occupied by the Vilmer family. Elder Warriner had for a time preached regularly at the court-house. Elder Bly, the second pastor, preached there occasionally. At his last appointment there were present three inhabitants of Crown Point, Henry Wells and his wife and little child, and there were two who went up from Cedar Lake. Elder Hastings did not consider that field promising. The village contained a small Presbyterian church and a small Methodist church. One citizen bore the name of a Baptist, but not manifesting much of the Baptist character his name is here omitted. But Elder Hunt thought that “good might be done at Crown Point,” however unpromising it appeared and had proved to be for Baptist labor, and he proposed to try. He persevered, and in December 1851 was constituted the

CROWN POINT BAPTIST CHURCH

with thirteen members.

This was another off-shoot from the Cedar Lake church, the third daughter of that mother church of this region.

The following is the record of that church.

“Decr. 11th. At covenant meeting this day the following members applied for letters of dismission to unite in a church at Crown Point: Elder Thomas L. Hunt and wife Julia Hunt, John Church and wife Lydia A. Church, Valona Cutler, Sophia Cutler, Martha Cutler, Judson Cutler, M. Jennet Dinwiddie. Letters were accordingly voted to be given.

Delegates were appointed, agreeably to request of Crown Point brethren, to meet in council to constitute the Crown Point church.”

Nine of the thirteen went directly from the Cedar Lake church.

In August, 1851, an important matter came up before the church. A committee was then appointed to obtain information and to report at the next meeting whether it was “desirable and practicable” to commence the erection of a house for worship. The committee were bros. Warriner, Thompson, and Davis. In September the committee reported that “it was advisable and practicable.”

A committee was then appointed “to select a site for a meeting house.”

It does not appear that this committee ever reported. Elder Hunt’s health soon failed, and it is supposed that the brethren concluded that the erection of a meeting house would be too great an undertaking, the membership of the church undergoing such continual change.

It is now understood at the lake that the committee considered in regard to purchasing a certain tract of forty acres which could then have been secured for a small amount.

It seems now, after the changes of more than twenty-five years, that it would have been wisdom for the church then to have bought that land and to have erected a building. The land is now quite valuable, and a house for worship erected there might have secured the continued existence of that church. But Elder Hunt thought it best to endeavor to plant a Baptist church at the county seat, and in accomplishing that he, in part, sacrificed his life; and the lake members knew how fluctuating was the population around them and how rapidly their membership might change.

Quite recently a good house for worship, costing about one thousand dollars, has been erected on or near that selected spot, and a large and orderly congregation, a large Methodist class, hold regular meetings there. A railroad is expected soon to pass there, and a station to be located near. A village will of course grow up. There might have been during all these years, since 1851, a Baptist meeting house there, with a small, perhaps, but a living church; and now the forty acres of land would enable them to erect a costly building.

But these things, at that time, the brethren could not foresee; and it is Scriptural to believe that He, who does foresee all things, orders events, and orders them wisely and orders them well. We may often err in judgment; perhaps that committee erred in judgment, perhaps the pastor, and perhaps the church; nevertheless, amid all our errors of judgment, the will of God controls all events, and his great purposes move evenly on.

In November, 1852, "by reason of ill health" Elder Hunt requested to be released from his pastoral charge. It was "thereupon voted that the pastoral relations be dissolved in Christian fellowship."

In 1853 letters of dismissal were granted in February, in March, and in April; and in June a letter was sent to the association, no delegate being able to attend.

"July 22. This day was the funeral of our former pastor Elder Thomas L. Hunt. Sermon by Elder Storrs of Momence. Text Psalm 37: 37." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

To no minister of our day more fittingly than to Thomas L. Hunt might these words of Scripture be applied.

His name will appear again, in connection with other labors, and some sketch of his short life will be given.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIFTH PASTOR.

MARRIAGES AND DEATH, REMOVALS AND DISSOLUTION.

The first college graduate from Cedar Lake and from Lake county was mentioned in a former chapter as making his way, with his diploma and testimonials, to Alabama. He had declined going immediately from Franklin to the Newton Theological Seminary, because he wished first to try his own powers, and see if, going forth from his prairie home, he could make his way alone in the busy world. He had declined entering upon a life of ministerial activity which was opening attractively before him in the neighborhood of Indianapolis, because he wished to have the way open for taking a course of theological instruction.

Duty, inclination, destiny, seemed to lead him to North Alabama rather than to Virginia, his choice having been between these two states. On a very small circumstance, a slight contingency, all the future of his life was now about to turn. Small, sometimes apparently trivial, circumstances have often decided the destiny

not only of individuals but of nations. Must they not be Providential? With a purpose somewhat different from that of Jacob of old, but like him a lone adventurer, and trusting to heavenly guidance, he had embarked at Madison on the Ohio river for a point below its mouth on the Mississippi. He awoke in the night, with no one to call him, just in time to land upon a wharf boat. He there spent the Sabbath in company with a Kentucky judge. He passed across that part of Kentucky lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, known as the Indian purchase, traveling as did Jacob on his way to Padan-Aram. He was quarantined in a farmer's family with the mumps, having for pets two tame deer. He passed through Clinton, and Mayfield, and Wadesboro', and then through a wild region of undisturbed forests and through ranges of hills skirting the Tennessee, singular in appearance and covered with small flint stones. An extract from a letter to the Danville Advertiser says: "The stones lie on the southern sides of the hills from base to summit, so thickly strown, that it seems as though sheep could hardly here find sustenance. The hills appear in the distance as if covered with snow which has been partly melted and become dingy. The trees upon them are small, seeming about the

same in size. The quantity of stones and pebbles here is immense. Can they have lain here ever since the deluge, neither washed down nor imbedded beneath the surface? or has some later change passed over this region?" Becoming weary of waiting for a boat on the Tennessee, he crossed over to the Cumberland, went up that river a short distance, and came back to the Tennessee, passing through a portion of Tennessee abounding in iron ore found in the sides of the lofty hills. Among these hills and valleys and iron furnaces he spent another Sabbath, attending a meeting conducted, for the most part, by a very tall, masculine looking woman. He went up the Tennessee in a steamboat to Florence, found the printing office, and looked over the exchanges. He was looking for an opening for a teacher. It was in accordance with his training to seek it thus. He found at last a solitary notice, in a solitary copy of a paper published in South Alabama. How came that solitary notice to reach his eye? It shaped his future. It led him, after spending five months at Franklin Springs, where he commenced his first independent Sabbath labors in an atmosphere of fashionable gayety and of anti-mission Baptist influence, to Grove Hill, Alabama, where his sister joined him in the fall of 1851. Here he

found delightful social influences around him, a strong Baptist community, and a fine field for Sabbath school enterprise. Leaving the brother and sister in this lovely region, it is time for us to return to the Baptist interests at Cedar Lake.

RECORDS, CONTINUED.

“1853, September 3d.

The church met in covenant meeting this day. Elder Brayton [G. F.] the missionary of the association was present.”

“October 1st. Covenant meeting this day. Elder Brayton present, also Br. Uriah McKay. After the usual exercises it was voted to invite Br. McKay, who has been with us two Sabbaths, to remain with us as pastor of the church for one year.”

Brother Uriah McKay had been a room mate with the Cedar Lake student at Franklin College, and so had learned about his lake home and some of its attractions.

“October 8th. Meetings have been held every evening, by brethren Brayton and McKay, during past week. * * * ”

“October 16th. * * * Meetings have been held every evening and several afternoons from Oct. 1st to Oct. 16th. The blessing of God has attended his word preached and souls

have been born of the Spirit of God and rejoice in his mercy.”

Ten members were added to the church at this meeting by experience and baptism. Among these was a fourth member of the lake family, Mary Jane Ball, who was received October 8th and baptized October 9th, 1853.

This was another pleasant and glorious autumn for this household, although that brother, baptized in the October of two years before, was passing through great physical suffering. The two exceeding delightful months at this lake, so far as the face of nature is concerned, are usually June and October.

Brother McKay made his home with the family of Judge Ball. He was not yet ordained nor married. He possessed a refined and very sensitive nature, and was a devoted Christian. He was too sensitive for the position in which circumstances soon placed him. He afterwards married Miss Billingsley, a member of a wealthy family near Ladoga, Indiana, and settled in a growing railroad town of Illinois. He is probably still living. He took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of some of the converts at the October meeting. A few members were received by letter in the year 1854, and several dismissed. It was a year of varied experiences for the lake household.

In the summer of 1853 Elisabeth H. Ball and her brother had gone up the Mississippi river to Alton, had there visited some dear friends, and then had gone northward for that promised visit at Cedar Lake. She remained at home for a year, while he returned in August, by way of the city of New York, where was his uncle's home and where he visited the Crystal Palace, to Grove Hill in Alabama. That visit had been delightful, and now, in the mid-summer of 1854, he was expected again, in company with a young merchant of the South who afterwards became a probate judge.

The young Elisabeth H. had several suitors for her hand and had been earnestly sought in marriage at her father's home and in the East. The young men possessed good personal appearance, they were well connected in life, they had good capabilities, one of them afterwards became very wealthy on the Pacific coast, but none of these proved to be the one allotted to her for life. But now the young merchant from Alabama was coming to claim her for his home.

The two travellers arrived, by way of the city of New York, in the month of July. That they should enjoy the shady retreats on the west side of the bright lake, after passing through the intense summer heats of that season was natural.

The bridal day was fixed. The first pastor of their church, Elder Warriner, came from his Illinois home to perform the marriage ceremony. The invited guests were present, and on the 27th of July, 1854, Elisabeth H. Ball of Cedar Lake was married to Richard J. Woodward of South Alabama. The festivities passed as is usual on such occasions, and early in the fall it was expected that the three would return to their Southern home. But sorrow often crowds upon joy. Some twine the bridal wreath, and some soon after robe the silent form of the dead.

Death was again drawing near to this home. A few years before, the two young sisters, then little children, had gone down together almost to the gates of death. There had been prayers and tears, and faithful vigils kept, and together they came back from that near approach to the invisible world and walked with joy the paths of life.

But now there was to be no return.

Heman Ball, the second brother, who had seemed to enjoy fully the marriage festivities, who had been for years a sufferer, and whose intellectual and spiritual growth during those years had been remarkable, was called at last, quite suddenly, to go to the heavenly home. The church record says that he died August

28, 1854, at three o'clock P.M., aged twenty-two years. His was such a peaceful, even triumphal death, that the tears of sorrow were not bitter tears. After passing through these great contrasts of joy and sorrow the three visitors returned to their home in the South.

Four of the seven yet remained waiting their turn to leave the quiet home. These were Charles and James H., now almost young men; and Mary Jane and Henrietta, the latter then thirteen years of age. And for one of these that time was very near at hand, for in this same autumn of 1854, Charles Ball left home and entered upon college life at Franklin. Dr. Silas Bailey was then President of Franklin College, and the winter and spring that followed proved to be a precious season for the spiritual growth of the young student from the Cedar Lake home as well as for others. There, at Franklin, March 25, 1855, Charles Ball was baptized, probably by Dr. Bailey, and one more of the household thus professed faith in Christ.

There was for the Cedar Lake church yet one more ingathering. Elder Hitchcock, the new missionary of the association, held a series of meetings at the school house in February, 1855, and Sophia Palmer, Catharine Taylor,

and Amy Mann, three young girls, were converted and baptized.

April 24th. Covenant meeting held this day. Elder Steadman present."

At this meeting Henrietta Ball was received into the fellowship of the church. On Sunday, April 25th, 1855, she was baptized. And the youngest of the lake household, the keen, sprightly, gentle, gifted Henrie, was the last one received into the membership of this church. Elder N. V. Steadman from Evansville, a devoted, earnest hearted man, well known and honored in the state of Indiana, returned to his home and soon after died. So that she was probably the last one that he ever baptized. Of the remainder of her life, as rich and full as it was short, a brief sketch will by and by be given. For the present, years of intense enjoyment are before her. Rarely can one be found who was capable of enjoying more, or who could add more to the happiness of others.

Only two records now remain upon the church book. They will come in in their places in the narrative.

From the Cedar Lake church let us turn to the ever cheerful and joyous Cedar Lake family.

THE SOUTHERN BRIDE.

The spring of 1855 opened as usual at the

lake of the clear water and of the still sunny home.

The anemones, the spring beauties, the blue wild violets, and the other flowers of early spring presented again their pleasant faces and their lowly beauty. In South Alabama, where the calycanthus was diffusing its rich fragrance, and the mocking birds were filling the morning air with rich melody, on the 19th of April, there was a marriage. The oldest son of the Cedar Lake family had chosen for a bride an Alabama maiden; (he had found the unseen magnet,) and when the warm summer was glowing over the prairie leas, he brought her to the home of his youth, and she soon learned to ramble in the grove and to admire the sparkling waters, and, as a new daughter, added the brightness of her girlhood, and the rich loveliness of her sunny heart to the peaceful home, where were still the father and mother, two brothers, and sisters. She was now nineteen years of age. She had been considered one of the choicest flowers of her favored region. Her father was an active and highly esteemed Baptist pastor. And she was a devoted, intelligent, earnest, unassuming, loving Christian. From now onward she is to be identified with the vineyard laborers whose homes were around the little lake. And at

that time none knew the large amount of Christian life-force ever warm, and loving, and true, that had its home in the young and trustful heart of Mrs. Martha Creighton Ball. To Charles and to James H., and to Mary Jane and Henrietta, she became at once a loving sister; and to the father and mother there, she proved to be a most affectionate daughter.

The contrast, to her, between the Southern and the Northern home was very great, and the difference in all the surroundings was great. But rapidly she adapted herself to the changed circumstances, although many things touched a very sensitive nature which was protected by almost perfect self-control. Rambles in the pleasant grove which bordered the lake she enjoyed in the early summer mornings, and often in the afternoons she would seek those cool shades, and the fox squirrels would come down from their hiding places and chatter to her as though they considered her some wood nymph. They seemed to lose in her presence their shyness and their fear. She formed some acquaintances with her husband's friends. With the two young girls of the household, her new sisters, the two whose lives had been almost inseparable, and who were full of life and gladness, she enjoyed a rich social life; and she began to enter upon the realities of her new posi-

tion. With boat rides and horseback rides, and visits, and reading, and household duties, the summer soon passed; and the child of the South took her first ride on a hand sled and in a sleigh, as abundance of snow that winter covered the earth, and she stepped for the first time upon solid water. Although some bright intellects and cheerful and sunny hearts had passed away, and the home circle was not so large as in former years, yet, for the next seven years, the household life was full of gladness and of joy. No wonder Mrs. Hemans said of earthly love, "holy and fervent love,"

"Had earth but rest for thee and thine,
This world were all too fair."

Many a precious year of this sweet rest was granted at that home by the Lake of the Red Cedars. And then again would the rest be broken.

But there will come a time for earth when sin and death shall be no more, when life and love shall last forever.

Let us go back into the glowing autumn and look at another record.

"October 20, 1855. A covenant meeting was held this day. Elder J. M. Whitehead, the missionary of the association, was present. After the usual exercises it was resolved that

this church meet with the Crown Point church at their next covenant meeting and invite that church to consult as to the propriety of, and to proceed to the ordination of, br. Timothy H. Ball formerly a member of this church now a member of the Crown Point church."

This arrangement was carried out. A council was called. The following ordained ministers, then of the Northern Indiana Association, were present, and took part in the services. J. M. Whitehead, Harry Smith, and G. F. Brayton.

As the Baptists had at this time no house of worship the ordination services were held in the Presbyterian church at Crown Point, on the last Sabbath in December, 1855.

A second Baptist minister was thus ordained in the county of Lake, by a presbytery of three, who are still active pastors in the central states of the West. Licensed by the Baptist church at Danville in 1851, ordained on the last day but one of the year 1855, on the first day of January in 1856 the young evangelist commenced his labors in the Blayney neighborhood near the Illinois line.

We come to the last record.

"January 17, 1856. A church meeting, by previous notice, was held at the school house on the evening of the 17th. Present, Lewis Warriner, Hervey Ball, sisters Mary Edgerton,

Polly Davis, Jane Edgerton, Elisabeth Vinnege, Amy Mann, Jane A. H. Ball, Mary Jane Ball, Henrietta Ball."

* * * * In consideration of the present situation of the church as to location, there being a church at Crown Point and at Lowell, and the desire of several members to remove church relationship to the Crown Point or Lowell church and some being about to remove, it was voted that the clerk be authorized to make out a letter of dismissal to any member who may desire it.

Closed by singing and prayer.

Hervey Ball, Clerk."

Letters were accordingly given and the Cedar Lake church, having existed seventeen years, was thus, on the seventeenth of January, disbanded. During these years it had but one clerk.

Richard Church, Lewis Warriner, and Leonard Cutler were deacons.

Ninety-five persons were members of this church. Of these, forty-two were received by experience and baptism. Thirty and perhaps more have died. Fifteen are now residents in the county. The other fifty are scattered eastward and westward, northward and southward.

The following is a list of the names of those ninety-five members.

1. Norman Warriner.
2. Marilla Warriner.
3. Hannah Caroline Warriner.
4. Lewis Warriner.
5. Elisabeth Horton.
6. Hervey Ball.
7. Jane A. H. Ball.
8. Richard Church.
9. Anny Church.
10. Sally Church.
11. Leonard Cutler.
12. Valona Cutler.
13. Harmon Waggoner.
14. Angelina Waggoner.
15. Azuba Leland.
16. Elizabeth Owen.
17. Albert Taylor. Baptized July 20, 1840.
18. Sally White.
19. George Marble.
20. John Church.
21. Reuben Tozier.
22. Brinkley Davis.
23. Timothy Horton Ball. Baptized April 19,
1845.
24. Elisabeth Hammer Ball. Baptized April
19, 1845.
25. Lucinda Davis.
26. Sarah Farwell. Baptized May 18, 1845.
27. Eli Church. Baptized May 18, 1845.

28. Seth O. Gordinier.
29. Orange Gordinier.
30. Elisabeth Belshaw.
31. Ann Belshaw.
32. Davis Tabor.
33. Eunice Tabor.
34. Lydia Church.
35. Amazi Smith.
36. Jacob Luce.
37. Sally Luce.
38. Melvin A. Halsted.
39. Martha C. Halsted.
40. Patty Halsted.
41. Mercy Ann Smith. Baptized Jan., 1846.
42. Fanny C. Warriner. Baptized Jan. 24,
1846.
43. Lyman Thompson.
44. Lucinda Thompson.
45. William Hewes.
46. John M. Davis.
47. Desdemona Little.
48. Mary Babcock.
49. Thomas L. Hunt.
50. Julia Hunt.
51. John Montinach.
52. William Taylor. Baptized Jany. 27, 1850.
53. Enoch S. McCarty. Baptized Jany. 27,
1850.
54. Daniel Davis. Baptized Jany. 27, 1850.

55. Lucy Taylor. Baptized Jany. 27, 1850.
56. Mary Edgerton. Baptized Jany. 27, 1850.
57. Polly Jane Edgerton. Baptized Jany. 27, 1850.
58. Israel Taylor. Baptized May 12, 1850.
59. Hannah Taylor. Baptized May 12, 1850.
60. David Hungerford.
61. Sophia Cutler.
62. Calvin Taylor. Baptized Decr., 1850.
63. Judson Cutler. Baptized Decr., 1850.
64. Lucy Taylor, Baptized Decr. 1850.
65. Esther Edgerton, Baptized Decr. 1850.
66. M. J. Dinwiddie.
67. Lydia Church.
68. Martha Cutler, Baptized July 27, 1851.
69. Harvey Davis, Baptized Octr. 19, 1851.
70. Jonathan McCarty, Baptized Octr. 19, 1851.
71. Heman Ball, Baptized Octr. 19, 1851.
72. Elizabeth Vinnedge, Baptized Octr. 19, 1851.
73. Laura Thompson, Baptized Octr. 23, 1851.
74. Lozetta Luce, Baptized Novr. 2, 1851.
75. Ursula Amelia Brownell, Baptized Novr. 2, 1851.
76. Alvin Taylor, Baptized Novr. 2, 1851.
77. Mary Ann Blayney.
78. Betsey Davis, Baptized Octr. 9, 1853.
79. Elizabeth Dumond, Baptized Octr. 9, 1853.
80. Mary Jane Ball, Baptized Octr. 9, 1853.

81. Mary H. Young, Baptized Octr. 9, 1853.
82. Catharine Scritchfield, Baptized Octr. 9, 1853.
83. Doane Stark.
84. John Dumond, Baptized Octr. 17, 1853.
85. Jane Scritchfield, Baptized Octr. 17, 1853.
86. Nancy Ann Scritchfield, Baptized Octr. 17, 1853.
87. Adeline Dumond, Baptized Octr. 17, 1853.
88. Susan Davis, Baptized Octr. 17, 1853.
89. Uriah McKay.
90. Jephtha D. Stapp.
91. Alla Stapp.
92. Sophia Palmer, Baptized Feb. 15, 1855.
93. Catharine Taylor, Baptized Feb. 15, 1855.
94. Amy Mann, Baptized Feb. 15, 1855.
95. Henrietta Ball, Baptized April 25, 1855.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW CENTERS.

The constitution of the Baptist church at Crown Point in December, 1851, has been mentioned. The recognition services were held Decr. 20 and 21, 1851. Members from the Cedar Lake and West Creek churches were present as a council, and also Rev. J. M. Whitehead, then of Kingsbury church.

Among the constituent members were Charles Fisher and Sarah Fisher, Henry Doering and Mary Ann Doering. These two families lived several miles east of Crown Point, and were for a number of years active and prominent members. Their neighborhood became a new although small Baptist center, where meetings were held for several years. The ground is held entirely by others now. Those who were once active and zealous then are scattered and gone.

This new church soon began to arrange for building a meeting house. In January, 1852, Elder Hunt donated to the church land on which to erect such a building, and three trustees were appointed, John Church, Henry Doer-

ing, and Charles Fisher. A building committee was soon chosen which was afterward enlarged by the addition of brethren from the other churches in the county. These were H. Ball, L. Warriner, A. Dumond, O. W. Graves, M. A. Halsted, and B. Davis. The erection of the first Baptist house of worship in Lake county was evidently considered no small undertaking. Slowly the work went forward. In 1853 Leonard Cutler was appointed "agent to carry forward the work of building," and "H. Ball was appointed collector and treasurer." Lewis Warriner was appointed chairman and Charles Fisher clerk of the large building committee. In July Elder N. V. Steadman visited the churches of the county and accompanied L. Cutler to Chicago to examine in regard to building material.

Slowly the work of building went on. The church met sometimes in the court house, sometimes in the Methodist meeting house and at private houses. In June, 1854, application was made to the American Baptist Home Mission Society for funds to finish the Baptist house. This application met with no success.

In April, 1855, Elder Steadman again present and moderator, Frederick Foster and wife, and a son, three daughters, and a son-in-law, became members of the church. The solicitor reported

to the church what had been done by himself and by brother L. Warriner, and the old building committee was discharged and a new one appointed. The permanent members of this new committee were H. Ball, F. Foster, and E. M. Cramer, who were "to carry forward the work of building." In August, 1855, T. H. Ball was received by letter to the membership of this church. The church building having been removed to another part of the town, on account of trouble in regard to the lot boundary, in October, 1855, Lewis Warriner of Cedar Lake church, moderator, an agent was appointed to sell the old lot "and pay the money to the building fund," in order to pay for the new lot. At the same meeting arrangements were also made to invite a council of ministers and brethren to examine and ordain T. H. Ball.

RECORD.

"In accordance with the above resolution bro. Timothy H. Ball, a graduate of Franklin College, was ordained by the council to the work of the Gospel ministry on Lord's day, Decr. 30th, 1855."

We now return to other records.

The following is from the Association Minutes for 1852. "The opportunity being given for the reception of members, the newly constituted

church of Crown Point presented a petition to unite with this association. The letter and articles of faith and covenant being read, and they appearing to be evangelical, on motion,

“*Resolved*, That the Crown Point Baptist church be received as a member of this Association.”

Elder Hunt had been holding meetings, a “revival” influence had been enjoyed, and twenty-eight members were at that time, (June, 1852) reported. E. Bragg was clerk.

In 1853 there was no letter sent, there was no delegate.

Elder Hunt died in July.

In 1855, in June, “No pastor” was reported. Charles Fisher was then clerk. Members twenty-four. This was the last year in which the three churches of Cedar Lake, West Creek, and Crown Point were reported; and each alike was without a pastor. The West Creek church had been received into the association in 1848 with eight members, O. W. Graves, clerk. It never reported over twenty members. It was said of this church in 1852, when the Crown Point church was received, “This church, though small in number, is strong in missionary efforts; their contributions are large; their zeal for the spread of the Gospel great, as shown by their works. Sabbath school instruction con-

tinued with zeal; library of seventy volumes.” *Minutes of N. I. B. Association.* J. M. Hunt was clerk. Number, twenty.

Of the Cedar Lake church it was said in the minutes of the same year, “This church is devoted to benevolent objects; have increased in numbers; in a prosperous state; have preaching one third of the time. A good Sabbath school.” Of the Crown Point church also that record says, “are devoted to benevolent objects.” For four years therefore, from 1851 to 1856, from December in the former to January in the latter year, there were three Baptist churches in Lake county, thoroughly missionary and benevolent in their operations, containing between eighty and one hundred Baptist members. Between the time of the death of Elder Hunt, 1853, and the return of T. H. Ball from the South to the home of his youth, in 1855, the licentiate mentioned in a former chapter, Uriah McKay and the missionaries of the N. I. B. Association, had been performing the pastoral labor in the county.

The West Creek church was disbanded or moved to Lowell in January, 1856.

THE NEW WEST CREEK.

It has been already stated that the newly ordained minister — ordained Decr. 30th, 1855,

remaining at home on Monday, Decr. 31st — commenced his labors on the first day of January. The following is from the entry in his note book.

“January 1st, 1856.

The glorious sun is shining this morning on fields of spotless snow. Nature is bright and beautiful for mid winter. Brother Charles left this morning for college. I start this day upon my travels as a home missionary in Lake county. So one of us goes where fame and honor may be gained ; the other to a life of lowly toil, obscure, away from earthly honor. O Saviour, be thou with each, the one to strengthen, the other to preserve amid the world's temptations.”

Thus, once again, these two brothers separated, the two who were so closely joined in heart by a common love for the same poems ; by a strong and common attachment to the same church and to the same great cause ; by common sensibilities in respect to mental suffering ; and by the many years of home life, although one was eight years older than the other, during which they had occupied the same room, followed the same pursuits, and shed tears over the same causes of grief. Only occasionally were they to meet again, but some of those meetings were to be of intense interest. It was well that the one breathed and felt the

prayer recorded above. It was well that the other possessed, deeply implanted within his soul, that Saviour's love.

Into a small neighborhood, south of the former Farwell home, on the Grand Prairie of Illinois and very near the state line, the home missionary made his way. He was now commencing in reality the variety of work which he expected to follow through life. At the home of the Blayney family he found a room suitable for the accommodation of the neighbors. Notices were sent out that there would be preaching that night, and the young people, instead of going out for pleasure on that New Year's night, came to listen to the message. The subject presented was the CHOICE OF MOSES, and earnestly and faithfully was the wisdom of such a choice urged upon the youthful hearers.

A religious interest very soon grew up here. The seed seemed to fall into good ground, into prepared hearts.

There were two sons and three daughters of the Graves family, two sons and two daughters of the Blayney family, there was Mary Fuller, there were some young people of the Bliss family, and there were some other young persons, besides a number in middle age and in active life. The young home missionary soon

had an extensive circuit in the bounds of the county of Lake. He was the only Baptist minister within the county. His places of preaching soon were at Crown Point, at the Palmer, the Vincent, and the Adams school houses, and at the Blayney or Graves school house. To these other places were soon added. Those at the last named place, where the year's labor and the missionary labor had commenced, soon became very dear to the heart of the home-missionary. The interest increased there, and it was soon found desirable to have meetings every evening. Rev. J. M. Whitehead very kindly came to assist in these meetings, and several of the young people seemed to trust in the Saviour.

Comparatively small as was the neighborhood, hearts were the same there, souls were as precious there as they are in the cities where the noted evangelists perform their heralded and applauded labors.

Never will that lone laborer forget the place of his first meeting; and in the kingdom of the future, where the illusions of this world will no longer blind, doubtless he and those whose young hearts then received from his lips the life-giving truth, the words of eternal life, will rejoice as fervently as though their spiritual birth had been in some city's large tabernacle,

in some spacious "inquiry room." There is a time coming that will strip off all the tinsel and all the show, all the glitter and all the glare, from the simple but sublime process of bringing New Testament truth into contact with human souls.

Nearly all of the young people in this neighborhood became church members. Pastoral visits were made here regularly for a year. And then the missionary pastor was called to another field. The young people had organized in the fall of 1856 a literary society, the existence and success of which they were pleased to attribute very largely to their minister, and when they learned that he was about to leave the state, they presented in and through this society—the church was many miles away—very touching proofs of their gratitude and love, both in written testimonials and in presents and in money. The written testimonials were carefully preserved as the effusions of loving hearts. One of them is a little poem entitled "Our Minister." The heading is that passage of Scripture in Daniel 12: 3. The poem was not designed for the public eye.

The following are the names of the girls of this group, as they are recorded on a fly-leaf of the "Lives of the Reformers":

“Presented to T. H. Ball,
April 20, 1857,
as a testimony of regard

By Julia M. Blayney,
Mary E. M. Fuller,
Sarah A. Pattee,
Caroline Degroff,
Ruth A. Graves,
Louisa Pattee,
Corinna M. Graves,
Polly F. Graves,
Phebe J. Blayney,

Members of West Creek Lyceum.”

To have a place in the hearts of such is not
to live in vain.

LOWELL.

As that judicious and excellent laborer, Rev. J. M. Whitehead, who came to assist the missionary of the county at the new West Creek interest, examined with the missionary the condition of the field, they both concluded that it was advisable to organize a new church at Lowell. This was a little village just starting into life on Cedar Creek, where that very enterprising citizen, M. A. Halsted, had erected a flouring mill. A small brick school house had also been built here. At this school house the two ministers commenced holding meet-

ings. The members of the West Creek church and those interested in the meetings at the new West Creek school house attended.

The following are records from the Lowell church book. "Jany. 19, 1856. A meeting of the West Creek Baptist church, being called for this day, having met at the Lowell school house, it was resolved, that the Clerk give letters to all the remaining members, and the church be hereby disbanded."

"At a meeting held at Lowell school house, Jany. 19, 1856, present besides the brethren designing to organize a church, J. M. Whitehead of Door Village church and T. H. Ball of Crown Point church, it was resolved to organize on the morrow a Baptist church, to be known as the First Baptist church of Lowell.

Met on the Sabbath according to arrangement. Members going into the organization: by letter from West Creek church, O. W. Graves, Achsah Graves, James A. Hunt, Fanny C. Hunt, Melvin A. Halsted, Martha C. Halsted, Rosana Barber; by letter from Cedar Lake church, Adeline Dumond, Mary Ann Blayney; by letter from Rolling Prairie church, John Hunt, Lucy Hunt; by letter from Napoleon church, Michigan, Munson Church; by experience, J. Dumond.

On motion, Resolved,

That we now form ourselves into a Gospel church.

The Articles of Faith as adopted by the former West Creek church were read and adopted.

Hand of fellowship given by Elder J. M. Whitehead. Charge by T. H. Ball. Munson Church was chosen church clerk. Regular meetings of the church to be on Saturday before each first Sabbath.

Notice was given that trustees would be elected by the church on the first Saturday in February."

Thus on Jany. 20, 1856, the Baptist church at Lowell was both organized and recognized, no council being called or further recognition services being held. This action was approved by the members of the Cedar Lake church.

Rev. T. H. Ball, by vote of the church, became pastor. Meetings were held through the year in the school house. The New Hampshire Congregationalists, who had lately made a settlement on the prairie a few miles west, attended these meeting regularly until they obtained Rev. H. Wason from Vevay, as pastor. These Congregationalists and Presbyterians have ever since been on very friendly terms with the Baptists in the community.

CROWN POINT.

The building up of a church at Crown Point by the labors of Elder Hunt, during whose ministry there ten were baptized, has been narrated; and also the efforts of that church in building a meeting house up to the summer of 1855.

The missionary of the county, who commenced his labors in January, 1856, occupied Crown Point as one of his places for preaching. According to the records he preached in the new meeting house for the first time about the last of June, the first church meeting having been held in the house May 24th. Dedication services were held September 14th. Sermons were preached by Rev. H. Smith, Rev. J. Benney, and Rev. J. M. Whitehead.

From the record, April 25, 1857.

“Elder Timothy H. Ball having received a call to take the pastoral charge of the Baptist church at Amboy, Illinois, requested letters of dismission, for himself and wife, to unite with the church at that place. The request was granted. Brother T. H. Ball presented a report in full of his agency in collecting funds and liquidating the debts against the house of worship in which the church at Crown Point assemble. The report was unanimously ac-

cepted with the thanks of the church for his efficient agency in the business.

Elder Ball introduced Elder John Benney, a member of the church in Cleveland, Ohio, who being in the neighborhood on a visit to his family, br. Ball had induced to visit Crown Point with a view of supplying the destitution [filling the situation] made vacant by his own removal from Lake county. Br. Benney consented to remain and preach at the regular appointments with us, also at Lowell and West Creek."

"Lord's day, April 26. Brother Ball preached his last discourse in the forenoon and brother Benney commenced [his labors] with us in the afternoon."

Thus, with entire unanimity and good feeling on the part of the church and the new ministers, a change in ministerial laborers was effected.

The collecting and disbursing agency referred to in the above record had involved securing four hundred dollars to pay amounts still due at the time of the dedication. This was all secured, by the aid of Rev. J. M. Whitehead, so that the house was dedicated free of debt. Those who, at this time, pledged the largest amounts, each pledging and afterward paying the same amount, were, Mrs. Maria Robinson,

William Banks, E. M. Cramer, Frederick Foster, Hervey Ball, T. H. Ball, and Spencer S. Ball.

The last-named of these seven was a nephew of Judge Ball, the son of his oldest brother, a young man then visiting at Cedar Lake. He afterward went into Missouri, became a merchant there, and his last communication to his cousin, T. H. Ball, was some time before the breaking out of hostilities. As his relatives have had no tidings of him since, it is supposed that he was one among many others falling victims in Missouri to the violent feelings that arose amid the horrors of border and fraternal strife.

He has one church investment in the town of Crown Point.

T. H. Ball removed to Amboy, afterward visited the South, and then commenced a course of theological study at Newton in Massachusetts. His sojourn of nearly two years at the home of his youth, with his chosen flower from the South, had been exceedingly pleasant. And that southern flower enjoyed very much the home by the bright lake, where she learned to breathe the air of the cold winters of the North, where the two brothers and two sisters made the surroundings for her as pleasant as they could, where in the sunny days of early mar-

ried life so many rambles in the grove beside the lake had been enjoyed, and where, brightest and best of all the associations connected with that spot, was born July 6, 1856, Herbert S. Ball, who there spent the first ten months of his life, months which are so dear to a young mother's heart.

There may be readers young enough in heart to be willing to look again upon the home at Cedar Lake before closing this chapter.

Charles Ball, one of the two remaining young brothers, was absent during most of this time at college, but he was accustomed to send cheerful letters home. One of these, dated Franklin, Feb. 10, 1856, commencing "Sister Martha," contains the following: "I suppose that you are, by this time, pretty well initiated into the horrors of a northern winter. If you are not I shall conclude that you have not been to church every Sunday, nor sliding down hill every week-day." The same letter contains a humorous account of a conversation on the cars with two young colored men who were going home to Kentucky with their "Massa."

Another letter dated April 13th, addressed "Dear Sister Martha," speaks of the spring flowers then opening, describes an exhibition given by the girls of the Franklin Female Institute, and refers to home affairs, saying; "I

am glad brother has got such a nice pony as Jack must be *if superior to Bayard*. I think he will make a nice riding horse for you. When I get home I am going to train Bayard so the girls can ride him, if he is not already trained." He was peculiarly the horseman of the family, and when he came home for the summer vacation the two ponies were well trained for useful service. But then, in a cradle lay the little blue-eyed boy, who had seemed to understand his mother's language the first week of his life; and nestling at his feet was one of the two white kittens, Kitty Clover and Kitty Rover,—beautiful kittens they both were—which had formed a dog-like attachment for the little child, and would come to the door of the sleeping room in the morning to meet the mother as though to inquire about its child-friend: and of course the young mother did not take so many horseback rides then.

In the fall of that year there was still another departure.

When the time came for the college student to return early in September, the youngest of the brothers, James H., was ready to accompany him; and it was decided that one of the sisters, Mary Jane, should go at the same time to Ladoga, there to attend the Seminary. It was arranged in the family council, that all would go

together to Lafayette, and go by the old route on the Grand Prairie of Illinois. So the two now well trained ponies, Jack and Bayard, were harnessed to a two seated buggy, and the three students, accompanied by their oldest brother who would drive back the ponies, having said good-bye to their father and mother, to "sister Henrie" and "sister Martha" and little Herbert, started southward, and, like a ship putting out to sea, they went "far out upon the prairie," along the route of 1848, and journeying day by day, they turned eastward and reached Lafayette, and there the college students leaving for Franklin the other two went southward with the ponies to Ladoga.

One of this party, as they had passed along, remembered his trip of 1848, and marked the changes that had taken place in eight years.

Peaches had been abundant at Cedar Lake in 1848 and the party of three who passed over this route that year had taken a supply of these with them, and also a large peach pie of the variety called by some "peach cobbler," the peaches in the pie being whole; and as they saw the sun rise out of the distant prairie horizon, as it seems to rise out of its ocean bed, and soon after took their breakfast on that wide, lone prairie, and cut that day large slices from 'the "cobbler," it seemed to them that

such a delicious peach pie was never tasted elsewhere. One of these had planted by the wayside some stones of the uncooked peaches; and now, as he found peach trees on this same prairie, he wondered whether those seeds which he then planted had ever grown. Then the prairie was wild. But now, more indications of settlements were found, and there were beginning to be wheat fields, and fruit trees, and "cots and sheep folds seen," and man's encroachments upon the broad prairie lea. The brothers had taken their gun along, with which one of them shot some wild game, his last hunting for that vacation. In the neighborhood where they stopped one night, having now reached the Indiana Wabash region, they found all the young people assembled at an "apple paring bee," and the two college students joined the merry party. They had apples now along the remainder of the way, instead of the peaches of eight years before, and with lively discourse, amid changing scenes, in pleasant weather, talking of the past, looking forward to the future, the long land route was far from wearisome.

To two of the four, in this trip of 1856, the experiences were all new and fresh. They were going out for the first time into the wide world and into student life from home;

but they possessed well-balanced minds and well trained hearts. It is not likely that students will thus travel this land route again.

The General Association of Indiana was at this time in session at Ladoga, and there for the first time T. H. Ball met with Dr. J. G. Warren, with whom he became afterward so well acquainted at Newton.

The pony team and buggy with its solitary occupant soon returned in safety to the Lake of Cedars.

Very pleasant to all the household and to their friends was this year of 1856, and no wonder that the little family of three — how many families of that number have gone forth since the “holy family” went down from Bethlehem into Egypt? — left with some reluctance the home of bright treasures. The heart struggle, before the question of duty was decided, through which the home missionary passed, was not his first and surely not the last, and is not to be here recorded. That he was giving up many “pleasant things” cannot be doubted. But taking with him the dearest two of earthly treasures he went forth with a strong and trusting heart.

CHAPTER X.

OTHER LABORERS.

Rev. John Benney was secured by T. H. Ball to take his place in Lake county. He was then a widower and made his home with the Ball family at Cedar Lake. That family circle had diminished much in number. Six of the "seven boys and girls" had gone from that protected home, and the youngest alone remained. Henrietta, who was called sister Henrie, was now fifteen years of age, of medium height, with dark, brilliant, but very sunny eyes, a close student, an unwearied reader, helpful in everything, as cheerful as a lark, the joy of all the household. The vacation times were now joyous seasons.

It was pleasant, in the now small household, to have again a resident pastor. The family membership had been transferred to Crown Point; but the attendance was divided between Lowell, eight miles distant, and Crown Point, six miles distant.

Elder Benney supplied these two churches, and also had appointments at the new West Creek, where some members of the Lowell

church resided. The records of the church at Crown Point seem to have been kept by the pastor from the spring of 1857 until July 17, 1859, when his labors with that church closed. (After April 1858 he had made his home most of the time at Crown Point.) All of these records, as thus kept, are interesting, and some of the entries are quite touching. The following is one of these. The reader must imagine a small church in a western village, some of the members living six miles away, some busy, the pastor a lonely, but earnest and patient man, making always the best excuses that he can, but feeling sometimes depressed in spirits. A school has been started in the village, by an earnest pupil of Miss Lyons of Holyoke, which Henrietta Ball and other young members are attending. This is the record. 1859, "March 26th. Another covenant meeting day. It is truly lamentable that so few find it in their hearts to attend. The young sisters who are usually with us have entered upon the last week of their school term and are so crowded by their excellent but exacting teacher that they felt they could not spare the time. Sister Abrams [Miss Mary J. Foster] is too sick to be out. We had present, Deacon Fisher, Bro. Blowers, and Father Ball, whose son is again sick, together with four sisters, and the pastor.

The covenant was read and the exercises were of a profitable character." It does not need a personal acquaintance with the writer and his surroundings to enable us to appreciate something of the pathos of this record.

To the one now copying this record there come some plaintive reflections in regard to the changes of life. Although anticipating some events these reflections may be left here. Of those young sisters referred to above, one has finished all the activities of life and has gone where they rest from toil, but not from love and joy. Another has ceased to attend such meetings altogether, thinking that she has reached here on earth a higher life than is known in a Baptist church. A third, perhaps, has a home and some loved ones around her, but once and again has she been called to commit a choice young blossom of earth to the silent dust. That "excellent but exacting teacher" did not live to carry out her plans and found another Holyoke seminary, but her dust reposes in the Crown Point cemetery. None of the three brethren and "four sisters" present on that March 26th meet together in church relations now. One of the brethren is sleeping with his fathers. And the pastor himself, having passed through changes of various kinds, has gone from earth and entered, no

doubt, a world where lamentations and excuses are alike unknown.

Within the two years and a quarter of pastoral labor as performed by Elder Benney at Crown Point a few were received by letter, but there were no baptisms. The church was edified and built up. There was not much material for an ingathering.

At Lowell and at West Creek the work was different.

Elder Benney became pastor of the church at Lowell in May, 1857.

M. A. Halsted, whose untiring efforts to build up the town of Lowell, whose enterprise and industry, have made him a prominent business citizen in Lake county, commenced the erection of a brick meeting house. This house was dedicated June 28, 1857, sermons by Rev. H. Smith of Valparaiso and Rev. J. M. Whitehead of Westville. Pledges were made at this dedication for the payment of three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the house became the property of the church, it being understood that quite a large share of the expense of building had been borne by M. A. Halsted, the owner of the mill property and the founder of the town. His generosity and enterprise deserve to be held by the Lowell church and the Baptists of the county in grateful remembrance.

Baptized in Elder Benney's pastorate: Delia Fry, Obadiah Taylor, John Gregg, Elias Ferguson, Cynthia Ann Ferguson, Abigail Ault, Corinna Graves, Ruth Ann Graves, Wm. F. Graves, and Samuel M. Graves.

There were changes at Cedar Lake. The spring of 1860 came, a year to be so long remembered over the whole United States for its stirring events, and their momentous, even terrible consequences. James H. Ball had spent the preceding winter in South Alabama, at Grove Hill, for his health. His brother Charles was again at home, and the sisters, Mary Jane and Henrietta, were at Indianapolis.

The dearly loved homestead had been sold and a new home, one mile and a half south, had been occupied for a few months. It was near the lake but not bordering, like the other, upon it. A prominent, delightful little grove was near the house, which from its physical peculiarities the girls named Jungle-Dell.

Buildings were erected here unlike the former ones, and home life was readily transplanted further out in the prairie.

Again in the South the calycanthus fragrance was on the air, cape jessamines and magnolias were promising their accustomed beauty, when a little party left Grove Hill for the new home. These were then the travellers: Mrs. M. C. C.

Ball and her son Herbert, who was not yet four years of age, Mrs. E. H. Woodard and her daughter Lillie four years old, and daughter Genie, two years old, and James H. Ball. In all six, not then very experienced travellers. They went down the river to Mobile, crossed over to New Orleans, skirting the Gulf of Mexico, ascended the Mississippi and the Ohio, passed between hurricanes, and reached the new prairie home in safety. The meeting there and the greetings were exceedingly pleasant. The three little grandchildren added a large amount of life. They found among the horses on the prairie farm an old and faithful one called Selim, somewhere between twenty and thirty years old. This horse their grandfather, Judge Ball, often drove. He was very gentle and trusty, and as he was so advanced in years, the three children to show their respect called him uncle Selim. They were fresh from the South, where old and faithful servants were in those days called "uncle" and "aunt," and with childlike simplicity and directness of thought they adopted the term "uncle Selim." They fed and petted the intelligent animal, they loaded his mane with flowers.

They found also one younger and more fleet of foot called "Dove," which had been the valued buggy horse of Elder Hunt and of which

when after his death the Ball family became the owners the instructions received were that Dove should never be sold.

Life on the prairie was new to the children, and richly and eagerly with their still young mothers they enjoyed it.

In the summer Judge Woodard arrived for a visit; and in August the oldest son once more arrived at the lake which he loved. He brought with him from Alabama Miss Annie Weston, a daughter of a dear friend of his mother's in girlhood and early womanhood, formerly Miss Delia Bliss of Westspringfield. He also brought a niece, Carrie, twelve years old, and a nephew, Willie, ten years old, bright Southern children; and now among the hay stacks, which the children had never seen before, and in the thick summer foliage of Jungle-Dell, the merry voices of five children were heard mingling with the songs of the birds. The waters of the lake were attractive to all, and the four parents and their three children and Herbert's two affectionate cousins spent a few short holidays delightfully.

Pleasant was the hour of family worship, when all the household, including the little children, bowed themselves in grateful homage before that unseen, glorious Being whom they recognized as a Father and a Friend. And at night-fall, before they retired, those Southern

children, according to their custom, gave to their special friends the regular good-night kiss. Abundant health they enjoyed, and their sleep was sweet. Some one has said,

“ For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep,
Whom angels keep ;
Oh then, on prayerless bed,
Lay not thine unblessed head.”

The two sisters had returned from Indianapolis for their summer's vacation, the two younger brothers were also at home, and many a pleasant trip was made to the homes of neighbors and friends. Again the household numbered sixteen or more members, and the milk and butter and cheese and honey, “the finest of the wheat,” the rich products of the farm, and the fat chickens of the poultry yard, found a good home market.

Soon, too soon, the time of separation came. Judge Woodard's family of four were all to return to the South, and the family of the missionary and pastor, T. H. Ball, were all going to Newton Center. Five were bound for the East and four for the South. All went to Dyer, twelve miles distant, the nearest railroad station, together, the baggage wagon accompanying the large family conveyance.

The hour of departure for each was nearly

the same, and there, in the night hour, the cousins and their parents parted, five for the Atlantic coast and four for the Gulf, soon to be separated by red fields of carnage, and not to meet again till two of the dearly loved ones whom they left at the new lake home should be beyond the confines of time.

It had been a precious and joyous family reunion. The Southern merchant and judge and the young "rose of Alabama" had added a large amount of life to the Ball household.

And it was a solemn although cheerful parting, when, just before the presidential election of 1860, knowing, as those from the South well knew, what grave events might be near, the two young families, with their bright hopes before them, said good bye and took their seats in the outward bound cars.

Their fortunes we are not to follow. They will all meet again. We will leave the former missionary pastor of Lake county with Mrs. M. C. C. Ball and Herbert S. now four years old, and Carrie R. J., and Willie B. Williams, to pass rapidly on to Boston; and R. J. and E. H. Woodard with Lillie and little Genie, to glide over the lines of iron rail to the home of the magnolia, and there soon to learn the meaning of "blockade"; but we will stay in Lake.

A NEW PASTOR.

From July 1859 until April 1860 the church at Crown Point was visited occasionally by Elder Clay and by the late pastor, Elder Benney.

February 18, 1860, Charles Ball was received into membership on a letter from Franklin, Indiana, from the church where Dr. Bailey was pastor. March 24th he was elected church clerk. April 23d a meeting was held at which it was "voted unanimously to invite Elder A. E. Simons to become the pastor of this church for the ensuing year, * * * the salary to be four hundred dollars." Of this sum the church was pledged to raise two hundred, and an appointment was secured from "the American Baptist Home Mission Society of Elder A. E. Simons as missionary to this church," which society was expected to pay the other two hundred.

The church records for the next three years appear more cheery. The pastor was young, cheerful, and hopeful. The clerk had one of the sunniest of souls, and was like a young beam of light everywhere. Some disappointments, however, are recorded. "July 21st, * * Elder Simons then read a letter from the secretary of the Home Mission Society stating

that the Society could not appropriate anything for his support the coming year."

Arrangements were accordingly made for dividing the time and support between the Crown Point church and Lowell.

Record. "As the Lowell church promised to raise one hundred and fifty dollars towards the pastor's support, it was resolved to raise the remaining fifty of the two hundred heretofore expected from the Home Mission Society in the bounds of this church."

The lesson generally taught by any dependence upon the Home Mission Society in Lake county, has been *Take care of yourselves*.

The records show that the "money question," or how to provide for the support of the pastor, was quite perplexing each year. In other respects everything seems to have been pleasant. There were added to the church by baptism fourteen while Elder Simons was pastor, nine of whom were baptized March 24, 1861, in Fancher's Lake. March 26th of the same year, or two days after this addition to the church, a special meeting was held "to take steps in regard to building a parsonage." It was resolved "to purchase the lot of land lying south and east of the meeting house lot, running south ninety-four feet, thence east one hundred and fifty feet, thence north one hun-

dred and thirty-two feet, thence west sixty feet, thence south thirty-eight feet, thence west ninety feet; and the members present agreed to pay to H. Ball the sum of two hundred and twelve dollars for the same." The lot above described was bought, the parsonage was built; but the trustees failed to place their deed on record and lost the deed, so that they lost legal ownership of the lot.

In June of 1862 the N. I. B. Association met at Crown Point. This church reported for that year forty-seven members, and the "Minutes" state that the parsonage house and lot cost about six hundred dollars. "But for the success attending this enterprise and the credit with which two Sabbath schools have been sustained within the bounds of the church, no small degree of credit is due to the pastor, who seems to be, like Paul, a builder of tents as well as churches, and a man of all work."

At the close of Elder Simons' very pleasant and successful pastorate forty-four members were reported, thirty-one having been reported in 1860.

Rev. A. E. Simons passed into Michigan and afterward into Illinois, where, so far as is known, he is still laboring as an earnest and faithful minister of Christ. The last record concerning him at Crown Point is the follow-

ing, 1863, "April 19th. To-day Elder Simons preached his farewell sermon, having been our pastor nearly three years."

As showing the changes which pass over the churches in this county the fact may be noted here that of the fourteen baptized by Elder Simons, one only, Emily Vanhouten, now Mrs. R. H. Wells, is at present a member of this church. It is no wonder that there are no large Baptist churches in the county of Lake.

Shortly before Elder Simons closed his labors at Crown Point sorrow and change again visited the home at Cedar Lake. Henrietta Ball, the youngest of the household there, was removed from earth January 27, 1863.

A telegram was immediately sent to Newton Center, Massachusetts, and as fast as the iron horse could travel, her oldest brother, then a student at the Seminary there, hastened to Crown Point. He reached here just in time for the burial services. The meeting between the living brother and the dead form of that tenderly loved sister was one of exquisite sadness. To Mrs. E. H. Woodard, in South Alabama no tidings could then be sent. Another absent brother, Charles Ball, was away from telegraphic and railroad facilities so that he could not be present. So only four of the seven were there. For a few days the Newton

student remained at Cedar Lake, and there he again met his brother Charles, who came by private conveyance across the country from the southwest. He knew before his arrival at home of the desolation which death had there wrought; but his grief was deeper than words, deeper than tears. It seemed for a time to be drinking up the life drops of a most tender heart. Soon the two brothers left the lake, the one to return to Newton, the other to attend to other duties, and they travelled together for a short distance on the cars. The older presented to the younger brother words of cheer,—those were stirring, exciting times, and each heart felt something of the pressures and the responsibilities that were upon them when the life of the nation seemed trembling in a balance—and when they separated, in the silent night, something of the young, fresh light of former days had returned to the clear, quick eyes of the younger, and into his heart there had come again hopefulness, and trust, and cheer. And he, who was fitted by sensibilities and by endowments for a very different sphere of life, with a heart that was regaining its elasticity and strength, went forth from the car, with something of his weight of sorrow lifted, soon to take a young patriot's place in the long line of blue. The other brother went

on, with mingled emotions, to the Atlantic coast, to the heart of New England; seeing often the Maine and Massachusetts regiments on Boston Common; and pursued diligently again his chosen studies.

Thus once more those two brothers parted. And of the "seven boys and girls," two only remained at the Lake of the Cedars. And one of these, Mary Jane Ball, spent most of her time, from 1861 to 1865, teaching in the New Hampshire neighborhood, where through the labors of Rev. H. Wason, a large congregation and Sabbath school and strong church had been gathered.

The school house was near his residence and here the Ladoga graduate spent term after term five days in each week. And thus yet more was the friendliness cemented between those Congregational-Presbyterians and the Cedar Lake Baptists.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN.

In the fall of 1863 the former missionary of Lake county, having spent three years at Newton Center, near Boston, and having there completed a course of theological study, returned for a visit to the new home at Cedar Lake.

He found the county again without a Baptist minister, and he was urged to remain and resume labors within its borders, if possible. He knew but too well what slight inducements the field and the State of Indiana offered for Baptist labor. (In Indiana at that time there was one Baptist doctor of divinity, possibly there were two; and this fact was significant to those who saw its bearings.) He thought himself fitted for something different from what he could here see before him, and he wished to go where there was more Baptist enterprise. But he gave up his personal hopes, and perhaps some ambitious longings, at the suggestion and request of friends, and in endeavoring to listen to what he thought was the voice of duty. Could he have foreseen the

sacrifice that would be required of him, could he have foreseen how *much* was to be *given up* and how *much* was to be *suffered*, could he have foreseen what a completely isolated post was to be assigned to him and how his heart must bleed in consequence of the wrongs of others, he might not have thought that that was duty's voice. The records of his life as kept above, the results as the future will yet disclose them, will show of what kind of material his mind and heart were made. Having come to a conclusion he was not one of those to vacillate, to be infirm of purpose, and so while some of his Newton classmates, Smith and Colburn, went as missionaries to India, and others, as Abbott and Gordon, went into the large cities of this land, and others, as Walker and Wheeler, went into favored and choice spots of New England, and others, as Richardson and Sedgwick, went into attractive Western fields, he quietly and cheerfully gave the prime of his life and the labor of the choice years of that life to the county of Lake. And now, when he sees the positions which some of his classmates have gained, and the honors and distinctions which they have secured, and thinks of the associations with highly cultivated minds which they have enjoyed, he finds no envious feelings, no covetous desires within his soul. He knows

not one with whom, all for all, he would exchange life work.

It was the autumn of 1863 when he commenced once more a life of self-denying effort in the region where he had spent his youth. He became the pastor at Crown Point and there formed a little home.

The church in the village at that time numbered about forty members. Civil war was then raging, and some of these were in the field and returned no more. The kind of work now required was somewhat peculiar. The pastor's family numbered five. Besides himself there were, that Southern bride whom we have seen as she passed from girlhood to womanhood, who now seemed to have become a New Englander by three years of intercourse with the choice society of Newton Center and by feeling for those three exciting years of 1861, 1862, and 1863, the influence of Boston life; that son born at Cedar Lake; a daughter born at Newton, Jany. 1, 1861, and who now wanted to go back to her Massachusetts home; and a niece, whom also we have seen before, Carrie R. Jarvis, who came from the South in 1860, spent three years in the Newton schools, and now, fifteen years of age, bright, blooming, and lovely, was commencing life in the West. The home contained, that pleasant variety for all

homes, childhood and youth, and manhood and womanhood. The little parsonage was enlarged and made more attractive for the young Massachusetts girl, and while it never became so dear as the Cedar Lake homes, it witnessed many a pleasant scene, it contained sometimes a large amount of life, and was for a number of years the family home.

The first Sabbath school in the Baptist house at Crown Point had been held by Rev. T. H. Ball before he went to Amboy in Illinois. Elder Benney met with the Presbyterian then called a Union school. Rev. A. E. Simons had conducted a school while he was pastor. And now the school was re-opened. Valuable aid in this school was given to the pastor and his wife by Miss Mary Bacon, then residing in Crown Point with her grandmother, Mrs. Sanford, by Mrs. L. G. Bedell, and by Mrs. Sarah Robinson. Each of these took charge of a class in the school, and all were earnest, active laborers, co-operating faithfully with Mrs. Ball in carrying on the school in the absence of the pastor. Miss Mary Bacon was a member of a Baptist church in New York city, and was then a young lady of charming, child-like earnestness, of Christian character, and a genuine Baptist. She is now Mrs. Allen of New York city, the wife of a publisher, and has matured into a devoted,

faithful, careful mother. The other two teachers were members of a Presbyterian church, but were ready to do good where openings appeared. Mrs. Robinson was a teacher, and one of the best teachers of little children ever in Crown Point. Mrs. Bedell, attending afterward medical lectures in Boston and graduating there with honor, is now a practicing physician, having offices in Crown Point and Chicago. Mrs. Ball still continues in the Sabbath school work.

Another special friend; in the earlier days of this new labor at Crown Point was Miss H. L. Teasdale, a daughter of that Baptist pastor at Alton, in Illinois, who was killed on an excursion train. She was in rather feeble health, but was a devoted Christian, a true-hearted Baptist, a charming friend, a cheering listener in the congregation. She was visiting relatives at Crown Point with whom she spent considerable time. She after a time became Mrs. Schofield. The following are extracts from one of her letters written to Mrs. Ball from Upper Alton. "I found all delighted to have me home again, while on every hand I meet with old, familiar friends, who give me a cordial greeting. Still I do not forget the loved absent ones, and my memory loves to recall those *so dear* in Crown Point. Here, every Sabbath, our large church is crowded to overflowing, but I do not enjoy

the services any more than I used to in your own quiet little house of worship, where I so often went, ever feeling upon returning that there the *Word of God* had been expounded in its purity, while my heart felt to rejoice at so great a privilege. Oh! that the great 'Head of the Church' might crown the efforts of yourself and husband with such success as will give you courage to press onward in your noble work of *saving souls*. I think of you so much, and pray earnestly for you both. Remember me kindly to Mr. Ball, and tell him how much I regret that I could do so little to encourage him and his dear wife in their work."

"Mother unites with me in love to you, and thanks you for the kindness you gave me while with you, for which I feel very grateful."

This dear friend surely Mrs. Ball will never forget, and the pastor remembers with gratitude how much good it used to do him in those bygone days to have such a cultivated, appreciative, prayerful, attentive listener in his little audience, as was Mrs. H. L. Schofield. The prayers of such he dearly prizes.

There was yet another friend of the pastor's wife, and of himself in his efforts to do good, outside of the membership of the church, whose name should be gratefully recorded here. This was Mrs. Mary Young, who had just become

the wife of Joseph E. Young, a rail-road builder, and since then a millionaire of Chicago. They made, for a time, their home in Crown Point while the building of the Great Eastern road was going on, and as Mrs. Young had been a member of a Christian or Campbellite church and was a woman of culture and decided piety, she naturally attended frequently the Baptist church. Indeed her husband and herself might have been called regular attendants when he was in the village on Sundays, and they, too, were very appreciative, attentive listeners.

Mrs. Young and Mrs. Ball became intimate friends; Mrs. Young aided the pastor in different ways in his work; and the last addition of theological books to his library, of any amount, was procured from Boston by means of a generous gift made to him by Mrs. Young. And that has been now many years ago. When will another such friend arise?

Mrs. Young died in Chicago a few years ago. Before her death her husband gave a lot in Crown Point to the work in which her Baptist friends here were then engaged.

These five choice helpers, Mrs. Mary Allen, Mrs. Bedell, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Schofield, and Mrs. Young, all outside of their own church, but three of them holding the same

common faith, given to Mrs. Ball and to her husband in the early years of their labor at Crown Point, they will remember with grateful hearts.

Mrs. Allen occasionally visits Crown Point, and a meeting with her is ever refreshing to her early friends.

Having made this record concerning some very active and, then, earnest friends and fellow-workers, two of whom have passed from the scenes of earth, the historical narration will now be resumed.

An application had been made to the A. B. Home Mission Society for an appointment, as missionary, of the present pastor. At the suggestion of the Secretary, Dr. Backus, the application was changed to an appointment for the county, including the churches of Lowell and Eagle Creek. That appointment was made, to commence with January 1, 1864. The Society was requested, in the application, to pay two hundred dollars. This, however, the Society did not promise to do; but, through the management of one of their agents in the West, they scarcely did what they actually promised. Reports were made to the Society for three quarters. At the close of the third quarter something being then due from that Society on salary, thirty-four dollars and forty cents hav-

ing been received, the commission was given up, and the record on the pastor's memorandum book stands thus: "Fourth quarter. Went to teaching for a living and earned one, and received the money." This is not very elegantly expressed. It was surely not written with the supposition that any eyes but those of the writer would see it; but the facts stated are readily understood.

It should not be supposed that pastoral, or at least Sabbath labors ceased. These continued, with a few intervals of absence for a short time from the county, through all the period included in this narrative, and they continue down to this present, this Sabbath school centennial year of 1880; and while for the first year the church and community did nobly in furnishing a pastoral support, and some have done nobly ever since, yet to some extent, to a large extent, since the close of 1864, dependence for a support has been upon self exertion, mainly in the line of teaching.

Society at Crown Point, in those closing years of the civil war, was in a formative state, and the village, then without a railroad but with hope of one, had some marked peculiarities. As these concern others also as well as those who have an interest in this narrative, that is, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the

citizens generally, it would not probably be desirable to have these peculiarities distinctly named. It is sufficient to say that with loving hearts, with such discretion and judgment as they had, endeavoring to combine wisdom with harmlessness, the family of the new pastor gave themselves mind and heart to the work which seemed to be assigned to them, taking things as they were and endeavoring to do the best that could be done in the changing circumstances. When what Crown Point then was, a little quiet, retired village of some six or seven hundred inhabitants, is compared with what it now is, a busy rail-road town of some three thousand inhabitants, with all that go to make up the intellectual, social, and religious aspects of the place, no human pen can set out by itself the special influence, whether for good or ill, of this one family. . No such attempt therefore will here be made.

Besides attending to church and religious duties attention was soon given to the literary life of the village. A literary society was formed, holding its meetings at the brick school house on Court street. At this time the pastor of the Presbyterian church was Rev. J. L. Lower, and of the Methodist church Rev. J. C. Newhouse. These both were excellent singers and musicians. While they

attended well to the musical exercises introduced into the society, the Baptist pastor gave time and effort to the literary exercises.

The society was for some time a true success. The two musical pastors introduced their guitars, and fine music filled the intervals between the literary performances.

This at length gave place to other societies to which the Baptist pastor lent a ready aid and in which he took an active part.

THE FIRST BAPTISM.

The Baptist pastor had visited families in times of joy and of sorrow; he had attended marriages and burials, and now the time came when he was to administer for the first time the ordinance of baptism. His loved niece, Carrie, was ready to profess her faith in the Saviour. No place was thought of but Cedar Lake. Not only was water abundant there, but there were the Baptist associations and remembrances clustering since 1838. It was a beautiful day in August. The members of the church and many others repaired to that bright sheet of water. The remaining members of the Cedar Lake family were present. The father was there to witness the first baptism performed by his son. And lake neighbors and friends of youth were there. With

feelings of gratitude and joy, with the thronging memories of that lake vivid within his soul, and with the ordinary feelings of a pastor rendered intense by the earthly relationship and the surroundings, the pastor led that trusting girl out into the gradually deepening water and then buried for a moment her yielding form in the yielding water of that crystal lake into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. And then with deep joy of soul they returned to the shore while a baptismal hymn was sung by glad voices beneath that blue summer sky.

Sorrow treads so often close in the path of joy.

And now was coming to the home occupants at Cedar Lake their heaviest grief. The soldier son and brother Lieutenant Charles Ball, whose regiment had been retained in the South to do guard duty, now, when the sun of peace was soon to shine over all the land, returned once more to his home. He came a soldier, sick and on furlough, to the parsonage at Crown Point. There the old joy returned for a moment as he met his "sister Martha" and as the two little children and Carrie again met that loved "uncle Charlie." His brother, with the young Vermont teacher who had just arrived, Miss Baldwin, accompanied him to

the prairie home; and the light again came to his eyes and the ever cheerful tone to his voice as again he caught, through the green woods, a glance of the lake. His father and mother and brother James were rejoiced at his return; but alas! he entered that beloved home to go but once more out. He came, but to lie down and die. All was done that could be done to retain that precious life. He had been for two years on the tented field; he had faced danger in varied forms; at home upon his bed, sharing a mother's and a sister's care, it was his lot to die. To all it seemed too hard thus to give him up. And yet they were glad that his manly form, unmarred by shot or shell, was lying in their home. From the depth of that fearful grief his father never fully rallied. And life, to none of that household, was probably ever after what it had been before.

The church book record is brief.

Charles Ball, "died 12th Sept. 1865, three o'clock A. M., at his paternal residence, being a member of the 12th Indiana Cavalry stationed in Mississippi, at home on furlough." The citizens of Crown Point were very kind and attentive to the wants of the family in this their great grief.

PLUM GROVE.

The neighborhood which bears this name, the name being derived from a little grove of wild plum trees once furnishing abundance of good fruit, is located on the southern limit of a large prairie and along the Kankakee meadow lands, distant a few miles, in a southeasterly direction, from the Lake of the Red Cedars.

It became the home, in 1852, of Mrs. M. J. Dinwiddie; and through her influence and that of others who from time to time seconded her efforts, it became and continued to be a Baptist center.

As early as October, 1852, a union Sunday school was organized in the neighborhood by Rev. William Townley, then the Presbyterian pastor at Crown Point.

In November J. W. Dinwiddie, who since 1847 had been in business at Crown Point, returned with his family to his farm at Plum Grove, and Mrs. Dinwiddie became immediately identified with the school. The first superintendent was J. Bray of South East Grove. Afterwards Dr. Brownell, and also Allen Hale, were for a time superintendents. About 1856 Mrs. Dinwiddie began to take the charge of the school, others failing to attend or to be prompt; and she has had the principal

charge, with at times some good assistants, ever since. Her husband was not a church member, although a highly respected and excellent man, and one who did much for the good of the community.

“He was county commissioner; was recognized as one of the most energetic, and prudent, and thorough business men and farmers in the county, an excellent manager, firm in principle, and successful in carrying out his plans, and was rapidly advancing in the accumulation of property, when sickness came unexpectedly upon him, and then death. He died April 12, 1861, being forty-seven years of age. His death was deeply felt in the community.”

Mrs. Dinwiddie was left with the management of an estate of about three thousand and five hundred acres of land, which has since been valued at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and with the care of five children.

As the Dinwiddie family became as early as 1852 a prominent Baptist family, to continue on with the Ball family in cultivating this portion of the “vineyard,” even to the date of this writing, 1880,—the Church, Cutler, and Warriner families soon after 1852 leaving the county—it is fitting that a more particular account of this family and of their home should be given.

The father, John W. Dinwiddie, was a descendant of one branch of that old family represented in colonial times by Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia.

Interesting records and facts have of late been obtained from a member of the same family, now living in London. The mother, who was Miss M. J. Perkins of Rome, New York, was in her earlier life a teacher and came as such into Illinois, Aug. 19, 1843.

They were married August 19, 1844.

In 1861, the time when we are to take the first look into this home, the children were five. These were, Oscar, then sixteen years of age, Jerome, Frances, Edwin, commonly called Eddie, and the then little Mary; three brothers and two sisters. The children were fond of reading, and a good supply of choice literary and religious works, and of periodicals, was always on hand. They were furnished with the best of Sabbath school papers. The oldest and the youngest sons excelled in their amount of reading. (Eddie Dinwiddie, born at Plum Grove, and Herbert S. Ball, born at Cedar Lake, about equal in age, and having during each year kept along about the same in height and in weight, have also kept very nearly together in doing a large amount of home reading. Some of that reading has been the same, but much of it has been different.)

The Plum Grove home is pleasantly situated. It is on section twenty-three, in township thirty-three, in range eight west, six miles directly east from Lowell, and about twelve miles from Crown Point. It is on a slope of a large prairie that very soon terminates in that broad strip of fertile lowland which borders the north side of the Kankakee river. The distance from the river is five miles. The location of little groves on the east, on the north, and on the west, the broad expanse of prairie northward to Crown Point, the stretch of level meadow and lowland southward, terminated by the blue line of timbered islands which marks the windings of a singular river, aid in making up a beautiful prairie prospect. No mountain ranges, no distant hills, break the full sweep of vision; but when the sky is blue above, whether flooded with sunshine or the stars of night appear in all their glory there, it requires no very vivid imagination to fancy that this is indeed a part of a smooth, round world, which is whirling on through space. As, many and many a time; by day and by night; in sunshine, in storm, in starlight; in summer and in winter; taking the full sweep of the coldest of prairie winds, or under the burning heat of a midsummer sun, with no shade or shelter; the former missionary of the county, the Baptist pastor at Crown

Point, has gone back and forth between Plum Grove and Crown Point; he has seen probably all the varieties in the various phases of nature here, looking up sometimes into the height of a blue seeming to reach Paradise, and seeing far up the shining of those gossamer threads spun by the flying spiders in October's loveliest days, and again in the deep mud and the midnight darkness, feeling rather than seeing his slow way along, or trusting entirely to the instinct of his faithful horse; and he has a good right to know the outward peculiarities of this prairie home. And as he has seen something of that home life; has known something of those sweeping fires along the Kankakee lowlands, calling the family out at any hour of day or night to protect the long lines of fence, and the large stacks of hay and grain; has had a glance at the care of such a large estate; has seen the children grow up and form connections in life; has seen the successful management of their mother, with her rare ability and sterling weight of character; he has felt that the elements for some rich, romantic story were around him at Plum Grove. To collect these elements is not a part of the design of this work.

It is needless to say that this home is one of great abundance. On the home farm is one of the largest and best orchards in Lake county,

and the dairy and farm products are in great profusion.

The years pass on. The children are growing up. The Sabbath school is prosperous. Church life in the neighborhood is commenced. And now we leave Plum Grove for a time, and return to the pastor at his work in Crown Point.

Pursuing the line of teaching commenced in the fall of 1864, an academic boarding school, known as the CROWN POINT INSTITUTE, was opened in the fall of 1865, Sept. 11th. A building was erected and furnished at a cost of some five thousand dollars. This building was occupied January 1, 1866.

The school was quite prosperous for several years. In one of these years there were sixty boarders.

Most of the teachers and some of the students boarded with the pastor's family. The students were from the families of Jews, Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Spiritualists. They made, during term time, quite an addition to the Sabbath congregation.

Two months after the first baptism, in October, 1865, two others had been baptized at Cedar Lake. These were John Vanhouten and his sister Ellen Vanhouten, who became also students at the Institute.

ORDINATION AT LOWELL.

The pastor at Crown Point having his time fully occupied, brother G. W. Lewis had been obtained to supply the church at Lowell, and once more a resident pastor made his home with the family at Cedar Lake. He had a small family and after a few months a house was obtained and he removed to Lowell. The Lowell church soon requested his ordination and a council was accordingly called, which met in the brick meeting house at Lowell Jany. 18, 1866. G. F. Brayton, J. M. Whitehead, J. Higby, and T. H. Ball, were the ministers invited, but only two were present.

Crown Point church was represented by H. Ball, T. H. Ball, and three female members of the church. The Baptist church at Momence, Illinois, was represented by Rev. J. Higby, Wm. Gordinier, and Julia Gordinier. All the members of the Lowell church were invited to take part in the council, also a visitor present, brother Smith of Brandywine Baptist church, Pennsylvania. Hervey Ball was, on motion of Elder Higby, chosen Moderator, and T. H. Ball Clerk. The examination proceeded in the usual order. The ordination sermon and prayer by Elder Higby, the charge and hand of fellowship by Rev. T. H. Ball. This was the third

ordination in Lake county. The record says, "A pleasant and profitable interview."

Rev. J. Higby, then, and probably now, an Illinois pastor, was in 1835 and 1836 a teacher in a school district in what is now Holyoke, Massachusetts, where Hervey Ball was then teaching a select school in the heart of the old parish, as a successor for a time of "Parson Rand" of venerable memory. At this school T. H. Ball, then nine years of age, was studying Greek and some other branches, and saw occasionally at his father's house at the social prayer meetings, and at the literary society meetings, the teacher, J. Higby. He recollected him very distinctly. And now, thirty years afterwards, the three representing such different phases of life — Judge Ball prepared for college by Father Rand before the War of 1812, and acquainted with the old West Springfield life from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, J. Higby, a true New England Baptist, transplanted upon the Grand Prairie of Illinois, and T. H. Ball, the New England child, the student-hunter of Cedar Lake, whose tastes and views had been formed amid the almost boundless freedom of the West,—the three thus met in an ordination council at Lowell; and the three, in regard to their views of Christian experience and Bible doctrine, were found to

agree almost exactly. This was to these three a very pleasant meeting.

We return to the Baptist life at Crown Point.

At length came to the students boarding with the pastor who was also Principal of the Institute, a time of special religious interest. The prayer meetings, held sometimes in the Institute building, sometimes in the meeting house, were well attended, and some of the youngest girls were learning to trust in the Saviour. Among these was Eva Weatherbe, about twelve years of age, a member of a remarkable family; herself sprightly, beautiful, intelligent, capricious, witty, wayward; a girl that one might easily love or easily dread. She was among the first, probably the very first, at that season of precious influences, to express an interest in her spiritual welfare. Others soon followed. The weeks of this spring time were indeed a season of refreshing. There were now ten, all quite young, ready for baptism. These were, Jerome Dinwiddie, Willie Weatherbe, Irving Cutler, Asa Coplin, Alice Barber, Frances Dinwiddie, Eva Weatherbe, Carrie Sigler, Emma Millis, and Helen Granger. The first Sabbath in June, 1867, was the day appointed for the baptism. Eva's father, himself a stanch Baptist, then a widower who had sought a safe home for his daughters, came from Chicago to

be present at this time. Mrs. Dinwiddie came up from Plum Grove. Again the church and congregation repaired to Cedar Lake, and again they met there the family of the lake and the old neighbors and friends. Judge Ball was becoming quite feeble, but his interest on such an occasion was sufficient to make up for the want of strength. It was the opening of summer, in the lovely month of June; but a light wind was curling the waves on the eastern shore. The first baptisms were on the west side, the next on the south side, the last on the east side, which was nearer to Crown Point.

Uniting the two relations of pastor and teacher the administrator entered heartily into the spirit of this solemn ordinance. The spot selected at this time was further south than before, where the outlet leaves the lake. The older ones of this group without any hesitation were buried beneath the then rolling waves, out from the shingly shore; but Eva's father suggested, as she was so nervous and sensitive, that the waves might startle her, so just in the current of the outlet as it begins to leave the lake a suitable spot was found where there was a smooth surface to the flowing water. It was in the lake and yet in the current. And there, in obedience to the command, in imitation of

the example of her Saviour, her beautiful child form was trustfully laid beneath the surface of the water. Peculiarly sensitive and excitable, she was now perfectly serene, and when her form was raised up to the emblematic new life, again coming into the air and into the sunlight, a remarkable glow of light and love, of peace and joy, illuminated that serene countenance the moment it left the water, as though it was about to shine with an angelic radiance. In the same smooth flowing water some others of the young girls were also baptized, probably Alice Barber, so trustful so dove-like in her patience and earnestness, and Frances Dinwiddie, so full of life and cheerfulness, with the cheery nature that is attributed to the robin, and Carrie Sigler, young, grave, and thoughtful, the last one of that group who had come to a determination joyfully to obey. In a few precious moments the ten had all "put on Christ" by baptism. They had been planted together in the likeness of his death; they had been raised up again to walk in newness of life. Where are they now? Some, it is to be feared, have not been faithful to their baptismal vows; but of nearly all he who then baptized them has great hope that he and they will meet in Paradise. One, the patient, gentle Alice, soon went to Kansas with her parents,

and one morning they found her in her bed *asleep*.

“Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep.”

Frances Dinwiddie, with a husband and four children, lives near her mother's Plum Grove home. And her brother Jerome, living still nearer home, has a family growing up around him. They are yet members of the Plum Grove Sabbath school. Eva has a husband and children and a home on Prince Edward's Island. An interesting letter from her arrived not long ago. Willie is in the Far West. Emma, an accomplished teacher of music, the daughter of a Baptist pastor, is yet in her father's home in the state of New York. Irving is a physician in Illinois. And the others still live. If it was to them a reality, a sacred, solemn act of obedience to Jesus Christ, then often must they look back to their baptismal day in the month of June, and to the eastern shore of the Lake of the Red Cedars.

Once more, in the October following, they came to that lake for baptism, and then they built a font. Seventeen were baptized that were students at the Institute. Many others of these pupils received religious instructions and impressions. The school continued to prosper until the close of this period of thirty

years. The public schools of the State were improving and academic instruction, to quite an extent, ceased in various parts of Indiana. A change became desirable at Crown Point and the pastor and principal of the school, who had become sole proprietor, taking out the musical instruments and some furniture, sold the land and building to the town of Crown Point, for public school purposes, for three thousand and six hundred dollars, August 1, 1871. His loss on the property was about one thousand dollars. His stimulus to effort, it is to be hoped was, that which is attributed to some early New England toilers, "the beautiful hope of doing good." Of this mingling of intellectual with religious culture, so characteristic of those from whom there come to him long lines of descent, he might fittingly inquire,

WILL IT LIVE?

And he would hardly need to search very profoundly into the laws of the human mind, and into the mysterious nature of human influence, and into the enduring vitality of religious truth, to obtain a cheering answer.

He might say even with trembling, of his writing on minds and hearts, for the thirty years during which he has scarcely known rest, from 1850, when he commenced work at Dan-

ville, until this day in 1880, which finds him without any apparent stopping place busy at Crown Point,—with eyes that can read the finest print without any artificial help, with lungs and vocal organs in perfect health and vigor, with feet that carry him over many a long mile, as they used to do in his hunting days, with his Huguenot endurance,—he might say what a weak and temporizing ruler once said: “What I have written, I have written.”

For good or ill such work must live.

Associated with him as teachers during the different years of the life of the Institute—the special years not here noted—were Miss Martha E. Baldwin of Vermont, a Baptist girl with whom the principal became acquainted when exploring Coos county, N. H., as a Sabbath-school missionary of the American Sunday School Union in the summer vacation of 1861; Miss Mary Jane Ball, Mrs. F. A. Abrams, Miss Lizzie V. Foster, Miss Sallie J. Walker, Miss Maggie Vanhook, Miss N. A. Rees, a daughter of Elder Rees from Delphi, Miss Mary Pelton, Charles P. Post, Miss Mary A. Davis, and Miss Carrie R. Jarvis; and in music or ornamental branches, in drawing and painting, Mrs. Almond Foster, Mrs. N. C. Cornell, Prof. Julius, Mrs. Mann, now teaching in the public schools of Chicago, Miss L. B. Weston, and

Miss Osgood. Some of those named taught only in the primary department, some taught only music, some drawing, painting, and music, some drawing and mathematics and penmanship. Of course but a part of those named were connected with the school at the same time. The register of the Crown Point Institute, kept by Miss Mary Jane Ball, is a model for fine penmanship. The hundreds of names of students there recorded cannot be transcribed. Many of them are active business men and energetic women now, prominent in social life. Some are on the Atlantic, some on the Pacific coast; some are in the South; some in the central states of the West. In this world they will never meet again.

Of one family a few words in this connection will not be out of place. It has been said that Eva Weatherbe was a member of a remarkable family. This family came from Nova Scotia. They lived for some time at Madison, Wisconsin, where Mrs. Weatherbe died. They afterwards had lands at Lansing in Illinois. The family had been wealthy and were still well off. There were in all some sixteen children, and, some remaining in Nova Scotia, some born in the United States, they never all met together; of those living and grown up some never saw the others. Three of the daughters and three

of the sons, as has been said, found a home at Crown Point, and at length their father, marrying a very estimable lady of Chicago, established at Crown Point the family home. He was absent in the West locating land, and at Kansas City in endeavoring to escape from a burning hotel, he received injuries which soon terminated his life. His remains were brought, in a metallic case, to Crown Point, for burial; the services were conducted by Rev. T. H. Ball; a large concourse of people, as might be expected, assembled; and quite a large gathering of the family then took place. Three married daughters came, one of them from Lexington in Kentucky; the oldest son came from Halifax, N. S., who is now Judge Robert Weatherbe, a man of means and position. Ten of the children therefore met together then, and one son from Michigan, out of the reach of telegraph lines, came and called on Mrs. Ball some weeks afterwards. Soon there was a breaking up of that new home, and few of those ten have ever met since. Eva's home on Prince Edward's Island with her husband and children has been mentioned.

Belle is now Mrs. B. S. Barnes, in Washington, D. C. Alice is Mrs. T. G. Brown, the wife of a banker in Louisville, Kentucky.

Charles Weatherbe is a lawyer at Atlanta,

Georgia, where he has married a fine Southern lady.

William C. Weatherbe is at Apache Pass, Arizona Territory.

Dr. Ernest Weatherbe, who has traveled over many states and territories, who graduated at New Orleans, is a dentist having an office in Chicago where part of his time is spent.

In January, 1868, an editorial in the paper published by the Institute contained the following, after mentioning that Eva had gone to Halifax: "May peace be with thee, Eva, and blessings on thy young head rest. Not forgotten in that far away province of the British queen will this spot be, for here reposes thy loved father's dust." And true to the instincts of that heart, she, the youngest daughter, has written here to inquire about the resting place of that dust. Where it reposes, in the Crown Point cemetery, Judge Weatherbe of Halifax ought to erect a monument.

We return to the Institute life. Four members of the Dinwiddie family were students at the Institute. The sleigh rides to Plum Grove and the night when one party was lost upon the then open prairie will not be forgotten easily by some members of that party of students and teachers. The Plum Grove home was ever a delightful place to which to go.

The Pierian Society connected with the Institute and its Paper the Castalian, the first literary paper in the county, formed a part of this educational enterprise which was itself a part of Baptist labor in the county of Lake. Of the influence, of the result of all, on minds and hearts, of the culture and discipline acquired in the rhetorical and forensic exercises of the Society, the title page question again returns :

WILL IT LIVE ?

That endeavors to carry forward an educational enterprise interfered very much with some forms of pastoral labor, especially with pastoral visits so called, will be supposed ; yet such pastoral work as the small church required was constantly performed. Sometimes the small marriage party would come to the home of the pastor, and the parlor would soon be in readiness for the pleasant ceremony. At other times, whether the occasions were those of joy or sorrow, in any part of Lake county, the pastor would visit the homes of his friends.

Those were intensely busy years. They soon passed. Change was coming at Cedar Lake.

Judge Ball was rapidly declining.

He had enjoyed the baptismal occasions at Cedar Lake. He had enjoyed very much his visits at Crown Point, where he had now a son, a daughter-in-law, and two grandchildren to

welcome him. He had seen the commencement of the Institute enterprise and rejoiced in its success. He was chosen an honorary member of the Pierian Society, Schuyler Colfax accepting a similar appointment. One of his later visits at Crown Point was when the music pupils in the charge of Mrs. Cornell gave the cantata of Esther; but he only remained a few moments in the meeting house, fond as he had been of music, and returned to the home of his son.

He had been for almost thirty years engaged in Sabbath school work, was the oldest superintendent in the county, and was the first president of the county organization organized September 16, 1865.

The published proceedings of the county Sabbath School Convention in August, 1867, contain the following paragraph.

“The President, H. Ball, made a few congratulatory and farewell remarks at the opening of the morning exercises, but being unable to preside, that duty devolved upon the Vice President, Rev. R. B. Young.” The Sabbath School demonstration on that twenty-first of August exceeded what had ever been in the county before. It was the last appearance among the Sabbath school workers of one who had been identified with their interests from

the first, who had attended so many annual gatherings. The last words in behalf of that cause were uttered. His tongue was soon to cleave to the roof of his mouth, his right hand was soon to lose its cunning. He scarcely left his Cedar Lake home after that time. He had taken a deep interest in national affairs during the years of conflict and transition and had taken and read many leading periodicals; but now he ceased to read much, or to take an interest in passing events, beyond the welfare of his remaining children. In the spring of 1868 his son brought him from the old Holyoke home some Connecticut river shad which seemed to recall the past. In the summer Job Worthington of Massachusetts made him a visit; and then his youngest and only remaining brother Edwin H. Ball of Holyoke; and before the latter returned, on the thirteenth of October, 1868, he died. His thirty years of effort for the good of the community were ended. He had promoted, as opportunity was offered, the growth of churches, the advance of Sunday schools, of select schools, and of public schools; he had promoted the advance of the temperance cause; he had been the first presiding officer in other useful organizations; he had been clerk and moderator of the N. I. Baptist Association; he had been a trustee of Franklin Col-

lege. His position as Judge of the Probate Court he had resigned.

He was the first president of the Lake County Agricultural Society, and continued in that position for six years.

The first temperance society of the county, in 1841, owed its origin to the efforts of himself and Elder Warriner in connection with the influence and efforts of Solon Robinson. He was a member of the first lodge of Good Templars organized in December, 1855. He was the Master for the first four years of the first masonic lodge of the county. He was the first and only clerk of the Cedar Lake church.

During his life in Vermont as a law student and elsewhere in professional life, having been for fourteen years in active life in the state of Georgia, from 1820 to 1834, he had gained a large experience, his acquaintances having been among the most distinguished men in those two states; and the benefit of this experience and of a knowledge of the world gained by mingling with the fashionable, the wealthy, and the influential, the young persons at Cedar Lake richly shared. Whatever others may have done in this county for the building up of good institutions, he certainly did something; and he did his work, whatever may have been his frailties and its imperfections, he did his work in

the spirit in which only those labor who every day, in their quiet homes, lift up their hearts and voices to the Eternal Throne.

And when he died the Baptist cause in Lake lost a supporter and a friend. Its decline, almost from that hour, began."

The following notice of the death of one more of the early settlers at the lake, of one who became a Baptist in her Western home, comes properly here in the order of time. It is taken from the *Castalian*, then published by the Crown Point Institute. The year is 1869.

"Died on Friday, Dec. 10,

Mrs. LUCY TAYLOR, aged seventy-seven years.

Sister Taylor, known among her acquaintances as Aunt Lucy, was born in Hoosack, Vermont, Aug. 12, 1792. She spent a portion of life in Pennsylvania, came in early times into Indiana, and in 1835 or 1836 settled at Cedar Lake, Lake county, Indiana. She married, in comparative youth, Adonijah Taylor, and was the mother of eight children. She was a dutiful and affectionate wife and mother, making home pleasant by her cheerfulness and life.

She was baptized in 1850, by that devoted pastor so well known and beloved in Northern Indiana, Elder Thomas Hunt, who years ago finished up his earthly toil; and she became a

member of the Cedar Lake Baptist church. She maintained a consistent Christian walk, and was well spoken of by others, esteemed, and respected. She was the last but one of the early settlers remaining around Cedar Lake, and seemed to become lonely, ready to go to rest and join the innumerable company who have gone before into Paradise."

Mrs. Taylor must have been in early life a very pleasant, lovely Vermont girl. Amid some trials she retained her pleasantness through a long life.

One of her sons was the first person baptized in Lake county. Two sons and one daughter are yet living in Lake, and among their children are many pleasant daughters. Fittingly may they imitate the virtues of their grand-mother.

For one more year after the death of Judge Ball Mrs. J. A. H. Ball, James H., and Mary Jane Ball, remained at their home; and Judge Woodard came with his family from Alabama in the early winter of 1868 and remained with them at Cedar Lake. Thus the growing loneliness of that home was in part relieved. The two Crown Point children enjoyed, in the summer of 1869, pleasant visits at their grand-mother's with their, now four, Southern cousins, Georgie sometimes taking down with her her particular friend young Ella Barber. But this

was the last season for such enjoyment at Cedar Lake.

There was one more small family gathering, one more hour of quiet joy. Miss Mary Jane Ball was married, December 16, 1869, to Dr. A. S. Cutler. It was the second and the last bridal assembly. One had been in the old home and one in the new. Two deaths had been at the old home and three at the new. The place was even now sold. It was soon delivered up to strangers, and Baptist life ended at the Lake of the Red Cedars.

The following expression of the feelings of one who had written to an Agawam cousin,

“In the wilds of the West no lake is so bright
As the Lake of Red Cedars. Good bye and Good night.”

may form for this chapter a fitting close.

(The above two lines were written in imitation of those well known lines,

“In all the wide world there’s no valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”)

“A FAREWELL TO OUR CEDAR LAKE HOMESTEAD.

To-morrow that loved spot we last called home
Into the hands of strangers passes; I
Cannot but feel sad, although we freely
Gave it up, freely signed the title deeds.
For many years have clustered round that spot
The strong home feelings. A true home is dear
On earth, well called our brightest type of heaven.

Farewell to thee, thou home. No more within
Thy rooms, the scenes of pleasant intercourse
So long; vocal so oft with prayer and praise;
Desecrated never yet by midnight
Noisy revels;—no more shall we repose,
Or rest, or enter, but as stranger guests.
Thy present owners will not know thy full
And blessed memories. Farewell to all
Those rooms, and quiet nooks, and last of all
To those thrice hallowed by the peaceful death
Of dear ones; we cannot forget that there
Sweet Henrie, and gentle brother Charlie,
And an aged father, loved and honored,
Looked their last upon us; and hallowed too
By sister Mary's joyous bridal hour,
In the bright hues of which so late we met.
Hallowed by grief so great and joy so pure,
How can we thee forget, home of the past!
Farewell to thee, bright grove. How many times
Long years ago into thy shade I came,
Laying the sharp scythe by to rest from toil,
And drink from that cool spring, now and for years
Vanished beneath the surface. And how fair
Those youthful fancies and romantic thoughts,
Viewing thy possibilities for rare
Wild beauty, planning then to make thee mine,
Thinking how loved and gentle ones would come
And sportive children play amid thy shades,
And laugh along thy flowing waters there.
And they *did come*; jungle and dell they came,
Almost beyond my fairest youthful thoughts
They came, and wandered in that very spot,
And in their youth and joy and freshness they
Rejoiced amid thy beauty, where, from toil
Reposing, I in boyhood built air castles.
Strange that so many of my early dreams,
My day dreams, ever fair, have been so well

Accomplished! But these and I, as owners
Of the soil, as having any heirship
Left in thee, amid thy summer foliage,
Or through thy hazel mazes, or in dell
So bright and sunny, or in jungle
Dense and dark, where earliest spring flowers grew,
Will roam, and play, and dream no more. And so
Farewell. Farewell to all. 'Tis winter now;
But I have known thine early, glad, spring freshness;
I know thy summer beauty; and I know
Thy autumn richness; I know thee in all
Seasons well. Thou art the last of those rich
Acres broad, last of the three plantations
Lying near to thy clear waters, glorious
Lake of the Red Cedars, from out our hands
To pass. The three have gone to strangers now
And thus all my ancestral homes of old
Have all, save one, passed, one by one, to hands
Of others. Our halls are held by strangers.
There was no English law to hold and keep
Them for the first-born, and they passed; passed not
Because they must, but as each generation
Chose. We are Americans, and so we
Love to change and roam, and open pathways
For the feet of others; and all preferred,
Though pleasant, fair, and lovely all these homes
Have been, each has preferred, all to go forth
And find new seats, and found new homes for them
And for their children. This is our custom,
If not Anglo-Saxon law; and, thus far,
Peace, and love, and hope seem to go with us.
And therefore, last of all the Cedar Lake
Possessions, spot my father last called home,
Meadows, fields and woodlands, orchard, house,
Flowers, fruits, jungle and dell, and crystal well,
Farewell, a hopeful, yet a long farewell.

January 4, 1870.

T. H. B."

CHAPTER XII.

BRIEF MEMORIALS.

First among these memorials may be placed the brief records of a fifth Baptist church in Lake county, a church which had no real connection with the early laborers around Cedar Lake.

THE HOBART CHURCH.

A few devoted laborers endeavored to build up Baptist interests at what is now the town of Hobart. At present it is represented religiously by Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Band members, and what are called Unitarians. But some twenty-five years ago, Elder Bartlett, a zealous free mission Baptist, preached there regularly and organized a free mission church. Elder Kennedy also preached in the neighborhood. Some of the Banks family were active members of this church. It probably numbered some twenty members, and was disbanded several years ago.

One of its members, Miss Elisabeth Hodson, came to Crown Point, and, in later years, was connected with Mrs. Ball in church and Sunday

school work, being ever a firm and efficient friend. She and Mrs. S. Robinson, formerly mentioned, were the only women from Lake county in the service of the Christian Commission, in the dark years of suffering. She was in the hospitals at Memphis. She has since spent some time as governess in the Soldier's Orphan Home at Knightstown, Indiana.

She has lately gone to Kansas, leaving a large vacancy at Crown Point.

A sixth organization in the county, slightly connected with the Cedar Lake center, was called,

THE EAGLE CREEK CHURCH.

RECORDS.

“Saturday, Feb. 1, 1862.

Met * * at the school house * * * for the purpose of organizing a regular Baptist church. The following named brethren and sisters resolved themselves into a church in Gospel order, adopting the articles of faith and covenant found in the Church Manual, to be known by the name of the First Baptist church of Eagle Creek, Lake county, Indiana.” Twelve names follow, among them the name of Elder G. F. Brayton, who became the first pastor. On the next day

four were baptized and added to this new church. On the following Sabbath twelve others were baptized. Baptisms continued until May 4th when twenty-eight had been baptized, making in all forty-four baptisms, and fifty-six members for the Eagle Creek church. Eight others were received by experience or letter, so that before four months had passed the church numbered sixty-four members. The ingathering was rapid; the young men went into the army; the pastor went as chaplain; growth ceased. Changes in population also took place and letters of dismission were given to quite a number. The young men were in that Indiana regiment known as the "Bloody Ninth," and some of them returned no more.

Rev. T. H. Ball, in 1864, and Rev. G. W. Lewis, in 1866, preached in the bounds of this church; but too many changes had taken place to render it desirable to keep up a church organization.

The following is the last record.

"Sept. 6th, 1868.

Eagle Creek Baptist church dissolved this day by mutual consent of members present, and letters granted to the few remaining members." Eleven names are there attached.

Signed, "T. H. Ball, Moderator.
M. J. Dinwiddie, Clerk."

Four of the last eleven members of this church still remain in the county.

LEWIS F. WARRINER.

The oldest of the children of Lewis Warriner that came to Lake county, having an older brother, Sylvester Warriner, a jeweller in Louisville, Kentucky, Lewis F. Warriner was almost a young man when he left the Connecticut valley. He was quick at a repartee, very genial and sociable, intelligent, and a pleasant companion and friend. He spent the summer of 1840 as a member of the Ball family, and with him the children there became very intimate. He returned again to his father's home. In the summer of 1845 a fatal sickness came upon him. Exposures of different kinds had enabled disease to lay firmly hold upon a constitution which had seemed to be quite vigorous and robust. The fever ran its course in about twelve days. Some members of the family on the west side of the lake were present during his last night on earth, and to the two oldest of those seven children, the brother and sister who had that spring become church members, it was a solemn night. They had left their home near nightfall, to visit their dying friend, had passed around the head of the lake, and a

dark and cloudy night of midsummer coming on, among the thick foliage of the east side woods they for the first time in their lives were lost. Wandering for some time in that thick darkness, their horse not knowing where they wished to go, pressing onward by instinct rather than by knowledge, they at length saw a light. They hastened towards it, and it proved to be the light from the sick room which they sought. It was ascertained that night, perhaps by some before, that their friend had a hope in their own Saviour, although he had never publicly professed faith in Christ. This to his father and to them was joyful news in a sad hour and in a trying time. Along in the night the brother read to his dying friend, who was some six years older than himself, but with whom notwithstanding the difference of age he had been an intimate associate, the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, which speaks of the resurrection of the dead, and then all present who were awake knelt in prayer around the bedside of the sufferer. All was done that could be done to save life, but active remedies had no effect. The next morning the brother and sister exchanged with their dear friend the last good byes, and returned to their home. At six in the evening death came, and one more, one of the noble and promising of that community,

was numbered with those who had passed the river. Forgotten upon earth there is good reason to hope that, as a living ransomed soul, he is resting and rejoicing in Paradise. Death had never seemed to come so near to his young friend before. It was his first great loss. Since then, one after another, many dear ones have passed away from earth.

ANN BELSHAW.

One of the young members of the Cedar Lake Church was a fair-haired girl, of English birth, baptized by Elder Hastings on Rolling Prairie when eleven years of age, and finding her last earthly home at the southern limit of Lake Prairie. She visited occasionally at the Cedar Lake home, where also she and her mother attended the church meetings. With her, the two on horseback, their horses passing over the beds of lovely flowers, when the prairie between their two homes was open and almost pathless, the oldest son of the Cedar Lake family first crossed that nine miles of perfectly open, rolling, grassy prairie. It was a ride to be through life remembered. Everything was beautiful and new and fresh, as the sunshine of that summer afternoon gilded the face of nature; and with such a girl for a

companion, although miles away from human habitations or beings; one could not feel lonely. She was a noble-hearted, fair looking, Christian girl, graceful on horseback, a sweet singer, a charming friend. In her bright girlhood she passed away from earth. In a little family burial place, near her last home, her dust remains.

Hearts differ. There was one to whom she was said to have been engaged in marriage, who came from Oregon and found her not on earth; and who, in a few weeks after he knew of her death, sought in marriage the hand of another Lake Prairie girl. And there was one, who had learned to love her, to whom after her departure earth seemed very, very lone, and who for some seven years thereafter proffered no love to woman.

The following tribute to her memory, the first of many such notices written by the same hand, was published in the Indiana Messenger.

“Cedar Lake, July 15, 1846.

Died—On Sunday, 21st June, 1846, at the residence of her father, in Lake county, Ind., ANN, the youngest daughter of George and Elizabeth Belshaw, aged eighteen years.

The deceased was born in England A. D. 1828. In early childhood, with the other members of her father's family, she crossed the

ocean and found a home in America. At the early age of eleven she made a public profession of the religion of the Bible, was baptized by Elder A. Hastings, and united with the Rolling Prairie Baptist church. Speaking of herself at the time, she said :

She never found substantial joys
Until she heard her Saviour's voice.

And when on her death-bed, referring to that time, she said, that young as she was, it was a blessed time for her, and she had never repented it. In June, 1845, she united by letter with the Cedar Lake church, of which she continued a member until her death. She was unwell for nearly six months, alternately better and worse. * * * Her disease was painful, her mouth and throat being so cankered as at times to prevent her from holding any conversation; at other times she could not speak so freely as she wished.

* * * * *

Thus was removed from among us one whose more than ordinary natural grace, amiable qualities, and Christian virtues, made her indeed the joy of her connections and the delight of many hearts.

* * * * *

We say that she is dead, but what is death?
Is it to cease to be forevermore?

When the low, sad parting words are given,
Beside the bed of death, is that indeed
The last farewell? And when that mournful look
From tearful eyes, so fixed and so prolonged,
Falls on the cold, inanimate clay
That lately was with life so radiant,
Is it all hopeless, ever more to view
That form, which the damp earth will soon receive?
Oh no—love, praise and glory give, to HIM,
The High and Holy One, that we are not
Thus comfortless.

A revelation has to us been made
From which we learn the soul will ever be;
Will live and act to all eternity.
That death is but its separation from
The mortal frame, the frame that turns to dust;
And still again we learn, that tho' in dust,
This will be brought to life to die no more.

A pleasant and a lovely one
Has passed from earth away;
On her the spoiler set his seal,
She might not, could not stay;
Away to realms of glory bright,
The gentle spirit took its flight.

Like a fair, fresh, opening rose bud,
Plucked from its parent stem,
Was from its earthly house removed,
This precious, priceless gem;
Called by a Father kind, away,
To shine in realms of endless day.

Sweet was the music, when she here
Sang Zion's sacred songs;
But now ecstatic it must be,
'Mid the angelic throngs,

As she beholds her Saviour's face,
And sings of all his matchless grace.

She is a spirit, then is free
From earthly pain and woe;
Yet all her pleasures and rich joys
We do not, cannot know;
But learn that all is peace and love
In that bright, happy world above.

Gentle sister, we shall never
In life behold thee more;
For thy short pilgrimage is done;
Thou hast reached Canaan's shore,
Yet dost thou not with angels come
To view thy friends within thy home?

Thy home! ah, that is heaven now,
Though where, we do not know;
Nor whether thou art ever near
Thy loved ones here below;
We do but know that angels bright
Minister to heirs of light.

Stern death for thee had lost its sting,
For thou couldst smiling say,
"Jesus is precious to me now,"—
Thou didst not long to stay;
And 'tis a joy for us to know
Thou wast prepared and glad to go.

Thy mortal frame doth rest in hope,
We know "'twill rise again,"
And trust it never more will know
Sickness or want, or pain;
Then rest, O dust, low in the ground,
Until the trump of God shall sound.

Thy living soul, we do not doubt,
Has entered into rest,

And that with all the blood-washed throng,
'Twill be forever blest:
And we too hope when life shall end,
In heaven eternity to spend.

T. H. B."

MRS. SARAH FARWELL

has been mentioned as one of the two baptized in May 1845, which was the third time baptism had been administered at Cedar Lake.

It has been stated that her conversion was remarkable, her experience somewhat peculiar, and her growth in grace was rapid. Her own expressions, in regard to one special time of enjoyment and manifestations of Divine grace, cannot now be recalled, but the following expressions from the experience of Mrs. Sarah Edwards are so similar that they are here given as illustrating a precious period in Mrs. Farwell's life. "The greater part of the night I lay awake, sometimes asleep and sometimes between sleeping and waking. But all night I continued in a constant, clear and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent and transcendent love, of his nearness to me * * with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in him. I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of divine love come down from Christ in heaven into my heart, in

a constant stream, like a stream or ray of sweet light." Mrs. Farwell's constant state of mind might be safely expressed by the term *perfect peace*. Although responsibilities were resting upon her, she expressed herself as having no troubles, no cares. She had learned the practical meaning of that passage in Philippians, "Be careful for nothing," and it did seem, to one who often visited her home, that the peace of God, passing all understanding, kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Three short, pleasant years completed her Christian pilgrimage, and she died, in the full trustfulness of faith and love, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clark, two miles east of Crown Point, in 1848. Her remains were conveyed to her old home and laid beside the dust of her husband, there to rest until the resurrection "of the just." Her sons are scattered in the West and in the East. Two daughters of her daughter, Mrs. J. Brown and Mrs. O. Wheeler, reside in pleasant homes at Crown Point.

Whatever wealth or position may do for them and theirs, God bestows in this world no richer blessing than such peace and love as were upon their grandmother so graciously bestowed. No brighter exemplification of a life of "peace," with one upon whom family cares and duties rested, has there been in the

county of Lake, than was seen for the last three years in the life of Mrs. Sarah Farwell.

REV. THOMAS L. HUNT

was born in Abington township, Wayne county, Indiana, in 1822.

He was the son of General George and Martha Hunt. In the spring of 1835 his parents and the family removed to Rolling Prairie in Laporte county Indiana, the Whitehead family also settling there the same year. On the first Sunday in August, 1839, then seventeen years of age, he was baptized by Elder A. Hastings, upon profession of his faith in Christ. The harvest season of this year, in the great wheat growing region of Northern Indiana, had been for the Rolling Prairie Baptist church a precious revival season and a time of ingathering in a spiritual harvest. On this same Sabbath twenty-two were there baptized, among them the father and brother of Thomas L. Hunt, and J. M. Whitehead, who has since been such a successful pastor in Indiana and in Illinois, and it is believed, that young girl who has been mentioned in this volume, Ann Belshaw.

T. L. Hunt became at once an active, living Christian. In 1840 he was a Sabbath school superintendent.

In November, 1844, he and J. M. Whitehead were licensed to preach the Gospel. Feb. 27, 1846, T. L. Hunt, Stephen G. Hunt, and James M. Whitehead, cousins and members of the same church, were all ordained as regular Baptist ministers. The ordaining council was large. The churches of the association were well represented.

Elder E. H. Hamlin was Moderator.

For nearly five years these three young brethren supplied the pulpit of the Rolling Prairie church, preached in the neighborhoods around, and kept up, for a time, six Sabbath schools.

In the fall of 1846 T. L. Hunt was married to Miss Julia Ann Ford, a daughter of Rev. S. Ford, a Baptist pastor at La Porte.

During the five years of labor on Rolling Prairie about sixty were baptized by the three home missionaries. Brother Hunt's mother was a sister of the father of Rev. J. M. Whitehead. In Wayne county the homes of the two cousins were but one mile apart. On Rolling Prairie they were but two. Converted, licensed, and ordained at the same periods, those years of their home ministerial labor must have been very pleasant.

T. L. Hunt applied himself diligently to study. He had studious habits and was a Christian of marked piety.

In December of 1849 he commenced labors at Cedar Lake, entering upon the full responsibilities of a pastor.

His labors in Lake county have been already mentioned, and his zeal in building up a church at Crown Point, and his untiring devotion to the cause of Christ. To human appearance he in some sense sacrificed to this cause his life, and the church for whose sake he so toiled, sacrificed, prayed, and hoped, if it erects for him no marble monument, ought to hold ever in grateful remembrance the toils and sacrifices of its first pastor. Fifteen miles away from Crown Point, seven miles due south from Cedar Lake, in the grove south of Lake Prairie, in the Sanders Burial Ground, reposes all that was mortal of THOMAS L. HUNT, the first, the only Baptist pastor who has died in the county of Lake. He died July 21, 1853, at the early age of thirty-one years. He died at the home of his brother, James Hunt, who had married Fanny C. Warriner. He was probably not aware that he was overtaking his physical endurance; but like Epaphroditus, Paul's brother and companion in labor, it might have been said of him, "Because for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life, to supply" some one's lack of service. And such, according to Paul's teaching, should

be held "in reputation." As a minister Rolling Prairie shared in his devoted labors; but as a pastor, the Baptists in Lake should say, *He is all our own. His dust remains with us, and his memory we will cherish.* No better man can the roll of the names of Indiana ministers show. He was a true, sincere, earnest, devoted Christian.

In about one year and a month, the most mature in soul of the twenty-one whom as pastor at Cedar Lake he had baptized, Heman Ball, followed him up to Paradise.

"Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

Carefully and prayerfully should those tread the pathways of ministerial life who are successors of such a man as Thomas L. Hunt.

HEMAN BALL.

Like Lewis F. Warriner and Ann Belshaw, of whom few in Lake county now retain much remembrance, Heman Ball also passed away before his life became to much extent interwoven with those now living and acting. Of him therefore by those now in active life but little is known.

He seems to have been one of those, of whom there are many treasured names, like John L. Bickersteth, and Thomas C. Paul, and Wilberforce Richmond, who are sent into this world to gladden, for a few short years, the family circle, to exhibit the radiance of loveliness in moral qualities, of gentleness, humility, patience, and resignation, and to be refined by severe suffering for the enjoyments and activities of the future.

Earthly fame to such is nothing, for the records of their lives, as bright as brief, are kept in Heaven; and, with their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they go to be, sometime, kings and priests unto God forever.

Some one has said: "This world is filled with the voices of the dead. Sweet and solemn voices are they, speaking with unearthly authority, coming back to us as the messages of angels."

"There are few who do not number in their families those whose places are vacant at the table and the hearth, and yet who are not reckoned as lost, but only gone before. And when the business of daily life is for awhile suspended, and its cares are put to rest—nay, often in the midst of the world's tumult—

their voices float down clearly and distinctly from heaven, and say to their own, Come up hither."

Heman Ball was born in Columbia county, Georgia, January 15, 1832; he spent three years in Massachusetts, and was five years of age when he became a resident of Indiana. He was almost six years of age when in December of 1837 his home was fixed at Cedar Lake. Eight years of life glided away quite uniformly and pleasantly. Like other boys in similar circumstances he worked in summer according to his strength; he picked the flowers of spring for his sisters, and gathered the rich wild strawberries of June, which in those years were very abundant in fruitful seasons, and collected with the other children the hazel nuts and hickory nuts of autumn. Delightful were those nut-gathering days when the whole group of boys and girls made the October woods echo with their cheery voices. He pursued the usual studies of the members of the household; he read, he hunted, he enjoyed the summer baths in the lake and the winter skatings upon its smooth, glare surface. Healthful and invigorating and gladsome were the hours when the boys and girls of the lake met on that dark crystal ice, sometimes two feet in thickness, and spent some of the beautiful moonlight evenings with their sleds and skates.

In the early summer of 1846, now fourteen years of age, he had an attack of sore eyes. Until this time he was a healthy, tall, and quite vigorous boy, with bright, strong, hazel eyes, full of life and joy, as light-hearted as the birds that sung to him in spring time, as free and buoyant almost as the spotted fawn that bounded through his groves and over the open prairie.

But a change was coming. Those strong eyes were to be inflamed and ulcered; those lungs, that inhaled the prairie breezes with so much pleasure, to become feeble and diseased and to waste slowly away; that manly form was to be laid many a time upon a bed of languishing and then to be placed in an early grave; and yet the brightest period of his life was now approaching.

The brightest, because the Holy Spirit came to his soul, to draw him to the Saviour, to implant within that soul a new, pure, holy nature, to make him an heir of God, heir of eternal glory. Surely it is a bright period of human life when this Heavenly Visitant comes to renew a human soul.

In the summer of this same year he was taken sick with fever. He recovered in part, but lingered on through the winter, apparently on the border of consumption. He never after fully

recovered. His lungs were constantly weak, and he had many attacks of lung fever.

His New York city uncle, who saw him when he was far from his worst stages, wrote, "I fear his eyes will never be restored, and when I think of his deplorable situation it makes me shudder." Whatever he himself may have *felt*, he never murmured, nor seemed to lose at all his characteristic spirit of cheerfulness. One of his eyes became dreadfully ulcered, and he was in Chicago for some time, in the care of a distinguished oculist. Some relief was obtained, but no permanent cure was effected. While in Chicago he learned in regard to all the trains, their number and variety, then running into the city and out to various places.

In the summer of 1847 he was able to be again upon the farm. Life was pleasant amid the winds, and flowers, and fruits, and bees, and birds.

But moral changes were taking place around him. His mind now awoke with all its vigor to the importance of personal religion. It engrossed his attention, occupied his thoughts, became his great study, and to secure, to experience it, was now the great object of his life.

He heard much preaching, studied, prayed, and yet for months there was darkness about his mind.

At length the light into his spirit shone. He attended a meeting of the Cedar Lake church, professed his faith in Christ, and requested baptism. As he mentioned the steps in the path he had followed, and stated the evidences which he had of a new nature, he stated that during the months of spiritual darkness, there had been one thing which he was not willing to do. Now he was willing to do anything, to be anything.

When that conflict was over and his spirit yielded fully to the Supreme Will, he came out from the cloud, his light was clear, his mind serene. He was baptized in October, 1851.

About three years more on earth for him remained, and they belong to one of the highest types of human life. Men call the exploits of the plumed warrior grand and imposing. Merchant princes who are amassing millions; statesmen controlling the destinies of nations; poets, orators, philosophers, artists; consider themselves no doubt as in the high places of earth. But the humble walk of a suffering Christian is grander than all these. God regards it with a pitying eye, angels look upon it with angelic emotion. Says Scougal, speaking of love to God, charity to man, purity, and humility, "These are the highest perfections that either man or angels are capable of, the

very foundation of heaven laid in the soul, and he who hath attained them need not desire to pry into the hidden rolls of God's decrees, or search the volume of heaven to know what is determined about his everlasting condition; but he may find a copy of God's thoughts concerning him written in his own breast. His love to God may give him assurance of God's favor to him; and those beginnings of happiness which he feels in the conformity of the powers of his soul to the nature of God, and compliance with his will, are a sure pledge that his felicity shall be perfected and continued to all eternity; and it is not without reason that one said, 'I had rather see the real impressions of a God-like nature upon my soul, than have a vision from heaven, or an angel sent to tell me that my name were enrolled in the book of life.' "

What higher type of life than, amid disappointment and suffering, living to become like God.

For a short time Heman Ball continued to engage in out-of-door labor, but one summer's day, while mowing with the others, the pain in his head became too severe. His scythe was laid by, never more in his hands to make the green grass and the flowers bow before its keen edge.

About the house he was still active, and was thus almost constantly with his mother. His mechanical abilities, of which he had a large share, were constantly called into exercise. He delighted to make experiments and secure practical results. He, only, knew every graft and every variety of fruit in the large orchard. His favorite apple tree, besides different varieties of apples, bore also excellent pears. He invented and made for his mother a cheese press, on a principle then new, which proved to be the best press she had ever seen used. There are many evidences that his intellect was richly endowed. Philosophical clearness, love of investigation, great intuitive perception of truth, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of planning, a very retentive memory, with a clear and sound judgment, were prominent traits. He had not only mechanical and inventive, but much architectural talent. Had he lived, and had circumstances been favorable, he might have become an eminent architect. Whatever he undertook he had both the perseverance and the ability to accomplish. He read much, his mind was rich in thoughts, and scarcely a subject could be mentioned in his presence on which he had not more than common place ideas. In the Cedar Lake Lyceum, of which

he was a member, he was a handsome, earnest declaimer, and ready in debate. In social life he was exceedingly obliging, ready to do anything in his power to assist another, pleasant and liking a species of pleasantry, gentle, amiable, winning, in all his deportment.

As a Christian he took a deep interest in missions and in Sabbath school work, and in all evangelical labors. His confidence in the Saviour, his spirit of devotion, his humility, brotherly kindness, the manner in which he at length met death, could not fail to impress those who knew him that his was not an ordinary type of religion. His general bearing and manner in any outward acts of devotion indicated the deep under current of the soul, that it was what persons sometimes call heavenly minded.

Said Rev. W. Townley, of Crown Point, "I was much struck with the manner in which he asked a blessing one day at my table." Said a New York city merchant, of close observation, who was inclined to be a severe judge of professed Christians, and who had visited at Cedar Lake, "I studied his character closely when I was there, and the conclusion was irresistible that his life and bearing were as truly *Christian* as any person with whom I am acquainted."

The following letter will show some of his thoughts and feelings, and how he expressed them.

“DEAR BROTHER.—Your letter mailed October 4, was duly received, and I should be glad to express to you some of the thoughts which it calls forth.

“When I contrast your lot in life with mine, it seems strange there should be such a difference between two members of the same family, difference in natural and acquired powers, in thoughts, feeling, and action. You * * * are now engaged in the active scenes of life; * * * I am here doing nothing for myself or others. You speak of ambition as though it was something peculiar to yourself, and others *might not* be subject to it. As for myself I know that I have enough. There is a longing in my heart to do something, to be something, to make my ‘mark.’

“The world seems to be open before me with bright prospects for usefulness, if I had health to improve them.

“About a year and a half ago I had a strong desire to go to New Mexico. There was an urgent appeal made by our missionary there, who was then in the States, for two or three young men to go as teachers among the Indians and Mexicans around Santa Fe. My

heart responded, 'I will go'; but insurmountable obstacles were in the way, and I was compelled to abandon the project. He returned alone.

With respect to wealth, I think that, with good health, I might during the next five years average one thousand dollars a year. The prospect is equally good in Kentucky, and perhaps still better in Texas although more uncertain. I see many around amassing property, which at best is but badly used. There is room enough here for a great many fortunes to be made at farming and stockgrowing, but these are lists which I may not enter.

Last spring our Sabbath school was again organized and I wanted to attend; but my health was such that I could not. * * *

I was desirous of trying the effects of a change of climate this fall, but it seems hardly practicable. Father and Mother do not like to have me leave home unwell as I am at present, and here I must stay. Yet, dear brother, think not that I complain. I know that I was a wilful, wild, thoughtless boy, and perhaps nothing but afflictions would ever have subdued my proud spirit. I think, if I know my own heart, I have learned to trust Providence at all times. I have had many wearisome days appointed me, but I have learned to bear them pleasantly

and I hope profitably in communion with my own heart and with God. While you are far from home, toiling on in a land of strangers, I have nothing to do but wait and take what comes before me. But enough of this. *

* * * * *

H. B."

That he had learned to bear his wearisome days "pleasantly" was a fact evident to all who saw him. When suffering the most severely with an ulcered eye he seemed to observers to speak in a more than usually pleasant manner. He was taught the right lessons in the school of suffering. Too many, at such times, fret and worry, complain and murmur, disturbing their own peace and the comfort of their friends.

He was fond of music. He loved singing. He had taken considerable pains to cultivate his voice, having shared the instructions of some excellent teachers, and many an hour, when no reading could be done, he beguiled with sacred songs, pleasing those who heard them, pleasant to himself. In his singing there was a depth of feeling which added greatly to its interest. Among his favorite pieces were the following :

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry but a night."

“My rest is in heaven,
My home is not here.
Then why should I murmur
When trials appear?
Be hushed my sad spirit,
The worst that can come,
But shortens the journey
And hastens me home.”

Another favorite hymn was,

“Oh sing to me of Heaven,
When I am called to die;”

These pieces call to mind the story of Isabel, the silk-winder, and the motto of that little book:

“Sing them, my children, sing them still,
Those sweet and holy songs!
Oh, let the psalms of Zion’s hill
Be heard from youthful tongues.”

A few days before his death he had procured a collection of sacred music called the Melodeon, but he had little opportunity to make use of it. As one of the household saw it afterwards lying in its place, he thought, It is well. They sing on angels’ harps “where he has gone to dwell.”

The summer of 1854 had now arrived. The Southern visitors reached the Lake of Cedars; Elder Warriner, from Illinois was present; the bridal hour came. None seemed to enjoy his sister’s marriage more fully than her brother

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Heman. Those summer weeks passed rapidly. Three were about ready to start for the South when, on Wednesday night, August 23, that brother took some cold. Thursday he was unwell, had very severe pain, but still kept about the house. Friday and Saturday also he went down once or twice from his chamber. On Sunday his disease was more alarming and a physician was procured. Inflammation of the bowels had commenced in a dangerous form. Monday morning his oldest brother went to his room to take the special care of him that was supposed to be needed, little thinking what that day would bring forth. He talked with his brother very pleasantly. Extracts from authors were read to him and he made remarks as usual upon them. Two physicians from Crown Point came in to see him. They examined his symptoms and went out. As they did not soon return, he suggested that they disliked to come back and inform him that they could do nothing for him. His brother therefore went out to ascertain their opinion, and learned, to his great surprise and grief, that there was no prospect that the sick one would see the sunset of that day. Mastering and repressing as much as possible his own emotion he returned to the bedside of the sick one. It was soon ascertained that he had familiarized

his mind to the idea of death. Allusion was made to the words of Judson, "Death will never take me by surprise," and he expressed the same feeling. He repeated with energy and tenderness, with his rich voice and fine modulation, a passage from the missionary call,

"And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this."

Dr. Judson and Henry Martyn were mentioned and their ideas in regard to living and dying. Then, as gently as possible, his brother communicated to him the opinion of the physicians, and that he was even then very near to death. But there had been no need of preparing his mind for that intelligence. He had looked at the prospect of an early death too often to be startled now although it came upon him so unexpectedly at last. No sign of trepidation, of alarm, or of regret was visible. But without any manifestation of a startled soul he exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am going home?" The tone was the same with which he had been that morning conversing.

To the household the near approach of death came with a startling suddenness, like the light-

ning's flash and the thunder's crash in a clear and sunny sky ; but he seemed to be perfectly ready. Soon his eldest sister, Mrs. E. H. Woodard, the young bride, came in. She had not learned that he was considered in any special danger, and finding him even then dying, she was deeply affected. In a pleasant and earnest tone he said to her, "You do wrong to weep." Others had now come in and he said, "Weep not, my friends, weep not for me. All is well." And then he added :

" For if you will follow me,
When you die, 'twill only be,
Going home."

His oldest brother, who had that day special charge, now gazed with admiration upon him seeing how his earnest, loving faith enabled him, in the full possession of his mental powers, thus undauntedly to meet the king of terrors. The dying one could well have used Tennyson's May Queen's words,

" O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun,
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—"

And that brother could well adopt the words of that beautiful hymn, one of his favorites, 553 in the Psalmist,

“ Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.”

And also those words of another of his favorite pieces, 222 in the Psalmist,

“ How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
‘ Save, or we perish, Son of God.’ ”

It has been his lot to see quite a number die, but he is understood to refer back to the 28th of August, 1854, for the best practical lesson in dying that he has ever received.

The minute record of the events of that day, which has thus far been followed, states that the brother in charge soon saw that the dying one was now holding earnest communion with his Saviour and God. His lips moved in silent prayer, and no disturbance was permitted. Then doubtless, in the full faith which had been maturing for three years, he commended his spirit into the care, into the hands, of his gracious Redeemer.

After some time he conversed again. His father now came, and asked him concerning his hope and trust. His soul was very clear, his trust unshaken in the Saviour. His brother Charles came. He grasped his hand and exclaimed, “ Meet me in heaven ! ” then glancing

round upon the rest he added, "And all of you meet me in heaven!"

His sister asked "How do you feel?" And the answer was "PEACE, ALL PEACE."

Some reviving medicine having been given he inquired if they had been praying for him that he should not go, and added earnestly, "God's will be done." After a short time he asked "Can it be that I am *not* going home?" Some remarks about turning back from the river were made. Soon he felt satisfied that he was surely going. Touching and characteristic were all his expressions. More than one pleasant smile passed over his dying countenance. He had no soul work then to do. He had put nothing off for a dying hour. Presently his eyes brightened. That weakness to which he had been so long subject, so that his sight had become very dim, passed away, even from the eye that had suffered so much, and left them both with the restored brightness and animation and strength of childhood. It seemed astonishing to the beholders. He soon perceived it, and what a thrill passed through their hearts as there burst from his lips in joyous, exulting emotion, "Am I not leaving the infirmities of earth?" Many and keen were the glances of his eyes after that change came over them, telling so vividly again of the intel-

lect, powerful and bright, that was dwelling within, soon to burst its clay tenement, and to be where they have angelic vision.

His father sang some stanzas of the hymn "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," and he joined in the singing. At first his voice faltered, but soon it became as usual, clear and sweet. Soon after came on the dying struggle. It was not severe, but the body was restless. He seemed not to be in pain, but he wanted rest. He wanted to get home. He slept. After waking again he was quiet. He breathed slowly, yet easily, and calmly, and without a struggle, scarce a sigh, he fell asleep in death.

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when eighteen hundred and twenty years before the Saviour of the world expired upon the cross, when the soul of Heman Ball took its flight from earth. The gathered household sang, "How blest the righteous when he dies," and then they knelt in prayer.

HENRIETTA BALL.

Born at Cedar Lake, December 7, 1841. Never out of the state of Indiana except to visit Chicago, Henrietta Ball, the youngest of the household, was peculiarly a flower of the prairie, a child of the central West. She has

been mentioned in different connections in the foregoing narrative. She soon overtook in growth her elder sister, Mary Jane, and the two little girls, dressed alike, of the same size, and resembling each other slightly, seemed like twins to the visitor or passing stranger, as they passed along the prairie and lake pathways. The two were of course great favorites with their four brothers and their various friends. The two girls pursued at home the same studies and engaged in the same pursuits, picked flowers together and plucked the ripened fruits, were sick together and recovered together, and for fifteen years were seldom separated for a day or a night. With about the same ease they pursued various studies, were about equal in penmanship, in drawing, and in painting; they were skilled about equally in housekeeping, in needlework, and in embroidery; in imitating and in originating both excelled; in English composition they were also about equal; but, as their intellects developed more fully, they manifested characteristic differences. Henrietta was versatile, influential, gifted with unusual winning capabilities, and her range of reading was limited only by her opportunities. She was a very rapid reader, and her memory was quick and retentive. It would not be easy to find a girl who at seventeen

years of age had passed over as wide a range of reading as Henrietta Ball. For a few years she was intimately associated with her "sister Martha," and one might look long to find in one home two such even-tempered, patient, clear-visioned, serene, and sunny souls. Where many such together dwell, there will be Paradise.

Henrietta attended a select school at Crown Point, in the fall and winter of 1858 and 1859. She wished to study algebra. Her teacher learning that she had not studied mental arithmetic, recommended that first. She procured the work recommended, went through it in three weeks, and then went through, that winter, with Robinson's large algebra. Her calculating powers were naturally so quick and vigorous that she did not need at all the drill of mental arithmetic. In the fall of 1859 she went to Indianapolis and became a student at the Institute there, where her sister Mary at the same time became a teacher. She graduated in 1861. In the fall she taught school in the northwestern part of Hanover township near her home, boarding in the family of the Lutheran minister, of that neighborhood, Rev. Mr. Lehman. In the winter she taught at Plum Grove, and attended the meetings held that winter at

Eagle Creek by Elder G. F. Brayton. The remainder of her short life she spent at home, and died early in the year of 1863.

The following memorial was published in the Witness. The heading refers to the seven members of the first graduating class of the Indianapolis Female Institute, whose likenesses were taken in one group before they left that capital city, never on earth to meet again.

ONE OF THE SEVEN HAS DEPARTED.

Died of consumption, January 27, 1863, in her Cedar Lake home, Henrietta Ball, youngest daughter of H. and J. A. H. Ball, aged twenty-one years.

She graduated at the Indianapolis Female Institute, in June, 1861, a member of its first class, and the first of the seven to enter the invisible world. Since death enters all places and severs all relations here, what a joy that we can look forward to a sinless and deathless world! I look upon that pictured group, clustered as they once were but can never be again, clustered as they were near the close of their course of studies and at the commencement of their course as educated women, and think *how little we know of life's future! How soon such groups are broken!* Already sister Henrie sleeps.

I think those who knew her at the Institute and around her home would bear me witness

that she was uniformly kind, gentle, active, unselfish; fearless yet loving; cheerful and sunny; eager and quick to learn; ever ready to do good. Those associated with her in studies, who saw her pass examinations, who witnessed her skill in penmanship, who heard her repeat "The Prisoner of Chillon," have some idea of her intellectual endowments.

She was baptized when thirteen years of age. Her life exhibited the fruit of the Spirit. I should describe her as *sweet, sunny, happy, pure*. But she recognized sin within, and remarked to her father not long before her death, that it seemed astonishing that such a sinful being should so soon be in such perfect happiness. During her sickness, which was quite free from pain, although for three months her eyes were scarcely closed in sleep, she never murmured or complained; said that she had spent a very pleasant life; spoke hopefully of the future; made with her accustomed cheerfulness, her last disposition of gifts and tokens for her friends; said she should soon be in the Paradise of God. She expressed her belief in the future recognition of friends.

During her last hour she spoke but little, saying at one time, "Oh if I had not my trust in Jesus what a dreadful condition!" Her father observed "You can trust then." "Yes, I have no doubt." Soon after she said, "Jesus is with me." The tone and manner indicated that a peculiar manifestation of the Savior's presence was then made to her. Her sister Mary asked, "Shall I sing?" "No. *My*

Savior is with me." Those beside her felt that she had a better support in that trying hour than any earthly friend or earthly joy could give.

"The angel of the covenant was come,
And, faithful to his promise, was prepared
To walk with her through death's dark vale."

Soon she ceased to breathe, presenting in her very peaceful death, a death like her life, one of sweet peace,—Will not her existence flow on thus, one peaceful stream forever?—presenting another illustration of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful hymn,

"How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!"

Her death seemed to be most truly *a falling asleep in Jesus*.

In the *Christian Secretary* of January 2, is a notice of the death of one of Henrietta's great-aunts, Mrs. Abigail Goodrich, who lived and died, so the notice says, "with a great faith." Within not many years there have passed away a great-grandmother eighty-eight, a grandmother seventy-seven, and some aged great-aunts, all considered peculiarly beautiful in their outward and inward life, all sharing more or less of this "great faith." Now one much younger falls asleep in this same precious faith, the faith of generation after generation in our family line.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to

such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

T. H. B.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES BALL.

The third son in the Cedar Lake family was born in Agawam, Massachusetts, at the Horton family mansion, April 15, 1834. He was therefore three years old when his home was transferred to that grand solitude beside Lake Michigan, where as the summer months came on wasting sickness was upon him and life seemed ebbing away. At length a change came. Some appetite returned. Every day his oldest brother went out with his gun and procured wild birds for his food. The New England color came back to his pale cheeks, and his intense activity returned to his limbs. He enjoyed rambles in the village and on the beach of the large lake, found a very pleasant little playmate, young Mary Ellis, a beautiful specimen of child life, saw the Indians and their papooses and their ponies; and in December, before he was four years old, his home was removed to the little inland lake, where except when absent at college, in camp life, or in other duties, his home through life remained. It has been suggested that he became to a large extent the light of the household. He had the largest amount of

childhood and boyhood beauty, his gentleness, and cheerfulness, and tenderness of nature, came up very near to the perfection of humanity, his vivacity was great, and in a love for poetry and for beauty few could excel him. When he first came to this West, (Indiana was West then,) he used to talk eagerly of going to the Rocky Mountains and killing the grizzly bears, and he would narrate many an imaginary exploit. That Rocky Mountain trip, however, was reserved for his nephew, born at Cedar Lake, Herbert S., resembling his uncle Charlie in some respects, whose actual exploits in 1877 came up to the romantic imaginings of the young Charles in 1837. Beyond his brothers he was fond of imaginary horses and real horses, and in his hands these useful animals were sure of the best of care. Like all others of this family he read extensively while growing up to manhood, and committed to memory a large amount of beautiful poetry. His range of poetic reading was greater than the range of any other of the seven, and he had more poetic treasure than any of them stored away in a quick and a retentive memory. Like his oldest brother he loved the poems of Mrs. Hemans, and the Lays of Ancient Rome, and many a gem found alone here and there in periodical literature, and he also read much other poetry for which his brother had not the same relish.

He commenced to take his part in the farm labor and grew strong, and robust, and hardy. He enjoyed hunting to some extent, but probably not with the passionate fondness of his brother. His eye was very quick and his aim was true. His entrance upon college life has been mentioned, and the full awaking of his religious nature under the teachings of Dr. Silas Bailey in 1855 and 1856. Circumstances prevented his completing a literary course at Franklin. He enjoyed life there, formed many acquaintances, his peculiarly social, cheerful, and refined nature always winning for him many friends. He carried on for a time quite a correspondence with some of these; but of the circle of his college friends and correspondents but little is now known.

One of his college dissertations, presented on some public occasion, as was then customary at Franklin for undergraduates, was on the following subject: Query. Was Columbus standing up or sitting down when he discovered America? For this essay, which presents one variety of his style of writing, see Appendix.

He had a good voice, clear, expressive eyes, and a countenance always animated and attractive.

In 1859 he was at home. The following are some extracts from a letter sent to South Alabama,

“Cedar Lake, April 10, 1859.

DEAR SISTER MARTHA.

* * * *

Miss Parson's school has been out this week or more, but Henrie is still staying there as a kind of *resident graduate* I suppose.

* * * *

We haven't fixed up our big boat yet, and it got caught in the ice last winter and split so I do not know as we can.

We hear the shrill whistle of *that steamboat* now every day—at least we hear the whistle of an engine morning, noon, and night, echoing across the waters, and suppose of course it must be the steamer.

They are really building a boat now at the *Graytown docks*, to be soon completed, capable of carrying about eighty persons. That will make quite a show sailing round the lake.

* * * *

How I should like to see funny little Herbert again! How does he act toward the *servants*? Does he say “I guess” yet? and call for his “masonic apron?” When you write tell me all about him.”

“Cedar Lake, April 16, 1859.

DEAR LITTLE NEPHEW,

While you are playing and enjoying the *careless* hours of life your uncle Charlie often

thinks about you and brings your form to recollection.

We have snow almost every other day but the grass is getting green though, so I guess if you were here you would '*want to go to grass.*'

I am going to town to-morrow to move 'Aunt Henrie' down, and I guess she will stay at home all summer.

Your little kitty lies on the window some of the time in the sun, but it catches a good many mice.

I shot a big wild goose the other day, bigger than you could lift, and Grandma roasted it for dinner. Wasn't that nice?

Herbert must be a good boy, for some of these days he will be a man, *most as big* as his uncle

CHARLIE."

Early in the year 1860, being still at the home at the lake, his church membership was transferred from East Franklin to Crown Point, and he became the clerk of the church.

He remained at home during that eventful year of 1860 and welcomed the visitors from the South.

His meeting with his eldest brother at the time of the death of their dear sister Henrie has been mentioned. In 1863 he became a

soldier, enlisting in his township of Hanover and entering earnestly into the activities of that fearful struggle. Probably one of his last literary performances was reading, when on a visit to Crown Point when a soldier, in the society where his brother then presided, that poem in response to Poe's *Raven* which is called *The Dove*. *His voice and feelings suited the poem, and his rendering of it was excellent. He had from early childhood been fond of reciting beautiful poetry.

Some letters are at hand which not only give an idea of his style and of his feelings, but which present one view of the soldier-life of multitudes in those trying years.

The first was published in the *Register*.

LETTER FROM THE 12TH CAVALRY.

CAMP ANDERSON,
Michigan City, Feb. 1, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—So long as the chief occupation of the soldiers in this Camp has been that of staying away on furlough, friends at home have, no doubt, heard all that has transpired here, so there is not much of news for the letter writer.

We have had considerable change here in our numbers the camp being some days over crowded with men, and the next morning perhaps, presenting the appearance of a "deserted village." Change itself, however, has ceased

to be a novelty, and the monotony of camp life has been relieved principally by industriously whittling.

The past week the companies have all been engaged in drilling, so that the Camp presents more of a martial appearance. During the warm days the company parade grounds were all cleaned and swept off, and pine trees, rootless, planted before our doors, beautifying our mansion by their rich foliage.

Yesterday, for the first time, "the muffled drum was heard" in our camp

" With that deep, dull, mournful sound,
That told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite."

The soldier had fallen before the most deadly foe in our land—got drunk and was run over by the cars. He was placed in a rough box and buried in the sand near the Camp, without even a sprig of Acacia to mark the spot; his own company not having sufficient respect for him, nor for themselves, to procure a coffin or a church yard lot.

A few Sundays since there was witnessed a beautiful and impressive scene in the Congregational Church, when the children of the Sabbath school presented each member of Capt. Foster's company with a Testament.

The scholars and citizens were seated in the body pews, while the soldiers occupied the side pews on either hand, thus showing an emblem of the Union soldier's true position—defenders, not only of the rights of the present, but the coming age.

There sat the children, with beaming eyes and countenances full of expectation, with their bright and gay costumes of every variety which fancy might dictate, and family groups together enjoying the scene—on either side sat the soldiers, calm, immovable, and each enveloped in that long blue cloak, which, like the black veil of the Holy Sisters, seems to sever its possessor from society, and all the hope of life. All a line of blue. But mark those heads more closely. Here is one grizzled with the frosts of forty winters. His is the age of iron will—of lion-like courage—on the next seat perchance there sits a soft-haired boy, his face half concealed by that high coat collar. You would think him hardly old enough to leave his mother for a night, and yet his eye is clear—his lip does not quiver at the sight of *children* of his size there, happy with their friends. Ah! that boy is every inch of him a soldier; and you may spare your pity too, for he keeps his messmates awake half the night with his frolics and noise. Yet one may well be sad to see so many young faces there, for

“It is not youth that turns
From the field of spears again,
For the boy's high heart too wildly burns
Till it rests among the slain.”

Yet there they are, boys and men separated from their friends, and ready to offer their lives up for their country's good. And the children, the representatives of the next generation, placed in the hands of each soldier a small copy of that Divine Book which, beyond all others, can revive the drooping spirit or cheer the lonely and dying man.

A very impressive address was made by Mr. Norton, the minister officiating, and was responded to by Capt. Foster, who, however, being a man of deeds and not words, excused himself from making a speech by calling out Col. Anderson, who, more of a Crichton, is equal to both. Of his address nothing need be said to those who have already heard him on other occasions.

No more appropriate gift could have been given, nor could it have come so well from other hands, for while the book given teaches the law of love, purity, and perfect justice to all, the scene seemed to bid the soldier of to-day to leave to those children a government as safe and as pure as he received from his father. And will not this be done? Those who go thus calmly to the field will never return save bearing back in triumph the starry flag or borne beneath its folds.

More costly presents may have been given, and with more ostentation, yet perhaps few have given more pleasure to the donors or may be productive of more good to the recipients than this gift of the children of Michigan City.

From Michigan City the regiment was removed to Kendallville. It is now three months later.

“Camp Mitchel, April 21.

SISTER MARTHA,—I don't know as I have written to you lately or not for I don't keep much track of my correspondents. * * *

We have had beautiful weather here for a week past and the mud is all dried up. Kendallville is quite a nice town, and has very pleasant people in it; at least the few I have become acquainted with are. Soldiers you know are always fond of society, so we appreciate it very highly if any one takes notice of us or treats us as friends. I have formed the acquaintance of some real nice young ladies, so you can imagine I am not altogether out of the way of the pleasures of social life. Lieut. Sheehan, Stillman Robbins, and I went to a Mite Society last night. There weren't a great many out, but we enjoyed ourselves passably. I am about as well acquainted here as at Crown Point, * * * though I have only been acquainted with any for two or three weeks. But society can't suit me. Somehow when the novelty has passed it makes me so tired. * * *

At Kendallville he became unwell, and orders soon came for his regiment to proceed South. He was detailed to serve as a staff officer and was appointed sergeant-major, a position which placed many responsibilities and duties upon him, but which kept him generally at the headquarters of the regiment.

The next letter is the following :

HD. QRS. 12th IND. CAV.,
Shepardsville, Ky., May 13.

SISTER MARTHA,—I suppose you were somewhat disappointed in not seeing me at home

again; but after I had considered all the pros and cons, I thought duty said go on with the regiment. I had no idea when I left Kendallville of going farther than Indianapolis; but thought I might as well go there, for I did not feel able to ride from Hobart to Crown Point, being unable to sit up but a few hours at a time when we started. I found many very kind friends in Kendallville to whom I am greatly indebted for attentions.

I am getting quite strong now and stand marching very well. We left Louisville about sunset Wednesday night, but as I had been sent down to express some money for the officers I didn't get off for half an hour after all the rest, so I commenced my first march all alone after dark with my coat, blanket, Poncho, and day's rations for self and pony. After riding three or four miles I overtook the rear guard and the mule teams. It is some fun to see the good Southern teamsters. The mules had, the most of them, been harnessed for the first time that day, and they would get them started and run awhile and then stop to rest. I soon passed them and rode on the rest of the way alone, till I came to the camp. The camp was in a nice beech grove and camp fires were already lighted all through it, while some of the last companies were just going in. The dark gloom of the forest, the noise of a thousand horses and men, the fires lighting up the green leaves of the trees, and white tents, were all a sight worth some toil. I soon found my quarters and tried sleeping *in a dog tent*, but it was too chilly and I couldn't sleep; so I had to get up

and roll myself in my blanket close to a fire and passed the night pretty well.

Since then I have slept in an ambulance where I rest finely. We shut it all up tight and have a nice bed all cushioned. It is rather soft for me, for I had become accustomed to sleeping upon a bare board. Straw makes so much litter Stillman and I had quit using it. By the way, Stillman went with the Infantry. We thought it would be more to his interest to do so. I missed him more than all the rest of the company, we had been so much together and separate from the others, always sleeping alone in the headquarters, separate from all the rest of the regiment. I hardly know how to do without him.

Yesterday morning we again took up our line of march ; had a beautiful day—it had been cold and rainy for several days before, but yesterday it was warm and nice. I have a very easy place for marching as long as we are not in the enemy's country or in danger of meeting a large force, for I take my own time for it and the others have to stop at bridges and narrow places and then ride fast to close up ; while I go in the rear and let my horse walk along—at leisure.

We have remained in camp all day to-day on the banks of Salt river.

Two companies went out scouting, and I should have gone out with them, but I thought I had better save my strength. The next time they go out I shall go.

Our wagon train all came up just before night, and we shall go on early to-morrow morning.

I have not seen much exposure yet, and so like soldiering better and better. I was out in the rain and mud a good deal one day at Louisville, and expected it would make me sick again. * * *

I am finishing my letter by candle light in the ambulance. We are on the bank of the river just above the ford and railroad bridge. One regiment has just gone by on the cars; they stopped to water just opposite us. * * * One battalion of our brigade has marched since I commenced writing, and are crossing the river. The water is about breast deep on the ford, and they file past in the dim moonlight with a long steady roar of plashing water, and horse hoofs on the rocky bed of the stream. I expect we shall hear the reveille by three or four in the morning, so I must crawl under my blankets.

Why we should start just now I dont know, but armies always do their work nights and Sundays.

You may as well direct to me at Nashville.

Good night,

Your loving brother,

CHARLIE.

The regiment went on to North Alabama, and the headquarters were for some time at Huntsville.

Here one of the West Creek boys, one of the soldiers of Hanover township, a special friend of the sergeant-major, and who had shared in the Sabbath school influences of Cedar Lake, was taken sick and died. He was mentioned in the

preceding letter as going on with the infantry but he met with his friend again at Huntsville, and by him the following published obituary notice was written :

DIED. In Huntsville, Ala., July 18th, 1864, STILLMAN A. ROBBINS, of Co. G, 12th Indiana Cavalry, aged 22 years and 8 months.

There are those who recollect, a few years ago, a bright little boy, deeply interested in mastering that key to knowledge, the magic alphabet; then, in early boyhood, leaving the sports of other-children, and stealing away by himself with his favorite books, treasuring with care a neglected Sunday School library; then in the academy the attentive scholar, winning the love of teachers and classmates by obedience and politeness; and soon again in the business of life with a mechanical taste becoming a skillful engineer; and they saw in the child, the boy, and the man, a characteristic nobleness, manliness and energy, that ever attracted attention, and won respect and love.

In November, 1863, when returning after a five months' absence, the young engineer finding a cavalry company recruiting in his neighborhood, after spending but a few hours under his parents' roof, enrolled himself as a volunteer.

Soon after the organization of the regiment he was detailed as clerk in the adjutant's office, where he soon won the confidence and esteem of all the officers in the regiment by his attention

to business and soldierly conduct. At Huntsville he was again detailed as chief clerk in the provost marshal's office, which position he filled for a month with great credit, when he was taken with a fever from which he was just recovering, when a hemorrhage suddenly closed his career.

He sleeps where "southern vines are dressed above the noble slain," none the less a martyr to his country than if he had wrapped his colors round his breast in some blood red field of battle; and there is no nobler grave than that of a patriot soldier. His loss was deeply felt by all the regiment—"talk not of grief till you have seen the tears of warlike men"—but who shall speak of the loss to those parents who had given up their two brave boys, their all, without a murmur, to their country?

C. BALL.

While at Huntsville the sargeant-major of the Twelfth Indiana Cavalry had assigned to him a somewhat dangerous duty. He had taken with him from Cedar Lake as good a horse for cavalry service as he could find, probably one of the best that ever went out of Lake county. Not having been raised at Cedar Lake, where such names as Selim, and Dove, and Bayard, and Mungo Park, and Dufronnal, and Stella, and Mudjekeewis, were common, this charger was called Tom. But unclassical as was the name, Tom was a fine animal, of medium size, very solid, with a heavy mane, a good and easy

traveller, and very hardy. He was stolen twice, and the last time he was not recovered.

Mounted on this hardy and faithful animal the sergeant-major started from the headquarters and passed out of Huntsville alone to carry orders. He knew not what moment the aim of a concealed foe would be upon him, but proceeding upon a gentle gallop, he slacked not rein, nor did his trusty steed break his pace, till a ride of about twenty miles was accomplished. He passed all the dangers unharmed.

The following is the next letter at hand :

HD. QRS. 12th IND. CAV.,
Tullahoma, Tenn., Oct. 22d, 1864.

SISTER MARTHA.—I believe I have not written to you in some time, so I will do it to-night, as Clark Farwell is going home and I want to send by him. I had a pocketful of chestnuts, which I send to Herbert and Georgie.

If I had known of this opportunity I would have gathered some more. There are some chestnut trees around here, though not so very plenty. We are in a very good country here, but don't expect to stay here, as we have no orders to make winter quarters yet. We do not get south very fast, but I expect before another year to have the way opened, so one can go to Grove Hill without difficulty.

It looks very sad to see the sunny south so desolated by the hand of war. You can travel for miles and see no sign of human dwelling, or

rather of people living. Old orchards and a pile of stones where the chimney stood, alone mark the place where formerly stood the abode of some wealthy planter, whose time was taken up in pleasure and where every stranger found a cheerful welcome. Now what a change: All the citizens we see have a sort of downfallen, wobegone look, that contrasts strangely with the brisk, wide-a-wake appearance of our northern people.

I have lately seen several regiments of negro soldiers, and indeed they look quite as martial and ferocious as white troops. They have a good deal of pride, I can tell you, and come out on dress parade with their paper collars and white gloves as if they were *some*, and indeed they are, and will, I think, some day make very good business men.

I should like much, indeed, to go home but have no expectation of doing so until the war is over, unless we should get our winter quarters assigned us in the rear, and hadn't much to do; but the prospect is better for being sent to the front, and I sincerely hope we shall be, though I am contented as a kitten anywhere. I believe people at home often get an idea that soldiering is not so fine a thing as boys pretend, and that they would all be glad to get out of it if they could; but I find I like it better all the time, although I have hardly seen enough of hardships to judge of it. We have pumpkins and sweet potatoes quite often in our mess, and pumpkin pies, too, occasionally.

It is getting quite cool here of nights. Quite well. As ever your brother, CHARLIE BALL.

One more letter from "the tented field" is given here.

HD. QRS. 12th IND. CAV.,
Camp near Nashville, Feb. 3d, 1865.

DEAR SISTER MARTHA.—It has been so long since I have written you, I am beginning to feel almost like a stranger, but as you have been long enough in your new home, certainly, to receive company, it is about time for me to make my first call, which I do with a great deal of pleasure in the only way I can; that is on paper. I have been very careless about writing lately or I should have written sooner, but I wanted to fix up comfortably first, and as I have got my domicil at last completed to my notion, and we have received orders to be prepared to march at a three hours' notice, I will now take this moment of leisure to do what might have been done three weeks ago. I don't know whether to say I am glad or sorry that you have left Crown Point. I know it will make it seem lonesome for our folks at home, but then it may be pleasanter or better for you.

I feel sorry when I think how very little I was allowed to be at the Parsonage last fall, but then I am glad that I was there some. It isn't so bad as when you kept house at Amboy, and I never called at all. I used to regret that *so much*.

But I am glad the past has been so pleasant, and you have been a very dear sister to me; that was such a pleasant time—the fall that I was at home sick.

Well, now, do you wonder how I am enjoying myself? Pretty much as usual. I have seen something of the hardships and perils of war in the last two months, but have not *felt* much of it. That is I have never felt anything to be a *hardship*, being borne up by my *patriotism* (?) O egotism! One don't stop to think whether he has a country or not in such times. I will say then being borne up by my love of novelty, and the buoyant spirits and good health with which I have been blessed.

I have lain down on the frozen ground some pretty cold nights, and after watching the stars till my nose got too cold, placed my hat over my face and slept as sweetly as if my head rested on a pillow of down instead of on my saddle. But O my! didn't fried chickens and pigs used to taste nice after a day's march! When we went back from Murfreesboro' to Tullahoma, I went through with a wagon train and a detachment of our regiment, and as we started without rations, we had to take what we wanted from the inhabitants. The way the pigs and chickens suffered was ludicrous, but not very pleasant to the owners. It looks funny to a parcel of soldiers to break for a house and race the chickens around the yard, while the poor owners beg in vain for their property. Foraging, though is something I dislike and I have never, except for my horse, taken anything from a citizen yet; still when, as in this case, the fortunes of war cut off our supplies, it must be done.

I never took anything, but some of my mess always did, and at night when we would get

into camp and get up a big fire, boil our coffee and make up our corn cakes, fry chicken, and about 9 o'clock we'd have supper and eat enough fresh meat and grease to make a family sick; but when one is breathing the clear frosty air all night, it don't hurt any one,—in fact oil is necessary to keep up heat. Then I have been in battle. From that I escaped unharmed, the closest ball only touching my whiskers, though I heard a great many pass close to my head. I saw a shot coming one time, but hadn't time to move my position when it struck the pike about twenty feet in front, throwing the gravel up on to my horse, and "ricochetted" and passed over my head and the rest of the regiment. We were all in column then on the pike, but we got out of that and formed a line behind a hill in a hurry.

One other time I had to carry an order to some companies who were stationed behind a fence close to the line of the enemy. As soon as these saw me coming, they let the bullets fly at me so it reminded me of a swarm of bees; but I knew the order must be conveyed, and both honor and principle were at stake; so I rode on with less of fear than I have felt many a time when carrying a hive up to put over a swarm of bees.

* * * I have been down to-day in Nashville at a court martial. It was in the State House, so I had an opportunity of seeing that splendid building; but I find I haven't time or space for anything of a description of it.

Feb. 4. This is a most lovely morning, warm as spring and so lovely. I hope it will be as

pleasant on our trip. We expect to go down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee to Eastport. I shall write to Carrie soon, if I can; but tell her I should like to hear from her pen.

As ever your loving brother

CHARLIE.

(A removal from Crown Point is mentioned in this letter. This was from Crown Point to Ladoga; but as it was only for the three months of January, February, and March, in 1865, it has not been referred to in the preceding narrative.)

One week after the letter, given above, was written, the Twelfth Cavalry started for New Orleans, where they arrived March 12th and passed over to Mobile Bay. While in South Alabama Lieut. Charles Ball visited his sister, Mrs. E. H. Woodard, at Gove Hill. It proved to be their last meeting. His regiment performed duty in Florida and Georgia, and then marching across Alabama to Columbus, Mississippi, arrived there May 20, 1865. They ought then to have come home, but were retained by the army authorities, and were finally mustered out of service at Vicksburg, November 10th, and, returning to Indiana, the soldiers were paid off and discharged, November 22d, 1865. But he who had been so long at the regimental headquarters, who knew so well its muster-roll, and all the routine of duty, whose ready pen had been so busily employed

at headquarters, had in that last summer contracted disease, and had returned in the early autumn, on a short furlough, to his loved home where life had so brightly budded, near the Lake of the Red Cedars, to meet once more father, mother, sister, brothers, and to lie down and die. His death has been elsewhere mentioned as the greatest grief of that household. It seemed, in all the circumstances, almost too hard to be borne. None but his near kindred knew all the love and hope and joy that went out of this world when he expired. True, he was but one among a multitude of young American soldiers whose lives were sacrificed in those years of strife; but he was one whom those who loved him knew not how to spare. His manly form was laid away to rest in the Crown Point cemetery amid a little group of anguished hearts and a large circle of sympathizing friends. The burial was masonic, not military. And his only monument is in the hearts of those who know how much of love and tenderness they lost in him, when his sunny, gentle, ransomed soul, soared away from earth, away to the unseen but beautiful world where dwells a glorious throng.

In his regiment he had been recognized distinctly as a Christian. Amid the temptations and perils of a soldier's life, like Havelock and

Hedley Vicars, he had preserved his character unsullied, had maintained his principles inviolate; and with the pureness of his unstained boyhood, with the refined delicacy of his sensitive nature, all unchanged, he was privileged to enter upon his last sleep sharing the fullness of a mother's and a sister's love.

The regiment with which he was connected gained no distinguished war honors, but it performed a large amount of what was supposed to be useful service. It was said by one observer to contain "the finest, most gentlemanly officers and men of any regiment he ever saw." And this observer was in a position to see many. Col. Karge, of the Second New Jersey, who commanded different brigades through all the war, said "that the Twelfth Indiana was the best regiment he ever commanded." And finally "The regiment was highly and specially complimented by Major General Grierson, in a letter to Governor Morton, for its gallant conduct and military discipline." See Adjutant General's Report, Vol. III, page 268.

But whatever honors as a *citizen soldier*, he of whom this record is made may have gained or failed to achieve, as a CHRISTIAN SOLDIER there is no brighter name among those who have lived or died in Lake than the name of the clerk and trustee of the Crown Point Baptist church, CHARLES BALL of Cedar Lake.

Closing up earthly life in the flush of a promising manhood, leaving a few hearts to mourn for him through life, all that he might have done left unaccomplished, a broken column of him a fitting memorial, it is a glad hope that the day of the great family reunion is drawing near—the day of the re-appearing, the coronation day of the soldiers in the Christian army. And when severed hearts meet there the days of mourning will be ended. Until then, or until life ends, one heart at least in view of his early death will ever bleed.

Of the ten of kindred blood, who for many years dwelt so happily at Cedar Lake, five have crossed the mystic river, have gone safely on before; and soon there will be none left on earth of these to enter a lonely home.

“Up to that world of light
Take us dear Saviour,
May we all there unite
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no never.”

NOTE. One of the poems which had been treasured in that retentive memory contains the following lines in regard to a dead English soldier among the Pyrenees:

“The oaks of England wave
O'er the slumbers of thy race,
But a pine of the Roncevalle makes moan
Above thy last lone resting place.”

Of Lieutenant Charles Ball of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who died in old age, some record may be found on monumental marble in the old West Springfield burial place; but over the dust of Lieutenant Charles Ball of Cedar Lake, there is only what Ossian sometimes mentions, a grassy mound, and as a head stone there fittingly stands a cedar tree taken from the Lake of Cedars.

MARY E. M. FULLER.

One of that cluster of girls who were members in 1857 of the West Creek Lyceum, one of the fruits, it is believed, of that meeting in 1856 at the new West Creek, at the Graves school house, was Mary Fuller. She was a very gentle, lovely girl. Her parents were Presbyterians and she united with an independent Presbyterian church. Pleasant was her short life. Strong and true was her religious attachment to the home missionary of 1856, and very grateful to him was the feeling, when in 1863 he returned again to the region of those precious experiences and remembrances, that such a heart cherished such a truly loving, sisterly regard. She had in the mean time been away from home at school and had returned. She was fond of writing.

Written by her pen was probably the little poem of 1857, "Our Minister." She now contributed to the Literary Department of the Register, then edited by T. H. Ball. She wrote as there published, "The Santiagoan Funeral Pile," a poem, and "The Drama of Life." This article closes, referring to "those who have gone before," "Like them we may act and endure to the end, then 'departing, leave behind us footprints in the sands of time,' mementos of our lives although our deeds be not great or lofty; gentle words may effect far more; but we must be 'up and doing,

With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.'

We must also

'Finish our work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
Well done, well done!'

And soon it was so with her. In early womanhood she died, and it was assigned to her Baptist friend and "minister" to conduct the burial services.

The day was one of the loveliest that early spring ever brings to this latitude. An unusually large number of friends assembled to con-

vey that young form, then changed in death, to its last resting place. Seldom has so long a funeral train ever been seen in this county. And after the usual religious exercises, when they came to the quiet family burial place, then one of the most lovely spots for such a purpose that had been selected in the county, in the retirement of a sheltered slope overlooking the West Creek valley, where some other young dust had been laid, the forms of some who had attended the meetings of 1856 and had faded in their very girlhood, no wonder that the soul of that still young pastor was stirred as it had never been stirred before, as, in that retired solitude of nature, amid the golden rays of the declining sun, under the very light of heaven, he spoke of the coming time when those youthful forms would awake in fresh life and beauty at the resurrection morn.

Raised above the sway of earth-born feelings, privileged then and there to spread out, where dust was sleeping, in the presence of such an assembly, that sublime teaching of the Scripture concerning the rising from the dead, he has since felt that the privilege of standing, as between the living and the dead, at such a time and with such glorious teaching, was worth far more than gaining achievements in the paths of literary ambition.

HON. LEWIS WARRINER.

“Lewis Warriner was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts, in June 1792. He settled on the east side of Cedar Lake, November 9, 1837, having lived until that year in his native town, near the west bank of the Connecticut.

His wife, an estimable woman, Mrs. Sabra Warriner, two sons and two daughters, composed the family. Entering actively upon the occupations of a new country life, a pleasant and happy home seemed secure for this New England family; but the “sickly season” of 1838 came upon them, sickness entered their home, death darkened their door, and the loved forms of the mother and youngest daughter were soon laid away to rest in that now neglected mound on the bank of the lake. The others rose up from sickness, and with strong hearts entered anew upon the work of providing comforts for a home out of which so much light and joy had departed.

“A mail route was opened this same year from Crown Point to West Creek, twelve miles, and Lewis Warriner was appointed post master, being the second or third one in the county. This office he held until 1849 when, in Gen. Taylor’s administration, he was removed. When the administration changed, in 1852, he was

again appointed, and held the office until he left the county in 1856.

“In the State of Massachusetts he had been sent four times as representative to Boston, and filled other positions of honor and trust in his native State. In 1839 he was elected a member of the Indiana Legislature to represent Lake and Porter Counties, his competitors being, it is believed, L. Bradley, of City West, and B. McCarty, of Valparaiso.

“So far as I can ascertain, he was the first citizen of Lake County sent to the Legislature. In 1840 he took the first United States census in our bounds. He was again elected a member of the Legislature in 1848.

He was one of the constituent members of the Cedar Lake Baptist Church, organized in June, 1838, having been, with his wife, a member of the Agawam Baptist Church, in West Springfield, and remained true to his Christian profession until his death. He was an excellent neighbor, an exemplary church member, a useful, active citizen, and in public life, both in Massachusetts and in Indiana, discharged his official duties faithfully and to the satisfaction of his constituents.

“His surviving children both having married and left the county, he, in 1856, went to reside with his son, Edwin B. Warriner, at Kankakee,

Illinois, and afterwards with his daughter, Mrs. James A. Hunt. He died at his son-in-law's residence at Prairie Grove, Fayette County, Arkansas, May 14, 1869, being almost 77 years of age.

"I quote the following: 'As a man he always commanded the highest respect and confidence of his neighbors and acquaintances in all the walks of life, both public and private, and was always ready to give his influence and support for every object tending to benefit or improve his fellow man.

"'As a Christian he was active and sincere, both in his church duties and in his every day life and examples, the influences of which were felt and acknowledged by his neighbors and associates as being consistent and earnest, and of a character that quietly leads into the ways of truth and life.'

Of his five children, one only is now living, Edwin B. Warriner, of Kankakee." "Lake County," pages 287, 288.

RICHARD CHURCH. ●

“R. Church was the father of seven sons, Darling, Austin, Alonzo, John, Charles, Munson, and Eli; and of four daughters. Most of these were men and women in 1837.” Leonard Cutler married one of the daughters, and settled on Prairie West about the same time in which the Church family settled. He has been mentioned in different connections in this narrative. His last home in Lake county was in Crown Point. He had three sons and three daughters. His oldest daughter Sophia, who was in her girlhood a zealous Baptist, has married a Presbyterian minister. His second daughter, Martha, married and went to New England. The Cutler family now reside at Avon, near Galesburg, in Illinois.

Lydia Church, the youngest daughter of R. Church, married L. Hand. They have two children and reside at Geneva Lake, in Wisconsin. They are an intelligent Baptist family, having a farm and carrying on a boarding school. “Mrs. Alonzo Cutler, the third daughter of R. Church, resides in La Porte county. Her husband is wealthy and her sons enterprising.” Her husband is a Methodist, but she is a very earnest, consistent, active Baptist. Eli Church, the youngest son, baptized in 1845, one

of the active members of the Cedar Lake Lyceum, one of that group of twenty enjoying those pleasant years, went to California, made and lost two fortunes, and is now living in that golden state, among the mountains, the head of a household where the far off western sun seems to sink to rest in the Pacific.

For a number of years there was no representative of the large Church family in Lake county, but two sons of Darling Church are now merchants at Crown Point. One of these with his wife is a member of the East Street Baptist church. He attended the school at Cedar Lake, but was never identified with the Cedar Lake church.

Richard Church was a man of good judgment, a New York Baptist of the olden time, a farmer and a blacksmith, sociable with children, friendly, and kind. His remains rest in the Crown Point burial ground. His prairie is densely settled by an industrious, thriving, Catholic community. Somewhere in this world, if not where he lived and died, his influence yet lives. Human influence for good or ill does not easily nor readily die.

Two stanzas from Bonar's Everlasting Memorial are here inserted. The one is for those

whose names have been presented in the foregoing pages.

“ Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.”

And the other is for him who has written these pages :

“ So let my living be, so be my dying ;
So let my name lie unblazoned, unknown ;
Unpraised and unmissed I shall still be remembered ;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.”

APPENDIX.

TEN ADDED YEARS. 1868 TO 1878.

THE NORTH STREET CHURCH.

The last of the three New England Baptist pioneers of Lake died in October, 1868. The Crown Point Baptist church was then apparently prosperous. In June 1869 it reported sixty-one members. It soon became evident that trouble was near.

The pastor had tendered his resignation which the church by vote refused to accept. It at length became needful to start a new interest.

The time has not yet come, it may never come, for the reasons for that necessity to be made public.

They are well enough known in Crown Point and at Plum Grove.

“April 23, 1871.

A meeting was this day held at the Crown Point Institute by members of the congregation meeting there during the past year, for the purpose of conferring together in regard to our *

duty as Christians in the circumstances surrounding us.

* * * * *

After a free interchange of views it was unanimously decided that we form ourselves into a church of Christ to be called The North Street Baptist Church at Crown Point." Twelve names are enrolled as constituent members of this church.

Articles of faith were adopted June 3d. The covenant of the Cedar Lake church, with some changes, was adopted. Rev. T. H. Ball became pastor.

It was soon decided to erect a meeting house. A lot was secured adjoining the Institute grounds, on North Street, in the central part of town, and a building was soon commenced. Many citizens in different parts of the county aided generously in the erection of this house, a Gothic structure, forty feet by twenty-eight, with added rooms for the pastor's study and for an infant or Bible class room.

For different reasons the work of building did not progress rapidly.

August 1, 1871 the Institute, then owned by Rev. T. H. Ball, was sold to the town of Crown Point, and the new church met for some time in the Presbyterian church building. As this church was then destitute of a pastor, the pas-

tor of the North Street church occupied the pulpit, by invitation, Sabbath mornings, and delivered to the united congregations, in the year 1871, a series of discourses on the Kingdom, presenting the Original Dominion and the Acquired Dominion; and under the latter the following divisions, the Spiritual Kingdom, the Millennial Kingdom, and the Endless Dominion.

Some of the views then presented, he is not sorry to see accepted as truth now by quite a number in Lake county.

A literary work was now undertaken by the North Street pastor, which required some little time, and which was published in 1873. This work, entitled "Lake County, Indiana, from 1834 to 1872," was completed at the Lakeside Building, Chicago, and was published at Crown Point. It contains three hundred and sixty-four pages, and has met with sufficient commendation from the press.

While these varied labors of preaching, writing, reading proof, performing Sunday School work, and teaching, which was resumed August 19, 1872, were going forward, there came to the now small family, at what had been the Baptist parsonage, the Nineteenth Anniversary, or the Special Donation.

The "crystal wedding," in 1870, had been

duly celebrated, although the husband was absent attending a Baptist educational meeting at Brooklyn. Mrs. E. H. Woodard had made the "presentation speech" as Mrs. Ball's friends presented to her a nice set of glass ware. But this nineteenth anniversary merits more than a passing notice.

The year of 1874 had opened upon Crown Point and upon the rest of the Christian world. The month of April came, the month which brought precious recollections to some of those who had been inmates of the home at the Lake of Cedars. While to the student of history the 19th of April recalls Lexington and Baltimore, to these few, in this Crown Point household, it speaks each year of a baptism and a bridal eve. This was a backward spring around the Great Lakes. Winter lingered and still lingered as though unwilling to depart.

The family of the North Street church pastor had passed through some straits, had known some severe trials; but now one more delightful experience was before them.

The following editorial written by Mrs., now Dr. L. G. Bedell, wife of the editor of the Crown Point Register, will fittingly introduce this "Sunny Side" experience to the reader.

Some of the friends of Mrs. Rev. T. H. Ball have for some time been planning to make

some sort of a demonstrative raid upon her about the 19th of this month, that being her marriage anniversary. But by mere chance some one learned that she had been very desirous of visiting her mother and her native home, near Mobile, Ala., but had entirely given it up for reasons that bear heavily upon the much agitated question of "inflation." Whereupon some of the good ladies of the town thought the circumstances afforded them a very good opportunity to carry out former good intentions of expressing their regard. Immediately some active friends set about an experiment looking to "inflation." "But Georgie must go, too," chimed in many voices, and many a heart as well as purse responded "Amen." And so while busy feet were canvassing the town for "inflation," two messengers were dispatched to Mrs. Ball to inform her that "her neighbors were in conspiracy against her to compel her to leave the town,"—that she should immediately make her preparations to start for Mobile the following day. Only 24 hours remained to her for making up her mind to undergo the painful ordeal (?)—her daughter Georgie was expected to accompany her, and there was no time to be lost in looks of astonishment and exclamations of "Why is this thus?" Accordingly on Wednesday last Mrs. Ball and Georgie left for Mobile under the care and pleasant companionship of Mr. Dibble, who expressed *his* thanks to the ladies for having conferred an unexpected pleasure on him.

Wedding anniversaries have been celebrated in a variety of ways among us—tin weddings,

wooden weddings, crystal weddings and silver weddings, but never have our people entered into any little project with greater zeal or more pleasure than in securing to Mrs. Ball the pleasure of spending *this* 19th of April in the house of her mother, from whence she married 19 years ago. We think our people are remarkable for their generosity, but we never before saw a sum of money raised with such ease or so quickly. The reason is because everybody had a kindly interest in the cause and knew what a genuine and generous surprise it would be, and hence everyone seemed not only willing but anxious to contribute and to have a part in the "conspiracy."

[From the Register.]

NOTES ON THE WAY.

I give a few extracts from letters mailed at Indianapolis, and Bangor, Ala., showing the progress of that little party of three that left Crown Point for Mobile a few mornings ago.

T. H. B.

At La Crosse Mr. Horine bid us good bye and left the cars. It is snowing fast, but we are flying from it just as fast as we can and will soon be in a warmer clime.

Logansport.—"Twenty minutes for meals," and Georgie is hungry. Dinner was a pleasant time. We did not go to the hotel for dinner, but fared sumptuously from the willow basket so well filled by the kind hands of our dear friend Mrs. Summers. We concluded to reserve Mrs. Cornell's box for future use.

Kokomo.—We have changed cars and are off for Indianapolis. Five o'clock. Almost to Indianapolis. We saw some flowers and green fields of wheat. We are surely getting south now. Mr. Dibble sends his regards to all the friends.

Indianapolis.—We took supper in the depot from the willow basket, but it is just as full as ever. We conclude it is a never-failing basket. Mr. Dibble says, the more we eat the fuller it grows. We are now on cars bound for Louisville. Eleven at night. In sight of Louisville. Oh how grand! Georgie says, how grand! Mr. Dibble also says, how grand! The Ohio river in its grandeur, gas lights reflecting in the water, the cars go across the river on a bridge. I never saw so beautiful a sight. We will change cars here, now bound for Nashville. Will try to sleep the remainder of the night. But few passengers on board, plenty of room.

Friday morning.—Bowling Green. A good sleep. Georgie slept well last night. She is quite refreshed this morning. Vegetation is out in green. Everything looks like summer. The woods are full of flowers. Peach trees all in bloom and apple trees also. It is delightful, perfect fairy land. The cows are eating green grass at leisure.

Nashville.—A grand tornado swept through Nashville a day or two ago, and left its foot prints. A great deal of water fell, overflowing the Cumberland river. Houses are floating in the water. They look like boats. Tops of houses were capsized, bridges washed away, trees slashed down, two or three persons

drowned. We came through the Cumberland mountains, through the tunnels. Georgie thinks it is grand. She never saw a mountain before. The negroes amuse her very much. They come out at every station and salute us. We are just passing through a forest of evergreens. We passed through the Union Cemetery, where thousands of soldiers were buried. I think this the nicest time of the year to go south, the scenery is so beautiful. Friday, 3 o'clock. We are at Decatur. Will be at Montgomery about one o'clock to-night.

Telegram.—Mobile, Ala., April 19th, 1874. Received at Crown Point, 8 a.m. To Z. F. Summers: "Arrived safely yesterday. Ladies took steamer for Jackson last evening.

I. O. DIBBLE."

So the probability is that Mrs. Ball and Georgie were at their southern home April 19th.

[The following is from the Clarke County Democrat.]

PERSONAL.

The wife and daughter of the Rev. T. H. Ball, of Crown Point, Ind., arrived here yesterday, having left Crown Point on Thursday. A furious snow storm was prevailing when they left home, with no observable indications of approaching summer. How remarkable the transition! Here they find trees and shrubbery in all their gorgeous outfit of summer beauty and loveliness, with grown leaves and full-blown flowers.

Mrs. Ball returns, after a long absence, to revisit her relatives and the scenes of her childhood.

[From the Register.]

A CARD.

In behalf of my wife, Mrs. M. C. C. Ball, who is now, with her daughter Georgie, in the home of her childhood in South Alabama, to those "friends" who so kindly, heartily, and generously, provided her traveling expenses and sent her with a glad heart upon that long desired journey, I return her and my own very grateful acknowledgments and hearty thanks.

To be permitted to visit an aged mother, sisters, brothers, and a large circle of relatives and friends from whom one has been separated for these last fourteen years, is a great privilege which few can appreciate more thoroughly or enjoy more intensely than she upon whom some of the ladies and citizens of Crown Point have, with such kind thoughtfulness, such expressions of good will, and amid such pleasant surroundings, just conferred this privilege. It seems like the *crowning act* in a series of many kindnesses and favors bestowed upon us during these many years by noble hearts in various parts of this county, all of which we keep in grateful remembrance.

The Great Teacher said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He also said, that a cup of cold water even, given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward. Feeling sure that she who is now enjoying amid the flowers and the fruits and the singing birds and the revival of youthful associations, in the sunny clime of the South, the society of her kindred, has a share in the watchful care

and love of Him who spoke these words, I trust that all those aiding in conferring this pleasure upon her will find, in the language of Scripture, that "a blessing is in it." He, who is able, will abundantly repay them.

T. H. BALL.

CROWN POINT, April 20th, 1874.

[Extracts from Register continued.]

GONE SOUTH.

After the departure of his mother and sister, Herbert S. Ball found his home lonesome, and his "pay day" having come round for some work he had been doing for his uncle, with his father's advice and consent he concluded to carry out more fully a plan that had long ago been arranged, and join his mother and sister in Alabama. He had obtained a printing press from Connecticut, had printed a thousand visiting cards here, had obtained orders for cards from his friends in the South where competition was less and prices much higher, and fitting himself out at Chicago with more type and five thousand cards, he took his press with him and expects to be able to aid materially in bringing his mother and sister back with him to their home. They will probably all return in July. His friends here will certainly be glad that the way opened for him to unite business with enjoyment, and they will expect to see him succeed in bringing his mother and sister safely back.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Mr. Ball has furnished us the subjoined notes of Herbert's trip to the south, jotted down at different points of the route. They will no doubt be interesting to the boys, and probably to many of Herbert's seniors:

May 6th.—I left Chicago last night. As the conductor said that train would not go clear through to Cairo I stopped at Aunt Mary's over night. [Kankakee City.]

It is about four o'clock now, and I think that we are near Decatur, or past it.

The time-table says that the train will reach Cairo early in the morning. I have got along nicely so far.

Dr. Cutler lent me the Arabian Night's tales to read. I have just finished Aladdin's Lamp. I have just seen a number of peach trees in blossom. They look out of place almost. The trees look green and it feels like summer.

Five o'clock. — The men wear straw hats where we are now. We have passed through three or four large towns. We are passing through a wheat field. I should think it was eight inches high.

We are going through a different country now. It is quite uneven here (especially the track). The country begins to look level again.

Where we are now the little boys are bare-footed.

We have just passed a station where there were twenty or thirty black walnut logs, four or five feet thick.

Evening.—The train has stopped to put on sleeping cars. I can see fire-flies and hear the whippoorwill.

[The above mailed at Cairo, Thursday, reached Crown Point Saturday evening, May 9th.]

Friday Morning.—I have got along nicely so far.

I didn't have to stop at Jackson [Tenn.] but about ten minutes. The trees are mostly pines now. We are near Mobile now, so I won't write any more.

HERBERT.

[Mailed at Mobile May 8th, and reached Crown Point Tuesday evening, May 12th.]

NOTES FROM SOUTH ALABAMA.

To the dear friends in Crown Point.

Time has turned backward in its flight, and made me a child again just for awhile, and I am in my childhood's home enjoying the love and caresses of a fond mother and brothers and sisters, and also seeing and visiting with a multitude of friends and acquaintances. You will see at once, dear friends, that I have but little time to call my own, hardly time to write a short letter to the dear ones far away in my northern home.

I am enchanted with the scenery here, and particularly with the forest trees and forest flowers, such as the dog-wood, red-bud, honeysuckle, calycanthus, sensitive plant, yellow and white jessamine, the magnolia, bay, and numerous other flowers. The woods, the groves, the

dells are all perfumed with these luxuriant flowers. It is a perfect fairy land. If I were a poet, or an artist, or anything but myself I would want to live and die here in this beautiful garden of Eden.

A word now about my colored friends. I thought the first two or three weeks I was here that there would not be much left of Georgie and me to be sent back to the North. I began to think they would eat me up or shake me to pieces. I did not know which. Aunt Retta, the old cook, took me in her arms and called me honey, and all sorts of pet names, and said her dear child had got home once more and she thanked the Lord for it; but when Ann, the house maid, came in, she took me in her arms and tossed me up just as though I had been a rag doll; and others went through with all sorts of gymnastic exercises.

We are indulging in various kinds of fruits and vegetables, and sweet potatoes and peanuts and sugar cane left from last winter, and plenty of new Irish potatoes.

I cannot for want of time undertake to tell you anything about the cultivated flowers; but they are in profusion all over the gardens and the yards. Beautiful roses of all descriptions, the cape jessamines in bloom just as white as snow and oh, so sweet! I wish I could send you some; but they are like other beautiful things, very transient.

The weather is very dry here now. No rain for about three weeks. M. C. C. B.

[*From Georgie's Letter.*]

Ma and I have been here three weeks and I have not written to you yet, but I have been so busy seeing new people and new things that I have not had time.

Addie [Woodard] staid with me the first week. We had such a nice time going up and down the branches, finding waterfalls. We found several large ones, one makes a dreadful noise falling on the rocks. The fields look so funny here, all stumps. I don't see how anything can grow.

There is a beautiful vase of magnolias and bays here on the table. I never saw any flowers so beautiful as they are.

Going to aunt Lizzie's we pass a grove of evergreens. It looks like our yard at home only a little more so. The yards don't look so pretty here as they do at home, for there is no grass on them.

We were out in the woods last week and found some sweet shrubs [*Calycanthus floridus*]. I never smelt anything so sweet in my life.

Herbert arrived here all safe and sound Monday. I am looking for you now every day.

There is a cape jessamine open this morning. We have had several kinds of fruits, strawberries, mulberries, huckleberries, dewberries, plums, and the blackberries are getting ripe.

I spun a little last week. I am going to learn how if I can.

GEORGIE.

In Georgie's letter there is expressed, quite singularly, an expectation of her father's join-

ing them in the South, of which no intimation had been given nor had such an idea then been entertained. But as the weeks of May and June passed along, that father's overtaxed physical powers began to show some alarming symptoms. Sleep became almost a stranger, prostration came suddenly when he was at the house of a friend, a fever came on, and his family physician, Dr. A. J. Pratt, thought it probable that if he lay down with the threatened typhoid fever he would never rise up again. Dr. Pratt therefore prescribed, as the main hope for preserving life, a trip to the South, and he, probably aided by some other friends, furnished the funds for the journey. The invalid was conveyed in a buggy to the depot, took the cars for Chicago, June 23d, took dinner at Elder Whitehead's, who was then the pastor of the North Star church, went out from the cool waters of Lake Michigan on an Illinois Central train, and on the cars at length found some delightful, refreshing sleep. It seemed to be a singular direction for an invalid to journey in mid-summer in quest of health; but cool, clear streams of water were flowing among the deep shades of the pine belt of Alabama; rich fruits were ripening there; and above all loved ones and dear ones were there. The threatened fever was thus

averted. With sleep and rest and nourishing food came renewed strength; and so, before June closed, Georgie did meet her father among the pines. And so the whole family were there. For twelve years eight such weeks of rest and recreation this pastor had not enjoyed.

The exceeding pleasantness of that visit, four months for some and two months for all, cannot be expressed in words. For one there was the home of childhood and youth, with its rich Southern beauty, and with most of the friends of youth living to give a glad welcome. For another there were pleasant associations to be revived, and so many dear kindred and friends to enjoy whose society free from all cares and responsibilities was indeed a luxury. To the children everything was fresh and new and attractive in that Southern clime. And to all, the flowers and fruits were charming. Said Georgie, for one season, and for the first time, she had all the peaches she wanted to eat. And she learned to eat fresh figs.

Near the last of August all returned together by way of Montgomery, Nashville, and Indianapolis, hastening to be present at the annual gathering of the county Sunday School Convention of which organization the North Street pastor had been elected Secretary in 1866, and he held the position until August 1877.

They reached home in safety August 23d, just in time for the anniversary, refreshed in body, and mind, and heart; and the pastor entered once more upon church work, with the feeling of one who had received a new lease of life, of health, of endurance, and of capability. He had travelled two thousand miles by car and steamer and three hundred miles on horse-back. By him and his never will be forgotten the unusually pleasant summer of 1874.

THE NEW MEETING HOUSE.

At length the church building was ready for use. It was now 1875. The following is a record: "July 11th, Sunday. House opened for religious worship. Exercises conducted by the pastor. First hymn, 155 in the Psalmist. 'God is love.' Singing led by Miss Henrietta Sasse. First passages of Scripture read, Psalms 23 and 24. Text Hag. 2:9. July 25th, Sunday. Preaching by Rev. L. F. Raymond morning and afternoon." Thus, without a formal dedication the little Gothic structure, with its windows of colored glass, the first in the town, was opened for religious services, and has been occupied by the church on Sabbath mornings ever since. A Sabbath School, taking its name from the street, was at once commenced, its banner bearing the date 1875; its motto being

“Line upon Line,
Precept upon Precept.”

For five years, up to this summer of 1880, this school has flourished and has surely accomplished some good.

For some reasons the ordinance of the Lord's supper was not observed in the church building—it had been observed at different times in the Institute—until April 23, 1876, just five years after the little band, then numbering twelve, decided to form themselves into a church of Christ.

The church trustees were W. Blowers, Z. F. Summers, L. W. Thompson, H. H. Pratt, and James H. Ball. Other members were added to the church, among them Mrs. M. J. Dinwiddie of Plum Grove; and the North Street congregation now includes all that are left in this county of the Cedar Lake Baptist members, who have remained Baptist, except a few at Lowell; and all the direct Cedar Lake spirit and influence.

At Plum Grove the Sabbath school work went regularly onward. It had been suggested, at the annual meeting at South East Grove in 1874, to give up the county organization; but Mrs. Dinwiddie proposed that it should be continued, and that Sunday school work should be more vigorously sustained. Her advice pre-

vailed, and she aided materially in sustaining the next two quarterly meetings. It was proposed to make the Plum Grove school "evergreen," and the pastor of the North Street church attended regularly the first winter, acting as Superintendent. It was fully agreed that if he could come about twelve miles, the teachers and scholars could all come one or two miles. He persevered, they attended, and ever since the school has been open twelve months in the year. Many of the country schools of Indiana even yet are closed during the winters.

No other school in the county, it may be safely said, can present such a scene as has been witnessed at different times at Plum Grove.

This has been the attendance of all the members of one large family, three generations, sixteen in number, at the same time. It is needless to say that this was the Dinwiddie family. Mrs. Dinwiddie, the superintendent, her two sons with their wives and four children, her daughter and husband with their three children, and Eddie and Mary. With such a Sunday school family a school would surely live.

This school has accomplished during the twenty-five years of its existence—from October, 1852, to October, 1877—a large amount of good. Sometimes the school has numbered eighty members. Many hundreds in this quar-

ter of a century have here received religious instruction. Many have gone forth as active members into other schools in states further west.

The Miller family of eight members, removing westward, went into the Sabbath school work in Missouri. Andrew Dilly, once a member, is a superintendent in Kansas. Allen Hale, another member here, has been a superintendent, and is now a Baptist minister, in Kansas. J. Hale is a superintendent in the same state, and Charles Hale, both once members here in boyhood, is a Sunday-school superintendent in Nebraska. Others have gone westward of whom there is now no trace. Girls have married and have gone into new and distant homes, and their records cannot here appear; but it is safe to say that in many regions of the newer and more western states there is felt and living now the influence of the Plum Grove Sabbath School.

In the annual county Sunday school gatherings, for some twenty years, this school has always taken an active and a leading part, as one of the strong, reliable, substantial schools of the county. Both this and the Cedar Lake school, (the latter one of the oldest schools of the county and also still a strong and leading school,) have continued to be *union schools* according to their original organization. The

Cedar Lake school, however, is now carried on, almost if not entirely, by Methodist members. Among those who have died of the Plum Grove school is one remarkable little girl, Juno Henderson, a notice of whom will appear in another connection.

The winter of 1876 and 1877 was marked at Crown Point by an unusual religious interest and by some peculiar manifestations. Meetings were held every day at Cheshire Hall for three months, hundreds attending every evening. (A railroad, in 1865, had been built through Crown Point, and it was no longer a little village of a few hundred inhabitants, but an incorporated town, a great grain and pork market, growing into a railroad city.) And now the time came for the baptism of the last one of the Cedar Lake household. James H. Ball, the youngest of the four sons, and whose name has appeared in different connections on these pages, who left Franklin College before completing a course of study, and had remained at Cedar Lake so long as he was needed there, and who had graduated at the Law School of the University of Chicago in 1871, became very much interested in the new religious awakening. His real religious condition, since an early, perhaps abiding interest at Cedar Lake, neither himself nor his friends could truly declare.

But now new light and life and love came to his soul; and on April 1, 1877, which was Easter Sunday, in the pure melted snow water then flowing rapidly in the channel of Deep River, a mile out of town, he, with two others, was baptized by the pastor of the North Street church, in the presence of quite an assembly of citizens and of friends. It was for some a memorable day.

Thirty-two years before, in that same month, his oldest brother, the administrator of baptism now, was baptized in Cedar Lake, and at the same time his eldest sister. Twenty-five and a half years before his next brother and a sister of one baptized at this same time—James T. Vinnedge—were baptized by Elder Hunt. And so, one after another, his three brothers and three sisters had made a public profession of faith in Christ. He had seen two of those brothers and one of those sisters die, die with unfaltering trust, and he had heard their last earnest entreaties for him who had still neglected to obey their Saviour and their Friend. And now at last, with one brother only living, with two sisters far away, under an April sky, in sight of God and of the angels, he professed a living faith and put on Christ by baptism, in that Crown Point flowing Jordan. A mother was yet living, and she was present to rejoice.

She had lived to see all of her seven children give evidence of sharing in the spiritual birth, in the new life. And now, as the last one was gathered into the Saviour's flock, the one on whom she was last to lean, with whom she was now making her home, her cup of joy was well nigh full. It was for her and for hers a memorable day.

The year 1877 was also marked by the visitations of death to two members of the North Street Sunday School, two little girls, both members of Mrs. Ball's infant class. Hers had been from the opening of the school a class of great interest and of much promise. Brief memorials of these two children are here inserted.

LURINA H. VINNEDGE.

Of this very quiet, retiring little girl it may be said that no material remains for any record. In the presence of strangers she was almost shy, but in the class with her teacher she was an earnest, attentive listener, and sometimes had some child questions to ask. From her conversations with her mother, in the quiet home life, it seems evident that her young heart had been opened to receive truth. She talked about obedience to the Saviour, about baptism, and in a way that expressed an earnest soul.

The following fugitive pieces were read at one of the concerts of the North Street Sunday School :

“In memory of Lurina H. Vinnedge, daughter of James T. Vinnedge, and member of Mrs. Ball’s infant class, born Nov. 10, 1869, who died at Crown Point, March 22, 1877.

FOR THE CLASS.

But seven years of age, and laid beneath the sod;
A gentle little girl, her soul has gone to God;
In Paradise she shares the gracious Saviour’s love,
And loving him we too shall go to dwell above.

A message for her came, came from the Lord of life;
Permission came to leave this world of toil and strife;
She lay upon her couch and closed her dreamy eyes,
She partly waked, then slept to waken in the skies.

Her slender little form, robed in the spotless white,
Was laid out to repose through death’s uncertain night,
Little class-mates went, and her loving teacher dear,
To see the folded bud that might not blossom here.

Within the open coffin there at rest she lay;
One scarce could think that form was only lifeless clay;
So quiet and so peaceful in her narrow bed,
She seemed a weary child resting her graceful head.

Death is not often lovely to a human eye,
Nor often beautiful beneath earth’s changing sky;
But beauty rare and sweet was resting on her face,
From which not even death could steal away the grace.

As in some ancient forest in a lonely glen,
Far from the busy world, the world of toiling men,

We sometimes find a wild flower exquisitely fair,
Glad'ning with its beauty lonely wanderers there—

So, in her village home, she lay awhile at rest,
Without the gentle motion of the heaving breast,
In a wondrous loveliness charming to the heart,
Of God's signet telling stamped on the mortal part.

The cheeks, of course, were bloodless, and the lips were pale,
Sharing not the glow of the lily of the vale;
But few sculptors' chisels can finer features trace,
Than the well set lineaments of this dead young face;

And a soft light was resting on each curtaining lid,
Which a once sunny eye from look of love now hid,
And the long dark lashes seemed in such sweet repose,
You'd think the eyes must open when the sun arose.

Here was that rarest beauty, here that peace so sweet,
As though the eyes had closed to wait for angels' feet;
But death had sealed forever each soft curtaining lid,
No more on earth to waken till the Saviour bid.

No painter with his skill was present on that day,
To trace that peaceful beauty; so this simple lay,
Simple and childlike if it be, to help us keep
In mind how peaceful yet may be our own long sleep.

When on the summer morns in Sabbath School we meet,
No more we'll hear the sound of Rina's coming feet,
But we can think of her within the Jasper wall,
And seek the Saviour's love to rest upon us all.

T. H. B."

"We lost another little one.
So beautiful and bright;
Her eyes were like some costly gem
Or like the stars of night.

Her heart was full of tenderness,
As earthly paths she trod,
And by some secret "influence sweet,"
Seemed "upward drawn to God."

Her feet seemed very early turned
In Wisdom's ways to go;
And through the Saviour's righteousness,
Her robes are now like snow.

Her lips were like some opening bud,
And oft in music low,
"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
Would in sweet accents flow.

Her form was symmetry and grace;
Her heart was made for love;
And we know not the radiance,
In which she dwells above.

Her mind a fountain fresh and clear,
Of sparkling, childlike thought;
Her soul, a jewel for our King,
Was long ago blood-bought.

She looked upon the earth and sky,
She gladdened one bright home,
And then she went to Paradise,
Up through the great blue dome.

And there this fair and lovely child,
Child of immortal mold,
Will look for us to enter in
And walk the streets of gold.

And we 'mid all the shining throngs,
Will know her loving heart,
Will know her beaming eyes of light,
And meet no more to part.

So two have now before us gone,
And here we learn the way,
Life's duties nobly to perform,
And reach the endless day. T. H. B."

Of this other "little one" there is material for a more extended notice.

JULIA B. SUMMERS.

Many, very many bright and beautiful little buds of earth have been gathered to unfold in Paradise. In the early age of the Christian Era Ephraim Cyrus wrote, "The Just One saw that iniquities prevailed upon earth,

And that sin had dominion over all men,

And he sent his messenger and removed a multitude of fair little ones,

And took them to the pavilion of happiness."

One, as fair and lovely as a child of earth well could be, was little Julia or Lulu Summers, a member of the North Street Sunday School.

She commenced attending it almost the first opening of the school, and was so prompt, so earnest, and so interested in the school exercises, that it was ever a pleasure to see her, with her older sister Jennie, come in at the door and take her place so quietly in her class. And very pleasant it was to her superintendent to hear her sweet voice joining in that psalm,

“How amiable are thy tabernacles oh Lord of hosts,” and to hear those child accents joining so reverently in the petitions of the Lord’s prayer.

A short sketch of the brief life of this lovely child will here be given.

She was born in Crown Point Nov. 27, 1870. She died July 26, 1877.

She was the youngest of the household and had one brother and one sister.

She commenced attending the day school before she was five years of age. She went first as a visitor with her sister, and liked school so well that she began to attend regularly. She soon learned to read, and read with such natural intonations of her voice that one hearing, but not noticing her, would think she was telling the story or narrative instead of reading it. Her mind was bright and active and her faculties awakened early.

She was persevering. Whether encouraged or discouraged she contrived usually, by some means, to bring about her desires.

She was helpful. If the fastening of her sister Jennie’s shoe was in a hard knot she would say, Here Jennie, I will help you. She seemed to be always thus thoughtful in regard to others and helpful, and found a rich enjoyment in promoting the happiness of others. She loved

flowers dearly and gave them to her friends. She asked permission one day to take a bouquet to "Grandma Ball," and came back much pleased at having learned from her some of the botanical names of the flowers she carried.

She also loved little birds. Always living in the town she had not enjoyed the full concerts of bird music in the country. She enjoyed any music, and although not specially gifted in vocal power her bird-like voice would unite harmoniously with others in singing.

One of her favorite hymns was the one commencing What a friend we have in Jesus!

She loved dolls, like other little girls, but she loved kittens more. If her kitty cried she would find some excuse for going out to comfort it.

She was tender-hearted, affectionate, considerate, beyond her years. In the summer of 1877 her father was absent from home seeking for a restoration to health among the mountains in Colorado. One day, when about to leave her mother, she came back again. When asked why she returned, she said she thought her mother would be lonely. Her mother told her that she was, but that she wanted to have her go and enjoy.

When her mother was writing to her absent father she said, tell him she had four little kit-

tens, tell him she was getting along well. On first awaking from the sleep of night she would wonder how Pa was that morning. At other times too she would express her feelings by wondering how Papa was. Her thoughts were often with him among the mountains. She took a cheerful view of passing events. Her spirit seemed bird like, yet true and full in regard to human sympathies. When away from her mother, at times, she seemed to fear she might not find her present at home when she returned. During her sickness it was her great desire to have her mother beside her, and she did not like to have that mother leave her.

Her sister Jennie had said that she thought she would read the Bible through; but Julia thought she could not read well enough to undertake to read her's through yet. She read for herself and learned her verses in the Bible, and it was one of the beautiful pictures in her home life to see her, such a delicate, frail looking child, reading by lamp light in the Scriptures and turning with her little fingers those leaves that contained, for her as for others, the words of eternal life. In her Sunday school it had been one of the impressive and beautiful scenes to observe her class, at the close of their morning lessons, standing in a little circle close around their teacher, repeating with her, softly

and reverently, the Lord's prayer. The thoughtful listener was led to feel that those low, soft, rich, pleading tones, scarcely heard a few feet away, went up from each child heart direct to the eternal throne, entering there the ear of everlasting love.

She had a noble sensitiveness. Every Sunday while sick, so long as she was conscious of things passing around her, she wanted her sister to take her penny to her teacher at the Sunday school. And she received from her teacher cards. She had said one day about one of those cards, "It is the homeliest card I have had," and when she thought about the expression and how it might grieve her teacher to hear of it, she was very desirous that the expression should not be repeated. She wished to avoid hurting the feelings of another. Beautiful herself although not vain, she dearly loved pictured and natural beauty.

Those who were deeply interested in her religious life believe that she gave evidence of an actual trust in God. At the Sunday school anniversary in August 1876, when a very large assembly met at the Fair Ground, a heavy rainfall came on in the afternoon, and many could find no shelter. She had enjoyed the morning exercises and the dinner hour very much, being in the special charge of her teacher

with her sister and her cousin Freddie. The latter was but little older than herself. When the rain began to come down in torrents, although sheltered as well as they could be by their teacher, Freddie began to express his regret that it should rain on that day, and his sorrow for the girls because they would get their dresses all wet and spoiled. But Lulu checked him at once, saying, "Oh no Freddie, our dresses can be washed, and God sends the rain and it is all right." And she repeated the idea, seeming to want to impress upon him the fact that God knew what was best, and that he did what was right, and not wishing her cousin to say anything that would reflect upon the wisdom and goodness controlling events.

But before much of her child-trust had unfolded here she was called, before she was seven years of age, to pass away from earth into the unseen world.

The following brief published memorial, although repeating some statements, is here inserted.

A MEMORIAL.

"Julia B. Summers, the youngest child of Zerah F. and M. M. Summers, was born in the town of Crown Point, November 27, 1870, and died at her home on Main street, after an illness of five weeks, Thursday morning, July 26, 1877.

Julia, or, as she was often called, Lulu, was a child of rare physical and mental loveliness. Mild and retiring in her demeanor; fond of pets, gentle and very winning in her home life, thoughtful and considerate beyond her years; in her school life quick to learn, teachable and obedient; in Sunday School earnest, attentive, sprightly, yet sedate; she attracted a large amount of regard and love in the different relations upon which she entered in her short life. Many will sadly miss her slight form on the sidewalks, in her home, and in the day and the Sunday School. She was a member, almost from its commencement, of the infant class of the North Street Sunday School. Her life work has ended in the very freshness and loveliness of graceful childhood, and she has gone to unfold and mature amid the unfading loveliness of Paradise. So trust we from the teaching of the Christian Scriptures. In the absence of her father, who is in Colorado in search of renewed health, this bereavement has been to the family peculiarly trying. The burial services on Friday afternoon, July 27th, were conducted by Rev. T. H. Ball, pastor of the North Street Church, at which services was sung the following Special Hymn, dedicated to the memory of JULIA B. SUMMERS:

Safe must this loved one be,
Father of love and light;
We trust ourselves, our all, with thee;
Thy home above is bright.
And in that home so bright,
With dear ones gone before,
We're sure she feels a rich delight,
Sure she will grieve no more.

Thus safely may we trust,
In thee, oh Saviour, Friend;
And we will plant this lovely dust,
To wait that glorious end;
Till thou shalt come again,
And give it second birth;
Till thou in bliss shalt come again,
And reign o'er all the earth.

But here we breathe a prayer,
Our Father, God, to thee;
Commending to thy loving care,
One whom THOU now dost see.
One 'mid the mountains wild,
The father of this dust,
Himself a grieved and wand'ring child,
Needing in THEE to trust.

When the full meaning falls
Upon his bleeding heart,
That, safe within the JASPER WALLS,
Where loved ones never part,
His darling Lulu passed,—
Oh Saviour be thou near,
Show him how long thy love will last,
Remove each doubt and fear.

And may this precious child
Lead him close up to thee,
For thou wast once the GLORIOUS CHILD
For all humanity.
And now, enthroned above,
Thou canst our sorrows feel,
Oh Saviour, full of pitying love,
Do thou our sorrows heal. T. H. B."

Here seems to be the most fitting place for a record of a member of the Plum Grove School who some years ago closed her earthly course.

JUNO HENDERSON, THE LITTLE HERDER.

Probably the most remarkable child for mental and spiritual advancement that has ever died or lived in the county of Lake was little Juno Henderson.

She was born June 12, 1861. She died November 2, 1870. She was always rather small for her age. Her mother was a daughter of Jeduthan Adams and his wife, of Vermont, both of whom were Vermont Baptists. Little Juno's grandfather Adams united with a Baptist church when seventeen years of age. He came to Indiana and died at Elkhart. Although comparatively small in person, Juno had large, dark blue eyes, and was very active. She was very intelligent, she had an active intellect, and a remarkable memory. She began to read in the First Reader when four years old, and learned the Reader "by heart." She soon began to read books and papers. When seven years old she read Uncle Tom's Cabin. It made a strong impression upon her mind. Topsy and Eva were vividly before her imagination. She took her doll to represent one character, and after going through some trials with her solemnly buried her.

She read the "Blue Flag," "Harriet Ware," "Phil. Kennedy," and it is believed by those

who knew her best that she read all the books in the Plum Grove S. S. Library, and of these there were not a few. She began to show an interest in religious teachings with the first unfoldings of her mind. Notwithstanding her other reading, or along with that other reading, she read the Bible a great deal. It was needful for some member of the family to herd the cattle, and this duty fell to the lot of Juno. She carried rails and material and made a little shelter for herself while thus engaged, and carried her dinner and books and staid near the herd of cattle all day. She called this shelter her "lodge." Whether she had read what is said in the Bible about a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, or whether she obtained the term from some other reading is now unknown. After her death her father left this little herder's "lodge" standing for a long time. She was quick to learn the meaning of words, and had a practical way of explaining their meaning to others. Some one wanted to know the meaning of ascending and descending. She went up into the wagon and then down again to the ground to show the meaning. Some one inquired the meaning of throttling. She put her little fingers to the throat to show what it meant.

When eight years old, at a neighbor's house,

she had commenced reading a story in a paper. The paper was wanted for some purpose, but she requested permission to finish the story, and the observers were astonished at the rapidity with which her large blue eyes went over the columns. She enjoyed some opportunities for attending school and improved them well. She loved the Plum Grove Sabbath School. She learned her lessons there rapidly. A catechism had been introduced into the school at one time without a thorough examination, which was found afterwards to contain some misprint or other error. It was ascertained that Juno had learned the catechism all through.

From different evidences her superintendent felt sure that she had an intelligent trust in the Saviour. She was a very happy child, very useful, and had a very inquiring mind. She had commenced to read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, but had not finished it, when she was called away.

She was taken sick with diphtheria, was sick five days.

Mrs. Dinwiddie, her superintendent, went to see her. She said to Mrs. Dinwiddie the night before she died, "I came to Sunday school all I could. I liked you, you are such a good superintendent." She realized that she was soon to die. She wanted the girls who came

in to sing the Sunday school hymns. Looking upward, she said she was going up there. The emotion of the girls almost prevented their singing. She prayed for the Saviour to take her home. She inquired the names of her grandfather and grandmother and an aunt who had died years before, and wondered if they would know her when she came into Paradise.

When about seven years old she had read "The Peep of Day," a book which many children have read, and it is said that she could repeat every word of it. When lying on her bed and supposed to be sleeping, she would commence repeating passages from that instructive work. Mrs. Dinwiddie says that she has read of such children as Juno Henderson, but never saw one before.

She told her brothers and sisters that they must attend Sabbath school and follow her, and not to put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. She made her brother, Charley, promise not to hunt any more Sundays. She talked like a person of mature mind nearly all day. Said her mother, "Do you feel any fear of dying?" "No, Mother. What have I to fear?" "I should like to get well; but, if it is the Lord's will, I am ready to go." She said again, "It is hard to part, but it must be so." "All meet me in heaven." On this

point she was very earnest. She sent farewells to a grandmother who was living and to some cousins. She seemed to do everything, as she had built her herder's lodge, on her own prompting.

She wanted her father to raise the curtain. She wanted to look out. She said she wanted to take one *last look*. And one "last look" she took of earth and sky, and she was satisfied. Her last moment of earth soon came, death, we call that change death, was there, and the soul of Juno Henderson was in Paradise.

Does any doubt that there is a Paradise into which such children are gathered? Nine years she spent on earth.

Had she lived she would now be nineteen. Which is better, to be a young lady of nineteen, or to be what she is now?

To him, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me" she came, and when she takes her next look of earth and sky she will be with him. "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

Whether or not the parents of such children as these are loyal and loving toward Jesus of Nazareth, the children are taken from earth by him, in the exercise of his own sovereign will and perfect power. Death removes them from this world, whatever may be their surround-

ings. "Death enters and there's no defense," no matter what arms or whose arms encircle them.

A heathen poet, before the light of Christianity penetrated the Roman Empire, wrote, "With even footstep pale death enters the cottages of peasants and the palaces of kings." Human experience and observation have taught to each generation the same great lesson.

Jesus Christ removes from earth when and whom he will. And the Scriptures give to us a yet deeper teaching. In the mysteries of grace he, as the author of spiritual life, "quick-
eneth whom he will." He gives no account of his doings to the children of men. We may object, protest, deny, but it avails nothing. Myriads of bright beings, yes, countless myriads, will be his.

"Like lilies taken from among thorns,
Children are planted in Paradise,
And like pearls in diadems,
Children are inserted in the kingdom."

And during the ceaseless roll of the endless ages, they will join with their sweet voices in the ascriptions of praise, old and yet ever fresh and new, to him upon the throne, praises to that Lamb who once bore the sins of the world.

Says the Scripture, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has thou ordained strength

that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Once the children in the temple cried Hosannah to the Son of David, and that son of David, Lion of the tribe of Judah, David's Lord and David's Son, God manifest in the flesh, will have countless multitudes forever and forever, whether we love or turn proudly, bitterly away, and perish in our unbelief, countless multitudes of his own choice among mankind, to ascribe to him hosannah, and to enjoy without any end the riches of his infinite love.

(Although passing beyond the proper limits of time assigned to this appendix, some memorials are inserted here of some "friends" of the North Street church pastor and family. See a mention in Acts 19: 31 of certain "of the chief of Asia" who were Paul's personal "friends." Each of these named below contributed liberally to the erection of the church building. These memorials are from the Crown Point Register.

"A MEMORIAL.

Zerah F. Summers, was born in Erie, Vermillion county, Ohio, July 16th, 1829. He was a son of Judge Benjamin Summers of that state.

Having several relatives residing here, he came to Crown Point in November, 1854. He was well educated for business, and especially

as a surveyor and civil engineer. He had been employed upon the line of the Cleveland and Toledo railroad as civil engineer before coming to Crown Point. His first employment here was probably as surveyor, one of his relatives being the county surveyor at that time.

In 1856, in company with Mr. I. O. Dibble, he visited Kansas, and saw something of those noted border troubles that preceded the civil war. He was then absent in the West but a short time, and soon returned to Crown Point.

In 1857 he bought, in connection with Colonel John Wheeler, the Crown Point *Herald*, which had been started a few months before by Robert Dunning, and issued, August 4, 1857, the first number of the Crown Point REGISTER. He sold his interest in the paper in 1862. He was elected county clerk in 1859 and held that office till 1867.

In January, 1859, he was appointed real estate appraiser for Lake county.

He was county school examiner from March 1858 until June 1861, and also during most of the year 1865.

In the same year he erected a warehouse at the depot in Crown Point, and commenced buying and shipping grain. He soon after purchased the warehouse occupied by M. L. Barber, and continued in the grain business until his death.

He held the office of town trustee from July 1868 to May 1869; and from May 1871 to May 1874.

He was engaged as surveyor and civil en-

gineer on the line of the Vincennes, Danville & Chicago road, Joseph E. Young builder, probably in 1869 and 1870.

He was elected Aug. 5, 1871, as one of the trustees of the North Street Baptist Church, which position he held until his death. In the prosperity and success of the church he took a deep interest, and in the records of that church, as one of its true friends, his name will live.

Three years ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to resign the main care of his business into other hands. He tried various remedies and changes of climate.

He made a visit to Nebraska. He spent some time in Colorado, in company with Mr. I. O. Dibble, in 1877; he took an excursion to New Orleans; and again visited Nebraska. He took a trip on the great lakes. But no permanent benefit was received. He at last went, several weeks ago, to the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, and there, July 31, 1879, his life terminated. His wife, Mrs. Summers, and his son, Wayland, were with him during the last few days of his life.

August 2, 1860, he was married to Miss Margaret M. Thomas, a daughter of Ambrose S. Thomas, Esq., of New York. August 2, 1869, his oldest daughter was born. (His younger daughter died July 26, 1877, while he was absent among the mountains.) And August 2, 1879, an anniversary day for that household of joy and sorrow mingled, his lifeless form was taken from his pleasant home, and amid the brightness of the August sunshine,

was committed to the silent dust. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the North Street Church.

An active, upright, useful, honorable citizen, who had spent about twenty-five years at Crown Point; who was a kind, obliging, faithful friend, a loving, generous, tender husband and father, with a very refined and noble nature, has thus passed from the scenes of earth.

Some eight years ago he built, on Main street, a large, substantial family residence, expecting that it would be a home, for the years that were coming on, of a household eight in number. But early in 1874 the visitations of death began among that number. A sister was taken, and a father and a mother, and a young daughter, and then the head of the household. And now only three out of eight are left, a widowed mother, a son, and a daughter. "There is no union here of hearts, that finds not here an end."

It is sad to feel that earthly homes must sooner or later be broken up; but it is a joy to know that there will finally be a home in which no one will ever say "I am sick," and where life, and happiness, and love, will last so long as "immortality endures." T. H. BALL."

A TRIBUTE.

"Mrs. Hemans, in one of her apostrophes to death, says:

'Thou art around us in our peaceful homes,
And the world calls us forth and thou art there.'

On Monday, Feb. 9, 1880, the telegraph wire

brought into Lansing, Illinois, and into the county of Lake, the sad and startling intelligence that another highly esteemed citizen was of earth no more.

Ira O. Dibble, who was born in the State of New York, who came into Lake county many years ago, on the Sunday night preceding, or in the early morning of that day, passed from the scenes and confines of earth. His dead body was found that morning in his bed, where he was visiting at his sister's home in Michigan; but of his death, save God and the angels, there were no witnesses. Paralysis came upon him, and the silver cord was loosed, or the golden bowl was broken, or the pitcher was broken at the fountain, or the wheel was broken at the cistern. The rhythm of the heart ceased. A kind Providence had surely directed that he should sleep that night in his sister's home.

Here, at Crown Point, he had many acquaintances, and a few intimate friends.

My own personal tribute of remembrance in regard to his character is, that I found him to be one of those choice spirits with whom I could converse freely, to whom I could go with confidence, from whom I could ask favors with great certainty that they would be granted. A few weeks ago I spent one forenoon with him at his home near Lansing. It happened to be a morning of some unexpected business annoyance, and his conversation and bearing, as he expressed very freely some of his views and feelings, displayed a spirit too refined and gentle to pass without mental suffering through the trials of business life.

Those who accompanied him on his last visit, in the spring of 1874, to his orange plantation on Mobile bay, will never forget the perfect gentlemanly refinement, kindness, and quiet enjoyment of social life, which he manifested; and his correspondence during those weeks, while he was evidently enjoying the loveliness of southern scenery and the delights of southern social life, breathes the same quiet, loving, gentle nature. To his rich and sensitive heart, those weeks, in which he was enjoying the climate, the flowers and the beauty, and forming a place for a winter's semi-tropical home, were refreshing, although, even there, feelings of loneliness came over him, and his confidence in man was not increased.

After returning home, he disposed, for some reason, of that orange plantation, and did not revisit the city of Mobile.

In 1877, with an invalid nephew, and with an invalid friend for whom he entertained a peculiarly pleasant friendship, he made a trip to Colorado, and spent in that mountain region many months.

He returned again to the care of his large estate near Lansing.

That friend last summer went the way of all the earth, and now he too has gone, and doubtless has joined him in the unseen world.

When asked, at the time of that visit of a few weeks ago, when he would be at Crown Point, he replied that he did not know as he should ever go to Crown Point again. And the manner of saying it indicated a weariness of heart.

Undesignedly it would seem that, in some sort, he had been closing up of late his earthly affairs, and he has *gone to sleep*.

If earth and life are all of man, why are such longings, such capabilities for enjoyment, such refined, gentle, sensitive, noble natures to perishing mortals given?

It is worth something to hope that there is a bright home in heaven. T. H. BALL."

The attentive reader will notice that the friend named above, who was so suddenly removed from earth, is the same one who accompanied Mrs. Ball and Georgie on that trip southward in April of 1874.)

From 1871 to 1880, in these nine years, one only of the North Street church members has been removed by death, Mrs. ELIZA VETHAKE, one of the oldest members, nearer to the four-score than to the three and ten of life, and a very devoted, humble, earnest, every-day Christian woman. The burial services, the first and only such services yet held in this church, were on March 16, 1879. A "mother in Israel" had passed away.

At this date of writing, 1880, it is five years since the North Street Sabbath School opened, but only those two children named have been taken away by death. Concerts have been held, a foreign Sunday School circle has been

formed, auxiliary to the Foreign Sunday School Association of New York. Funds have been sent to Copenhagen, in Denmark, to aid a little struggling school in that city of Northern Europe. Will the Sunday School work live?


One of the first mission circles in Northern Indiana was organized by the ladies of the North Street church, assisted by their friends, in the summer of 1871, almost immediately after the anniversary meetings at Chicago. This circle did nobly the first year in sending off funds.

It is to be hoped that the same active spirit of benevolence and missionary zeal which characterized the church at Cedar Lake will be carried out by the seventh Baptist organization in Lake county, and then may the young North Street church become a strong and vigorous body when the date is reached of 1900.

It will be seen from the foregoing narrative that within forty years seven Baptist churches have been organized in Lake county, the pioneer Baptists being here in 1837, and this narrative closing when, with a promising congregation at Plum Grove and the Sunday school and church prospering at Crown Point, the pastor left the county in October 1877, for a visit South, in order to prepare another lit-

erary work, "A Glance into the Great South East." Of these seven churches, which have contained between three hundred and four hundred members, known as the Cedar Lake, West Creek, Crown Point, Lowell, Hobart, Eagle Creek, and North Street churches, three only are now in existence, the two at Crown Point and one at Lowell.

The Northern Indiana Association has endeavored to keep alive the first Baptist church at Crown Point, which is on East Street. Its numbers are few, its life by no means vigorous. It has had some supplies, and has, in 1877, a pastor, Rev. R. P. Stephenson. (At the date of this publication, 1880, this East Street church has for its pastor Rev. E. H. Brooks from Michigan, and its prospects are growing brighter. The present pastor seems to be a fair-minded, devoted, humble, earnest worker. He received his theological training at Newton, Massachusetts. No one of the present acting members of this church was among the acting members in 1869 and 1870. Its membership has almost entirely changed.)

 Rev. G. W. Lewis, who began to preach at Lowell in January, 1866, removed westward before the close of the year. He baptized Urias Fry, Maria Haskins, Sarah Lynch, E. P. Dell, M. E. Barker, and Elisabeth Nichols.

In August, 1867, Rev. John Bruce was engaged "to take pastoral care of the church." This relation continued for ten years, until the resignation of the pastor in the spring of 1878. Persons baptized: M. Dumond, Mary Ann Guise, Amos P. Thompson, Celestia Thompson, W. B. Adams, Emma Fry, Mary Mudge, Leonora Dilbey, Charlotte Bruce, Nellie Bruce, Wm. E. Bruce, James F. Fuller, and Clara A. Fuller.

In May, 1862, Mrs. Foote was baptized, and in June Mary Davis, probably by Rev. A. E. Simons, thus making thirty-one baptized at Lowell in twenty-two years. Adding to these the eight baptized at West Creek, the forty-four at Eagle Creek, the forty-two baptized at Cedar Lake, and the ten by Elder Hunt as pastor at Crown Point, the fourteen by Rev. A. E. Simons, and the twenty-three by Rev. T. H. Ball, and three by Rev. John Bruce, and there will appear a sum total of at least one hundred and seventy-five baptized in Lake county in forty years. And of these some fifty-six were baptized in the Lake of Cedars.

Rev. J. Bruce is living upon a farm a few miles west of Lowell on Lake Prairie. From this farm himself and family obtain a good support.

The three existing churches could support one pastor.

It is written somewhere, Who goeth a warfare at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not the fruit thereof? Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. If the ox will work well muzzled the minister cannot work well and starve.

And if the minister is obliged to turn aside to some other occupation to procure food and clothing and shelter, he cannot be expected to do very much in building up church interests. These facts the reader should remember in estimating the forty years' labor performed in Lake. If the Home Mission Society had done what was expected in 1864, it is possible that Baptist interests in Lake would not be what now they are. Hundreds, within the last few years, have been immersed in this county, though not by Baptist ministers; but very few have united with a Baptist church. But He, in whose hands is all power in heaven and on earth, yet rules over all. He *weighs actions*, he sees, he knows. Well does he know if, in the language of that old bell in European legend, "Some one hath done a wrong." Faithful labor and patient waiting will yet see results.

DONATIONS.

Among other pleasant remembrances of the busy missionary, pastoral, and teacher life of T. H. Ball, are the donation parties; not only the many at Crown Point, but at Cedar Lake, at the home of Alfred Edgerton, an old friend of boyhood; at South East Grove; at "the Little School House on the Prairie;" and at Plum Grove, both at the school house and at the home of Mrs. Dinwiddie. The donations at the four places named, where no little Sabbath school and ministerial labor has been performed, have been peculiarly pleasant, and they will always live in a retentive memory. The girls at the "Prairie school house" made at one time a much prized donation of their own. The following refers to one at Crown Point:

"A CARD.

To those very pleasant and kind friends, who visited us on Friday evening last, bringing with them such substantial tokens of their continued confidence and regard, we here return our hearty thanks.

We appreciate and prize confidence and good will, and as we have tried in the past shall strive in the future to deserve the confidence of all good citizens in the community where we live. Cherishing an unfaltering faith in God, endeavor-

oring to cultivate a true love for humanity, believing that right is strong and must finally become might, we fully expect ultimate success in life, and shall cherish for those who are kind and confiding toward us now, a long and grateful remembrance when the star of our united, toilsome life, passes into a deep, serene, cloudless, sunny blue. Peace and love we expect above; love and hope cheer us on here, and glow in brightness around us. Our thanks then to all who help to brighten our pathway.

T. H. BALL."

And but for these pleasant donation visits, privations would have been much greater than they were in those years, after the closing of the Institute, when one great effort was to become free from debt. Many and many a time, unknown only within the home where were three and sometimes four inmates, the gaunt wolf of starvation, amid all the world of abundance in this fertile region, would press his head far in at the door. Butter was sometimes then only six cents a pound, but the six cents were not in the purse. Meat, abundant as it was, became almost a forbidden luxury. And then it was that the almost continuous donations of Mrs. Dinwiddie of Plum Grove relieved so often a suffering the existence of which even she did not realize. Those months passed. Again the occupation of teaching furnished a support.

And at last the burden of debt is almost gone. He who would have lifted that burden off at once would have given to higher activities years of what some in their blindness might call a wasted life. He would have saved many a drop of anguish wrung from suffering hearts. But God's ways are not as our ways, his thoughts are not as our thoughts. Some have been crushed in this world; and some have survived, when enduring many a wrong.

Jehudi Ashmun, who at the age of twenty-eight, burdened with debt, debts "caused by unavoidable misfortune" and, "most unjustly, he had been reproached with them as stains on his character as a Christian and a man of honor," commenced a new life work, and *worked out of debt*. But six years of his incessant and successful struggle brought him to the grave. He was "the pioneer of civilization and Christianity in Africa." And of him well has one said — see *Moral Heroism*, published by the American Sunday School Union, page 256. — "We have chosen, as the type of this kind of moral heroism, one who in our view is perhaps the best example of it that the world ever saw; one who struggled hard and successfully against greater difficulty and discouragement than often falls to the lot of those who now go forth to spread the gospel; one who accomplished in the thirty-five years

that were given him on earth such a work as few can show at the end of their full three-score and ten."

"Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow."

Those who have suffered and struggled through may well sing,

"My God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear."

It but remains to give briefly the present situation of those who have taken up the work commenced by the pioneer Baptists in Lake.

The Dinwiddie family are pleasantly situated. The five children upon whom we looked in their pleasant home in 1861 are children no longer, but men and women in years and in position.

Four of the five attended the Crown Point Institute, the eldest three, Oscar, Jerome, and Frances, completing there their course of education. Mary, the youngest attended the gymnasium and normal school, taught by the pastor of the North street church, during the academic year of 1878 and 1879.

In 1870 a new family residence was erected, adjoining a part of the old, which is one of the large, commodious, well furnished dwelling-houses among a few of that class, which represents the third stage of improvement in farm buildings in the county of Lake. The county authorities have just erected a forty-five thousand dollar court-house; but the time has not yet come in this county for any twenty thousand dollar farm residences. The new residence of Mrs. Dinwiddie is one among the best.

Miss Frances R. Dinwiddie, then eighteen years of age, was married in the new home, February 2, 1871, to Earl Brownell, the youngest son of Dr. Brownell. They reside upon a farm about a mile and a half from her mother's. They have five children, and are training them up to love the Sunday school life and work. Mrs. Brownell was one of the ten baptized at Cedar Lake in 1867, and retains the sprightliness and cheerfulness of her girlhood. She seemed ever to have a fresh and a bird-like nature, and has become, as might have been expected, a lovely woman.

Jerome Dinwiddie, the second son, was married December 28, 1872, to Miss Mary Chapman of Illinois, who was one of the pupils at the Crown Point Institute. He erected a fine, commodious dwelling house, of the class lately

mentioned, within half a mile of his mother's home, and is devoting himself diligently to the occupation of farming. They have three children. He assists his mother faithfully in the Sunday school work. The Plum Grove school house is just across the street from his home.

Oscar Dinwiddie, the oldest son, was married February 2, 1874, to Miss Joanna Robertson, who was also a pupil at the Crown Point Institute. Their home is distant a quarter of a mile from the family residence. Soon after the marriage ceremony they started on their bridal tour for the city of St. Louis, where they attended the meeting of the National Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, of which he is one of the officers. These meetings of the National Grange in different cities of the South and North he attends annually, often accompanied by his wife, who has thus fine opportunities of seeing the large cities, and of meeting with some of the wives and daughters of leading farmers of the country. These annual gatherings are said to be very pleasant. O. Dinwiddie, as might be expected, is actively engaged in farming operations. He retains his taste for reading. He is very intelligent and well informed, and in different relations is active and useful in the community. He is a reliable friend. For some reason he has not fully iden-

tified himself with the cause of Christ, but he aids, with his wife, in the Sunday school work. They have two charming little boys and a young daughter.

Edwin W. Dinwiddie, who has attained the age of manhood and has become one of the voters of the county, remains at home with his mother, where also may be found Miss Mary E. Dinwiddie, now a young lady, rather above medium height, of fine appearance, intelligent, industrious, and possessing an ample patrimony.

It seems pleasant when the members of a family, those that were children together, in one household, are so situated that they can remain near each other. An amount of fertile and now valuable land, sufficient for them all, having been secured years ago by their father, there was no need that any of them should go to the right hand or to the left. And now, at Christmas time and at other family gatherings, twenty members of this household circle may be collected with about two miles of travel.

By and by death will enter into this pleasant circle, and then the next reunion possible will be in the heavenly, not in an earthly home. Well may these brothers and sisters say:

“Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Bind our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may each prospect tend,
There may all our labor end.”

Of the Warriner family one member only remains, Edwin B. Warriner of Kankakee City, Illinois.

The oldest son, Sylvester Warriner, a jeweler in Louisville, Kentucky, a kind and generous hearted friend, died in March, 1864. He visited at Cedar Lake but never resided there. As Louisville was on one of the routes of travel southward, T. H. Ball met with him at different times in that city and received kindnesses from him there. The pleasure of meeting there among strangers the brother of two of his particular friends he will never forget, nor the generous spirit of Sylvester Warriner.

The death of the second son, Lewis F., and of the younger daughter, has been mentioned.

Fanny C. Warriner, having married James A. Hunt, the family removing to Kansas in

1856, died in Arkansas in May, 1869. She left three sons and one daughter who with their father are now living in Washington Territory. An older daughter, a young girl also named Sabra, was thrown from a horse in Arkansas, while riding to school, and instantly killed. One other daughter and one son the Hunt family have lost by death. Four are gone before and five on earth remain of a very pleasant family of genuine Baptists. The whole broad continent lies between the four children of Fanny C. Hunt and the bank of the Connecticut where she first saw the light of earth.

Edwin B. Warriner, the only survivor of the family that came from New England, was in childhood a member of the Agawam Baptist Sunday school. The members of his class were Edwin B. Warriner, Charles Bodurtha, George King, Martin King, Meshach Ball, and T. H. Ball.

Five of these were within a few months of the same age. Martin King was a year or two younger.

Charles died in boyhood, a noble specimen of a New England, well trained, Sunday school boy. One of the six, Meshach Ball, a cousin of E. B. Warriner, a third or fourth cousin of T. H. Ball, probably still resides in Agawam. But two of those six boys, the reader has

learned, spent their youth and early manhood as playmates and friends and sometimes schoolmates together, with the Lake of Cedars between their two homes. And now, when more than half a century of life has passed, they are still fast friends residing only forty miles apart. They meet as often as they can. Edwin B. Warriner was married at Yellowhead near the present Grant Park, in Kankakee county, Illinois, October 21, 1851, by Rev. Thomas L. Hunt, to Miss Charlotte W. McNutt. He was baptized March 18, 1866, by Rev. J. M. Whitehead, in the Kankakee river. He had removed to a farm in Kankakee county in 1855, in October, and in November 1862 had become a resident of the City. He has held, like members of the family in New England, various offices. Among these may be here named, township trustee, town clerk, city alderman, county treasurer, and church trustee and clerk. These and other offices he has filled well. As a Baptist he believes in the principles which were held by the founders of the church at Cedar Lake and in those held by their successors.

By his side, a member also of the Baptist church at Kankakee, is his noble-hearted wife, and around them are sons and daughters. They have a pleasant home of abundance, and a position where they are and can be useful.

The dust of the members of the Warriner family is widely scattered.

Three forms are sleeping in that mound that has been mentioned beside the Lake of Cedars; one was laid to rest in the Louisville city cemetery; two young forms rest in Kansas; the dust of Lewis Warriner, of his daughter Fanny, and his granddaughter Sabra, sleeps in Washington county, Arkansas; and there is one sleeping form in the Kankakee cemetery. But when the light of that glad coming morning shines on the crystal lake, it will not take the angels long to gather all these, and to bring them into the Saviour's presence. The whole of earth belongs to Zion's King.

Of the Muzzall family, mentioned on page 22, there were four members; a mother, then a widow, a son, and two daughters. The younger daughter spent some time with the Cedar Lake family in 1838. She afterwards married, resided in Chicago, and died. Her son, George L. Voice, was some years ago a builder and a manufacturer at Crown Point, and afterward in Chicago, and is now in California. He has a generous investment in the North Street church building.

The elder daughter of the family above named, whose mother was a devoted English Baptist, came with the Ball family to Cedar

Lake in 1837. She soon returned to her home in Porter county, was married Aug. 12, 1839, by Rev. W. K. Talbert, to L. W. Thompson, an ingenious mechanic, a carpenter and machinist, and in 1841 became with her husband a resident of Chicago. Nine years afterwards the family returned to Lake county, and in April, 1869, became residents of Crown Point.

Mrs. Thompson, having spent a few years of her girlhood in Canada and having seen society there among the wealthy and the aristocratic, and sharing in the firm Baptist principles of her mother, became not only a woman of information and judgment and good taste, but a devoted Christian woman, true to the principles which characterized the earlier Baptists. She has been from its organization a member of the North Street Baptist church. For some years she has been keeping a green-house, from whence bouquets and choice house flowers readily find their way to the church and to the pastor's residence. She has two sons and one daughter, all married. Two of her grandchildren, George and Jessie Thompson, have been very interesting members of the last infant class of the North Street Sunday School. In that school her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Thompson, is an earnest, faithful teacher.

Of the Ball family, the following additional particulars may be given.

The oldest daughter, Mrs. E. H. Woodard, is still living at Grove Hill, in Alabama. Judge Woodard has there a pleasant home. He is county superintendent of education, clerk of the Grove Hill Baptist church, superintendent of the Sabbath school, and holds other responsible positions. They have four daughters and one son, two of the daughters being now married and living near their early home.

The second daughter, Mrs. M. J. Cutler, whose husband, Dr. A. S. Cutler, is a Sunday school superintendent and a licentiate, is herself active in Sunday school and mission work and in Baptist enterprises. Her pen and pencil are guided by a skillful hand, and her mission maps have been in more than one woman's circle. She has no children. She often attends the large Baptist gatherings. Her home is forty miles from Crown Point, in Kankakee City, Illinois. Her home is near the residence of E. B. Warriner and they are members of the same church.

Mrs. J. A. H. Ball, now in feeble health, resides with her youngest son, James H. Ball, in Crown Point. She is the only resident, in the county, of the constituent members of the church at Cedar Lake. She and Henry Sasse Senior,

who became a near neighbor in 1838, who was the pioneer of the Lutheran Germans in Lake county, and is now an intelligent and wealthy citizen of Crown Point, are the only survivors of the early settlers around the lake.

Born in Agawam, October 7, 1804, thirty-three years of age when first entering Lake county, Mrs. Ball has spent more than forty-two years of a very active life within its borders. She has seen all the Baptist and nearly all the religious growth and material growth of this county.

Unaccustomed during thirty-three years to much household toil or to any privations, she found in these as well as in other respects quite a new life before her when entering upon the realities of a new settlement in Northern Indiana. And for thirty years in caring for the wants of a large household; teaching for about fifteen years for the sake of her own children and the children of her neighbors; visiting the sick, administering medicine, extracting teeth, bleeding when it was absolutely needful, going to the bedside of sufferers not only in the day time but in the dead of night; she found in all that time very few hours for rest. On her feet usually fifteen hours a day, except at meal times; sewing in the still hours of night, before machines for that purpose were invented, and

almost ruining a pair of once excellent eyes, with which nevertheless she can yet see to read and to paint and to analyze flowers without the aid of glasses; seldom sleeping more than six or seven hours in the twenty-four; only an unusual constitution inherited from a long-lived, industrious, exceedingly temperate ancestry, has enabled her to undergo so much during these forty years. For the last ten years, although constantly active, she has had more opportunity for rest and for reading. Accomplished in her girlhood in the use of water colors she still loves to paint beautiful pictures for her children and grandchildren; and this summer of 1880 she has a class of three of her grandchildren studying botany. In that branch, as in penmanship and drawing and painting, she has been for forty years a superior teacher.

Some fond hopes in regard to her children she has certainly seen realized. Although not much of a singer, she used to sing in the quiet hush of evening, in her rich Georgia home, to her oldest son and daughter, those who first called forth her maternal love, when she was a young mother, Watts' Cradle Hymn. And there was an earnest depth in the simple song,

“Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Love and serve him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.”

Three have already gone, and four are pressing on in the same path. It is surely something for a mother to train seven children for Paradise. For seven grandchildren, four of whom are church members, she now cares and prays; and one great grandchild, the oldest daughter of her oldest daughter's oldest daughter, a sweet little bud of Southern life, who spent one year in an Alabama flowery home, has gone before her into Paradise. The changes of earth ought to make us yet more glad that the day of the re-union for severed households is drawing near.

"The day of re-appearing ! how it speeds !
He who is true and faithful speaks the word.
Then shall we ever be with those we love—
Then shall we be forever with the Lord."

Rev. T. H. Ball is still pastor of the North Street church. His chosen daughter of the South remains through every trial close by his side, as sunny as in younger days, as cheering as a flower in constant bloom.

They have just passed the "silver" day.

The following is an editorial from the Lake County Star:

The twenty-fifth anniversary, or "silver wedding," of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ball was pleasantly celebrated last Monday evening at their residence. The church was thrown open

for the occasion, and very prettily arranged, and when the large company had gathered it presented an animated picture very pleasing to the eye. Mr. Cheshire was called on, and although taken by surprise and totally unprepared, delivered a very neat and happy little speech, and was followed by Mr. Ball, who made appropriate response, and then invited the company to follow the bride and groom to a supper table in another room loaded with good cheer. The presents were numerous and well chosen, representing the useful and ornamental. Mrs. Ball is so much beloved by all the ladies of Crown Point, and looked so handsome that the ladies present felt it a positive pleasure to thus have an opportunity of showing her how much she is appreciated and esteemed. Some excellent music was furnished by Miss Woodard and Miss Georgie Ball, and all together it was a very happy and pleasant evening.

The following card was inserted in the Register :

A CARD.

Many have been the acts of kindness shown to us by friends at Crown Point, and in Lake county, and many have been the tokens of confidence and regard, during our sixteen years of residence in this place. Besides many donation visits, our fifteenth and nineteenth marriage anniversaries have been made memorable, to us, by our Crown Point friends. Last evening we reached the twenty-fifth anniversary, and be-

tween seventy and eighty guests encouraged us with their cheering presence, and also with choice gifts of silver, in useful and ornamental forms, silver in coin, broad American dollars, and other useful and valuable articles; making in all such a token of thoughtful kindness as will make memorable through life our "silver wedding." Some distant friends send gifts and cheering words saying, "We assure you we should be very glad to meet you at your home, on Monday, April 19th, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your married life, with our warmest congratulations and best wishes as you pass the SILVER towards the GOLDEN DAY."

And we *have* passed: and as it was not our lot to be in the clime of the magnolia and the calycanthus, in the home and amid the surroundings of twenty-five years ago, we are doubly grateful to those who have made so pleasant to us the "silver" day; and to those friends from Plum Grove who this morning called with yet other tokens of an unchanged, unwearied regard; and if we should not with them all reach the "golden day," it is our best wish that we may with them reach the GOLDEN CITY, that city of "pure gold," measured by an angel with "a golden reed."

T. H. BALL.

M. C. C. BALL.

Crown Point, April 20th, 1880.

The following is from the Crown Point Cosmos:

It was preceded by the statement that it was

received by Rev. T. H. Ball from his only young lady cousin residing in his native town.

“AGAWAM, April 19, 1880.

MR. AND MRS. BALL:

Dear Cousins: I regret that I cannot be present to represent the town which may well be proud of being the birthplace of one of the party who celebrates this evening the happy event of a silver wedding. Accept our congratulations.

‘May the silver cord be loosed not,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Ere at life’s evening you shall stand,
Inspired by memories olden,
To join each faithful hand in hand,
In nuptials that are golden.’

Yours affectionately, ***.”

Of their two children, the Cedar Lake boy left his home in the spring of 1877 for the West. The following is the Register notice:

HERBERT S. BALL, of this place, left last Friday on the gold path, designing to penetrate the interior of the Rocky Mountain range from the foot of Pike’s Peak westward to the center of the region where the snow-capped cliffs go battling perpendicularly into the skies, thousands of feet and the plains and valleys are perennially warm and fertile and clothed with tall grasses and rich verdure, and where, along these broken mountains, the debris of the great conflicts of nature, lie untold mineral wealth and unnumbered beauties.

And the following is a home record for July 7, 1877:

HERBERT S. BALL on yesterday attained his majority, having been born at Cedar Lake July 6, 1856. Far away, among the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, in the young state of Colorado, in the region that abounds in gold, he became twenty-one years of age; while his parents and his sister observed here the anniversary day, feeling sure that his strong arms and true heart will ever be on the side of civil and religious freedom, and that he will act and vote for the good of humanity, for the welfare of his native land.

He spent the summer in Colorado, was with an old miner prospecting for gold on that sixth of July, and passed south in the fall through New Mexico into northwestern Texas. He spent the winter among the buffalo hunters hundreds of miles from a post office, passed safely through many dangers, meeting with hairbreadth escapes, and returned to civilization in the spring. He went down the Red River to New Orleans, came up the Mississippi and reached home, to the great joy of his parents and sister in June 1878. His adventures would make a thrilling narrative, but he has never consented to give them to the public. During his absence day by day, night by night, pleading, earnest supplication went up for him to

the listening ear of the everlasting God. And those prayers, his parents believe, were heard, were answered. He left home again in September, 1879, and spent the winter in the fur and lumber region of Northern Michigan between the lakes Michigan and Superior, and in May of this year, 1880, he has once more in safety returned.

The Newton Center girl, since her delightful trip of 1874, remains with her mother at home. She has an organ and a piano and gives lessons in instrumental music, but has not yet completed her literary course. She is a good student of language in English and Latin; she has made fair attainments in mathematics; natural science she is still pursuing. With a cultivated ear for musical sounds, with a voice of medium compass, clear and musical and gaining year by year in strength, she is a fair organist and leader in church music. Her father hopes that the time will soon come for her to visit the place of her birth and see New England's "rocks and rills," her "woods and templed hills," and feel that rapture which would thrill her enthusiastic nature to be permitted to stand on Mount Holyoke, or Wachusett, or on Monadnock, or on the summit of Mount Washington. For that time to come she must still with patience wait.

Job Worthington of Massachusetts when visiting Cedar Lake in 1868, and recalling the months he had spent there in 1837, said, in regard to its native beauty, that he had thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night.

In October of 1877, before starting on a trip to South Alabama, T. H. Ball made a visit to the west side of the lake. It was a delightful day and the glow of the Indian summer lay upon the still waters and the green and autumn tinted forest leaves of the grove. He found that west side almost as lonely and as lovely as ever. Forty years before he had first looked upon its beauty. Thirty-two and a half years before he had been buried in baptism in the clear water there. Ten years before he had baptized in the water of that lake ten youthful believers, on a bright June day.

And now except two mothers, who by the force of circumstances had become Methodist church members, having remained, though now in middle life, where their girlhood was passed, no trace, except these two, remained of the once strong and flourishing Cedar Lake church. Work was faithfully performed here. How and where will it live? Around this lake is Baptist ground no longer.

Until July, 1832, no religious meeting had been held in that hamlet of some fifty inhabi-

tants at Fort Dearborn on Lake Michigan, where is now the city of Chicago. At that time, three men, an English settler, Mark Noble, Philo Carpenter, and Captain Johnson of Fort Dearborn, agreed to hold a prayer meeting in the log-house of Mark Noble. At the second meeting a Sunday school was commenced, with about a dozen children, Captain Johnson, his wife, and Philo Carpenter being the teachers.

After some time a Baptist church was organized. Chicago was, it thus appears, but a few years in advance of Cedar Lake.

In the city of Cleveland, not so far west, which in 1818 was a village containing a population of two hundred, the first Sabbath school was organized in August, 1820, and there was then in the village no meeting house, no church.

In Lake county, pioneer settlements commencing in 1834, Baptist settlements in 1837, there are now twenty-five towns and villages, five thousand three hundred and sixty children enumerated for the public schools, about twenty thousand inhabitants, thirty Sabbath schools, thirty-four churches, and twenty-five resident ministers. Of the churches, ten are Catholic, mostly German; four are Lutheran, German and Swede; nine are Methodist Episcopal, two of these German; two are Presbyterian; two

are German Evangelical; one is Unitarian; one is Christian or Campbellite; two are Band churches; and three are Baptist. Besides these churches, all having houses for worship, there are also two Methodist Episcopal classes, two Band churches, one Believers church, and a small Baptist church organized by Rev. R. P. Stephenson in 1878, which meet in school-houses and halls. Also one congregation of Covenanters, and two of United Presbyterians. Of these forty-three congregations meeting regularly in Lake county, nearly one-tenth in number is Baptist, one-fourth Catholic, and one-fourth Methodist. So far as the question of immersion is concerned, about one-fourth of the community may be called Baptist. Although ever comparatively few in number, it is probably fair and just to say, that in promoting the Sabbath school interest and the cause of general education the Baptists and Presbyterians have always been in the van; and, comparing these two bodies to trees, it may be said their roots are deep and firmly fixed in the soil of Lake. If, from the circumstances of the case, the Baptists have not done as much as might have been done in what some call "saving souls," surely in the two particulars named the Cedar Lake influence will not soon die.

The statements in the following closing para-

graphs, on the want of the Baptist cause in Lake, are not made carelessly, nor to wound the feelings of any, nor in any boastful spirit as to the past. The writer makes them with his eyes and his heart open.

Well does he know and fully does he recognize the qualities and capabilities of a few Baptist men connected with the East and North Street churches and with the church at Lowell, and the new church of 1878, some of whom are immersed in business, and some struggling in order that they and theirs may live. And among these he feels that it is but just to name one who since 1857, for now twenty years, has been continuously a member of the church at Lowell, brother DANIEL FRY.

Circumstances have required him to lead a life of constant toil; and, as an ingenious mechanic and as a justice of the peace, he has been diligent in business and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He has been the leader of church singing, and to him probably more than to any other man has the Union Sabbath School of Lowell been indebted for its excellent singing, for the training of so many child voices in Sunday school melody. He still remains useful in the Sunday school work, and faithful in his position as clerk of the Lowell Baptist church.

O. W. Graves, once so active, has become infirm and has retired from active life.

M. A. Halsted has spent considerable time in Illinois, and on the Pacific coast, and among the mountains and mines. He has made money to quite a large extent. He has ever used it freely. Factory and mill building and railroad enterprises have drawn largely upon his resources. He is now for a short time again a resident of Lowell.

(Had Lyman Thompson, who died at Cedar Lake May 9, 1852, lived until this time, Baptist interests there might have been different from what they are now. At Crown Point there died, August 31, 1862, Frederick Foster, and to the resident members his loss was very great. Of the seven members of the family mentioned on page 118 as having united in 1855, one only remains as a member of the East Street church. And about the same time when so prominent a member was removed by death, probably in 1862, William Freed, who had married a daughter of Mrs. Sturgis, and after her death had married Miss Martha Gerrish, left Crown Point and removed to Canada. He was an excellent singer and chorister as well as an active, exemplary member, and his loss has never been made good. He is now near the Pacific coast. Thus, along the line of forty years, great inroads

have been made in what has seemed often to be the promise of Baptist strength and growth.)

A few new-comers at Crown Point it seems scarcely appropriate here to name. If they should chance to see these lines, and if they recognize the spirit in which this work has been written, they will not question the statement that the mind which dictates these words will accord to each of them a fair meed of praise.

In the light of the requirements of Christianity upon us all let them read what follows.

The great want of the struggling Baptist interests in Lake county is *men*. There have been and there are some good Baptist women, but it may be said of each church, *it wants a MAN*; a man in the prime and vigor of manhood, with intelligence and means and position and thorough devotion to the truth, to show by word and example, to the community around, love of justice and of right and loyalty to the Saviour, like those three pioneer Baptists, Richard Church, Lewis Warriner, and Hervey Ball. The Cedar Lake Baptists cannot be charged with bigotry, or prejudice, or narrowness of mind. They would attend when the occasion was appropriate Catholic, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist meetings. They were the friends, the well-wishers of all. They were advocates for every good cause. They sought the welfare

of the whole community. In political, agricultural, social life, they were ever active and forward and reliable. They were not austere, they were not recluse, they were not sanctimonious. Yet they believed heartily in the principles and practice of those in the ages past who constituted "the martyr church of the New Testament," those principles and that practice which the well informed in England, Germany, and the United States recognize as Baptist. They were not perfect, they claimed no sinless attainments; they did not claim, as by many those words are now used, to be "saved" or to be "sanctified": but as redeemed sinners, renewed by the Holy Spirit through their personal belief of the truth, and heirs of the grace of God, they claimed to be continually trusting in the merit and righteousness of their perfect Saviour; to be growing in grace; to be justified freely by the grace of God through the redemption which there is in Christ Jesus; and as pilgrims and sojourners here to be seeking a better country even a heavenly. Thus they lived; thus many of them have died.

Richard Church finished his Lake county work in ten short years and lay down in the sleep of death when more than three score years and ten had passed over him.

Lewis Warriner, deprived at the very first of

her who would have added so much to the strength and happiness of his home life, spent eighteen years in Christian activities in this county, and then went westward and closed his eyes in death when wanting only about three years of man's fourscore.

Hervey Ball spent thirty full years as a Baptist church member in the county of Lake, and died when within three days of completing his seventy-fourth year.

Thus these three passed away; and while from time to time some good, active, and zealous men have been numbered for a season among the Baptists of Lake, and a few are still, none have yet stepped forward into their ranks to make good the places left vacant by the three pioneers of 1838.

And so it may be truly said, the Baptist cause in Lake waits for a *man*. When three more such men arise then will the Baptist interests once more revive.

Yet none need suppose that their work will in reality ever die.

If in visible form the results of their efforts, their prayers, and their tears, should not be seen around the bright Lake of the Red Cedars, their influence will be living somewhere in the world, and will be felt in guiding minds and molding hearts, until the Great King and the

glad kingdom come, until the promised restoration of all things,

“Till o’er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.”

BAPTIST MARRIAGES IN LAKE COUNTY.

By Rev. N. WARRINER.

No. 55 in the County Record Book.

William Taylor, }
Caroline Warriner. } March 3, 1842.

William C. Farrington, }
Lydia Ann Sherman. } Oct. 30, 1842.

Richard J. Woodard, }
Elizabeth H. Ball. } July 27, 1854.

By Rev. ALPHEUS FRENCH.

John Brewer, }
Mary Lindsey. } May 23, 1844.

By Rev. WM. T. BLY.

Philander Cross, }
Marilla Ann Davis. } June 15, 1845.

By Rev. A. HASTINGS.

Munson Church, }
Charity A. Clark. } Oct. 26, 1848.

By Rev. A. KENNEDY.

George Creig, }
Cornelia Eastling. } July 4, 1849.

Oscar Colburn, }
Miranda Grow. } Jan. 13, 1850.

William A. Banks, }
Mary M. Ellis. } April 1, 1856.

(Married in Porter county, at Elder Kennedy's home.)

Allen Perry, {
Roxana Chester. { Aug. 24, 1856.

Isaac Pierce, {
Mary C. Atkin. { Feb. 13, 1859.

Wm. H. Rifenburg, {
Rebecca J. Stearns. { Dec. 31, 1859.

Francis Peak, {
Olive Banks. { Sep. 16, 1860.

Jesse B. Albee, {
Mary Jane Pierce. { July 17, 1861.

By Rev. THOMAS L. HUNT.

Franklin Fuller, {
Harriet Ferguson. { April 28, 1850.

Moses S. Davis, {
Polly Edgerton. { Aug. 24, 1850.

Daniel E. Dininney, {
Maryette Young. { Oct. 3, 1850.

Charles Taylor, {
Mary Ann Graves. { Oct. 13, 1850.

James A. Hunt, {
Fanny C. Warriner. { Jan. 9, 1851.

James Brannon, {
Eleanor Foster. { May 17, 1851.

Uriah Jaqua, {
Charlotte Tabor. { Oct. 26, 1851.

Job Marmon, {
Louisa Marmon. { Jan. 11, 1852.

Aaron Fuller, {
Malvina Davis. { April 29, 1852.

James H. Stringham, }
Almira Mann. } June 21, 1852.

Solon O. Robinson, }
Sarah J. Eans. } Dec. 25, 1852.

By Rev. URIAH MCKAY.

Jacob Dutton, }
Julia Burch. } March 28, 1854.

By Rev. J. M. WHITEHEAD.

John F. Davis, }
Harriet Wheeler. } Jan. 24, 1856.

By Judge HERVEY BALL.

Henry Bergman, }
Fredericka E. L. Winter. } Dec. 16, 1857.

Charles Finch, }
Anna Margaret Cordes. } Feb. 27, 1859.

John W. Dietel, }
Anna Herlitz. } April 14, 1864.

By Rev. JOHN BENNEY.

John H. Abrams, }
Mary J. Foster. } Dec. 21, 1857.

Joseph Barker, }
Minanda Dumond. } May 4, 1858.

Joseph Doering, }
Rachel Doering. } Feb. 27, 1859.

Wm. Blowers, }
Diodema Sturges. } Oct. 23, 1859.

By Rev. A. E. SIMONS.

Augustus McCarty, }
Corinna Graves. } Dec. 16, 1860.

Adam Dillabaugh, {
Mary A. Snyder. } March 21, 1861.
Benjamin R. Evans, {
Mary Ann Diddy. } April 11, 1861.
James M. Carpenter, {
Caroline A. Spencer. } May 30, 1861.
Joseph A. Hale, {
Julia McCann. } Dec. 11, 1861.
Raymond Williams, {
Aseneth Mellen. } Jan. 7, 1863.

By Rev. J. M. MAXWELL.

William B. Adams, {
Sarah L. Banks. } May 10, 1864.

By Rev. G. F. BRAYTON.

William W. Temple, {
Mahala J. Downs. } Aug. 28, 1862.
Gideon Brayton, {
Cynthia Green. } Oct. 7, 1863.

By Rev. E. L. MILLIS.

Henry A. Culby, {
Ellen Vanhouten. } Aug. 11, 1868.

By Rev. G. W. LEWIS.

Abram F. Darst, {
Eunice L. Dumond. } Feb. 22, 1866.
Oliver Surprise, {
Carlinda Thompson. } May 17, 1866.
Ezra Brownell, {
Harriet Foster. } Feb. 20, 1866.
John Morrow, {
Amma H. Green. } Feb. 22, 1866.

William N. Halsted, }
Louisa Vandecar. } Feb. 8, 1866.

By Rev. JOHN BRUCE.

Joseph Duncher, }
Mary Ennisy. } Sept., 1867.

Urias J. Fry, }
Emma Chapman. } Nov. 7, 1869.

John W. Merrill, }
Mary J. Arnold. } March 3, 1870.

Frank A. Price, }
Mary E. Merrill. } Nov. 14, 1872.

Horace Marble, }
Martha A. Skinner. } July 6, 1873.

Richard W. Howe, }
Ida J. Loving. } Sept. 14, 1873.

Theron H. Halsted, }
Sarah E. Farwell. } May 3, 1874.

Avery B. Rumsey, }
Jennie J. Moore. } Nov. 16, 1875.

Robert Driscoll, }
Ida Lynch. } Sept. 19, 1876.

Jacob G. Minniger, }
Eva Cross. } July 4, 1878.

James France, }
Libbie McDowell. } Dec. 12, 1878.

Jacob Lorscheider, }
Mary E. Jacobs. } March 19, 1879.

James E. Johnson, }
Mary A. Storrs. } Sept. 3, 1879.

Adolphus Sherman, }
Mary Schroeder. } Sept. 10, 1879.

Willis Allen,
Susannah Dickerson. } Sept. 23, 1879.

By DANIEL FRY, Justice of the Peace.

John Granger,
Maria Brockway. } Sept. 26, 1868.

Byron Cross,
Mary Harding. } May 30, 1869.

Fred Castle,
Retta Welch. } June 19, 1869.

John E. Hoshaw,
Melissa Griesel. } July 3, 1869.

Christopher Jones,
Alice V. Clark. } Oct. 7, 1869.

Melville L. Rumsey,
Olive McNutt. } Oct. 30, 1870.

Vincent Hepp,
Mary Parker. } Nov. 10, 1870.

Sylvester Cottrill,
Mary P. Service. } Nov. 27, 1870.

Martin Cottrill,
Mary A. Ricker. } June 4, 1871.

James O. Rowe,
Frances J. Curtis. } July 5, 1871.

James M. Bailey,
Catherine Young. } Dec. 16, 1871.

Martin Schur,
Barbara Landgraff. } Sept. 6, 1874.

Thomas Baughman,
Melinda E. McDowell. } Sept. 3, 1874.

Elery M. Nichols,
Ocena Hill. } Feb. 22, 1875.

Abram Whaley, }
 Mary Guise. } March 11, 1875.

By Rev. R. P. STEPHENSON.

John Klein, }
 Alfa L. Fry. } Jan. 8, 1879.

By Rev. E. H. BROOKS.

Henry A. Newson, }
 Sarah A. Sanger. } Dec. 17, 1879.

Henry Hagenboch, }
 Johanna Flynn. } Feb. 28, 1880.

Thomas Pearce, }
 Martha J. Fuller. } May 1, 1880.

By Rev. T. H. BALL.

Daniel Fry, }
 Delia A. Rumsey. } Aug. 16, 1856.

Henry J. Geer, }
 Sophia A. Palmer. } Feb. 9, 1857.

John Durland, }
 Cornelia Lamphier. } Nov. 25, 1863.

David C. M. Barney, }
 Catharine A. Snyder. } Jan. 4, 1864.

Charles Johnson, }
 Maria A. Dickson. } Nov. 9, 1864.

John H. Abrams, }
 Fannie A. Vanhouten, } Aug. 30, 1865.

William H. Wilson, }
 Esther Randolph. } Oct. 4, 1865.

John Pearce, }
 Elizabeth V. Foster. } Sept. 9, 1867.

- Henry L. Small, }
Mary A. Pattee. } Nov. 7, 1867.
- Warling Gragg, }
Mary Ann Taylor. } March 4, 1868.
- Charles P. Post, }
Mary A. Davis. } July 28, 1868.
- Lewis T. Louks, }
Mary A. Hornor. } Feb. 14, 1869.
- Hezekiah H. Purdy, }
Albina Nichols. } Sept. 21, 1869.
- Andrew S. Cutler, }
Mary Jane Ball. } Dec. 16, 1869.
- Josiah E. Shaw, }
Lottie Woodbridge. } Dec. 21, 1869.
- Isaac Shaw, }
Mary Messer. } Dec. 21, 1869.
- John D. Ester, }
Lavina Forbes. } Dec. 22, 1870.
- Joseph Williams, }
Margaret Jane Phillips. } Dec. 27, 1870.
- Frederick A. Martin, }
Sarah S. Erb. } May 7, 1871.
- John H. McMurtry, }
Emma Lathrop. } July 3, 1871.
- Homer H. Pratt, }
Carrie R. Jarvis. } May 15, 1872.
- Herschel J. Nichols, }
Maria Lambert. } Sept. 13, 1872.
- Hibbert Peterson, }
Emily M. Sharp. } Dec. 18, 1873.

- Isaac Kight, { Feb. 8, 1875.
Eliza Spry. }
- Jacob Metz, { Feb. 25, 1875.
Samantha A. Everett. }
- Leonard Tillotson, { May 16, 1875.
Ida F. Foot. }
- Jesse L. Hill, { Nov. 10, 1875.
Jane Livingston. }
- Sidney H. Ainsworth, { Jan. 31, 1875.
Kate Price. }
- Jerome Newell, { June 11, 1876.
Ida J. Toothill. }
- Franklin H. Bayor, { Dec. 25, 1876.
Flora M. Adams. }
- C. C. S. Keech, { March 3, 1877.
Hannah Evans. }
- Albert S. Thompson, { June 14, 1877.
Mary Spaulding. }
- Edgar C. Wheeler, { Oct. 6, 1877.
Allie A. Taylor. }
- Reason Brading, { Aug. 29, 1878.
Martha Atwell. }
- Henry Dilner, { Oct. 14, 1878.
Fredericka Hasse. }
- Alonzo C. Montgomery, { Nov. 30, 1878.
Josie M. Sherman. }
- Andrew G. Trump, { Dec. 18, 1878.
Lydia A. Smith. }
- Peter Trump, { Jan. 1, 1879.
Laura Miller. }

William Gordon, }
Emma Sprague. } Feb. 14, 1880.

John J. Zeigler, }
Sarah J. Sykes. } March 20, 1880.

The above are from the county records up to
May 20, 1880.

It has been decided to omit the dissertation
on Columbus' attitude mentioned on page 232.

June 15, 1880.

Y. N. L.

THE MAP.

For readers who are not acquainted with the geography of Lake county the following explanations of the map, which accompanies this work, may be useful.

The first railroad on the shore of Lake Michigan is the Baltimore and Ohio. The second is the Michigan Southern. The third is the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne. These three roads are very near to each other for many miles. The fourth, crossing at Tolleston, is the Michigan Central, which was the first railroad built across Lake county. This was completed thirty years ago, in 1850. This county has therefore had, as also has Chicago, thirty years of railroad growth. The Joliet Cut Off may be counted fifth, passing from Lake to Dyer and westward, then, to Joliet. The sixth, leaving the county near Lansing, is the Grand Trunk from Canada. The seventh, which passes through Crown Point, is called the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis road. It is the line of the noted Pan Handle route. This road was completed fifteen years ago, or in 1865. Crown Point has had therefore fifteen years only of railroad growth.

Besides these seven completed, there are four projected roads. One of these, the eighth, is expected to pass from Porter county and its county seat, Valparaiso, through Crown Point, to Joliet. The ninth, running northward from Attica on the Wabash, through Crown Point, to the Grand Trunk, perhaps to Hammond. The tenth, which is quite sure to be soon constructed, will pass through Lowell by Cedar Lake to Dyer. The eleventh is to cross the low-land near the Kankakee river. A twelfth may cross from the northeast to the southwest some time.

The squares on the map denote congressional townships of six miles square. The county lies west of the second principal meridian.

Near Cedar Lake will be seen some letters, B. B. and W. These denote the locations of the Ball and Warriner homes. The latter has been owned for many years by Moses M. Esty, who married Mrs. Cutler, the mother of Dr. Cutler of Kankakee. Here therefore Mrs. M. J. Cutler is accustomed to visit. The Ball place of 1837 is now owned by Mrs. Maggie Meyers and J. L. Dubruil. On this will probably be a railroad station, and of all its precious associations and treasured memories, as the loaded trains pass by, the busy or pleasure-seeking travellers will be ignorant. On the bright

waters they will not fail to look and will no doubt inquire after the name of the little lake.

With one of his German neighbors, who is still living, Judge Ball used to talk, many years ago, of a coming time when a railroad would pass beside the lake, and pleasure seekers would make it a resort. That time seems now to be near at hand; and the time has fully come, if ever, for this volume to be written.

NOTE.—A little child, the daughter of Solomon Russel, at the head of the lake, was drowned in a well in the summer of 1837; but thus far, for five-and-forty years, within the period of white occupancy, no human life has gone out in the Lake of Cedars.

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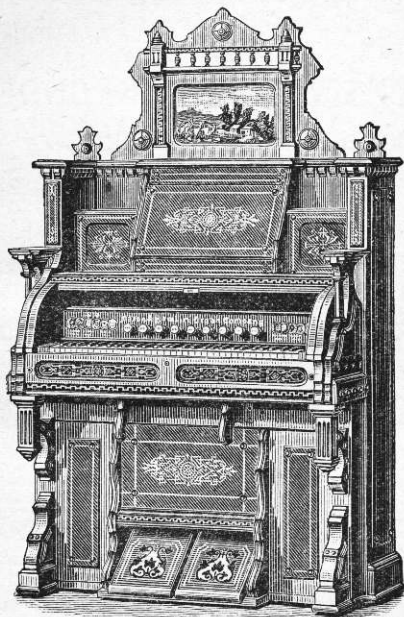
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Any inquiries or orders for this work may be addressed

"Box 190,

Crown Point, Lake county, Indiana."