

TALES AND TAKINGS,  
SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS,

FROM THE

ITINERANT AND EDITORIAL BUDGET

OF

REV. J. V. WATSON, D. D.,  
EDITOR OF THE NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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## PREFACE.

SEVERAL articles found in this volume are from the pen of paid contributors to the compiler's paper during his ten years' connection with the press. They have been deemed of too much merit to be suffered to pass into forgetfulness. A still smaller number of articles have been appropriated from that public domain of literature in which are to be found many gems, and to which all seem to have an equal right. He has made the appropriation the more readily, as a few of his intellectual children have strayed beyond his reach into this wide field. In other words, he has contributed his share to it, and is not, therefore, without the right of making drafts upon it. The staple of the volume, however, is from the author's pen.

plain

If fiction plays any part in the "Tales," it will be found here in a form wholly unexceptionable, even to the most fastidious. So far as regards the author's "Incidents," these are facts; and in the description given of missionating in cabins on the frontier of the early West, he thinks the reader will find here a few pictures more true to the life than he has ever met with elsewhere.

As it respects the "Takings," these consist of the mere *negligé* descriptions of sundry members of the late General Conference. They are not intended as eulogies of their subjects. Their principal merit consists in what the author trusts will be deemed just discriminations of character and useful suggestions on the subject of preaching. The young preacher will be glad to find them here; the friends of the men described will be glad to find them here.

The number of these "Takings" would have been considerably increased but for the condition of the author's health rendering the early completion of the volume necessary. As to the "Sketches," these are on various but important topics.

The contents of the volume are composite; the spirit of it homogeneous. Age and gravity will here be amused, if not instructed, while the Sabbath-school scholar and the little miss that would while away an hour in the parlor, will here find something equally adapted to their taste and capacity. It possesses the attractions of some bad books which we hope it may supplant, while it possesses the merit of being, the author hopes, a good book. The author makes no literary claims in its behalf. The attacks of the critic upon it, therefore, will be without challenge and without rejoinder.

As a trifling *souvenir*, the author tenders this volume to his extensive acquaintances and many friends, hoping it may lighten some leaden hours which are wont to rest at times upon all hearts, that it may inculcate the sentiments of virtue and religion with which it abounds, and be the means, at the same time, of cherishing some fond remembrances which no one cares to forget. The author's relation to the public has extended his acquaintance beyond that which falls to the lot of most men. Where his paper has gone, he will flatter him.

self that his little book will go. He will appeal to the sympathy of none, as the book will be worth its cost, but he will not conceal the fact, that a principal object of issuing this volume is to secure means to be employed in recruiting his exhausted health. In other words, if the profits of this enterprise should be satisfactory, they may enable its author hereafter to present to his friends something more worthy of their patronage.

NOTE.—The reader, we presume, has been made acquainted with the fact that the lamented author of this volume did not live to employ the means referred to in recruiting his exhausted health, as he died just before the work was sent to the press.—EDITOR.

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THE

# YOUNG PREACHER.

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## THE YOUNG PREACHER.

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WE were sitting together in the quiet parlor at Oakwood Farm, Mr. and Mrs. Ray, and Elliot and I.

Elliot was reading aloud, but I doubt whether one of his listeners could have told the subject of the book, or the name of its author. Mr. Ray sat, as was his custom, with his hat on, though now it was drawn further over his eyes than usual. He was leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped before him, and his two thumbs working restlessly over and over each other—and, could it be possible? yes; there was moisture gathering in his eyes; great, half-formed tears, started beneath the lids, but were quickly forced back again. It could not be that he was affected by what his son was reading, for Elliot was smiling at the sentiment his lips had just expressed. And his mother—she had been knitting, but her work was lying idly in her lap, her elbow rested on the table close by Elliot's hand, her cheek lay in her uplifted palm, and she was gazing, with moist eyes too, full

upon Elliot's face. Perhaps he thought she was listening to him, and drinking in the beautiful sentiments that flowed like music from his lips. But I knew she was not, neither was his father, neither was I.

We were all thinking of to-morrow. This was Saturday night, and to-morrow Elliot was to stand for the first time in the sacred desk to speak of the Saviour, and of salvation to those who had known him from his birth. He was naturally nervous, excitable, and much inclined to indulge in a depressing melancholy. He had been treated by his father with uncommon tenderness, almost idolized by his mother, and had little worldly experience, except what he had gained among his college mates, where his generous nature had always made him a favorite.

He had prepared himself for the ministry by close and careful study; his natural love of reading had made him acquainted with the best speakers of ancient and modern times, and yet his friends predicted his failure. Elliot, too, had his fears. He had been talking to his mother about it, and she had encouraged him with words of hope, while fear and trembling were in her heart. "Think of the sacredness of your mission, Elliot," she said; "think, not of your own weakness, but of Him who has said, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' But do not dwell too much upon the morrow, now. You are too much excited; read something that will calm you; it will do us all

good; let us forget that to-morrow is more than any other day."

And Elliot had forgotten it, apparently, for his eye kindled as he glanced along the lines, keeping time with the rapidly moving melody of his lips, and now and then he smiled or raised his hand impressively as some new and startling idea was presented.

But his father had not forgotten it, else why that solemn look so seldom seen on his jolly face, and why did his thumbs perform such rapid and untiring revolutions over each other, as they always did when deep or unusual emotions were struggling in his great heart? His mother had not forgotten it, as the love that filled her swimming eyes, and the fear that paled her cheek, could witness. And I, as I watched the changing emotions, flitting like light and shade across his eloquent face, I could only think of the coming ordeal, the dreaded, yet hoped-for to-morrow.

Neither had Charles, his wild and reckless young brother, forgotten it, for he broke in upon our enchanted circle with a boisterous laugh that startled his father from his dreamy reverie, made Elliot close his book, and brought a reproof from the mild lips of his mother.

"So, we shall have a preach to-morrow, shall we, Brother Elly, old boy, eh?" he exclaimed, throwing his riding gloves and whip into one corner and his cap into another. "Hurrah for the Rev. Brother Ray!

"How many converts do you expect to make to-morrow, Elly?"

"Do not be so rude, Charles," said Elliot, whose flushed cheek told how painfully he felt his brother's raillery.

"It don't hurt your feelings to be called Brother Ray, does it? I declare you blush like a girl; better get used to it now, and wear off your modesty before you go out among folks. I'll bet a dollar you'll faint away before meeting's half out to-morrow."

"Charles!" said his father, as his foot came down emphatically upon the floor.

"Mother," whispered Elliot, in a low tone, as he turned toward her, with cheeks and lips white enough now, "Mother, cannot you persuade Charles to stay at home to-morrow?"

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Charles; "I'm going to church, and I'm going to sit exactly in front of Brother Ray, and the first word he says that don't tally with his everyday life, I'm going to take my hat and march straight out, making my bow to him as I go along. There's no joking about it now, Elliot. I'll do it; see if I don't!"

It was in vain that Elliot pleaded, that his mother coaxed, and his father threatened. Charles was a passionate, headstrong, reckless boy, yet not altogether without feeling when it could be rightly awakened.

He asserted that he was as good as Elliot, and had

just as much of a call to preach. Elliot's delicate hands and nimble tongue, he said, were the greatest qualifications he had to entitle him to a place in the pulpit, but he knew if his past life should rise up before him then, his tongue would be dumb and his pretty hands drop out of sight; "and," continued he, "I'm going to sit and look at him in such a way, that he can't help thinking of some things I know of."

Words were thrown away upon the willful boy that night, and as our little company parted, we sought our respective rooms with the most unpleasant forebodings for the morrow.

Charles and I rode together that Sabbath morning. Elliot and his father were riding before us; his mother did not go. NEED I TELL ANY MOTHER WHY? I saw her hands tremble as she tied Elliot's cravat that morning. I heard her say, "Be strong in the Lord, my son. God will bless you. Think that your mother is praying for you, and if you should fail—"

"I shall never know it from you, mother," he replied.

All the way as we rode along I tried to persuade Charles from his purpose, but in vain. "Elliot," he said, "had always been his mother's favorite; he was growing proud. He had been to college, and now he had come home to set himself above those who were as good as he. It would do the pale-faced pet good to humble him a little, and he meant to do it."

Elliot had just taken his seat at the little table inside the altar, (for he would not go up into the pulpit this time,) when Charles came in. He had stayed behind purposely, and now walked up the aisle with a bold and defiant air, and seated himself in a conspicuous place about midway between the gallery and the altar railing. Mr. Ray sat in one of the side slips, where he would not face his son, and I was on the opposite side, where I could see them all.

Elliot opened the Bible before him; his face was deadly pale. I looked at the father; his eyes were cast down, his thumbs slowly revolving in their accustomed orbits. Charles tried to preserve the look of careless unconcern with which he came in, but I thought I could detect traces of a better feeling in the restless workings of his mouth, and the almost pitying glance of his half-averted eyes. There was a deathlike silence throughout the congregation. Presently an old man, the patriarch of the neighborhood, rose and said, "Let us look to God in prayer."

He stood within the railing very near to Elliot, for he was quite deaf in one ear, and it had been his privilege for years to sit immediately "beneath the droppings of the sanctuary;" and I thought how comforting it must be to the young preacher, to have one so loved and so good to stand beside him in that hour of trial. The prayer was short, but appropriate and affecting. Many a heart responded "Amen" to the

blessings invoked on Elliot's head, and many an eye was dim with tears as the assembly turned again toward the sacred desk.

Some one commenced singing the familiar hymn,

"In all my Lord's appointed ways."

The whole congregation rose to their feet and sung as with one voice. The color went and came on Elliot's cheek, as the inspiring words echoed from lip to lip, and at the close of the hymn he looked almost like one inspired. Hardly were the people seated before his voice was heard distinct and clear, reading the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John. When that was done he cast a rapid glance around his audience, and commenced a thrilling dissertation on the love of God to man. I glanced at Mr. Ray. A flush of triumph was on his face, as if the danger was past now, and Elliot could not fail. Charles had evidently forgotten his pity, and was looking as impudent as he dared, while a general feeling of relief seemed to pervade the congregation.

But suddenly there was a pause; the speaker hesitated; he was embarrassed; he passed his hand hastily across his high, white forehead, now wet with perspiration, and brushed back the damp masses of hair which had fallen over it; he trembled in every limb; his father half rose from his seat, and more than one expected to see him fall



the next moment. But he did not. He was soon calm again, but his face was so white and corpse-like, it was almost fearful to look at. He tasted a few drops from the glass of water that was handed to him; then folding his hands over his breast, he turned to his audience, and said:

"Fathers in the Church, it might better become a youth like me to sit and learn lessons of wisdom from your lips, than thus to stand before you in the attitude of a teacher; but it is not to teach you that I am here. I was a child when you were men. I have grown to manhood among you, my character has been formed by the influence of your examples, and those examples have taught me to look forward to this period as to the commencement of a career of usefulness. You know with what misgivings, with what doubt, and trembling, and prayers, I ventured to accept this sacred calling. I saw how broad was the field, and how many laborers were already engaged therein, but I thought that even an humble gleaner like myself, if I had courage to venture in, might be rewarded with a sheaf. It is not to teach those who have long been laboring that I have come in, but to learn of them.

"Fathers in the Church, teach me by your examples yet, for I am ignorant; bear with me and sustain me by your prayers, for I am weak.

"Mothers in Israel! mothers of sons born to

inherit immortality! think of the responsibilities that rest upon you; think of the honors that crown you! Mothers! could you realize the influence you exert; could you know the blessings invoked upon your heads by pious children; could you see how every little act of tenderness is treasured up by your child, careless and thoughtless as he may seem; could you know the deep gratitude that fills his heart when he sees that you share in his sorrows, pity the weaknesses of his nature, and by your unfailing love strengthen him in the path of virtue; could you feel and know all this, where is the mother, the Christian mother, in this assembly, who would not pity and forgive not only the weaknesses of her own child, but also of one who, born and brought up among you, has learned to love you, to look to you for encouragement in every good word and work! My mother! were she other than she is, what would her child have been? And she is not here among you now! Shall I tell you where she is? There is no need of that. I see by your quivering lips and tearful eyes you know she is praying for her child! join your prayers with hers!"

Here Elliot stood for a moment, pale, speechless, and motionless. Mothers were weeping, younger and more blooming cheeks were wet with tears, men bowed their heads as if in prayer, and good old Mr. Ray made no effort now to keep back the moisture

gathering beneath his eyelids. The great tears chased each other over his round cheeks and fell upon his hands as they lay helplessly in his lap. My eyes were too dim to see whether his thumbs were in motion or not. I looked toward Charles, but his face was not to be seen; he was bending forward with his head resting on the back of the seat before him.

Elliot resumed: "My dear young friends, sharers of my childish sports, companions of my boyhood, my associates in riper years, thus far through life have we journeyed hand in hand, and shall we be parted now? I am not standing here to prove myself your superior. O, no; far from it. You know me too well. You know my faults, you know the follies of my youth; but you know, too, that we have all taken upon ourselves the same solemn vows to forsake our sins and to seek salvation by turning to the Lord. In our worldly enjoyments we have always tried to heighten each other's pleasures by sharing them together. Ought we not to do so in religion? Let me not seem to you as one who stands apart, saying, 'I am holier than thou.' It is not pride nor vanity that has led me to this. Look at me, and see if you can find in your hearts one spark of envy now. Do you not feel pity for me rather? pity for the weakness I have shown; pity for that sensitiveness that was near overwhelming me with confusion and shame when I met your cold and curious glances. I need your prayers and

encouraging smiles. I am full of fears, fears for myself and for the honor of the cause I would advocate. Shall I fail when it is in your power to give me courage and confidence? No; I read it in your answering looks of love. God will bless you. Playmates of my boyhood! it was at this altar that we first confessed the Saviour! Shall we ever dishonor that confession, or worship at a shrine less holy? Sisters in Jesus! your tears of penitence and joy were mingled with ours. Together we commenced the Christian life, together let us strive to enter upon the blissful rewards of eternity! Fathers and mothers! remember the children of your love. Where you cannot approve and praise, it is yours to pity and forgive."

Elliot sat down and bowed his head upon his hands. The white-haired patriarch arose and offered a short, tremulous prayer. Then, as before, the whole congregation rose and sung: that glorious hymn,

"When all thy mercies, O my God,"

seemed to break spontaneously from every tongue. Elliot stood up with the rest and joined in singing, but his voice wavered in the second stanza, and when they came to the third he sat down, and I could see that he was convulsed with weeping. There were tremulous voices besides his, and many cheeks wet with tears.



Charles had not once raised his head since Elliot's allusion to their mother; but the father stood erect, apparently unconscious that another person was in the house. His hands hung listlessly at his sides, and he was singing at the top of his stentorian voice.

After the benediction was pronounced, Elliot stepped without the railing, and each one, while passing by, shook the young preacher's hand, and bade him God speed.

Charles was nowhere to be seen after the dismission. I rode home with Mr. Ray, and Elliot followed some distance behind with his uncle.

Mrs. Ray rose hastily from her chair as I went in. She was looking very pale, but without noticing me, she went to the book-case, took down a large volume, and was returning with it to her seat, when her husband entered.

"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "you are not going to study surveying to-day, are you? God bless our boy! He did nobly! You needn't be ashamed of him; let me put this book in the library; there's your Bible, dear, on the stand."

He said this very tenderly, and replacing the book she had mistaken for her Bible, he led her gently back to her chair.

She clasped her hands together, and I thought she was fainting; but a glance in the direction she

was looking showed me that Elliot had come. I hastened to my own room, for I would not intrude myself as a witness to such a meeting.

An hour afterward I passed the door of Elliot's room; it was open, and he stood by it, leaning his head against the casement. He looked exhausted and pale, but very happy. He reached out his hand to me, and as I took it I said:

"Your recompense was sure: has not the gleaner already been rewarded with a sheaf?"

"Yes, Sister A.," he replied, "and a richer one than he deserved. Charles is in tears in his mother's room; but give her the praise; I owe everything to my mother."

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SELF-DISPARAGEMENT;

OR,

ELDER BLUNT AND SISTER SCRUB.

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## SELF-DISPARAGEMENT;

OR,

ELDER BLUNT AND SISTER SCRUB.

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IN one of the Eastern states there is a settlement which has long been celebrated as a stronghold of Methodism. It is an out-of-the-way neighborhood, yet no place in the whole country is better known, or more highly esteemed. In the center of the settlement, just where two roads cut each other at right angles, making a "four corners," is the school-house, painted red, and long familiar as the only place of public worship in the settlement. The people are well off now, and have built a nice and commodious Church, on the opposite corner. A few rods up the road from the school-house lived Squire Scrub. You could tell, at first sight, that the "Squire" was "well to do" in this world, for everything about him denoted it. There was his picket fence all around his garden painted red, and the top tipped with white; there was his house, a modest one story and a half, with a leaning to in the rear, painted white all over;

there was the barn, a large, well-filled barn it was; there was the farm, a choice lot of one hundred acres, well cultivated; and besides all this, there were the honors and emoluments of the important office of justice of the peace. The "Squire" was, of course, a man of note in his town. He had been a justice several terms in succession. He was a trustee of the school district, and he was both class-leader and steward in the Methodist Church. I have no doubt he would have received other honors at the hands of his fellow-townsmen and brethren, had he been eligible. Still he was a quiet, unassuming man, and I verily believe he thought more of his religion than of all his ecclesiastical and civil honors. His house was the itinerant's home; and a right sweet, pleasant home it would have been but for a certain unfortunate weakness of the every other way *excellent* Sister Scrub. The weakness I allude to was, or at least it was suspected to be, *the love of praise*. Now the good sister was really worthy of high praise, and she often received it; but she had a way of disparaging herself and her performances, which some people thought was intended to invite praise. No housewife kept her floors looking so clean and her walls so well whitewashed as she. Every board was scrubbed and scoured till further scrubbing and scouring would have been labor wasted. No one could look on her white ash floor, and not admire

the polish her industry gave it. The "Squire" was a good provider, and Sister Scrub was an excellent cook; and so their table groaned under a burden of good things on all occasions when good cheer was demanded. And yet you could never enter the nouse and sit half an hour without being reminded that "Husband held court yesterday, and she couldn't keep the house decent." If you sat down to eat with them she was sorry she "hadn't anything fit to eat." She had been scrubbing, or washing, or ironing, or she had been half sick, and she hadn't got such and such things, that she ought to have. Nor did it matter how bountiful or how well prepared the repast really was, there was always *something* deficient, the want of which furnished a text for a disparaging discourse on the occasion. I remember once, that we sat down to a table that a king might have been happy to enjoy. There was the light snow-white bread, there were the potatoes reeking in butter, there were the chickens swimming in gravy, there were the onions and the turnips, and I was sure Sister Scrub had gratified her ambition once. We sat down, and a blessing was asked. Instantly the good sister began: she was afraid her coffee was too much burned, or that the water had been smoked, or that she hadn't roasted the chicken enough. There ought to have been some salad, and it was too bad that there was nothing nice to offer us.

We, of course, endured these unjustifiable apologies as well as we could, simply remarking that everything was really nice, and proving by our acts that the repast was tempting to our appetites.

I will now introduce another actor to the reader. It is Elder Blunt, the circuit preacher. Elder Blunt was a good man. His religion was of the most genuine, experimental kind. He was a *very* plain man. He, like Mr. Wesley, would no more dare preach a *fine* sermon than wear a fine coat. He was celebrated for his common-sense way of exhibiting the principles of religion. He *would* speak just what he thought, and as he felt. He somehow got the name of being an eccentric preacher, as every man, I believe, does, who *never* prevaricates and always acts and speaks as he thinks. Somehow or other, Elder Blunt had heard of Sister Scrub, and of that infirmity of hers, and he resolved to cure her. On his first round he stopped at "Squire Scrub's," as all other itinerants had done before him. John, the young man, took the elder's horse and put him in the stable, and the preacher entered the house. He was shown into the best room, and soon felt very much at home. He expected to hear something in due time disparaging the domestic arrangements, but he heard it sooner than he expected. This time, if Sister Scrub could be credited, her house was all upside down; it wasn't fit to stay in, and she was sadly mortified to be caught in such a plight.

The elder looked all around the room, as if to observe the terrible disorder, but he said not a word. By and by the dinner was ready, and the elder sat down with the family to a well-spread table. Here, again, Sister Scrub found everything faulty; the coffee wasn't fit to drink, and she hadn't anything fit to eat. The elder lifted his dark eye to her face; for a moment he seemed to penetrate her very soul with his austere gaze; then slowly rising from the table he said, "Brother Scrub, I want my horse immediately; I must leave."

"Why, Brother Blunt, what is the matter?"

"Matter? Why, sir, your house isn't fit to stay in, and you haven't anything fit to eat or drink, and I won't stay."

Both the "Squire" and his lady were confounded. This was a piece of eccentricity entirely unlooked for. They were stupefied. But the elder was gone. He wouldn't stay in a house not fit to stay in, and where there wasn't anything fit to eat and drink.

Poor Sister Scrub! She wept like a child at her folly. She "knew it would be all over town," she said, "and everybody would be laughing at her." And then, how should she meet the blunt, honest elder again? "She hadn't meant anything by what she had said." Ah! she never thought how wicked it was to say *so much* that didn't mean anything.

The upshot of the whole matter was, that Sister Scrub "saw herself as others saw her." She ceased

making apologies, and became a wiser and better Christian. Elder Blunt always puts up there, always finds everything as it should be, and with all his eccentricities, is thought by the family the most agreeable, as he is acknowledged by everybody to be the most consistent of men.

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THE

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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## THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

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A NEW presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in — District; and as the ministers all stopped with Brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade; and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cakes, chickens, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood-pile, a plain-looking, coarsely-dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along, and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a thread-bare, but neatly patched, coat. At length she gave him a



chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, and who was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave; but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment ere he set out on a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn,

"When I can read my title clear,"

and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded; the man thanked them kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D.?"

"I do," said Mr. W., coldly; "I said so when you

first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed me and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and who, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The peculiar form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife, and hear what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor, where the supper table stood, covered with a snow-white cloth, and displaying his wife's set of blue-sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mold candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No; and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night!"



"Indeed, we'll do no such thing! We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But really I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D."

"It's too much. He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did till it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least, and doesn't look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been at Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W., fretfully. The disappointment and conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel very unpleasant; and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger completely unhinged her mind.

"O, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed

and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares."

"Angels! did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer, smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to call an answering smile to the face of Mrs. W., and a better feeling to her heart. It was finally agreed between them, that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but small expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poorer accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after, the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short-cake, and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would not do to

invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not to ask him to join them. So making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper; an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy six years old at the table, who had been brightened up, and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning back in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma taught you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments, Charley," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then, looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said, innocently:

"How many are there?"

The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt:

"Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W. in great surprise.

"Eleven!" said her husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are! How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me; you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right! There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments. Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressing the stranger.

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Could any one believe it? Such ignorance of the Bible!"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There!" he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error. "There! look for yourself."

The stranger came around from his side of the table and looked over Mr. W.'s shoulder.

"There! ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say ten," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten here?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want? Can't you believe the Bible?"

"O, yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow, that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for Brother and Sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threat-

ened with Divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive aspect. His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving-box.

The man appeared, and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and departing, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house, not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of peo-

ple were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr. N.?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him; indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good look-out for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned toward the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking from side to side, as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little inclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You musn't sit here. Come down, and I will show you a seat," he said, in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here." And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W. feeling embarrassed, went down, intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice thrilled to the finger ends of Brother W., as in a distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning:

"Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel a brother's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tunes. He tried this time, but went off on a long meter tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but now he stumbled on short meter. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled, and the minister, for no one doubted his real character, addressed the throne of grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face was like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might almost have been heard. Then the fine, emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room.

*"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."*

Brother W. had bent forward to listen, but now he sank back in his seat. This was the *Eleventh commandment*.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and sister of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principle of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they should have treated the presiding elder of the district after such a fashion was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance admin-

istered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is Brother W.?" he at length heard asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand, said:

"How do you do, Brother W.? I am glad to see you. And where is Sister W.?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could reply, some one asked:

"How came you to be detained so late? You were expected last night. And where is Brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it

necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened that I was much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the presiding elder went home with Brother and Sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of a joke, and given to relating good stories.

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THE  
VILLAGE SLANDER.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

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## THE VILLAGE SLANDER.

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WHEN Mr. Blasset, a worthy old inhabitant of our village, was going to mill, some two or three weeks ago, he met Mr. Samuel Gore, and after exchanging the customary salutations with each other, the two gentlemen held a short consultation.

"Do tell me, neighbor Gore, what sort of a man is that Windham, who has lately taken a house near you?"

"I don't like to speak ill of my neighbors," replied Gore, "but I am afraid he is not such a man as you could approve or esteem."

"Indeed! why so?"

"I fear he is a man of very high temper; a very dangerous man, in fact," said the other.

"That is bad, very bad," cried Blasset, shaking his head. "The worst is his own, for I had intended to offer him a prime situation, and a profitable one; but if he is a man of violent temper he would not answer our purpose. It is a pity, but it cannot be helped."



Mr. Blasset rode on, and Mr. Gore also went about his business.

Two days afterward, there was a party of young people at Squire Blackwell's house, and during the evening a couple of young ladies present discoursed as follows:

"Have you seen Miss James lately?"

"No, I have not. I understand she is very melancholy."

"That is not strange. It was cruel in her parents to break up the match."

"Not altogether cruel, when everything is considered. I am certain that if I were in their situation, I should not want to marry a daughter of mine to such a man as Mr. Windham."

"But perhaps it is not so bad as they have been led to suppose."

"Yet, only think of it! To attack a poor old man in that way! Really, I must defend the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. James. I think they would have proved wanting in their conduct to their daughter, if they had permitted the marriage to take place."

"But will he not sue for a breach of promise?"

"That admits not of a doubt. A man of so malicious and fiery a disposition will leave no stone unturned. He will make trouble for them if he can."

"Well, it is a sad affair. How much mischief is done in this world, and how many innocent persons

are made to suffer by the ungovernable passions of an individual?"

On the day after the above conversation had taken place, there was a number of persons gathered together in the village tavern, talking politics, discoursing about the news of the day, and playing at checkers. The post-office was kept at the tavern, and occasionally some person was obliged to run the gauntlet through clouds of tobacco smoke, projecting legs, and obtrusive elbows, before he could win his way to the bar, and make the necessary inquiry. Not much notice was taken, however, of those applicants, until a young man of modest bearing, and apparently with some hesitation, entered the room, and pressed through the crowd for the purpose of obtaining a letter. All eyes were immediately turned upon him, and his countenance betrayed considerable anxiety and agitation, when he overheard the remarks which were obviously intended for his ear.

After leaving the tavern this young man passed quickly up the main road for about the distance of a quarter of a mile, when he turned off into a path leading into a piece of woods, and then he slackened his pace. He went slowly forward, muttering to himself, while his features worked with strong emotion, and an occasional tear glistened in his eyes. When he had reached the middle of the wood he became sensible that some person was approaching



him from the opposite direction. He would fain have turned aside, but it was too late, and suddenly the minister of the village church stood before him.

"Good day, Mr. Windham," was the sudden address of that gentleman; "I have been to your house, but you were not at home. I have desired to see you for several days. Nay, be not dismayed, I come on a friendly errand. I have heard of your misfortunes, and desire to alleviate, if not wholly remove them. There seems to be a strong prejudice against you in this place, and I suspect that it is ill-founded."

"Indeed it is," replied Windham; "I know not what it means. I have some enemy here who has crossed me at every turn. Strange stories are reported concerning me, and I know not from what source they have taken their rise. Even now I went to the post-office for a letter; every one stared at me as if I had been the great giraffe from Africa, and when they whispered to one another, I could hear them say, 'He has the gallows written on his forehead!' 'What a hang-dog countenance!' 'See how his eyes glare!' I am certain I do not know what it means."

"I believe you," said the minister, taking his hand, "and I am persuaded that the people of this village labor under some mistake respecting you. It is said that you are hasty and passionate, and I understand it was on that score the parents of—"

Perceiving Windham becoming much agitated, the speaker paused. He resumed in a few moments:

"No matter. I wish to put you in a way to remove the imputations which have been cast upon you. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear. Fix upon some one person who has evinced dislike toward you. Go to him in a frank and manly way. See him alone, and persuade him to give you the name of the individual from whom he derived his information respecting you. Then go to the individual named, and require the authority by which he has spoken ill of you. When the foundation of these reports is once laid bare, you may annihilate it with a single breath."

"You impose upon me an arduous and painful task," replied the young man.

"There is but one right way to do anything," said the minister. "It is the part of virtue to show its head. Vice skulks in dens and caves. You must put on the armor of faith, and believe that victory, sooner or later, crowns the right. Confidence in the power of justice and truth, gives moral courage. I beg that you will play the man in this matter."

Windham seemed to catch the spirit of his adviser, and promised to follow his directions. He bade the Rev. Mr. Rogers good-by, and walked directly back to the tavern. He stood at the door

of the bar-room and looked in. A general sneer was the consequence. There were frowns and mutterings, whisperings and threatening gestures. For a moment Windham's heart misgave him. In another instant he was at the side of one of his persecutors. "Mr. Jones, I desire to speak to you in private," said he. Now Mr. Jones was a professor of religion, and a member of the Church; yet he had suffered himself to become violently prejudiced against the young man. This sudden challenge to a personal interview was as unexpected to him as to the other individuals present. He blushed, and looked about him as if doubtful what course to take. He saw that the eyes of all present were upon him, and he thought best to grant the request of the youth. They walked out together and stood upon the green in front of the church.

"Mr. Jones," said Windham, "you appear to have heard some slanderous report respecting me. Will you be so kind as to give the name of my traducer?"

"Well, sir," said the other, "you have some assurance, seeing that I am a stranger to you. What if I should say that you had no right to demand such a thing of me? It's not my way to make trouble between other folks. I've heard enough to convince me that you ought not to be tolerated in this town."

"What was the story that you heard, sir?"

"What did I hear? Ask your own conscience. Your countenance shows it now. A person that wasn't guilty would not tremble and turn pale as you do. I suppose you will deny that you attempted your uncle's life?"

"I, sir! I don't understand you. Here is some mistake. I beg you, I beseech you, to give me the name of the person who told you so."

"In order that you may go and attempt *his* life too, I suppose. No, no, young man; you don't carry on such business in this village, I warrant you."

"Then you will not give the name of your informer?"

"I tell you I will not, for everybody knows." Here Mr. Jones suddenly paused, and betrayed some emotion. Windham followed the direction of his eyes, and turning his head, saw Mr. Rogers looking over his shoulder upon the countenance of Jones, with a steady but stern aspect.

"Ahem! this young man has been telling me," commenced Mr. Jones.

"I beg you will continue your conversation with *him*," said Mr. Rogers. "As I am privy to the subject of your discourse, I suppose you can have no objection to my presence."

"Certainly not, Mr. Rogers," returned the other. "He is a very dangerous young man, as you have

heard, no doubt. He wants me to give the name of the person who told me his true character. But that would make mischief, you know."

"Have you reported the story to any other individual?" inquired the minister.

"I can't deny but what I have," answered the other.

"Were you not afraid that you should make mischief by so doing?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Surely a man who evinces so much tenderness of conscience, ought to be careful how he gives currency to idle rumors."

"Idle rumors, sir! Would Mr. Gore report a falsehood?"

"I will see Mr. Gore immediately," said the youth with some eagerness.

"Do so," said the minister, as he turned to go home, and left Mr. Jones alone upon the green, in a state of bewilderment.

Windham hastened to the farm-house, and found Mr. Gore smoking his pipe in the corner of his antiquated fire-place.

"Good-day, sir," said the young man.

Gore was in no haste to reply to the unexpected salutation; but suffering the smoke to clear away from before his vision, and half shutting his eyes, he peered earnestly through his knitted brows, as if doubting the identity of his visitor.

The youth felt as if he had no time to lose.

"Sir," said he, "I have been shunned by my acquaintances, denied admittance to the house of Mr. James, and stared at like a wild beast in a menagerie, for several days past."

"For your bad conduct—O, young man."

"No, sir; but because you have reported that I tried to kill my uncle."

"I did not say exactly so," returned Mr. Gore. "But I heard that you made a murderous assault on your uncle with an ax."

"Who said so?"

"I heard it from Mr. Smith, and he says he will not eat his own words."

"Thank you, sir!" cried Windham; and he ran to the store kept by Mr. Smith.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Smith," said he, hastily.

"Well, sir," returned Smith, coldly.

"Did you report that I attacked my uncle with an ax?" said the young man.

"Certainly I did," responded the store-keeper. "Did you not confess the crime to me yourself?"

"Never!" exclaimed Windham.

"What!" cried Smith; "did I not meet you in the road the other day, with a staff in your hand, and did I not ask you how you did, and—"

"I remember it all; how strange!" exclaimed Windham. "Now, all who are present will be

good enough to listen to me. I met Mr. Smith in the road the other day. I had a staff in my hand, for I was lame. He asked me how I did, and I replied that I had hurt my *ankle* with an ax."

"Did you not say that you hurt your *uncle* with an ax?" cried the store-keeper, blushing as red as scarlet.

"By no means," cried Windham; and he immediately stripped down his stocking and laid bare a scar upon his ankle, which had evidently been the result of a blow from an ax.

"The young man is right, it was my mistake!" said the store-keeper. "Give me your hand. I beg your pardon."

Windham reached his hand to Smith, and all who were in the store walked up and shook hands with the young man, expressing their regret for the mistake into which they had fallen.

Before the sun went down, there was not a man, woman, or child in the village who had not heard the triumphant refutation of the foolish slander. A reaction took place, and every villager was desirous of doing Windham a kindness. But he did not see Mr. Rogers again until he was obliged to secure the services of that gentleman in a delicate affair, which con-

cerned Miss James equally with himself. He then thanked the clergyman for his timely advice and assistance, and added: "Hereafter, when a false imputation rests upon me, I will meet it boldly, prove its source, and look it down at once."

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CHARITY ENVIETH NOT.

By ALICE B. NEAL.

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## CHARITY ENVIETH NOT.

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"You don't say so?"

"True as Gospel, *Miss* Snelling. That velvet cloak of hers, she calls it a Talma, cost every cent of twenty-five dollars. Then there is her bonnet; that came from New-York too: Miss Dunn's work ain't good enough for her of late years. Well, that bonnet couldn't be bought for less than eight dollars. Why the ribbons must be four-and-six a yard, not to speak of the feathers. Then there's that new plaid silk, you know, and that French merino; neither of them less than twelve shillings, and that's the way she dresses. Time was when she was glad enough to get me to sew for her. I've had her beg and beg, and beseech me to give her a day, or even a half day, in my spring hurry; and now she's got a seamstress, as she calls that stuck-up girl that sits in the sitting-room all day. She makes the children's clothes, and *hern* are cut and fixed in New-York, when they ain't made there."

"She's dreadful extravagant for a Church member," said Mrs. Snelling, with a sigh, as she turned herself slowly round before the little looking glass. She was having a lining fitted by the village dress-maker, Miss Prime, and a merino dress she had worn two years was partly ripped up on the chair by the window. It was the only dress-making she had on hand for the season. It was a hard winter, and what with the sickness of the children, and Mr. Snelling losing so much time by the frost, their means were unusually limited. No wonder she thought of the ease and plenty of the rich manufacturer's household with a feeling of envy. She did not know it, though. She was a plain, good-hearted person naturally, struggling on to do her duty, through the discouragement of ill-health, ailing children, and very narrow means; but she could not help thinking Mrs. Hubbard was getting worldly and extravagant, as year by year her household arrangements and personal expenses increased.

Only the Sunday before, at meeting, she could not fix her attention upon the sermon for looking at the velvet Talma worn by her old friend and still kind neighbor, Mrs. Hubbard. They were members of the same church, of which Mr. Hubbard was the most liberal supporter. He gave according to his means, and at the same time desired his wife and family to dress as became his altered condition and prospects.

"Time was when she had to work hard enough," continued Miss Prime, pinching in a side seam in the endeavor to produce the hour glass shape, orthodox when she "learned her trade." "I remember when they first set up housekeeping, and she had to do her own work as well as other people, and her own sewing too. Now I don't believe she takes a needle in her hand from morning till night, while you and I, Miss Snelling, don't get many play spells."

The leaven of uncharitableness worked on in Mrs. Snelling's heart.

"I'm afraid there is not much spiritual growth, Miss Prime. The cares of this world choke the seed." Poor woman, she thought it was only an interest in her neighbor's best good that prompted such a constant review of her conduct. "People that have their hearts set on dress and high living can't have much time for better things."

"That's what I think. How do you like them *bask* waists, Miss Snelling? I hear they're all the fashion in New-York. Miss Dunn said she'd try and get me a pattern when she went down in the spring. I wouldn't ask Mrs. Hubbard to lend me hers to look at for nothing in the world. How am I going to get out new backs, Mrs. Snelling?"

"There's the cape, you see."

"Why so there is! I never calculated the cape. I was studying and contriving all the time you were



at breakfast. Says I, 'Miss Snelling will have to have them backs pieced, and then everybody in town will know it has been made over.'"

As if everybody in Mrs. Snelling's community would not have known and noticed, that her brown merino of two winters ago had been turned and made up again for her best dress. She had set her heart early in the fall, on a new style of plaids, for sale at Brown and Plaisted's; but the doctor's bill was so much larger than she expected, she was obliged to give it up. The sacrifice had cost her many hours of calculation, alternate resolves, and reconsideration. Every purchase that she made indeed was, of necessity, turned over and over in her mind for weeks.

Miss Prime went on with her fitting by the window, and Mrs. Snelling with her task of washing up the breakfast dishes, jogging the cradle with one foot now and then, as her youngest child stirred in his morning nap.

"That was a lucky thought, that cape." Miss Prime resumed her thimble and her conversation together. "It don't seem to be so much worn as the rest neither."

"No, it isn't; I only kept it for very cold days. I thought of it in church, Sunday, right in the middle of the sermon. Queer, wasn't it? I was dreadfully afraid you couldn't get it out. So as soon as I came home, I took it out and looked at it; sure enough, it was the very thing."

"I see Miss James has got a new cloak this winter. She hain't worn hers more than three winters, to my knowledge. Well, these rich people are just as worldly, for all I see, as if they wasn't professors." Miss Prime was one of the most constant attendants upon the prayer-meetings, and saw no "beam in her own eye."

"Time was, as you say, Miss Prime, when we were all plain people together, with good feelings toward each other. I think of it very often—the days when Susan Hubbard and I used to send our little presents to each other, New Year's, and be neighborly all along. That was before the Jameses moved here, or Lawyer Marten's people. She is so intimate with them now, she hasn't got any time for old friends. Many and many's the time I've sent her things right off my table; and when her Jane had the scarlet fever, I sat up with her night after night. But I don't mind that. What I look at is Christian professors being so taken up with dress, and going about, but dress particularly. It don't look right, and it isn't in accordance with Scripture."

It was a wearisome, fatiguing day to Mrs. Snelling, who did the whole work of her household. Her oldest son was learning his father's trade, and the dinner for the two had to be on the table precisely at twelve, for they had but an hour's nooning. So, scarcely were the breakfast things cleared away, when



there were the meat and vegetables to prepare for a "boiled dinner;" and twice she was obliged to stand and be pinned up in the thick jean lining Miss Prime was fitting with unexampled tightness. The afternoon was no better; she had Tuesday's ironing to finish, her little boy was sick and fretful, and very heavy; he required to be nursed and tended as if he had been a baby. She wanted to sew with Miss Prime; but no sooner would she get her needle threaded and her thimble on, than some new demand would be made upon her time; and so the short afternoon passed before she could stitch up a seam, and tea must be ready by dark. Besides all this, Miss Prime was disposed to continue her conversation, with very little pause or stint, discussing the affairs of the neighborhood and the Church, with a train of moral and religious and personal reflections. Every one knows how fatiguing it is to be expected to listen to such a discourse, and respond in the right place, even when the mind is unoccupied; and then the dress did not look near as well as Mrs. Snelling had figured it in her mind, the new pieces being several shades darker than the main body of the material. More discouraging than all, it needed "finishing off" when seven o'clock sounded the signal for the conference meeting, which Miss Prime would not miss on any account.

"I wouldn't mind staying over my time just to give you a helping hand, if it wasn't Church-meeting

night; but you know it's very important all should be there that can. To be sure, Miss Hubbard is so took up with other things now, she never goes; and though Miss James joined by letter when she came, she's never been to a business meeting. For my part, I think we've got just as good a right to vote in Church meeting as the men, and speak too, if we want to, though Deacon Smith has set his face against it of late years. So, you see, I'll have to go; and there's only the facing to face down, and them seams to stitch up, and the hooks and eyes to go on. The sleeves are all ready to baste in—O, and there's the bones; but bones are nothing to put in, especially as John Lockwood is to be dealt with to-night for going to the theater last time he was in New-York. For my part, I never did put much confidence in his religion; and the more some of us stay away, the more the rest of us ought to go. Don't forget to take in that shoulder seam a little. For my part, I think his sister ought to be labored with for singing such songs as she does on the piano: clear love songs, and plays opera pieces, Miss Allen says. Now which is the worst, I'd like to know, going to the theater, or playing opera pieces? Miss Hubbard's Jane does that, when she's at home in vacation, though. That piece under the arm don't look so *very* bad, Miss Snelling—there ain't more'n two hours' work, any way."

Two hours' work to a person who could scarcely get time to do her own mending from week to week, was no trifle. Mrs. Snelling wavered for a little time between the accumulated pile of dilapidated under-clothes in the willow basket and the unfinished dress; but the dress must be done before New-Year's day, now close at hand, and she lighted another lamp, and drew her little work-stand up to the fire, as the clock struck eight. Her mind had opened itself to discontented thoughts in the morning, and "the enemy had come in like a flood," until all the brightness of her life had been swept out of sight. She saw only the successive woes of ill-health, loss, and wearing anxiety, which had rolled over them in the past, and a blank, dreary prospect in the future. Her very occupation reminded her of it. If she could have afforded Miss Prime's assistance two days instead of one, she might have got ahead in her sewing a little; now here was another drawback, and she had so little time. And "There was Susan Hubbard; but then *she* did not give up everything to dress and display, thank goodness! as Susan Hubbard did, bringing scandal in the Church, and setting herself up over everybody."

A knock at the front door was a fresh annoyance; for her work had to be put down again, and the sick boy quieted, before Mrs. Snelling went shivering through the cold to answer it.

The neighborly visitor was no other than Mrs. Hubbard; and "no fire except in the kitchen," was Mrs. Snelling's first thought, as she recognized her with a mixed feeling of gratification, "hard thoughts," and curiosity. Certainly it was a curious coincidence that the person who had formed the subject of her thoughts and conversation so much of the day, should suddenly appear.

"Don't mind me," Mrs. Hubbard said, pleasantly, stepping on before her old neighbor. "This way, I suppose." And she led the way to the kitchen herself, thus avoiding the necessity of an apology on the part of Mrs. Snelling. "How bright and cheerful a cook stove looks, after all! and your kitchen always was as neat as wax. We never used to keep but one fire, you know."

This last was an unfortunate allusion. Mrs. Snelling's softening face grew coldly rigid at what she considered an attempt to patronize her.

"Poor folks had to," she said, taking up her work, and stitching away vigorously.

"I haven't forgotten old times, Jane," Mrs. Hubbard went on, not caring to notice the ungracious tone in which this remark was made, "when we were all beginning the world together. You seem to, though, for then you used to run in and see me, and I was thinking to-night you haven't been up to our house since October."

Mrs. Snelling began to say something about "not going where she was not wanted;" but it died away lower and lower when she remembered that Mrs. Hubbard had been in twice since then.

"I know you have a great deal to keep you at home; I know how it used to be when my children were little. You didn't let me pay three visits to your one then, Jane."

Mrs. H. drew her thimble from her pocket, and took up the top piece of mending from the big willow basket, in the most natural manner.

"I can work and talk too, you know. Mr. Hubbard has gone to Church meeting; but I don't think it's exactly our place to attend to Church discipline; we women are so apt to make a bad matter worse by talking it over among each other, and to people that it doesn't concern. So I thought I'd just run in sociably and bring my thimble, as we used to do for each other."

Mrs. Snelling would have said, half an hour ago, that she was completely fortified against Mrs. Hubbard's advances, in what shape soever; but she began to find a mist gathering in her eyes, as that old kindness and affection came stealing back again in recollection. But Mrs. Hubbard was a wise woman, and she knew that a friend aggrieved was hard to win, whether the offense had been intentional or not.

"It's pretty hard work to live right, isn't it?" she said, verging round again to the old subject, after a little talk about the roads and the weather. "Every lot in life has its trials. I used to look at rich people, and think that they hadn't a care in the world; but now Mr. Hubbard has done so well, we have to live differently and dress differently, and there's no end to looking after things. I used to work hard all day, and when the children were asleep in the evening, sit down comfortably to sew or read; but there's something or somebody to see to, to the last minute. To be sure, as far as dress is concerned, I don't think half so much of it now as I used to, when I had to plan and contrive about every cent. Why, I often used to find myself planning about my sewing in sermon time, if you will believe it, and how I should get the girls two dresses out of one of mine. To be sure, I have no such temptations now."

Mrs. Snelling looked up suddenly, as the recollection of her Sunday plan about the cape came into her mind. Could it be that to Him unto whom all hearts are open, she had been the less sincere worshiper of the two!

"I should like to try a little prosperity by way of a change," she said, more pleasantly than she had last spoken, but still with bitterness beneath. "I'm tired of slaving."

"O, Jane!" Mrs. Hubbard said quickly, "don't

choose, don't choose your trials. I used to say that very thing, and that it was well enough for rich people to preach." Mrs. Snelling saw the painful expression that crossed her friend's face, and the current report of young Robert Hubbard's dissipation came into her mind. "Everybody has his own troubles; some don't stand out as plain as others, and don't get so much pity. Rich people get very little, and they have hard work enough to bring up their children right, and live in peace and charity with all. I've got so now I only ask for patience to bear the trial of the time, instead of praying to have it changed, and thinking that I could bear any other better."

The two women sewed in silence for a little while; each heart knew its own bitterness.

"Jane," Mrs. Hubbard said, stopping suddenly and looking into the bright grate in front of the stove, "shall I tell you what this puts me in mind of, seeing this nice, bright cooking-stove? of that New-Year's night, the winter Robert was sick, and our children were all little, when you came round and brought them over to spend the afternoon, and boiled candy for them, and let them pop corn. They brought us home a plateful of braided sticks. Poor little things! if it hadn't been for you, they wouldn't have had so much as a pin for a New-Year's present; their father was so sick

and I was so worn out. Why, only think, they had been teasing me to buy them some candy, and I did not feel that I could afford that quart of molasses! I've thought of it often and often since. Somehow, this winter there's scarcely a day when it doesn't come to my mind, and I always feel like crying."

Mrs. Snelling was crying, as Mrs. Hubbard's voice faltered more and more; she did not attempt to conceal; it she remembered that New Year's day so well, and how she pitied Susan's poor little boys, and brought them home, and made them as happy as children could be made, in the very kindness of her warm heart. The long struggle with poverty and care had not seared it after all.

"Don't cry, Jane; but you won't mind, and won't misunderstand me now, if I've bought you a New-Year's present of a dress? I was afraid you wouldn't take it as it was meant, if I just sent it. Here it is." And Mrs. Hubbard unrolled the very raw silk plaid Mrs. Snelling had so long coveted. "I wanted it to be useful, and I went down to get a cashmere like mine; but you happened to be there when I went in, and I saw how long you looked at this."

Mrs. Snelling remembered the day, and that she had come home thinking Mrs. Hubbard felt too grand to talk to her before the clerks.

"I was afraid you would find me out, and so I

kept at the other end of the store. Now you will not misunderstand me, will you, Jane?"

"O, Susan, I had such hard thoughts, you don't know." And Mrs. Snelling put her apron up to her eyes, instead of looking at the new silk.

"Never mind that now, it's only natural. I could see just how you felt, for the more I tried to be neighborly the colder you got. It has grieved me a good deal. But about the dress. Ann was not very busy, and so I had her make the skirt, as we could wear each other's dresses in old times, and every little helps when a person has a deal to do; if you will let me know when Miss Prime comes to make it up, she shall come over and sew for her."

"Charity is not easily provoked, suffereth long, and is kind," was the minister's text the next Sunday; but Mrs. Snelling thought of a better illustration than any he could offer, and noted the rest of the verse with humiliation—CHARITY ENVIETH NOT.

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THE  
ELOQUENT NEGRO PREACHER.

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CHAPTER I.

ENGAGED on a missionary reconnoiter in North-western Missouri, I started, on the 5th of —, in the year —, from the city of St. Louis, then a comparatively little city, to my destination, distant between three and four hundred miles. A few days' travel plunged me into a wilderness well-nigh pathless, with but here and there, at long intervals, a rude and solitary cabin. The proximity, however, of these "palaces of our Puritan fathers," at some of the eligible points on the water-courses, was such as to dignify the region with the title of "settlements."

Sojourning for a day at one of these, and preaching to a congregation of scarce over a dozen, children and watch-dogs excepted, I was pleased to learn that a camp-meeting was then pending at the next settlement, distant some twenty miles, held by our "Free-will Baptist" brethren, accompanied by a cordial

invitation to attend, by an official of that order. I also learned that the chief attraction of the occasion, as it respected ministerial ability, was a colored preacher by the name of Carper, an emancipated slave from Tennessee, greatly celebrated (and as we shall see presently, justly) for his impassioned eloquence. My hospitable host and hostess dwelt upon his merits in terms of the most emphatic eulogy. "He's a mighty great preacher: he knows a heap: he's powerful at 'splanin' the Scriptures," said the former. But here (and it seemed a thing to which he was used) he was suddenly interrupted by his loving spouse, a plump, neat, little, short, scarlet-cheeked, nimble-motined woman, with a rather palish blue eye, that reposed in its artless purity like the maiden moon in the sky's blue depth. Her hair was flaxen, with an auburn tinge, seeming scrupulously to eschew the red. Her lips were neither thick nor thin—a happy medium. She would not fly into a pet, nor pout when she was in one; a rare union of "spunk" and patience, possessing enough of the former to take fire in a moment, if there were really an occasion; and enough of the latter, not indeed to think before she spoke under provocation, but to consider after she had spoken, and take back what was rashly said.

With a nice little foot in a mongrel shoe, something between a shoe and a moccasin, a clean "linsey"

dress, check apron, and a cotton handkerchief about her neck, she was busily engaged in frying a skillet of venison and baking the "corn-cake" over a huge hearth-fire, and restraining sundry little, tow-headed, half-clad, shoeless responsibilities, anxious to anticipate the inviting repast, when, hearing the name of the favorite preacher called, accompanied by something said in his praise, she whirled round like a top, and with her husband's large hunting-knife in her hand, she commenced, accompanying each sentence with a most emphatic and often not graceless gesture:

"Why, Brother W., he's a posey of a preacher; he's a perfect flowing stream; he's a thunderbolt; he's elokent, so he is; he's flowery as a prairie in June; he's an eagle on the mountain peak; he's an elk in the tall grass; a son of the morning; he's a caution—the highest larnt nigger ye ever seed. Why, I've seed 'um fall under his preach'n as if they were shot, and a dozen jump and shout glory at once: I tell ye, he's a screamer, all the way from old Tennessee."

Here I smiled and ejaculated astonishment, and her good-natured consort looked and nodded assent. By the way, he was a marked specimen of a far West "squatter," (there was a far West in those days,) a class of semi-civilized preëmptioners, that kept generally in advance of the chain and compass, taking their meat chiefly from the woods and the waves;



pasturing their flocks in those limitless meadows, out of whose flowery bosom the sun seems to come forth in the morning, and into which it seems again to nestle in the evening; raising their scanty supply of bread on some of the alluvial deltas of the numberless streams that interlace, like fillets of silver, the broad lands of our Columbian Canaan. Pioneers of the pioneers compose this class. Often for years beyond the reach of the publican, the pedagogue, and the preacher, they are "a law unto themselves." Necessity is the parent of their arts, mutual interest the mother of their morals, and tradition and instinct the chief sources of their better hopes; artless and ignorant, with less of guile than many who know more. Knowledge, wealth, power, and place, much oftener, as yet, minister to corruption in this world, than to virtue.

Mine host was a man of high cheek bones, long, projecting, and angular chin; mouth large and sunken, as many teeth were minus; nose long, but it had failed to "come to a point," and was a little flattened; eyes small and of a darkish gray, not a quarter of an inch apart; forehead high and not retreating, but projecting; big head, with dark bushy hair; sallow countenance, with small neck; long, brawny limbs, with short body. Attired in a hunting shirt with a leathern girdle about him, moccasins, and a pair of doeskin galligaskins, much op-

posed in their lower extremities to the extension of territory, he sat upon a rude bench, leaning forward like a half-open jack-knife, listening with delight to the somewhat poetic eulogy of his better half on the famous negro orator.

Our friend, it will be perceived, was the very impersonation of a take-life-easy kind of a genius. A little hen-pecked, (he richly deserved it,) but he did not know it; one instance, at least, in which "ignorance is bliss." His heart reposed amid the "olive plants," and they were not few, that girdled, greedily, the frugal table of his forest home, like the downy bird that nestleth in the gaudy foliage of the rose bush, and feeleth not its thorn. What solicitude should he feel about the future of his dear ones? He had been flung into the woods from birth, helped himself and fared well enough, and so might they. The oldest, not over fifteen, could read an easy chapter in the Bible, by spelling the hard words; for the rest, they mostly knew their letters; the girls could hoe corn, hatchel flax, and spin; the boys were a dead shot, could shave the ear of a black squirrel with a rifle-ball, in the top of the tallest tree, and heart a buck at a hundred yards. In fact, our friend seemed greatly animated with the thought of the distinguished spheres in the world which his children bid so fair to fill.

Our friend's head was not so large for nothing.

The world, to him, was very large and flat, for it looked so; and the stars high and little for the same reason. He was an adept, also, in at least some of Shakspeare's philosophy:

"I know that the more one sickens the less at ease he is;  
That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn;  
That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a  
Great cause of the night, is lack of the sun."

But religion in the sublimity of its simplicity meets the wants of man in his intellectual infancy. Mind that scarcely buds here may still feel the genial warmth of her light, and shall blossom hereafter in the mellow morning of her radiance. "The fool shall not" fatally "err" in his faith. Our friend believed that Jesus saved him; and that death would hand him through the grave to the embrace of angels. He believed, too, that his cherub boy, ("the smartest child he had ever had,") whose lonely grave, upiled with rough stones, was by the root of an old oaken tree, in the depths of the dark wild-wood, would fly to him then, on wings of snowy white, and clasp his little arms about his neck, dry the last damps of grief from his cheek with his kisses of rapture, and sing in his bosom such luscious lullabies as infant angels soothe themselves to sleep on in the land of souls. Higher motives for his unlettered faith might have bewildered rather than

have nurtured it. In the work of reform in the ruder phases of society, *feeling* has often in a great measure to be substituted for *thinking*. Few are found who can be made to think; all can be made to feel. And the attempt to exalt thinking at the expense of feeling has always involved the kid-gloved, college-made missionary for the far West in a "splendid failure." "The pulpit pounder," and the pounder of benches and crazy tables for the want of pulpits to pound, the man of noise rather than niceties, of sound rather than sense, the man of stentorian lungs wet eyes, and tiny brain, among the cabins that first dotted our Southwestern frontier, has had his mission of power. But how absurd and how little in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age, would be a system of Church policy that should attempt to palm such preachers on a people more intellectually advanced, and plead the precedent of such examples.

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

In this sentiment our friend seemed truly orthodox, and showed his faith by his works. Astronomy or botany could be studied through his cabin by looking in almost any direction. The crazy, clap-board doors sagged and creaked on their wooden hinges as if the tails of half of Samson's foxes had suddenly been

caught in a vice. Undermined by wood mice, two corners of the house, diagonally, had sunk a foot lower than the other two. The ridge pole swayed low in the center, giving the roof a saddle-like shape. The stick chimney, as if conceiving an aversion for its partner, leaned from the house at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was propped up with a pole. A poultry roost was between the upper half of the chimney and the gable of the house, as a protection against the wild "varmints." In short, our friend's "lodge in the vast wilderness" looked much like a black cocked hat, a little "tattered and torn." On its outer walls were stretched for preservation the skins of the raccoon, deer, and opossum. On its inner, and from its joists, hung strings of dried pumpkin, commingled with skeins of flax thread, jerked meats, clusters of choice corn, divers roots and "erbs," and filleted bunches of spearmint, catnip, and pennyroyal, the rarities and *materia medica* of backwoodsdom, (pity that they should ever be superseded.) The trusty rifle reposed on two wooden hooks just over the door. One oblong room served all purposes well, for which various rooms in domicils were ever thought of. Three large watch-dogs kept sentry at the door, and a little up-backed wiffet shared with grimalkin the "privileges of the house."

Our friend's farm corresponded with all else. It

consisted of a few weedy acres of prairie land, inclosed in a zigzag fence, and in no shape known in geometry. A fragile, bell-topped corn-crib, and a nondescript inclosure of logs with a hollow tree-boll for a manger, constituted the out-buildings. A living spring bubbled up at the base of an abrupt hill, a few paces distant; and its pebbled brooklet meandered through the unfenced door-yard, and sung its ceaseless solo to the gabble of geese, the barking of curs, and the uproarious laugh of a dozen gipsy-looking, squalid children; and then stretched away, widening as it went, through wild meadows which fringed its banks with a profusion of nameless undergrowth, which bent as if to worship its refreshing presence, and interweave garlands of votive flowers in the flashing sheen of its crystal bosom, until it mingled its murmurings, melodies, and the cymbal-noted cadences of its tiny cascades with the majestic moanings of age-nursed forests, and was lost to the view. Over the up-welling fountain was reared a rude little structure, "the spring-house," over whose floor of rock flowed the ice-cold fountain, and in which was deposited for safe keeping the surplus of the scanty dairy. Snowy nectar and golden treasure, how sweet were ye to the taste of the weary itinerant! Bees, hived in the hollow trunk of a tree, were humming their industrial songs, as they flew to their work of sweetness; a gorgeous unroll of luxuriant green

and floral beauty lay, sea-like, around me, under the golden smile of a June sun, softened and mellowed by the aerial haze of the season, which spread over the hills and valleys like a gauzy veil on the virgin face of beauty, as I went to the spring with my good, easy, contented host, while our frugal dinner was being spread on a table of cleft boards.

Returning to full trenchers, tin cups of milk, gourds of wild honey, and hot hoe-cakes, it seemed appropriate over the table to quote and comment upon the text, "Butter and honey shall he eat; his bread shall be given him, and his waters shall be sure," etc. Waxing warm in my exegesis, our little voluble landlady in linsey laid down her pewter fork, and exclaimed, "Well, who ever hearn the like! if that don't come up to Carper."

"Yeas," replied mine host, with a dampened eye, "it's ezactly so; I always kind a knowed it to be so; but what a mighty good thing deep larnin' is arter all! I've always had luck in huntin' if my corn does grow rather sorry."

"I guess as how," said his wife, in a tone that showed that she meant to be understood, by her husband at least, rather affirmatively than interrogatively, "I guess as how the boys don't hoe it enough!"

I glanced at the stunted, weedy corn through the open door, and thought to myself, "How many who

complain at the scanty supply of Providence, only prove by their murmurings that 'they don't hoe it enough!'"

The next day we were all *en route* for camp-meeting, where we arrived just as our sable orator arose to officiate. *Sans* ceremony, and declining all, I took my seat with the congregation, which I perceived was large for the country, numbering perhaps three hundred. We scanned with no small interest the occupant of the "stand." He was a light-colored mulatto, age about fifty, a little corpulent, mouth large and well-formed, eyes rather small, chestnut-colored, looking a little dull, but lighting up with fire as he became excited. His brow was square, prominent, and retreating. In a word, his form was symmetrical, and countenance more intellectual than any one of his race I had ever seen; nor have I since, in this respect, ever met his equal, either indicatively or in fact. Solemnity, simplicity, dignity, and sincerity marked his progress through the preliminaries. He possessed but an imperfect knowledge of letters; read with hesitancy and inaccuracy; seeming to depend less upon the text to guide him, than his memory. He spoke in the true negro dialect, but seemed to employ a refined, if you please, a *classic* species. It rolled from his lips with a sharpness of outline and distinctness of enunciation that

seemed to impart to it a polish and a charm, transforming it into the language of beauty. Some sentences in his prayer are note-worthy, as furnishing a fair specimen of that artless eloquence that flowed as natural from his lips, and as fresh and sparkling, and seemingly as exhaustless as a mountain cascade. "O Load, dou art bery great; all else but dee is as notting, and less dan notting; dou touchest de mountains and dey smoke; dou holdest de great and mighty sea in de hollow ob dine hand, and takest up de isles as a bery little ting, and at dine rebukes de pillars ob heben shudder, and at dine purity de angels turn pale," &c. "O Load, send de Star ob Bethlehem to shine in all lands, and de angels ob de manger cradle to sing in all countries, dat de world may be full ob de light ob lobe, and de music ob salvation, and be so mightily like heben, dat when de souls ob de good come back again to de world dey may scarce know de difference," etc. "O Load, gader all classes and colors to de cross, bind de parted nations togeder in a bond ob lobe, strong as de chain of dine eternal decrees, and lasting as all ages to come." His sermon, which followed, was jeweled with sentences of similar, and even surpassing merit, uttered with a well-controlled and musical voice, with brimful eyes, and a pathos and power which it is less difficult to remember than not to

envy. One would forget the visit of an angel as soon as the blazing countenance and magic mission of the orator, who plays at will with his heart strings. Listening to the preacher, my delight was only excelled by my astonishment. Losing sight of color, and the degradation of his race, I revered, in an unlettered African slave, the genius of an Apollos and the force of an apostle. At the close of each of his periods of fire, a volley of "amens" from the pious of his excitable audience, pealed up to heaven until the pendent boughs over our heads seemed to wave in the ascending gusts of devotion. Of the length of the sermon, I have no recollection. Of the sermon itself I have the most distinct recollection. His artless visions, like Hebrew poetry, hang as pictures in the memory, to which time but adds additional life and freshness. Here was unsophisticated genius, artless as childhood, strong as Hercules, taught by God only, as were the fisherman founders of our faith, and seeking the covert of the wilds of the West to lavish its sparkling stores upon a rude and fugitive population.

## CHAPTER II.

WHAT follows is scarcely an outline of his sermon, but rather a sketch of some of its most eloquent passages. He announced for his text these words:

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isaiah xxxii, 2.

Dare be two kinds ob language, de literal and de figerative. De one expresses de tought plainly, but not passionately; de oder passionately, but not always so plainly. De Bible abounds wid bof dese mode ob talk. De text is an ensample of dat lubly stile of speech de figerative. De prophet's mind was as clear as de sea ob glass in de Rebalations, and mingled wid fire. He seed away down de riber ob ages glorious coming events. He held his ear to de harp ob prophecy, and heard in its fainter cadences, loudening as he listened, de birt-song ob de multitude ob de hebenly host on de meadows ob Bethlehem. He seed de hills ob Judea tipped wid hebenly light; de fust sermun mountin, and de transfiguration mountin, and de crucifixion mountin,

and de mountin ob ascension, clapped dare hands in de prophet's wision ob gladness. Gray-bearded Time stretched his brawny sinews to hasten on de fullness of latter-day glory. Brederen, de text am as full ob latter-day glory as am de sun ob light. It am as full ob Christ as de body ob heben am ob God. De sinner's danger and his certain destruction; Christ's sabin lub; his sheltering grace and his feasting goodness am brought to view in de text, and impressed in de language ob comparison.

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from de wind." Many parts ob de ancient countries (and it still am de case) was desert; wild wastes ob dreary desolation; regions ob fine blistering sands; just as it was leff when de flood went away, and which has not been suffered to cool since de fust sunshine dat succeed dat event. No grass, no flower, no tree dare be pleasant to de sight. A scene of unrelebed waste; an ocean made of powder, into which de curse ob angered heben had ground a portion ob earth. Now and den, a huge rock, like shattered shafts and fallen monuments in a neglected graveyard, and big enof to be de tombstone ob millions, would liff its mossless sides 'bove de 'cumulating sands. No pisnous sarpint or venemous beast here await dare prey, for death here has ended his work and dwells mid silence. But de traveler here, who adventures, or necessity may have made a bold



wanderer, finds foes in de elements fatal and resistless. De long heated earth here at places sends up all kinds ob pisonous gases from de many minerals ob its mysterious bosom; dese tings take fire, and den dare be a tempest ob fire, and woe be to de traveler dat be overtaken in dis fire ob de Lord widout a shelter. Again, dem gases be pison, and dare be de pison winds, as well as de fire winds. Dey can be seen a coming, and look green and yeller, and coppery, spotted snake-like, and float and wave in de air, like pison coats on water, and look like de wing ob de death angel; fly as swift as de cloud shadow ober de cotton field, and when dey overtake de flying traveler dey am sure to prove his winding-sheet; de drifting sands do dare rest, and 'bliterate de faintest traces ob his footsteps. Dis be death in de desert, 'mid de wind's loud scream in your sand-filling ears for a funeral sermun, and your grave hidden foreber. No sweet spring here to weave her hangings ob green 'bout your lub-guarded dust. De dewes ob night shall shed no tears 'pon your famined grave. De resurrection angel alone can find ye.

But agin dis fire wind and dis tempest ob pison dat withers wid a bref, and mummifies whole caravans and armies in dare march, dare is one breast-work, one "hiding-place," one protecting "shadow" in de dreaded desert. It am "de shadow ob a great rock in dis weary land." Often has de weary trav-

eler seen death in de distance, pursuing him on de wings of de wind, and felt de certainty ob his fate in de darkness ob de furnace-like air around him. A drowsiness stronger 'most dan de lub ob life creeps ober him, and de jaded camel reels in de heby sand-road under him. A shout ob danger from de more resolute captin ob de caravan am sent along de ranks, prolonged by a thousand thirst-blistered tongues, commingled in one ceaseless howl ob woe, varied by ebery tone ob distress and despair. To "de great rock," shouts de leader as 'pon his Arab hoss he heads dis "flight to de Refuge." Behind dem at a great distance, but yet fearfully near for safety, is seed a dark belt bending ober de horizon, and sparkling in its waby windings like a great sarpint, air hung at a little distance from de ground, and advancing wid de swiftness ob an arrow. Before dem, in de distance, a mighty great rock spreads out its broad and all-resisting sides, lifting its narrowing pint 'bove the clouds, tipped wid de sun's fiery blaze, which had burnt 'pon it since infant creation 'woke from de cradle ob kaos at de call ob its Fader. [Here our sable orator pointed away to some of the spurs of the Ozark Mountains seen off to the northwest through a forest opening, at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles, and whose summits of barren granite blazed in the strength of a clear June sun, like sheeted domes on distant cathe-



drals.] Dat light be de light ob hope, and dat rock be de rock ob hope to de now flyin', weepin', faintin', and famishin' hundreds. De captin' has arrived dare. [Here a suppressed cry of "Thank God," escaped many of the audience.] See, he has disappeared behind it, perhaps to explore its cavern coverts. But see, he has soon reappeared, and wid joy 'dancing in his eye, he stands shoutin' and beckonin', "Onward, *onward*, ONWARD, ONWARD," when he reels from weariness and falls in behind de rock. ["Thank God, he's saved!" exclaimed a voice.] Onward dey rush, men, women, husbands, wives, parents and children, broders and sisters, like doves to de windows, and disappear behind dis rampart ob salvation. Some faint just as dey 'rive at de great rock, and dare friends run out and drag dem to de "hidin' place," when wakin' up in safety, like dat sister dare, dat lose her strength in de prayer-meetin', dey shout 'loud for joy. [Here many voices at once shouted "Glory."] De darknin' sand-plain ober which dese fled for life, now lies strewed wid beast, giben out in the struggle, and all useless burdens was trowed 'side. De waby sheet ob destruction, skimmin' the surface wid de swiftness ob shadow, now be bery near, and yet, a few feeble stragglers and lubbed friends ob dis sheltered multitude are yet a great way off. [Here words were uttered in a choked accent, the speaker seeming unable to resist the

thrilling character of the analogy.] Yes, a great way off. But see, moders and broders from behind de rock are shoutin' to dem to hasten. Dey come, dey come. A few steps more, and dey are sabel. But O, de pison wind is just behind dem, and its choke mist already round dem! Dare one falls, and dare is a scream. No, he rises again and am sabel. But one still is exposed. It be de fader ob dat little nest ob sweet-eyed children, for which he had fled to de rear to hurry on. Dey have passed forward and are safe. He am but a little distance from de rock, and not a head dares to peep to him encouragement from behind it. Already de wings ob de death angel am on de haunches ob his strong dromedary. His beast falls, but 'pon de moment ob him falling, de rider leaps out ob his saddle into dis "hidin'-place from de wind." His little boy crouched in a hole ob de rock, into which he thrusts his head, entwines his neck with his little arms and says, "Papa, you hab come, and we be all here." [Here the shouts of "Salvation," "Salvation," seemed to shake the place in which we were assembled.]

Now, de burnin' winds and de pison winds blow and beat 'pon dat rock, but dose who hab taken refuge behind it, in its overhanging precipices, are safe until de tempest am ober and gone.

And now, brederen, what does all dis represent in a figure? Dat rock am Christ; dem winds be de

wrath ob God rabealed against de children ob disobedience. Dem that he sabel be dem dat hab fled to de refuge, to de hope set before dem in Christ Jesus de Lord. De desert am de vast howling wilderness ob dis world, where dare be so little ob lub, and so much ob hate; so little ob sincerity, and so much ob hypocrisy; so little ob good, and so much ob sin; so little ob heben, and so much ob hell. It seem to poor me, dat dis world am de battle-ground ob de debil and his angels against Christ and his elect, and if de debil hab not gained de victory, he hold possession because every sinner am a Tory. God ob de Gospel, open de batteries of heben to-day! (Here a volley of hearty "Amens.") Sinner, de wrath ob God am gathering against you for de great decisive battle. I already sees in de light ob Zina's lightnings a long embankment ob dark cloud down on de sky. De tall thunder heads nod wid dare plumes of fire in dare onward march. De day of vengeance am at hand. Mercy, dat has pleaded long for you wid tears of blood, will soon dry her eyes and hush her prayers in your behalf. Death and hell hang on your track wid de swiftness ob de tempest. Before you am de "hiding-place." Fly, *fly*, I beseeches you, from de wrath to come!

But, brederen, de joy ob de belieber in Jesus

am set forth in a figerative manner in de text. It am compared to water to dem what be dying ob thirst. O, how sweet to de taste ob de desert traveler sweltering under a burning sun, as if creation was a great furnace! Water, sweet, sparklin', livin', bubblin', silvery water, how does his languid eye brighten as he suddenly sees it gushing up at his feet like milk from de fountain ob lub, or leaping from de sides ob de mountain rock like a relief angel from heben. He drinks long and gratefully, and feels again de blessed pulsations ob being. And so wid de soul dat experience joy in beliebing; de sweets ob pardon; de raptures ob peace; de witnessin' Spirit's communings, and de quiet awe ob adoption. Such a soul be overshadowed wid de Almighty; he linger in de shady retreats ob de garden ob God; he feed in de pastures ob his lub, and am led by still waters, and often visits de land ob Beulah, whare it always am light. But, my brederen, all comparison be too dispassionate, and an angel's words am too cold to describe de raptures ob salvation! It am unspeakable and full ob glory. De life ob innocence and prayer; de sweet, childlike smile and de swimmin' eye; de countenance so glorious in death, dat but for decay, de body ob de gone-home saint might be kept as a breathin' statue

of peace and patience, smiling in victory ober all de sorrows ob life and de terrors ob death, are de natural language ob dis holy passion. O, glory to God! I feels it to-day like fire in my bones! Like a chained eagle my soul rises toward her native heben, but she can only fly just so high. But de fetters ob flesh shall fall off soon, and den,

"I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas ob hebenly rest,  
And not a wabe ob trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

The sun had gone down in an ocean of vermillion, which had melted away at his setting into the silvery radiance of countless stars; the evening was not hot nor sultry, but mild and invigorating, and sweet as the breath of orange blossoms. Not a breeze was astir to wave or rustle the rich foliage of the slumbering forest. A mellow moon was half seen above the summit of a western hill, and her broad smile, gentle as love, was every moment adding enchantment to reality. We were in the bosom of the primitive wild-wood, where silence, solitude, and beauty seemed the presiding deities. Within a small tented circle, the camp-fires, and a few rude tapers affixed to the trunks of the sheltering trees, made all as light as a city church. It was an interim of worship from the stand, and prayer-meetings were in progress in the

tents. Strolling out some distance from the campground to meditate on the strangeness and loveliness of the scene about me, I was seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, watching the rising moon and listening to the intermingling songs and praises of the forest worshipers, when I was joined, at my own urgent solicitations, by "Brother *Carper*," the sable orator, whom we have introduced to our readers. Seeming humbled by the interest I evinced in his history, he modestly gave me a hurried brief of it. He was born in "Old Kentuck." His mother was a full-blooded negress, a favorite slave, distinguished for her intelligence. His father, her master, was a white man, of liberal education, and distinguished by his tact and eloquence in the halls of legislation. Of his parentage on his father's side, he was ignorant until his death, knowing him only in the relation of a not over-lenient master. Falling to his son, (in fact, his half-brother,) a benevolent, good man, his second master, for reasons one would think very natural, seemed desirous to secure to him his freedom. His master emigrated with his slaves to Tennessee. *Carper* obtained the reputation of being "a mighty smart and good nigger," and his master had refused tempting prices for him. He had obtained religion, joined the Baptist Church, and was authorized to preach to people of color. His sermons, however, soon attracted the attention of the whites, and he was

considered an excellent preacher for a "nigger." *Carper's* success in his sacred vocation seemed but to increase his master's solicitude for his emancipation. Liberally tendering him the privilege of self-purchase, at a price less by one half than he would bring in market, our genius in a colored skin set himself about the task, which, by dint of hard work, and the products of a few acres of ground, lent him for his exclusive use, he was enabled to accomplish in about three years. In the meantime he had planned the liberation of his wife, a slave belonging to a neighboring family, in the same manner. But on obtaining his own freedom, the family owning his wife and two children emigrated westward, and settled on the head waters of the Arkansas. Thither he chose to accompany them, when the breaking out of the cholera in the family, consigned his wife and children, with both their old "massa and missus," to one common grave. *Carper*, the Negro Preacher, was left alone in the world with no other inheritance but his freedom. Subsequently to the time of our interview, he preached the Gospel pennyless and homeless, but beloved, for a few years longer in this wild region, when Providence offered him, and he joyfully accepted, the tenantry of a pine-shaded grave on the banks of the St. Francis River, where he now rests well, owning all the way to heaven.

## CHAPTER III.

HERE is another of *Carper's* sermons. The subject is the "River of the Water of Life."

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Rev. xxii, 1.

Brederen, we all knows what a ribber am. It am a mighty pretty ting, an' always looks to me like a ribbin danglin' from de bosom ob old moder earth. Dere be White Ribber, an' dere be Black Ribber; de Mississippi Ribber, an' de Ohio Ribber; Tennessee an' old Tombigbee, which we used to see way down in old Alabama. How of'en hab we stood on de banks ob some ob dese here ribbers, an' seed dere blue or creamy waters move along dotted an' dented wid eddies an' ripples, like de great dent corn ob de big bottoms; an' dese eddies, whirling an' gamboling, an' den melting out into each oder, like de smile ob welcome on de face ob a friend, afore he do you a favor, an' seemin' to say ob de ribbers, whose waters dey adorn, We flow for all, an' flow on, on, foreber. What would we do in dis world widout ribbers? Dey be de servants ob de sea, an' as dat great

water press itself up fru de earth, an' as de sun an' de cloud, as de larnt men tell us, lift its waters up fru de air, to descend in sparklin' showers on de hill an' de vale, de corn, cotton, tobacco, fill-in' men's hearts wid joy an' gladness; an' dese ribbers gedder de sea-born springs an' de cloud-born rains, an' return dem again to dere home in de sea, to repeat dere mission ob mercy to man! De waters, brederen, are like circuit-riders, gwine all de while round an' round, doing good. O, how we lub our preacher! when he come round here to dis 'pointment, an' preach once a day to us, poor black people, telling us how Jesus died for all, an' how dat we shall be as white as any ob dem in hebben, an' sweep de gold-paved streets ob de new Jerusalem wid our muslin robes ob linen, white an' clean, which be de righteousness ob de saints. Sister, instead dere ob leanin' ober de cotton-hill in de hot day, wid de great drops ob sweat drippin' down on de hoe-handle, an' castin' a wishful eye now an' den at your shortenin' shadder, which am your watch to tell you when it is noon, instead ob wishin, in your weariness, dat de row was hoed out, de hoe-cake dun, an' dat de horn would blow, you shall bend wid an angel form ober de harp of Judea, an' wake its strings to dose notes—[here the old man's voice became very tremulous, and a big tear trembled in his eye]—

which has sounded down de ages so sweet in de ears ob all de saints, an' which notes in hebben are as much sweeter in dere music den dey eber can be on earth, as de notes ob a fiddle ober yer gourd banjos. [Here a loud shout of halleluiahs was raised, and the sable audience seemed to perfectly appreciate the illustration.]

But I'se speakin' ob ribbers. Dey are God's great turnpike roads from the Nort to de Sout, from de East to de West, an' de big steamboats jus walk in dem, not like de giants 'fore de flood to do no good, but to bear our cotton, an' rice, an' sugar to de market, an' make de hearts ob our massas laugh. Dey also float de "broad horn" [flat-bottom boat] from de upper country, bringin' down de pig, de beans, de bacon, an' de chick'ns, widout which our moufs at de sugar-house, in de cotton fields, de rice swamp an' tobacco field, would seldom be blessed with greasy victuals, which poor slave like as much as old Isaac like de savory meat ob de deceivin' Jacob. When we get to hebben, brederen, we shall hunger an' thirst no more. We shall lib just as well dere, in de quarters, as massa and missus in de mansion. Dere be no quarters in hebben; all be mansions. We read ob many mansions, but ob no quarters; ob saints an' angels, so many dat no man can number dem, an' yet ob no white folks nor black folks. [Here a volley of "Amens" and "Glories"]

momentarily drowned the voice of the speaker.] Ribbers begin wid leetle creeks, which a leetle kitten might wade, an' swell to a greatness on which de commerce ob de nations may trabel. Dey come widenin' an' widenin', an' growin' an' bilin', from old Chimborazo, de Mountains ob de Moon, de Rocky Mountains; or some oder region unknown to yer speaker's geography. Dere distant trabel, an' mighty grof, takin' de leetle streams an' lesser ribbers in dere bosom as dey flow, as a hen gadder-eth her chick'ns under her wings, am one ob de tings which I like to tink about, as dey makes me tink of Him who makes all tings berry good, an' who did not consider de garden ob Eden as finished till he had made a ribber to water it. De tree ob life, in de garden, no doubt, soaked its roots in de water ob dis ribber.

But de tex speak ob de ribber ob life. Dis, bred-eren, be de ribber ob salvation. De world be bad off widout de great an' mighty ribbers which encircle it, like girdles ob silver an' purity, but much wuss off widout dis one great ribber ob life, proceedin' out of de trone of God an' de Lamb. In dis tex, salvation be compared to waters, an' its course in de world to a flowing ribber. Let us notice de last fac fust, trace de fountain head ob dis ribber, an' take a trip down it in de old ship Zion.

Dis ribber flow out ob de trone of God; dat is, it

flow out ob God himself. God can hab no trone, an' when de Bible speak ob him sitting on de trone like a king, it only speak in de language ob figure to help our idees. God am too great to hab a trone; he fill eberywhar himself. Larnt men tell us dat dis earth be mighty big, eight thousand miles fru it, an' twenty-four thousand miles around it; an' 'stronomers tell us dat dere be millions ob worlds all 'bout us, dancin' in noffin'ness, many hundred times greater den dis, an' yet if all dese worlds were put togedder to make a seat for God to sit upon, dey wouldn't answer de purpose any more den a pin's head would hab done for Jacob's pillar at Bethel, when he seen de angels comin' down an' goin' up agin to hebben, as it were on a ladder. Sister, don't you nebber tink dat yer leetle child who die in your arms, a long time ago, down in old Alabama, does not come down here in de night seasons, an', in de form of an angel, spread its wing ober yer piller, or nestle in yer busum? O! when I lost my sweet, darlin' boy, dat belong to Judge Noble, way down in Georgia, de third night after I buried him under de yellow clay, it seem as dough I seen him in de quarters, a lookin' right at me, an' pointin' away up in de sky, sayin', Daddy, I lib up yender! [Here a large, fat sister fetched a scream, and commenced jumping toward heaven, with streaming eyes exclaiming, "Dere's my home an' portion fair," etc. But after



this temporary episode and agreeable interruption the speaker slowly and eloquently proceeded.] God am great, too great to sit down, too great to stand up, too great to take form; he be widout body or parts. God am a spirit, an' dis ribber ob life head in dis infinite fountain. It am de Spirit dat quickeneth our dead souls; it be de Spirit dat beget us anew in Christ Jesus; it be de Spirit dat make us happy. When we be filled wid de Spirit, we be filled wid de new wine ob de kingdom. De Holy Ghost be one ob de authors ob salvation. Den dere be de Lamb; O, de precious, bleedin', Calvary Lamb! God, trone, Lamb! Dis, brederen, teach de doctrine ob de holy Trinity. As de ribber dat watered Paradise, so de ribber ob salvation, dat water de world, rise in tree springs, an' yet are dese springs but one. Dere be tree dat bear record in hebben, but dese tree are one.

But now ob de ribber. An', fust, like all de ribbers, it begin in a little spring branch. Dere be what I call de ribber ob promise. When Adam fell, an' de debbel tought he had outdone God, an' was about to run away wid de world, God appeared amid de glories ob him shameful victory, an' promised to bruise him head wid de seed ob de bery woman he had deceived. Dis, brederen, must hab humbled, 'stonished, an' alarmed de debbel terribly, as we do not s'pose he know what war comin'.

His hell was bery hot before, but he had now 'creased it by an attempt to 'stinguish de flames dat tortured him. Adam an' Eve, sorry for what dey had done, an' fully believin' dis promise ob de Lord, hung up dere blasted hopes on dis golden chain let down from hebben, an' waterin' it wid de tears ob dere penitence, it soon bloomed agin like de orange blossoms on de coast in de spring ob de year. Here war de beginnin' ob dis ribber. It flowed out ob Eden, an' our fust parents were compelled to follow its course, an' to find in drinkin' ob its waters dere only consolation. Abel dranked ob dem as he lifted up his bleedin' lamb upon his altar. Enoch always dwelt near de brink of its waters. An' by invitation ob de angels, one day, who were guidin' its infant channel, he went home wid dem to hebben. He war not, for God took him; took to show in de 'ginnin' ob de world's history, dat body as well as soul war to go up to hebben. De tree ob life, which would hab kept us from bein' sick or dyin', Adam war removed from, so dat now our souls an' bodies must be separated by death; but dey are to be put togeder agin in de resurrection. Oder patriarchs, an' Noah an' him sons, seated upon de bank ob dis ribber, drank ob its waters, an' lib foreber. After de flood, Abraham war called from Ur ob de Chaldees to settle upon its widenin' banks, an' teach his children



after him de efficacy ob its waters. But time would fail us to speak ob Melchizedek, ob Isaac, ob Jacob, ob Joseph an' Moses, ob Aaron an' Dabid, ob de lawgibbers, priests an' kings, all who libbed along on de banks ob dis ribber, like de beautiful houses dat peep from orange groves, from behind de levee, along de mighty Mississippi. All dese libbed on de ribber ob promise. Den dere were prophets, who declared dat de ribber war flowin' on, and dat it would break forth in a mighty flood, an' spread ober de whole earth; dat reeds an' rushes should spring up 'mid rocks an' sands; an' dat harvests should wave, an' beauty should blush whar total barrenness had reigned sobereign for six thousand years. Here old Isaiah, who tuned his harp by holdin' his ear up to hebbin, an' catchin' de keynote ob dis new an' strange moosic, which de angels invented 'mid dere rapturous 'stonishment, when dere war silence up dere for de space ob half an hour: "De wilderness an' de sol'tary place shall be glad for dem, an' de desert shall rejoice an' blossom as de rose. It shall blossom 'bundantly, an' de glory ob Lebanon, ob Carmel, an' ob Sharon shall be gib'n it. De parched ground shall become a pool, an' de tirsty land springs ob water; an' de hab'tation ob dragons, whar each lay, shall become green an' grassy, wid reeds an' rushes. A 'ighway shall be dere;" dat be dis ribber. [Amen.] "It shall

be called de way ob holiness;" dat be dis ribber, [Amen;] "de unclean shall not pass ober it, [Glory,] but it shall be for dose"—us poor, unlarnt people ob color—"de wayfarin' men, dough fools, shall not err derein." [Glory! Halleluiah!] O, brederen, how sweet to float down dis ribber! Of'n, when I hab floated down de Mississippi, on one ob massa's boats, an' set down on de deck in de ebenin', when all be still, an' de pale silbery moon show ebery-ting in de hazy, mellow light; an' I'd hear de boat-horn from afar, 'bove us, fillin' de whole air wid sweet, sad music, seemin' to say, We are comin', wid de voice ob song, an', like you, hastenin' down de ribber to obtain de treasures: of'n, den, hab I tought ob dis ribber ob salvation; and I tink ob dis fact, now, when I hear Isaiah's windin' horn away up de ribber ob life in tones ob joy an' gladness. But de stream ob ages, floatin' down de waters ob dis ribber ob promise an' ob prophecy, break forth into de ribber ob redemption and fulfillment, when, instead ob prophet's harps, or smokin' types, a light is seen upon de plains ob Bethlehem, which smote pious shepherds to de ground, followed by a multitude ob de hebbinly host, singin' togeder in de midnight sky, old Adam himself, p'raps, pourin' out his voice in bass, "Glory to God in de highest, on earth peace, an' good-will to man." Ob de 'istory, ob de birf ob Jesus, ob his life ob miracles an' mercy,

ob his death on Calvary, his resurrection de third day, an' ob his gwine up into hebben, we hab no time now to speak. But, O! how sweet de story, an' what a mighty rise here in dis ribber ob salvation! It has been risin' ebber since; ebery shower cause it to oberflow its banks, widin which, de old Jews always teught dey would keep it—de banks ob de law, brederen, dat is, de law ob carnal ordinances, which neider we nor our faders were able to bear.

De fust great shower dat produced de fust great freshet in dis ribber, came to pass on de day ob Pentecost. Tree tousand here drinked ob its waters, an' eber after took passage in de old ship Zion. Dey be 'rived safely on t'other shore. But de shower dat turn away dis ancient ribber for eber from its old channel, an' send it forth to water de earth wherebber it was firsty, took place at de house ob Cornelius de Gentile. He war dry, and knew not what to drink. His alms an' prayers went up to God, but Christ come not into his heart, de hope ob glory. To be good, an' to do good, brederen, is not to hab religion. Yet dem dat hab religion will always be good an' do good. An angel reliebed Cornelius, an' might hab pointed his thirsty soul to de exhaustless waters ob de ribber ob life. But angels may sing ebbery time far-off Omnipotence make a new world to break de

blank ob emptiness; dey may eben be jurymen, an' help to judge de world in de day ob judgment; but dey shall not fill de exalted office ob preachin' to man. Dis office has been reserved alone for frail flesh, an' eben poor, despised "nigger" am permitted to fill dis princely station. Dis be to show de honor which God put upon our flesh when he came down to dis earth. Dis show, too, dat dis frail body, which crawlin' worms will consume, has been tak'n into de keepin' ob God, an' dat he will keep it, dough de lightnins may sport wid it, de alligators chaw it up, as dey did my broder, or de plow turn up our bones to bleach in de cotton-fields, as it has some ob our people 'fore us. For I be persuaded dat He will keep dat which I hab committed unto Him against dat day.

An' now, brederen, a word about de waters ob salvation. Dey be pure, clear as crystal. Dis be intended to show de word ob God, or de truth ob God, in which dere be no mixture ob error. Just tink how clear an' nothin'like, and yet it be somefin'! De pure waters gurgle up in your spring-house, so dat you can see de bottom ob de spring just as easy as if nothin' war dere. An' yet, when de day am hot an' you be dry, how you lub to take de gourd dat hang up dere, an' lift to yer lip dat pure substance, which, when you hab

drunk, you feel strong agin, an' good all ober. Now, brederen, it be so wid de truth ob God to dat weepin', penitent, despairin' sinner. When he drink ob dese pure waters, clear as crystal, dey make bof soul an' body happy. O, sinner, come to dis flowin' ribber! its waters murmur at yer feet; its billers kneel beseech'n'ly to you, cryin', "Ho, ebbery one dat tirsts, come ye to de waters, an' him dat hab no money; come ye, buy wine an' milk, widout money an' widout price." Yes, tank God, dis ribber be water, or milk, or wine to us, 'cordin' to our faith; a continual feast to de poor, as well as to de rich. Halleluiah! bless God dat he ebber let loose dis ribber! How rapidly we glide to-day upon its movin' waters! It will open in de ocean ob eternity, right at de entrance ob which am an island, called the land ob Beulah, whar dere am always light, life, an' love, an' whar de ransomed ob de Lord shall be near him, an' go 'way from him into sin an' sorrow no more, foreber an' eber. May we land safely dere, is de prayer ob yer unwordy speaker.

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THE  
NEW PLEASURE.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

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## THE NEW PLEASURE.

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THE whole pleasure of Mr. Bolton's life had been the accumulation of property, with an end to his own gratification. To part with a dollar was, therefore, ever felt as the giving up of a prospective good ; and it acted as the abridgment of present happiness. Appeals to Mr. Bolton's benevolence had never been very successful ; and in giving, he had not experienced the blessing which belongs of right to good deeds. The absolute selfishness of his feelings wronged him of what was justly his due.

Thus passed the life of Mr. Bolton. Dollar was added to dollar, house to house, and field to field. Yet he was never satisfied with gaining ; for the little he had looked so small, compared with the wealth of the world, after the whole of which his heart really panted, as to appear at times actually insignificant. Thus, as he grew older, he set a higher value upon what he had, as a means of gaining more ; and, in parting with money, did so at the expense of a daily increasing reluctance.

In the beginning of life, Mr. Bolton possessed a few generous feelings, the remains of early and innocent states stored up in childhood. His mother, a true woman, perceiving the strong selfish and accumulative bent of his character, had sought, in every possible way, to implant in his mind feelings of benevolence and regard for others. One mode of doing this had been to introduce him into scenes that appealed to his sympathies. She often took him with her to see poor or sick persons; and so interested him in them, as to create a desire in his mind to afford relief. As soon as she perceived this desire awakened, she devised some mode of bringing it into activity, so that he might feel the delights which spring from the consciousness of having done good to another.

But so strong was the lad's hereditary love of self, that she ever found difficulty in inducing him to sacrifice what he already considered his own, in the effort to procure blessings for others, no matter how greatly they stood in need. If urged to spend a sixpence of his own for such a purpose, he would generally reply:

"But you've got a great many more sixpences than I have, mother: why don't you spend them?"

To this Mrs. Bolton would answer as appropriately as possible; but she found but poor success in her efforts, which were never relaxed.

In early manhood, as Mr. Bolton began to come in actual contact with the world, the remains of early states of innocence and sympathy with others came back, as we have intimated, upon him; and he acted, in many instances, with a generous disregard of self. But as he bent his mind more and more earnestly to the accumulation of money, these feelings had less and less influence over him. And, as dollar after dollar was added to his store, his interest in the welfare of others grew less and less active. Early friendships were gradually forgotten; and the mutual desire to see early friends prosperous like himself gradually died out. "Every man for himself" became the leading principle of his life, and he acted upon it on all occasions. In taking a pew in church, and regularly attending worship every Sabbath, he was governed by the idea that it was respectable to do so, and gave a man a standing in society, that reacted favorably upon his worldly interests. In putting his name to a subscription paper, (a thing not always to be avoided, even by him,) a business view of the matter was invariably taken; and the satisfaction of mind experienced on the occasion, arose from the reflection that the act would benefit him in the long run. As to the minor charities, in the doing of which the left hand has no acquaintance with the deeds of the right hand, Mr. Bolton never indulged in them. If his left hand had known the doings of his right hand, in matters

of this kind, said hand would not have been much wiser for the knowledge.

Thus life went on; and Mr. Bolton was ever busy in his golden harvest; so busy that he had no time for anything else, not even to enjoy what he possessed. At last he was sixty years old, and his wealth extended to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. But he was further from being satisfied than ever, and less happy than at any former period in his life.

One cause arose from the fact that, as a rich man, he was constantly annoyed with applications to do a rich man's part in the charities of the day. And to these applications it was impossible to turn a deaf ear. Give he must, sometimes; and giving always left a pain behind, because the gift came not from a spirit of benevolence. There were other and various causes of unhappiness, all of which, combining, made Mr. Bolton, as old age came stealing upon him, about as miserable as a man could well be. Money, in his eyes the greatest good, had not brought the peace of mind to which he had looked forward; and the days came and went without a smile. His children had grown up and passed into the world; and were, as he had been at their ages, so all-absorbed by the love of gain as to have little love to spare for anything else.

About this time, Mr. Bolton, having made one

or two losing operations, determined to retire from business, invest all his money in real estate and other securities, and let the management of these investments constitute his future employment. In this new occupation he found so little to do, in comparison with his former busy life, that the change proved adverse, so far as his repose of mind was concerned.

It happened, about this time, that Mr. Bolton had occasion to go some twenty miles into the country. On returning home, and when within a few miles of the city, his carriage was upset, and he had the misfortune to fracture a limb. This occurred near a pleasant little farm-house, that stood a short distance from the road; the owner of which, seeing the accident, ran to reinstate the carriage, and assisted to extricate the injured man. Seeing how badly he was hurt, he had him removed to his house, and then taking a horse, rode off two miles for a physician. In the meantime, the driver of Mr. Bolton's carriage was dispatched to the city for some of his family, and his own physician. The country doctor and the one from the city arrived about the same time. On making a careful examination as to the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries, it was found that his right leg, above the knee, was broken, and that one of his ankles was dislocated. He

was suffering great pain, and was much exhausted. As quickly as it could be done, the bone was set, and the dislocation reduced. By this time it was nightfall, and too late to think seriously of returning home before morning. The moment Mr. Gray, the farmer, saw the thoughts of the injured man and his friends directed toward the city, he promptly invited them to remain all night, and as much longer as the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries might require. This invitation was thankfully accepted.

During the night Mr. Bolton suffered a great deal of pain, and in the morning, when the physician arrived, it was found that his injured limb was much inflamed. Of course, a removal to the city was out of the question. The doctors declared that the attempt would be made at the risk of his life. Farmer Gray said that such a thing must not be thought of until the patient was fully able to perform the journey; and the farmer's wife as earnestly remonstrated against any attempt at having the injured man disturbed, until it would be perfectly safe to do so. Both tendered the hospitality of their humble home with so much sincerity, that Mr. Bolton felt that he could accept it of them with perfect freedom.

It was a whole month ere the old gentleman was in a condition to bear the journey to town;

and not once, during the whole of that time, had Mr. and Mrs. Gray seemed weary of his presence, nor once relaxed in their efforts to make him comfortable. As Mr. Bolton was about leaving, he tendered the farmer, with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had received, a hundred dollar bill, as some compensation for the trouble and expense he had occasioned his family. But Mr. Gray declined the offer, saying, as he did so:

"I have only done what common humanity required, Mr. Bolton; and were I to receive money, all the pleasure I now experience would be gone."

It was in vain that Mr. Bolton urged the farmer's acceptance of some remuneration. Mr. Gray was firm in declining to the last. All that could be done was to send Mrs. Gray a handsome present from the city; but this did not entirely relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton from the sense of obligation under which the disinterested kindness of the farmer had laid him; and thoughts of this tended to soften his feelings, and to awaken, in a small measure, the human sympathies which had so long slumbered in his bosom.

Several months passed before Mr. Bolton was able to go out, and then he resumed his old employment of looking after rents, and seeking for new and safe investments that promised some better returns than he was yet receiving.



One day, a broker, who was in the habit of doing business for Mr. Bolton, said to him:

"If you want to buy a small, well-cultivated farm, at about half what it is worth, I think I know where you can get one."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Three years ago it was bought for three thousand dollars, and seven hundred paid down in cash. Only eight hundred dollars have since been paid on it; and as the time for which the mortgage was to remain has expired, a foreclosure is about to take place. By a little management, I am satisfied that I can get you the farm for the balance due on the mortgage."

"That is, for fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Is the farm worth that? Will it be a good investment?"

"It is in the highest state of cultivation. The owner has spent too much money upon it. This, with the loss of his entire crop of wheat, rye, oats, and hay, last year, has crippled him and made it impossible to pay the mortgage."

"How came he to meet with this loss?"

"His barn was struck by lightning."

"That was unfortunate."

"The farm will command, at the lowest, two hundred and fifty dollars rent; and by forcing a sale

just at this time, it can be had for fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, half its real value."

"It would be a good investment at that."

After making some brief inquiries as to its location, the quality of the land, the improvements, etc., Mr. Bolton told the broker, in whom he had great confidence, that he might buy the property for him, if he could obtain it for anything below two thousand dollars. This the broker said he could easily do, as the business of foreclosure was in his own hands.

In due time Mr. Bolton was informed by his agent in the matter, that a sale under the mortgage had taken place, and that by means of the little management proposed, he had succeeded in keeping away all competition in bidding. The land, stock, farming implements and all, had been knocked down at a price that just covered the incumbrance on the estate, and were the property of Mr. Bolton, at half their real value.

"That was a good speculation," said the grayheaded money-lover, when his agent informed him of what he had been doing.

"First-rate," replied the broker. "The farm is worth every cent of three thousand dollars. Poor Gray! I can't help feeling sorry for him. But it is his luck! He valued his farm at three thousand dollars. A week ago he counted himself worth two

thousand dollars. Now he isn't worth a copper. Fifteen hundred dollars, and three or four years' labor thrown away into the bargain. But it's his luck. So the world goes. He must try again. It will all go in his lifetime."

"Gray? Is that the man's name?" inquired Mr. Bolton. His voice was changed.

"Yes. I thought I had mentioned his name."

"I didn't remark it, if you did. It's the farm adjoining Harvey's, on the north?"

"Yes."

"I have had it in my mind, all along, that it was the one on the south."

"No."

"When did you see Mr. Gray?"

"He was here about half an hour ago."

"How does he feel about the matter?"

"He takes it hard, of course. Any man would. But it's his luck, and he must submit. It's no use crying over disappointments and losses in this world."

Mr. Bolton mused for a long time.

"I'll see you again to-morrow," he said at length. "Let everything remain as it is until morning."

The man who had been for so many years sold, as it were, to selfishness, found himself checked at last by the thought of another. While just in the act of

grasping a money advantage, the interest of another rose up, and made him pause.

"If it had been any one else," said he to himself, as he walked slowly homeward, "all would have been plain sailing. But—but—"

The sentence was not finished.

"It won't do to turn HIM away," was at length uttered. "He shall have the farm at a very moderate rent."

Still, these concessions of selfishness did not relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton, nor make him feel more willing to meet the man who had done him so great a kindness, and in such a disinterested spirit.

All that day, and for a portion of the night that followed, Mr. Bolton continued to think over the difficulty in which he found himself placed, and the more he thought, the less willing did he feel to take the great advantage of the poor farmer at first contemplated. After falling asleep, his mind continued occupied with the same subject, and in the dreams that came to him he lived over a portion of the past.

He was again a helpless invalid, and the kind farmer and his excellent wife were ministering, as before, to his comfort. His heart was full of grateful feelings. Then a change came suddenly. He stood the spectator of a widely-spread ruin that had fallen upon the excellent Mr. Gray and his family. A fierce tempest was sweeping over the fields, and

bearing all, houses, trees, and grain, in ruin to the earth. A word spoken by him would have saved all; he felt this; but he did not speak the word. The look of reproach suddenly cast on him by the farmer, so stung him that he awoke; and from that time until day dawned, he lay pondering on the course of conduct he had better pursue.

The advantage of the purchase he had made was so great, that Mr. Bolton thought of relinquishing it with great reluctance. On the other hand, his obligation to the farmer was of such a nature, that he must, in clinging to his bargain, forfeit his self-respect, and must suffer a keen sense of mortification, if not dishonor, at any time that he happened to meet Mr. Gray face to face. Finally, after a long struggle, continued through several days, he resolved to forego the good he had attempted to grasp.

How many years since this man had done a generous action! since he had relinquished a selfish and sordid purpose out of regard to another's well-being! And now it has cost him a desperate struggle; but after the trial was past, his mind became tranquil, and he could think of what he was about to do with an emotion of pleasure that was new in his experience. Immediately on this resolution being formed, Mr. Bolton called upon his agent. His first inquiry was:

"When did you see Gray?"

"The previous owner of your farm?"

"Yes."

"Not since the sale. You told me to let everything remain as it was."

"Hasn't he called?"

"No."

"The loss of his farm must be felt as a great misfortune."

"No doubt of that. Every man feels losses as misfortunes. But we all have to take the good and the bad in life together. It's his luck, and he must put up with it."

"I wonder if he hasn't other property?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"O, yes. I know exactly what he was worth. He had been overseer for Elbertson for several years, and while there, managed to save seven hundred dollars, which he paid down, the cash required in purchasing his farm. Since then, he has been paying off the mortgage that remained on the property, and but for the burning of his barn, might have prevented a result that has been so disastrous to himself. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In every loss somebody gains; and the turn of the die has been in your favor this time."

Mr. Bolton did not appear to feel as much satis-

faction at this view of the case as the broker anticipated; and seeing this, he changed the subject by asking some questions about the consummation of the sale under the mortgage.

"I'll see about that to-morrow," said Mr. Bolton.

"Very well," was replied.

After some more conversation, Mr. Bolton left the office of his agent.

For years Farmer Gray had been toiling, late and early, to become the full owner of his beautiful farm. Its value had much increased since it had come into his possession, and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when it would be his own beyond all doubt. But the loss of an entire year's crop, through the burning of his barn, deeply tried and dispirited him. From this grievous disappointment his spirits were beginning to rise, when the sudden foreclosure of the mortgage and hurried sale of the farm dashed his hopes to the earth.

Who the real purchaser of the farm was, Mr. Gray did not know, for the broker had bought in his own name. So bewildered was the farmer by the suddenly-occurring disaster, that for several days subsequent to the sale he remained almost totally paralyzed in mind. No plans were laid for the future, nor even those ordinary steps for the present taken that common prudence would suggest. He wandered about the farm, or sat at home, dreamily musing upon what seemed

the utter ruin of all his best hopes in life. While in this state, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Bolton. The old gentleman, in taking him by the hand, said,

"What's the matter, my friend? You appear to be in trouble."

"And I am in trouble," was unhesitatingly answered.

"Not so deep but that you may get out again, I hope?"

Mr. Gray shook his head in a desponding way.

"What is the trouble?" Mr. Bolton inquired.

"I have lost my farm."

"O, no!"

"It is too true. It has been sold for a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars. Though I have already paid more than that sum on account of the purchase, it only brought enough to pay the incumbrance, and I am ruined."

The farmer was deeply disturbed, and Mr. Bolton's feelings were much interested.

"Don't be so troubled, my good friend," said the old gentleman. "You rendered me service in time of need, and it is now in my power to return it. The farm is still yours. I hold the mortgage; and you need not fear another foreclosure."

Some moments passed after this announcement before Mr. Gray's mind became clear, and his entire

self-possession returned. Then, grasping the hand of Mr. Bolton, he thanked him with all the eloquence a grateful heart inspires. It was the happiest moment the old merchant had seen for years. The mere possession of a thousand or two of dollars seemed as nothing to the pleasure he felt at having performed a good action, or, rather, at having refrained from doing an evil one.

As he rode back to the city, reflecting on what he had done, and recalling the delight shown by Mr. Gray and his kind partner, who had attended him so carefully while he lay a sufferer beneath their roof, his heart swelled in his bosom with a new and happy emotion.

Having once permitted himself to regard another with an unselfish interest, that interest continued. It seemed as if he could not do enough for the farmer in the way of aiding him to develop the resources of his little property. In this he did not merely stop at suggestions, but tendered something more substantial and available. Nor did the feelings awakened in his mind run all in this direction. Occasions enough offered for him to be generous to others, and to refrain from oppression for the sake of gain. Many of these were embraced; and Mr. Bolton, in relating the fact that it is sometimes more blessed to give than to receive, found in the latter years of his life "A NEW PLEASURE"—the pleasure of benevolence.

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## LOVE-FEAST AMONG PEOPLE OF COLOR.

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## A LOVE-FEAST AMONG PEOPLE OF COLOR.

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TWENTY-TWO years since it was our privilege to take a sanitary stroll, South, through some of the Northern slave states, as we will call them, and as it was always agreeable to us to study the habits, susceptibilities, and peculiarities of the negro in slavery, we found ourselves favored with an opportunity here, of seeing him, in what might be called the mildest and blandest form of oppression. He was privileged, here, to assemble in his own house of worship, provided some white persons were always present. He was privileged to conduct his own worship, to preach, etc. Learning, one pleasant Sabbath morning—it was in autumn-time, and the forests were brown with beauty, squirrels chirruped from every tree, and the sun had a mellow glory, especially for the occasion—that the brethren of color, in a rude, but not uncommodious meeting-house of logs, not far distant, were going to hold their quarterly love-feast, we resolved immediately

on attendance. As we were but a looker-on in Venice, and had obstinately refused all work for the day, we sought the presence of the white official who was to be in attendance, who gave us a very cordial welcome to accompany him. With him, the thing was neither new nor strange, and he seemed to wonder a little at the enthusiasm which we manifested in the matter. But here, if anywhere, the colored man's religious emotions can be studied, and the few central ideas around which his faith and hope revolve, detected. Our brother desired us to open the meeting, a point, again, in which we were triumphant in our resistance. We availing ourself the meantime of the occasion, to suggest that we should be most happy to see this distinguished part of the service conferred upon some one of the children of Ham. Our suggestion took, and as if in gratification of our curiosity, the preacher of ebony was commissioned to the task. The house was densely crowded. Windows were opened for ventilation, and those who could not get in, flocked to them like doves to their windows. The official was a tall, athletic man, seemingly with deep piety, and possessing, for his class, an unusual sense of propriety. He arose, gave out from memory a few verses of an appropriate hymn, which was followed by a prayer, homogeneous with what followed. He then arose, and observed:

"Bruddren, we hab come togedder for a lub-feast. We ought to lub each odder at all times, an' I trust we does, but den we wants feasts of lub now an' den."

Up to this point, things had proceeded very gravely, but the quaintness and appropriateness of the old man's remark, was a spark among tinder. He proceeded:

"We doesn't want to eat just alike ebery time, but dere am times when ebery once in a while we wants a feast. Now, did we feast all de time, it would be no feast, an' yet, as I was sayin' afore, we always lub good eatin' an' drinkin'. Now, in de service ob de good Lord, dere be always good eatin' an' drinkin', an' now an' den a feast. Bless de Lord! But I's not gwine to 'scuss de matter here dis mornin'. I tink we had better commence feastin', an' now, Brudder R., an' Brudder G. ober yonder, take dis bread an' water, an' waits on de sisters. An' you, Brudder Gumbo, an' you ober yonder, Brudder Sambo, take dis bread an' water, an' pass it to de brudders." The order was promptly obeyed, and a hymn struck up, sung by everybody with great gusto.

"Lift your hearts, Immanuel's friends,  
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;  
Let nothing cause you to delay,  
But hasten on the good old way."

We noticed, that with a delicate sense of pro-



priety, the few white persons in the house received the first tender of the bread and water. The spirit of the meeting began to take hold of us, and we never partook of the symbols of brotherly love at a love-feast with more pleasure. This part of the service dispatched, the ruling official proceeded. "Now, bruddren, a chance is given for all ob us to speak ob de doings ob de Lord wid our poor souls. I won't speak now. I may do so arter a while. I wants to hear from all o' ye. I gives ye, den, de chance. Speak for de Lord, for he 'spect us to 'knowledge him afore men." At this point, he resumed his seat, when a very aged man, whose hair was almost as white as wool, whom we had quite overlooked, arose in the corner of the building. He arose slowly, and stood tremulous with emotions apparently too deep for words. Every eye was upon him, for he was the patriarch of the slave population in that neighborhood.

Silence relieved itself in these words: "Bless de Lord, O my soul. I's been sixty years in dis good old way. 'Most home now." And here the tears started. "Yes, Uncle Jake 'most home. I sees little wid dese eyes," putting his hand up to his face, "but sees wid de eye ob faith de odder shore." This was followed with a general response of Glory. "Yes, Uncle Jake 'most home," (for so he was called.) And here, his worn and venerable counte-

nance brightening in the gleams of heaven and immortality, he resumed his seat. The spectacle was so saintly and imposing, that we have not forgotten till this day the thrill it gave us. The verse was struck up:

"O, tell me no more

Of this world's vain store;

The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

A country I've found,

Where true joys abound;

To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground."

Next, a sister arose, large and burly, but had, evidently, from the tone of her conversation, seen many years, and endured many hardships. "Brudren, I feels dis mornin' like Uncle Jake yonder, who I's known dis forty year, dat I 'most home. I lubs my Jesus. I feel he lubs me too. I always 'spects to lub him. I shall see him soon. Yes, see him soon, Halleluiah!" "Glory" arose from all parts of the house. "As I was comin' in to dis lub-feast dis mornin', arter gettin' up mighty early to get ready to come, to get de work of massa an' missus all did up, I axed myself dis question, 'What good it do Aunt Lizza?' Now, I verily believe dat Satan put dat ar bery question in my mind. Who eber went to lub-feast, and it did 'em no good? Why, as Uncle Frank, yonder, tell us in de beginnin', dis be a feast. For many long years I's feasted

here. Glory to God, I 'spect soon to feast up yonder! Glory to God, I 'most home!" She resumed her seat, and the verse struck up,

"Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home."

Up to this point, it was evident that Uncle Jake had given the key-note to the style of speaking. Next, a young sister arose. "I come to dis lub-feast wid a bery heavy heart. I didn't mean to speak, but I can't set still any longer. I's afraid dat I's mightily backslid. I's had such a heap to do, dat I keep puttin' off prayer, an' night would come, an' I so tired, dat I thought no harm not to pray. I's afraid I's backsliden. *I does wish I had more time to pray*, an' get to meetin's. O, bruddren, pray for me. I tink I feels a little better." Here the sympathies of the whole audience seemed to embrace at once the penitent victim, and her soul was manifestly struggling into liberty. Shouts and words of encouragement reached her from all parts of the house, when the big tear began to roll out of enormous eyes, and the speaker proceeded. "Yes, I's feeling better. Glory to Jesus! Glory to Jesus; He forgives. I's feelin' better!" and at this point

she commenced jumping, and in the glorious confusion that followed, we could make out nothing, but now and then the shout, "I's feelin' better! Glory to Jesus, he forgives!"

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me—  
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

"He saw me ruin'd by the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate—  
His loving-kindness, O, how great!"

The shouting and the jumping still continued in the direction where the last sister had spoken, and the singing prolonged, the most of this hymn being sung at the top of a hundred voices:

"Our bondage here shall end  
By and by—by and by;  
Our griefs shall vanish then,  
With our three-score years and ten,  
And bright glory crown the day,  
By and by—by and by."

After a little lull, and an attempt by Uncle Frank to divert the speaking to that end of the room, a white brother arose. After stating in substance that he was always happy to meet with his colored friends, and that he hoped to meet them all in heaven, where the distinction of color would cease, he resumed his seat.

A faint response of "God bless you, Massa Jones," was all we heard in reply. "Massa Jones" was a small, sallow man, eyebrows very low, and eyes gray and small; between them there seemed to be a kind of a gnarl or a knot; his mouth was round and puckering.

Order was now nearly restored, when another person rose, who will be readily recognized by all observers of the negro character. She was a large woman, features not very irregular nor black, but looking sleek and shining brown, well formed, temperament of the highest class for the colored, full of spunk, and possessing a very fluent use of the tongue. She was evidently a little vain of her qualifications; and others of her class about the neighborhood might have reason to be proud of her, if it were not that her love of talk perpetually impelled her to look up something to talk about. It became very convenient for her to deal in inventions. Among white people, it would have been said of her, Somewhat given to tattling. She also was a specimen of one of those moralists among our people of color who bring themselves to believe that there can be no crime in their petty thefts; that what their master has they earned, and if he does not supply them they have a right to supply themselves. She would go to meeting and shout, and if in the evening, take a poultry-yard into her way home. In the place of that moonlight dull-

ness in her eye, there was the glassy brightness of cunning. The chains of slavery lay hard on such limbs. Our heroine, whom we have described, and whom we hope does not practice upon the principles of ethics which we have introduced, now arose, with a nondescript bonnet full of yellow ribbons and flowers. She was a captain among them, and every eye and ear seemed intent on listening.

"Brudders, I's here dis mornin' case I likes to be in jist such places. I's not one ob dem dat would neglect a feast. Many years ago God convart my poor, blind soul. It war way down in ole Virginny. I neber forgets de time nor de place. I finds out I's a miserable sinner, an' dat Jesus save by him grace all dat come unto him, wheder brack or white. I tinks to myself, if dere be any chance for me, now am de time. I prayed mightily. I thought once I should go down to hell, I felt I war so bery bad; an' one night, when comin' in from the milkin', I feel so bad dat I spill 'bout half de milk. I gets down behind a big tree, an' dere I ask my Jesus if he meant to save me if I would be saved. I axed him, cryin' as if dis heart would bust. I kept a axin' him, when all at once a voice say to me, 'Yes!' A voice came right down dat tree, an' say to me, 'All my promises are Yea an' Amen, to ebery one dat believe.' O dat lubly voice! Brudders, I hears dat voice dis mornin'. It war de voice ob deliberance; it war sweet to me

as de honey. I still hears dat voice ebery night. I knows my Redeemer lives! Halleluiah!"

Here the audience had been wrought up again to an intense point of feeling, and "Glory!" "Glory!" spread electrically all over the house. After jumping three or four times about a foot and a half from the floor, our speaker relapsed into a somewhat graver tone, and resumed:

"I knows I ain't as good as I ort to be, and some ob you knows it too. I intends to be better. By de glory ob God an' de grace ob God, I intends to be better. I feel like 'ginning anew, Uncle Jake;" and here the old man of the corner threw up his face with a saintly smile. "I intends to meet you all in heben. I's got a little gal baby dere, and a little boy baby. O, I sees 'em! Why, look, dey walk away up yonder dere among de stars! Let us go up an' see dem!"

Here she resumed her seat, and the hymn was struck up:

"O, take me from this world of woe,  
To my sweet home above,  
Where tears of sorrow never flow,  
And all the air is love.  
My sister spirits wait for me,  
And Jesus bids me come:  
O, steer my bark to that bright land,  
For Eden is my home."

After some more speaking, of which we shall give no more details, the love-feast was brought orderly to a close. Two impressions rested vividly upon our mind: that among a people unlettered and ignorant, the highly emotional in religion is just as indispensable for the purposes of their conversion as is the more intellectual among the educated and refined; and that any extravagances which we might see in such meetings as these, no matter of what color, such extravagances are *order*. Our second conclusion is: the creed by which the sinner may get to heaven is a very brief one. It is simply for him to feel the need of salvation; to be told that the whole of salvation is implied in Jesus, and that if this be believed, the penitent is saved. We will name another impression made upon our mind by witnessing this primitive love-feast among people of color. The colored man perpetually feasts himself on visions of heaven. He is always speaking of getting home by and by. He is always singing,

"I have a home in glory."

These things flow in his prayers, form the climax of his speeches, the theme of his poetry, and flow forth, in mellifluous beauty, in that rich form of song, those individualisms of music, which so strongly mark the negro character.

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THE

UNMEANT REBUKE.

By SYLVANUS COBB.

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## THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

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CHARLES NELSON had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanting to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he turned back with the evil spirit. A new, experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its

inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags, and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house, and its accompaniments, told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life; though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable. Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was teaching them to recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common schools, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not

suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been earned in the house. People had hired her to wash, iron, and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now, were teaching her children, and praying to God.

Supper-time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house, the children crouched close to the mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was dangerous when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact, and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man he had once been, the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the hus-



band was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for all the food she had in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he rose, but he was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain in his stomach. He had drunk very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot-sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he would feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off toward a wood not far from the village, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just upon the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He

looked through a clink in the wall, and just upon the side he saw his two children picking berries, while further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved to the village.

"Come, Katy," said one of these latter girls to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls they'd think we played with 'em; come."

"But the berries are thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind; we'll come some time when those little ragged drunkard's girls aren't here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up to her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know, I know, Nelly; but that isn't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you

remember when he used to kiss us and make us happy? O, how I wish he could be so good for us once more. He is not—"

"Hush, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us some time."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know he does; and God must be our father some time."

"He is our father now, sissy."

"I know it; but he must be all we shall have by and by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she must leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and, and—"

"Hush, sissy! Don't, don't, Nancy; you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clinched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me?"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood

with his hands still clinched and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected not to notice it. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said. "We have not touched it."

"Then, if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home, and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house

"Mr. Manley," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drank the last glass of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manley, in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into my office, and you shall have the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell you how that stout man wept, and how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manley introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared to trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you have earned three," returned Manley.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but looks spoke for him, and Manley understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought, first, a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beefsteak. He had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket on the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail, and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple of quarts of milk."

He handed her a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he wanted it. What could it mean? O, how fervently she prayed then

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife:

"I must go up to Mr. Manley's office to help him to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart, as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and the hatter's. Yet nothing was said on the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built a fire. Mary had not slept till long after midnight, having been kept awake by tumultuous emotions, that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose and

put on his hat, and then turning to his wife, he asked:

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O, yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned toward the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He did not speak, but opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy.

Mr. Manley was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend them in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manley's great

house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm, and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charley Nelson once more, and while I live, not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her what he heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen; but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a standing-point, from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled; and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy; and their children choose their own associates now.

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THE  
UNWELCOME PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE HOME CIRCLE.

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## THE UNWELCOME PREACHER.

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In the fall of 1823, the Methodists of a certain town in Kentucky concluded that they were able, though but twenty-two in number, to support a preacher by themselves. Accordingly, they wrote to the conference, requesting the bishop to make a station of their village. But, considering their want of numerical and financial strength, it was deemed all-important that the minister sent them should be a man of popular talents, because, unless he could command the admiration and conciliate the favor of the people, there was danger of failing to support him.

They therefore asked for a Brother Johnson, at that time one of the most popular and effective ministers in the state; and made the getting of that particular man the condition upon which they wished to become a station. To them it was clear that the destinies of Methodism, if not of Christianity itself, in that particular region, depended upon their having the man they wanted that very year. It was thought

advisable, however, to station Brother Johnson elsewhere.

There was in the conference at the time, a young man who had just been received into full connection, without experience or reputation as a preacher, and by nature singularly disqualified for any position where his sensibilities were likely to be tried. Tender hearted and addicted to gloom, exposure to rude treatment, or, what would be worse, a cold reception from those to whom he might be sent, would dishearten him at once. Some such treatment most probably awaited any man, save Brother Johnson, who might be sent to the town of which we speak; yet this young man was selected to go. Fortunately, however, the bishop was to accompany him.

It is known to as many as were acquainted with Bishop George, that his most noticeable characteristic was prayerfulness. The frequency, fervor, and singular power with which he addressed the throne of grace, are mentioned as often as a reminiscence of him is made. During their journey of two hundred miles on horseback, the young preacher had abundant opportunity to observe and imbibe the spirit of this excellent man. Whenever they stopped for meals, rest, lodging, or to see and encourage some pious family, whose residence by the way was known to them, they had a season of prayer.

When about twelve miles from the place of the

young man's destination, at the house of a Brother S., the bishop was attacked with asthma, a disease to which he was very liable. The remedies which usually relieved him were tried without effect; the man of God got no better. At length he sent for the young preacher, and directing his attention to the sublime description of the new Jerusalem, contained in the book of Revelation, desired him to take his Bible into the grove, meditate upon that passage for a season, and then come in and preach to him about it; "For," said he, "I want to be happy. If my soul were powerfully blessed, I think it would cure my body."

The young man, ever distrustful of his own powers, was alarmed at the idea. He begged to be excused; and, prompted as much, perhaps, by fear as by faith, recommended to the bishop his never-failing expedient for "getting happy"—prayer.

"Well," said the sick man, "go out, my son, and shut the door; let me be left alone."

His wish was complied with. In another moment he was composing his mind to its favorite employment: Elijah, wrapped in the mantle of prayer, was alone with God.

For a moment all was silent; but at length loud and repeated praises issued from the sick-room. The family gathered round to rejoice with the man of prayer; and the immediate effect of the excitement



was a cure of the malady so effectual that the travelers proceeded on their journey in the morning.

But before they started, the good brother with whom they were sojourning, broke to the unsuspecting young preacher the shocking intelligence, already in the reader's possession, that he would be an unwelcome arrival in the place of his appointment. Of course, he was sunk at once in the deepest dejection. Possessed with keen perceptions of the painful, nervously sensitive to any unkindness, he was the very man to be overwhelmed in such a situation. Personal danger, trial, toil, would not have daunted him, but to be coldly pushed off as not welcome, to feel that he was imposed upon a people who did not want him, was what he could not bear. Instantly resolving, therefore, not to submit to such a mortification, he hastened to communicate his discovery and his purpose to the superintendent. The bishop, aware of the feeling of revolt with which his protégé was liable to be met, exhorted him, nevertheless, to determine upon nothing rashly; to wait till he saw the place and the people, and, in the meanwhile, give himself to prayer; adding, that he had felt persuaded all the while that the appointment was "right," and in the end would prove providential. This advice was reluctantly taken.

Arrived at the new station, they were guests of a

prominent member of the Church, known for many years afterward as the usual host and friend of the preachers. The next morning, as the bishop was preparing to pursue his journey, he and the good brother of the house were conversing together in the parlor, while, unknown to them, and without design, the young preacher was sitting on the porch near the window, with nothing but a thin curtain between him and them; so that what passed within was distinctly audible to him.

"Well, brother," said the bishop, "how will the young man do?"

"Not at all; he will not do at all, sir; we might as well be left without a preacher altogether," was the emphatic reply.

"O, I hope you will like him better after a while," replied the old man. "Treat him kindly, and I am persuaded he will do you good."

"I have no objection," returned the host, "to his staying at my house for a few weeks, if you desire it, but it will be useless; he is not the one we wanted."

The poor young man could bear no more; he crept from the porch almost blind with mortification. The thought that he was to remain with a people who considered him a tolerated burden; that every mouthful he ate was to be a charity; that he was to be a young, healthy mendicant, sickened him!

He was lying in wait as the bishop sallied forth, and drawing him to a spot where they were sheltered from observation, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, bishop, I cannot stay; I heard what passed in the room, and indeed you must release me."

"Can you get your horse and ride a little way with me?"

This he did with alacrity; glad of even an hour's respite from his painful position.

After riding a few miles, they turned off into the woods, and dismounting by a fallen tree, engaged in solemn and importunate prayer; prayer for light and help in that dark and trying hour. Then, taking the hand of his companion, the bishop turned upon him a look of love, which none but a strong, stern heart can feel; so deep and genuine was it, so full of serious concern and earnest sympathy.

He concluded an address fraught with parental feeling and sound wisdom, with, "Now, my son, I will make you a proposition: see if you can fulfill the conditions of it:

"Go back to town; if you find a cross there, bear it; diligently and lovingly perform every part of your duty; 'do the work of an evangelist;' fast once a week, and spend one hour of each day in special prayer, that God may open your way in that community; do this for one month, and at the end of that term, if you do not feel willing to stay, consider

yourself released from the appointment. Can you do this?"

He thought he could: upon which they took an affectionate leave of each other, and Enoch George—what signifies a title to such a man?—turned toward the southwest, and resumed his pilgrimage of hardships. The young man sat upon his horse watching the receding form till it sank out of sight below the horizon. Not until that moment had he fairly tasted the exquisite bitterness of his cup. The "man-angel," upon whom he had leaned, was gone, and he was left to grapple with his trial alone. He could have sobbed like any boy.

Faithfully did he comply with the conditions of his promise through all the tedious month, without discerning any material change in his own feelings or in the bearing of his people toward him; albeit one wicked man and his wife had from the beginning endeavored to encourage him.

Finally the last Sabbath arrived of the month during which he had promised to stay. The glad village bells were pealing their summons to the house of God, as our hero—was he not a hero?—arose from the struggle of the last covenanted hour of prayer. He walked toward the little attic window, which commanded a view of most of the streets, wiping his eyes and thinking of the few reluctant hearers who awaited him, when, lo! what a sight

met his gaze! Group after group of citizens were flocking toward the Methodist Church! At first a sense of awe came over him, and then a class of mingled feelings, as if confidence, and strength, and joy were storming the heart, while fear, and weakness, and mortification still disputed the right of possession.

He hastened to his pulpit, and as he arose from the first silent prayer, the thought of *victory* thrilled through him like the voice of a clarion. His text was Isaiah 6, iv: "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." The attention of the audience was arrested by the announcement, for the voice that had been wont to tremble with embarrassment, now rang clear with a tone of authority; his eye, hitherto confused and unsteady, now kindled with "a light that never shined on sea or shore." Fresh from the chamber where he had just accomplished his thirteenth hour of special prayer, the live coal had touched his lips; he was with a witness, "a man sent from God," and gloriously baptized with the Holy Ghost.

He referred his text back to the point at which Christ first interposed for man's salvation; the voice that cried, "Lo! I come to do thy will:" he applied it to the sacrificial offering of Jesus; the voice that cried, "It is finished;" he carried forward the application to "the right hand of the Majesty on high," where the intercessor makes his dying words immor-

tal, crying with infinite iteration, "Father, forgive them;" to the day when sound shall make its next impression upon "the dull cold ear of death;" when at the "voice of the Son of God, the dead, small and great, shall rise."

The power of the Highest was manifestly upon the audience, and the presence of an ambassador of Christ was attested by sobs and groans from every part of the house. The preacher descended from the pulpit without pausing in his discourse, and invited to the place of prayer those who desired to flee the wrath to come. With loud cries for mercy, sinners came streaming down the aisle, and before the congregation was dismissed seven souls professed to find peace in believing.

When the meeting broke up, the pastor hastened back to his closet. Many a time had he entered it disheartened and sad, never before in triumph. He thought of good Bishop George, and his steady persuasion that the appointment was "right;" of the fastings and prayers, all the way down to the last hour's experience; and his faith in God, and in the efficacy of prayer, then and there settled down into a substance upon which time has made no impression. Thirty-one years of toil and change have passed since that sweet Sabbath; the vicissitudes of an itinerant's life have led him through heat and cold, by night and day, from one end of Kentucky to the other, till

"He is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows."

Forms then unknown, afterward became dear as life, and then perished from his sight; "sickness and sorrow, pain and death," have left their scars upon his form and heart, but nothing has ever shaken his confidence in the God that answers prayer. The memory of that bright morning is as fresh beneath his gray hairs as it was beneath his locks of jet. Like trampled chamomile, the virtues of his spirit took deeper root for being bruised, and shed a perfume that has sweetened life's atmosphere ever since.

For four weeks very little else was attended to but the revival. Stores and shops were closed during the hours of worship, which occurred twice and often three times a day. At one of the meetings held in a private house, (where the venerable John Littlejohn was present,) a call was made for those who wished to join the Church, and *one hundred and eleven* persons presented themselves for admission!

Thus the permanent establishment of Methodism in Russelville, Kentucky, was effected, under God, through the instrumentality of the "UNWELCOME PREACHER."

It will doubtless add to the interest of the foregoing narrative for the reader to know, that the subject of it is now the worthy Book Agent of the Church, South, Rev. E. Stevenson, D. D.

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## MARRYING RICH.

BY REV. W. B. SLAUGHTER.

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## MARRYING RICH.

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### CHAPTER I.

AT the end of a pretty lane, along the sides of which thrifty maple-trees furnished a grateful shade during the warm summer months, stood the cottage of Farmer Barnwell. A beautiful lawn, skirted by shrubbery and dotted over with pyramid evergreens, all tastefully arranged, spread out in front of the cottage. An open porch afforded an agreeable place to pass away a twilight hour. The doors and windows were decorated with the queen of the prairie, intermingled with jasmine and honeysuckle, which climbed together the trellis, and hung in graceful tresses in the air. Altogether, it was a lovely place, quiet and inviting. Within, the same taste that was evinced in the surrounding grounds, was displayed in the order and neatness that prevailed in every apartment. The farmer's good wife was a model of excellence, in her own proper sphere.

If you could have inspected the barns and yards, and the fields beyond, you would have found everything indicative of the same care, and order, and thrift.

The farm was not large, and the farmer had performed most of the work himself. It was wonderful, the neighbors said, that he could accomplish so much. He never seemed in a hurry, yet he always was up with his work. Now the secret of this was, that he had learned how to practice the rule, "Everything in its time, and everything in its place." In the cold days of winter you might have found him in his little shop, mending rakes, and plows, and grain cradles, and other utensils of the farm. And then you might have observed, too, that each article was put away carefully where it was safe from all exposure. It was not so strange, after all, that the farm was productive, that Farmer Barnwell never was harassed in the summer-time with breaking tools, that his cattle did not die as other farmers' cattle did as the spring came on. It was not so strange, yet the people wondered at it all, and said that he was always "in luck," and so they went on in their own way. There was another thing they wondered at. Farmer Barnwell had a choice collection of books. Some of the best agricultural works were on his shelves, and he found time, not only to read them, but to study them. And then he

had managed to procure the best fruits, and the trees were carefully trimmed, and when the cold winter came on they were mulched, and thus they escaped the fate of other men's trees, and grew in beautiful thriftiness and tasteful forms. Many persons, it must be confessed, could not understand why his trees always lived through the hard winters, and why they always bent under a burden of delicious fruits. But so it was, they could not deny it, and so they reasoned that he was a "lucky fellow." And thus the years went on, one after another, and Farmer Barnwell was a man of forty-five at the time our story commences, and everybody said he was "well to do" in the world. He had not bought other lands, because he had enough; and he thought it was better to till the soil well and get grateful returns, than to skin its surface for scant products.

And Farmer Barnwell had one son. He was now a man. The father's thrift had enabled him to give him the advantages of a thorough education. He had but just returned from college, where he had graduated with honor.

Charles Barnwell was a modest boy. His whole soul had been engrossed in the earnest toil after knowledge. He had studied as many do not study, because he loved the truth for its own sake. The facts and principles of science he imbibed, as a thirsty man would drink water, to satisfy the cravings



of his mind. He had graduated, but he thought not once that his education was completed. He had in view no profession.

The old homestead was associated with his most hallowed memories, and he had resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of the soil. He loved its rural quiet, its health-giving labor, and its invigorating exposure. He assured himself that he should here have an enlarged sphere of exploration after scientific truth. He thought the vocation of the husbandman more independent and truly noble, than any other. The intricacies and perplexities of a professional life he never could endure. He was an enthusiast in farming as much as an artist could be in his art.

We have thus introduced the worthy family of Barnwell to our readers, and the beautiful place they called their home. If intelligence, industry, refined taste in rural embellishments, and thrift, constitute elements of happiness, the Barnwells were a happy family. And so they were. For to these elements we must add that they were a truly pious family. The old family Bible was well read. The altar of prayer was ever held sacred. And the library was well stored with excellent religious books.

But the best of people have their weaknesses; and good Mrs. Barnwell would have been a singular

lady indeed, if she had not any weak point. It was her misfortune to think too much of money. She had always been industrious, and prudent, and economical. All that was needed to educate her son she had most cheerfully appropriated for that purpose. In fact, she did not so much desire wealth for her own personal enjoyment as that she might bestow it upon him. She doted upon him as mothers only can dote, and with better reason than most mothers have, for he was truly noble and worthy. Perhaps, too, that rigid economy, which was necessary when they were poor, and which had become a habit while saving the means to educate Charles, had contributed to give her a higher notion of the value of wealth than she would otherwise have had. Now whatever may have been the origin of that feeling, it was, at the time embraced in our narrative, her greatest failing. The exhibition of it will be seen in the following chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

CHARLES and his mother were sitting in the large east room, toward the close of the day. The sun shone brightly upon the opposite hill, and the fresh spring breezes floated gently through the foliage of the surrounding trees. The mother evidently wished to introduce a subject of importance, and with some effort she at length began:

"Charles, you are now twenty-three. You have finished your education, and have come home to stay. I cannot tell you how happy I am to have you back again."

"I am equally happy to be here, mother. Indeed, I have always longed for this quiet home."

"It has cost a great deal of money to give you your fine education, Charles."

"I know it, mother; and it has cost you many other sacrifices. In all my absence this has been the only thing that has cast a shadow on my heart. Yet, mother, had the money and the time been all my own, I should have felt that both were well invested in the acquisitions I have made."

"And so I do, my son. I do not mention it because I regret it at all. No, no; I am proud of it all,

and I am proud of my boy. You have not disappointed me, and I don't think you will."

"I should be ungrateful to disappoint your expectations, mother. As I love you, I shall ever strive to honor you."

"But, Charles, what are your plans for the future? We must have some plans, my son."

"Yes. But have I not always said that I was coming home to be a farmer, when I got through college?"

"To be sure. But then there are other plans, you know. You must have some other plans, haven't you?"

"About what?"

"Well—about—why—about—getting a wife, for instance."

"Why, really," said Charles, laughing, "I can't say that I have any very specific plans about that. I have, certainly, a sort of vague impression that 'marriage is honorable,' and that a 'wife is a good thing,' but that would hardly amount to a plan, would it?"

"O, you want to evade the subject."

"No, I am willing to converse seriously on that subject with you, my dear mother. And may I inquire, have you any plan in my behalf?"

"Well, I want you to do *well*."

"That is very natural, but not very definite."

"Well, then, I want you to *marry rich*."

"That may be difficult."

"Not at all. You are good-looking. You have an excellent education. You can go in the best society. And you can get a rich girl, if you try. I'm sure you can."

"Do you know one that you think I could get?"

"Yes. Miss Marks has been left with a handsome fortune in her own right, and when her grandfather dies she will inherit all his vast estates."

"How much is she worth now, mother?"

"Not less than twenty thousand."

"Are you much acquainted with the girl?"

"No. I have seen her a few times, abroad. She visits at the Petersons, who are a very aristocratic family."

"Does she go into our society much?"

"No."

"I have met her myself, mother, and think I know her. In the first place, I am obliged to say that she is *not* familiar with the better class of society. Her father was a craven money-lender. He made a fortune by oppressing the poor. The greed of gain consumed him, and he died young, of very avarice. His father had trained him up for such a life, and he infused his spirit into his daughter also. She is utterly incapable of any noble endeavors. Her education is limited. Her mind is ever groveling.

She has none of those accomplishments, none of that refinement and feminine delicacy of sentiment that is a passport to good society. She gloats over her wealth, and assumes airs that are offensive. That class of aristocrats to which she belongs, and with whom she moves, are known among men as *snobs*. They have an artificial and vicious standard of etiquette. I don't feel much like assuming any of the honors of such a connection, mother."

"But you will not forget that she is very rich."

"No. Nor can I forget that she possesses a narrow and vulgar mind. Her money can never buy for her those qualities that a woman must have to make her husband happy."

"I am afraid you are too sentimental."

"No. I look at this matter in a utilitarian light. What should I gain by such a marriage?"

"You would get twenty thousand dollars and a wife."

"A *wife*? Ah, that word, in my mind, has always imported *goodness, nobleness, amiability, devotion*. Why, that is the holiest word in the language, aside from the name of Deity."

"Would you rank it above the word *mother*?"

"In some respects, no; in others, yes. To the husband, *wife* is the most hallowed name; to the son, *mother*. But we should remember that the woman may bear both these hallowed names. Miss

Marks is not such a person as I could place in either relation. Why, I have seen her turn the poor from her door in scorn, and her name for charity is a by-word. But I really think that I can do better than marry Miss Marks. To be honest, I think I can marry *richer*."

"Well, if you can, I will be satisfied."

"Will you, mother?"

"Certainly; and be glad of it too."

"Well, I can do it, and I will. In fact, I have had more thought on this subject than I have uttered."

"Where can you find a girl worth more than twenty thousand dollars, that you can win?"

"Well, mother, I may as well make my confession first as last. I have seen a young lady whose wealth, if all I have heard be true, is many times greater than that of Miss Marks. I have been assured that she is highly connected, and I have learned from herself that she is willing to bestow all her treasures, with her own hand, upon me. If I may but have your blessing upon my union with her, I hope to be the richest man in all this region. Now will you allow me to follow my own inclination in this matter? I assure you, my mother shall never have occasion to blush at the choice her son has made."

"Yes, certainly. I'm glad you have not been

so foolish as to neglect the good fortune thus offered you."

Little did Mrs. Barnwell understand the import of her son's words. Little did she dream of the mortification and sorrow in store for her.

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### CHAPTER III.

CHARLES BARNWELL had always acquitted himself well in his career as a student. His mind was of that symmetrical cast that admits of seriousness without severity, and sprightliness without levity. An ardent lover of truth, he was energetic in its acquirements. Esteeming the society of the wise and the good, his walks were among the purest and most elevated circles. Deeply pious, he was ever happiest when he was mingling with those whose conversation was in heaven. It would be expected that he would be found often in those places where Christians meet for social worship.

The L—— College was celebrated for the religious influence that generally prevailed among its members. No season passed without a gracious revival of religion in the town where it was located. Be-

tween the citizens of the town and the students of the college, there subsisted an intimacy of intercourse and a sympathy of feeling that seldom are seen at such institutions. They had little about which to wrangle, and much in which to affiliate and cordially work together. Let the reader accompany us to the house of God on a sweet May evening. The people are quietly and cheerfully assembling for social worship. The exercises commence and proceed with sweet and uniform animation. Now the song of praise goes up like incense to heaven; now from the bended knee the yearning heart pleads with God.

Hark! that voice is not recognized in this house of worship. It is a female voice. The language of the petition is such as irresistibly to arrest the attention of every one present. So elevated the thought; so pure and chaste the diction; so calm and subdued the tone; so deep and soul-thrilling the pathos. The soul of the petitioner evidently wrestled calmly, earnestly, and mightily with God. The words of the prayer burned into the very soul of each one who heard them, and the whole assembly was pervaded with the thrilling power of that one heart's prevailing utterances. On no one did the prayer of the stranger make a deeper impression than on Charles Barnwell. He felt, as only a refined and noble mind can feel, the depth of import

that attended the most pure and glowing language he had ever heard.

You will pardon him, kind reader, for resolving then and there, to avail himself of the first opportunity to become acquainted personally with the person in whom he was so much interested.

He did not have long to wait. He had been accustomed to drop in now and then at the meeting of a sewing-circle. This circle met the next day. He resolved to attend it, and as he had often done before, inquire in what way he and his associates could aid the objects of the society. Full of the hope that he might meet this lady there, he proceeded to the place of meeting. More than once he detected himself asking why he felt such an interest in her. She was to him a stranger. He had seen her only the evening before, and then he had seen but little of her. He could not say she appeared beautiful, but there was something in the deep, rich, subdued pathos of her voice, something in the glowing fervor of her soul, that fascinated him.

The ladies were assembled, and in the midst of their work, when he made his appearance. He received their cordial salutations, and returned them with a cordiality equal to that with which they were offered. There was one lady well known to him on account of her self-sacrificing, devoted, religious life. She was a widow, living in humble

privacy, yet doing much good silently and meekly. She was poor. Her own hands earned her daily bread. Mrs. Gray was at this time accompanied by a young lady. A glance informed him that she was the person whose acquaintance he so much desired. As soon, therefore, as he could do so without apparent haste, he placed himself by the side of his friend and entered into conversation. He was immediately introduced to Miss Ellen Gray, and the conversation was carried on between them.

We will not undertake to report their conversation in detail. Very naturally, the business of the circle suggested the destitution and wretchedness of multitudes of our race, the best methods of reaching the benighted heathen with the light of the Gospel, and the power of that Gospel to quicken and elevate the race. In these subjects she evinced a zeal full of sympathy and intelligence. Charles was filled with admiration at the extent and variety of the information she possessed, and fascinated with the ease and grace of her conversation. He watched the expression of her countenance as she talked. Now the bright light of her deep blue eye would seem to scintillate around him; now a shade of sadness would pass over her, and now the utmost gentleness and tenderness would blend upon her features. Altogether, when he retired from her charming presence, Charles Barnwell confessed to himself that she

had become to him an object of very tender regard. He was in love. Still he wished he could know something of her history. He had entered his last year as a student. He must not allow his mind to be too much occupied with such a matter as love. But no, he wouldn't do that. He begged to know of himself if he could not maintain his self-mastery. True, he admired Miss Gray, and who, that had met with her and conversed with her, would not? There was nothing strange in his admiration of her. Surely it would do him no harm to run in at Mrs. Gray's now and then, and enjoy an hour of pleasant chat with her and her beautiful niece.

In spite of himself, however, he often found his thoughts wandering away from the book before him to the humble cottage and its inmates. We do him but justice, however, in acknowledging that he put his vagrant thoughts under arrest at such times, and dragged them back to their task.

One evening, while taking the air just for his health's sake, nothing else, certainly, Charles found himself sauntering along by the little cottage. It was quite a matter of course that he should just call. "But what is the matter with me?" he said to himself as he opened the gate; "I do believe I shall suffocate." Poor fellow! his heart was in his throat. His knees trembled, and he felt that his face was crimson. He never felt so before when he made a

call on Mrs. Gray. But this was the first time he had called since the niece arrived. Perhaps that would account for feelings so unusual.

Miss Gray had an opportunity now to take the part of an entertainer, being at home. And well did she perform her part. Charles was soon made easy in the presence of the ladies, and an hour passed more pleasantly, it seemed to him, than ever an hour passed before. Did he not betray his emotions? One of the three was suspicious of the fact that he was more than interested in the conversation. The widow Gray had observed the effect which her niece's presence had produced on him, and she secretly attributed it to the right cause. Nor was she disquieted with her suspicion. The reputation of Charles Barnwell was such as commended to her any attachment that might grow up between him and her neice.

No one in L—— knew anything of the young lady's former history. All that was known of her was, that her father was Mrs. Gray's brother, and had resided in a distant state. It was said that he had a moderate station in life, and was respected by his fellow-citizens. No one knew his circumstances in respect to property. Some said that he was poor, others that he had a competence. But if the apparel of the daughter was any index to the circumstances of the father, it was evident that he must be a poor

man. It was observed that she never appeared in anything but the plainest garb. The material of her wardrobe was uniformly common, if not coarse. Yet whatever she wore, she moved with the same calm dignity and self-possession that marked the superior qualities of her mind. In her aunt's family she seemed as a maid of all work, now in the kitchen, now in the chamber, and now plying her needle. And what some people remarked as a very singular thing, she was never disquieted by being taken by surprise at her work. She could leave her work and engage in conversation with the utmost ease, and never failed to interest those with whom she conversed. People speculated and queried much about her. It was odd, they said, that so much grace of carriage, so much polish of manner, so much ease and sprightliness in conversation, and, withal, such evidence of the highest culture, could consist with the humble position she seemed to occupy.

All these queries were at length put to rest by the announcement that Miss Gray had engaged to do some needle-work in Squire Little's family. Now it was known that she must be a poor girl, and though she was accomplished, as she was acknowledged to be, it was evident that she was not admissible to the *first* class of society. Of course, Miss Gray, the seamstress, would not expect to associate on terms of equality with the Misses Little.



One evening the young ladies received a call from some young gentlemen of the college. Among them was our friend, Charles Barnwell. To be noticed by this class of young gentlemen was always gratifying. The party entered gayly into conversation, and wit sparkled and flashed in their sallies. At length music was called for, and Miss Julia Little led the way with a piece only tolerably performed.

At length, as the performances seemed to languish, one of the gentlemen asked, "Is Miss Gray with you now?"

"Yes, she has been working for us a few days past."

"She seems quite an interesting girl!"

"Yes, rather," said Miss Julia, and after a moment added: "She is a beautiful seamstress."

"Very likely," said Charles; "she would be *beautiful* in any occupation."

"Charles Barnwell in love with a young seamstress!" cried two or three at once.

"As you please, ladies," said Charles, smiling; "I confess I admire her."

"O! Julia," said the youngest Miss Little, "Miss Gray plays prettily. I heard her this morning."

"Invite her in," said William Blakeslee, half ironically.

"Do, by all means," said Charles Barnwell, earnestly.

"O, we should have been glad to invite her in at first," replied Julia, "only we could not know it would please you."

Miss Gray was immediately sought for, and soon made her appearance.

"Now, dear Miss Gray," said Emily, "you must give us a song. Julia has been playing, and we all want you to play for us."

Notwithstanding the evident ill-grace of the invitation, looking, as it did, as though she had been called in merely to entertain the company, she readily complied. There was no affectation of airs; there was the same serene dignity united with unassumed meekness that always lent such a powerful fascination to her presence.

While she drew forth the full power of the instrument, every one looked on with admiration. It was evident that she was a proficient in this beautiful accomplishment. Rising from the instrument, she made a simple apology, and excused herself, saying, she had promised to spend the evening with her aunt.

"And with your permission, I will bear you company, Miss Gray," said Charles.



## CHAPTER IV.

It was now six months since Charles had first met Miss Gray in the social meeting. His interest in her had gone on increasing continually, and he acknowledged to himself that he loved her. They had often worshiped together. They had met frequently at the house of her aunt, and whenever he had attempted to study her deliberately, he had found himself lost in admiring her. That she was a poor girl was no objection to her in his mind. Her pure heart, her high intellectual endowments, her genuine piety, her unassuming modesty, and the grace of her conversation, fully compensated, in his judgment, the want of wealth; nay, more, her virtues and accomplishments were the true jewels, whose possession would make any one rich.

Nor did Ellen seem to dislike his attentions. There was a true congeniality of spirit between them. Aunt Gray saw that they loved each other, and she was secretly happy in view of their mutual attachment. They were worthy of each other she said to herself. And she often made an excuse to be engaged when he called, and thus they were left much in each other's society.

Affairs at length came to a crisis. Charles must soon return to his home. He confidently expected to bear with him the highest honors his alma mater could confer on the young graduate. But he longed far more earnestly to carry with him the pledge of her whose worshiper he had become. Would she consent to be his? Ah! this question, which seemed to imply a doubt, threw him into a tumult of conflicting emotions? He resolved to know the worst at once. Had he flattered himself that she loved him when she did not? Full of these thoughts, yet resolute to declare his love, he walked rapidly down to Mrs. Gray's, and was soon in the presence of Ellen.

"Ellen," said he, when they were alone, "I called on business."

"With my aunt? Excuse me a moment, I will call her."

"No, with you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, with you. There is a place vacant which you are desired to consent to fill."

"Do you think me qualified to fill it properly?"

"Better than any other living person."

"Now you flatter me. But would *you* advise me to accept the place?"

"I cannot say that I would *advise* you, but, dear-

est friend, I *will* entreat you. Pardon me, but I came to tell you how dear you are to me, how my love for you consumes me until I know whether I may hope that it is returned or not. The vacant place is by my side. I feel that you only can fill it. Will you consent to share with me the fortunes of life?" Almost unconsciously he had taken her hand in his, and she had not withdrawn it. She heard him without any apparent displeasure. A tear moistened her eye.

"Have you weighed this matter?" she replied.

"Yes, again and again; I can only be wretched if you deny me. Let me tell you the truth; I began by admiring your fine talents. I soon admired, still more, your deep piety. I *sought* your acquaintance. I soon found myself seeking your society often. Has not our intercourse, as friends, been sweet? We have seemed to be formed after the same intellectual mold. Your thoughts have answered to mine, mine have reflected yours. We have worshiped at the same altar. We have read the same books. We have admired the same objects. In all things our aims, aspirations, sympathies, and opinions, have seemed to coincide. How could it be otherwise than that I should love you?"

"But have you considered our stations in life? Have you thought how it would be regarded by the world, if you, who are just ready to receive the

honors of college—if you, whose future is full of bright promise, were to marry a poor girl, a seamstress?"

"What do I care for the world's thought? It will affect me as little as the slightest breath of air. I despise the factitious distinctions of the world. I know you to be good, and intelligent, and accomplished. Your tastes, and sentiments, and views of life, are in unison with mine. What right, then, has the world heartlessly to interpose its selfish laws between us? I know that the world is wrong in this, and I will never be bound by its absurd rules. I love you with my whole being. I cannot elevate you in the social scale. You are already worthy of the highest place. Besides this, I am not ambitious to walk in what the world calls its highest circles. There life is all artificial. The prisoner in the stocks is not more absolutely bound than are the members of those circles. They who, to gratify their vanity, seek admission there, have to pay the full penalty of pains and distress for their ambition. And it is a terrible price. My intention is to lead a quiet rural life. Only to serve my country or my God, would I consent to forego the pleasure of my quiet home. No, dearest Ellen, I care nothing for the world's thoughts. And if I did, I know that the world, the versatile world, would soon applaud my choice of such a one as you."

"Do you, then, think it possible to love unselfishly?"

"Ah! I may be only too selfish in my love. I assure you I should feel that I have secured a treasure of wealth in you. Were you the possessor of lands and gold, I might have reason to hesitate lest my affection was biased by a base motive. Heaven knows I should never cease to despise myself for such an act. Nor could I despise myself less, if knowing that you had not property, I should cast away your real riches of mind for a similar reason. No, you are *rich* in all that is *permanent*; in the purity and nobility of the mind. That is the only patent of nobility I recognize. But why should I urge these views? The only question is a question of the heart. Can you love me, and will you be mine?"

"I will not evade your question. My heart is yours, Charles. Only I would not have you commit yourself without considering the social position I occupy. I would not be to you an occasion of future regret."

"Noblest, best of women! My heart shall ever bless you for the happiness you have occasioned me."

## CHAPTER V.

Not long after the events narrated in the last chapter, the conversation between Charles and his mother took place. The reader will have seen in what sense Charles understood himself when he informed his mother that he was engaged, and that he should marry *rich*. He was fully persuaded that his mother, (who was an excellent woman, despite the weakness before alluded to,) when she came to know the exalted virtues of his adored Ellen, would not only approve, but applaud his choice. He did not intend wickedly to dissemble, yet he could not altogether justify himself. Why not tell her the girl was poor in this world's goods, but rich in virtue, intelligence, refinement, and all female accomplishments? Sometimes he almost resolved to do it; to acknowledge his error, and pray that his choice might be approved. Then, again, he resolved to let time tell the story, and trust to the influence of acquaintance with his chosen bride to remove all objections on the ground of poverty. It would be but a little time, for it was arranged that their nuptials should be celebrated during the latter part of the season.

Thus the time hastened on, and the day arrived when he was to go and claim his bride at the hands of her parents. Already they had sanctioned her espousal. They knew, they said, the reputation of the young gentleman who had done them the honor of seeking their daughter's hand. They had heard of his disinterested affection; of the magnanimity with which he had sacrificed the chances of, apparently, far more advantageous alliances, for the sake of her own personal worth, which, they truly believed, he had not overestimated. They were ready to receive him as a son, and hoped for much happiness to result from the relation. They hoped that he would not fail to be accompanied by his parents at the marriage. This was now agreed upon, and Mrs. Barnwell's heart was in a constant tumult of excitement, speculating upon what kind of people the Grays could be. What style did they live in? How should she appear in the society of such grand people as they must be, if they were so rich? She almost regretted that her son would get a rich wife, now, for she began to fear that it might be the occasion of some separation between the parents and the children. How could she expect a wealthy young lady, a person of aristocratic connections, to be willing to descend to the circle in which she had hitherto moved? And how could she hope ever to feel at ease in those higher walks

which would befit her rich daughter-in-law? Poor woman, she just began to feel that she had miscalculated the advantages of her son's marrying rich. She feared that she had put thorns in her own heart by so often exhorting him to look for a rich wife.

Charles did not fail to perceive the trouble she was in, and it gave him secret pleasure. It would render the *dénouement* less terrible than he had feared. In fact, he believed that when the truth was known, and it was found that she was *not* rich, it would be an absolute relief to his mother's feelings.

As to his father, he had no misgivings on his account. He cared but little for wealth. A competence was desirable; more than this was a vexation. He hoped the young lady had good sense and a good heart, and he thought Charles would not have fancied her if she had not.

But Charles was determined that his mother's concern should be enhanced to that point that the truth, when known, would be a positive relief. So he took occasion often, when they were alone together, to expatiate upon the queenly dignity, the polished grace, and the lofty intelligence of his affianced bride. The scheme worked well; and, by the time that they were ready to commence their journey, Mrs. Barnwell was so agitated with doubts, and fears, and misgivings, that she heartily wished she had been less anxious to contract great alliances.

The preparations were at length completed. A ride of a day brought them to the village of C——, where the Grays resided. They had lived here only a short time, and were little known in the village. A man who was inquired of, pointed out a small house in the edge of the village, as their residence.

"What! that little white house without blinds?"

"Yes."

As they moved on, Mrs. Barnwell said:

"That don't look like the dwelling of a man of immense wealth, does it, Charles?"

"No, I should think not. Perhaps Mr. Gray is not wealthy."

"But did you not say he was?"

"No, mother; I never said anything about his circumstances; though I should think any man rich who had such a daughter as Ellen Gray."

"Then she is not rich, after all. Well, I don't know but I am glad of it. I do say the thought of the wealth and the aristocratic position of this family has almost destroyed my health lately."

"Ah, mother, I still think her the richest girl I ever saw," said Charles, who was willing his mother should now understand him fully.

"About as I expected," said Mr. Barnwell. "I am well satisfied with your ability to choose for yourself, Charles. Money is as often a curse as a blessing to the rich."

Mr. Gray received the Barnwells with easy affability, and conducted them into the parlor. They soon felt perfectly at home in the family. Aunt Gray was there, and Charles felt a singular happiness in the company of the worthy family. Never did Ellen seem to him more lovely. Never did he esteem himself so blessed as now.

The marriage was consummated in the evening, and it was arranged that the parties should start on a brief tour the next morning. It was a happy occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Barnwell unreservedly applauded the good judgment of their son. How could he help loving so much beauty, and such perfection? they asked each other. They were fascinated by her artless simplicity, her unaffected dignity and unequaled grace. And when they saw her devotion to religious principle, they rejoiced that she had become their daughter.

We must hasten to the conclusion of our narrative. The next morning Charles and his wife were about taking their departure, when Mr. Gray said:

"You will find us in the city on your return." There was a meaning smile on his lips as he said this. "But," said Charles, "do you break up here?"

"Yes. We only came here to enjoy the country air a few weeks, and we shall now return; for you, sir, have fairly broken us up by taking our darling away from us. We shall hardly enjoy ourselves here any longer."

"But what does this all mean?" said Charles, aside, to his wife.

She had not time to answer before her father proceeded:

"You, sir, have, as I said, broken us up. You have allured our only daughter away from our society. You have got the poor sewing-girl at last; ha! ha! Good, sir, good. You'll find she is a witch, sir. She is a good-for-nothing witch. Only think; here she has left us to die of loneliness, for nearly a year, only just to catch some simpleton of a fellow and make a husband of him. And she has done it; ha! ha! But, sir, you have undertaken a great task, the support of that girl. I suppose I shall have to help you a little by and by."

"O, father, how can you?"

"How can I? Well, now, perhaps I shall find some way to—"

"No, no; I mean how can you talk so?"

"O yes; why, you little deserter of father and mother, and home, what right have you to question me? Here, sir, I demand that you take her away, and don't let her interrupt me again. It's a great tax, sir, a great tax, to assume the support of that girl. I pity you, sir; I do. So see here, just do me the kindness to take this bit of paper to my banker, in R——, and it will be a great relief to my feelings. Ha! ha!"

Charles Barnwell's face was crimson. He could not be displeased, but he was stupefied. Seeing his confusion, Ellen snatched the paper from her father.

"Take it, my son," said Mr. Gray, more soberly; "it is the first installment of the sewing-girl's portion."

Charles took it. It was a check for *twenty thousand dollars*, payable to Charles Barnwell, or bearer, signed by her father.

"My dear Ellen, will you explain this to us all?" said Charles, nearly overcome by his emotions.

"Forgive me, my dear, for playing an innocent trick. I have dissembled, but not wickedly I trust. More than a year ago my parents urged me to make a selection from among several suitors, and marry. I was not able to do it. I was surrounded with all the advantages of wealth, and those who sought my hand knew it. Through the vehement protestations of undying love made by them, I thought I could see a cold, selfish calculation upon the dowry I should bring them. At least I could love none of them. There were young gentlemen, in humble life, whose true hearts I could have trusted, but between me and them, society had erected the barriers of heartless caste. I saw those young gentlemen who were ready to die for me passing by a young lady, a friend of mine, a child of misfortune, once an expectant heiress, and then



sought after by them; now impoverished, obtaining her living with her needle, and passed by without so much as a friendly recognition by those devoted gallants. Alas! I said, I am most unfortunate. I can never know when a true heart is offered me. I would rather live in loneliness and die unmated than aid to perpetuate those social evils which are the destruction of all my joys. I then proposed to my dear parents to allow me to withdraw from society for a year, to go into some distant retreat, and find a heart to love me for my own sake. I found you all I had yearned after in secret. My beloved parents were advised constantly of my affairs, and as they had allowed my caprice, as they called it, so they approved of my attachment, when I informed them of it. And now may I not add, I am grateful to that Providence whose guidance introduced us to each other. That by the blessing of that same benignant Providence my father is the steward of large mercies, is accounted by the world *rich*; and that, as his only child, I am also prospectively wealthy, need not diminish the happiness we have had in each other's pure and unselfish love. To you, who have shown yourself magnanimous and noble in the past, God has given the means to be more useful in the future. Happier in each other we cannot be made by money; but to the world we may be enabled to do more good."

"Rich or poor, you are all the same to me," said Charles. Tears of gratitude and joy were in every eye.

Years afterward, when Charles Barnwell had become the owner of immense estates, whenever his name was spoken and that of his worthy wife, it was with the heartfelt blessings of the poor; for as faithful stewards, they ever dispensed the bounties of Providence without stint. And still they live, honoring the Christian name, and bringing happiness to thousands of hearts.



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THE  
SEA-CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTERS.

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## THE SEA CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTERS.

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MARIA and Annie were favorite children of the wealthy and worldly Captain F. They had been introduced to the gayest circles of the city in which they resided; their father having long since retired from a life on the waves to a home of elegance in B. No fashionable resorts or amusements were unfamiliar to his daughters, whose beauty and appearance fully gratified his pride. But the holy sanctuary was seldom frequented, and by himself was wholly neglected. The gay assembly envied his position, while the heirs to an eternal inheritance mournfully pitied and earnestly prayed.

Late one Saturday night in February, Annie, the younger daughter, returned home from the theater, where she had witnessed an unusually exciting performance. A death-scene had been the closing act, and so perfectly was it represented, that for a moment, silence reigned throughout the spacious and crowded hall; but it was suddenly broken by

the exclamation beside her, more thoughtless than herself, "*Didn't he die splendidly?*" Those words lingered in her memory as the carriage wheels rattled hastily over the pavement, and the same prevented her eyes from slumber, as she vainly sought her pillow, restless and prayerless.

It could not be that the recollection of that mock-scene, or the careless remark that followed, so disturbed her, she thought, as daylight dawned upon her unclosed eyelids. Little dreamed she it was the awaking of a conscience which a want of religious education had caused to lie dormant nearly twenty years. She had little thought that the very amusement which never before failed to silence that inward monitor, would prove the instrument through which the Spirit's "still, small voice" might speak; that where she expected pleasure, she would mysteriously find pain. But God, who can make "the wrath of man to praise him," can likewise bring good results from evil.

With a heavy heart she rose on Sabbath morning, complained of an aching head, and asked permission to walk alone to the park during the forenoon. The church bells, which she seldom heeded, seemed to summon worshipers to the house of God, and almost unconsciously she found herself nearing one of those earthly temples, toward which crowds were hastening. "I never was in this church," said she

to herself, and prompted by a feeling of curiosity, as she believed, she entered, and was immediately conducted to a seat. The stated shepherd of this flock was absent, and in his place sat the devout Dr. B., of another city. His very countenance was expressive of Christian love, and the fruits of the Spirit were ever manifested in his life and words. The organ peals, so unlike the lively strains of music to which her ears were accustomed, sent a solemn thrill through her soul, and for the first time in her life, she bowed her head with the worshiping congregation, while the clergyman lifted up his voice in prayer.

Unknown to her, sat, very near, a playmate of her childhood, now a devoted disciple of Jesus. With grief, Miss R. had noticed the irreligious influences by which Annie was surrounded. Often she had pleaded for her at the mercy-seat, and more than once sought an opportunity to speak upon the subject so dear to her own heart; but the attempt seemed to be in vain. Yet still she prayed for her. Now she beheld her whom she loved, seated near, in church, and noticed her devotional attitude. And more fervently than ever, she besought the God of the sanctuary that the Holy Spirit might accompany the word spoken, to her friend's heart, and make it effectual to her conversion. She closely watched her changing expression

of countenance, as the eternal death of the sinner was discoursed upon, and the entreaty urged to come to the fountain of living waters, and be cleansed from all guilt; the text being, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" A tear was visible upon Annie's cheek. Her heart was softened. Tenderly, affectionately, and earnestly the good servant of God appealed to the hearts of the impenitent, to forsake sin, and accept offered mercy; and more fervently prayed Miss R. for her.

The morning service being closed, she hastened to her friend. Clasping Annie's hand within both her own, she only said, "Let nothing prevent you from coming again this afternoon," and with a meaning glance and a full heart, left her to plead for her in her own closet, where none but God was near.

Annie returned home with feelings unknown to herself before. She knew and felt herself to be a great sinner, justly condemned to eternal death, and wondered why she had been so long in ignorance of the alarming truth. Repeatedly and hurriedly she paced her room, absorbed with her own painful reflections, refusing to eat. Her friends, supposing her ill, insisted upon sending for medical advice; but she objected, and expressed a determination to attend church in the afternoon. Little

thought they that Jesus, the great physician of the soul, was only needed, and that they, too, were equally diseased, and in greater danger, because unaware of their peril. Though surprised at her wish, they reluctantly consented.

Accordingly she obeyed the summons of the bell, now seeing as in a mirror her guilt and wretchedness, and desiring a clean heart and right spirit, without which she was convinced she must be forever unhappy. In the porch she found awaiting her Miss R., who, apparently with a heart too full to speak, led her to her own slip and sat beside her.

Prayer was offered, but though she bowed low her head, her soul knew not how to engage in it. Every word added new weight to her burden. When the clergyman read the passage selected as the theme of his discourse, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," and dwelt long upon the love and compassion of our Lord, and at length ended with his invitation and promises, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*;" her thoughts had found a new channel. God was *merciful* as well as just!

Miss R. accompanied her nearly home, expressed her joy at meeting her in God's house, and bade her "pray without ceasing" until she could feel that

Jesus had become her own Saviour. "The way has been clearly pointed out, and all you have to do is to search your Bible, follow its directions, and *pray*: do this, and you will feel the blessedness of sins forgiven," said her companion as she left her side, with an earnest pressure of the hand.

"Pray!" thought Annie, as she locked the door of her room; "I know not how to pray; and where is my Bible? I used to have one when a child." The Bible was found, and tearfully she perused its sacred pages; it was like a new book to her, and upon nearly every leaf she found the command to pray, with promises attached or an example on record. Jesus prayed, the disciples prayed; all who desired asked before they received; and the publican smote his breast with a sense of his guilt, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "I can say *that*, if nothing more," she exclaimed; and falling upon her knees, she repeated it again and again with sincerity of heart, while tears streamed from her eyes. The prayer of the penitent was heard, and we believe that hour the glad tidings resounded throughout the new Jerusalem, while all the angelic host united in a new anthem of praise and rejoicing, for another soul had been new-born.

Did Annie rise from her knees filled with rapturous joy? O no! She felt little of forgiveness and acceptance, but she had consecrated her heart, her

all, to Jesus, and resolved to live and labor for his cause, with a firm belief in his promises that he would never leave nor forsake her.

And what was the result of this consecration? A calm, peaceful trust, submission to God's will unknown to all, save those who, like her, have felt their need of a Saviour, and determined with full purpose of heart to devote their lives and talents to his service, depending alone upon his merits for salvation!

As this was but the beginning of true joy and love to Annie, so it was the dawn of a new life of trial. It was no easy matter for her to relinquish the society of her gay associates, leave those circles in which she had shone a star, and been universally caressed and flattered; and she saw only two open paths before her, the broad and the narrow way, and the latter she unhesitatingly chose.

Blessed with an unusual decision of character and knowing the impossibility of serving both God and mammon, she sought a knowledge of, and prayed for strength to perform every duty, resist temptation, and conquer besetting sins.

The first cross which duty compelled her to take up, was that of acquainting her own family friends with her change of feelings. Painful indeed was the task, but prayer enabled her to perform it. O, the sneers, rebukes, and cruel jestings that followed! Dearly as those parents loved their daughter, their

indignation knew no bounds, and was wholly uncontrolled, while she tearfully confessed that she had tried to give her heart to Christ, and should endeavor to live for him. Bitter reproaches were their only replies, but this act strengthened her, and new joy took the place of doubt, as she returned to her room to unburden her soul to the ear of Him whose love was becoming daily more precious.

And now a partition wall had arisen between herself and sister Maria. Their sympathies, aims, and purposes being no longer one, a grievous estrangement existed, instead of that tie which should unite the members of one family. She loved her sister still, and could not refrain from expressing the hope occasionally, that her mind would likewise be drawn from worldly pleasure to something more satisfactory and abiding; but every word appeared to widen the breach, and she felt that a proper Christian example and prayer could alone avail. Months rolled on; her friends' opposition not decreasing, her own faith strengthening, her hope brightening, her love for the sanctuary and religious ordinances becoming stronger, and, above all, the Bible growing more precious every day. Every repeated trial taught her to rely upon the "strong arm," which was able and ready to support her, and the loss of friends only served to bring her into nearer relations with her Saviour, who was her dearest friend.

In Miss R. she found true Christian sympathy and warmth of affection; and to her she opened fully and freely her heart. Often side by side they knelt and prayed for spiritual blessings upon her friends; but as yet no evidence of answered prayer was manifested. The summer following the time of her conversion, she, with the partial consent of her parents, united herself with Christ's earthly Church, and with the professed disciples of the Lord partook of the body and blood offered a sacrifice for sin. She was also a member of the Sabbath school, a faithful tract distributor, and endeared herself greatly by her consistent deportment to the Church where she was first awakened and enlightened, and which she had now joined.

The second anniversary of the evening when Annie last visited the theater, and saw enacted the death scene, was drawing near. "O," said she to me that Saturday morn, "if my dear parents, brothers and sisters, and especially *Maria*, were only as happy as I am now, I could ask little more; but she is going to a ball to-night, just as I did to the theater two years ago."

Evening came. Maria was gayly attired for the brilliant occasion, and full of bright anticipation. Annie was in her own room; for since the change in her, her elder sister refused to share the same sleeping apartment, deeply absorbed in thought.

Suddenly, as from a fresh impulse of feeling, she arose and stepped to her sister's side, and tenderly said, "Dear Maria, I can't let you go without reminding you, that just two years to-night, on the eve of the Sabbath, I, too, went—you know where—and may this be your last time."

So affectionate and earnest were her words, that her sister could not reply, and Annie left her, saying, "I shall pray for you all the time you are away." "I don't wish it!" she exclaimed, but the door had separated them.

Faithfully was the promise kept, for not an hour had elapsed ere her return. Hearing her steps upon the stairs, and fearing some misfortune had occurred, she rushed to the door to meet her. "*You have prayed me home,*" exclaimed Maria, and buried her face in her sister's bosom. Annie was speechless, but not tearless. Her sister followed her to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed, told her how her parting words affected her; how she had striven to banish them from her mind, but finding it impossible, had induced her companion to take her home; "for," she added, "I could not dance with you praying for me." Little did those sisters rest that night, each in her own room. Varied were the emotions of Annie, as her mind was carried back, contrasting the past with the present, and wondering and rejoicing at the new conduct and words of her sister.

Maria knew full well the cause of her distress, and struggled hard against the Spirit's influence; but conscience was aroused, and not easily quieted.

How gladdened was my heart, on entering church next morning, to notice by Annie's side—Maria! And still more so, to behold in the pulpit the well-remembered countenance and form of Dr. B., who, since that eventful Sabbath to my friend, had not preached in that church. Ah! I understood then what meant those streaming eyes, and that flushed countenance. Dear Annie! It was almost too much, on that anniversary Sabbath, to have not only her sister beside her, but that pastor before her.

Again the good doctor earnestly entreated sinners to listen to, and accept the invitations of Christ, choosing for his text Rev. iii, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc. Maria's tears were not the only ones called forth by his touching appeals. No wonder Annie's heart was filled to overflowing with thankfulness for that day's mercies. The afternoon service found them again there, seated; Annie on her sister's right hand, Miss R. on her left. I felt that she was, indeed, borne on wings of prayer up to the throne of God.

"Quench not the Spirit," solemnly read and repeated the venerable clergyman. Every eye was



riveted upon him during the whole discourse, and seemingly every heart deeply moved. Pale and motionless sat Maria, but it was apparent that her mind was active.

The following day I sought an interview with Annie, and learned that her sister said little, but was evidently very anxious. Again, the next morning, no hope had been expressed. She seemed in agony, wished to be alone, and desired no conversation of any kind. Her parents judged the cause, and what might be the result, and harshly upbraided Annie for her influence.

The week had nearly passed; and still no pleasing news had reached my ears. I knew her friends feared insanity, and Annie seemed alarmed. Her minister was summoned, but his words produced but little effect. Friday night, the sympathizing, loving sister passed entirely in prayer. Through the long hours of darkness she heard Maria's step on her carpet, but no word, no sob. Earnestly as she sought her own soul's salvation, pleaded she for that agonized sister. As daylight dawned she entered her room, trembling lest she should find her bewildered. The instant she saw her, she exclaimed, "O, Annie, had I not so treated you, I might long since have hoped; but now—"

"My sister, I forgave, and most assuredly a merciful Father will. Are you ready to give up all for

Christ?" "All! yes: I have done it; I care not for the world's opinion; it has nearly destroyed my soul. If I can only be forgiven, I will do anything, be anything for God's sake." "Have you prayed, Maria?" "No; I can't. He will not hear me." "Have you opened that Bible?" "No, it is of no use!" Annie took the sacred volume, drew her sister beside her, and read aloud the fifty-fourth Psalm; then, with her arm about her, induced her to kneel with her, and audibly commended her to the mercy and compassion of a sin-forgiving God. Tears flowed profusely, as they had not done since the Sabbath, and, when Annie arose, Maria still remained kneeling. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me;" all she could remember of that beautiful penitential Psalm, she adopted as the language of her own petition; and she, too, was accepted.

"I think, I believe, God hears," said she; "can it be? Am I owned a child, so sinful?" "My own, precious sister!" cried Annie, and the tears they mingled were of joy. We believe saints above, as well as saints below, rejoiced over this new birth.

Strange as it may seem, the parents continued to manifest their displeasure, though they no longer openly opposed. The sisters were wholly united in heart, and the following night, when they together retired, Maria requested, "Wake me early in the morning, for I have no time to lose."

On the second anniversary of the time when Annie publicly professed her faith, and determination to lead the Christian life, Maria presented herself for admission to the Church. Her expression was that of subdued pride; and, as I saw the tear-drops fast rolling down her cheeks, I felt as never before the power of religion in changing the human heart.

Where now were those hardened parents, and others, sisters and brothers? Not there, and not yet numbered, we fear, among God's redeemed people; but we hope that in answer to the united prayers of those faithful Christian sisters, every member of that household will become a member of the family of Christ.

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## INCIDENTS IN ITINERANCY.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE sun had gone down; the evening was cloudy, and the narrow road lying through a dense forest of pines, night dropped upon me of a sudden, and darkness seemed almost tangible. It was winter, however, and here and there a few patches of snow looked like fragments of dimmed daylight which the power of night had not been enabled wholly to extinguish. The December wind of a southern winter had blown through the day in chill and fitful gusts, accompanied by hail and snow, alternately succeeding each other. It had lulled with nightfall, and the darkness and silence of the wilderness were august and awful. The click of my horses hoof against a stone, the distant hooting of the night-owl, or the moaning of the soothed, but sleepless winds, through the evergreen foliage, only seemed to add terror and loneliness to the profoundness of solitude. The snow,

dampened by the rain and sheltered from the wind, would here and there mantle some shrub or sapling, which, by a little assistance of fear-distorted fancy, looked like the shrouded dead starting from the tombs; and the sighing of the night-winds, which rose and fell through the tops of the stately pines, made one feel as if he was trespassing upon the haunts of spirits.

The distance from one appointment to another on this mission circuit, in this early day, was from forty to sixty miles. I generally passed from one "settlement" to another, seldom meeting with any intermediate inhabitants; the road was seldom more than a "bridle path" or an "old Indian trail." The trees among which it would wind, were often "blazed," to guide the unwary traveler. On this occasion, I had been induced to take a new and strange route; had lost my way through the day, and became benighted. It was no less new and strange to my horse than to myself. Had it been otherwise, the sagacity of my faithful animal would put me at ease. Weary, wet, hungry, and cold, not having tasted food or seen fire since early dawn, I spurred him forward for several long, most tedious hours, every step only seeming to bear me further and further into the land of loneliness. Weariness induced drowsiness, and I reeled in my saddle like one intoxicated. In my somnambulistic state, my fancy exaggerated and dis-

torted the shape of every object, and created objects where there were none.

In the dim and dusky light that forced itself down upon me through rents in the leaden clouds and openings in the tall forests, a clump of undergrowth would swell into a mountain; and at times I seemed among the Alps, threading the brink of a fearful precipice, amid yawning gorges and inaccessible heights. Often did a fire-blackened stub, or a bush, assume the shape of a huge bear or panther, or the still more startling form of the midnight assassin. I suppose it was near midnight when my weary horse stopped of his own accord, as if for consultation. As if to enjoy his society, I leaned forward and caressed him by patting him on the neck. To the attachment which the itinerant feels for the faithful creature that has borne him so many miles, and shared so largely in his perils and privations, I can give no name. This was my first circuit. I was a youth, fresh from school, "green and tender," with the ways of the world to learn, unacquainted with forest life. I believed, without abatement, all the exaggerated accounts of forest dangers. Memory, unbidden, would intrude upon me the unwelcome accounts of persons being devoured by panthers springing suddenly upon them from trees, and of the hair-breadth escapes of persons being chased by wolves, etc. And it was no small addition to the

unpleasantness of such recollections, that just while they were crowding into my mind, an enormous "screech-owl," just over my head, gave a scream that might have terrified old Terror himself. Such a scream! I have heard nothing like it since, though I have spent ten years in the Western woods; why, it caused the hair upon my head to stand up like the quills of a porcupine. I thought of home, four hundred miles distant; of its safety and its quiet; of the sweet and smiling companionship of brothers and sisters, and of him and her who were the guardian angels of that happy group. Bewildered until all effort to locate the cardinal points was mere guess-work—the night starless and moonless—I stood straining my ears to catch, if possible, the tinkling of some cow-bell, or the bark of some settler's dog. All was as silent as if nature stood still and held her breath. All at once, however, this silence was broken by a prolonged, lugubrious noise, alternating between a howl and a yell, but a short distance from me. This was succeeded by another, another, another, and another, until all, as if by way of chorus, blended their horrific howl into one continuous babel. The forest seemed full of furies just let loose. My horse seemed startled, and made a turn at right-angles from the narrow trail, though I knew it not at the time. I found myself plunging and tearing through thickets of undergrowth, the howling

savages following close in the rear. For a moment, the howling would cease altogether; and then, after a long and introductory howl from one which seemed the leader, from twenty to forty others appeared to chime in most hideously. When there was a pause in the howling it alarmed me, if possible, the most, as I could not tell where my enemy was. At every successive howl, I perceived that they were approaching me nearer and nearer, and fast surrounding me. I now perceived that I was out of the road, surrounded by a compound of undergrowth, so thick and scragged, that it seemed impossible to penetrate it. Losing all sympathy for my horse in the desire of self-preservation, I clapped my spurs to his sides most unmercifully, and jerked at the bridle until I broke one rein. My "leggings" had been torn off in the bushes already; the skirt of my overcoat was nearly gone; my whip, in attempts to use it, was entangled in the bushes and lost; and as a "broad-brimmed hat" and a "round-breasted coat" were considered in those days indispensable badges of a Methodist preacher's calling, if not of his sanctity, mine had been prepared "expressly" for the traveling connection. My hat had gone after my whip, and my coat was "seeing some service" that night. On, on through the thicket, tore my horse; nearer and nearer approached my prowling tormentors, when an impertinent grape-vine tore away one of

my stirrups, carrying with it my "saddle-bags" and nearly unhorsing me. Thus was I strewing my path with the wreck of my itinerant outfit.

My howling foe now seemed within a few yards of me, and all around me; for, by pulling away at one rein, in the desperation of my flight, I found that I had been traveling, as logicians say we sometimes argue, "in a circle." I thought of leaving my saddle and taking to a tree, but this seemed impracticable; besides, to accomplish it, I must leave my horse and get on the ground, which seemed like descending into a den of hungry lions. I resolved on one desperate effort for life; so abandoning my horse to his own course, I drew up my feet and leaned forward in my saddle like a Camanche Indian in the chase, clinching his mane with both hands, and applying my well-spurred heels to his sides, with much of the force and something of the rapidity of trip-hammers. He snorted and plunged forward, at a leap, through the matted, thorny thicket, bush and brier, making free to batter and saw my face, as if this had been their "manifest destiny."

On my provoked beast tore, and to him I clung as if I had been bound there like Mazeppa in the poem. Hope was reviving a little as I found I left the howling behind, when suddenly my horse emerged into an open space. At the

same moment the sharp report of a gun, followed by the barking of a great dog, turned my furious horse around, which was followed again by a familiar voice:

"Who come dare? Who dat?"

"It is I," I replied in my confusion; and as the loquacious "darkey" approached, (my hungry horse putting down his head to graze,) he commenced: "Did you hear dem wolves? dey comes here 'most ebbery night an' howls out in dat ticket; dey atter massa's sheep, an' me been waching to see if dey come out, to shoot um, but de bush crack so in dare," (pointing just where I had issued from the bushes,) "dat I bang away anyhow."

*The ball had actually passed within a few inches of me.* Suddenly recognizing my whereabouts, and finding myself safe within almost a stone's throw of a "Methodist preacher's home," I dismounted from my horse, and felt, in my gratitude, like embracing the swarthy, thick-lipped masculine before me. But I found myself, at first, unable to stand; and Brother Peter, (for Peter was his name—a very pious negro,) who had been "waching" for "de preacher as well as de wolves," recognizing me, and construing my physical inability, accompanied as it was by some religious ejaculations, into a proof that I had the "powers," commenced shouting, "Bless de Lord!" "Why, halleluya!" loud enough to have frightened

half the wolves in Missouri. The first burst of his ecstasy over, he inquired:

"Massa, whar's yer hat? Whar?"

But my answer to pious Peter I must reserve for another chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.

WITH the feelings of a stranger, with a heart yearning toward the shrine of "sweet home," far away, how cheering to the weary itinerant the hearty welcome with which he is wont to meet at a "household of faith!" In the bosom of that family, where the peculiarly fraternal spirit of Methodism reigns in all its ardor, its freshness, frankness, simplicity, confidence, and hospitality, he finds a balm for his disconsolation; a rest that relieves fatigue; goes far to reward his toils and compensate for his privations. Hospitality, always one of the richest graces of the hearth-stone, is sweetened into a feast of heaven when it flows in Christian sympathy and commingles with the communion of saints. How fruitfully suggestive in blessings to the self-sacrificing itinerant is the phrase, "a good home for Methodist preachers?"

When I told Peter how I had been frightened, the noble fellow sobbed with sorrow, and lifting me

into the saddle, as if I had been a child, he led my horse to his master's door with as much solicitude as if in charge of "Cæsar and his fortunes." As I was announced, the retired family of Brother B. were soon in motion, and I was received as if I had been a long-absent member, just returned. Under the influence of friendship, fire, food, and sleep, I was, by morning, "myself again," mauer the doubts of my identity, which the glass would seem to justify. Looking about me, as I made my toilet, I was surprised to find my portmanteau, hat, whip, etc., lost in my flight, all restored. The faithful Peter had early retraced my steps in the thicket, and found these scattered conveniences but a short distance from the house. Seated at the breakfast table, the affair of the preceding night had to be related to the whole family, who seemed to listen with a spirit of sympathy and laughter alternately in the ascendant. Sister B. especially, though not wanting in pity, rather twitted me, I thought, on my want of courage. She was a lady of sound piety and cultivated intellect, but rather masculine in her constitution, both physically and mentally. The perils and privations of a backwoods life had strengthened this character. She was infinitely removed from the mere thing of ribbon and *rouge*, curls and cosmetics, band-boxes and bustles; and in her denunciation of that prudery; and soft, swoon-



ing effeminacy, that considers it a grace to scream hysterically at a clap of thunder, and faint at the sight of a snake or snail, her tender mercies were cruel. The daughter of a man who had eminently distinguished himself in the Indian fights of the West, in those "times that tried men's souls," and the wife of a man who claimed affinity with Daniel Boone, the Nimrod of Kentucky, Sister B. could, at least, defend her own poultry from the opossum and the catamount; and, if necessary, could level her husband's rifle at the bold buck or bear that might leap into the adjacent field. Wit, too, was a sharp weapon in her hands, and with difficulty she resisted the temptation to use it, even at the expense of the feelings of a friend. With her, as with old pioneers generally, the forest had but few terrors. Indeed, all seemed to think, that my fears were very disproportionate to the actual danger. Wolves were very common, but instances of their attacking a man on horseback were considered exceedingly apocryphal. The sheepfold of Brother B., it was believed, attracted them around his farm, and my position between them and their fleecy victims, it was considered, was the chief cause of their howling, and but for my circuitous movement in the bushes, I might have reached the house nearly an hour before I did. I had myself, in my alarm, urged my horse from the direct path, and thus was my danger con-

sidered mostly imaginary, and my troubles imputed to timidity. I looked out of the door, and the sun of a most lovely and mellow morning was flooding creation with an ocean of silvery and golden light. Daylight seemed to make a hero of me. I turned again to the glass, and resolved that just as soon as the scratches upon my beardless phiz no longer required explanation, to give no prominence to the story of having been "chased by a gang of hungry wolves;" at least while it appeared so problematical that I had, myself, been for some time frightening the wolves, though not quite as bad as they had frightened me. For the sake, however, of the following finale, I have violated my resolve, and now pen the whole story somewhat at my own expense.

Like illuminated spots in the sun, eccentricities become relieving graces when they are seen in the effulgence of genius; and even when they verge to extremes and become the defects of genius, in her magic light they wear the hues of an attractive enchantment. Hence those that admire, but possess but little genius, are always tempted to mimicry, and as the defects of genius are most easily imitated, these are the first attempted, even at the expense of rendering themselves ridiculous. I had heard much talk of a preacher whose praise was in all the Churches, with whom it was a striking peculiarity that he took most singularly odd texts. The follow-

ing had been repeated to me as fair specimens of his taste in that particular: "Shem, Ham, and Japhet;" "There are six steps to the throne;" "I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?" "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes;" "Ephraim is a cake not turned," etc. Resolved to vie with my popular predecessor in quaint and ear-catching textualities, I had already preached from the single words "Sin," "Religion," and from the interjection "Alleluia," and on my last round in this region of backwoods, bear meat, and buckskin, I had enlightened the brawny, staring tenantry of log cabins from this: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." On this occasion of officiating at Brother B.'s, I had fixed upon Genesis 22, first clause of the 13th verse. My congregation, pedestrian and mounted, emerging in "Indian file" from the surrounding forest, began to assemble from all quarters of the "settlement," as was quite common, from two to three hours before the time of service. It consisted of ten or fifteen men, several of whom carried guns, and nearly all accompanied by a dog, [it was not the Sabbath, and the chance of surprising a deer was not to be lost,] and from ten to twenty smoke-sallowed matrons, [woman always makes the majority in approaches to her Maker,] generally happy specimens of haleness and obesity, on horseback, with a larger child behind and a lesser before, to

which may be added several well-grown daughters and a proportionate number of the youthful lordly sex. Also, an occasional sorrow-stricken widow, whose companion, perhaps, had but just cleared enough of his new farm for his cabin yard and early grave; one or two patriarchal "grand-pas," several negroes, and now and then an Indian who had lingered behind his exiled tribe, to die on the desecrated ashes of his ancestors. The greeting of those rustic neighbors on "meetin'" days was most cordial, and it used to refresh my heart to see it. The elderly sisters formed a chatting semicircle around the mammoth fire-place, and regaled themselves with pipes. The men and brethren chatted in the yard, or lounged on the benches and the fence. The young folks were silent in their bashfulness, occasionally summing up sufficient courage to whisper, and in the general, looking a very intelligible language. Now and then a young man, with a club that would have served the purpose of Hercules, acted as a special peace messenger between two quarrelsome curs, who, like some nations, seemed to fight for scarcely any other reason than to indulge their love of it. All treated the minister with profound respect, and waited patiently the hour of worship. Our sanctuary was a large, oblong log-house; two curtainless beds stood foot to foot across one end of the room, and a little two-foot square window, with oiled paper for

glass, aided by the chimney, sundry crevices and the "cat hole" in the door, served to light it. Under the window, by the side of a rickety stand, covered with a snow white cloth, mounted by the old family Bible, a hymn book, and the class book, sat the preacher, gravely conning over his sermon, and watching a switch-pendulumed Yankee clock for the hour to commence. Believe me, dear reader, often has the writer in preaching "Jesus and the resurrection" to such groups of sturdy yeomanry, who have occupied civilization's outposts, communed with transport with "Him who dwelt in the bush," and felt that he trod on holy ground. Here was none of the starch, the stiffness, the formalities, the conventionalities of a fashionable sanctuary to interpose between the worshiper and "the throne of the heavenly grace." Though rude, all was simple and artless. In such reminiscences, we could almost wish to recall the realities; they are spots green and sunny in the retrospect of memory. Primitive, pioneering Methodism, will long be fragrant in the memory of the Church.

Precisely at the time all seated themselves in the house, but the "brethren of color," who stood jammed in the corners and wedged in the door, revealing their ivory in their delight. The intelligence of Sister B. in this motley congregation, made her as a philosopher among the "plebeians." She was a

ruling spirit. Disposed to criticise my faults with a most unmerciful silence on the subject of my merits, she was no small terror to me, being not yet three months old in the ministry, on my first circuit, and at the age of seventeen. Certainly her look of approbation, or real, or fancied disapprobation, had not a little to do in assuring or disconcerting me. With a repetition and due emphasis, I arose and read for my text, "*Behold a ram caught in a thicket by his horns.*" Sister B. dropped her head, and I thought others did the same. I blushed and put my hand up to my marred face, the bright furrows on which, the looking-glass in the clock just in front of me that moment, revealed the fact of myself having been "caught in the thicket" the night previous, filled my mind with ideas of the ridiculous. All thoughts that I would have uttered fled to oblivion. The genius of "confusion more confounded" took possession of my sensitive frame. It grew dark before me, and the perspiration stood in large drops upon my brow. There are but few preachers but know something of the unwelcome feelings that succeed a pulpit failure. I stammered through my discourse, and was glad when the people dispersed, as I wished to get out of sight.

On the evening of the same day, accompanying the charitable Peter to the barn to see my horse, as a small relief to my mortified feelings, I thought I

would "pump him" a little on the subject of the sermon. "How did you like the sermon," says I, "Peter?" "O, berry well, berry well, massa, but missus says as how your text and scratched face make her tink all de time of Abraham's *big sheep* in de bushes." I learned from that time that sensible people will judge something of the taste and common sense of a preacher by the texts he takes

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### CHAPTER III.

To the lonely, benighted, and bewildered traveler, a distant home-light streaming out into the gloom, as if to meet him, is gratefully welcome; precious, at times, as the star of hope dawning on the darkness of destiny. Sparks ascending in flocks from the spacious mouth of the "stick chimney," glowing, hurrying, fading, gone; fit emblem of life, so soon lost in eternity, whither faith, but not sight, may follow them; a lamp flickering through the cabin window, or the cheerful hearth-fire shining through the half "chinked" walls of rough logs; the fierce bark from a troop of faithful watch-dogs, with a loud shout of "Get out!" from the hospitable inmates, as the house is approached—are *all* to the backwoodsman

fraught with the "spell of home." A word that has but two others—Mother, Heaven—to vie with it in sweetness, and they are of kindred meaning.

After a hard day's travel through the Cypress Swamps that constitute much of the "Big Bottoms" that stretch along the western bank of the Mississippi in Eastern Missouri, I was minded of my approach to a small settlement of "Squatters" embosomed in this Paradise of frogs, Elysium of snakes, and Gibraltar of wild "varmints" by the distant twinkling of fire-lights. The day, for night had overtaken me, had been dark and rainy, and the damp, chill winds (it was late in autumn) had moaned through the yew-like foliage, like lost spirits "seeking rest, and finding none." A spirit of melancholy, too deep for the tender, sweet, and weeping inspirations of poetry, had been inspired. The fact was, it bordered on the "blues." It had not rained very hard, but the low, sluggish clouds seemed to have caught and hung in the tops of the tall cypress-trees, keeping up an incessant mildew-like drizzling. A luxuriant undergrowth, top-heavy with wet, bent inward over the narrow "trail," forming at places a dark, dripping arcade, and at others drooping so low as to compel my horse to creep under it like a "gopher" in prairie grass, leaving one to tear through, or to be torn off, according to the "force of circumstances." Every now and then

a muddy, creeping stream or bayou, crossed my track, through which I must swim my pony; or, as they were generally narrow, the trunk of a fallen tree often served me as a bridge, by the side of which I could swim my snorting, plunging pony. I scarcely need tell the reader that I had been the "live long day" wet as a soaked sponge. My woolen garments, weighty with wet, seemed to have lost the power of resisting cold, and felt like sheets of ice. In short, the best image of the idea I had of myself, was that of a stone statue in a wet cave. I resolved, therefore, on sharing the first shelter, and spreading my bearskin and blanket before the first fire where I could meet with a welcome that did not amount to a prohibition. Reining up my horse in a volume of oblong light that was flung out from a huge fire through a rude, half-closed cabin door, into the vapory gloom, I hailed the happy inmates that were seated in a semicircle around it, enjoying themselves with mirth most uproarious. The dogs were absent "on duty" as well as their master, with the exception of a wee cur, about the size of grimalkin, which barked a scream, and with disclosed tusks threatened myself and horse with immediate annihilation. Little dogs, like little men, seldom seem to know they are little. A *lady*—[you are to understand this word, not in its modern, but in its original sense, which was *bread-giver*—a lady

came to the door and inquired, "Whose thar?" I told her I was, unworthily, a preacher of the Gospel; a missionary visiting the neighborhood for the first time, and that I had been directed to stop at Mr. F.'s. She "had heern of me"—"Mr. F. lived five mile further up the creek; I couldn't get there to-night, no how;" she "guessed as how I better stop thar all night," though her "husband and Cuba was off bear huntin'," but she "spected one or tother would be home certain that night"—that there was "a mighty good place right by where I could hobble out my horse, or I could tie him to a tree and give him some blades." During this kind colloquy, the little dog, with bristles erect, growled on guard, and some half a dozen children, "with just a year twixt um," gaping with curiosity and shrinking with fear, the smaller ones clinging to "mamma," and the least sobbing and stifling a scream in his fright, stood huddled in the door. Perhaps some will call it a whim of mine, or a want of charity; but to confess the truth, great talkativeness in a woman always excites in me caution, and at least a tacit suspicion of mischief. My thoughts will recur, in spite of me, to that most innocent and persecuted of all creatures, according to her *own* most eloquent showing, the *tattler*. But the loquacity of our landlady, on this occasion, seemed but to assure me of a hearty welcome to her frugal home in



the wild woods. Continuing, she remarked, "that thar had been a right smart chance of bears about that season," and "that Billy here," pointing to a little flaxen-haired, fire-frizzled, barefooted son of about ten years, whose face, which was brunetted with a fine coat of smoke and bear's oil, was lighted up, the meantime, with a self-sufficient smile of triumph that would have graced a hero—"Billy here," says she, "killed a cub tother day, his lone self, so he did!" With this maternal eulogy the young Nimrod advanced and took the reins of my horse, while I dismounted and walked into the house, "Trip" disputing my entrance inch by inch, the children retreating before me like young partridges, the mother bidding me welcome, with a sharp "get out" to the poodle, a "hush up" to the alarmed responsibilities, and with an emphatic command to "Ginny" to "sweep up a little." This mandate was executed forthwith, to the great annoyance of my asthmatic breathing organs, by the stirring, most lustily, of some half an inch of ashes and dust on a dirt hearth and "puncheon" floor, with a bunch of broom corn bound up with a tow string.

It is a fact as common as it is unfortunate that from the highest to the lowest state of civilization, unexpected visitors are always sure to drop in just when the house is most out of order and needs

sweeping the most, not to name the fact that the children on such occasions are sure to be not only in their worst fix, but more troublesome than on any other occasions. At least my old mother—green be the turf above her tear-dewed grave!—my mother, and her testimony is corroborated by the ladies generally—my mother, I say, used to say so apologetically, to such droppers in, as she would call me to her, on such occasions, and stroke back my tangled, floating locks, and rebuke me for carelessly soiling and tearing my clothes so much, and making such a "litter." Then taking my age for a text, which the visitor in compliment had asked, she was wont to wind up by treating him to a dissertation on my precocious genius. Reader, even now I feel, in fancy, the impress of that soft hand upon my throbbing brow. Such events are associated with the proudly joyous moments of our early existence—the balmy memories of other days, forever fled, which we fondly summon from the past, to come and fold their soft wings about our saddened hearts, burdened with the stern, cold realities of riper years.

After a sumptuous supper of "corn-dodger," bear-beef; butter-milk, and wild honey, I had time to look around me, address myself to such specific duty of my "high calling" as the occasion required, and retire to rest. I had so far tamed the children,

that several of them stood kissing (their faces had undergone ablution while I was at supper—a rare circumstance, I should think,) without crying. Soon two of the little neglected triflers consented to sit on my knee, a bold step, which I was very careful to reward. The mother seemed much delighted. Having secured the confidence of all, I introduced the subject of religion. And here, in its simplest elements, I was at once beyond the depth of my household auditory. The boys had never been to school—"had no larnin'"—"never hearn anybody pray but once, and that was at a buryin' when Mrs. W. died with the ager and fever"—"they never seed a Bible, and never knowed it was wrong to go coonin' on Sunday"—"they never had goed to meetin', but would like to." Reader, my heart seemed to break over this little semi-civilized, benighted group, as I spoke to them of sin and a Saviour. But how was I shocked on turning to a mother and asking her if she knew of the death of Jesus, when she exclaimed, "Is he dead?"—"Well we had hearn out here of the death of Franklin, and Washin'ton, and all the great Injun fighters, but *never knowed afore that Jesus was dead!*"

## CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH sorrowful of heart, I was much refreshed in my weariness from the ample bounty of the rude board, the warmth of the huge fire, blazing in a chimney which occupied nearly one end of the house, and before which I lingered long, for the twofold purpose of drying my clothing and of being up when my hunting host or his hopeful son should return. Child after child nodded around me, obstinately refusing to go to bed, while stories of rare adventure in fishing, bee and bear hunting, snake-killing, and dangers from "Injuns" in early times, were related to me with a rare fluency and naturalism, and in the *patois* of the squatter, by mine lady of the manor. I finally proposed prayer and retirement, as the latter had become a necessity, for sleep had overpowered me. Kneeling amid the little group, but one or two of whom followed my example, I commended the household to God. Opening my eyes in the devotion, a most singular spectacle presented itself. The hospitable but illiterate mother, with her children, who were pagans in all that pertained to prayer, sat or stood looking at me in an attitude of mute surprise, that suggested,



in spite of myself, the commingled emotions of pity and of ridiculousness. Such, reader, are some of the positions in which the backwoods missionary, a quarter of a century ago, found himself placed in the wilds of Missouri and Arkansas. He was the first teacher and civilizer who reached this class; a class occupying a position between civilization and barbarism, so doubtful, that one was often in difficulty on which side of the line to classify them. A class, however, we are happy to say, who gave the missionary a cordial welcome, and who were readily susceptible to religious impressions.

I was kindly pointed to the resemblance of a bed in the corner of the room, on to which I threw myself, with my dried overcoat for a covering, and was soon lost in sleep so profound, that on awakening at a late hour in the morning, it seemed as if a few hours of my conscious existence had been blotted out. Not even a fragment of a half-remembered dream could I recall. I was, however, completely refreshed, and as I looked from my humble cot, the warm breakfast smoked upon the rude table, and the kind mother was busily engaged in preserving a strict silence for my benefit. For the last two hours she had probably guarded my slumbers. Everything about the cabin partook of an air of increased neatness over the preceding evening. Golden sunlight was streaming through places in its side, where

the chinking had escaped. The door was open, and the yard had received a scavenger's services. The feet of deer, bones, and other fragments of a hunter's victory, were all removed to an appropriate distance. Even the little dog seemed reconciled to my visit, and, curled up like a caterpillar, laid close by the side of my bed. I at once felt at home. The scene, too, was fruitfully suggestive. Wherever the missionary goes domestic cleanliness whitens on his pathway. Religion is a great face washer. Give a squalid people the Bible, and favor them with a pastor's presence, and the use of soap and sand will commence at once greatly to increase. The man physical is as suddenly elevated by the presence of Christianity, as was St. Peter aroused by the touch of an angel. In these ruder strata of society, it is not to be ranked among the least blessings which the itinerant evangelist dispenses in his career, that whenever and wherever the preacher is expected, increased attention is paid to personal and household neatness. The preacher, therefore, who should be a boor or a sloven, whatever his other excellences might be, would so far fail in the requisite qualifications of his office.

I arose at once, and as to my toilet, it only needed a little adjustment, and after walking to the stream near by, and taking a thorough ablution, I felt again those pulsations of being, that enabled me for once

to do as Combe has suggested a healthy, grateful, feeling man should always do : set my foot upon the firm earth, and "thank the great I AM that *I* am too." The sky over me was cloudless and deeply blue, the sun seemed rejoicing on his journey, and though the autumnal winds sighed through the forest and scattered the foliage of the deciduous trees, I was as buoyant as children about a May-pole on that gala day. I was ready to resume my journey "five miles further up the creek." The larger boy, who had killed the cub his "lone self," had faithfully groomed my horse, and adventured to accompany me from the house, while the other children peeped at me from around the log corners and through the crevices. I was minded by my little hero that breakfast was in waiting. Just at this moment, however, two or three large curs, as if acting as heralds, came leaping into the door yard, barking a good morning, and shaking their great tails and throwing their huge paws upon the shoulders of the children, who, understanding the whole, exclaimed with delight, "Dad and Cuba is come." The good wife immediately left the house to meet her returning husband, while our little hero above mentioned kept me company, and reconciled me to the dogs, or, rather, the dogs to me. "Dad" and Cuba were both mounted, and were now at hand, and though they brought no "bar" as a trophy of their success, the horse of the

former was burdened with a fine buck, and Cuba had strung over the back of his some fine wild turkeys. As the wife met her husband, a pause ensued, and it was by no means difficult to divine the topic of conversation. In a few moments, all came up to the door, to which with every child I repaired like one of the family. The introduction of mine hostess consisted simply in pointing me to the man on horse-back, and telling me that he was her husband. I approached him with the readiest familiarity, and was received with a cordiality which seemed to say, "I am not sorry to find you here." This was grateful. In a very brief space of time, son and father had disposed of their game and horses, had washed the blood from their hands, and joined us at breakfast. They had been unsuccessful in a bear chase, became belated, stayed all night at a neighbor's, and had taken those fine spoils of Nimrod, above mentioned, on their return home, on that morning. If our good friend had seemed pleased out of doors, he actually seemed more so when he came in, a state of feeling which we have reason to believe the unusually neat adjustment in which he found his home, contributed not a little. Like his spouse, he had "heern" of me, "knowed little about preachers," but "if they had come to his cabin, he had kind o' liked to see 'em." He had "heern from neighbor S., five miles further up the crick, that I was mighty smart;

thought he'd go to meetin' some day; I musn't leave thar that day any how; that he had gone off, leavin' his wife with nothin' to eat; that I must stop and have some turkey and venison." To all these expressions of kindness and hospitality, I made appropriate responses, informing my kind retainer that I must pursue my journey that morning, as I was expected at Mr. S.'s, where I was to hold meeting twice on the following day, which was the Sabbath. I also urged the attendance of himself and wife, on which request she looked at her namelessly colored dress, and he at his hunting-shirt, but said nothing. I repeated my request with a promise, if they would do so, I would try and visit them again in some six weeks. Finally, he exclaimed, "Old woman, if we are poor, we are as well off as our neighbors. I guess as how we'll go up to Squire S.'s to-morrow." Assuring them that I should be much disappointed if I did not see them, and bidding them a cordial good-by, with many thanks for their kindness, I resumed my journey up the creek. When at some distance from the house, glancing behind, I still saw the whole family in the yard looking after me. Reader, such is one of the hopes of the missionary. I felt that an open door was there set before me, and murmuring one of the only two tunes I could ever sing perfectly, Old Hundred, rode joyfully on my journey. I ought to have said, that my mind was

much relieved in reference to the stolid ignorance of the poor woman, when on the morning I again adverted to our Saviour as dying for sinners, she suddenly exclaimed, as if mortified at her own mistake of the evening before, "O, you mean Christ of the Bible, don't ye?" "Certainly I do," said I. "O, she had heern about that, and knowed a heap once, but she believed they never would know anythin' if they didn't go to meetin'."

Yes, thought I, "goin' to meetin'" at the call of the devoted itinerant, has always been the beginning of wisdom and germ of civilization to the denizens of the first cabins that thinly dotted the West; the men of the hunting-shirt, ax, and rifle. When the agencies that constructed society in the "great West" that was, shall be truthfully symbolized on an appropriate monument, the Methodist Hymn Book, Discipline, and the Bible, will appear first in the design, in juxtaposition with the SADDLE-BAGS, AX, AND THE RIFLE.

## CHAPTER V.

I soon arrived at the cabin of Brother S., "five miles further up the creek," a phrase, by the way, which must be only understood to mean the following along the banks of a sluggish, muddy stream, constituting the connecting link between one swamp or morass—sometimes called lakes—and another. By the earthquake of 1811-'12, a large portion of this part of Missouri, including a million and a half of acres, was sunk from one to six feet lower than the rest of the world. Immense forests of moss-bearded cypress, ash, and sugar-maple, descended with the surface, and still stand, the most of the trees dead, and dropping down piecemeal, like the limbs of the doomed victims of the gibbet, into the turbid waters beneath; the whole surface being covered with an immense web of rotting timber. The spectacle is a peculiar and melancholy one, and looks as if nature here had resorted to an execution. All over this region under which the earthquake slumbers, are to be found small districts of country which were not submerged, and at this early day, had been returned, as not worth the price of surveying. The land, however, is fertile, abounds in mast and wild

game, and hence, the class of squatters described sought these spots to live free from the tax-gatherer, to take possession of the soil upon the principles that Adam did, and engage in the pleasures and emoluments of the chase with very little danger of that annoyance which Daniel Boone always feared, "of having neighbors settle too near to him." Why the miasma of these interminable marshes did not sweep away these adventurers like the sirocco of the desert, I was never able satisfactorily to determine. I noticed, however, that the waters were highly colored and thoroughly impregnated with the terebinthine principle of the cypress everywhere abounding. Thus may nature have provided its own catholicon. The inhabitants are generally healthy.

The house of Brother S. stood upon the side of a gentle ascent, facing an extended view of this Golgotha of dying and rotting forests. It was a double cabin of logs, with porch and hall, and he being one of the oldest inhabitants, it was regarded as rather an aristocratic residence. Cattle and swine, however, had free access to the very door, and as the soil was soft just after the rain, there was much adhesiveness just where the thrifty New-Englander takes care that there shall be none. On the ends and sides of the house were stretched deer, raccoon, and other skins, drying for use. A huge stick chimney graced each end of the building, and just in the rear and a

little further up the ascent, stood a comical nondescript little cabin, not far from which, a spring of apparently pure water bubbled up, and after being guided for some distance by the trunk of a hollow tree, it leaped out and went laughing away to the lake. I was looked for, and the porch was occupied with our good friend and one or two of his sturdy sons, with several watch-dogs; a face as black as Egypt, the meanwhile, peering out the little cabin behind and looking for my arrival. The moment I hove in sight, every dog leaped toward me with an uproarious bark, all arose, and with shouts of "Get out," I was cordially welcomed to this, one of the oldest preaching-places in the region, known in that day as "Below the swamp." "Come, light," was the cheering greeting, and I was soon seated in the porch, my horse cared for, in the enjoyment of all those pleasures which a whole-hearted welcome, given to one on the pathway of duty, imparts. I was quickly told that I was to be met there by a fellow-itinerant, (and it was a rare thing in those days and regions for one Methodist preacher to be favored with the society and assistance of another;) that they had made arrangements for services that afternoon and in the evening; that my coming had been carefully made known for a distance of many miles, and that to-morrow we must have a love-feast, and as many more sermons as we were able to preach,

Sister S. exclaiming at the same time, that "as I was to come to see them so mighty few times, and as that was the first time, they were a-going to try and have a good time." In the meantime, I looked about me, and saw that the action had been suited to the words, and that ample preparation had been made for this spiritual festival in the way of mending superannuated benches, and also the making of several new ones. I also noticed, that in addition to the home-made bedsteads, generally constructed from fence-rails, two additional ones had been put up by the insertion of poles in the cracks of the cabin, supported at the opposite end with dogwood forks, the whole done in the highest style of the art, and wearing an air of inviting neatness. For be it known here, to you people of parlors and pianos, of sitting-rooms, dormitories, carpeted and upholstered churches, that all this paraphernalia of civilization would have been as much of a mystery to the audience that assembled at Brother S's. as the furniture of Solomon's Temple, or the recently exhumed wonders of old Nineveh; and that the presence of beds, such as described, were but little in the way in a log-cabin audience-room, as the ladies generally, most economically, in the case of a crowd, occupied every inch of their surface. Knowing this to be the case, I looked to the newly-constructed bedsteads with some apprehension, but said nothing.



By this time the audience had commenced to assemble. In Indian file, rudely mounted, with hunting-shirt, coon-skin caps, and often with rifle on the shoulder, wife behind and child before, they came like doves to the windows. Sister S. smiled in delight. Brother S. was all politeness by shouting as loud as a sea captain, "Come, light, neighbor B." "What do you sit there for, Brother C.? ride up to the porch here;" when all at once, two braces of ivory set in ebony, appeared in the person of Aunt Susan and Uncle Billy from the Liliputian cabin in the rear of the house, a sufficient explanation of its use. Bench after bench was stowed in the receiving room, hall, and porch. Strange steeds meeting from afar, neighed either defiance or welcome. Dogs, of which there were nearly as many as people, barked or growled. Now and then a child would cry, and now a loud, jovial laugh from a rotund matron, as she met a sister spirit, and they both drew out cob-pipes with cane tubes, for a friendly smoke, and thus all was activity; joy and expectation ruled the hour. The preacher was looked to by many as a *rara avis*. Few ventured to obtrude their acquaintance upon him, but assisted by Brother S. and Sister S., he took all by the hand, and kissed all the babies whom he presumed it would not frighten into a scream; but in exercising his caution in this direction, con-

fesses to the weakness of being governed much by appearances. The audience increases, and my colleague has arrived. The time of service has arrived also. Order is restored in Warsaw, and the voice of praise rings out from this extemporized temple in this vast wilderness, hallowing the Gothic forest aisles. It is something to sing or hear sung for the first time, at these outposts of civilization, some of those good old hymns embalmed in immortality, such as,

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing;"

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone;"

"O for a thousand tongues to sing," etc.

It has since fallen to my lot to stand in the pulpits of sundry of our city edifices, sacred to eternity, appropriately ornamented with every mechanical beauty that might gratify the taste and quicken the esthetics of a people, and to hear the voice of the congregation blend with the solemn discourse of the organ, and I have felt at home. But believe me, dear reader, when I say that I never felt to tread holier ground, never felt more magnified by my holy office, than did I feel that day at Brother S.'s. Nor was that the only time that a gush of gladness spouting from my heart, blended with a sense of unworthiness to enjoy the privilege of seeking after just such lost sheep in the wilderness

as these. In preaching, I had great liberty and profound attention, accompanied by an occasional sob and groan, and emphatic amens from my assistants and the members of the small class there organized. It would seem, however, that I was too didactic and wanting in the powers of exhortation, for when my brother, an employé under the elder, and so limited in a knowledge of letters that he could not read an unfamiliar hymn correctly, arose, he soon distanced me, quite, in his power over the audience. And though he exhorted nearly as long as I preached, he never seemed to leave the theme of "dying a shouting," "going to Jesus," and "meeting our relatives in glory." The policy of Providence in preacher-making in the history of Methodism has always been, to choose some men on a perfect level with the people with whom they were to labor, in intellectual resources and power. Such men have had their mission, and been the *primum mobile* of a pioneering Methodism. I will here fling a green wreath to their memories, as they have beat me in preaching very often, if discourses are to be judged of by present effects upon the audience. Brother Neal was one of these, and the road to his heart was that which led to the hearts of his neighbors. Though the most contented people with this earth that we ever saw, the idea of getting to such a heaven, in such a way, seemed

absolutely irresistible in its fascinations. His word was with power. Some screamed, another hooted, a third fell, a few seemed affrighted, while a few others, initiated into such scenes, shouted in true orthodox style. And no one did this matter up better than did Aunt Susa, who had taken her place in the back end of the hall. She flew up and down, straight and steady as a shuttle in a weaver's loom, with the word "Glory" warbling from her lips, while Uncle Billy sat shaking and grinning in inexpressible delight through his tears. Among the extemporized bedsteads, things did not fare so well. My anticipated fears were fully realized. Those upon them leaping to their feet, and some of them shouting for joy in a manner that would have minded Peter at Pentecost of the opulent announcements of prophecy, first one came down with a crash, which causing the occupants of the other simultaneously to make a move toward evacuation, it also gave way, and fat women and babies—there were no lean ones there—tumbled flat upon the puncheon floor with a rattle and a crash. The tide of devotion, however, ebbed not for a moment, and my good brother continued to expatiate upon his theme, always so welcome to the heart, here, conscious of its absence from home, and which has been so beautifully described by the rainbow-tinted pen of the poet:



"O, the joys that are there, mortal eye hath not seen!  
 O, the songs they sing there, with hosannas between!  
 O, the thrice-blessed song of the Lamb and of Moses!  
 O, brightness on brightness, the pearl-gate uncloses!  
 O, white wings of angels! O, fields white with roses!  
 O, white tents of peace, where the rapt soul reposes!  
 O, the waters so still, and the pastures so green!"

He sat down exhausted. The audience sung, and I waited for a lull in the extravagant height of feeling to which they had been carried, to announce the future order of the day, and to bring on the benediction. By suffering everything to abide its time, all came around right, and after ascertaining that one poor backslider had been reclaimed, two or three sinners pricked in the heart, we paused for bodily refreshment, and for the resumption of services in the evening.

Some thirty of the audience, which consisted of about forty, tarried in response to the urgent and hospitable invitation of Brother S. Backwoods dinners I have already described, and as to the service of the evening and those of the following day, they were as the one just described, only more abundant. I rejoiced exceedingly on Sabbath morning, to see in the audience my kind host and hostess, introduced to the reader in the foregoing chapter. But my joy was heightened into ecstasy, when, under the sermon, I saw both bend their heads like a willow bough and weep like whipped children. Prevailing upon the

husband to suffer his wife to stay on Sabbath evening, I saw her happily converted at the anxious-seat, and her first shout was, "Glory to the Christ of the Bible!"

Monday morning came, and in counting up the results of the meeting, we found that about one third of our audience had been converted, doubling the number of the small class at this point. All passed to their homes, apparently delighted and solemnized by the occasion, and I was alone with our kind brother and sister and family, and though wearied, great peace was my portion, wondering at the great things the Lord had done for us. The sky was cloudless, and the autumnal sunlight seemed greatly increased in mellowness, and nature's breath seemed ambrosial with odors from the better land. My ears still seemed to retain the untaught warblings of the notes of revival song, and while, as I walked out in the forest shade, the loosened leaf came slowly eddying down at my feet, reminding me of man's autumn and destiny, the winds the meanwhile gently moaning through the tops of the cypress, I seemed in rapt communion with two worlds, and patiently resigned to live at once in either, when suddenly I was reminded of the snake in Eden, by a most hideous and deadly-fanged one at my feet. I started suddenly back, and armed myself for the duty of bruising his head. In

returning to the house, I related my adventure to Brother and Sister S., with blank cheek and trembling nerve, Uncle Billy peeping in at the door at the same time, the impertinent fellow, chuckling over my fears. "Why," said I, "Uncle Billy, what do you laugh for?" Assured by my familiarity, he snatched the fragment of what had once been a hat from his woolly pate, and exclaimed, "Why, Massa Watson, I laughs at you bein' so 'stonished of killin' one snake of a mornin', when sometimes I has to kill a half a dozen." I shuddered from top to toe, exclaiming, "Snaky country this, Uncle Billy." "Wall, Brudder W., dat is, Massa Watson," advancing two steps further into the room, "if you and massa dare, will take a ride wid me in my perogue, on de lake down dar, to-morrow, de way I show you snakes be a caution; dat sartin." I immediately struck with Uncle Billy for a ride with him into snakedom on the following morning, the incidents of which journey, constituting, as they do, emphatically, a "snake" story, with the rare quality of being a true one, I must reserve for another brief chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN the foregoing chapter, the reader has had a glance at the features of an old-fashioned "two-days' meeting," in this early day, at these out-posts. Two days' rest to the preacher were generally found necessary following such an effort. Tuesday morning had arrived, my weariness was relieved, and I was prepared to join "Uncle Billy" on an adventure into the swamp to see its "lions," and especially its snakes. It is yet early in the morning, however, and the cold rain of a few nights since renders it necessary that we wait until the hot hours of the forenoon. I will seek a brief interview with Aunt Susa, in her little cabin.

"Good morning, Aunt Susa," said I, as I stepped into her quarters.

"Why, good mornin', Massa Watson: laws o' marcy, dis no place for de likes o' you."

"Why," said I, "Aunt Susa, have you some places here too good for me?" and saying this, I advanced toward a little mantle-shelf and seized Susa's pipe, together with some nice tobacco leaves of her own raising, and was preparing to regale myself a little, when she flew toward me, exclaiming:

"Massa, you no shall smoke wid dat pipe; it no

go in your mouf arter havin' been in dis child's dirty mouf, dat sartin. Here be a new pipe, an' a mighty good un, too; an' like to the colt, de foal ob an ass, we read ob, massa, which no one neber ride afore, no one has eber smoked in it." And here she commenced filling it up as I threw myself into the rude resemblance of a chair.

"Susa," said I, "where did you learn to quote Scripture?"

"Why, massa, blessed be your lips, I larn much from de preachers; but dar, massa, look dar, by de side ob ye!" when, turning around, my delighted eyes rested upon a well-soiled, well-thumbed, old-fashioned Bible, that had recently received an additional covering of buckskin.

"Susa," said I, "where did you get this?"

"I brings it from old Tennessee," said she, "twenty years ago;" saying which, she handed me the new pipe, on the top of which she had balanced a coal from the hearth. Inhaling a whiff or two, said I:

"Susa, can you read?"

"Yes, massa, blessed be God, I reads mighty well for de likes ob me; do de hard words are a great bother—some ob which I skips; but I hab read dat Bible dar a mighty heap; read it from de apostle Solomon all de way to the prophet Saul; but reads de most in dat part whar Jesus be on de earth, it bein' de most easy."

"Can Uncle Billy read?" I asked.

"No; he say he too old to larn, now; but he set here an' smoke ob nights, an' listen mighty close to what I reads. He tinks it be enough for I to know how to read."

"Who learned you to read, Susa?"

"Well, now, dat be a funny question, kase if I tell you, I fear you won't believe me, nohow."

"Why, yes," said I, "Susa, I will believe you."

"Well, den, I tell ye it was de angels. I no know how to read, an' I lays an' cries an' prays about it ob nights; I den goes to sleep an' dreams about it, an' most ebery night for a year I prays an' cries an' takes up my Bible, when one night it seem as if an angel come down, an' I don't know whether I 'wake or 'sleep, I sees all de letters in de book, an' it say to me, 'Dis be a, an' dat b, an' dat c,' an' so on; an' arter a little while I gits up, I opens my Bible, when I knows most ebery letter. Next morning, young Massa Tom, who know'd how to read, come in here to run bullets, when I axed him, says I, 'Tom, does you call dese letters dis?' 'Why, yes,' says he, 'you old fool, you.' 'Now,' says I, 'Tom, you'll want some ob my good bacca soon, an' if you 'buse me dat way you no get it.' 'Well,' says he, 'Aunt Sue, if you'll run my bullets for me dis mornin', I'll come in here to-night an' show you a heap about readin'.' So I run Tom's bullets, and he comes at

night, an' I larns mightily. But Tom wouldn't larn me long, anyhow. So I told him dat I find him in bacca an' run his bullets always, if he larn me a little now an' den. Well, Tom did; an' you see dat it was de angel fust, an' Tom next, dat start me on in readin'. An' O! what a blessed ting it is; I would rather die dan gib up my Bible; an' I'se been a readin' dis mornin'; but before I say dat, I tell you again I neber should read a hooter but for dat angel."

Here I was for a moment profoundly grave at the mysteries of the imagination; and then smiling at the garrulous old saint's credulity, said I:

"Susa, what is that you have been reading this morning?"

"Why, as I was sayin', I was readin' in Ge-nee-sis about dat sarpint dat was more suttly dan de oder cattle ob de field, which I spose mean dat he be brack, kase he came from dat place whar de wicked go dat burn all de while wid fire an' brimstone."

Here I smiled again, over this new exegesis, and said:

"Aunt, what did you read about the old serpent for this morning?"

"O, I hardly knows; I guess kase Uncle Billy tell me you gwine snake huntin' to-day, an' kase as how it say de sons ob de woman shall bruise dar heads."

Here I paused to simplify the theology of this

blessed passage, which I feared this simple saint had understood too literally, when she exclaimed that she "had often kind ob thought dat!" and that Jesus to her "was de sweetest name under de sun;" and that she loved to sing,

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

A stave of which, with dampened eyes, she had already struck up, when Uncle Billy's arrival announced all things in readiness for our tour in the swamp.

Accompanied by young Massa Tom, and the campaign headed by Uncle Billy, each with a rifle on the shoulder, we were soon at the edge of the lake, or morass, to which reference has been made. Following along its low shore some half a mile, my nerves were gradually schooled to the test to which they were to be subjected by frequently meeting with his snakeship, that literally swarm in some parts of these morasses. It is not the ordinary water snake, but a lazy, sluggish, and arrow-mouthed, poisonous reptile, called by the swampers the "moc-casin-mouthed snake." He executes his bite but clumsily, which greatly lessens the danger of his presence, and he seldom leaves the shores of these unsightly marshes but a few yards; another most fortunate circumstance; and in the season of the year already referred to, they seem to be congrega-

ting for winter-quarters, which may account somewhat for what we shall in a moment detail. The bite of this reptile is deadly, quite as much so as that of the rattlesnake or copperhead. I was informed that swine very readily devour them, which item of information I should have felt quite as well not to have received, as I had been enjoying at Brother S.'s the luxury of some well-smoked side bacon, along with some krout and corn dodger. At the next meal I felt my preference for venison very much to predominate. We soon arrived at Billy's canoe, and in the center of the rocking thing I was seated, with Uncle Billy and Massa Tom in either end. Two paddles soon sent us some distance out into the muddy and shallow waters, and amid the huge trunks of fallen trees and conical tussocks which constitute the musk-rat's home. Snake after snake soon began to make its appearance coiled upon almost every square inch of surface. On a single log I counted ten, ourselves not more than ten feet from them. I shuddered, and armed with a big club, was constantly assuming attitudes of defense, while Uncle Billy shook his burly sides in impertinent laughter, and Massa Tom amused himself by seeing how many decapitations he could make by a given number of shots. On we paddled, and more numerous became the snakes. Occasionally they splashed about the sides of our bobbing nautilus;

and now, as we passed under the low limb of a tree, Billy would knock them off with his paddle almost into the canoe. I remonstrated, pleaded, hallooed, but could procure no retreat. Tom went on with his snake shooting; Uncle Billy paddled us further and further into this pandemonium, when the horrible idea took possession of my mind that should we tip over, (an event by no means improbable,) what position could be conceived of more horrible than thus to be tumbled into the very toils of a thousand detestable reptiles, amid mud and quicksands! From entreating I became peremptory, and Uncle Billy paused. When at a safe distance from the detestable "varmints," we counted all that were visible. I counted one hundred and fifty snakes, the furthest of which was not fifty feet from me. When thoroughly satisfied that what Uncle Billy had said about "de way he would show me snakes was a caution, dat sartin," was no exaggeration, we returned to the shore and to our home.

With Tom and Uncle Billy the sight was commonplace. Upon my mind it had a far different effect. It was the reality of more than I had ever read or dreamed about horrible dens of serpents, whole regions now and then strewn with rattlesnakes, etc. I said little more than to remark that "it was a mighty snakey country there," at which Uncle Billy laughed. I spent the rest of the day in reading my Bible. But

with me, as with Aunt Susan, the subject of "sarpints" became rather obtrusive. But if my waking thoughts were of snakes, my dreaming ones that night greatly exaggerated the whole matter. My sleep was as much interrupted as if I had been the doomed Medusa. The want of sleep steadied my nerves toward morning, so that sweet sleep, oblivious, triumphed for a refreshing season. I awoke at an hour rather late, and if my first thoughts were not of "sarpints," my earliest ones, *nolens volens*, certainly were. Opening my eyes, what should I see directly over my bed, protruding from a knot-hole in one of the rough logs, but the head of a detestable snake. At first I thought I dreamed, and it could not be a reality, when, watching my loathsome visitor for an instant, I saw the head turn, and the forked tongue protrude, but I saw no more. In an instant I was on the floor, and seizing the most indispensable of my wardrobe, I retreated to the hall with a scream, that secured the anxious presence of Susa in a trice. I told her what I had witnessed, and pointed to the knot-hole over my bed, not doubting but there were one or two others in my bed, if she would but look. At that moment the head of a little harmless reptile, with a white ring about its neck, again made free to take observation from the knot-hole. As we were joined by one and another of the members of the family, old

Aunt Susa's laugh, which had commenced with the first sight of the cause of my fears, became perfectly obstreperous.

"Why, massa, dat no more'n a little bit ob a milk snake, an' he no more bite dan a worm. Dey come back ob de house here to de spring-house to steal my milk, an' I kills one ebery now an' den, an' dey does climb up de corners ob de house, for I seed one dar toder day, an' struck it wid my broom. I spose dat log hollow, an' he creep in-dar. But if it war full ob such snakes dar be no danger, dat sartin."

Taking it thus coolly, and with such provoking sympathy for my fears, Aunt Susa retired to complete her breakfast, when, as she retired, I sent this rebuke after her: said I, "Aunt Susan, I hope that snake will get into your bed to-night, that we may see how easily you will be frightened," when, remembering my lecture in the morning, she wittily retorted:

"Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head ob dat old sarpint, de debil, musn't be frightened into a fit at de sight ob a milk snake."

There was much more in Aunt Susa's retort than she herself comprehended. It was fruitfully suggestive. Yes, thought I, the missionary of these woods must not be a man of starch and buckram, of taper fingers and tender stomach, kid gloves and broadcloth, velvet slippers and spotless linen. Here, the



stalwart form, the brawny fist, the hunting-shirt, with Bible and Discipline under one arm, and rifle on the other, are the best representatives of the missionary. Like John in the wilderness, he must wear what the people wear, and eat what the people eat, asking no questions. Yes, Aunt Susan, he must not be afraid of snakes. If gifted in the tact of his holy calling, his education and refinement will only aid him to adapt himself to these ruder paths of life, and cause him to be a guide, light, and example upon them. But if wanting in this tact, his timidity, and, in some respects, his manifested superiority, will not be appreciated. What would be natural in another latitude would here be prudery. What would be becoming in another place, would here be ridiculous; and more than one would exclaim, with Aunt Susan, "*Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head ob dat old sarpint, de debil, musn't be frightened into a fit at de sight ob a milk snake!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

ONE delinquency has occurred in my ministerial life, so sad and touching, that the remembrance thereof is always painful and humiliating. For the sake of the example, I cannot forbear to record it. God has forgiven me, but I never have forgiven myself. Whenever busy memory, in retracing my past steps, comes to this event, I have always felt an involuntary shudder, and rush to forgetfulness for relief, or to the retrospection of events more pleasing. Reader, did you ever unwittingly do a thing that so hurt your conscience, as to leave ever after a wound in the heart, which, like the poor woman's issue, was incurable, but by the merciful touch of Omnipotence? How much like the worm that dieth not, is this. I have called my sin, which I cannot forgive, a delinquency. In moral turpitude, and in justice to myself, I know not that I have a right to use a harsher epithet.

I intended no harm, but touching injury ensued. I had been pledged to guard against that injury. The time was fixed, but under a slight temptation, I concluded to choose my own time. I failed to be "instant in season." I was junior preacher on Veva



Circuit, Southeast Indiana. It was a four weeks' circuit, and I alternated with my venerable colleague, the Rev. James Jones, in preaching every two weeks, in the pretty little village of Rising Sun, on the banks of the Ohio River. It was a village of some six hundred inhabitants, and though so inconsiderable in size, was our metropolitan appointment. To me it was a terror. In my extreme youth and smooth-facedness, the idea of preaching where I might have lawyers and doctors, and the village *élite*, whom I knew, or, at least, I fancied that they knew so much more than myself, was an unconquerable source of embarrassment, which often became absolutely suffocating. I would say to myself in weeping and mortification, I can never preach in Rising Sun. I knew I knew but little. A most profitable lesson which I had just learned, and which some of the youthful cloth learn but quite too late. How stultifying to genius is embarrassment. There are many who will read these lines with a smile, to think how they have struggled with it as with the nightmare. They will remember the pulpits and places in which they could never be themselves. In the interior, and among the log-cabins, where my whole itinerant career had been spent, and where all was confidence in the boy-preacher, by a simple-hearted peasantry, I was always waxing eloquent, that is magniloquent, at least, to the satisfaction of

myself, and a few communicative admirers. In deep mortification, have I often left the village pulpit in the little oblong brick church that stood west of the village, on the slope of the hill, knowing that I had treated the people who had assembled to hear, with a mere bundle of words poorly chosen, and confusedly compounded, and whose ideas were in proportion to them, as three grains of wheat to as many bushels of chaff. The failures in Rising Sun saddened me, and made me sigh for the ruder interior; and I was wont to keep out of the place, the genius of which was so unpropitious, as long as I could. Six miles west, at Wood's school-house, so called from the excellent brother residing in its immediate vicinity, and who kept a Methodist preacher's home indeed, I had a most favorite appointment. Here I always had great liberty, as was flatteringly attested by the frequent reference made to the sermon in the class-meeting that followed. The preacher preached and met class in those days. I have said the little chapel at Rising Sun stood upon the hill-side, and this shall lead me to mention some physical features of the banks of the lovely Ohio, quite peculiar. On one side its waters generally lave the spurs of hills, while on the opposite side the land is generally level, called "bottom-land." The two sides of the river rarely present the same scene.

The spirit of beauty has its laws, and one is, it ever

seeks variety. Cut as it were into promontories by wild and eccentric creeks, which drain the interior, the appearance of these hills is wild and picturesque, and they often rise into the respectability of mountains. Granite cliffs sometimes crop out with their sides shaggy with the gray moss of ages, filling the mind with the idea of Alpine sublimity, of mysterious caverns, hermitage, and the like. What a mysterious inspiration always hangs like a Tabor vision around the magnificence of mountain scenery. I cannot analyze it, but I feel it, and feel that it is a living entity, the soul of poetry. So have I often mused on the hill and mountain scenery of the Ohio. Mountains, however, are scarce, and while the hills push themselves out in every conceivable shape, they are covered from the water's edge to their summits with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Of trees, the variety is great. Here, the sugar-maple grows as it grows nowhere else, whose leaves in the autumn so beautify our Western forests. Here, the white ash peers up in its grace; the butter-nut, black walnut, and buckeye, bespeak the great fertility of the soil, and the grape-vine spreads like a net-work over the tops of trees of different species, binding them into fraternal harmony. Thus, in the society of the vegetable kingdom, even this parasite liveth not to itself; it receives from society, but returns to it an equivalent. The limbs which it burdens, it

purples with its clusters, which it bears for all. Nature abhors a loafer, as much as she does a vacuum.

We became attached to the hills of Ohio, its cabin homes nestling on the sides, and its little corn-fields turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and yet yielding with an Egyptian luxuriance. In this early day, when railroads were not thought of, man had no motive to produce a surplus, as markets were too remote. His highest aim was to bring the year AROUND, which simply meant, that he raised enough to eat and drink. "I must raise corn enough to do me, and pork enough," said the farmer, "and then, when the wintery blasts sweep over my cabin, and the soft and feathery snow steals silently down from the leaden heavens, I can sit before my big backlog, and watch my friendly fire, and feel that the wintery blast has no terror nor rebuke for me." But let no one suppose that this type of unprogressive life was doomed to scanty or unsavory meals. I doubt whether the highest culinary art of more modern phases of society, has added any to the luxuries of the living. Here was the yellow butter, fresh from the churn, and butter-milk far surpassing in richness the diluted milk of our city market. Here the warm Johany-cake and generous, smoking dodger just from the skillet, bacon fattened on yellow corn, dried pumpkins, and a densely-populated poultry-yard, the sides of whose denizens shook with fat, as

they always had free access to the corn-crib. In writing these lines, my gastronomical nerves become a little watery and clamorous. I have said I loved these hills. Perhaps it is the mode of life I have described, which made me love them, as I am now sighing for a quiet obscurity in which to die. But perhaps there is a deeper reason why I love it. He whose counsels have been the cynosure of my life, and she who watched over my childhood, once so lived. Such was the home of my boyhood, and it has been the home of my heart ever since. The tiny corn-crib, and the rude, and, when compared with Northwestern farming, the Liliputian tenements, have magic charms for me. In my fevered dreams and prospective helplessness, imagination dwells upon such a quiet retreat, and at times I fancy myself the happy inmate of such a lowly home, where, unremembered by few, besides Him who has already written my name in the book of life, I may die in quiet. I have been richly favored with all the domestic comforts of modern progress, and yet on the well-swept hearthstone and carpetless floor of such a home, the sun of my earthly bliss has shed its loveliest golden light, and sweetest violet hues. Home is a thing of the heart, and there is no place like it. Our sweetest conceptions of heaven are brought down to us under the idea of home. On earth, I never had but one home, and that was

my cabin-home with its little corn-field in the wild-wood away.

But I lengthily digress. In Rising Sun, three of our rest days were to be spent. After a Sabbath of my usual failures, I resolved to atone for the meagerness of my pulpit ministrations, by an increase of pastoral faithfulness. I commenced on Monday morning visiting in good earnest. My attention was called by a brother to an interesting case. An emigrant family, just from England, in straitened circumstances, (they had evidently known better,) on their way down the river, had been compelled to abandon their journey, in consequence of the increasing illness of their oldest and favorite son, in whose behalf the distant, transatlantic voyage had been undertaken. His mother was reputed pious, but the dying boy was reputed taciturn on subjects pertaining to eternity, much to the anguish of his mother. To this family of strangers, and house of affliction, I hastily hied. I delicately introduced myself in my true character, and met from the mother (the husband was absent) a most cordial reception. After various and natural inquiries, I introduced the great subject of my mission. A tear at once bubbled up in the eye of the mother, but I noticed in the son no emotion. I thought that disdain mingled with the fever of his cheek. He was consumptive, and in its last stages. I thought

not fit to address him directly at that time, but learned from his mother the fearful condition of uncertainty in which his soul was placed. She sobbed aloud, and still his emaciated countenance seemed as emotionless as marble. He had only spoken to me in monosyllables, and hardly deigned to look directly at me. Believing that there is a road to all hearts, I changed the theme, spoke to him of the perils of coming to America, of the affliction of exhausted means, and closed by stating that I could speak from experience. I, myself, was an English boy, and born near where your son here was born, and it would seem that the disparity between our ages was not very great. Pending the utterance of these words, the young man scanned me closely, his eyes of glass and silver flashing out from their bony sockets. "So you are an Englishman," he at last said, to which I replied with honest and affectionate pride, and his whole countenance and demeanor seemed changed toward me. I had touched his heart, where there lay a spell of home-sickness fatal to him in his emaciated condition. Seduced by the flattering whispers of his insidious disease, he seemed unwilling to believe that he would not yet live to retrace the weary miles that lay between him and the rural home of his heart's devotion. I did not thwart him in his hopes, but gently hinted to him of a better home in heaven.

His lip quivered, and relapsed in silence for some moments, when again he said, "If I could believe your religion, I should, doubtless, be happier. My pungent afflictions here make me misanthropic, the future is a cold vacuity, annihilation a terrible thought, nonconsciousness scarcely less to be dreaded than your orthodox hell." The seal was broken, the mother sobbed, tears boiled up in the eyes of the wan consumptive, a fact was revealed. The young man was an infidel; he had received a good education, and had been poisoned by the infidel clubs and infidel books of the day; he had even brought Thomas Paine to America. I met his arguments, or rather those which I knew he employed, as best I could, and whatever were my other deficiencies, he found me at least so read up in this department, that he seemed to respect my opinions. After referring him to the gloomy conclusions of his own creed, I proposed prayer. I left him with tears in his eyes, he giving my hand, at parting, a feverish pressure, and uniting with his mother in a request that I should call again.

After a delicate inquiry into the temporal wants of the family, I retired. I repeated my call in the afternoon, and twice every day during my stay in the village. Each successive call was favored by encouraging results. Myself and spiritual patient became friends and favorites. I had battered away

the strong pillars of his opposition to Christ. I had read to him beautiful passages from the Gospel, commenting thereon. Aided by the Divine Spirit, I indulged the hope that a mental and moral revolution was effected. He would not permit me to leave him, however, until I had pledged myself that in the week from the Saturday following the time that we parted, at which time I was to be there, according to arrangements, I would give him my earliest attention, after my arrival; *but alas!* I again made my circuit round, arrived on Saturday morning at my favorite appointment, at Brother Wood's, already mentioned, fully intending by two or three o'clock to be by the bedside of my dying consumptive.

The religious services of the day passed, as usual, delightfully away, when, repairing to the stable for my horse, with a sense of tremulous obligation upon my heart, I was met by a large circle of youth, about my age. They were going to organize a singing-school in the neighborhood on that evening. It was very desirable that the preacher should be present. All of the "Missouri Harmonist" of the neighborhood, far and near, were detailed for the occasion, and an honest-hearted, good time was expected. I resisted their importunities, firmly pleading a previous obligation, and naming the particulars. They seemed to appreciate it. At

this moment brighter eyes than had beamed upon me before, in the argument, set up their plea. "Converse sparingly with woman." A fatal suggestion occurred that I could spend Sabbath afternoon with my penitent inquirer, and restore myself to his confidence by an apology that must be accepted. I returned to my home, spent the afternoon and evening in appropriate hilarity, without a whisper of a reproving conscience, but my meditations in the night season were replete with self-reproach and ominous forebodings.

The next morning, long before the usual time, I was on my way to my village appointment, but either because my heart was heavy, or some other cause, I did not arrive there until the congregation was assembled. As I ascended the pulpit I saw it was somewhat thin. A gloom, too, seemed to rest upon it. After the preliminary exercises, a brother approached the pulpit, informing me that a young man had died with the consumption the Saturday evening previous, and that the funeral was desired the Monday morning following. The announcement was to me as a voice from eternity; and I trembled and stumbled more than usual through the subsequent services.

Repairing at once to the house of bereavement and bed of death, I was still received by his mother, whose eyes were red with weeping, with

the greatest confidence and cordiality. I felt that did she but know the facts in the case, she ought to reproach me for my unfaithfulness; but O, merciful God, conscience had needed no help. She told me that her son sank rapidly after I left; that he had occasionally read the Bible, a thing he had never done before, on his dying bed. He was yet painfully uncommunicative in reference to his true state. He spoke often of me, and longed for the day to come when I would revisit him. On the Saturday on which I was expected he had watched every hour anxiously as it was measured off by an old English clock, which he insisted on having placed before him. At two his mother was to go to the door to see if she could not see me riding down the slope of the distant hill. At three, he knew I would be there soon. A few minutes before four he exclaimed, "Mr. W., O my young friend—Jesus—Christ"—coughed, and sunk away in insensibility. At five he asked if I had come yet. The words were his last. At eight he was in eternity.

Reader, twenty-two years have fled since this sad rehearsal, and yet is it as fresh in my memory to-day as if it occurred but yesterday. I never think of it without its suggesting some rebuking scripture. He that is "faithful over a few things I will make ruler over many things." And when on the next day I took the last look of him in the coffin, and his

sallow, skeletonized, purple and cream-colored hand which lay upon his breast, caught my eye, one of the fingers, which had been slightly misplaced, seemed to point up to me in rebuke, I turned away with a Peter's heart, as at the crucifixion, remembering that Christ has said, to visit and administer to the sick is to do these things unto him. Weeping, I uttered, "Wicked and slothful servant." And now the hand that pens these lines resembles most strikingly the hand of our friend with whom the professed man of God kept such truant faith. *An opportunity lost, is lost forever.*



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THE  
TEXAS CAMP-MEETING.

By CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

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## THE TEXAS CAMP-MEETING.

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DURING the last week in September, 1836, the first successful camp-meeting was held in Eastern Texas. I employ the epithet "successful," because several previous failures had apparently rendered efforts of a like kind perfectly hopeless. Indeed, the meridian, at this period, was most uncongenial to the religious and moral enterprise. The country bordering on the Sabine had been occupied rather than settled by a class of adventurers almost as wild as the savages whom they had scarcely expelled, and the beast of prey, which still disputed their domains of primeval forests. Professional gamblers, refugees from every land, forgers of false coin, thieves, robbers and murderers, interspersed among the race of uneducated hunters and herdsmen, made up the strange social miscellany, without courts, or prisons, or churches, or schools, or even the shadow of civil authority, or subordination; a sort of unprincipled pandemonium,

where fierce passion sat enthroned, waving its bloody scepter, the bowie knife! Let no one accuse me of exaggeration for the sake of dramatic effect; I am speaking now of Shelby County, the home of the Lynchers, the terrible locale, where, ten years later, forty persons were poisoned to death at a marriage supper.

It will be obvious, that in such a community, very few would be disposed to patronize camp-meetings; and, accordingly, a dozen different trials at various times had never collected a hundred hearers on any single occasion. But even these were not allowed to worship in peace; uniformly, the first day or night, a band of armed desperadoes, headed by the notorious Watt Foeman, chief judge and executioner of the Shelby Lynchers, broke in the altar and scattered the mourners, or ascended the pulpit and threatened the preachers to a gratuitous robe of tar and feathers. Hence all prudent evangelists soon learned to shun the left bank of the Sabine, as if it had been infested by a cohort of demons; and two whole years elapsed without any new attempt to erect the cross in so perilous a field.

At length, however, an advertisement appeared, promising another effort in behalf of the Gospel. The notice was *unique*, a perfect backwoods curiosity, both as to its tenor and mode of publication. Let me give it *verbatim et literatim*:

“BARBECUE CAMP-MEETING.

“There will be a camp-meeting, to commence the last Monday of this month, at the Double Spring Grove, near Peter Brinson’s, in the County of Shelby.

“The exercises will open with a splendid barbecue. The preparations are being made to suit all tastes: there will be a good barbecue, better liquors, and the best of Gospel.

PAUL DENTON,  
Missionary, M. E. C.”

“Sept. 1, 1836.

This singular document was nailed to the door of every public house and grocery; it was attached to the largest trees at the intersections of all cross roads and principal trails; and even the wandering hunters themselves found it in remote dells of the mountains, miles away from the smoke of a human habitation.

At first many regarded the matter as a hoax, played off by some wicked wag, in ridicule of popular credulity. But this hypothesis was negatived by the statements of Peter Brinson, proprietor of the “Double Spring Grove,” who informed all inquirers, that “he had been employed and paid by a stranger, calling himself a Methodist missionary, to provide an ample barbecue, at the period and place advertised.

“But the liquor, the better liquor; are you to furnish the liquor too?” was the invariable question of each visitor.

"The missionary said he would attend to that himself," said Brinson.

"He must be a precious original," was the general rejoinder; a proposition which most of them afterward had an opportunity to verify experimentally.

I need hardly add that an intense excitement resulted. The rumor took wings and flew on the wind, turned to a storm, a storm of exaggeration, every echo increased in its sound, till nothing else could be heard but the "Barbecue Camp-meeting." It became the focus of thought, the staple of dreams. And thus the unknown preacher had insured one thing in advance; a congregation embracing the entire population of the country, which was likely the sole purpose of his stratagem.

I was traveling in that part of Texas at the time, and my imagination being inflamed by the common curiosity, I took some trouble and attended. But although my eyes witnessed the extraordinary scene, I may well despair of the undertaking to paint it; the pen of Homer or the pencil of Hogarth were alone adequate to the sublimity and burlesque of such a complicated task. I may only sketch the angular outlines.

A space had been cleared away immediately around the magnificent "Double Spring," which boiled up with sufficient force to turn a mill-wheel, in the very center of the evergreen grove. Here a

pulpit had been raised, and before it was the inseparable altar for mourners. Beyond these, at the distance of fifty paces, a succession of plank tables extended in the form of a great circle, or the perimeter of a polygon, completely inclosing the area about the spring. An odoriferous stream of the most delicious savor diffused itself through the air. This was from the pits of the adjacent prairie, where the fifty slaves of Peter Brinson were engaged in cooking the promised barbecue.

The grove itself was literally alive, teeming, swarming, running over with strange figures in human shape, men, women, and children. All Shelby County was there. The hunters had come, rifles in hand, and dogs barking at their heels; the rogues, refugees, and gamblers, with pistols in their belts, and big knives peeping from their shirt bosoms, while here and there might be seen a sprinkling of well-dressed planters with their wives and daughters.

The tumult was deafening, a tornado of babbling tongues, talking, shouting, quarreling, betting, and cursing for amusement. Suddenly a cry arose, "Colonel Watt Foeman! Hurrah for Colonel Watt Foeman!" and the crowd parted right and left, to let the lion Lyncher pass.

I turned to the advancing load-star of all eyes, and shuddered involuntarily at the satanic countenance

that met my glance, and yet the features were not only youthful, but eminently handsome; the hideousness lay in the look of savage fire; ferocious, murderous. It was in the reddish-yellow eye-balls, with arrowy pupils that seemed to flash jets of lurid flame; in the thin sneering lips with their everlasting icy smile. As to the rest, he was a tall, athletic, very powerful man. His train, a dozen armed desperadoes, followed him.

Foeman spoke in a voice, sharp, piercing as the point of a dagger: "Eh, Brinson, where is the new missionary? We want to give him a plumed coat."

"He has not yet arrived," replied the planter.

"Well, I suppose we must wait for him; but put the barbecue on the boards; I am as hungry as a starved wolf."

"I cannot till the missionary comes; the barbecue is his property."

A fearful light blazed in Foeman's eyes, as he took three steps toward Brinson, and fairly shouted, "Fetch me the meat instantly, or I'll fill your own stomach with a dinner of lead and steel!"

This was the *ultimatum* of one whose authority was the only law, and the planter obeyed without a murmur. The smoking viands were arranged on the table by a score of slaves, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of a

trumpet in battle, "Stay, gentlemen and ladies, till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing!"

Every ear started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearance. He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely twenty years of age; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets more beautiful than any ever wreathed around the jeweled brow of a queen by the labored achievements of human art; his eyes, black as midnight, beamed like stars over a face as pale as Parian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression, such as might have been shed by the light of a dream from paradise, or the luminous shadow of an angel's wing. The heterogeneous crowd, hunters, gamblers, homicides, gazed in mute astonishment.

The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the throne of the Almighty. It contained no encomiums on the splendor of the Divine attributes; no petitions in the tone of commands; no orisons for distant places, times, or objects; no implied instruction as to the administration of the government of the universe. It related exclusively to the present people and the present hour; it was the cry of the naked soul, and that soul was a beggar for the bread and water of heavenly life.

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around through my tears, and saw a hundred faces wet as with rain.

"Now, my friends, partake of God's gifts at the table, and then come and sit down and listen to his Gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness in which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly, was maddened by the evidences of the preacher's wonderful powers. Colonel Watt Foeman exclaimed in a sneering voice: "Mr. Paul Denton, your *reverence* has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is your liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor, which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children!"

"Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the green

glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and down, low down in the 'deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God'—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water."

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty: gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow curtains softly above the wintery world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered o'er with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of rarefaction, still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no



drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered, "No!" "No!"

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are deaf to the Divine voice of eloquence; for I saw, at that moment, the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in the hollow of his hand; and the popular feeling ran in a current so irresistible, that even the duelist, Watt Foeman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting.

I have just reviewed my report of that singular speech in the foregoing sketch; but, alas! I discover that I have utterly failed to convey the full impression, as my reason and imagination received it. The language, to be sure, is there; that I never could forget; but it lacks the spirit, the tones of unutterable pathos, the cadence of mournful music alternating with the crashes of terrible power; it lacks the gesticulation, now graceful as the play of a golden willow in the wind, and anon, violent as the motion of a mountain pine in the hurricane; it lacks that pale face, wrapped in its dreams of the spirit-land, and those unfathomable eyes flashing a light such as never beamed from sun or stars, and more than all, it lacks the magnetism of the mighty soul that

seemed to diffuse itself among the hearers as a viewless stream of electricity, penetrating the brain like some secret fire, melting all hearts, mastering evolutions.

The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it, such as never before, or since, was witnessed in the forests of Texas. But, unfortunately, on the last day of the exercises, news arrived on the ground, that a neighboring farmer had been murdered, and his wife and children carried away prisoners by the Indians.

The young missionary sprang into the pulpit, and proposed the immediate organization of a company to pursue the savages. The suggestion being adopted, the mover himself was elected to lead the party. After several days of hard riding, they overtook the barbarous enemy in the grand prairie. The missionary charged foremost to his troops, and having performed prodigies of bravery, fell, not by the hand of an Indian, but by a shot from one of his own horsemen!

I need scarcely name the assassin, the reader will have anticipated me, the incarnate fiend, Colonel Watt Foeman, chief hangman of the Shelby Lynchers, and ten years later, a master cook at the poisoned wedding.

Such is the only fragment of the biography of a wounded genius, the sole twinkling ray of a dazzling

luminary, that rose and set in the wilderness, a torn leaf from Paul Denton's book of life. Peace to his ashes. He sleeps well, in that lone isle of evergreens, surrounded by the evergreen sea of the prairie. Nature's beloved son inherits her consistent tomb, that last possession, the inalienable fee simple of all time.

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REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT:

HIS SAD END AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

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## REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

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THE name of Maffitt, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been excitingly familiar to the American public. And yet it is difficult to say why. There is a mysterious magic about his name. As a pulpit orator he is *sui generis*. Mentally and morally he is a problem for solution. If, in the latter sense, he is considered by some equivocal, in the former he has been considered by more inexplicable.

What are the elements of power he so skillfully combines in his profession? A question, this, we do not recollect ever to have seen satisfactorily answered. Compared with master minds, his, like his person, is below even the medium size, in all the commonly-enumerated essentials of intellectual might. He cannot be called learned. His reading for the most part is of the lighter class. He seems to have paid his respects to the profound, the text-books of theology and philosophy, but in patches. In science, except perhaps it be in mere common-school English ele-

mentaries, he is still more superficial. Nor is there aught about him physically which a stranger would be ready to attribute to his advantage. We are, perhaps, less inclined to award to him the highest gift of Apollo, for being a Zaccheus in stature. But with these, and other factitious disadvantages more serious, Maffitt never fails of an audience. The announcement of his name as the speaker has long been a stereotyped signal for a jam. Men of all professions, minds of all molds and of every degree of mental wealth, have confessed the spell-like power of his eloquence. And those who, on a first hearing, loudest confess their disappointment at his "theatrical manner," and the common-placeness of his matter, are generally among the first to hear him again, and the last to stay away. As an author, his pen is powerless; as an orator, he is omnipotent.

Wherein, then, lieth his great strength? To this question, at the risk of a failure, we shall attempt an answer. It consists not in his learning, nor in his logic, nor in originality of thought, nor in its combination. Nor does it consist, as some have supposed, in his imagination. In all these respects he is excelled by thousands in the same profession, and yet we have but one Maffitt. Nor does it consist, certainly, in unchallenged sanctity of life, nor always in the inspiration of the true spirit of his holy calling. Nor can we claim for him association with some fortunate

event that has exalted him to fame, and placed him, by the deceptive power of association in such cases, in the eye and ear of the world.

As an orator, we humbly apprehend that Maffitt excels in manner, in fancy, the ardor of his natural affections, and strength of his self-reliance. In these elements of power, as we shall explain them, the subject of these remarks will be found so far to excel, as to enable him, despite his deficiency in others, to take rank among the most effective of living speakers. We would employ the word "manner," as implying all the physical attributes of the orator, such as appropriate gestures, natural intonations, distinct enunciation, proper emphasis, etc. This art has ever been considered of the first moment to the orator. The world abounds with volumes in its praise. And yet, striking excellence in this art is but rarely attained. This has been attributed more to a neglect of its study, than to the difficulties in the way of its acquirement. An error, we verily believe. To attain to a striking model of manner requires a peculiar tinge of genius, an idiosyncrasy of constitution, which, like poetry, is more a gift than the fruit of the most elaborate cultivation. There are but few speakers whose manner, in some of its parts, may not be much improved by study; but that perfect whole, that symmetrical model, which well-nigh defies criticism by being too subtle for description, it belongs to the favored few alone to

attain. Like the smile of dreaming infancy, like the mantling blushes of artless innocence, or like the look of a child's want in the bitterness of its woe, or the last look of a mother and widow into the grave of her last earthly hope, this climax of excellence in manner must be witnessed to be understood and felt in all its enchanting potency. It is embodied beauty, and fitness, and passion, and power, speaking to the heart through the eye, the ear, the taste, addressing itself to our instinctive love of the purely natural, chastened by art, with a voice of sweet authority which it requires violence to our nature to resist. But the feelings which such a manner inspires are its only adequate description.

"There's a power in delivery, a magical art,  
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart."

If Maffitt's manner be not always faultless, mannerism forms no part of it. There is no muscular movement, no habit-fixed peculiarity, which wearies and disgusts by its habitual occurrence. All the muscular accompaniments, and manifestations of thought, feeling, and passion, are as endlessly diversified as are thought, feeling, and passion. His manner is kaleidoscopic. He conforms his pronunciation to the most approved authority with the tenacity of the eccentric Randolph. His enunciation is clear and distinct, touching, rounding, sharpening, trilling, or

aspirating, each primitive element that compounds in a word, often giving such distinctness to the alphabetical powers that he seems to have spelled the word in its pronunciation. And difficult as it is, in this he succeeds, as, indeed, he generally does in all the branches of his elocution, without affectation, or seeming effort. His voice, though not strong, is under masterly control, and passes up through the musical scale with as much ease as flows the stream of song from the throat of the mocking-bird. His tones, like his gestures, are ever varying with the sense and the emotion. Possessing great sweetness and compass of voice, as if with whispers aerial, and music ventriloquial, he breathes his chastened sentences into the ear of his remotest auditor. His voice in its swell fills a large space, and to hear him is always to understand him. His manner effects more than his matter. The latter may consist of familiar surface truths, and generally does, but invested with the charm of his manner common-placeisms assume a new interest and freshen into beauty. In suiting the look to the passion and the action to the word, Maffitt has rarely had his equal, whether on the stage, at the bar, or in the pulpit. When putting forth his full powers, he is an incarnation of the mystic divinity of eloquence. His oratory is wanting, perhaps, in the strong, the classical, the masculine element. It is delicate, winning, beautiful, popular, electrical,

without being effeminate. In these respects it corresponds with the happy accidents of physical delicacy and Adonis-like features in the person of the orator. The curls of a Cupid, a little foot, exquisite hand, and a form molded to the sculptor's fancy, are no mean considerations in the measurement of Maffitt's power. All concur and combine in that symmetrical whole—gesture, voice, style, and attributes of person, to make him the exponent of all that is fascinating in the manner of the orator.

"His words they have so rich a flow,  
And speak the truth so sweet to all,  
They drop like Heaven's serenest snow,  
And all is brightness where they fall."

His *fancy* is another hiding-place of his power. We do not mean his imagination. Fancy and imagination are commonly confounded in judging the speaker. This is an error. Imagination is the creative energy, the life-breath of an original mind. Such a mind Maffitt does not possess. Fancy is the descriptive faculty, the photogenic power of mind, and this he does possess in a high degree. Imagination is the powder blast in the quarry of thought; fancy the sculptor at the touch of whose chisel the marble blocks breathe in beauty. Imagination is the ground swell of mind that upheaves the treasures from hidden depths; fancy the lapidary that sets the brilliants in a diadem of beauty. Imagi-

nation indicates strength of mind; fancy sensibility. Imagination and fancy are related in mind like heat and color in the solar ray. The former warms the lily into life, the latter adorns it with the hues of the rainbow. These two powers are seldom balanced in a single mind. If one be remarkably active, the other will be weak. In Maffitt's mind fancy predominates. Not that his descriptive powers are really so very extraordinary. But his *propensity* for description is. With him, the love of the descriptive in oratory amounts to a passion; a passion slightly morbid perhaps, and insatiately craving indulgence. With him the life-sketch, the narrative, the picturesque, abound in every discourse. And in the fire, the fervor, the pathos of extempore utterance, his imagery is most gorgeous, often extravagant; a cataract of flowers. His sermons are panoramic; a succession of pictures. And though they may at times fail of being light to the mind and fire to the heart, they rarely, if ever, fail of being beauty to the eye, and music to the ear; and as we shall more fully see, with "so many strings to his bow," Maffitt never makes "a total failure," though his efforts differ as widely in excellence as those of any other man. Even on occasions the most ordinary, his hearers are made to feel the subtle charm of his eloquence sufficiently to secure their re-attendance.

The third element in this imperfect analysis of

Maffitt's oratorical powers we have denominated the ardor of his *natural affections*. The human heart is a harp of many strings. The loves of the sex and of relationship constitute the most sensitive class. These, Maffitt sweeps with the hand of a master. He is constantly dwelling upon the domesticity of our nature. His discourses are constantly abounding with portraits and incidents tending to arouse these tenderest sensibilities into a tempest of passion. He knows well that there is in this direction an easy road to all hearts. The tears of a philosopher lie as shallow as those of a peasant at the grave of buried love. The blood-stained freebooter hears with wet eyes, stories of "wife, children, and home." Maffitt's auditors must weep from sympathy, if not for their sins. And better would it be for genuine religion if such feelings in his revivals were less often substituted for it. That his sensibilities and sympathies in this direction are less wholesome than morbid, verging far to the romantic and sentimental, we cannot doubt. In this, we apprehend, a deadly mischief lurks, one which throws over his moral character all that ambiguity of which it is painful to think, and of which the public gossip. Charity, however, should compel the inference that it does not necessarily involve crime. But after generations will alone draw that inference. In their neutralizing effects, long-repeated imprudences in a minister are worse

than an overt act of guilt. But these tender passions of our nature are wont to feel no satiety even when feasted to gluttony. The novel charms us, though its love plots be too overwrought to be truthful to nature. And this very reason is an additional reason why the public have so long confessed to an omnipotent enchantment in Rev. John N. Maffitt's eloquence. He will be heard even by those who hate him. The fiction is read and wept over because it fires the passions, though its falseness is acknowledged. A doubting confidence in the piety of *such a preacher* cannot deprive him of an audience. Hence Maffitt, though under the ban of excommunication in the North, and denounced by the public press for breaking the heart of a young and beautiful wife in the city of Brooklyn, yet is seen a short time after, with the world at his heels, figuring in a "great revival" at Little Rock, Arkansas. And at this time, upon newspaper authority, we understand that his admirers are about to build him a church in New Orleans.

But we are making allusions here that form no part of the purpose of the present article. We have to do only with Maffitt as an orator. We are attempting to throw some light upon the cardinal causes of his success—the world-wide celebrity of this celebrated Methodist preacher, whom no power seems able to silence, because the public will hear him. With regard



to his *self-reliance*, he knows his *forte* too well ever to lose his self-possession, or to suffer from that choke-damp of genius, embarrassment. He is not wanting in the fullest confidence in his own powers, and has the comfortable vanity to believe that the public are not. The world was made for him, and he never presumes for a moment that he was made to be any less than one of its most notable lions. He has faith in himself that removes mountains. His manner helps to get out his matter, and, with the rich and exhaustless hues of his fine fancy, often more than atones for the lack of it.

What must be the responsibility of such a man! Had his piety and devotedness always been equal to his powers, who could calculate the measure of his usefulness? His eulogy while living would have been, "The delightful wonder and admiration of weeping thousands," and when dead his memory would have taken rank with the sainted Summerfield and immortal Whitefield, as not the least fragrant of the trio. His example may furnish many a useful hint to the occupant of the sacred desk.

Alas! since the above was written, our friend Maffitt is no more. He was our friend, and intimate, as far as he was wont to have clerical intimates. But from characteristics already developed, these intimacies with him were not as with other men. The price of them always was that *his* superiority be-

acknowledged. It was this that turned him away to seek less the company of the clergy than the foolish clown who would flatter him. But we would here restrain further criticism, and throw a tear-dampened evergreen upon his grave. Farewell, then, paradox of goodness, greatness, and weakness! He died at Mobile, Alabama, and a leading journal of that city made the following note of the event:

"Hunted down with faded reputation, stricken and ill, but with unblenching spirit and unabated fire, the orator of a quarter of a century lay down to die! The malaria of death was in his nostrils, and the last inevitable hour had come. But with his dying breath he declared himself a calumniated man. He said that during his ministerial life he had been guilty of many frivolous, but no criminal acts; forgave his enemies, expressed an unalterable trust in the merits of Jesus Christ his Saviour, and did not doubt but that all would be well. Thus passed away John Newland Maffitt; and if the reader will visit Toulminville, from whence can be seen the spires of Mobile, in an unobtrusive grave in that tranquil village, his eyes will rest upon the spot where sleeps the most splendid pulpit orator likely to be seen in a half century to come! The star which arose in the East, over the bright waters of the deep and silent Shannon, culminated in the American heavens, and went down in the West!"

A *post mortem* examination is said to have been instituted, when the fact was elicited, that he died *literally* of a broken heart. We had hoped ere this to have seen a memoir of this remarkable man. Time has passed away, and we have been sadly disappointed. As we have already intimated, we trust that an impartial memoir would make the world think better of Maffitt than it has. We know not that material for the work could now be obtained, and in the mean time oblivion is fast gathering over his extensive and mixed reputation. The following from a responsible correspondent of the St. Louis Christian Advocate we insert here no less from its intrinsic interest of detail than as an act of justice to the deceased:

"I was forcibly reminded of an incident that once occurred in my own intercourse with him, when he visited St. Louis in the spring and summer of 1840. I first heard him from the pulpit in the city of Baltimore, when, in 1829, '30, his eloquence had attracted the attention of such vast crowds as constantly pressed their way into the churches where he was expected to preach; and, like many others, with no better means of forming an opinion, became prejudiced in mind, and entertained opinions unfavorable to his genuine piety. Years passed away before I again met him, and then it was upon his visit to St. Louis. Circumstances seemed to direct that, during that visit, his residence should be with my family. We were

glad to entertain the man whose career of usefulness had marked his way in every city and town he had visited, and who came now to St. Louis, to use his own emphatic language, 'to battle for the Lord.' And yet I found in my own mind a lurking of former prejudices, which, notwithstanding the charm his presence threw around the social circle, still had an influence upon my feelings, until at last an incident occurred which satisfied *me* of the genuine piety of Maffitt, and unfolded to my view, to some extent at least, the source from whence came his power in the sacred desk.

"He was asked by several friends to preach a sermon upon the '*Divinity of Jesus Christ*.' In accordance with that request, he announced from the pulpit of the old Fourth-street Church, that, on the next Sabbath morning, (which, if my memory is not at fault, was the first Sabbath in May, 1840,) he would deliver a discourse upon that subject. As was usual with him, he had appointments for Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the week, at which he did not, as was usual with him, exhibit that brilliancy of thought and power of oratory for which he was so preëminent. On Friday and Saturday, he kept his room closely. Occasionally I called on him, and found him pacing the floor or surrounded with papers strewn in every direction. I thought I could observe something unusual in his appearance, so

much so as to produce some uneasiness in my own mind. I therefore approached him on Saturday evening, and said, 'Brother Maffitt, something seems to be the matter with you; can I render you any assistance?' His reply was, 'Brother, my mental anguish is almost beyond endurance; my heart is hard as a rock; God seems to have left me in total darkness; not the first ray of light has yet flashed upon me for the work of to-morrow. And such is the agony of my mind that my body has broken out in red spots.' Then opening his bosom, I was astonished to see the appearance which presented itself: the entire chest was covered with splotches as if scorched by the fire. Said he: 'If I could find relief to my mind, this would pass away. But,' he continued, 'leave me, brother; I must seek relief at the cross.' I left him and retired to my room, and then to rest. Late at night, a low murmur from his room awoke me. Fearing he was sick, I arose, and passing through the hall to his door, gently opened it, and, upon looking in, I found his bed yet untouched. Upon the opposite side of the room I beheld him upon his knees, with the Bible open before him resting upon a chair, his face upturned toward heaven; and in deepest agony, I heard him plead with God to assist him this once, if never again, to present to the people their hope of salvation. While I thus stood gazing, as I thought,

upon the most sublime spectacle I ever beheld, the clock in the hall struck three; it was three o'clock Sunday morning, and yet his bed was not tumbled, nor was his agony at the foot of the cross subdued. I turned away subdued in feeling, with every vestige of former prejudice gone, and with a determination in future to be charitable to all mankind.

"When the morning came, and the bright sun ushered in the Sabbath day, I again entered his room, and found him sleeping sweetly and soundly as if nothing was to engage his attention for the day. The hour for preaching had nearly arrived, and I awoke him. Then he was himself again; bright and elastic as a bird. He had wrestled at the cross in the silence of night until God had heard his cry, and granted him relief. And that sermon preached by Rev. John Newland Maffitt, on that first Sabbath in May, 1840, in St. Louis, upon the 'Divinity of Christ,' is still fresh in the memory of such men as Wesley Browning and others, still remaining to bear record of its power."

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DENNIS AND THE PRIEST.

A DIALOGUE.

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## DENNIS AND THE PRIEST.

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A DIALOGUE.

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"Good morning, Dennis."

"Good morning, your reverence."

"What is this they say of you, Dennis? I am told you have been to hear the preaching of the soupers."

"You have been told the truth, your reverence."

"And how could you dare to listen to heretics?"

"Please your reverence, God is not a heretic; and it is the word of God, the Bible, that they read."

"Ay, the Bible explained by a minister."

"No, your reverence; the Bible explained by itself; for when it is allowed to speak, it explains itself without assistance from any other quarter; and in the very act of reading it, we allow it to speak."

"But, after all, the minister preaches; and he insists on your believing what he preaches."

"No, your reverence; the preacher tells us not to believe on his word, but when we go home, to examine whether it contradicts or confirms what he has delivered from the pulpit."

"But, don't you see that this is a mere sham; and that you, the common people, cannot examine the Holy Scriptures, so as to judge whether they confirm or contradict what the preacher says?"

"At that rate, your reverence, St. Luke made fools of the common people; for the preacher pointed out to us a passage in the Bible which mentions that the Bereans compared the preaching of the Apostle Paul with the Holy Scriptures; and more than that, St. Luke commends them for doing so." Acts xvii, 11.

"Admirable, Master Dennis! you are quite a doctor in divinity! You know as much as a whole synod of bishops! Your decisions will be equal to those of a general council!"

"No, your reverence; I make no pretensions to judge for other persons; but I take the liberty of judging for myself. God inspired the Bible: I read his inspired word, and that is all."

"But you are not able to understand it."

"The proof that I can is, that I really do understand it. I understand very well an almanac made by an ordinary man. Why should I not understand the Bible, which has God for its author? Cannot God express what he means as well as a mere mor-

tal? Besides, the Bible, speaking of itself, says that it is 'a light.'" Ps. cxix, 105.

"Dennis, you are obstinate and conceited."

"Your reverence, if he is an obstinate man who never changes his opinion, it is you who are obstinate; but as for me, I found myself in a bad road, and changed for a better, that is all. I have never pretended to be infallible."

"You are very conceited to think that you know so much more than others."

"Others are not very humble in thinking that they know more than God; but it is to God, and not to my fellow-men, that I hold myself responsible."

"I must tell you that if you go on reasoning in this way, I shall not admit you to confession."

"I confess myself."

"Not to me, at all events!"

"No; but to God."

"To God!"

"Yes; to God, who declares in the Bible that 'if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'" 1 John i, 9.

"The Church will not marry you."

"I will get married elsewhere."

"The Church will not bury you."

"I shall not trouble myself about my dead body, if I save my soul."

"You will be excommunicated!"

"No matter, if I am received by God."

"No prayers shall be offered for you!"

"I shall pray for myself."

"No masses will be said for you to release you from purgatory!"

"They would be of no use; for I reckon on going to paradise."

"To paradise, do you?"

"Yes; to paradise."

"How do you know that?"

"Why thus: I read in the Bible that the thief, when hanging on the cross at the right hand of Jesus, after having confessed his sins to Jesus Christ, who is God, said to him, 'Lord, remember me!' 'and Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Luke xxiii, 41-43. If, then, a penitent malefactor could be pardoned by believing on Jesus Christ, I cannot see why, if I repent, and trust in the same Saviour, I may not equally obtain salvation; and the truth that my hope is well founded lies in what I have read in the same blessed book, that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' John iii, 16. But as I make a part of the world here spoken of, it follows, that if I believe, I shall be saved."

"But while you are waiting to go to paradise,

you must live in this world, and I tell you plainly, that you will lose your livelihood by joining these heretics. No one will have anything to do with you."

"I trust in Him who gives us, 'day by day, our daily bread;' and if God be for me, what can all those do who are against me?"

"You will be a laughing-stock to everybody."

"And what will that signify? Was not Jesus Christ mocked and set at naught?"

"Everybody will shut their doors against you."

"Jesus Christ had not where to lay his head."

"You will be called an apostate!"

"Was not St. Paul the greatest of apostates at his conversion?"

"Everybody will take pleasure in refusing to do you a kindness!"

"The world persecuted the Master, and, therefore, may well persecute his disciples; and the more I am persecuted for my faith, the more I shall feel that I am truly a disciple of Christ."

"Well! we shall see how long you will hold out! First of all, no one will give you any work."

"And what next?"

"No one will admit you under his roof."

"And what next?"

"No one will have anything to do with you, either in buying or selling."



"And what next?"

"No one will receive you into his society."

"So then the whole world will conspire against me?"

"Certainly!"

"And who will be at the head of the conspirators?"

"Who! who! what does that signify?"

"At all events, whosoever he may be, you may tell him that he is not a Christian, for Christ commands us to forgive offenses, while this man indulges revenge. Jesus commands men to love one another, and this man appears quite disposed to hate me. Should he happen to be a priest, you may tell him that his prototypes were the members of the Sanhedrim, who, through hatred, condemned Jesus to death. Should he be an Ultramontane, you may tell him that I am astonished at nothing done by him, and by those who invented the Inquisition. Lastly, should it be yourself, be assured that your vengeful spirit is to me the best proof that you are not in the truth. Christ said, 'Forgive,' and you take vengeance. Christ said, 'Teach all nations,' and you refuse even to let them read the Bible. 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' (Matt. x, 8,) and you sell, not, indeed, the Gospel, for that you conceal, but you sell your masses, your prayers, your dispensations, your rosaries, your tapers, your indulgences,

your baptisms, your interments; but as for me, I can make shift to do without any of your wares, while I apply to that God who gives heaven gratuitously."

"Gratuitously!"

"Yes, gratuitously! and this it is that vexes you! For when a blessing is bestowed gratuitously, the concurrence of those who sell is not wanted. Yes, gratuitously! this one word is ruinous to all your schemes. God gives and you sell. God pardons and you punish. God loves and you hate. How can you expect that we should not go to God, or wonder that we do not come to you? But act toward me just as you please; I have learned not to fear those who can kill the body; but only to fear those who can destroy the soul; in other words, I stand in no awe of you."

"You are an insolent fellow."

"I am not; but I have the courage to speak the truth."

"You are impious!"

"I have been so, while bending the knee before images of wood or stone; but I have ceased to be so, since I have believed in the living God, and trusted only in my Saviour."

"You are a miserable wretch."

"Yes, a miserable sinner; but a penitent and humble sinner, I trust, whom God has pardoned."

"You will always be a—"

"What I shall be I do not know, but I know what I wish to be. I wish for the future to live in purity, because it was precisely my sins that crucified the Saviour. I wish to be sincere, just, and charitable, because Jesus has been so good as to give me everything. Allow me to tell you what kind of person I am. When persons love me I love them in return; when they do me a favor I wish to return it twofold; the more generous others are toward me, the more grateful I feel. Well! and has not God been generous to me more than I have words to express? He has granted me pardon, and heaven, and eternity. Thus my heart bounds with joy, and I am ready to do all God requires of me; but what he requires of me is most delightful. It is to love him and love my brethren, to love even you, reverend sir."

"I do not want your love."

"I shall not the less pray for you."

"I do not want your prayers."

"See the difference between us, your reverence. I love you, and you hate me. I offer you my prayers, and you refuse me yours. But Jesus Christ has said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them; do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' Matt. vii, 16. Judge now, reverend sir, which of us, you or I, is the disciple of Jesus Christ."

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THE

## HOPE OF CITIES ILLUSTRATED.

A PLEA FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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THE  
HOPE OF CITIES ILLUSTRATED.

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GREAT cities are always greatly wicked. There is not a great city on earth at this day, nor did one ever exist, from Sodom to St. Louis, from Nineveh to New-York, from Babylon to Baltimore, from Persepolis to Paris, that does not exemplify the truth of this remark. When we say greatly wicked, we would not be understood as overlooking the fact, that the world everywhere lieth in wickedness. But a rural population, remote from cities, is much less given to crime, corruption, and degradation, than the same number of persons in a city relation. Nor would we intimate that many pious Lots are not to be found in large cities. But Lot and his family in Sodom, scarcely unappropriately represent how far these persons are in the minority. There is scarcely a city on this continent, of any notable magnitude, in which the house of her "whose steps take hold on hell," the gambling saloon, the pestiferous dram-shop, and the theater, do not receive from

five to fifty visitors every Sabbath-day, for one who attends an evangelical church. Hence it is, that Christian churches in cities, of all denominations, by recent investigations, are found to be doing little more than holding their own; exerting a feebly conservative, rather than an aggressive influence. Who can contemplate these facts without profound feeling? especially, as great cities are the natural product of social laws. We cannot do without them. Their existence cannot be hindered, and the more rapid their growth, generally, the greater the profligacy of their infancy; and how rapid the growth of cities in this nation needs no mention. But especially does one tremble at the corruption of large cities, in view of their corrupting influence upon the country, recently enhanced a hundredfold by reason of railroads and other increased facilities for travel. The theater bill is sent many miles into the country in the morning, and, responsive to its call, the recipients—the newly seduced votaries of wantonness and wine—are found in the evening where mercenary destruction can place its hand in their pockets and look its infernal charms into their hearts.

The city is full of the hopelessly abandoned. Perhaps it is wrong to say any should be considered hopelessly abandoned. Well, we will not discuss the doctrine in the abstract. We would not have Christian zeal cease effort in any direction as hope-

less. But it is enough to say, that facts occur in cities daily to justify our assertion, and for ourself we must say, that if a line anywhere is to be found this side of the prison-walls of lost souls, beyond which humanity seems to have reached a point in the descending scale of degradation, that hope cannot get down to, it is to be found in great cities. Here, sensuality riots, and rots in its excesses. Here, desperation seeks death, and it is not long in finding it. Here bevies of seductionists, like the web of the spider in every nook and corner of a deserted dwelling, spread out their seen and unseen meshes. Here, the burglar and the robber, under a hundred types of character, watch for their unsuspecting victim and the spoils. Here, the place of drunken revels boils like a pot of fire and brimstone. Here, mendicancy and pauperism come to perfection, and drag along their lank forms, or stretch out their skeleton hands in want, dripping from the rakings of the gutter or black with the late incendiary brands, all along the alleys and purlieus of filth and wretchedness. Before the wine-glass, authority lays down its mace, and the police are often found the patrons and protectors, not of those who should be protected, but of the very nuisances they are commissioned to abate. In municipal liquor licenses, generic sinning is provided for by law. Regulated sin is systematized damnation. It doubles and twists, multiplies and directs its

power like powder in the cannon's throat or steam in the engine.

Against this Gibraltar of Satanic power, a few pulpits weekly raise their scathing remonstrance. But still the great fastnesses of evil remain unshaken. Those most needy of the expostulations of the pulpit, are most certain to be found beyond its reach. The truth is, there always will be found in cities, so far as mere logic can come to conclusions, large masses of adults who never can be gotten within the embrace of the Church. We might offer many reasons for this sad conclusion, but have only space now to name it, and will mention but one, namely: The pulpit has ceased to elicit attendance on the mere ground of novelty or curiosity. It was not always so. When the lost institution of preaching was restored to the Church by the reformers, when Protestantism first commenced to talk, and talk with a tongue of fire, the pulpit had an influence over the mass, ridiculed and persecuted as it was, that it has not now. These were times, also, when, if the mass heard anything new, they must look to *oral* sources for it. The popular press was not then, as now, omnipresent. That the Sunday-morning newspaper is a mighty anti-church-attendance institution, it would be quite easy to show. As to the gratuitous distribution of the religious book or tract among the class we are now speaking of, though they have not lost their power, yet

their power is waning, and their very presence begins to excite suspicion. What, then, we ask, can be done for this heaving mass of the population of great cities which the voice of the holy altar cannot reach; this territory of paganism lying under the very shadow of our church steeples? Well, what if we should suppose that we could do very little for many of them, the inference, painful as it is, is no new one. The Church cannot save everybody, and when it is said to the faithful, "Be of good cheer, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," we will not shroud our pulpit in sackcloth and seek to go to heaven in crape because everybody will not go with us. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

But we have one ground of hope left us in reference to reaching the church-neglecting families of the city. Ay, we have just planted our foot on this ground. The *family*! yes, the family! Wherever the family exists, the Church can reach the lost. Not that she will always be successful with the parents, but she need seldom be unsuccessful with the children. Not that she need entertain sanguine hopes of this generation, but she may of the next. It would seem that the Sabbath school was invented and inaugurated just at the proper time to aid the Church in this great emergence. If the preacher cannot get at the parents, the Sabbath-school teacher can at the children. With proper diplomacy, he

will seldom be denied access, and this, perhaps, is the only way of access to the parents' heart. In our experience, we have found it the Appian Way to that citadel. We regard the faithful Sabbath-school teacher, the company of laymen who organize and successfully prosecute a Sabbath-school enterprise in our cities, as being the first of philanthropists, as exemplifying the ripest of moral and religious sentiments, and as doing a work in which the pastor may aid, but a work that can only be done by them. We consider the Sabbath school as the only hope for city heathenism. The Church has no other means by which she can enlighten its darkness, or penetrate its interior. And yet, alas! the lay power of the Church is comparatively asleep over this great subject. It is a department of usefulness, in which a goodly degree of success is never doubtful. How pleasing to labor when one is always certain of reaping what he sows, and that his harvest will be proportionate to his efforts; and that this is true concerning Sabbath schools, reference need only be made to their history. Churches may be established, seemingly prosperous and permanent, and yet they may wane and die out as one of the seven Churches of the Apocalypse. But no vigorous Sabbath school ever existed long whose fruits could not be traced, not only many days, but many years hence. The impress of the hand of the evangelist upon the

childish heart is ineffaceable. Like the first footprints of animal life in the strata of geology, they are more vivid than the impressions of comparative yesterday. The impressions are made in soft clay, but preserved in imperishable marble.

These reflections were induced by reading recently, in the New-York Independent, an account of the remarkable success of a Sabbath school, organized in Brooklyn, on Lee Avenue, by sundry zealous laymen of the Reformed Dutch Church. It was organized in May, 1853, but little over three years ago, the school being opened in a little out-house, with eight scholars and three teachers. In less than a year from that time, the school numbered forty scholars and nine teachers. An effort was then made to raise means to build a suitable house for the school, and also one that should answer for a place of worship, when twelve thousand dollars were raised, and a commodious building was erected. Under these auspices, by the beginning of the year 1855, the roll-book of this city suburban school contained the names of twenty-five teachers, and one hundred and fifty scholars. The tide having thus commenced to swell, it rolled on with accelerated force, until we have the following account of its marvelous success, which we here quote from the pen of a participant in this great work, together, also, with some account of the mode of conducting the school:

"The number of scholars whose names are now (July, 1856) on the register is 919; and the number actually in attendance at a session of the school, *in the warm month of July, when Sunday schools show their lowest figures*, was as great as 632! The present list of teachers numbers precisely 100, while the average attendance is 77. About 400 of the scholars regularly attend the services of the church, and form no inconsiderable part of the congregation. The library contains 1,600 volumes, a part of which are set aside as the 'Congregational Library,' for the use of the Sunday-school teachers, and of members of the congregation. The contributions by the children, for the last year, amounted to \$500. During the last fourteen months the scholars have recited, in the New Testament, 56,604 verses; in the Sunday-school Hymn Book, 40,779; and Scripture Proofs, 4,268—making a total of 101,651. Such results in a school, which is now only *three years* old, and which at first contained hardly a single element that gave promise of success, are truly gratifying and wonderful, and call for devout gratitude to God for his prospering providence.

"The modes of carrying on the operations of the school seemed to be as complete as possible. Nothing which promises to make the Sunday school more attractive or efficient is left untried. A printed constitution is put into the hands of every one connected

with the management of the school, in which his specific duties are clearly defined. Every teacher is furnished with a manual, prepared by the superintendent, containing valuable suggestions and friendly counsel. New scholars, as they are enrolled on the register, are presented with an ornamental certificate, which contains a schedule of the duties which they are expected to perform. When a teacher is not present in his seat, a printed note is sent to him by the superintendent, requesting an immediate answer to the cause of absence, that it may be directly entered in the 'absentee register.' When a scholar is absent, he is visited by the teacher during the week, *without fail*, and the result of the visit is reported to the superintendent. Such arrangements, thoroughly carried out as they are, tend greatly to increase the interest of scholars and teachers in each other, and in the school. As a natural result, the attendance is regular and large. The superintendent, in a recent annual report, says:

"The children are very much devoted and attached to the school. They *like* to come, and *do* come through almost all kinds of weather. On the Sabbath after the great snow-storm, January 5, the attendance numbered upward of 200. Hardly a shoveled path in the neighborhood was to be found, and yet many waded through the snow, over a mile, to be at school. Sometimes they might be seen on



the tops of the fences, and sometimes trying to force their way through the almost mountains of snow-drifts on every side."

The superintendent of this great vitally reform school is Jeremiah Johnson, Esq., one of the three teachers who made the first beginning. He has purposely erected his dwelling in the neighborhood of the Sabbath school, and devotes nearly his whole time to the enterprise, together with the proceeds of a liberal fortune with which Providence has favored him. Is not this an example worthy to be remembered and followed? A recent visitor to this school concludes a communication concerning it in these words:

"The Lee Avenue Sunday School is the greatest marvel to its best friends. No adequate idea can be given of the extent and character of its operations by a simple presentation of statistics. A well-known Sunday-school visitor exclaimed on seeing it, that he had never seen a Sunday school before. Every stranger who visits it is astonished. It is a growing light, kindled by the good providence of God in a dark place; and we hope that it may not be confined within its own special circle, but shine as a beneficent example over the whole land."

As, in military operations, a walled city can rarely be successfully sacked but by undermining its foundations, so the moral Sebastopols of evil that wax so

huge and formidable in our very midst will only yield by sapping their foundations. The prattler of the cradle, and the one, but a little larger, who would venture to dispute the right of place with him, constitute the foundation stones of these strongholds of iniquity and their festering fruits. The Sabbath school here sustains the relation of sapper and miner to the Church militant, and is, we believe, the HOPE OF GREAT CITIES.

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THE  
POOR WASHERWOMAN.

By MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

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## THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

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"I DECLARE, I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day ; it don't really need to go, either, but I believe that I'll send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old Aunt Hannah, in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day ; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night, so—"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady, gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life, would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family, or, better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a

living; begrudge not the poor creature the half dollar. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candle-light and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon if she get through; who knows but that she may have come from the sick couch of some loved one, and that she counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing even she may come *one* too late. Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old woman took off her glasses and wiped away the tear drops, that, from some cause, had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the promised story:

"There was never a more blithesome bridal than that of Adeline Raleigh's. There was never a maiden who went to the marriage altar with higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice, he whose love-tones had ever thrilled her heart like a music gush from the land of light, he who was dearer to her than her own existence, a young, talented, noble fellow, one of whom any woman might be proud, it was no wonder that morn seemed a golden waif from Eden. Few, indeed, have a sunnier life in prospect than had she.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her

path. Her home was one of beauty and rare luxury, her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man, as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year, in his profession, adding new comforts to his home and new joys to his fireside; and besides these blessings, God had given another; a little crib stood by her bedside, its tenant, a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer to those wedded lovers, than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other ones. It was with them as oft it is with others; just when the cup is sweetest, it is dashed away; just when the beam is brightest, the clouds gather. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and their baby-boy. Spared to one another and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicines. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin garb and pearls upon her

bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. Long before light she would rise every morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home, and then, with many a kiss upon the lips of her pale companion and sleeping boy, start out through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to the too often smoky, gloomy kitchen, and toil there at rubbing, pounding, rinsing, starching, not unfrequently wading knee deep in the drifts, to hang out the clothes that froze even ere she had fastened them to the line. And when night came, with her half dollar, she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home, for her husband was too sick much of the time, to tend even the fire or strike a light. And O, with what a shivering heart she would draw near them, fearing ever she would be too late. It is a fact, that for six weeks, at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamplight, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have once in a while a small washing gathered for her!

"One dark winter morning, as she was busy preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready ere she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada," said he, in almost a whisper, 'I want you should try and get home early to-night; be home before sundown, do, Ada.'

"I'll try," answered she with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by sunlight; to-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday; I must look upon it once again.'

"Do you feel worse, Edward?" asked she anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight. I cannot wait till Sunday.'

"Gladly would she tarry by his bedside till the sunlight should have stolen through their little window, but it might not be. She was penniless, and in the dusk of morning must go forth to labor. She left him, sweet kisses were given and taken, and sweet words whispered in the sweetest love-tones. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A beautiful smile played over her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock, yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck one, she hangs the last garment on the line, and was just about emptying her tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, and saying,

"As you have so small a wash to-day, Adeline, I think you may do these yet,' left the room again. A wail of agony, wrung from the deepest

fountain of her heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she again took up the board and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half past three, when again she started for home, *an hour too late!*" and the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying, yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to the half-frantic wife, to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face, and that till the clock struck two, he could see, but after that, though he strained every nerve, he lay in the shadow of death; one hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart, and then—*he was at rest!*"

"But for the thoughtless or grudging exaction of her mistress, she had once more seen the love-light flash in her husband's eyes, and he have looked upon her who was so dear.

"Mary, Mary dear," and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman; instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it.

"Few women will go out to dayly washing unless their needs are terrible. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and be sure, my niece, if constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman laboring now so hard for you, has

not always been a washerwoman. She has seen bright, gladsome hours. She has seen awful trials, too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her, pay her all she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

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"You have finished in good season to-day, Susan," said Mrs. Merton, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant chamber to ask her pay.

"Yes, ma'am, that I have, and my heart, ma'am, is relieved of a heavy load, too. I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said Aunt Hannah, kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "Ah, ma'am, I left my baby most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow; I know it, I have seen it too many times, and none but a child of nine years to attend it. O, I must go, and quickly." And grasping the money, the hard-earned money that she had toiled for, while her baby was dying, that when dead it might have a decent shroud, she hurried to her dreary home.

They followed her; the young wife who had never known a sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home,

the home of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The wee dying boy knew its mother, yet craved a draught from her loving breast. Until midnight she pillowed him there, and then kind hands took from her the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud, yes, and did more. They gave, what the poor so seldom have, *time to weep*.

"O, aunt," said Mrs. Merton, with tears in her eyes, as, having seen the little coffined babe borne to its last home, they returned to their own happy one; "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's! Had it not been for you, she would have been too late, the baby would not have known its mother. It has been a sad, yet holy lesson; I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one—*all* true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head, when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman; Adeline and Aunt Hannah are one and the same."

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## QUARTERLY MEETING OF OLDEN TIME.

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## QUARTERLY MEETING OF OLDEN TIME.

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SOME memorials of these gatherings and spiritual pentecosts have not yet faded from our mind before the changes of later years. They are enfolded there in fragrance, like flowers within the leaves of a book. Let us see. We remember a quarterly meeting of the image and superscription we would like to sketch. The church was of logs, long, hewed logs, from tall forests, covered with clapboards, or a rude species of shingle riven from the oak. It was oblong, and the door about midway of the side, directly facing the pulpit on the opposite side. The flooring and pulpit were of ash, and hailed from a distant saw-mill, and were considered evidence of architectural skill and an advanced state of civilization. The pulpit was a little oblong box, with a breastwork reaching nearly to the armpits of the tallest preachers, and as destitute of all trimming and ornament as if, studiously, it was designed to be a standing memento of that adage descriptive of the religion to

which it was devoted, "when unadorned adorned the most." A small six-light window was just in the rear of it, with corresponding ones at each end, and at the right and left of the door. The seats consisted of rude, backless benches, and a little poplar table, never defiled with a varnish brush, stood just in front of the pulpit. This was considered, for those days, not only a convenient, but a rather tasty church, and was dignified, *par excellence*, by the title, and extensively known thereby, of Mount Tabor Meeting-House. It was a prominent appointment, in a thickly-populated rural district, a neighborhood which was honored by one of the circuit preachers, spending his two weekly "rest days" therein. Quarterly meetings then drew together the brethren from all parts of an extensive circuit, and they were looked to as quadrennial festivals, in which faith was certain to have a feast of fat things, and the social ties of Methodism be again brightened, strengthened, and extended. The preacher gave out from appointment to appointment the time and place of the "next quarterly meeting," seldom urging an attendance, as this was unnecessary. The Friday previous to the meeting, especially in the neighborhood where it was to occur, was, emphatically, a day of "preparing to eat the passover." The quarterly fast was generally observed for the good of the man spiritual, and very liberal preparations

were made for the benefit of the man physical, for those numerous guests with which every farmhouse adjacent to the church was expected to be crowded. It was a delightful expectation. Hospitality of this sort was a thing of the heart, a family affair, a reciprocal service. Yes, Friday before quarterly meeting! what a day of hope, and of expectation, of anticipated friendship, and of ecstasy, did we all feel it to be. The wood pile in the yard is growing high under loads that are being rapidly "snaked" or sledded there. In the kitchen the large fire blazes on the hearth; cook stoves did not belong to that era and latitude; and the Dutch oven is filled to its utmost capacity with the great "pone," and it may be that a few wheaten loaves have been secured by way of special luxury, should the family be honored by any of the preachers or their staff, in the way of local preachers, exhorters, class-leaders, or stewards, men who were alive in those days; "for there were giants in those days." On a rickety table that quivered to the pressure, the flat-iron was being faithfully applied to new check aprons, to flaxen or home-made linen with cotton collars, to sun-bonnets recently washed and newly "done up," etc., etc. The cabin yard is being swept by Jane, and the chips and dust removed just three yards further from the door, than had been the case a long time before. The old lady, mother of a large

group, having inspected her beds for the twentieth time, to see that all was *au fait*, sits knitting with a corn-cob pipe in her mouth in the best room in the house, watching the boiling of a pot of pumpkin, laying her pipe down occasionally and singing,

"How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me:  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May."

At that moment she advances toward the little cupboard at the right of the chimney, to re-inspect her pound of "boughten coffee," and that "quartering" of tea, which had cost one bushel of corn and six dozen of eggs at the village store, and which were to be brought on to the table for the expected guests as luxuries as rare as they were regaling.

The old gentleman is inspecting his stacks and his stalls, knowing that his neighbor from "Big River," or "Crooked Creek," will have need of them. A successful visit to the poultry-yard is expected to be made in the evening; and thus the day, in pleasant duties and sweet expectancy, passes away. The pious, artless, and hospitable family that we have looked in upon, only constitutes one of a quarter of a hundred,

filling a large area around this rural church of loved resort.

Saturday morning arrives, and bright and early all is astir. By ten o'clock, a large number have assembled in and about the meeting-house, dressed in their best homespuns, (this, however, is only especially true of the young people,) giving but little evidence that the village merchant was very extensively patronized. All the roads and paths leading to the church were being watched by a hundred anxious eyes. Brothers and sisters in the Lord and in the flesh, uncles, aunts, and cousins, grandpas and grandmas with their heads of snow, are to meet that day. At first, equestrian after equestrian comes in, as if by way of herald. But soon the main army follows. A long string of horsemen and horsewomen (wagons are rarities and carriages unknown) come trotting and pacing on their winding way. A mother is on a side-saddle, with her little son behind and lesser son in her lap. The husband rides by her side, or oftener before, carrying, perhaps, the rest of the family. A newly-married couple, or those who intend to be, occupy only the back of one favorite nag. Single riders are rare. The territory of a horse's back is appropriated on principles of the highest utilitarianism. Here and there, a farm-wagon with a fine span, indicating the inception of rural aristocracy, may roll up with its smiling burden. The work of dismounting is but one of a

moment, when fence corners, limbs of trees, etc., are readily appropriated for hitching posts. The gathering continues, and greetings are exchanged, and the words, "You must go home with me after meeting," and "You with me," and "With me," passes rapidly from lip to lip. Brethren in the church have commenced singing.

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing,"

rings, for the thousandth time, from tuneful lips, in rude but spiritual music. But the preacher has not come yet. Several local brethren, with their broad-brimmed hats and circular coats, are indeed there. The time has nearly arrived for the sermon; and with no small solicitude is the inquiry circulated, Is the presiding elder, and are our preachers, in the neighborhood? In a few moments it is discovered that the family with whom they generally tarry have not yet arrived. All solicitude is gone; the preachers will be here in a moment. That good old song,

"O how happy are they,  
Who their Saviour obey,"

is struck up. The church is nearly filled to its utmost capacity. The old fathers, a little hard of hearing, take their seats directly under the pulpit. The local preachers cluster about it, but no one presumes to enter it. But yonder comes the elder, with the senior and junior preachers in his train. He is well mount-

ed, with his saddle-bags pressing out on each side like panniers on the back of a camel. He wears a large white hat, with a six-inch brim, containing material enough to make half a dozen of your modern wafer ones. With the exception of his coat, he is dressed in jeans, which have been a little too long from the loom, and look somewhat seedy. For the cut of his coat, we must refer you to a Quaker of the strictest sect. His neck is muffled with no kerchief, as he maintains staunchly that neckerchiefs are the cause of all throat diseases. His countenance is sallow, morally good, with a gravity which seems to border a little on sadness. Underlying all, however, is that boldness of the lion, which belongs to the righteous. His eyes are deep set and wide apart, nose very long, mouth nearly dividing his whole face; and grasping in his gloveless hand a huge whip, he raises himself up in his cowhide boots as he comes in sight of the meeting-house, and nearly forms the perpendicular of a six-footer. He heaves a pious sigh by way of ejaculatory prayer, which is followed by the increased gravity of countenance of his accompanying preachers, with whom, with saddle-bags on their arms, he soon enters the church under the affectionate scrutiny of every eye, followed by the family whose guests they had been through the night. If a few special airs should be put on by some members of this family, consequent upon the dignity which their beloved

guests had bestowed upon them, if a little special, not wholly enviless, attention should be shown them, it should surprise none acquainted with that singular institution called human nature.

Of the sermon and the services of this hour, we have not space to speak. Suffice it to say, that it was primitively simple, followed by an exhortation by some exhorter or local preacher, that filled the house with amens, sobs, and shouts. Then follows a slight inspection of the audience by the preacher, who sees representatives there from all parts of his circuit, the commingling of a diversity of neighborhoods in one spirit; and he feels, and all feel, that the social element of such a gathering is specially subservient to the cause of religion. He announces the appointments for the subsequent part of the day, especially the love-feast, which is to follow on Sabbath morning, when the door is to be guarded after a certain hour with a stringency that would exclude a bishop.

The congregation is now dismissed, and after a little mounting and remounting, amid gushings of hearty greetings, a little marching and countermarching, all slowly retire to their homes from this rural altar, making the highways and hedges, the hidden paths and mountain passes, vocal with the voice of gladness and with songs of praise; each family bearing away its portion of guests, who "came to stay through the meeting," as prizes which they had lawfully appropriated.

The pious are not expecting a revival at that quarterly meeting, for "that which a man hath, why doth he yet hope for?" They come in the spirit of revival, and go directly to work in a revival spirit. At their houses, while some, like Martha, are engaged in serving, others are found at the feet of Jesus; and the voice of rejoicing is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous. There is found use for the mourner's bench in the evening; and the sighs of the penitent, praises of the delivered, and gratulations of the saints, continue until a late hour. The love-feast on the Sabbath morning was like the first morning to the old hungry Israelites, when the ground was covered with manna, and the heavens seemed honey-combed over them. It was a season of sweetness, of sanctifying power and holy rapture. The slain of the Lord were many.

Scenes of rural artlessness, when man had but little and wanted less, why are ye fled? Scenes of primitive simplicity, when ostentation and pride, the machinations and arts of a more artificial society, were comparatively unknown, will ye ever return again? Alas! the old-fashioned quarterly meeting is henceforth to be but a thing of history. But if we cannot restore it, can we not substitute something equally good and useful?

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LIGHTS AND SHADES IN ITINERANCY.

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## LIGHTS AND SHADES IN ITINERANCY

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THIS phrase has become stereotyped. It has become the title of books upon the subject, and literature of this species is on the increase. Having been twenty-five years in the itinerancy, and labored in an early day, from the wilds of Arkansas to the peninsula of Michigan; having engaged in nearly all the possible forms of itinerancy, and lived after every conceivable fashion, without a shelter, and with one; without money, and with it; in tents, and in ceiled houses, we may be supposed to know a little of the "lights and shades" in itinerancy, and would, therefore, show our opinion. We believe there is a great error in treating this subject. It is treated *ex parte*. The "shades" are exaggerated, and the "lights" undervalued. The thing is treated as if the people were always in fault, and the preachers always faultless. We are not among those who would conceal the real difficulties and embarrassments of an itinerant's life even under the most favorable circumstances. But there are many who have



been as long in the itinerancy as we, who, had they their lives to re-spend, would engage again at once in this career of so much trial and responsibility. They feel that if there were dark days, there were also many days mellow with the richest sunlight of joy. Indeed, start a man's heart once to itinerating, he is seldom fit for anything else, and if compelled, by any means, to stop in his orbit, he becomes like a caged lion, restless to move forward again in this homeless mode of life. There is a lure here, a species, we had nearly said, of holy magic, the existence of which is less easily to be accounted for, than one might at first suppose. But it is a fact, nevertheless. The preacher who has been once active in the itinerant field, is always panting, even under the greatest embarrassments, superannuation, or what not, to shoulder his crutch, and fight his battles over again. Perhaps we have an indication here of the divinity of the system.

We apprehend that these "shades" occasionally originate, in part, with the preacher. Our system of supplying our extended work, especially in an early day, was operated with but a very slight regard to a severe eclecticism in the matter of multiplying our preachers. Inadequacy, inexperience, abounded largely, and that, too, of necessity. Among many of our itinerants, some were *constitutionally* defective, wholly unimpowered in the art of persuading men,

or socially interesting them. To all these men is to be awarded sincerity, though many have entered upon their calling prematurely, while with others, again, it had never been their calling. They conceived of the itinerant work, as a kind of stroll through Elysian fields, in which they were not exactly in heaven, and yet very far removed from the prose and common things of earth. They were to preach, and the Church was to see that they wanted nothing. Now, true views of duty, of what is required of the itinerant, could scarcely be expected to obtain in such a mind. When they begin to want, they begin to grumble. Grumbling is a very unsightly virtue. It is of rank growth, and its habit soon fixed, and from a grumbler before the Lord and the Church, may we ever be delivered. From this character, and others that might be mentioned, the people often feel that they are not receiving all they have a right to expect. The discouragement becomes mutual, but the people come in for all the blame. Have not such scenes as these ever occurred? Men have been put in, and kept in the ministry, because of their age and talents, for of this class, there are able preachers, who never passed a year in peace, in any society, though in some portions of the year, they might have had great prosperity. There is about such men a constitutional imprudence, a rashness, a want of patience, to abide the

time of things, and it is a kind of physiological necessity for such to have an annual altercation, in some way, with some person, to work off this ultra-biliousness. Are the "shades" all on one side here? Another example. A young man of twenty is converted at a camp-meeting. He is of Methodist parentage, and the child of many prayers. His conversion is thorough. He is soon licensed to exhort. This is followed by a license to preach, and a recommendation to the traveling connection. Last year he plowed, this year he is junior preacher on — circuit, or, it may be, he is the sole preacher of the circuit. The only merit as a preacher he possesses, or could expect to possess, is the fervor of his first love, and his zeal in the good cause. In proportion as these wane, and wane they will and must, to some extent, he is shorn of his power. He has nothing to fall back upon. In all the matter of theological acquisition, he has only come to the beginning point. The brethren respect him. Some, we are sorry to say, pity him, for he, perhaps, will not consider it a compliment. With him, no habits of study are fixed. It is too late in life for him to submit to much sedentary habit. He has no one to learn him how to begin to learn. His appointments are mostly confined to the four Sabbaths of his circuit, and having begun to feel some native diffidence, he has little disposition to extemporize any. During the secular

days, on which he is not engaged, he reads a little by patches, joins a fishing excursion, or rides home, fifty miles, to see his mother, returns to some favorite preacher's home, which he seems little disposed to exchange for others, eats heartily, and often has to be called up to breakfast and prayers, and then visits his people on Sabbath, not only without beaten oil, but with no oil. Now, if in the matter of collecting quarterage for such preachers, paying the debts they incur, etc., there be some, and, at times, much friction, is it a matter of much surprise? The "shades" are not all on one side here, we are thinking. Examples of other classes might be multiplied, but we forbear. The truth is in this matter, as in all others, the people are looking for a kind of *quid pro quo*, and though it is not exactly and always, "poor preach, poor pay," yet the principle points with a sharp angle in this direction. The preacher who gets into the people's hearts, will generally share the liberty of their pockets, and he whose reputation on his circuit and station has been irreproachable, and who leaves a balmy memory in his career, will have but few enemies, as it would be unpopular to be such, and those whom he has, will only fall out to his good, by acting as a spur to the vigilance of his friends, in the protection of his reputation. Such an itinerant will suffer little from that small-souled sort of people found everywhere, the croaker, and that still more

despicable character, the Church member who must always be criticising even the domestic habits of the minister, having an eye to peep in the kitchen, the wardrobe, and especially to keep posted up in reference to the dress and bonnet worn by the itinerant's wife.

Now, of all we have further to say on this subject, the following is the sum from our experience: We have passed through the very rough and tumble of itinerant life, if any man ever did. If we have not fought with beasts at Ephesus, we have with black-jack, brushwood, and bears, as we have ascended the Gasconade River, on our way to seek the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," and it certainly required some search. For if "rocks and mountains" could hide from the Almighty, this part of Missouri would be the very place for the miserable refugee. Nature, here, seems, back in the dateless ages, in some volcanic eruption, to have thrown to the surface of the earth, what belonged to its center. Indeed, as if in anticipation of Missouri ruffianism itself, the agencies of nature seem here to have turned prophet, and to have fitly characterized portions of Missouri as the Judas of states: and "falling down, his bowels gushed out." Again, we have enjoyed the well-regulated circuit, the station of the beautiful rural village, the more responsible one of the city, and for our part, amid all our toils and trials, occasionally some real suffering, the "lights" with

us have fully equaled the "shades," ay, surpassed them, as much as the brightness of the day does the ordinary darkness of the night. We have found that where we have succeeded in getting the people to love us, and to appreciate our labors, they manifested anything else than a disposition to starve us, or even suffer us knowingly to want a competency. We have found that it is not foolish preaching, though it might be the foolishness of preaching, that the people wanted; that if the former had been in demand, the world had been converted long ere this. We bless God for the itinerancy, and had we a thousand lives, they should be spent in this sweet but checkered mode of seeking to win the world to Christ. Halleluiah! our heart wakes up at many joyful retrospects of glorious revival seasons, the quarterly meetings, and camp-meetings, where one seems for a season abstracted from the earth, and by a sweet and mysterious spiritual chemistry, becomes assimilated with the skies! Nature has put on new garments of beauty. The word of God sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. Every Christian, a John for your bosom, and a Jonathan for your confidence, while your love for sinners has possessed a winning power which no one has been able to gainsay or resist. Glory to God for the "lights" of the itinerancy, and let the "shades," say we, take care of themselves.

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GENERAL CONFERENCE TAKINGS.

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## GENERAL CONFERENCE TAKINGS.

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REV. JOHN DEMPSTER, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

"And well his words became him. Was he not  
A full-celled honeycomb of eloquence  
Stored from all flowers? Poet like he spoke."

DR. DEMPSTER has just obtained the floor from us, at first, much to our regret, but subsequently, much to our gratification. He has made one of *the* speeches of the session, on the compatibility of the insertion of a rule prohibiting any further slaveholding in the Church, in the seventh chapter, with the General Rule. He has shown clearly that the spirit of the latter requires the former statute, and that it is not, therefore, unconstitutional. His speech is sententious, resistless in its logic, and mainly lucid. It is just concluded, and has been received with great favor. The occasion has prompted this imperfect sketch. Of the parentage, early history, and educa-

tion of this venerable man, we know just nothing. Of his labors since his name was associated with our itinerancy, as a pastor, foreign missionary, and educationalist, we can give at present no consecutive view. We can only say, that for the last twenty years we have associated the name of Dempster with much that is eloquent as a writer, and more that is eloquent as a preacher, and with all that is guileless and commendable as a devoted, self-sacrificing Christian. Our personal acquaintance with him has been of recent occurrence, but his name has long been to us a source of inspiration, as being the name of one who had reached a very high point in his profession, and who possessed the power to move men. In looking to-day upon the good old disciple, whose health, though generally good for one of his ripe age, has recently been much impaired by severe attacks of the ague; in gazing upon his thin, sallow, flabby cheeks; his mouth, which shows the marks of time, and out of which words have so often gone on so magic a mission; his only skin-covered brow, which projects over piercing, restless eyes, like a promontory, and listening to the enfeebled tones of his voice, once so rich, musical, and of so wide a compass; on seeing his whole frame totter under the weight of his efforts like an old man-of-war, trembling in every joint from the reaction of a broadside, we are induced, at least, after saying, Well done, brother; your day and gener-

ation have thus far been faithfully served by you, to attempt a charcoal sketch of some of his mental, professional, and social characteristics, as they have from time to time impressed us.

All true poets, it is said, are metaphysicians, but the converse of the proposition is not true. All metaphysicians are not poets. Brother Dempster is a metaphysician, and though he be not a poet, the style of some of his compositions would seem to indicate that nature had at first intended to blend the two characters in one, but abandoned her design when the poet was but half made. The rhetoric of the poet belongs to Dr. D. His prose sentences are often as regularly measured as the lines of Homer. His taste for the music of words, when they treasure within themselves great thoughts and are only singing to their burden, is strongly marked. This sheds a marked individualism over his style, nearly allied to fancy, but a little too masculine for it. Indeed, Dr. D.'s poetic conceptions seem to have been formed more from the beauty of the relations of truth, than from the breathings of living nature about him. He looks upon a principle with the eye of a poet, more than on prairies gorgeous in carpets of green. He dwells more among the forest of abstract truths, than among the forest of leafy green; hence, that quiet glow of fancy and rich rhetorical rhythm in his productions, which, while they are felt to be natural

to him, and are not wanting in power to impart pleasure to the reader or hearer, yet one drawback in this pleasure is felt to consist in the fact that they are too artificial. Like Grecian statuary, beautiful but cold. The flower is artificial rather than fresh from gathering. In early life, the animus of the orator, now sacrificed to infirmity, supplied this lack, and justified the very high reputation which Dr. D. has left behind him as an eloquent and impassioned preacher.

We have said he was a metaphysician. He is always dwelling among primitive principles, commences no subject without announcing his category, and, as a general thing, builds a wall-work of logic around the truth he would defend, as immovable as Gibraltar. Perhaps it is to be regretted, that now and then the crystal-like perspicuity of the thorough logician is lost sight of in a metaphysical haze, and though you are prepared to admit his conclusions, and generally feel that you cannot do otherwise, yet, every step by which the reasoner reached them is not so clearly seen by you. Dr. D. (and it is but too often the error of the greatest of minds, and few ever possessed a greater than he) lives too much in the subjective, and too little in the objective. This tendency of his mind, we fully believe, has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it has become a fixed habit of years. Brother Demp-

ster, though always popular in his public ministrations, in a good sense, can never be popular and effective equal to his real powers. This communion of the mind with things internal and abstract, so disproportionate with the communion of the mind with things external and concrete, is too apt to produce this sense of inexplicableness. The author makes discoveries and distinctions that are so wholly new and unconfirmed by experience that we cannot feel their force. The first school-teacher of mankind is experience; the philosophy of those who are to be taught, is always one of *fact*, and not of abstraction. And whenever we deal in abstract truths so profound that they are not found to be verified in ordinary experience, we speak to the mass in an unknown tongue.

Indomitable energy, with always an object in view, seems always to have been a characteristic of Dr. Dempster. And now that his face is deeply furrowed by time, and he must inevitably feel the pressure of years, yet he seems resolved never to grow old. The will may add as many years to the life, as were mercifully vouchsafed to the penitent Hezekiah. Greatheart is a great character. There is such a thing as realizing the fabled elixir of perpetual youth. Dr. D. comes as near to it as any man we ever knew. He is a young old man, mentally and morally, or rather an old man who has learned how to become old. He



seems, by anticipation, to have thoroughly studied the infirmities of age and its concomitant weaknesses, and when the time arrived that he should be swayed by their influence, he governs himself by the conclusions of former years. It is a hard lesson to learn, especially among clergymen, this thing of learning how to become old. In our experience, we have found vanity as strongly manifested in gray hairs as we have in the inexperienced youth of twenty. Old age, too, is seldom studious, but lives wholly upon past resources. This indulgence, perhaps, should be readily granted to it. But in the case of Dr. D. it is quite different. He pursues his studies with all the energy and regularity of one who has only heard the clock of life's day strike ten. A freshness, currency, and adaptedness are thus generally imparted to his conversation and public ministrations. He does not make the mistake of sexagenarians generally, and live in the past rather than the present.

His social intercourse is marked by a model etiquette. Deference, simplicity, courtesy, and kindness, characterize all his intercourse with his brethren. In conversation he is highly gifted. He makes no waste of words, but his utterances are epigrammatic. He seems as much at home among that class of authors which we denominate rare, as in the circle of his own familiar friends. Socially, however, we sometimes fear that Dr. D. is falling too much in love with the dead

for the good of the living. Society is compelled to seek him rather than he seek society.

Our readers need not be informed that Dr. Dempster, the founder of the flourishing Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., is now the president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, located at Evanston, eleven miles north of Chicago. Though this institution is yet in embryo, and it doth not yet appear what it shall be, yet under his wise supervision and tutorship, fruits have already resulted from it that have widely inspired public confidence, and justify the most sanguine hopes for the future. Dr. D. emigrated west some two years since, and notwithstanding the engrossing duties of his professional chair, he has often filled our pulpits in this city, and complied with calls from abroad for dedications and other special occasions, never failing to give the highest satisfaction. He is a member of the Rock River Conference, which he now represents on this floor. We know little of the preparations he makes for the pulpit, but his sermons are always found highly finished, pregnant with thought, and warm with the unmixed blood of evangelism. We hear him with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure: of pleasure, that we are permitted to feast our ears and heart upon such messages; of pain, to think that the man physical has lost its wonted strength, while the man mental is still the same in force and fire. A weak voice and age-withered frame command pro-

found veneration, but still greatly diminish the powers of delivery. We sigh, too, to think that that voice, growing fainter and fainter, must soon be silent forever, and the light, if not of genius, the steadier shining of a noble and rare talent, go out in the darkness of the grave. May the day be distant!

In what we have said about the occasional abstractedness and obscurity of passages in Dr. D.'s ministrations, we would not have it understood that they occur frequently, especially in his ordinary and more popular discourses.

A striking trait in Dr. Dempster's social and professional character is, his generosity and disinterestedness. He is as enviless as an infant, and prone rather to overestimate the talents of his brethren than the contrary, and, certainly, prone always to undervalue his own. An atmosphere of generosity and magnanimous impulse surrounds him, like the robe of a prophet. He is a lovable man, and a single interview with a family endears every member of it to him.

Though as economical as Luther, who would not waste a straw, as it might serve to thicken the thatch of a poor man's cottage, yet he attaches no value to money or possessions, further than they can be made to serve the great purpose of perfecting some pending enterprise, and glorifying God. And as to office or official position, these must always seek him, and not he them; and whether called to fill the humblest or

the highest place, it is equally a matter of indifference, only so that the work stop not. This total abandonment, this absorption into the work of the ministry and its concomitant auxiliaries, is quite too rare. May examples be multiplied!

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### REV. WILLIAM F. FARRINGTON,

OF MAINE CONFERENCE.

"Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a Churchman better than ambition;  
Win straying souls, and with modesty again,  
Cast none away."

In person, there is a disproportion between bone and muscle in Brother F., the latter being inordinately large. He is a large man, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a small tendency toward abdominal orbicularity. His hair is silken, and complexion fair, cheek-bones high, mouth large, brow well developed, but not remarkable for its intellectual manifestations. The moral and mental lineaments of his features may be generally expressed thus: kindness, candor, generosity, and good sense. We might be more minute, but we never had the pleasure of meeting our brother from away down East (he is a member of the General Conference from Maine) until we met him

here. Practically, we pronounce him a safe, available, and reliable brother, equally free from rashness and vacillation. It is the steady dropping that wears away the stone. The sudden blow may only break, not remove the obstacle. Though like the hand of a clock, too slow for its movements to be seen, though those movements are just as they should be, so Brother Farrington belongs to that class of men and ministers who are constantly making the world better around them, though the fact is not always perceptible. We should deem him not especially gifted in the brilliancies of speech, the flowers of rhetoric, the discoveries of originality, or the profundities of logic, and least of all, the deceptive forms of sophistry. His sermons are sensible and practical; tear-soaked and tear-begetting. He addresses himself more to the affections than to the intellect; hence he will make no very striking impression favorable to intellectual strength, at first, upon an audience of strangers; but as all love to feel more than they love to think, and the latter being no less important than the former in the work of reform, Brother F. will wear well, and the good seed which he sows will generally grow. If he does not turn up the subsoil of the heart with a plow of great intellectual power, he saturates it into mellowness. In his pastoral intercourse he is always a lovable man, and will be welcomed by sorrow as a son of consolation, and

by misfortune as the good Samaritan. If the backslider do not commence to retrace his steps at once, when pursued by him, he stops when he finds himself pursued, for Brother F. to come up with him. The Church will have peace, if not always prosperity, under his spiritual nurture. He, perhaps, is more gifted in training young converts than in making them. Like light, which falls as noiselessly upon the city as into the silent mountain pass, revealing what it touches, and beautifying the flower, born to blush unseen, so Brother F. seeks to make no noise in order to be known, but he is sought for because he is just the man to meet one of the Church's necessities. Without the advantages of acquiring a ripe education, he, nevertheless, is at home in the common, the utilitarian branches, and, we believe, possesses a smattering of the dead languages. Consecrated to God for the work of the ministry in holy baptism, in early infancy, by a pious mother, the offering seems always to have been accepted; and its subject, from receiving a conscious visitation of God at the early age of seven years, while his tiny hands were gathering the flowers of the wilderness, seems always to have been upon the altar. At the age of fifteen, conversion and a call to the ministry were experienced and understood, and a hesitating vow to comply with the latter was made to Him, who alone calleth men to this honor, for no man taketh it to

himself unless he is called of God, as was Aaron. The call, however, was at first resisted, which, as often happens, was followed by a loss of religious enjoyment. This was restored when Brother F. summoned up the resolution to say, "Here I am, Lord, send me." In 1829 we see his name as a probationer in the Maine Conference, of which conference he subsequently became a member, and so continues until this day. Of his standing in his conference something may be inferred from the following facts. During the twenty-seven years of his ministry he has had but fourteen charges, thus nearly always being returned the second year. He has twice been presiding elder, and six years stationed in Portland, his present field of labor. He has never left a charge without leaving some fruit of his labors. Though disclaiming all special ability to preach set sermons for set occasions, yet his brethren have called upon him, during his itinerant career, to consecrate some twenty-one of their churches. A diffidence, compounded of that quality and modesty, constitutes a marked trait of his clerical intercourse with his brethren. This, however, is not so excessive as to enervate his self-reliance. He is a man, therefore, who will be in nobody's way, while it will be every one's delight to stand out of his, do his merits justice, admire him highly, and love him more. Homely as ourself, no one seems to lay this to his charge; in

fact, we believe the belief is general that he could not help it. Well, notwithstanding this last compliment we have paid him, we shall not only not fear to meet our excellent brother again, but shall do all we can to bring so pleasing an event about. But if unsuccessful on earth, there is a world where we do not expect to be.

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### REV. FERNANDO C. HOLLIDAY, A.M.,

OF THE SOUTHEASTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE.

AMONG those who are first and latest in their seats, during the session of the Conference, may be mentioned Fernando Cortes Holliday, the whilom chum and classmate of our boyhood, and one of our cherished friends. He sits now in an advanced position of the semicircles that are arranged in front of the speaker's desk, watching the speaker's eye with the carefulness of a kingfisher, and seldom fails to get the floor in a contest with the oldest parliamentarian. Albeit, the charge we hear brought against some, lies not at his door. He does not deem it necessary to make a speech on every subject that comes before the body. Indeed, he speaks but rarely, and then briefly, and generally to the point; a quality this, we have always thought, indicative of

men of the greatest influence, either in ecclesiastical or civil assemblies. A man that is always on his feet, becomes a monopolist of the time of his brethren, and it will not be surprising if he be charged with a less welcome virtue than that of rudeness—egotism.

Physically, Brother Holliday tends to corpulence, a little below the medium in stature, and made to limp by a most severe affliction of erysipelas about sixteen years ago, which terminated in an obstinate suppuration of the knee-joint. His lameness, however, scarcely stamps him an invalid, and he walks with much erectness and rapidity. His etiquettical air is naturally urbane, the law of kindness lights up his whole demeanor, and we have seldom met him without being greeted with a smile, while he seems to enjoy, as much as any one we ever knew, a good, hearty, anti-dyspeptic, but not obstreperous laugh.

Genius, with her saddened hues and deepened lines, has not placed her signet upon him. Imagination he has none, but he delights in its creative potency in others. Fancy has been more liberal to him, and the mild, the gentle, the lovely, and the placid, often mingle prominently with the furniture of his mind. He would gaze in rapture on simple beauty, but go to sleep on a sunny day to the music of Niagara. He is a sound, though not profound logician, and is much oftener right in his conclusions

than those who pass as being much more profound. When nature made him, she seems to have said, I will try my hand on making one purely sensible man. As a preacher, his sermons are always eminently marked with a chasteness and great intelligibility of language, constructed upon some great principle, with all the mechanical regularity of a Yankee cottage, smiling in snowy whiteness from its nestling-place, amid grass and evergreens. Flowers are not numerous, if we except—to drop the figure—now and then an exotic in the form of poetry. His sermons are evidently well-studied, and to hear him from the same text the second time, one would be ready to conclude that he is, to a large extent, a memoriter preacher. But let no one suppose that his sermons are delivered in any sense as a school-boy parrots his piece. The fact is, this is the *manner* of preparation adapted to the very constitution of Brother H.'s mind. Being, therefore, perfectly natural, everything appears so to his audience, and for years he has stood at the head of his conference, as one of its first preachers. For instructiveness, and what we will call winningness and lasting impressiveness, there are but few sermons preached that equal Brother Holliday's, take him, as we will say, upon the average. His early advantages were limited, but he had a care to triumph over the rigor of fortune, planned his own curriculum of study with such aids

as he had at hand, pursued a regular course, and became self-graduated. Whether he ever had resort to the conferring of a degree upon himself, which he certainly merited, and which, perhaps, would have done just as well, we never inquired, but we do remember that, in 1850, he received the degree of A.M. from the M'Kendree College, in Illinois. If not extensively accurate in science, as few men thus educated are, it is richly atoned for by that extended information to which, contradistinguishingly, we may give the name of learning. He commenced the ministry, as too many have, too early, probably. We heard him exhort in his sixteenth year, he was licensed to preach in his seventeenth, and in his eighteenth we find him bobbing along on horse-back, around one of those extensive circuits that were then to be found in Southern and Middle Indiana. He has been in the traveling connection ever since, being now about forty-one years of age, and has filled all the offices in his Church, (and also many of the stations of the first class,) from class-leader to presiding elder, and is now, we believe, for the first time, a delegate to the General Conference, where every one believes that he fills well his seat. His ministry and administration have always been successful and satisfactory to his brethren, by whom he is now esteemed for his works' sake. His influence has often been more like the brook that mean-

ders noiselessly through the grass-field, watering untold thousands of roots, than the cascade leaping in silvery sheen, with a song of wildness, from the mountain side. He is one of those men to whom critics must hesitate to give the title of greatness, and yet there is so much of the truly great about him, that, as a Methodist preacher, he would be beloved and useful in any part of our work, from the metropolitan church to the log-cabin on the frontier. He writes occasionally, and is not unknown as an author. He is the author of the "Life and Times of Rev. A. Wiley;" also, of the Anniversary Book for the use of Sunday schools, besides several tracts and fugitive sermons.

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REV. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.,

DELEGATE FROM THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

YESTERDAY (Sabbath) we went to hear Dr. Hannah in the morning, in Wesley Chapel, which was crowded at an early hour. The sermon was founded on Ephesians i, 13, 14, and might be fittingly enough denominated the gifts, offices, and fruits of the Holy Spirit. The whole sermon was threaded with unity, while the happiest of digressions, and most appropriate variety, filled up the amplifications. It



was a beautiful landscape slumbering in mellow sunlight, divided by a mountain ridge, inviting rather than precipitous, and sloping on either hand into wide and fruitful vales. In the sermon we were not disappointed, but in the *manner* of the preacher we were most seriously. He is the victim of a chronic mannerism, most probably the result of a false education in his youthful days, and which has now fixed itself upon him; and while it has thus become to him second nature, to everybody else, as it seems to us, it must appear very unnatural. He reads his hymn in a sing-song tone, so dovetailing one word into another that it is difficult to understand him. He stands in the pulpit with his left foot advanced and a-kimboed, giving one the impression that his position is one of pain. His arms are tolerably well provided for, as they are both used about equally, while the prominent gesture is that of extending them as if to embrace you. As he warms up in preaching, his voice becomes less unnatural, and sometimes, when he seems to get into the region of self-unconsciousness, one feels momentarily relieved. But, notwithstanding these external defects, Dr. Hannah is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, a messenger of the everlasting Gospel full of holy unction; and to sit under one of his sermons, is to inhale a spiritual atmosphere, the refreshing and strengthening power of which is of no

transient continuance. Occasionally we broke the fixed spell that the speaker exerted over us, and glanced over his audience, during the rendering of some of his most startling passages. We shall never forget the *tout ensemble* that met our gaze. Every face was upturned, and as still as if petrified, while lips quivered and tears coursed down the cheeks, reminding one of a flower garden in a spring morning trembling in the zephyr's early breath, and bespangled with countless drops of dew. May the Lord raise up thousands upon thousands of such preachers to bless our Israel, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Hannah's defect in manner alluded to, is but another illustration of the fact, that human greatness in this world is always in the ore, and never in the unmixed or smelted state. This is right. A perfection that would forbid further progress would be one of the greatest of misfortunes that could befall man.



## REV. HIRAM MATTISON, A.M.,

OF THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE.

As yet, our "takings" of men have been few and meager. Delicate as is this department, one in which caution should be the cardinal virtue, or else the pen may become a thorn to the heart of friendship, or a fountain of disgust; yet to redeem our promise to our readers, we have determined to adventure into this region, and throw off some charcoal sketches. We are tempted to commence at this moment with Professor Mattison, a man well known in the Church, and whose fame is much more enviable than that of notoriety. He sits now directly before us, in total ignorance of our intended onslaught upon him, with pencil and papers in one hand, (he is never without them,) leaning a little forward, and watching with intense interest the tide of debate as it flows and foams (pardon this frothy figure!) in counter-currents along. In person, the professor is slender, lithy, and wiry, indicating great activity and powers of endurance. He is as straight as an Indian, with neck a little too attenuated, and which he always seems to like to bind up with a challengeless white cravat, adjusted in a style the most *au fait*. The entire con-

tour of his face and head does not indicate genius as much as generosity, talent as much as indomitable energy: in other words, the moral sentiments, sweet and bland in essence, with a little angularity of exhibition, are more prominent than the intellectual. Upon a closer inspection, versatility of intellect becomes a prominent impression. He will succeed in whatever he undertakes, and he may safely undertake more things than most men. Energy in him is much more than a substitute for genius in some. A kind of a bloodhound power to hang on, is a talent in him, before which Malakoffs would crumble. Not that he is destitute of either talent or genius, but possesses both in a high degree about equally combined, and compounded with the qualities which we have just described. He is one of that numerous host of marked men, whose early advantages were few. Theology, with the natural sciences as a commentary, is his favorite study. The Author of nature is the Author of the Bible. Mr. M. is author of several highly approved works on philosophy and astronomy. He also published, if we remember right, in 1840, an able little work on the Trinity, which is now on our tract list, and has passed through some six or seven editions. Like all authors, he feels the truth of the sentiment, that of the making of books there is no end, and we have somewhere stolen the secret that a work has been growing on his hands, for

a number of years, on the life and immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. As there is about the man, what is true, we believe, of all planets, some eccentricities, so the means of his conversion were somewhat peculiar. He was converted through the instrumentality of Pollok's Course of Time. We hope the poor, consumptive-smitten poet, who actually has been more read than Milton, though in finitely less praised, knows this fact in heaven. Professor Mattison is about forty-five years of age, though one, in guessing at his age, would be just as apt to put the figures at thirty-five. He joined the Black River Conference in 1836, of which he is still a member, and from which he is an able and reliable delegate to this body. His health, we believe, has several times failed him, owing, doubtless, to the fact of his studious and hard-working habits. In fifty-two, both from sanitary considerations and because he was needed, by the authority of Bishop Waugh he was appointed pastor of the famous old John-street Church, in New-York. From thence he was called to take charge of a new church enterprise "up town," where he has remained to this present. By the aid of a few energetic and liberal brethren, whose efforts have been wisely stimulated by his own enterprise and diplomacy, a church, said to equal, in architectural convenience and befittingness, anything of the sort in America, has been erected. Professor Matti-

son is an able preacher, a versatile but generally over-pungent writer, sincerely devoted to every interest of the Church; a Christian not by profession, but experience; a preacher not professionally, but one moved from within rather than without; a fast and generous friend, and firm, tenacious, and successful defender of the faith. The Church and the world have need of him, and thousands more like him.

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REV. ISAAC M. LEIHY,

OF THE WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.

THE valueless often glitters upon the surface, and obtrudes upon the gaze. Treasures are generally hidden, and are to be sought for. The world's best men, if not the greatest, compose a majority the least known. Unobtrusive modesty is preëminently a prominent characteristic of the subject of this sketch. He has never sought to be known, and the reputation he has, is like his shadow, what he could not prevent. Goodness, firmness, sound judgment, and force of character, being always in demand, Brother Leihy is one whom his Conference delighteth to honor; and while he stands in its van, they have wisely committed to him the task of representing its interests in

the General Conference. Though not one of the speaking members of that body, for he speaks but seldom, which is to be regretted, yet he exerts an influence upon that undercurrent of power which does more to control the action of the body than if he made, as some are said to have done, a dozen speeches a day. He is medium in stature, firm, square, straight, and symmetrically built, sallow in countenance, studiously neat in attire, with his general features sharpened, indicating taste in manners, with a firmness of determination that would be quite as apt to lean toward the stubbornness of the martyr, as to yield in the day of temptation. As the Irishman's farm-house covered the most of his domain, so his mouth when opened (the editor should have a care how he talks of such things) covers a very large portion of his face. His eye and brow indicate strong sense blended with great earnestness. His temperament, though of the sanguine bilious, is so ballasted with the phlegmatic, that he furnishes an example of coolness and self-possession, which many who might justly set up higher claims to mental potency, are seldom found to exemplify. He would have made a good admiral, and scarcely have taken the glass from his eye in a critical moment, even should the leaden messenger of destruction carry away a limb. To be cool and collected while opponents are inordinately excited is

a vantage-ground which a polemic knows well how to appreciate. In argument he is terse, transparent, and syllogistic, and rests often even with an overweening confidence in his conclusions. His is not an egotistic confidence, but that which a truth-loving mind feels when he believes himself planted on that everlasting rock. Great earnestness is the prominent quality of his preaching. This, like a shower upon the thirsty land, always imparts to his sermons the power to refresh, even where one is not conscious of receiving much additional instruction. But his preaching seldom wants this quality—instruction. It is generally rich in Methodist theology, not delivered in the mere hackneyed terms of the textbooks and the skeleton form of first, secondly, and thirdly, but a principle of truth is announced, and then amplified by copious and pertinent quotations of Scripture. And as to accuracy (one of the great beauties in preaching) of his Scriptural quotations, this is a marked peculiarity in Brother Leihy's sermonizing. He is about forty-six years of age, and as to education, his early advantages were such as an imperfect system of common schools could confer. He studied subsequently in Cazenovia Seminary, and is not without highly respectable attainments in letters. He joined the Rock River Conference in 1843, and is now a member of the Wisconsin Conference, and presiding elder on Fond du Lac District.

Many of the circuits and districts on which he has traveled in the West, have been emphatically in the backwoods, and were he disposed, he could reveal many incidents of toil and triumph, of the ludicrous and the chivalrous, peculiar to such a rude and inceptive state of society. Like most other frontier preachers, these memories of pleasure, greatly mixed, are, after all, cherished as among the purest of our life. Originally a New-Yorker, he is now identified with the great and growing West, where long may he stand a pillar in the Church of our God.

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REV. F. J. JOBSON, A.M.,

DELEGATE FROM THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

REV. MR. JOBSON, assistant delegate from the British Conference, preached to a very large audience in Roberts Chapel, on Sunday night. Though we did not hear him, and, therefore, cannot delineate his manner in the pulpit, nor even announce the gist of his sermon, yet we have heard the effort spoken of as one of mental magnificence and supreme unction, not at all inferior to that of his colleague in the morning, while many give preference to his manner. The physique of Mr. Jobson may be described in general

terms as that of a short, fat, burly, homely man. His feet are as short as those of a Chinese, his hands and fingers are short, his legs are short, his nose is short, his neck and ears are short, the latter looking like the half of a plump blue peach stuck flat on to jowls as round and plump as a Yankee pumpkin; his brow is short, his eyes are small and piercing, but as good fortune would have it in view of our favorite theory, his mouth is not short, it is not round and puckering, it is just such an opening in a man's face as we generally find in the orator. He is full of emotion, and never seems to be getting up steam, as we Americans say, but is always letting it off, and, seemingly, it sometimes lifts the heavy valve in spite of himself, and momentarily carries him up as in a whirlwind of fire. He occasionally startles you with paradoxes, suddenly drops in a most brilliant parenthesis, thrilling his audience with surprise, as when an omnibus driver, under a sweeping trot, instantly stops his team quite near the bottom of a hill. He is emphatically a tyrant of an orator, and determined that his audience shall not control him, but that he will control them, and sweet and luxurious was the control which he exerted over the hundreds that hung upon his lips on Sunday night last. We have called him a homely man; it would, certainly, be very erroneous to call him a handsome one, and yet is there a moral beauty that comes out upon his short features, like the sun,

which on the other side of the jagged cloud, still sends its rays through the ruggedness of nature, attracting the eye with the commingled hues of the vermillion, the violet, and the rose-bud. A mind and soul on which the beauty of the Lord our God has long shone, render attractive, we have often thought, the roughest of tenements. Mr. Jobson is, evidently, a man of high mental attainments, and of great refinement of manners. He is, manifestly, less cautious and more progressive and outspoken than is his able colleague. We should think, withal, that his digestion has always been good, and in view of the fact that English roast beef is the best in the world, that had he not possessed great symmetrical force of character—had not his mental appetite always been as good as his physical, the world would never have witnessed so long-headed a man, intellectually, on so short and fat a man, physically. And here we must pen a thought that struck us as we saw him for the first time, when introduced to the Conference, and from which almost momentary impression we have made up this sketch. The thought was this: How must a man feel whose conscience is clear, whose honors are more than princely, whose sphere of usefulness might tempt an angel, and who, at the same time, should feel almost continuously, as Mr. Jobson must feel, the sensations of perfect health. We lifted our own skeleton and fevered hand to our brow, and

remembering that we had no recollection of an hour's ease from pain during nearly half of our life, we involuntarily uttered, it never entered into our heart to conceive of the felicity which it falls to the lot of such a one to enjoy, even out of heaven. But, after all, human happiness is mixed; appearances often deceive us; factitious circumstances are vastly over-rated; every heart knows its own grief; and, as the old Egyptians used to say, there is a skeleton in every house, whether it be the palace of the monarch, or the hovel of the mendicant. The differences in the various allotments of life, though undoubtedly wide and real, yet, as its regards the well-spring of joy which bubbles up in every heart, the refreshment it imparts to its possessor, as it respects its degree, capacity considered, are vastly over-estimated. And as to the true source of joy, like the ocean to all streams, God alone can supply this to the soul. These are reflections that should reconcile man to his lot. Temporal and external inequalities need not render our privileges to drink to our fill unequal. And O, blessed Saviour! when thou art near, even pain is sweet, toil is rest, and death but a call into the regions of life, where neither pain, toil, nor death can distract, waste, or alarm.

Mr. Jobson, in his address before the British Wesleyan Conference, after his return home, gave, among other matters of interest, an account of his preaching

in the Sharpe-street Colored Methodist Church, Baltimore. We subjoin his description of the occasion: "The church was crowded in all parts, and many went away, unable to gain admission. There were pews and sittings, but these were not made of much account—the people seemed literally jammed together. And O! the sight of those black beaming faces, those thousands of upturned negro imploring eyes; for, as my brethren, the returned missionaries, will bear witness, there is a peculiar devotional look in the eye of a worshipping negro that cannot be described. When I looked upon them I fully realized the meaning of old Thomas Fuller's saying concerning the dark-colored race, 'God's children carved in ebony.' Their singing was most fervent and harmonious; such as belong only to African voices—and their prayers were devout and earnest. I preached to them on the freeness and fullness of Gospel salvation, sounding forth to them the good news of the great Gospel supper provided for the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, and for the unsheltered outcasts of men in the highways and hedges of human society. And if I must speak of myself, as I am forced to do in this case, then I would say, I preached with all my heart and life, and till nature was wrung to its very withers with intensity of feeling. The scene, as it spread itself before me, was, in a mere picturesque aspect, most exciting and inspiring. There were some hun-

dreds of slaves there, and many who were free. Some of the freemen wore clothed in superfine broad black cloth, and with an excess of white collar and wristband. Within the communion rails sat some twenty black, woolly-headed local preachers and deacons, well-dressed, and white neckerchiefs of the old Methodist form. Some of the females had on the African turban, in colors of red, blue, and yellow; others, of the free class, had on the European bonnet, and were clothed in rich white muslins and silks. But beyond the general aspect of the congregation, the presence and power of God were there, and the effects were most striking. For a time the people kept silent, except that now and then arose in different parts of the church an exclamation, such as, 'Blessed be de name of Jesus!' 'Halleluah to de Lamb!' and their black faces beamed and shone again with religious rapture. At length they began to move and heave like waves of the sea. Then the floods lifted up their voice and clapped their hands; then their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing; and at length, clearing spaces around them, they literally leaped up from the ground as high as this platform table, and danced for joy. But in all this, there was nothing irreverent or undevout, and nothing to confuse or confound the preacher. They made two collections in that service, for our colored brethren have no idea of appearing



before the Lord empty; and, after the second collection, we tried to dismiss the congregation, but they would not depart. They would still sing and praise God. And I, too, had difficulty in getting out of the church. Black hands were thrust forth to me in all directions, accompanied with expressions such as, 'Bless you, English massa! and bless the great Massa in heben for the word which you bring!' It was, indeed, a memorable service, my most memorable service in the work of Christ, such as verbal description can never make known."

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REV. W. L. HARRIS, D.D.,

SECRETARY OF THE LAST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Press on! for it is God-like to unloose  
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;  
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,  
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,  
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!  
Press on! "for in the grave there is no work,  
And no device." Press on, while yet you may.

THE subject of this sketch is Secretary of the General Conference; an office of great labor, delicacy, and responsibility. A good secretary must have the pen of a ready writer, be a Regulus in integrity, and possess the politeness of a Chesterfield without its ridic-

ulousness and hypocrisy. The promotion of Brother H. to this office was not a little flattering, in view of the very high standing of his opponents. He was a young man, and untried. The satisfaction which he gave to the last was universal. He writes rapidly, reads readily, and loud enough for all to hear him. The last named, in our estimation, is a merit second to none. He seldom makes mistakes, gets things tangled, or takes them by the wrong handle; but when he does, he repairs the *faux pas* so ingeniously and ingenuously, that the blunder becomes a thing of merriment. At this writing, he has completed his secretarial duties by completing the editorship of the Journal of the General Conference, which has just been issued from the press of Carlton & Porter. It is every way one of the most complete documents of the kind with which the Church has ever been favored.

Commencing life with an object, the indefatigable and single pursuit of that object, though the skies rain down opposition, constitutes the generics of Professor Harris's economic character. A generosity which is superabundant, impulses too strong for safety without great watchfulness, the ardent love of friends, with a disposition to forget enemies just a little stronger than his disposition to forgive them, constitute the cardinal points of his social character. As a Christian, his creed is settled, and he troubles no one with visionary speculations, nor weakens the force of his piety by



vacillation. It would be a solecism to make Jeremiah the religious type of his character, as it regards its spirit. He will laugh through life, and be constitutionally an exemplification of the poet's line,

"Smile above a burning world."

We would not intimate by this, that he keeps no mantle of dignity among the provisions of his moral wardrobe. It is probable, however, the one he has will wear a long time. He has almost inexhaustible powers of endurance, which, when flagging, he feels to be speedily restored by what the writer of these lines never felt in the same way, a blessing not even denied the sober Young among graves, that "balmy sleep" is really a "sweet restorer." His health is perfect. He is neither lank nor obese. To this, his facial developments are somewhat of an exception. He is, emphatically, round-faced. If it were not for those huge appendages, of which we have no right to complain, the nose and the mouth, his face reminds one of a half of a well and evenly developed autumn apple, flattened, as astronomers say of the earth, a little at the poles. He is good-looking, because his soul shines through him, and for no other reason.

As a preacher, he is a little too logical; a little wanting in the popular element of perspicuity, fringed by those beauties of rhetoric, like the rose and violet on the summer cloud, which come not out of the cloud,

but drop down upon it, because it couldn't help it. The cloud is fitting in its nature to reflect these beauties, but seeks not to do it. A figure this which we hope illustrates the true relation of the preacher to ornament in preaching. Professor Harris, however, sets his logic on fire; and though he occasionally give to the people that ask bread, a stone, it is a hot one, and heat is as necessary to life as bread. But this fault is fast becoming the exception, rather than the rule, in his pulpit performances. Hot bread, rather than hot stones, is fast becoming the staple commodity. We pause here, as we never heard him preach, but we know by a species of clairvoyance just how he does it. We will only further remark, that he occasionally startles his audience by his rapid and emphatic utterances, like a certain engineer we wot of, who puts the train at a speed of forty miles an hour, if danger threatens.

Professor Harris now fills the chair of Chemistry and Natural History in the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio. In the meantime, he has instructed the classes in the Hebrew language and literature. He is a successful example of a self-made man. Neither fortune nor fair science smiled upon his humble birth; but despite the rigors of the one, he has successfully wooed the most lovely of the other. The first we can hear of him as being at school, was a six months' term which he spent at Norwalk Sem-

inary, then under the principalship of Rev. J. E. Chaplin, of precious memory, and whose dust now sleeps in one of the most beautiful prairies of Michigan: White Pigeon. During this time, like Lacon, though without his diamonds, he was often compelled, if not literally, metaphorically, to dine upon a herring, and make his breakfast by meditating upon the future meal, and his supper by reflecting upon the past. His education has been mostly obtained in the active discharge of a pastor's duties. He has been nineteen years a licensed preacher, ten years of which he has spent in the itinerancy, and nine in connection with literary institutions. He was three years principal of Baldwin Institute, near Cleveland, Ohio; and for six years he has been connected with the Ohio Wesleyan University. He was converted in 1834, and in 1837 received into the Michigan Conference, which then included Northern Ohio. He is, as the books of Samuel and the Chronicles so often say, "about forty years of age," and has made a noble beginning in his career of usefulness. May he live forty more, and the fruits of his labors, like the prophetic handful of corn upon the top of the mountains, "shake like Lebanon."

## REV. ROBINSON SCOTT,

OF THE IRISH DEPUTATION.

YESTERDAY was the Sabbath, and, naturally, it was a day of peculiar loveliness, even for this latitude, where they boast of their May sunshine, vernal bloom, and balmy air.

Such air had been a stranger to our lungs for years, and as we inhaled it, our long-diseased pulsations seemed to yield as captives, and promised hereafter better behavior. We worshiped in Roberts Chapel, and heard Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Irish deputation. As the house was crowded at an early hour, and we failed to arrive early, and as the science of ventilation is about as far behind the times down here as we have generally found it everywhere else, we could do no better than take a back seat near the door, and obtain a little oxygen by turning our head in that direction at every third breath. We heard Mr. Scott, therefore, as many have pursued knowledge, "under difficulties." As to the man physically, he is a "tall six-footer;" his temperament, though apparently originally designed by nature, as would seem indicated by the contour of his physique, to be of the sanguine bilious, is of the nervous phlegmatic;

little fire, no flights of fancy, no comet birthlings of imagination are to be found there, said we, at the first sight. His brow is lofty and amply projecting, eyes sunken, but tame, cheek-bones high, mouth large, but too straight, neck a little disproportionately small, and his whole bust that which would make the eye of a general flash, were he dressed in martial attire and deploying on the field. Sound sense, and sound and useful, though not profound and original, thought, with undoubtedly a good education, constitute the staple of his mental wealth. As a preacher, he is simple and self-forgetting, expository without being critical, instructive, but not forcible. Every one must be struck with his candor, and can but be impressed with the wakefulness and unction of his pious emotions. His sermon abounded with anecdotes and happy illustrations, and every one came away feeling that he had heard many good things, if not new things, spoken in the true spirit of goodness by a truly good and useful, if not great man. Mr. Scott, in the discharge of the duties of his mission, will probably visit our brethren somewhat extensively in the West.

## REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

"A leading captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity, sublime."

WHEN a name ascends beyond common fame and becomes distinguished, nothing is more natural than a desire to know something of the nativity, early history, individualisms, or personal characteristics of its possessor. This curiosity is much heightened where special pleasure has been conferred by reading or hearing the products of the pen or tongue of the congenial, though abler spirit. We believe this to be especially true of the subject of this sketch, the President of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Owing to a modesty which has always shrunk from publicity, though never from responsibility, as naturally as does the violet bow its head to conceal its beauties, little is generally known of Dr. Thomson, only that which could but be known, his public character in the service of the Church and the world. In person, the doctor is a Zaccheus, and when one reflects upon the continuous tax which he lays upon his brain, the continued creation of new and beautiful thoughts

which rise up in his mind like beautiful worlds born out of chaos, and surveys his frail and slender frame, he will be induced to tremble for the consequences, to wonder why the sword does not cut through the flimsy scabbard. And yet, we believe, the doctor is generally blessed with good health, owing, probably, to a studious abstemiousness, and, still more, owing to moral causes. He possesses great equanimity of temperament. The passions that so often blow a hurricane in the breast of talent and genius, have never blown very hard in his. Advantaged with favorable idiosyncrasies of constitution, they seem to have been taught submission in very early life, and it is too late now for them ever to assume the control. The doctor's patience is positively profound. O, divine patience, thou panacea for so many of the ills of life! His benevolence is exuberant, though discriminating; his philanthropy broad as the race; his friendship a grateful balm, the odors of which increase with time; his spirit of resentment, dignified and forbearing; of forgiveness, sweet and Saviour-like. A happier moral and intellectual symmetry is seldom to be met with. As we have intimated, there is nothing remarkably impressive in the physique of the president. Phrenology fingering his cranium in the dark, would be very apt to do what it often does, make a sad revelation of its falsity, credulity, and folly. Not that he is wanting in a highly

intellectual phiz, in a well-developed brow, but all his features in repose are so lit up by a spirit of mild kindness and sweet and active affection, that one would never dream of the giant intellect which they adorn.

As a scholar, there is an unpretending ripeness in his attainments. He makes no show of them, and yet, they so show themselves just where they are needed, as to impart to the mind the highest degree of pleasure. His general reading is extensive, and the matter thereof so classified, as it would seem, by a system of mnemotechny, as to make him at home at will in any age of the world, or among any of its nations. Great versatility of knowledge will impress any one on hearing him deliver one of his elaborated discourses. And yet, this knowledge is made to flow like a perennial jet from the mountain's breast, suggesting to one the presence of an unseen and exhaustless reservoir behind. As a belles-lettres scholar, he stands, perhaps, first in our connection. In some of his communications to the Ladies' Repository, and in some of the paragraphs in late volumes of his published works, there are literary beauties which a Bryant, an Irving, or a Montgomery would, and may have paused to admire. Beneath this sky of serenest blue, and silvery and rosette clouds, lingering in repose, and only changing from beauty to beauty, there is a stern world of principle. The

doctor is no declaimer, either with the pen, or as a preacher. He quarries primitive truths from the deeply-excavated mine, and taking hold of a great principle, he hastens to reduce it to the concrete to make it practically useful, while, by its own intrinsic merits, it impresses the mind of the reader or hearer with all the authority of demonstration. Indeed, the doctor's logic mostly consists of a straightforward statement of the truth in the case.

As a preacher, his principal intellectual characteristics consist of basing a proposition, or propositions, upon a text of Scripture, expounded in the exordium, when he proceeds to illustrate and apply the principles of those propositions. So far as popular effect is concerned, illustration and anecdote seem the doctor's peculiar forte, and, like Apollo's quiver, his treasury of these seems exhaustless. Illustrations are readily drawn from the simplest and sublimest sources; from the bud, the busy bee, or toiling ant, up to the great globe on its obedient march. In supplying these resources, nothing seems to have escaped him. In all his miscellaneous and other reading, from the village newspaper to the tome musty with centuries, he seems to have his mental eye fixed upon the use to which he can apply every fact or incident with which he meets, and thus, as a student, he is always preparing for public exhibition and usefulness. This mode of studying in the closet

with his heart in the lecture-room, or pulpit, keeps it ever wakeful to the great mission of life, and hence it is, that a moral characteristic of the doctor as a preacher, lecturer, or platform speaker, is that of continued earnestness. There is a spirit of genuine honest conviction and mellow earnestness in the doctor's public ministrations, which compels the hearer to admit at once, that he believes and feels what he would have others believe and feel. We need not say, that such a speaker will always have plenty of hearers, and satisfied ones. Superadded to the fact just named, we name another subsidiary to it. It is the doctor's great simplicity. By simplicity you are not to understand superficiality, or the mere chaste and dignified delivery of trite truths, which has often been made to pass for simplicity in the pulpit, when, in fact, it is the mere platitude of scholarship, and the essence of learned dullness, though the speaker may seem to take fire over burning oil, which *he* has never beaten out for the sanctuary. The doctor's simplicity consists in making every one perfectly understand him, so that spurious critics will never be found measuring his depth by his darkness. He is not found dealing in words of thundering sound and learned length, but is peculiarly and chastely colloquial, interesting his hearers as if they were actually in conversation with him, and expected to take a part. We have some-

what against the doctor, however, as a preacher. While he is wanting neither in matter nor manner, we think we have often heard him make a point, where a little additional intensification would seemingly have rendered the effect irresistible. He seems at times to check his thunder mid volley, when one pants to see its whole force expended upon the audience. We know not but what just here the doctor's exquisite taste chills the fire of his oratory.

The doctor is an Englishman, of highly respectable parentage, and was born at Portsea, in 1810, making him as yet but in the prime and vigor of life. His mother was a member of the Established Church, and his father a Dissenter, but both, subsequently, became communicants in the Baptist Church. In 1818, they emigrated, with young Edward, to America, by way of Havre de Grace, France, arriving in New-York after a protracted and most perilous voyage, in the good ship *Alexandria*, having been overhauled by pirates in its course. A principal object of the emigration was to improve the fortunes of the family, impaired by the too great generosity of its head. An aspiration after that higher civil liberty and purer form of Protestantism, had much to do, also, in determining the choice between the two shores. The emigrants, however, as often happens, were ill prepared to take advantage of those circumstances in the New World so favorable

to the acquisition of wealth. After spending much time in prospecting, first in New-York, then in Philadelphia, and again in Pittsburgh, the father of Dr. Thomson finally settled with his family in Wooster, Ohio, in the spring of 1819. Here Mr. Thomson fitted up a comfortable house, entered a living, if not lucrative business, and spent the rest of his life in tranquillity and devotion, deriving his chief pleasure from his study, garden, and family. The father of the subject of this sketch was remarkable for the agreeableness of his manners, exuberant kindness, and retiring and unambitious habits. He possessed a fine taste, a large acquaintance with books, a grateful heart, and a cheerful and social disposition. He died in the hope of the Gospel, in the fall of 1844, leaving a widow now living in Illinois, and a large family, the members of which are scattered in different parts of the continent. Under parental auspices, the subject of this sketch received a good common-school and academical education, and would have received a collegiate training, had there been a college accessible to him in his Western home.

At an early age he commenced the study of medicine, which he completed after attending his first course of lectures at Philadelphia, and his second at Cincinnati, receiving the degree of M.D. with *éclat*. While yet a youth, he was distinguished by his fond-

ness for reading and solitude, and early became a subject of converting grace. Failing, however, to make the reception of this latter blessing known, he measurably lost his spirituality. Reasoning himself into fatalism from the Calvinistic creed, which he was early taught, and meeting with some skeptical books while a medical student, he became quite skeptical. He always, however, treated religion and its advocates with courtesy, and never wandered from the paths of morality. He was brought again to the themes of grace by repeated attacks of severe illness, while the prayerful reading of the Epistle of St. James fully corrected his theological views. The grace of God was reapplied to his heart, and the Spirit that called him to repentance, called him also to preach the Gospel. Abandoning his profession, he entered the Ohio Conference, and was appointed successively to Norwalk, Sandusky, Cincinnati, Wooster, and Detroit. He was then appointed principal of Norwalk Seminary, a post which he occupied for six years. During this time he declined a professorship in Transylvania University, Kentucky, and accepted the chair of philosophy of the human mind, in the University of Michigan. He, however, never entered upon his duties there, as at the time he expected to do so he was elected editor of the Ladies' Repository. He has been nominally President of the Ohio Wesleyan University ever since it

was organized, although he has acted as president but for the eleven years last past. He did not desire to leave the editorship of the Repository for his present post, and was only induced to do so by the urgent request of the Ohio and North Ohio Conferences, the patrons of the university. He has filled every grade of office except that of bishop, filling at times two or three at the same time, and has been a member of every General Conference, we believe, since 1840. Besides writing largely for the periodical press, on subjects political, religious, and scientific, he has always been a close student, pursuing a regular course marked out for himself. Since taking charge of the university, over which he presides with an acceptability that will not listen to a suggestion for a substitute, he has given close attention to the classics as well as theology. His health undoubtedly has been not a little impaired by too close application. He belongs to the progressive school, ecclesiastically and politically; is an ardent advocate for the Maine-law reform, general education, and universal emancipation. For these reforms he has always been ready to lift his voice, though to do so was to encounter opposition and opprobrium. Naturally timid and averse to strife, his agency is not always the most ostensible, even when it is the most effectual; he sets others in motion when he seems not to move himself. Desirous of preserving what is valuable in existing institu-



tions, and disposed to take favorable views of things, his progressive movements are regulated with moderation, and his denunciations attempered with charity. His anti-slavery speech before the last General Conference will not soon be forgotten, while the stronghold which it had upon the respect of the body, was indicated in the speech of Rev. J. A. Collins, of Baltimore, who, in alluding to some complimentary allusions made to himself by Dr. Thomson, declared that he regarded a compliment from that source as conferring upon him one of the proudest hours of his existence. The doctor has been talked of for bishop, and would make an excellent one. Ephemeral-lived as the writer of this sketch seems doomed to be, we shall never live to see him installed into that sublime office. But two hundred of our brethren here present may, and we hope will, live to witness that event. At this moment the doctor, with that peculiar sparkle of his eye, and slight pucker of his classical mouth, which indicates some sudden solicitude, is just rising to leave the conference room, in company with some friend, and we will leave it and him too.

## REV. DANIEL WISE, D.D.

THIS brother, the versatile and popular editor of *Zion's Herald and Journal*, is also here as a delegate. He is a man of medium size, a wiry, lithe, and agile build. His features tend to sharpness, but have gone none too far in that direction. Amiability and sweetness of temper, with great urbanity of manners, are the language of his phiz. Let no one presume, however, too long upon his forbearance, when truth and Methodism are made the object of attack. Though gentle as a lamb, he is as bold as a lion. And though his writings in general are smooth as oil, yet, when the occasion demands, he can apply as many vials of sulphuric acid to spurious coin as any writer in the Church. He can, also, write more (he has our fault, and writes too much) than most writers that we ever knew. But in writing for different classes of persons, he excels. He can write for the philosopher, the peasant, and the little child. As a writer for children, perhaps, he is rarely equaled in our country. He will, doubtless, return to his post, unless called upon to fill one equally responsible, and for which his brethren may deem him as possessing special qualifications.

## REV. RESIN SAPP,

OF THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.

"Whate'er I may have been doth rest between  
Heaven and myself—I shall not choose a mortal  
To be my mediator."

THIS brother answers to the usual height of men, stands almost perfectly straight, is not slender, and yet is there no tendency to corpulence. His sanguine-bilious temperament will ever prevent the latter, while it is not sufficiently ardent to make him lean like Cassius. His skin is of a sallow hue, his hair is dark, and his eyes (we would just say, that we always forget the color of *men's* eyes) are remarkable for their active and somewhat piercing, and by no means disagreeable roll in their sockets, when he is animated. His mouth is large, but a little too straight for fluency. His nose is decidedly conservative—constructed upon an old-fashioned model. It is neither too large nor too small, does not turn up at the nasal apex, nor down, nor is it aquiline. It is emphatically a commonplace nose, and so distinguished for nothing remarkable, that few persons would think of noticing it. But as the eye ascends up its straight ridge you soon approach

a territory, the conformation of which would delight a Lavater. The brow of Brother S. is decidedly intellectual, though, as a whole, it is a little wanting in symmetry. Talent, but not imagination, the actual, and not the ideal, are indicated. The subject of this sketch is never less at home than when he attempts to deal in the abstract, the metaphysical, or the descriptive, and yet he is emphatically at home among first principles, and can no more construct a sermon or an argument without thus basing it, than can a mariner pursue his voyage without the pointings of the compass. These first principles, however, are studied by him in the concrete rather than in the abstract. He judges of causes from their effects, rather than of effects from causes. This makes him eminently a practical thinker; one of the men who never build castles in the air. This trait will strike any one in a very few minutes' conversation with him. In conversation he excels. This rich and ready attribute of the thinking circle is possessed by him to an enviable degree; but the form which his conversation generally assumes amounts to this: he is attempting to prove some fact, by bringing forth an array of corroborating facts. This trait of our brother's mind makes him less at home in mere theory, and as facts are stubborn things, and make the positive man, Brother S., in mere matters of theory and speculation, is apt, as is thought by some

of his friends, to be too positive at times. His deference for authority is, certainly, not excessive; hence has he, occasionally, incurred the title of ultraist; a title, by the way, of very indefinite application, and often meaning no more than this: the man does not agree with me in opinion, and, therefore, must be wrong. There is a sense, however, in which the title but confers honor. It is when, in the process of the advancement of society, reformers are found making a new application of old and immutable principles to society's long-tolerated vices. In this sense, Brother S. is emphatically an "ultraist."

As a preacher, Brother S. rises considerably above the usual compliment, "he is a good preacher." And yet he is difficult to classify; in fact, he is somewhat *sui generis*. His sermons contrast very greatly at different times, and at times may be pronounced able. But he seldom meets in the pulpit that expectation which his conversation will raise out of it. We attribute much of this to a bad manner of delivery, into which he seems to have fallen in early life, and to have neglected the correction of (a sadly-solemn common fault) in later years. A good manner will always aid one to get out good matter. No man can do justice to his mind, as a public speaker, whose manner is decidedly defective. But, with these facts before us, Brother Sapp may be classed, averaging his pulpit performances, as first among that large

class of preachers in the Northwest, which constitute the hope of the Church; while, as a pastor, he is always popular and beloved by his people, and rarely preaches in a church that presents a beggarly show of empty benches. When we have known him on stations, his congregations and influence have generally increased to the last. As a friend he is generous and frank, not fastidiously fearful of giving offense, nor over sensitive in receiving it. He is about forty years of age, and has been seventeen years in the itinerancy, all of which have been spent in the Michigan Conference. He availed himself of some early advantages, and having subsequently been a most earnest and indefatigable student, he may justly lay claim to highly-respectable scholastic attainments. At the age of twenty he was a student of law in Ohio, but, having been converted, and obtained help from God, he at once felt it his duty to lay down Blackstone for the Bible, to exchange Chitty for the Methodist Discipline, and enter the itinerant ranks. His conference has twice intrusted him with the responsibilities of a delegate to the General Conference, and in both cases he has acquitted himself with marked acceptability. At the moment we are sketching him, he has arisen in his seat, on the west side of the assembly-room, with a small slip of paper in his hand, on which, even at this distance, we can detect his unique chirography, the letters of which

lean back when they ought to lean forward, while, with a pencil in the other hand, in which he is incessantly tapping his notes, he proceeds to ask Brother Slicer, of Baltimore, who has the floor, a trio of questions, which, as it respects the position taken by that old and ingenious polemic, rather leave him *hors de combat*. Brother Slicer, however, sets all aside by one of his ingenious sallies of wit, and passes on. Brother Sapp sits down, and feels, as do his friends, that the argument implied in his interrogations still stands.

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### REV. LUKE HITCHCOCK,

OF THE ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE.

ROCHEFOUCAULT once said, "Of all objects of thought, one of the most pleasant is to meditate upon a true man." Inspiration says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." With the subject of this sketch, personally, our acquaintance, to the diminution of our pleasure, has been very brief. We must sketch him running; in other words, say what we have to say of him, from that "grand total" which is the sum of what we have always heard of him. We shall not, however, chalk in the

dark. What we say, we feel and know to be true. In person, he is slender; and constitutionally, somewhat frail. The color of his skin would indicate some severe but successful battles with inceptive chronic disease. His health, though perfect now, seems not always to have been a boon which he has enjoyed. It is new and morning-like, rather than the noon of vigor. With due attention to the laws of hygiene, lessons in which, probably, he has been prompted to take by necessity, he may live to old age, and be among the Church's most active workers. From disposition, while health permitted, he could not do otherwise. His phiz does not do justice to his mind. He is, evidently, a good-looking man, and does not impress you with any marked mental characteristic, unless it be that of great modesty. He is one of the few men who seem sufficiently always to feel the force of the apostolic injunction, "In honor preferring one another." We should think that diffidence had been the only ghost that ever haunted him, and that the people have often lost a good sermon, because he has been afraid of some brother in the audience, whose efforts would compare with his to his own great disadvantage. His modesty, however, never shakes his firmness. When he is sure he is right, he goes ahead. Amiability, the handmaid of modesty, constitutes his prominent social quality. To see him and converse with him, is to wish to do

so again, and if good manners consist in the art of pleasing, he is, emphatically, an agreeable gentleman. As a Church officer he excels in the financial and administrative. As a presiding elder, he magnifies his office, and were the office always magnified with such men, we should hear much fewer calls for its abolishment or modification. As a financier, he is said to stand first in his conference, and to have demonstrated his claims in some trying positions and agencies in which he has been placed. As a preacher, added to a good academic education, received in one of our most popular institutions, he gives evidence of an acute understanding of the theology of Methodism. Sound sense, great but chaste plainness, with a spirit which seems to be perfectly self-forgetting, are the chief characteristics of his sermons. His only object seems to be to do the people good, rather than make them think that he is preaching a great sermon. Take him for all in all, he is a preacher that everybody will always love to hear, and may always hear to profit. He is about forty-three years of age, and has been twenty-two years in the ministry. He belonged originally to the Oneida Conference, the members of which, many of whom are here on the conference floor, highly prize his character and greet him with the warmest cordiality. He came to Illinois, health-seeking, in 1839. He immediately entered upon the duties of the ministry, and

finding the climate to agree with him, he has remained in that state of magnificent prairies and pure air ever since. He has filled the most prominent appointments of his conference, and his present field of labor is Mount Morris District. He stands in the van with his brethren, and leads deservedly his delegation at this General Conference, which is the second time his brethren have honored him with that high office. He sits directly before us at this moment, with his hair "tinged a little with the iron gray," leaning forward upon his left hand, and giving, as is his wont when a little excited, a nondescript, nervous snap of his eyes. Some inquiry, eminently practicable, and involving the interests of the Church, more dear to him than all other interests, is evidently being revolved in his mind. I fancy that Mr. Thought, whose given name is utilitarian, has just approached his judgment with the inquiry: Sir, it is not exactly what we ought to do, but what *can* we do for the best under the present circumstances?

## REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.,

REPORTER.

"Tis not in mortals to command success;  
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

DR. STRICKLAND was not a member of the General Conference, but served that body as reporter for the Daily Western Christian Advocate. Services in this department have been rendered to a greater or less extent by him, on public occasions, for the last twenty years. He has become an adept in the art, and is always in demand when any of this sort of hard work is to be done, and well done. His services at the late General Conference were of the first moment, gave general satisfaction, and we hope were well rewarded by something more than the mere customary vote of thanks. The arduous task that he performed was not, perhaps, at all times, duly appreciated by the uninitiated. But for over a month, Brother Strickland toiled incessantly for the Church, from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. Nor did he once complain of weariness. In fact, though not a plodder as a literary man, but rather inclined to work by spasms, and as occasions demand, yet is there in our

friend Strickland a *penchant* for hard work, and where anything of that sort is to be done, which falls within the purview of the doctor's vein, he is sure to be called upon by his brethren to perform the task. And yet it will be asked, why some of the literary and working posts of the Church have not been assigned him; why he has not been made editor of some of our periodicals, for example. Perhaps the true answer to this question is, the doctor, touching some points of our publishing policy, has long since been considered somewhat radical, while as regards his caution, in this case, it does not assume a circular, but a right-angled configuration. In body, as in mind, he possesses almost unequalled powers of endurance. Tall, straight, and wiry-nerved, with all the great functions of life in a healthy condition, with not a superfluous pound of flesh about him, and with dietetical habits conformed to no laws of hygiene, it is wonderful how nature bears up under the heavy draft of toil laid upon it, and recovers her exhausted strength with such a readiness and rapidity as are exemplified in his case. The doctor eats very little, and thus rests the stomach. As an author and reporter, he has been more of an editor and compiler than an originator; hence the severer work of the brain, a work which he is by no means unable to perform, has been resorted to but comparatively seldom. The stomach and brain seem never to have

been on any other than that of friendly relations, a state of things, in the life of a literary man, most rare. Though now forty-seven years of age, the doctor was never ill of any disease but the ague. Of this dreaded denizen of the West he thinks he has received more than his full share of favors. And, indeed, to see him walk, one would suppose that he has never properly recovered from the shakings of this giant monopolist of Western sickness, in so many parts. Though lank and lean as the writer of this article, but five times stronger, and straight as an Indian, yet with head, or, perhaps, his hat inverted toward the right or left shoulder, for it seems to be perfectly accidental, he has an ambling, shuffling walk; his long, attenuated extremities, particularly the one on the left, is turned out at the toes at an angle of nearly forty-five. He never seems to loiter or be in a special hurry, and least of all does his head hang down as if he had done something to be ashamed of; nor does he hold up his head as if putting on airs; nor is there any particular look of abstraction in his countenance, as if he could not live in the outward world of common things, and the inner world of thought and analysis, at the same time. His whole air is that of a kind citizen of this world, who is constantly trying and hoping to make it better before he goes out of it. With brow decidedly intellectual and countenance deep-hued with benevolence, a most legi-

ble index of generous emotions, and we had almost said of reckless liberality, with mouth as big as Henry Clay's, always ready to part in smiles, every one feels at once the prepossessing power of Dr. Strickland's presence. One at once desires him for a friend, and it is easy to make and keep him such, while those who incur his enmity are generally to be found wanting in that forbearance which is always mutually necessary between friend and friend. His disposition, probably, is a little too volatile; his conversation, in the frankness of unrestrained confidence, often bordering on the light, though never on the trifling. But were he grave and given to a sad countenance, while, perhaps, it would not improve his religion, it certainly would, long since, have ruined his stomach, and the General Conference would not have had a reporter in Dr. Strickland, who could have written twelve hours a day without languor or fatigue.

As a preacher, Brother Strickland possesses much versatility of talent, and a strongly-marked individuality. He is learned, logical, or eloquent, or all together, seemingly to suit occasions. His gestures are graceful, though his voice is often very badly managed. Had he, as perhaps he ought to have done, concentrated his undivided powers upon the pulpit, history might have been found repeating herself, (she has not yet done so,) in returning to our pulpit a sec-



ond Strange in Strickland. As an author, Dr. Strickland has become quite voluminous, if he has not famous. We remember the following volumes as the product of his pen, which have appeared, we believe, somewhat in the order in which we here name them: History of the American Bible Society; History of Methodist Missions; Biblical Literature; Christianity Demonstrated; Genius and Mission of Methodism; Light of the Temple; Astrologer of Chaldea; and Pioneers of the West. Besides these, he has just edited and issued, Arthur in America, and has heretofore edited for different persons several very popular works, among which may be named, Finley's, or the "Old Chief's." Finley's Autobiography, in our estimation, is Dr. Strickland's masterpiece in authorship.

Brother Strickland was born in the West; born in the "Iron City," Pittsburgh, and raised and educated a Buckeye. Owing to the failure of his father in business, he was thrown poor upon the world, and was compelled to make his way in it without any further help from parents than their pious advice and prayers, and has never had a tender of help from any other source until it was too late to be needed. He entered Athens, the seat of the Ohio University, on foot, and almost barefoot at that; and by the most rigid self-denial and economy, succeeded in obtaining an education. Realizing that God had called him to

the work of the ministry, while his fellow-chums were playing on the green, he busied himself reading the Bible in his room, or, perhaps, praying in secret in the college cupola. He ultimately obtained from this, his alma mater, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He entered the traveling connection in Ohio, in 1832, and traveled his first circuit as a colleague of L. L. (now ex-bishop) Hamline. In addition to circuits which he traveled, he was stationed ten years, was agent of the American Bible Society five years, for the past year and a half has served as colonization agent, and has recently been transferred to the New-York Conference. While preparing this meager sketch, he sits before us doubled over the reporter's table, something like the shutting up of a twelve-inch rule which is all of a size, and is making to us unintelligible characters upon paper nearly as fast as rain drops would fall upon it in a shower. At this moment he has cast a furtive glance at us, as if in suspicion for the obtrusive, scrutinizing stare we have once more given our old friend. We pocket our pencil, and retire.

## REV. JACOB G. DIMMITT,

OF THE IOWA CONFERENCE.

THE class of temperament and social character to which the subject of this sketch belongs, was represented in the Apostle John. The prominent language of his countenance is that of benevolence; and the particular relations of his nose and forehead, the spirit thus indicated physiognomically, would have thrown the usually composed Howard into a paroxysm of delight. We will venture to say that Brother Dimmitt's enemies have always been so few, that it would have been a kind of North Pole exploring expedition to find one, at least an inveterate one. His brow recedes from the radix of his nose, which is long; and hair scarce upon the apex of his forehead, where more hair ought to be. His eyebrows are heavy and intellectual, mouth large, and chin and corporeal proportions obeying the same general law of projection that marks his whole physical contour. He is stout built; and when a boy, if told to walk light by throwing himself forward upon his toes, we think there can be but little doubt that he failed to execute the maneuver to perfection. The center of his perpendicular is certainly as far back as his heels; and he has a straight, strong "backbone," both literally and

figuratively. His kindness would not betray his firmness in a matter of right; it would, however, and doubtless often has, in a mere matter of benevolence. We should expect to find him discommoding himself to accommodate others, occasionally, even to a fault. He is modest, almost to sensitiveness, and yet the proper appreciation by his friends of felt merit by no means fails to give him pleasure. We should be sorry if it did. For not so far to respect human nature as to ordinatorily gratulate in its approval, is the very point where modesty degenerates into affectation, the lowest form of egotism.

Brother D. was a member of the General Conference at Boston, four years ago. He is wise in counsel, reliable, and industrious, though we believe he does not make many speeches. This he could do, however, as well as the best, were he not a little too hard proof against the contagion of speech-making. In argument he is said to be somewhat original, and to indicate some marked individualisms. His education, though limited for the want of early opportunities, like a frugal merchant who operates most successfully on a small capital, he makes to go a great way. In addition to a respectable English education, he has slightly pushed his studies into the classics, and can do something respectable in the way of reading the New Testament in its vernacular. His age is about fifty; and being blessed with a pray-

ing mother, he was also blessed with an early conversion. He entered the itinerancy, in the Ohio Conference, in 1839, and was transferred to the great West in 1850. He received his first appointment in the Iowa Conference, of which he is a member, to the Centenary Church, in the city of Dubuque, and is now presiding elder on the district of that name. He writes occasionally for our Church periodicals, and has delivered sundry sermons, speeches, and addresses, the publication of which has been called for by those who heard them. As a preacher, he is both popular and useful, and the surface elements in his popularity, that enter largely into his sermons, consist in a good style, a pleasant voice, and a winning spirit. Intrinsically, his sermons are occasionally somewhat declamatory, but this is rather the exception than the rule. He generally takes hold of some great pillars of thought in the temple of truth, so that the people feel that they have no less a mental feast than a feast of feeling. Ignorant at this moment of the thoughts we are perpetrating upon him, and as it is a momentary stormy period in the Conference, some half a dozen trying to get the floor at once, he is looking directly at the little hammer in the hands of the bishop, seeming to wish that it might fall down with greater momentum, and glancing alternately to the right and the left, and, we doubt not, conning the text, "Brethren, let your moderation be known to all men."

## REV. J. L. THOMPSON,

OF THE NORTHWESTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE.

"The king is great upon his throne,  
The canon in his stall;  
But a right, good man,  
Is greater than they all."

THIS venerable brother has been a sexagenarian for five years, "and yet his eye is scarcely dimmed, or his natural force abated." He wears not that bright grayness of age always the result of the turbulence of the workings of the more inferior and secular passions of the mind, but his locks are of somber whiteness, resembling the mistletoe, the "beard of the cypress," reminding one of the long past, and inspiring solemn feelings of reverence, and of the nearness of the more solemn future. He is fleshy, but can scarcely be called corpulent, as his entire build, by the law of symmetry, calls for the physical proportions developed. While he bears the marks of time, and long and sturdy conflict in the battle of life, he does not of disease. We should think that a large measure of good health had fallen to his lot. This was necessary in view of the labor he had to perform, and the trials he was destined to endure. An air of cheerfulness and equanimity of tempera

ment hang on his face, like lingering sunbeams of evening in the top of the great oak, while the shadows of night are gathering around him. He is not at all given to rapture or ecstasies, which are sweet but evanescent, so much as he is to habitual patience and joy. He sternly eschews fretfulness and despondency, but reflects bitterly, and, as we think, justly, upon some of the mistakes of his protracted itinerant life. Though in the course of nature he and his aged companion must soon be in a condition of dependence, yet has he failed, under the teachings of a false zeal, and for fear of secularizing his holy calling, to make the least provision for that day of stern necessity. We hope and believe that Brother Thompson will never be suffered to want, and yet, when he expressed to us his decided disapprobation of his course in this respect, we could but sympathize with his views.

As a preacher, he belongs to the solid men of Zion, rather than the showy. Strong sense, practical views, stanchly nailed with the Scriptures, accompanied with an emphatic unction that at times assumes the parentally persuasive, when it is touchingly impressive, are the characteristics of his sermons. To literature, in a *belles-lettres* or classical sense, we believe he makes no pretensions, but to highly respectable attainments in theological reading, Biblical exegesis, and general intelligence, he might justly put

in high claims. A native of frontier Kentucky, a spiritual child of a mother's prayers, he was early, like Samuel, called to the work of God, and, after resisting this call for a number of years, from a sense of incompetency, he, with the wife of his youth, sought the wilds of Indiana to labor in the itinerant field. This he did not do without a struggle with the heart's finest feelings, and making what to many would be a tempting sacrifice. His father-in-law was bitterly opposed to the great purpose of his life, and tempted him to abandon it by offering to donate him a fine farm, negroes not excepted. Said Brother Thompson: "As to the farm, it is a fine present, and I should like to have it and retain it, but cannot bribe my conscience with any such price; and as to the negroes, I would accept them only for purposes of emancipation." Brother Thompson was one of those stanch anti-slavery men who, a quarter of a century ago, could be found among Methodist preachers in, as well as out of, slave territory. He has not departed a whit from the faith, but belongs to the progressives on that subject, of this General Conference, by every vote, word, act, and animus which he is capable of manifesting. Arriving in Indiana, he commenced at once a circuit work, and without enumerating the many circuits and stations on which he has labored, it is enough to say that he has left the fragrance of his pastoral faithfulness, some mark of

his presence, and fond reminiscences of his memory, over the entire southern and central part of that great state. His name has been woven in the history of Methodism in the State of Indiana. Meeting with a failure of his health, after many years of itinerant labor, he concluded to follow further the westward march of our frontier civilization, and sought in the then sparsely-settled regions of Iowa a change of climate for sanitary purposes. Passing ten years in that territory, afterward state, in many of which he was in labors, and even perils, abundant, he was favored with a complete recovery of his health. It was then that his heart yearned again for his Hoosier home, and he returned to Indiana, where he is now a leading member of the Northwestern Indiana Conference, which has appropriately honored him with a seat on this floor; the second time, we believe, the Church has conferred upon him this honor. Licensed to preach by Rev. Peter Cartwright, Brother Thompson might vie with him in perils upon the prairies; in perils among robbers, when lost in the woods; in perils from winter's cold and summer's heat, with exceedingly scanty supplies. Hominy, parched corn, jerked venison, and bear bacon, have all been familiar dishes to Brother Thompson; and even when these were the only dishes, they were not always as familiar as an appetite made keen from long fasting could have desired them to have been. The march

westward of a rude civilization, under the reign and auspices of the "ax, the rifle, and the saddle-bags," with Methodism leading a camp, log-cabin, and camp-meeting life alongside of it, to imbue it with the holy leaven of heaven, have been witnessed by Brother Thompson for half a century. In fact, he has been a part of the social condition of the West.

For steady, unenthusiastic, and yet indomitable energy, Brother Thompson has few equals. In kindness of disposition, in truthfulness to the great laws of friendship, in candor and simplicity, in manly, unaffected, and unobtrusive etiquette, he has no superiors. In one respect, he is a model of an old man, and an old Methodist preacher. He is free from what is technically understood by the term "foggyism." He is not always minding those about him that his head is white, and of the many years of long service which he has bestowed upon the Church. He attaches no merit to age, for its sake alone, and is never found acting the Japanese, who attempts to command respect and recommend his virtues by the length of his beard. May he live half as long as he has, and should Providence duplicate the time in our wish, we are quite certain he will never be loved less, and his friends, as they always have, will ever be on the increase, while his enemies will continue what they are, an extinct race.

Our venerable friend must pardon this meager

effusion of respect, and still more meager sketch. We write amid the exciting scenes of the General Conference room, and have been induced to do so by the sight of Brother Thompson, now before us, who sits leaning, patriarch-like, thoughtfully forward upon his staff, and whose presence reminds us of the time when we sat spell-bound under his ministry, though full of the thoughtlessness and exuberant restlessness of childhood. Time's hand has touched us both, and changed our persons, circumstances, and relations.

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REV. B. F. CRARY, A.M.,

OF THE INDIANA CONFERENCE.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,  
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success  
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

BROTHER CRARY is a marked man, and has already made his mark. His career, like that of self-made men generally, is of itself remarkable. Born in an obscure part of Indiana, of respectable though poor parentage, he has worked himself up to his present position, by that indomitable perseverance which always characterizes a man of energy. The facilities of education being small, he availed himself of the

best in his power, until he became proficient, not only in the elementary branches, of absolute necessity to all, but succeeded in making proficiency in the classics and French language. His success in self-education is attested by the judgment of the Indiana Asbury University, of which he is trustee, in conferring upon him the title which his name so worthily bears. When called to preach, he reluctantly yielded, and was urged into the work by the solicitude of his brethren. His heart was upon another profession, the study of the law, in which he had made proficiency, and commenced business. He became a member of the Indiana Conference in 1845, in those days when those giants of power flourished within its bounds, Simpson, Ames, Berry, the Woods, James, Havens, Cooper, and others. As a preacher, he occupies a high position among his brethren. He is logical, pungent, positive, earnest. He never preaches a sermon that indicates any of that theological superficiality, often less the result of natural ability, than the want of early mental discipline. Like Shakspeare's tide, which must be taken at its flood to lead on to fortune, there is a period in most men's lives, in which, if a little hard study be not done, there can be no substitute for it ever after.

He is yet but thirty-four years of age, and may be considered, therefore, in the morning of life; and if there be any weakness incorporated in his energy,

it is the usual weakness of impulsive minds, impatient of success. He has moved, as yet, within a narrow, though important circle. After filling the principal stations in central Indiana, he served one year on the Bloomington District, which he left for Indianapolis District, which district he still occupies, and from which he was elected member of the late General Conference, leading his delegation. For so young a man, he did himself enviable credit by his services in that body. His speech on the slavery question was made under circumstances very unfavorable, though it was well received, the anti-slavery cause ably supported, and Brother Crary lost nothing in reputation as an able polemic. Crary's name is somewhat widely circulated as a correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate, and now and then of the Northwestern Christian Advocate. His letters are strongly marked by mental individualism. They abound in quaint, abrupt, angular, and forcible expressions. One sometimes trembles for the writer, to see what is coming next. In reading some of his letters, one would be ready to infer that Satan had provoked him to madness, and that the duty of ministers now in warring against sin, was that of Milton's angels, to make *bona fide* war with him, and unseat the mountains and hills, with all their shaggy tops, and employ them as missiles. Others would infer the presence of too great a degree of biliousness, and would

attribute to the writer a constitutional acerbity. Nothing, however, is further from the truth than all this. Paradoxical as it may seem, an apparently imprudent author is found to be one of the most prudent of men. What he has yet written, therefore, is to be considered rather the scintillations of a power that would soon grow sufficiently grave and cautious with the proper responsibility. His name was associated, at the last General Conference, as editor for one or two of our principal Church papers. We do not believe that he would have disappointed his friends, and as he has a long career before him, should a merciful Providence spare his life and health, (his health, we believe, is very near perfect,) he may yet be needed for these posts of weighty responsibility. If he bemean himself aright, and delight in such a calling, he may well afford to bide his time without any dangerous risk.

In that great cause of reform, the temperance cause, Crary has labored long, with a steady and uncompromising zeal, and the distiller and vender both hate and have learned to fear him. They would respect him if this type of human nature did not generally degenerate so rapidly as to become incapable of respecting merit and worth. In sociability of habit, Brother Crary is ardent, warm, communicative, unsuspecting. He speaks plainly, without dreaming of giving offense, and receives the same in



return even with interest, without taking offense. Nor is he wanting, in any sense, in the manners of the true gentleman, especially the true, whole-hearted Hoosier gentleman, the best type of a man purely Western that ever lived. As a friend, he is confident, generous, and true as a mathematical problem. He finds it not in his heart to forget you, because he does not frequently see you, and you lose not his sympathies by absence. While the name of no brother is allowed to suffer reproach knowingly, in his presence, the name of his friend he wears upon his heart, which, like the jewel upon the bosom of beauty, must be kept bright.

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REV. R. S. RUST, A.M.,

OF THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

"No enthusiast ever yet could rest,  
Till those about him were like himself possess'd."

THIS brother is marked physically among his brethren on the floor of the General Conference, while he makes his mark morally about as certain and deep as any other man. His height is below the ordinary, and yet he is not a little man. His head is covered with a large, bushy mass of gray hair, obstinately

inclined to stand up, and it does bristle and bob in every direction. He is a man who never wearies, and it seems as unnatural for him to keep still as it is for bruin in his native forest. You may always see him in the conference room, as he is one of those appearing men that no one can help seeing. At this moment he is struggling for the floor; and though, as respects alertness in diplomacy, Brother Rust need yield to but few, yet he is unsuccessful this time. His whole system seems to pulsate under the disappointment. He wishes to speak for his conference, the New-Hampshire, the delegation from which he leads. We are at this moment watching his gray and well-formed head, and his really intellectual countenance, as the one is drooped in despair, while the other burns with indignation. It is really amusing to watch these unconcealed demonstrations of disappointment. It is but characteristic of the man. His heart is always upon his lips. His frankness converts him into a transparency. But if disappointed, as he was, in the privilege of making one of the speeches, (and had he been thus privileged, his speech would have been *one of them*,) he is found availing himself of all social opportunities, of all opportunities in caucus, to carry his favorite measures. Indeed, we never saw one better adapted to the duties of those kind of meetings called caucuses than did Brother Rust seem to be. If the meeting at times

became tumultuous, he was cool and collected, seeking to bring order out of confusion, while at all times his remarks would be characterized by good sense hugely strong, and his address dignified by urbanity and all the graces of the gentlemanly polemic.

Brother Rust's age is about forty, and though his hair is far too gray for his years, yet he obstinately refuses to be classed among the "fathers." He graduated at the Middletown University in 1841, and immediately engaged in teaching, first as principal of Ellington Seminary, and afterward as principal of the High School at Middletown. In 1844 he joined the New-England Conference, and was stationed at Springfield. He was soon transferred to the conference of which he is now a member, and appointed principal of the New-Hampshire Conference Seminary, where he remained five years, giving almost universal satisfaction. As an educator, Brother Rust has won a most enviable distinction in the State of New-Hampshire. He received the appointment of State School Commissioner for three successive years, in which responsible post he rendered very high satisfaction, his reports being reputed superior to anything with which the state had been furnished on that subject, the secular papers speaking of them as being ably and elegantly written, and including in their embrace many matters overlooked by his predecessors. At the close of the five years during which he was de-

voted to the work of education, Brother Rust returned to the regular work of the ministry, and has since filled some of the most responsible stations of his conference. As a preacher, he is forcible, earnest, sensible, and always evangelical. He does not startle by his brilliancy nor lose one in his profoundness, but he talks with such sweet good sense, discourses with such a lovely simplicity on the incomparable themes of the pulpit, that he will never want hearers, always have his full share of admirers, and stand out as a model of the class of preachers to which he belongs. He preached last Sabbath in this city; and though it was not our pleasure to hear him, conversing with a friend who did, he spoke of the effort as being quite equal to the best he had heard at the General Conference. We regret, however, to learn that he has fallen into the habit, owing to his very ready facility as a writer, of often reading his sermons. We must ever regard the pulpit, and especially the Methodist pulpit, as surrendering her highest powers when a manuscript comes between it and the people. The preaching of a sermon is not a literary performance, a literary entertainment. It is conversation with the people about that which pertaineth to eternal salvation.

We scarcely know why we have thus extended this sketch. It is, perhaps, because the man of steady, hard work is always, to our mind, a specimen

of moral beauty. We always love to work in causes good and noble, and the working man was always, to us, a congenial spirit. It is not the flashes of genius, nor any special gift of talent, that has elevated the subject of this sketch to the enviable position he occupies in the Church and in the world, as a preacher, ecclesiastic, and educator. It cannot be said of him he is a man of genius or profound talent. He possesses enough of both, which, by the aid of another quality we shall mention, have made the man: *enthusiasm*, a warm, gushing, restless enthusiasm, one that works in self-defense, toils in self-indulgence, and inspires those around him with a similar spirit. There have always remained for Brother Rust talent, genius, enthusiasm, but the greatest of these is enthusiasm.

THE END.

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