



J. J. McILYAR

JAMES JACKSON MCILYAR

Preacher--Evangelist--Freemason

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

EDITED BY

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Methodist Episcopal Church*

“As ye go, preach.”

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.”

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FOREWORD

Since the days of Robert Strawbridge and Philip Embury the Methodist itinerant has been in the van of every pioneer movement. From the first migration across the Alleghenies to the conquest of the last frontier, one can follow the trails of these sturdy preachers of righteousness who offered to sinful men and women not a creed, but an experience, not an ecclesiastical system, but a living Christ. It is not too much to say that those who write the story of the splendid civilization which has developed in the Western Reserve, the Louisiana Purchase, and the Pacific Northwest must give large place to the influence of intrepid Methodist preachers who were among the very first to lay the foundations of Christian empire in the Western wilderness.

James Jackson McIlyar deserves to be ranked among the pioneers. When he joined the Pittsburgh Conference, the task of the Circuit Rider was such as to demand the most heroic consecration. The people were widely scattered and had to be reached one by one; there was a spirit of lawlessness which had no respect for the rights of worshippers and which was checked only by prompt physical rebuke; there was, also, the bitterness of sectarian controversy which often divided the little scattered groups of Christians into militant and antagonistic camps. The times called for men of strong faith, high courage, unique methods, infinite tact, and a positive Christian experience. A striking passage in the prophecy of Isaiah characterizes this man and his brethren of the old Conference:—"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called The-repairer-of-the-breach, The-restorer-of-paths-to-dwell-in." (Isaiah 58: 12.)

These men approached their task with the inspiration of the pioneer impulse. Their work was thorough, construct-

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ive, and permanent. Those who labor to-day build upon firm foundations laid by the patience of the men of the past who met the challenge of the frontier with a lofty devotion and untiring zeal.

This story of James J. McIllyar is told in his own words. He was always a master of reminiscence. In the homes of his friends, among his brethren of the Conference, and in the quiet of his study he took rare delight in telling over and over again the stirring incidents of his career.

The task of the Editor has been one of selection and condensation. It has been a labor of love—and he trusts that the reading of this life-story will help to kindle anew in the heart of the Church of to-day, the fires of the pioneer impulse which was the secret of its power in “the good old days.”

M. D. LICHLITER.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 1, 1912.

JAMES JACKSON MCILYAR

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I

THE OPENING LIFE

ANCESTRY

January Second, Nineteen Hundred and Two: I have been frequently requested by my friends to write a history of my life, but I have always felt a delicacy in making the attempt, especially for publication, as it is impossible to write a sketch of one's self without appearing to others egotistical; and I do not write this for publication in my lifetime, but will leave it with those who are near of kin to me.

My father was a Scotchman, Thomas by name, and was born in Scotland in 1781. My mother was Irish, her maiden name being Isabella Kerr. They united in matrimony and "set up housekeeping" in Washington, Pennsylvania. Upon my father's side there were no relatives living in this country at the time of his marriage, but of my mother's kin, there were both father and mother living in America, with two brothers and one sister.

Grandfather Kerr, accompanied by one of his sons and a neighbor boy, in the year 1808, descended the Ohio River in a flatboat on a trading expedition. A short distance below Marietta they landed and proceeded to eat their dinner. While at their meal a band of Indians fell upon them and my grandfather was killed, his body having been pierced by seven bullets. The boys were taken captive and the day following they were required to run the gauntlet. The neighbor boy was first to pass through the ordeal. Two lines of savages were drawn up facing each other and an old blind squaw was placed in the track over which the boy was to run. Each Indian had a whip, and as the poor boy was afraid to run over the old woman, his movements were

impeded and he was beaten with the lashes from start to finish. They then required Uncle James to run the gauntlet, but the first cut of the whip that fell upon his back sent him down the line with a bound, and knocking the old squaw down, he safely reached the goal. The Indian chief seized the boy and the savages raised a great shout over him, James thinking they were angry and intended killing him for knocking the old Indian woman down; but it was an expression of their gratification in his winning the goal, as Indians always admired courage and bravery even in their foes. The neighbor boy was punished for his timidity by being tied to a tree and shot to death.

The savages then cut the rim of my uncle's ear with the exception of a small portion at the two corners. They also intended burning a hole through his nose so as to make him a chief, but he begged them not to do it, telling them that he had a dream, that if they bored a hole through his nose he would bleed to death. Being superstitious and fearing the dream was a warning from the Great Spirit, the Indians desisted from their purpose, and for seven years they held my uncle captive until he made his escape upon a flatboat passing down the river.

My father and mother were married in 1802 and spent the first ten years of their married life in Washington, Pennsylvania. Three children were born to them at this place, Isaiah, December 22, 1804, William, September 22, 1809, and Eliza Jane, May 27, 1812. Following the War of 1812, my father removed to a point on the Kaskaskia River, in what is now Illinois, but remained only a short time owing to the unhealthfulness of the location, as well as the hostile attitude of the Indians. Returning eastward he settled at Cincinnati, where my sister Mary was born. Remaining here less than two years, my father again struck out into the wilderness taking his family and what few possessions he had with him, intending to return to the town of Washington, Pennsylvania; but on arriving at Washington, Guernsey county, Ohio, he was obliged to stop on account of illness in the family. From that time until his

death that county became his home, where the rest of his children were born and where they were reared under his and mother's godly supervision.

BIRTH

I was born on the 11th of October, 1816, in the town of Washington, Ohio, being the fifth child of a family of nine. My father bought a farm near Cambridge, Ohio, and settled there with his family. Father served as sheriff of Guernsey county during the years 1817 and 1818, and lived until April 30, 1846, when he departed this life, aged 63. Mother lived ten years longer, dying at the age of 70.

My parents and the entire family were Methodists and were actively engaged in church work, and all are now dead (1902) excepting myself, and I believe all are in heaven. My father was a great reader of religious books, and when I was a boy I had to read to him seven volumes of Wesley's works, which, at the time was very irksome to me; but it proved to be a splendid investment, as these works gave me a clear insight into the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church long before I was connected with it or thought of being a preacher.

REV. GEORGE BROWN

As an illustration of how the reading of Methodist history in my young days served me for a good purpose, the following incident comes to my mind: Rev. George Brown, who at one time was a minister in our church, along with others became dissatisfied with the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church and withdrew to form the Methodist Protestant Church. Rev. Brown spent much time at our house endeavoring to persuade father to leave the Methodist Church and form at Cambridge a Methodist Protestant organization. He based his arguments for withdrawing from the M. E. Church largely on the fact of the tyranny of the Bishops, insisting that they exercised the authority of

Popes; that the laity were being crushed beneath such a system of church government. He also stated that John Wesley was himself opposed to the office of Bishop, and in confirmation of his opposition, he had written letters to Coke and Asbury advising them not to permit the people to address them as Bishop.

My mother was much exercised over the efforts Brown was making to win my father to his way of thinking, and frequently remarked that she wished he (Brown) would go somewhere else. The next time Brown came to our house I sat in the room where he and father were talking, and again he referred to the matter of Wesley's opposition to the office of Bishop. Having read the works of Wesley, I knew the statement was not correct, and with a boldness that I cannot account for, I said: "Mr. Brown, John Wesley said in his own defense, that Lord Kingwood's account of a Bishop had long since convinced him that the terms 'Bishop' and 'Presbyter' were one and the same, and both had power to ordain; but for the sake of peace, he had not exercised that power only in one or two instances." Mr. Brown frowned upon me, and asked somewhat sharply, "Boy, who made you so smart?" I replied, "I read that statement in Wesley's works."

George Brown was a great proselyter and gave much of his time to delivering lectures on church government, criticising somewhat severely the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Finally, under his persuasion and with the help of Asa Shinn, my father was induced to withdraw from the M. E. Church and united with the Methodist Protestant Church.

In 1858, I read a paper before the Preacher's Meeting in the Smithfield Street M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, and Rev. George Brown was present. At the close of the meeting he came to me and said: "I wonder if you are not a son of my old friend Thomas McIlyar with whom I stopped years ago." I replied: "Yes, I am one of his sons, and I have not liked you since you were instrumental in getting my father out of the Methodist Church." "Oh, well," he

remarked, "let bygones be bygones, we will all be one again some of these days." Nearly fifty years have passed since that conversation, but the prediction of George Brown has not come true.

BOYHOOD DAYS

While we were all raised on the farm, none of the boys became farmers. My father was a millwright and miller, not a farmer. When I was a boy the nearest flouring mill was at Zanesville—25 miles from where we lived. The country was new and thinly settled and the forests full of game. Frequently my brothers would kill four to five deer a day. It was almost impossible to raise corn as the squirrels were so plentiful and devoured it before it ripened. Fish and wild turkey were in abundance; and when we became tired of wild game, we took up the fish diet. My father hired a man fresh from Ireland whose name was Joe Grounds. One evening he concluded to go fishing, a new experience with him, but he returned in a great fright, trembling from head to foot. On being asked what was the matter, he said: "While I was fishing and it grew dark, I heard up the river a cry, 'Joe Grounds, Joe Grounds;' then there came from below me the same cry, 'Joe Grounds, Joe Grounds,' and soon all around me there arose a thousand fairies crying, 'pitch him in, pitch him in,' and I run for my life. I thought you would never see me again." The cry he heard was from the bull frogs that existed by the tens of thousands.

I have stated that none of my brothers were farmers. My oldest brother made shoes and conducted a shoe store; my second brother also was in the shoe business; my third brother was a physician and died in California. Two of my brothers, the eldest and fourth, died suddenly, one being shot in his store, and both were buried in the same grave. All the boys of the family, with the exception of William, who lived until he was 87, died comparatively young in life, leaving me at this time the surviving member of a

family of nine. When a boy I was apprenticed to learn the carpentry trade and served some time in that line of work. I made the windows and doors for the Concord College, a "Covenanter" institution, and constructed entire one frame building in Cambridge, which for many years was the residence of the Presiding Elder of the Cambridge District, and is still standing. This ended by career as a carpenter. It was during my stay at Concord while assisting in the erection of the college buildings that I had my first and last experience in attending a Covenanter Church. Finding a pew well forward in the church one Sabbath morning with a man, woman and small child sitting in it, and there being plenty of room, I took my seat therein. I had scarcely got settled when the man in the pew said, "I bought this pew for myself and family." "That is all right," I replied, "you made a good selection; it is nice for a family to sit together in church." "Yes, that is what I wanted the pew for, and I intended it all for ourselves." "Do you mean that I cannot sit in the pew," I asked. "Yes, that is what I mean," he replied. I withdrew from the pew and walked from the church.

While in my younger days I was not religious, I am pleased to state that I was not addicted to the drinking of intoxicants, a habit so prevalent in that day, neither did I indulge in profanity. I was very fond of music, both vocal and instrumental, and the first money I earned I spent for a violin and employed a teacher to instruct me how to play on the instrument.

My opportunities for securing an education were limited. With the schooling received in the district schools, I supplemented it with a few months in the Concord Academy. I have always regretted that I had not the advantages of a better education, but the privileges of obtaining anything above a district school education were few in my boyhood days.

II

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE

MARRIAGE

I was united in marriage with Alice Morris, a native of Virginia, in the year 1839. We went to housekeeping in Cambridge and attended the Methodist Church, at which time James Drummond, of precious memory, was the pastor. The first public address I ever made was on the subject of Temperance, at Irish Ridge, one of Dr. Drummond's appointments. Brother Drummond took a special interest in me and asked me to accompany him to this meeting. After he had delivered a fine address, he called on me. That I was startled and astounded is putting it mildly; however, I made my maiden speech on a subject I was familiar with, as I had signed the Washingtonian pledge, which great temperance movement along about the year 1840 was sweeping the land.

Never in the history of England, Ireland and the United States was such enthusiasm manifested as when the Washingtonians were disseminating temperance principles among the people. Millions of persons signed the pledge, and so powerful was its influence for sobriety, that while in 1840 there were 40,000 distilleries, in 1842 the number had been reduced to 10,000. In 1842 England was in the throes of a severe famine; but to such an extent had the Washingtonian movement reduced the distilleries that the United States was able in less than eight months to send to that stricken country 42,000,000 bushels of wheat and corn to relieve the suffering people. When England asked how such a vast storehouse of grain was gathered, she was told that

the temperance movement had brought it about, and Parliament was asked to encourage total abstinence legislation as the best relief to the starving millions.

CONVERSION

I was converted in the winter of 1842 in Cambridge, and was brought so clearly into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that I did not need any one to tell me. I was saved "through and through," and realized the power of the Holy Ghost in a remarkable manner. I have since that time had dark seasons and been confronted with great difficulties, still I bless God, that in all the years that have followed, I have never doubted for a moment that I was a child of God.

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH

I was appointed class-leader in the spring of 1843, but refused to lead the class; however, on being threatened with a charge of insubordination by Dr. Drummond, I took hold and the Lord wonderfully blessed me and added to the number of the class weekly, increasing it from 12 to 30. One evening Dr. Drummond came to our meeting and remarked that the class was too large and said he would divide it and asked those present to volunteer to leave and unite in a new class; none volunteered. The pastor then requested me to withdraw and said he would close the meeting. After my departure he asked the class to recommend me for license as an exhorter in the church, and I knew nothing of it until Dr. Drummond handed me the license; and again I felt like resisting church authority and refusing to accept the commission. A short time after this, Dr. Drummond asked me to accompany him to a preaching place about four miles from town. When we arrived at the church, Brother Drummond entered the pulpit, and after a few moments in prayer, he beckoned me to come to him, and supposing he wanted a drink of water, I entered the

pulpit, one of the old-time box structures with a door to it, which he closed after my entrance and quietly informed me that when he had finished the sermon, I was to exhort and invite mourners. I was dumbfounded. What to do I did not know. The perspiration broke out upon my forehead and I sat trembling like a leaf. When Dr. Drummond closed his sermon, I arose and said, "If there are any who desire to seek the Lord, come to the altar," and began to sing

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy."

After each verse Dr. Drummond would kick me on the leg and shout, "Exhort, my brother, exhort," and finally I began to talk and a few seekers presented themselves at the altar. I do not claim they came at my suggestion or moved by anything I had said, as I have no remembrance of what I did say. That was my first effort to preach Christ or call men to repentance.

Being moved by the Holy Ghost that I had a call to preach, or at least a mission to fill in the church, I conducted two prayer meetings during the winter of 1843 and 1844 out in the country and the results of the services were 21 conversions at one place and 22 at the other, all the converts uniting with the Cambridge Methodist Church. Dr. Drummond frequently sent me out to fill an appointment, and the Lord helped me in my humble efforts. Although I was commanded by my pastor to preach, I hesitated, being but an exhorter thinking I had no right to take a text; but one evening at Irish Ridge, thinking there was no one present who knew me, I concluded to take a text, selecting, "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ;" but, on looking around I discovered an official member of the church at Cambridge in the audience and my soul sank within me; however, I went on with the sermon and did the best I could, but I never again preached from that text.

LICENSED TO PREACH

In the month of June, 1844, I was licensed as a local preacher by Rev. Edward Taylor, Presiding Elder of the District. His examination was severe, and by the time he was through with me, I was so overwhelmed with a sense of the responsibility I was to assume, that I was blind for a few moments. The Quarterly Conference, however, unanimously voted me the license, and when it was done, the Elder said to me, "James, you must preach this evening." I was thunder-struck and when I realized what he wanted me to do, I plead to be excused, but he would not do it. I then "took to the woods" and for hours wrestled with God in prayer, and when the time for evening service arrived, I was weak physically and could scarcely walk. When I entered the church I found it full of people, as quarterly meeting occasions in those early days brought large audiences together. The Presiding Elder was looked upon as a great man in the country districts, as great as a Bishop in an Annual Conference. The official members from every appointment on the charge would come and spend Saturday and Sunday at the appointment where the quarterly meeting was held. When I entered the pulpit there sat within, besides the Presiding Elder and the Preacher in Charge, Rev. Ludwell Petty and Rev. Thomas Winstanley. To describe my feelings and the tumult in my soul would be impossible, only those who have passed through the same ordeal can understand what my emotions were. It was too late to retire, and had not the Lord come to my help I would have been speechless. I announced my text, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." I was greatly assisted by power from on high and soon lost sight of the Presiding Elder and the other preachers and saw no one but the sinner doomed to eternal punishment. Reason said, "Let him alone;" Justice cried, "Cut him down;" "I hate the doers of iniquity," said Holiness; "He or I must die," said Truth; Mercy cried, "Spare him," and, as when I was seeking the pardon of my sins, I saw the sea of the meritorious blood of

the Lamb of God sufficient to cleanse all men from sin. Exhausted physically and overcome with intense emotions, I sat down; Brother Winstanley began to sing and penitents crowded the altar. I left the church before the meeting closed, weighed down with a sense of humiliation and repaired to my stopping-place to weep. Brother Winstanley followed me and found me in tears, and told me of the glorious meeting they had, five men and three women having been converted.

Of my call to preach the gospel I never had a doubt. I was powerfully impressed with the thought that I should proclaim Christ and help save men. Still I never spoke to a soul, not even hinted that I had a desire to preach, but refrained from making my wishes known to the church. I have been told that I would preach in my sleep and disturb the people, yet I resisted the call and prayed one night that the feeling might be removed. The Lord answered my prayer, and with it went all my spiritual joy and I had a hard time to regain my lost ground. My trouble was lack of confidence, and after sixty years of a public ministry I have never left the pulpit without feeling that I had not succeeded to the extent of the opportunity.

In the early days of Methodism the preachers always expected and labored for immediate fruits of their ministry, Every sermon, yea every prayer meeting and public service had the salvation of souls constantly in view, and a sermon was looked upon as a failure unless there was some manifestation of the power of God in the conviction and conversion of lost men and women. Not only with the preachers was the burden of souls heavy, but so powerfully were men converted that the moment they came into the light and liberty of the gospel, they became preachers—seeking for souls to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

A short time after my conversion, Dr. Drummond preached a powerful sermon in Cambridge, and at the close, as was usual, he invited seekers of religion. I saw one of my former associates in sin sitting in the rear of the church, and I was led of the Spirit to speak to him. While the

hymn was being sung I told him what the Lord had done for my soul and entreated him to join me in the new life. My friend began to weep, which encouraged me to persist. But a heavy trial came to me right in the outstart of my Christian life in my first effort at evangelization. Sitting in front of the young man I was pleading with, was a prominent man of the community—a member of the church, a steward and trustee. He leaned over and told me that I had better let some older person talk to the young man as I was too young and too new in the work. That was a hard blow and I stopped at once. All that saved me was the preacher calling on some one to pray, as both of my oars—faith and works—were knocked into the deep and my boat went drifting ready to keel over. Before the prayer was finished I had time to rally my spiritual forces, and observing that my learned adviser, who was a member of Congress, did not attempt to take my place, I went to work again upon my friend and finally led him to the altar where he was soundly converted and ever after led a faithful life in the church and long since has gone to glory. I think the Congressman was sorry for his interference with my work. After I had been preaching twenty years I met him at the dedication of the new church at Cambridge, and was invited by him to take dinner at his home. During our conversation, he said: "James, I did you a great wrong when you started out in the Christian life. I have followed your career ever since and I am sure the Lord has called you to preach."

MY FIRST APPOINTMENT

When the Annual Conference met in July, 1844, three preachers were assigned to Washington Circuit, of which Cambridge was a part, viz: Edward Taylor, Walter Athey and a young man from some Southern State as a supply. At this time the anti-slavery agitation was becoming very strong and was the leading issue before the country. The underground railroad for the passage of slaves from bond-

age to freedom was in operation in the North; however, there was much pro-slavery sentiment north of Mason's and Dixon's Line. One of the ablest preachers of the Conference was Rev. Edward Smith. He was a great anti-slavery champion and made many speeches in various parts of the country on the subject. While delivering an address near Cambridge, he was driven from the platform by eggs cast at him by the infuriated crowd.

Doubtless because of this strong anti-slavery sentiment, the young man sent to the charge left soon after his appointment. At the first Quarterly Conference, the Presiding Elder, Samuel Brockunier, was requested to appoint me as supply in the place of the young man who had left. There were thirteen preaching-places, among which were Washington, Winchester, Birmingham, Middletown and St. Clairsville. There were meeting-houses at nearly every point. I like that term "meeting-house," a term seldom used at the present day. We call the building in which worship is held a "church," but that is an error and has no Scriptural sanction. The term "church" in the Bible always has reference to the organization, not the building, the latter being called the "sanctuary," "tabernacle," "synagogue," never a "church." Our fathers and early Methodists gave the building in which religious services were conducted the name of "meeting-house," and instead of calling it an appointment on the circuit, it was called the "preaching-place." The term "meeting-house" has a lofty significance—the place where God meets with his people: "My house shall be a house of prayer for all people," or, as it is in the New Version, "for all peoples."

I had a fine horse, and for a Methodist preacher to own a good horse in the early days commanded the respect of the people and elevated him in their estimation both as a preacher and a man. My first preaching-place was in the town of Millwood, and the hour for service was Saturday at 10:30 A. M. I had a plan of the circuit and the places where the preachers stopped and lodged at each preaching-place. At Millwood, the headquarters for the "circuit

riders" was at Squire Rodgers. I rode up to the house, which was a large dwelling, but found no one in the front part. Riding along an alley to the rear of the house, I found Mrs. Rodgers in the kitchen engaged in her domestic duties, and on being informed that I was the Methodist preacher she gave me a cordial welcome and asked me to come into the room, where I managed to find a seat clean enough to sit upon. It was a hot August day, and with the progress of cooking and baking, the kitchen was far from comfortable, but Mrs. Rodgers never thought of asking me into the parlor to remain for the day, as the hour of preaching had been changed until 7:30 in the evening. Mrs. Rodgers went to the back door, opening into the yard, and called for Jimmie, her oldest son, to put the preacher's horse away, but Jimmie was not so disposed and said, "I wont do it; let John do it." "John, you come," said the mother; "I wont do it," said John; "Jim was told to do it; let him do it." "William, you come and put the preacher's horse away." William replied, "I wont do it; Jim and John were told to do it." "Sammy, my boy, you come," asked the poor mother, and Sammy, a little fellow of five years, showed me the stable and I put the horse away myself, as usually was the custom with the preachers.

My stay at this house on this hot day, with no place to sit but in the kitchen, and the incidents associated therewith have never been erased from my memory. Squire Rodgers was away from home for the day, so Mrs. Rodgers went to some pains to bake corn cakes for my dinner, which looked to be the most appetizing thing around. While she was doing it, the boys were looking in at the door, no doubt anxious to share the cakes. When the mother left the room for a moment or two, Jimmie rushed in and grabbed the plate with the cakes and scampered off, followed by the other hungry boys, to the confines of the woodpile where they enjoyed my dinner. When Mrs. Rodgers returned I was laughing, and seeing what had occurred, she simply remarked, "Boys will be boys," and I had to be content with a cold lunch. Squire Rodgers came home for supper and

Mrs. Rodgers boiled four eggs for our evening meal. They looked inviting for I knew they were clean inside. I was invited to the table, at which no seats were placed for the children, but they were on hand all the same, Jimmie at the head of the table, standing alone, John standing back of his father's chair, Sammy back of his mother and William back of me. Grace having been asked, Squire Rodgers placed two of the eggs on my plate, one on his wife's plate and kept the other one for himself; when, on a signal from Jimmie, four dirty right hands went forth and each with an egg, the boys ran for the woodpile.

I preached in the evening, and Mrs. Rodgers gave me a room with a bed for the night. I arose with the sun and rode five miles toward my next appointment before I got anything to eat. I might add, that I did not stop at Squire Rodgers' again during my stay on the circuit.

My second experience on this charge occurred a week later. Going to a distant point to preach on Saturday evening, at a schoolhouse, I found the building in a filthy condition, the doors having been broken down and the sheep had made a stable of it. The brethren had not cleaned the room and about twenty persons had assembled. I decided not to preach in such a place. The congregation began to sing:

“Roll on, roll on sweet moments roll on,
And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.”

When they had concluded the singing, I arose and said: “When two weeks roll around from to-day there will be preaching here, provided this house is cleaned. I would not ask the Lord to come into such a place. When the shepherd we read about in the Bible found the sheep that was lost, I don't think he found it in such a filthy place as this.” I then put on my hat and left. When I returned in two weeks the house was cleaned and the doors and win-

dows repaired and a piece of carpet about a yard in length laid at the pulpit for me to kneel upon.

ALLEN'S MEETING-HOUSE

Brothers Taylor and Athey being somewhat aged were not strong enough to engage in very strenuous revival work, hence the burden largely fell on me to conduct revival meetings. Either Brother Taylor or Athey would begin the meeting by holding the Sunday services, then go home on Monday and leave the meeting in my hands. However weak the instrument, the Lord gave us blessed revivals.

Brother Taylor announced a meeting at Allen's Meeting-house, the building having been erected by Father Allen, one of God's noblemen, but his four sons did not follow his example. The arrangement was made by Brother Taylor that he was to begin the meeting by preaching on Saturday night, Sunday morning and afternoon, and Brother Athey was to preach on Sunday night and have charge of the services for the week. At the close of the Sunday evening service, Athey announced a general class-meeting for Monday night, stating that no one who wore whiskers would be admitted, or anyone who wore a ruffled shirt, as none but gamblers and blacklegs wore beards or shirts with ruffles. Brother Taylor was much exercised over the peculiar announcement made by Brother Athey and requested me to go to the service and try to avert trouble. I rode to the meeting-house and hitched my horse in the grove nearby, where I found about forty persons who had met to discuss the situation brought about by Athey's strange announcement. I heard Joe Allen say that his father built that meeting-house, and if he could not get into the meeting there would not be left a window or door, and the company endorsed his sentiments. Realizing that there would be trouble, I stepped out of my covert and said: "Gentlemen, do not be too hasty and throw yourselves liable to prosecution before the court." "But," said one, "there are worse men inside than outside," "That may be," I replied, "still

I would suggest that you do no violence until I see Brother Athey and try and get him to change the order of the meeting."

I then went in and advised Brother Athey to change the order of service, as there was serious trouble brewing, but he refused to yield. I went back to the men and told them I was unable to get the order of the service changed, and begged them not to make any disturbance until the services began. I then re-entered the meeting-house and heard Brother Athey ordering out some who had come to the service in disobedience to his orders, but no one left. He then called on me to pray, and after the prayer, Athey said, "I will dismiss the congregation, as the members of the church have united with the children of the devil to defy me." I said, "Will you let me preach?" "I don't care what you do," he replied. By this time there was great excitement in the house, some crying, others very angry, but I told the people to be seated, and opened the door for the people outside to come in. I then went into the pulpit, but Athey forbade me preaching. I said, "If the Lord will help me I will preach," and began the service. Brother Athey sat in the pulpit, it being the old-time box pulpit, and I took for my text, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." I was greatly helped in my humble efforts, and powerfully blessed, and before I was through, I had walked out of the pulpit and found myself in the aisle of the church. When I returned to the pulpit I found seven persons at the altar seeking the pardon of their sins, while all over the house there was a deep feeling of conviction, everybody kneeling during prayer, which never before had been seen in that congregation. Brother Athey, however, would not come out of the pulpit, but occasionally would look over the pulpit board to see what was going on. When it came to closing the services, I asked Athey what I should do, since there was a deep feeling in the congregation as they had all knelt during prayer. He said they did that to spite him. "But what shall I do?" I asked. "I don't care what you do, as I am going home," and home he went. I announced

services for the next evening and the revival continued and men and women nightly were found at the altar crying for mercy.

One evening I found a man under deep conviction and urged him to go forward to the altar, but he said it would be useless for him to seek religion as long as Joe Allen was unconverted, as he was the leader among the men in the community. I saw at once that the devil had made Joe Allen a hitching post for others, and I laid awake all night praying the Lord to show me how I could get Joe Allen on the Lord's side or out of the way of others, and a plan came to me. As soon as I got my breakfast, I went to Joe Allen's house and found him in the woodshed. "Good morning," said I; "How are you," said Joe. "I am working myself to death and doing no good," I replied. "Why," he said, "you don't know how much good you are doing. There is Scott and his wife, Willis and his wife, and my three brothers, all under conviction." "Well," I said "why don't they come forward to the mourners' bench?" I asked. Joe replied, "They won't go until I go." "Why don't you go forward?" I asked. "I have no feeling," he replied; "I used to have feeling, but it is all gone." I took up my plan thought out in the night watches, and said: "Joseph, I have a plan in my mind provided you will help me carry it out, and we will get all those whom you have named and others to the altar and you will have the credit for getting them converted and into the church." "What is your plan?" he asked. I said, "When I give the invitation to-night for seekers, you lead the way and they will all follow, and when they are down at the mourners' bench you can get up and take your seat." "I'll do it," said Joe. The devil has no foreknowledge, hence I felt he would overshoot the mark. I also had read that Paul caught some by guile, so I hoped my plan would work out all right.

I tried to preach and then called for mourners, but Joe hesitated a little. I went to him and said, "Joe, I thought you were going to help carry out my plan." Joe sprang to his feet and walked down the aisle and twenty people

followed him to the altar. Joe went to the end of the bench and quietly knelt down. The others were weeping and praying for mercy, but Joe did not get up and take his seat as was the original plan. I went to him and said, "Joe, how do you feel?" "I feel like whipping everybody about the altar; I am mad," he replied. "Why didn't you go away from the altar and take your seat; you know that was the plan," I remarked. He looked up into my face and said: "Do you think I am a fool; what would the people say? They would say, 'Joe Allen is making a mock of the religion of his father and mother.' No, I'll stay here until I rot and will not leave this mourner's bench until the other boys do." I laid my hand on his head and said: "Joseph, you had better pray." "Pray," said he, "why I can't pray. I have seen the time when I could pray, but that time is past."

While I was talking to Joe, a woman at the farther end of the altar began shouting. Joe lifted his head and remarked, "Isn't that my wife?" I said, "Yes, Joe, that is your wife and the Lord has converted her." Mrs. Allen rose from the altar and made her way down through the crowd to where Joe was kneeling, shouting, "Glory, Hallelujah" as she went. She laid her hand on Joe's head, when all the pent-up conviction that had been stored in his soul overflowed, and I never saw one so overwhelmed with the terror of the law as he. Joe labored and prayed and wept until I closed the meeting at 12 o'clock and he went home weeping. He came back the next evening and went at once to the altar and others followed. There was no preaching that night, for the Holy Ghost was doing the work. Joe Allen and his three brothers were converted before the meeting closed, and all I believe are in heaven. My plan was, therefore, a success, thirty-five souls being saved.

COMPLAINTS

Brother Athey had not forgotten how I disobeyed his orders. The Quarterly Conference was held soon after, with Samuel Brockunier in the Chair. The Presiding Elder

asked the disciplinary question, "Are there any complaints?" Brother Taylor stated, "I have none." Brother Athey arose and said: "I complain on the Junior preacher. I closed a meeting at Allen's Meeting-house, dismissed the congregation, but Brother McIlyar told them to be seated and he would preach. I told him I was opposed to his preaching, but he went on with the meeting all the same." "How is it, Jimmie?" asked Brockunier. I rose and asked, "Who is the Preacher-in-Charge?" "Brother Taylor," replied the Presiding Elder. I said: "Brother Taylor sent me to Allen's Meeting-house, saying to me to avoid trouble and if possible to prevent it because of Brother Athey's peculiar announcement, and I succeeded and continued the meeting and turned over to Brother Taylor thirty-five probationers." "Well, Jimmie," the Elder remarked, "you obeyed the Preacher-in-Charge, and you took a good plan to prevent trouble," and the incident was closed.

I had another complaint lodged against me before the same Quarterly Conference by a man named Martin, an exhorter and a very good member of the Washington appointment. Brother Martin had an idea that he should lay down rules by which I should be governed. After Brother Athey was silenced, Martin arose and said: "I have a complaint to make against our Junior preacher." "State your complaint," said Brockunier. "My complaint," said Martin, "is fast riding on the Lord's Day. He comes here (Washington) and preaches at 11 o'clock, then leads a class of thirty or more, eats his dinner and preaches at Middletown at 2 o'clock, which is five miles from here, and I think he rides faster than he should on the Lord's Day." "How about this fast riding, Jimmie," asked the Elder. I replied: "I understand from the Discipline that young preachers are required to lead the classes, and also to be promptly on time, and I aim to keep the rules of the church. Sometimes Brother Martin has such a rich experience that it takes him a long time to tell it, and then I go to his house for dinner, which sometimes is not ready when I get back from class, and as my afternoon appointment is five miles distant, the

hour for service is at 2 o'clock and I am required to be on time, and the Discipline don't say anything about fast riding, I have a horse that always gets me there promptly if I am delayed." "Brother Martin, how does Jimmie's horse look?" asked the Elder. "Oh," replied he, "I don't see anything wrong with the horse, but it is Sabbath desecration." "Jimmie," said Brother Brockunier, "you must be on time and not keep the people waiting."

MY EXPERIENCE AT MILLWOOD

I held a meeting at Millwood that same year. One night, while a big congregation was present and a good interest was being manifested, a man came in and walked down the aisle to the stove and struck it a blow, and with an oath, asked, "What is going on here." I started to go to him, when one of my members caught me by the arm and told me not to have anything to do with the man, as he was a terrible character; that a few weeks before he had broken upon a meeting carried on by the United Brethren Church. I was determined that he should not repeat the same game with me, so I walked up to him and extended my hand, which he finally took. I said, "Please take off your hat." He swore that his hat was his own and that he would not remove it from his head. I took out my book and pencil and wrote his name and the number of oaths he had sworn. "Now," I said, "I will return you to the court, as I live at the county-seat, and if you want to swear any more oaths do it now, and if you strike that stove again, there are enough men here to tie you hand and foot and remove you from the building, so you can keep your hat on and I'll see you at court." Before I got back to the altar, the man was gone, but that was not the last of him.

I closed the services at the usual hour, the people had all gone with the exception of the janitor and myself. I started for my lodging-place, which was some distance from the church, and turning a corner of the road, the man who had

disturbed the meeting stepped in front of me and said, "I am the man who struck the stove;" and after having a few words with him, I found that I would have to use some tact to escape a beating. I said to him, "I'll not fight you here in the mud, if that is what you want but I suggest that we go down to Brill's meadow and fight it out there." My object, of course, was to take him along as far as my stopping-place and then leave him. He was big enough to pick me up and throw me over the fence, and it was useless for me to measure strength with him. We had gone but a short distance when he stopped and said, "We will fight it out here." "No," I said, "the people will be coming along this road and they will separate us; we will go on to Brill's meadow, where you can kill me or I can kill you, for I am feeling very much like fighting. Now come along and we will have it out." He remained silent for a few moments; but I urged him to come on. Without a word he turned and left me. He either thought I was armed or he became ashamed of himself, or was a coward.

The next morning I met him on the street, whereupon he extended his hand and said: "I am the man who struck the stove last night in your church." "Yes," I said, "I would have known you when we met in the court." He said: "If you do not sue me I will never disturb a meeting again." "But," I said, "you broke up a meeting two weeks ago and you cannot come that game on me, and I am afraid to trust you; but I am willing to let you off this time on the condition that you come to church every night while the meeting lasts and behave yourself." He promised that he would; and I might add, that long before the meeting closed, he was happily saved and became a consistent Christian and lived faithfully until death.

That winter was a hard one on me as I had to hold many of the meetings myself, Brothers Taylor and Athey only assisting me during the Sabbath. We had some gracious revivals and the power of God was wonderfully manifested.

Some of the men and women who, in after years, became pillars of the church in that section were converted at these revival services. While holding a meeting at Winchester, I had a singular experience. I was stopping with a good brother, and several of his friends had come to visit him. While sitting in the parlor about church time, I was seized with total blindness. I said nothing about my condition, only to the brother with whom I was stopping, who told the family and friends to go on and he and the preacher would follow later. He then hitched up a horse to a buggy and took me to the meeting-house and got me into the pulpit without any one knowing that I could not see. I believed my sight would return and was not alarmed. I sang a familiar hymn and followed with prayer, sang again and arose and took for my text, "Come and let us go down even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass." Although not able to see, I knew there was a deep feeling in the congregation, and as I was closing my discourse, my eyesight returned. On looking over the room I saw men and women down on their knees in various parts of the house. I have never been able to account for my condition that night and have never been affected in that way since.

DEATH OF MY FATHER

In the spring of 1846 my father passed away. During his illness, I was with him much of the time, especially in the last two weeks of his life. On Saturday night as I was sitting by his bed, he said, "James, you must go to your appointment to-morrow." I said to him, "Father, I am afraid you will not live until I get back." "Yes, I will," he replied; "you must not think any duty so great that it cannot be discharged, or anything so small that it can be neglected. It is the neglect of small things that causes people to back-slide." I remained with him all night, starting early in the morning and rode forty miles to my first appointment, preached three times during the day and got back to my

father's bedside at 11 o'clock at night. At 4 o'clock on Monday morning he asked me to sing the old hymn,

"We'll cross the River of Jordan,
Triumphant, triumphant,
We'll cross the River of Jordan,
Triumphant in the Lord."

After I had sung several verses, father said to me, "James, I often thought that to die was a wonderful trial, but I find it a delight." Then turning his eyes upward, his face lighting up with a smile, he added, "Why, there is Jesse Barcus." I told him there was no one in the room; that his sight or his mind must be failing. "No, no," he replied, "I see Jesse Barcus, and I will be with him in a few minutes," and in a very short time father was gone.

Now comes the strange coincidence: Jesse Barcus lived two miles from father's and both were warm friends. Barcus had visited father a few days previous to his death, and on his way home he met with an accident. It was not at the time considered serious, and gave his family no concern; but erysipelas set in, his heart failed and he died a few minutes before father. Of course none of the family knew of Barcus' death, and my father had no knowledge of it only as it was revealed to him as related above.

The first year of supply work on Washington Circuit was full of labor; but the results in souls saved were great, while the membership was materially enlarged. The Conference of 1845 met at the usual time, in July, and Brother Taylor was returned with a colleague, and I was reappointed supply. The second year passed pleasantly with some success and still more ingatherings. Hundreds had been converted during the two years and the Preacher-in-Charge had a good report to take to Conference. My salary was small—\$100—still my necessities were not great and I managed to live without going in debt. I was deeply impressed that I had a call to preach and fully resolved to

dedicate my life to the work of saving men provided I was received into Conference. The death of my father was a great blow; still I rejoiced in his triumphant departure, and the blessings of his consistent Christian life have ever followed me.

III

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The reader will pardon a digression upon the part of the editor by the insertion of a chapter on "The Good Old Days," when the subject of this autobiography was a mere lad and experienced many phases of pioneer life. We are rapidly getting away from those heroic days, and to American childhood the past has the appearance of romance more than of reality. The log-cabin no longer exists, except in the deep recesses of the mountain ranges; the little "clearing" in the forest and the "truck patch" of our fathers' day have been absorbed in the beautiful farms and the large orchards of the present.

PIONEER LIFE

While the people of that day were hard-working, often suffering privations and enduring hardships, they were a happy people. They were happy in their fraternal relations. The ties of brotherhood bound them to each other with strong and binding friendships, and the members of no family at the present day show stronger affection than the neighbors of those days manifested toward each other. It is true their clothes and fare were homely, their mode of travel rude, yet they enjoyed more real, unadulterated pleasure than those of our fashionable circles, in the mad whirl of society, feasting in their palaces on the best the markets can afford or the culinary art can produce, and riding in upholstered Pullman coaches. One of the writers of that day says:

"People were happy in those days in their families. The boys having labored hard during the day, sought rest at an early hour. Parents had the pleasure of seeing their sons acquiring habits of
Urin Golf. Digitized by Microtext

industry and frugality—a sure prognostic of success in life. Never were wives and mothers more cheerful than when, like the virtuous woman described by Solomon, ‘they laid their hands to the spindle and their hands held the distaff;’ or, when with knitting-work or sewing, and baby too, they went—unbidden, as the custom was,—to spend an afternoon with the neighbor women, by whom they were received with a hearty unceremonious welcome—crude, but sincere. The ‘latch-string’ was out at all times; and even the formality of knocking was, by the more intimate neighbors, not observed.

“We had first-rate times, just such as hard-working men and women can appreciate. We were not what now would be called fashionable cooks; we had no pound cakes, preserves and jellies, but the substantials, prepared in plain, old-fashioned style. This is one reason why we were blessed with good health; we had none of your dainties, knick-knacks and fixings that are worse than nothing. There are many diseases that we had never heard of 40 to 60 years ago, such as dyspepsia, neuralgia and many other ailments too tedious to mention. It was not fashionable then to be weakly. We could take our spinning-wheel and walk from two to four miles to a spinning frolic, do our day’s work, and after a first-rate supper, join in some innocent amusement for the evening.”

THE LOG CABIN

Many lived in log cabins, although frame and brick houses were quite common in the older settlements. The log cabin was a rude structure, quickly built, frequently but three days being required for its construction. On the first day “choppers” felled the trees and cut them into proper lengths and they were drawn to the site of the building. The second day the “raising” took place. The neighbors gathered, the “cornermen” were selected, one man to a corner, to “notch” the logs and “lay” them, while the rest of the men pushed the timbers to their places on “skeets,” in which exercise there frequently was rivalry, each group trying to get their end of the log in place first. In the meantime a man with “frow” “rived” clapboards for the roof and another with “broadaxe” hewed “puncheon” for the floors. The clapboards were of oak, sometimes the bark,

six feet long and six inches wide, and were held down by "weight poles" supported by pieces of timber called "knees."

At one end of this rude structure was built the old-time chimney, mostly of stone, laid in mortar, called "catan clay." Here was the historic "fire-place" before which stood the andirons, on which lay "ye hickory fore-log." Owing to the large opening at the top, some of these chimneys smoked badly. For windows, greased paper was often used—frequently the schoolhouses had windows made of this kind of paper, greased to transparency with hog's lard or bear's grease. The third day was taken in putting the finishing touches on the cabin, chunking and daubing between the timbers of the building. The floors and doors were of puncheon, and to the latter was fastened the "latch," to which was attached the proverbial "latch-string," the end of which hung on the outside of the door. The interior of the cabin was as crudely furnished, puncheon and slabs being used in the manufacture of its furniture.

The old fire-place with its "fore-log" and "back-log" and hickory fire, what delightful memories remain! What warmth, light and heat it emitted; what cheerful hospitality was dispensed around the open hearth; what happy circles gathered and laughed and sported and danced amid its ruddy glow; what songs were sung, what tales were told in the long evening hours sitting about the old-time fire-place! The cabin at first was lit up with nothing but the blazing logs. Then followed a substitute for candles called "sluts," made by taking a wooden rod ten to twelve inches long, wrapping around it a strip of cotton or linen cloth and covering it with tallow pressed on by hand.

HOUSEHOLD AND MECHANICAL ARTS

The practical arts were largely domestic. The man was his own mechanic and the woman made her own apparel and that of her family. For many years women carded, spun,

wove, colored and fulled the fabric, and when this was done, they made the cloth into clothing without tailors or fashion plates.

Flax was universally cultivated, and those who could not own sheep, manufactured all the clothing for the family out of the plant. When it came to perfection the flax was "pulled," and when the seed was threshed out, it was left on the ground to "rot," then gathered and tied in bundles. A scaffold was then erected consisting of four forked posts driven into the ground, on which were laid two poles. Across these were placed smaller ones, over which the flax bundles were opened and spread out and a fire made underneath. The flax plant being dried, it was put through a process called "breaking," which destroyed the wooden fiber, leaving the flax fiber. This was followed by "skutching," a process by which the coarser and imperfect material was removed by the "swingling knife," leaving the thready fiber; this in turn was put through the "hackle," whereby the "tow" and fine linen was separated. These two products were spun on the "little wheel" into yarn which, when woven, became the "linsey-woolsey" of those early days.

The development of the sheep industry brought wool into use in those days and from that article much of the cloth was made. Before the erection of "carding machines," the rolls were made by hand machines,—a very slow process. The rolls were spun on the "big wheel" used only for spinning wool. Many who will read this volume know nothing of those early spinning-wheels and the method by which the yarn was made. The roll of wool was attached to the point of the "flires" and with one hand the spinner would turn the wheel, giving it several revolutions and a velocity of speed so as to give it proper momentum to enable the operator, by a backward movement, for several steps to draw out the roll and twist a thread, which, when sufficiently twisted, was, by a different movement of the wheel, coiled on the spindle of the flires, from which it was removed to a "reel," a machine consisting of four arms upon which the yarn was wound. Frequently itinerant spinsters were

employed by the week, so many "skeins" being a week's work. A skein contained four "cuts," each cut being made up of a certain number of revolutions of the reel, the completed cut being announced by a "snap" from the hub of the reel. When the four cuts were placed upon the reel it was taken off and bound in a package called a "hank."

The women were fond of gay colors in their apparel and vied with each other as to who should wear clothes made up of the greatest variety of shades. Dyeing was an art now but little known among modern women. Among the poor, butter-nuts were used to make a brown shade, peach leaves, yellow, and myrtle, red. Among those who were able to purchase, imported dye stuffs were in demand. Eggs, berries and nuts were traded at the stores for log-wood, madder, alum, copperas, vitriol, indigo and ochre. It was not an unusual thing, even in the humblest cabin, to see the dye-tub standing in a corner ready for use when needed.

The weaving was done on home-made machines, ponderous things, called "looms." It was not everyone who could own one or have room in which to construct one. The cutting and making of the garments was done by the women, though sometimes a traveling seamstress was employed.

AMUSEMENTS

The sports were innocent and pleasurable. The "grand balls" and "grand marches" enjoyed by the *elite* of the present had no place in those days. Base ball and foot ball—the rage of the twentieth century, were not known as such in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. "Town ball," "paddle ball," "hot ball," sometimes called "corner ball," and "over-ball," were the principal games for men. In fact any pastime that developed the athletic nature was most common, such as wrestling, jumping, running, hop-step-and-jumping, etc. Dancing, however, was the principal amusement with the young people, though of the simplest kind, consisting of four-handed reels, jigs, etc. Cotillions, minuets and waltzes were unknown. Play parties were com-

mon, generally taking place in the evening after a "log rolling," "husking" or "quilting-bee." The principal games were "plump-sock," "stealing partners" and "selling bonds."

DISEASES AND THEIR REMEDIES

In those years there was but little sickness. Chronic diseases, with the exception of rheumatism, were practically unknown. Fashion, a dame who has wrecked her thousands, was a stranger in that day; nor had cook books been introduced so as to put "death in the pot." "Worms" among children was a prevalent ailment. Common salt, pewter scrapings and sulphate of iron were the common remedies. For burns, a poultice of corn meal was a specific; a poultice of scraped potatoes and one made of slippery elm bark were often used. Croup, called "bold hives" was the most dangerous disease among children and many died from it. The juice of roasted onions was used. For fevers, sweating was the chief specific. "Bleeding" was universally practiced by the early practitioners—in fact they bled for every disease, with only a few exceptions. In pleurisy and typhoid fever, when the patient was weakened by burning fever, they bled him for a pint or a quart to further weaken him. The fee for bleeding was 25 cents. Then followed the emetic. Not content with finding the patient sick, they made him still sicker by dosing him with lobelia, either in the form of a tincture or decoction. This was followed by composition-powders to make the victim sweat. Sometimes he was placed on a split-bottom chair wrapped in heavy blanket that covered the head while a pot of hot water with herbs in it was placed under the chair. Among "patent medicines," the greatest specific was "Dover's Powders." This remedy acted the same as "composition-powders." Finally, the poor sufferer was dosed with calomel until he was as blue as a robin's egg and his teeth became loosened. In spite of this "heroic treatment" the patient generally got well notwithstanding the doctor and his stuff. Home remedies, however, were common in every household, hence the demand for doctors was not great. For colds, coughs and pulmonary affections

our mothers used syrups, the main ingredients being elecampane and spikenard. Warm teas, such as boneset, pennyroyal, mint and hoarhound entered into the treatment of fevers as well as colds. These herbs were gathered in the summertime in large quantities and hung in bunches from the rafters of the cabin or loft.

EDUCATION

Schoolhouses were mostly built of logs, although many frame structures were erected in the "fifties." The interior was crudely furnished, seats frequently made of slabs with the inclined writing-desk extending around the walls. The course of study embraced only the primary branches—spelling, reading, writing and common arithmetic. The text-books were the New Testament, Cobb's Speller, Daboll's Arithmetic, Western Calculator, Durham's Grammar, Perley's Geography and Hale's History.

The school the subject of this autobiography attended was a "subscription school"—the public school system not having been established. Steel pens were not made, hence the "goose quill" was used for pens. It was quite an art to "inake" or "mend" goose-quill pens—a duty that largely fell to the teacher, who gave much of his time, especially at the "noon hour" or "recess," to that onerous task. To "set copy" was another duty belonging to the teacher, and his ability was judged by his penmanship. The school-master generally "boarded around" among the scholars, and it was not an unusual thing for the children to clamor for his visits, as the more frequent the visits, the less frequent the application of the "birch." He was also welcomed by the parents, as his opinion was solicited on all important matters. Of course, the schoolmaster felt the dignity of his "calling" and the importance of maintaining it; hence it would not do for him to show ignorance on any subject. He looked wise, made the best possible use of the little knowledge he possessed, employed a few "big words" and a

snatch of Latin now and then to show how much he knew. The parents were delighted, the children filled with admiration,

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

The memories of those early school days are still green in the minds of the older people. In the quiet of the school hours there would come the snap of the fingers from some pupil, or a hand was uplifted, and on being asked by the “master” what was wanted he would say, “Please, I want to go out;” or, “Please, may I get a drink;” or, “Please do my sum.” The announcement of “noon” or “recess” brought forth shouts of joy as the children ran to the playgrounds or for their lunch baskets. The games were “paddle-ball,” “hot” or “corner ball” and “over ball” for the boys. “Ring” was a favorite game, in which both sexes took part—in fact the game was not indulged in unless both boys and girls took part. All who participated in the amusement stood hand-clasped in a circle while one was directed to walk around the encircled group and strike some one of the opposite sex, which person ran after the striker, and the reward, if caught before reaching the broken place in the circle, was a kiss. The most serious objection to this pastime was the fact that the best looking boys and girls were “struck,” while the homely ones were compelled to stand in line and look on the sport that was denied them because of their misfortune; and when, out of sympathy, one of these “stand patters” was struck, the luxury of the reward was appreciated. “Blind man’s buff,” “buttons,” and “poor puss wants a corner,” were pastimes carried on in the schoolhouses when too stormy to play outside.

The early schoolmasters were strict disciplinarians; their mode of inflicting punishment sometimes being unusually severe. The application of the “birch” or “hickory” was the principal penalty for violated law. “Standing on the floor” was a milder punishment, but was somewhat humiliating to a child of sensitive nature. “Sitting on the dunce-block”

was a punishment arranged by some teachers. Pulling the hair, slapping the face, throwing the ruler and the memorizing of a certain number of verses in the New Testament, were a few of the minor methods of punishing the refractory.

Severe as were the rules of the schoolmasters, it must be said to their credit, that they had regard for the manners and morals of their scholars. Invariably the children on entering and retiring from the schoolroom were required to say "Good morning" and "Good evening." They were taught to abhor profanity and the way of the drunkard. The idea of God was continually held up before them and the principles of Christianity were manifested in the deportment of the teachers. Crude as was the early teaching, as compared with the present day methods, yet to be mannerly and courteous was more deeply impressed upon the young minds than the teaching we now have.

TRAVELING IN WINTER

Winters were severe and long, snow falling to the depth of three and four feet on the level, while drifts were more than "fence-high," often twenty feet in height. The sled and sleigh were the vehicles used for travel. The young men and women of a neighborhood would equip a sled or engage a sleigh and go for miles to attend a party, returning next morning. The greatest requisites for a sledding or a sleighing party were buffalo robes, then in use in great numbers, as the buffalo still roamed the prairies in vast droves. In one day's travel on the plains thousands of them could be seen and hundreds of thousands were slaughtered, many left to decay on the ground. In 1849, 600,000 animals were killed and buffalo robes could be purchased for a dollar apiece. Some of these robes were beautifully decorated by hand, generally by the Indians, and the work was tastefully done. It was a question, often discussed but never satisfactorily decided, whether the flesh or the hair side went next the person for proper warmth. The strong-

est argument submitted in favor of the flesh side was, that was the way the animal wore it. In a selection of verses published in the early part of the nineteenth century was the following lucid explanation which indicates how Hiawatha wore the skin of a fur-bearing animal and why he did so:

“He slew the noble Mudjekeewis,
With his skin he made him mittens;
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to keep the warm side inside,
Put the cold side, skin-side, outside.
He, to keep the cold side, skin-side, outside,
Put the warm side, fur-side, inside;
That’s why he put the cold side outside,
Why he put the warm side inside,
Why he turned them inside outside.”

MEN FOR THE TIMES

The ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in those early years were mighty men of God. While a few had a fair education, the majority graduated from “Brush College,” and with hearts surcharged with zeal, they preached the gospel “in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power,” and thousands were converted to God and entire settlements were set on fire with the influence of the Holy Ghost. They did a wonderful work. They stood at the forefront of advancing civilization and moved in the van of human progress. They laid deep and broad the foundations of the Church of God in the Western wilderness. Though the workmen went down into the silence of the tomb, their great work lived on, leaving a stupendous impress on the coming generations.

Some of these men of God came in touch with the life of James J. McIlyar, and through them he learned how to suffer and work for the Master. In writing the story of his trials, labors and victories, the names of some of these men will appear. They lived in his memory, and his recol-

lection of their lives in his closing years was as vivid as if he had associated with them in his latest years. The Church in its history has had great thinkers and great preachers, but none greater than Dr. Drummond and Samuel Brockunier, who first came into the opening career of his life as a Christian. Brockunier was his first Presiding Elder and what a noble man he was!

Methodism in Southern Ohio had its beginning about 1812 not far from Ripley, and the first society was organized at the house of Samuel Fitch. H. B. Bascom, then in his 16th year, subsequently Bishop Henry B. Bascom, was the first class-leader and continued in that capacity until 1813, when he was licensed to preach and was assigned to Brush Creek Circuit by his Presiding Elder, Rev. James Quinn of precious memory. Bascom was one of the mighty chieftains in the army of the Lord, a powerful man and marvelously eloquent. John Collins was a great preacher. He was the first Methodist preacher to visit Ripley, Ohio. The circumstances that brought him to that town were providential. Having preached at Fitch's appointment, he turned toward the county-seat of Brown county. On his way he saw a blazed path through the forest and thinking it would lead him toward his destination, he followed it and came to the town of Stanton, now Ripley. He said afterwards that he felt "*impressed*" to take that path. As he approached the place he saw a funeral procession wending its way up the hill to the place of interment. It was the *first* burial that had taken place—the funeral of the first wife of Bernard Jackson, an avowed infidel. Following the procession, Collins waited until the services at the grave were concluded, when he uncovered his head and remarked that they had performed the last act of kindness that could be done for the dead, but he, as one of the ambassadors of God had a message for the living. He then remarked that any who wished to return to their homes could do so and he would preach to those who remained. No one, however, withdrew and the courageous preacher took for his text, St. John, eleventh chapter and twenty-fifth verse: "I am

the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It was a powerful sermon, and many were moved to tears, the infidel husband of the dead woman was overwhelmed with shame, gave his heart to God, and became a faithful member of the church, his son subsequently uniting with the Indiana Conference.

It is true the preachers of that day were not polished men. Some were eccentric as well as fearless—something after the Peter Cartwright type. The rough element were the natural foes of the early preachers and frequently when they attacked a man of God they found they had caught a Tartar. While some of them could fight as well as preach, it would do these holy men injustice to judge them by a conventional standard. There was rough work to do and there were needed men, strong and fearless to do it. If judged by the good they did and the souls saved, they need not fear comparison with the greatest benefactors of the race. America is the most Christian nation in the world, and she owes this pre-eminence to a great extent to the early Methodist preachers who pushed out into the wilderness and prairies to preach a pure and all-conquering gospel.

IV

MY FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE

AN INTERESTING SESSION

At the close of two year's ministry as a supply on Washington Circuit, it was my privilege to attend for the first time an Annual Conference. The Pittsburgh Conference was held at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in July, 1846. Brothers Taylor, Athey, Samuel Lewis and myself arranged to drive to Conference. Brother Athey had a two-seated rig and he and Taylor each furnished a horse. While I had no business at Conference, I was asked to accompany them, provided I would bear my share of the expenses. I very gladly consented, and being a supply for two years I felt quite at home with the preachers. We traveled on the Steubenville Pike and the day was hot. In common with preachers of that and other days, I bought a brand-new suit, boots and all; and having put the boots on for the first time, they hugged my feet rather closely, and by noon I was suffering untold agony. We stopped at a hotel for dinner. While the three preachers were picking and eating black-heart cherries, I went into the hotel bar and called for a glass of whiskey, the contents of which I poured into my boots. I had it from old shoemakers, that whiskey would expand the leather and give relief. I found the recipe to be a good one. Resuming our journey, Brother Athey drove and I sat beside him. The whiskey had served its purpose, but the odor remained. Athey soon detected it and looking around, accosted Brother Lewis: "Samuel, you must have been drinking whiskey." "Yes," I said, "it smells pretty strong." Athey and Taylor smelled each others' breath, but Lewis refused to allow his to be tested, and the two brethren became suspicious of their associate.

Realizing that an innocent brother was liable to come under suspicion and his Christian character assailed, possibly at Conference, I confessed what I had done and the incident was closed.

I enjoyed the Conference session very much and was interested in the proceedings. The business of the Conference in those days was conducted quite differently than it is to-day. As each preacher's name was called his character was passed by a vote of the Conference. If there were objections to a minister's character, they were made in open Conference. All questions came before the Conference for action, there being no committees to formulate business as is done to-day, hence much more time was consumed in the discussion of questions.

At that time the Presiding Elders were not obliged to keep the preachers in ignorance relative to their appointments, as every one knew before it was announced where he was to be assigned; neither were the Elders and Bishops dictated to by committees from the churches concerning preachers for appointments, as the people had confidence in the Elders and Bishops, believing they would do the very best for preacher and people. To-day we find a different state of things. Officials of churches often select their preacher and the Bishops ratify the appointment. Some committees are self-selected, having more money than religion; men who do not attend prayer-meetings or class-meetings in their home churches.

At the Conference referred to above, Rev. McAbee offered a resolution to the effect, as follows:

Resolved, That preachers who have filled appointments in the cities for four years be assigned charges outside the city limits.

Resolved, That each Presiding Elder having served four years, be assigned to districts he has not served."

As might be expected, these resolutions provoked a bitter and in some respects, acrimonious debate. Before the vote was taken the Bishop reminded the Conference that if the resolutions were adopted he would carry them out. The

resolutions were adopted by a large majority. The Bishop was as good as his word and some of the city preachers were relegated to the country. Some of the older preachers were quite angry, and even became sarcastic in their comments, when they were informed where they were to be assigned. One honored member of the Conference, who had served in the best appointments, was hard hit, being "slated" for a circuit. He became indignant, and among other things, said: "Formerly he believed the Lord made the appointments, but now he thought they were made by the Presiding Elders and the devil." McAbee had him called up for this remark and he did not deny it and said if this Conference did not want him any longer there were other churches from which he could go to heaven.

NORWICH CIRCUIT

When the appointments were announced by the Bishop, Brother Edward Taylor, my senior colleague the year previous on Washington Circuit, was assigned to Norwich, Muskingum county, Ohio, with Chester Wirick as Junior preacher, and I was given supply work on same circuit, with Brother Brockunier as Presiding Elder. If I had given my consent, I could have been admitted at this Conference of 1846. Brother Taylor and the Presiding Elder urged me to enter but I felt I was not sufficiently qualified to take such a step.

Norwich Circuit was a large one, having thirteen preaching-places and 1,500 members. It included the towns of Norwich, Chandlersville, Concord and Adamsville. I reported to Brother Taylor on July 12 for duty and was promised \$100 for my support for the year—the same I had received the year previous on Washington Circuit. Brother Taylor was a very conscientious man, strictly religious, but did not take much part in the revival services during the year. He was much opposed to secret societies, especially to Freemasonry. At one of the quarterly conferences he submitted a resolution which was to be sent to the Bishop

who would hold the next Annual Conference, that Norwich Circuit would not receive or support a minister who belonged to any secret society. I was not a Mason at that time but knew there were five members of the Quarterly Conference who did belong to the Masonic fraternity. Brother Taylor, in support of his resolution, spoke of the abominations of Freemasonry, maintaining that it was anti-Christian as well as anti-Scriptural. I moved that the resolution be laid on the table; David Jennings, a local preacher, moved to amend the motion by laying it under the table, *and it went under*. Brother Taylor was very much exercised over the defeat of his pet measure and appealed to his old anti-Masonic friend, the Rev. James B. Findlay, who had co-operated with Taylor in the anti-Masonic crusade of 1834 and 1835, and had been instrumental in keeping several young men out of the Conference, or rather from being ordained, because they were members of the Masonic fraternity. In reply, Brother Findlay stated that he had regretted the part he had previously taken against the young men, and Freemasonry in general, and that he had changed his views on the subject, and was at that time the presiding officer of a Masonic Lodge. "The old fool," was all the comment Brother Taylor made.

HONOLD'S APPOINTMENT

My first preaching-places on Norwich Circuit were Carr's in the morning and Norwich at night. We had great revivals during the year and scores were converted and added to the church. Honold's Meeting-house was one of the appointments, but with a small membership, notwithstanding the rich farming community surrounding it. Observing that many of the farmers were non-church members, I decided to hold a week of special services and so announced at my Sunday evening service. I began the meeting on Monday night, preaching each night and visiting the people in the daytime, praying in their homes. By mid-week I had the large meeting-house full of people and ten at the altar, and at the close of the week thirty-five had been saved.

During the meeting a man named Whippletree took an active part about the altar and the people seemed to like him. I did not extend an invitation for persons to unite with the church until Sunday night, at which time I intended closing the services, and to my astonishment, not a soul came forward to join. I went down the aisle to a man by name of Davis, who, with his wife and several members of his family had been converted. Brother Davis had a way of expressing himself by using the words, "That is to say." I asked him why he and his family did not join church. He said: "That is to say, I have been reading a pamphlet, and if that is true, that is to say, I will not join your church." I asked him the title of the book, but he could not tell me. I said to him, "Was it called 'Mutual Rights?'" "That is to say, it was," said Davis. "Who gave it to you?" I asked. "That is to say, Brother Whippletree gave it to me." I at once grasped the situation. Whippletree was a member of the "Radical" or what is known as the Methodist Protestant Church and he had been poisoning the converts on church government and prejudicing them against the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I went back to the pulpit and stated that I had intended closing the meeting, but had changed my mind. I announced services for the next (Monday) morning at 10:30 o'clock and asked all who had been converted to be present, as there would be preached a sermon on the subject of Church Government. I rode into town to see Brother Taylor and get him to preach the sermon, but he laughed and said that I could preach myself as I had the people with me. I rode back in the morning, my mind much perturbed over the situation, as I had never preached on the subject; however, I had read the Discipline as well as "Mutual Rights." I had read the seven volumes of Wesley's works long before I had joined the church, hence I was fairly well versed in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The trouble with me more than anything else was to select a text, and to preach without a text in that day was not looked upon as preaching. I went into the pulpit and faced a

great audience—the house being full of people—and Whippletree was on hand as usual. I read for my text, “Ye are the light of the world,” which to modern scholars may seem a strange text to take to preach a sermon on church government. I began by stating that order and harmony was the result of light; that when this earth was a chaotic mass and darkness was upon the face of the waters, God said, “Let there be light, and it was so.” As the result of the fiat of Jehovah, everything took its place in nature, and order and harmony prevailed. I then spoke of the light of the church as suggested by the text, “Ye are the light of the world; a city set on a hill cannot be hid.” I finally reached the thought in my mind—the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church—and declared it to be the best form of ecclesiastical government in the world for the spread of the gospel and the conversion of men. Then to conclude my sermon, I brought forward the following charge:

“I am going to try Brother Davis for drunkenness. I select a committee of church members, and, as Preacher-in-Charge, I will preside at the trial. The witnesses have all been heard and the committee of nine retire to deliberate and arrive at a verdict. The pastor does not retire with the committee and the case is entirely in their hands. On their return from the jury room, they say, ‘Brother Davis is not guilty.’ But, as Preacher-in-Charge, I say that he is guilty. Can I expel him? No. Can I appeal to the Quarterly Conference? No. What can I do? I can refer the matter to the Quarterly Conference, but that body cannot act on a reference case and sends it back for another trial. I then try the case against Davis before another committee, and that committee finds him guilty. Now, can I expel Brother Davis? No. Brother Davis has the right of appeal to the Quarterly Conference and that body acquits him. Now, I ask, what better chance does Brother Davis want?”

Brother Davis sprang to his feet and said, “That is to say, no better chance, brother;” and inviting all who wished

to join the church to come up to the altar, I began to sing, and every convert came and I took the names of forty on probation.

The reason my converts hesitated to come forward when I gave the invitation the first time was, the influence of Whippletree in poisoning their minds against the government of the M. E. Church, by giving them copies of "Mutual Rights" to read, a pamphlet that had been distributed by the Methodist Protestant Church which did much in its day to keep people from uniting with our church. Whippletree was very angry and challenged me to debate the subject with Doctor Dolby, a prominent minister of the M. P. Church. I said to him that it would be an insult to Doctor Dolby to ask him to debate with a boy. "Shame on you," he replied, "will you debate with me?" "No," I said, "you are a coward." That was the end of Whippletree and the Methodist Protestant Church in that community.

PROVIDENTIAL LEADINGS

During my ministerial life my plans have often been so changed that I could not help feeling that God had hedged up my way for some good purpose. At the close of my meeting at Honold's Meeting-house, I felt that I should take a rest. I had been in revival work for several months and had concluded to visit my married sister, who lived near Marietta, Ohio, and spend a few weeks with her.

Carrying out my purpose, I left Cambridge on Saturday and reached a town where I intended spending the Sabbath, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Just as I was about alighting from my horse, a brother stepped up and gave me his hand, saying how glad he was to see me and that I must preach for them on the morrow. "No," I said, "I am tired and will go on," as I felt there was no rest for me there. I rode on about five miles farther and came to a large brick house which looked to me to be a good place to stop and rest for the night. I asked the gentleman of the house if I could stop with him over Sabbath. "Oh, yes," he replied,

and told me to get off my horse and come into the house. I was much pleased with the kindness of my host and enjoyed a splendid supper. I learned that the name of my host was Stevens, and that he was a Methodist. Shortly after my arrival, a preacher by name of Barnes arrived and was treated with the same kindness that had been extended to me. I found our visitor to be Rev. Robert Barnes, a superannuate of the Baltimore Conference, who was a bachelor, and a cross one at that. As the evening drew on, Brother Stevens began carrying benches into the room, and by sliding back the doors, made it a large double room. I asked Brother Stevens what was going on, and learned that there was to be meeting there that night and that one of the supplies of the Pittsburgh Conference, Simon P. Woolf, was to begin a revival. I said no more, but I had an instinctive feeling that there was no rest for me at this kind home. The house was soon filled with worshippers, but there were no signs of the preacher. Waiting for awhile, Brother Stevens asked Brother Barnes to preach, but he refused and told him to ask that boy in the corner "for he is a preacher." Brother Stevens came to me and asked, "Are you a preacher?" Admitting that I was, he insisted that I talk to the people, as Brother Woolf for some reason had failed them.

I could not say no, under the circumstances, but preached to them the best I could; however, I perceived that there was a "sound of rain," and that God was working in the congregation. Services were announced for Sunday and Brother Woolf did not turn up, so I had to hold forth for the day. Services were announced for the week, but on account of high water, Brother Woolf could not cross the river, hence I was in for it and remained until Friday, preaching every night, having thirty-five conversions and received thirty-six on probation. One of those saved was the son of Brother Stevens, who subsequently became a preacher and did a great work.

ROUGH WORK

In my early ministry, covering the period that I supplied Washington and Norwich circuits, I was blessed with good colleagues. I owe a debt of gratitude to such men as J. C. Taylor, Edward Taylor, Jacob Young, Samuel Brockunier, Ludwell Petty, J. L. Trumbell and others with whom I came in contact. Among the laymen, I found strong men, full of the Holy Ghost, well equipped for revival work and fully imbued with the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During one of my meetings on this circuit, at a place called "Devils Half-acre," about five miles from Zanesville, I was assisted by a local preacher from the latter place, who was a tanner by trade, a strong, broad-shouldered man. The place was noted for drunkards and gamblers and the nearest preaching place was Zanesville. As it was in Sodom where dwelt Lot, there was living in this community a very good woman, mighty in prayer, the wife of a gambler by name of Smith. Brother Shaffer, the local preacher, and I determined to make an attack on the devil in his own quarters. We engaged a large building in which they packed tobacco in barrels for shipment but which at the time was empty. We arranged seats, put up a temporary pulpit and declared war on the enemy. Brother Shaffer could sing, and I could sing a little myself before tunes became fashionable. The faith and courage of our endeavor in attempting to hold a meeting in such a place attracted the whole community and we had the house full from the start. The Holy Ghost came upon the people and sinners were awakened and many came to the altar seeking pardon. One night while Shaffer was talking to the mourners and I was singing, Smith and another gambler came down the aisle to the altar and caught one of the women who was standing there with his foot and threw her over the bench. Brother Shaffer struck him and knocked him down while the other man made a pass at Shaffer, but he shared the same fate as his companion. Brother Shaffer had to use the gospel of his knuckles twice on both of them before he got them out of the

house. All the while this was going on, I kept up the singing until Brother Shaffer returned to the altar after "casting the devils into outer darkness," whereupon I called upon him to pray. We had a great revival, and before the meeting closed, Smith, with his eye closed as the result of Shaffer's knuckles, was at the altar and was gloriously saved. As the result of the meeting, a church was built and it became one of the preaching-places on the circuit.

The fame of the pugilistic preachers went abroad and at another point in that large field a few faithful men and women worshipped in a schoolhouse, but the community was full of wicked people, something similar to those of Devil's Half-acre. The good people at this place requested me to hold a meeting and I agreed to do it if Brother Shaffer would assist me. Shaffer was eager for the work and the revival began. The schoolhouse windows were made of greased paper and the building was among the rudest. The first night of our meeting the house was full of people and equally as big a crowd of roughs assembled outside. The first invitation brought penitents to the altar, and while we were praying with them, the crowd outside tore down the greased paper and some stuck their heads through the windows and made use of very vile language. Brother Shaffer spoke to the men kindly, but they laughed in his face. He then went outside while I kept up the singing inside, and one of the men attacked him, but Shaffer's strength was more than equal to the ruffian, and picking him up, threw him into a pool of water that had been formed by the builders of the schoolhouse in excavating a place in the yard where the mortar was made. Another man made a pass at Shaffer, but he went into the water on top of the first one, and by that time all the fighting spirit had departed from the roughs. Victorious over the disturbers, Shaffer returned to the services, singing, though he had been bitten by one of the ruffians, the teeth having cut one of his fingers to the bone. The meeting continued, no further disturbance was shown and the revival closed with forty conversions. Brother Shaffer was a grand good man

and subsequently united with the North Ohio Conference. He could defend himself and the cause of the church with his fist and not be angry. He fought men for righteousness' sake and the Lord blessed him as he did Sampson in his contests with the Philistines.

THE REVIVAL AT ADAMSVILLE

We had a great revival at Adamsville, Muskingum county, where the Baptists and Lutherans were in the lead. This was one of our Sunday appointments. I began revival services and kept it up day and night. In the early days of Methodism, it was nothing unusual to hold services twice a week day during the the "protracted meetings," and the people attended both services and entered into them with peculiar zest. While I have had greater numbers converted in some of my meetings held subsequently, this one was the greatest I ever witnessed because of the most wonderful manifestation of Divine power that was displayed. One afternoon we held a general class-meeting and twenty-five persons came forward to the altar for prayers. I called on a brother to pray; I have heard thousands pray in my life, but I never heard a prayer like that. He seemed to get hold of God in such a way that impressed me that like Enoch of old he had been walking with God and knew him intimately. He had not prayed five minutes when the entire number of twenty-five seekers arose at one time and shouted "Hallelujah." The house was filled with the Holy Spirit and a holy awe rested on the people and I was speechless for several minutes. Two of the number converted that day—the Edwards brothers—joined the East Ohio Conference and served the church well.

Several remarkable incidents took place during that meeting. A young man in whom I was interested was under conviction. I had talked to him on several occasions, urging him to make the decision to come out for the Lord, but failed in my efforts. He was an intelligent young man but had a prejudice against the "mourner's bench," as it was

called in that day. As I have explained frequently, I said to him that we did not claim any virtue in the mourner's bench, that it was only a means to an end; that a seeker coming to the altar was but an outward expression of his willingness to go any place and anywhere to find God. I went to him one night and said, "I have come to you for the last time." He did not speak, but took hold of my hand and held it tight. I said, "Let me go," but he held onto it and I led him thus to the altar, where he was converted about 10 o'clock that night. He went home praising God and was happy all night and started back to the meeting-house in the morning. A rain had fallen during the night, and in order to get around the pools of water that lay in the road he climbed a high fence into the deer park. As soon as he reached the ground a deer with great antlers caught him and gored him. He drew himself up on the fence and fell into the road and was found there shouting and praising God, and in a short time he was dead. Oh, how glad I was that I had gone to him once more!

There was much opposition to the Methodist Church at Adamsville, emanating from other denominations. We succeeded, however, in securing a large number of additions to the church. I might add, that both years on this charge were fruitful in ingatherings. Those who joined the church were largely adults. In that early day, children under fifteen years of age were seldom permitted to unite with the church—in fact out of the one thousand or more souls saved and received into the church during my four years' supply work, there were scarcely any under fifteen converted. The converts were grown up men and women, many heads of families. It was thought by early Methodists that children could have no comprehension of what a Christian life should be, hence they were not encouraged to seek religion. We did not have the advantage of Sunday schools then as we have to-day.

As referred to, this year on Norwich Circuit was replete with great revivals. Having no settled place to stay, I usually remained the week in the community where I spent

the Sabbath or preached my Sunday evening sermon. Having a whole week's time on my hands, I very often held a meeting up to Friday night which resulted, in many instances, in a gracious revival of religion. In fact it was not necessary to preach a week to get the church in working order; they were a class-going people who kept up the family altar and observed secret prayer, and when the preacher opened the way for seekers, and sinners flocked to the mercy seat, the members of the church were there to point them to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." They were a people happy in the Lord, and to preach to them was a pleasure. Their responses were hearty and sincere, thus assisting the preacher in the presentation of the Word of God.

REVIVAL AT CHANDLERSVILLE

I can recall a meeting held at Chandlersville during the year. My appointment was for Sunday night, and after I had preached, as was almost always the case with me, I invited mourners and two came forward and were blessed. Having no appointment for the week, I announced services up to Friday night, both for morning and evening, and made an attack on the ramparts of the Evil One. I soon realized that it was a hard place to move sinners, although the house was filled at every service with an attentive audience. Seeing no visible results and finding the unsaved immovable, I resolved on a flank movement against the enemy's stronghold, so announced for the next day at two o'clock a meeting for sinners only, that no church member would be admitted to that service. When the hour came the house was well filled and I appointed a courageous sinner doorkeeper to keep out all Christians and let none in but his own kind. The novelty of the service brought out the unregenerated element who came to see what the preacher would do. I had a faithful doorkeeper. An infidel came, but he would not let him in. "Aint I a sinner?" said the unbeliever, "No you are not," replied the doorkeeper. "What's the reason I am not a sinner?" asked the infidel. My door-

keeper replied: "You say there is no God; how could you be a sinner if there is no God? You can't get in here," and he didn't get in. Sometimes Satan reproves sin to good effect.

After the door was closed, I began my service with prayer. I then said: "Gentlemen, I have invited you here not to preach you a sermon or to hold a prayer-meeting, but for my own special benefit. I am young in the ministry and have much to learn. You are men of the world, and no doubt you have had some feeling along religious lines, and perhaps in your younger days you had religious parents. Now, I am going to tell you something about my early training as I knelt by my mother's knee and how it affected me, and how I resisted the impulses to be good for many years, and your experiences in early life along the same lines will be beneficial to me in getting a better understanding of human nature."

My audience took the bait I cast forth at the end of my gospel line. They thought it heroic to tell how they had resisted early impressions, and one after the other arose and "told his experience," how they had overcome their convictions, etc. My doorkeeper amused the people by telling how he had kept the infidel out of the meeting, and then went on telling about himself; that he was no fool; that he believed in God, although he was a bad man, and how often his mother's prayers and tears came to his mind and what a good Christian woman she was. He kept on telling about his mother until he broke down and wept like a child. That opened the way. One after another of those hardened sinners spoke of their mothers and tears flowed down their cheeks and before I closed the service there were more than thirty men under conviction. I did not ask them to come forward to the altar, as I stated in the opening of the meeting that there would be no prayer-meeting, but I knew I had them and dismissed them, asking them to return to preaching service at night. That night there was not room enough at the altar for the penitents and before the week ended scores were saved.

Now, I suppose some theologians would call that a "trick," but I felt that I had Scriptural authority for it, as Paul caught some with guile, and often it requires tact to surprise Satan in his strongholds and save the poor victims of his allurements. I believe God was in that afternoon service. If you can get men to talk about their early life and their mothers long since gone, it will awaken the slumbering soul and bring conviction. My doorkeeper was rather hard on the infidel, but when he himself came to the door of the sheepfold he was treated better than he had treated the unbelieving worldling, as the good Shepherd of souls bade him enter and there was rejoicing among the angels of God.

REV. S. P. WOOLF

I have spoken of this eminently good and square man in the preceding pages. I had the pleasure of voting for him for the traveling connection in the Pittsburgh Conference, and sat with him in the pulpit when he preached his first sermon on Washington Circuit. He was appointed to this circuit as Junior preacher, with William Tipton and Walter Athey as colleagues. This took place while I was supplying Norwich Circuit, still holding my membership on Washington Circuit. I can recall an incident of this service in which Brother Woolf figured. He was a very timid young man, and preaching in the presence of the Presiding Elder and other preachers, he began his discourse in a low tone of voice. He had talked a few minutes when Brother Martin, of whom I spoke in another chapter as making complaints against me for fast riding when I was a supply on the circuit, from his seat in the center of the room, shouted, "Louder, brother, we cannot hear." Brother Woolf was startled and confused by the interruption and spoke in a still lower tone. "Louder, brother, louder," came again from Brother Martin. Brother Woolf could go no farther and stopped. I rose and said, "Brother Martin, you had better pick your ears or come farther front, and don't inter-

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rupt the young man again." I told the trembling preacher to proceed, which he did and he gave us a very good sermon. Brother Woolf was a most sincere and humble preacher, loved by all his brethren, and having made a fine record in the Conference, he departed this life in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, July 19, 1895, aged 76 years.

HOSPITALITY TO STRANGERS

While, in those early days, hospitality was the rule, there were exceptions, and some refused to entertain strangers as they traveled through the country. One incident occurred on Norwich Circuit, on my first round of appointments that impressed me very much.

I preached at Pleasant Grove on Friday morning and rode on several miles to another appointment where I was to preach on Saturday morning. After riding along for a few miles I observed a storm coming, and reaching a house nearby, I rode up to the gate and spoke to a young lady, who was standing on the porch, asking if I could stop for the night, as I feared the storm. "No," she said, "we don't keep strangers." Learning from the lady that the next house was about a mile distant, I put spurs to my horse and reached the place in quick time. It was a brick house, and the large barn standing nearby indicated to me that a prosperous farmer lived there. As I rode up to the gate, I found the owner standing there looking at the dark storm clouds that were gathering in the west. Bidding the gentleman "Good evening," I asked if I could stop for the night. "Oh, we don't keep strangers," he said. "But I will pay for my lodging," I said, "if you will entertain me, as it looks like a great storm is coming." But he refused to keep me, so, getting directions from him as to the next house on the road, which was near the church where I was to preach in the morning, I turned my horse toward the approaching tempest and rode on. I had gone but a short distance when the storm broke in all its fury, the lightning flashing about me and I was soon drenched to the skin. My

horse was frightened by the thunder and it was with difficulty I could keep in the saddle. Seeing the house to which I was directed, I leaped my horse over the fence and was brought up before a single-story and one-room cabin, very rudely built, with a slab-covered stable in the rear. The lady of the cabin came to the door and bade me enter, and gave me dry clothes and socks, and by every kindness shown, made my stay very pleasant. Subsequently the man of the house arrived, who also greeted me kindly and put my horse away and fed him. A supper was soon smoking on the table and bedtime having come, the gentleman remarked that it was his custom to have prayers before retiring and asked if I objected. I told him that I always conformed to the rules of the home in which I stopped, and that he should conduct his devotions as was his custom. I will never forget that prayer. After commending his family to the keeping of God, he prayed for the "stranger within the gates," for the church, and for the new preacher who was to preach the next day. It was a wonderful plea at the "throne of grace," given with great fervor and power. After prayer the lady of the house asked if I had any objections in having two of the four children of the house placed at the foot of my bed. Assuring the good woman that she could put three in the bed if she wanted to, I retired and slept sweetly until morning.

The morning brought a beautiful day and the house was astir early. After breakfast and the morning prayers I saw indications of preparations for church, and without any questions being asked as to my name or business I got my horse out of the stable near church time and rode away, after thanking my host and hostess for their kindness for which they refused the proffered money for my lodging and meals. I hitched my horse in the woods and about church time made my way into the meeting-house and occupied the pulpit. The young lady I had met and the farmer who had refused me lodging the night before were on hand, their countenances indicating surprise and consternation. They were no more surprised than the good man and his wife who

had given me shelter and shown me so much kindness. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, the young lady invited me to dinner, stating that their house was on the way to my next appointment. I said: "You will have to excuse me; you did not have any room for me last night and drove me out into the storm." "Why didn't you say you were the new preacher," she asked. "A preacher can stand storms as well as any other decent man," I replied. Then the brother who refused to shelter me because I was a stranger, came up with a gracious smile and said: "You will take dinner with us to-day; the preachers always stop with us for dinner as it is on the way to Howell's Meeting-house." "You will have to excuse me from taking dinner at your house," I replied, "as you had no room for me last evening and I was forced out into the storm and might have been killed. I am going to take dinner with the man and woman who took me in and treated me kindly as a stranger." "But why didn't you say who you were?" asked the man. I recited the passage where it says, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in," and accompanied my good brother and his wife, who had fulfilled the Scriptural requirement and "took me in" the evening previous and partook of a splendid meal, then proceeded on my way. I might add, that the good brother who so kindly entertained me as a stranger was the brother referred to in another place who, while making the most powerful prayer I ever heard, during the general class-meeting, twenty-five men and women in the space of a minute's time were powerfully and gloriously converted.

V

ADMITTED INTO THE TRAVELING
CONNECTION

For four years I had served the Conference as a supply—two on Washington Circuit and two on Norwich—and at the last Quarterly Conference of the former, held in 1848, I was recommended as a suitable person to be admitted into the traveling connection, and to be ordained a local deacon in the Church of God. The Conference of 1848 met at Wheeling, Virginia, July 5, and closed on the 12th. Bishop Hamline presided. The General Conference that met in May, same year, had formed the West Virginia Conference, which met at the same place and time with Bishop Hamline presiding over both bodies. Thirteen, including myself, were admitted into the traveling connection of the Pittsburgh Conference, viz: Joseph Woodruff, Sheridan Baker, Robert Cunningham, Andrew D. McCormack, H. D. Fisher, George B. Hudson, James Beacom, Dennis D. B. Coleman, Henry Snyder, Richard Clegg, N. C. Worthington, John Barker and James J. McIlyar. Of that number John Barker was the first to die, his death occurring at Meadville, Pa., February 2, 1860, aged 43 years. James Beacom was the next to go, at Pittsburgh, April 21, 1861, aged 34 years. At the time of his death he was in the superannuated relation, having served in the effective ranks 13 years. Henry Snyder followed Beacom the same year, October 3, at Deersville, Ohio, aged 47. Robert Cunningham, as a member of the Conference, died at Columbiana, Ohio, April 3, 1872. He was superannuated at the time, but had served in the effective relation 22 years. Geo. B. Hudson outlived all, with possibly one exception, besides myself. (He died at Fowlers, West Virginia, September 27, 1907, aged 84 years.) Brother Hudson was the son of Thomas Hudson, one of the

noble men of the Conference. Of the other members of the class, Sheridan Baker fell within the boundary of the East Ohio Conference at the division in 1876; so did N. C. Worthington, both dying years since. H. D. Fisher was transferred to the Kansas Conference in 1858, and at this writing, 1902, is still living within the bounds of the Conference he entered. Andrew McCormack went to the Cincinnati Conference and died at Marietta, Ohio. Dennis D. B. Coleman was discontinued in 1850, readmitted in 1851 and located in 1856. Richard Clegg was discontinued. I do not know what became of Joseph Woodruff. Of the entire class, with the exception of two members, I am the sole survivor. (At the time of the death of J. J. McIllyar, December 14, 1907, he was the last member of the class.) I was the oldest member of the class when admitted, and, with the exception of one year Supernumerary, I have been effective ever since. (He was effective at the time of his death.)

My admission into the Conference was not on the grounds of being a college graduate. My work as a supply for four years no doubt influenced the brethren to vote for my admission. As stated in a previous chapter, the Lord had greatly blessed my ministry and more than one thousand souls had been graciously saved. I have nothing to say against education—it is a blessed thing for a young man to have all the knowledge of the schools possible, but education alone will not make a successful preacher. He must have common sense as well as the unction that comes from above. I claim that preachers to-day need the baptism of the Holy Ghost as much as the disciples did on the day of Pentecost. When asked on one occasion if I had ever heard Spurgeon, I stated that I had. I was then asked if I could tell the secret of his wonderful power, as no one ever claimed him being a preacher of more than ordinary ability. I said to my friend, that Spurgeon had not prayed five minutes until I knew the source of his power, that he was a man of faith and was full of the Holy Ghost. His sermons were not brilliant, not at all great, but they moved

the people powerfully. It was the simplicity of the gospel he preached that made Spurgeon great.

MOOREFIELD CIRCUIT

Bishop Hamline appointed me Junior preacher on Moorefield Circuit, Ohio, J. W. Baker being Preacher-in-Charge. Robert Boyd the year previous had been the Preacher-in-Charge with Baker as Junior preacher. Brother Boyd was removed and Brother Baker was given charge of the work. My Presiding Elder had informed me at Conference of his purpose in sending me to Moorefield, telling me at the same time that it was not much of an appointment, but good enough for one who had just been admitted into the traveling connection. I was also informed that in the arrangement of the circuit, I was to live at Moorefield and Baker at Flushing.

I was delighted with my appointment and returned full of enthusiasm and started Thursday of the same week for my field of labor, leaving Cambridge on horseback at seven o'clock in the morning and reached Moorefield in the evening, a distance of fifty miles. When I reached a point five miles from the town, I got my first view of the place, as it stands on a high elevation. I alighted from my horse and had a season of prayer, composed a song, then rode on. On reaching the town I passed three taverns, but in every instance found drunken men around. In the plan of the work given me, I was directed to stop at Dr. William Smith's. When I reached his residence he was in the act of unhitching his horse from a buggy. I asked the doctor if I could stop over night with him. He replied that they did not entertain strangers, but there were three taverns in the town where travelers could find entertainment. (I never told any one I was a preacher to get a night's lodging.) I remarked that the taverns had many drunken men around and I was not inclined to stop at such places. During this conversation,

I noticed Dr. Smith looking at my horse, for he was a good one. (I always had good horses when I owned one.) "Where did you come from?" inquired the doctor. I told him that I had ridden from Cambridge that day, a distance of fifty miles. He walked about the horse, examining him closely, when finally he said, "Get off." The horse had a good place for the night and so had the rider. Dr. Smith was the son-in-law of former Governor Pierce, of Ohio, who was making his home with the doctor. He was an excitable old gentleman, a Universalist, and was eager for an argument on theology. In our conversation I spoke of the three taverns I had passed where so many drunken men were to be seen, and stated in substance that these were hells in miniature. That was the firebrand that stirred up the old gentleman, who went into a heated defense of the Universalist doctrine on the subject of hell, denying there was such a place, etc. I carried on the discussion for awhile until he got so excited, that Dr. Smith had to lead him away to his room. Finally, after prayers by the doctor, I was shown my room and rested well.

I did not inform the family who I was, and was taken by the doctor for a Yankee horse dealer. The fact was, the horse looked more like a Methodist animal than I did a Methodist preacher, and there was not the least idea who I was. In the morning I told the doctor that I must be going, as I wanted to go to Flushing. Dr. Smith the night before had proposed a horse trade, and he resumed the subject in the morning. I told him that I had a good bit of riding to do, but would be back again the next day, as I knew I had to be in Moorefield for Sunday services. He told me to be sure and stop with him as he had taken quite a fancy to that horse. I promised that I would return on Saturday and stop with him over the Sabbath if it did not inconvenience the family. Of course I was cordially invited to return and remain with him over Sunday, for I felt sure he wanted my horse.

REV. JOHN W. BAKER

One of the Lord's noblemen in the kingdom of grace was John W. Baker. As stated, he was assigned to Moorefield Circuit as Preacher-in-Charge, it being his second year on the charge. He lived at Flushing, and not having met him, it was my duty to report to him, and after leaving Dr. Smith's I pursued my way and reached Brother Baker's after a ten-mile ride. It was a very warm day and I found him minus coat and boots sitting on the porch. I said to him that I was the person the Bishop had sent to be his boy. "Well, if you are to be my boy, get off your horse and come in," said Baker. I found him in an exceedingly bad humor. He criticised the Bishop and Elder for sending him back to Moorefield to starve. I learned that his support the previous year had been estimated at \$400, but of that he was left with a deficiency of \$100. It was not any wonder that he was not feeling very sweet at the time I visited him.

I was sorry for Brother Baker and felt constrained to encourage him, even though he was the Senior preacher. I told him that we would have a glorious year together; that we would have gracious revivals at every appointment as I "felt it in my bones," and that he would get all his back salary and every dollar of the apportionment for the new year. Baker looked at me for a few minutes, then said: "Boy, do you know what you remind me of." "No," I answered. "Well," said he, "you remind me of a little pup with its eye half skinned." I laughed and said, "I would rather have half an eye than none at all." Brother Baker was not aware at the time that I had been in the work of the ministry longer than he, only that he was ahead of me in being admitted to the Conference.

On Saturday I went with him to one of the appointments, Indian Hill, where he was to preach at 10:30 A. M. As we drew near the meeting-house Baker said to me that I had to preach. As I always obeyed my superiors I consented. The house was full of people and I preached the

best I could and tears were shed, perhaps out of sympathy for the young man. Brother Baker then led the class, at the close of which the class-leader announced that the Quarterly Conference would be held in two weeks and those who desired to pay "quarterage" could hand it to him. During the service a woman in the congregation did much shouting, and when her leader made this announcement, she rose and stated that they had two good preachers and we must pay them; then asked the leader for the loan of a shilling to pay her quarterage. The leader did not have the money. She asked the next one she came to, but no one had come to church that day with any change in his pocket. Finally she asked me for the loan and I gave it to her, but the loan was never repaid. When the Quarterly Conference convened, the leader reported from that appointment *thirty-seven and a half cents* towards the salary of the two "good preachers."

John W. Baker was a grand good man, true as steel, who despised a mean thing. He was a good preacher, and when he reached the height of his sermons and his limbs trembled, the effect of his discourses was great upon the congregation. He was sound in doctrine, a Methodist of the Methodists, always upholding the church wherever he went. I found him a very pleasant colleague, congenial and kind. We were the very best of friends, which fraternal relationship continued up to the day of his death. We had but one difference, on the subject of disciplinary jurisdiction, but that did not affect our friendship. We had a splendid year together and gracious revivals, as will be noted more fully, came as a blessing upon our labors. All our claims for support were paid up in full and Brother Baker got a present of a new suit of clothes, including overcoat, and I got a suit from head to foot. After serving the church effectively 48 years, one term as Presiding Elder, at the age of 73, Brother Baker fell asleep in Jesus at Monongahela, Pa., April 3, 1892. It was my sad duty to help lay him away. In his death I lost a most ardent friend.

MOOREFIELD

Returning to Moorefield, I stopped at Doctor Smith's, according to promise, the genial doctor being glad to see my horse back in his stable again. He had not the least idea who I was. On Sunday morning the church bell rang. He invited me to the church service, saying, that the new preacher was to be there and supposed he had stopped at Brother Woods' for the night. When we reached the church, I walked up into the pulpit and faced a large congregation. My kind host and his family were greatly surprised to find that the stranger they had so hospitably entertained was the new preacher, but they made no reference to it; however, the doctor did not bring up the matter of horse-trade again.

I took for my text: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth all them that trust in Him. But all the wicked will He destroy." While I was dwelling on the goodness of God, ex-Governor Pierce, of whom I have referred to as being a Universalist, spoke out, "Good job, young man." But when I began to show the contrast between those who trust in God and the wicked whom He would destroy, the old Governor became excited and shouted, "Bad job, young man, bad job."

Doctor Smith was an estimable gentleman, whose home was always open to Methodist preachers. He treated me with the utmost kindness during my two years' stay on Moorefield Circuit and I recall the numerous courtesies he extended me during that time.

During our residence at Moorefield, we passed through a severe trial, losing our second child, the first one having died some time previous, both being girls. Doctor Smith was most attentive to us in our troubles. However, as a recompense for taking away my babe, the Lord gave me a gracious revival at Moorefield. Brother Baker began the meeting on Saturday and continued it until Tuesday evening, but not a soul came forward for prayers. Baker became discouraged and left for home, but I kept up the meet-

ing, having returned from my Sabbath work. On Wednesday night one of the proudest young ladies in the town, Miss Moore, whose parents were Presbyterians, came to the altar and was saved. She afterward became the wife of Rev. John Coil, the Presiding Elder of the District. The results of that meeting were one hundred and twenty souls converted.

One incident connected with this meeting I distinctly recall. There were three taverns at that time in Moorefield, all of them dens of drunkenness. The worst one of the three was kept by a man named Matthew Malney. During the progress of the meeting, I was called into Malney's tavern to pray for a man who was supposed to be dying as the result of drink. At one time the man had been an exhorter in the Methodist Church, but had fallen into evil ways. I had to pass through the bar-room to see the man. The room was full of drunken men, vile in their language, some of it being hurled at me. I found the sick man on a bed at the head of the stairway in great agony. I talked to him for awhile, then knelt down and prayed for the wretched soul. While I was praying, I heard some one coming into the room and kneel down behind me. I then prayed that the Lord would uproot the awful liquor traffic and confound the sellers of it to drunken men. I then prayed for the landlord and asked the Lord to kill him, but to save his wife and family. Mrs. Malney was a most excellent woman, coming from a very fine family in Cadiz. "Oh God," I cried, "kill Malney, kill him if there is no salvation for him, as he is leading souls to hell, but save his wife." I meant every word of the prayer and when I arose from my knees, I found the man behind me was Malney himself and he was weeping, and between his sobs he said, "For God's sake, don't pray that way any more. I'll quit this business, if you don't pray that prayer again." I said, "I'll keep on praying God to kill you if you don't get out of the business." That night Malney came to church and I prayed the Lord if there were no salvation for Matthew Malney to kill him, but to save his wife and children. Some of the women

cried "Amen." The old sinner could stand it no longer, but ran out of the house as if the devil were after him. The next day he rolled his barrels of whiskey out on the road, knocked the heads in and let the contents run into the gutter; then scrubbed the bar-room out and renovated it; put a Bible on the counter, came to church that night and was the first one at the mourner's bench and was converted. He joined the church and was made class-leader. It was as clear a conversion as I ever saw and he lived thereafter a faithful Christian life. His wife was sister to the first wife of Dr. W. B. Watkins, of the Pittsburgh Conference.

FLUSHING

Moorefield Circuit was composed of eight appointments: Moorefield, Flushing, Uniontown, Freeport, Rankin, Smyrna, Pumpkin Ridge and Indian Run. There was a church building at each appointment except Indian Run. Protracted services were held at each place during the year, some of them conducted entirely by myself, and hundreds were converted and united with the church. We had a great revival at Flushing. Quite a number of Quakers lived in that community, where they had a large meeting-house and in it they held their annual meetings. During the revival services, quite a number of the young Quakers were converted, among them a young man by name of James Branson. Old Abram Parker was present at the meeting when James was converted, and thinking it too bad that he should be torn away from the faith of his fathers, started about nine o'clock that night and walked several miles to the Branson home, wakened the old man up, and together they sat down by the fire and, Quaker-like, said nothing for some minutes. Finally Parker raised his head and said: "Branson, I have bad news for thee; thy son James has been going to the Methodist meeting and went to the mourner's bench and this night he was converted and he got up and shouted and told the young people that he had something

they did not have, and I thought I would come and tell thee." Old man Branson said: "Well, Abram, there are other churches that cast out devils as well as our church. If the Methodist can make a good man out of James I will be very glad."

A very singular character named Irish Jamie attended the meeting at Flushing. He had escaped from the poor-house, was an educated fellow, but eccentric. He was in fact all things to all men. When among Catholics, he was a Catholic and could talk about mass, etc. When among Presbyterians, he was a Presbyterian and could tell them all about the doctrine of election, etc. So at this meeting he was a "shouting Methodist" and annoyed Brother Baker when he preached by his incessant outbursts, usually saying, "Religion is good enough for King George and he is my uncle;" but the most peculiar thing about Irish Jamie was, that when I preached he kept quiet. One night when Baker was to preach, and during the opening prayer, Jamie began his usual shouting, "Religion is good enough for King George and he is my uncle." Baker couldn't stand it any longer, so he walked down the aisle to where Jamie was standing and shouting and took him by the shoulders to push him down on the seat, but missing the bench, he went onto the floor. That was the last of Jamie's shouting.

Brother Baker did not assist me at Freeport where there were one hundred and twenty-five conversions, one of the converts being J. D. Knox, who entered the Pittsburgh Conference and subsequently was transferred to the Kansas Conference. At another point we had seventy-five conversions, one of the converts being J. F. Jones, who entered the Conference and served one term as Presiding Elder. He died at Butler, Pa., September 27, 1894, aged 58. During my pastorate at Homestead, he was my Presiding Elder, being on the Washington District. He was a fine Christian gentleman.

SALEM CHURCH

I preached one night at Salem, and it being a very rough evening, only one church member, a local preacher, and twenty-one young men were present. I tried to preach, but in my estimation it was a failure. At the close of the discourse, I said: "Young men, I ought to ask you to come forward to the altar, but if you should come, there is no one here but my local preacher and myself to pray with you. However, that makes no difference, for if this house was full of praying people it would not save you unless you prayed for yourselves." I then gave the invitation for seekers and commenced to sing

"I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
There are ten thousand charms."

Before the first verse was sung the twenty-one young men were at the altar crying for mercy. My local preacher was so overjoyed that he shouted himself hoarse and was of no use to me for several days. One of the number at the altar was Marion Dallas, who united with the Conference and was a member of the East Ohio Conference after the division. Brother Dallas for years was connected with the Seaman's Friend Society at Cleveland, Ohio, and died several years ago. Ten of the twenty-one young men were blessed that night, and when I went out I found that my horse had either been stolen or had broken away. The young men and my local preacher started in various directions to find him. I walked for miles through the storm and fell into the creek, and just as the sun arose I heard my horse "whinny" and soon found him tied between two great rocks, where the thief had hidden him.

An incident associated with this appointment has never been erased from my mind: There lived near the church and belonging to it a family consisting of a mother and four sons who had removed to that place from one of the

Southern States. They were very nice people and their home became the stopping-place for the preachers of the circuit. Brother Boyd and Brother Baker had stopped there the year previous, and when I preached at Salem, also made it my stopping-place, where I was most kindly treated. During my second year on the circuit, Samuel Day was the Preacher-in-Charge and one night we both stayed with the kind Southern family. Up to this time nothing had ever been said derogatory to their character nor had anything strange been seen about the place. In the morning Brother Day concluded to shave and the lady of the house having gone out to look after the duties of her farm, he went into the kitchen to get some hot water. The kitchen was a separate building from the main dwelling and was built up against the large chimney of the latter, so that to get to the kitchen one had to go out on the porch to reach it. Going into the kitchen for the water, Brother Day was gone but a minute when he rushed back into the sitting-room looking as pale as a corpse and was speechless. Alarmed at his appearance, I inquired what was wrong, and finally after a great effort he was able to say, "I saw the devil in the kitchen." Brother Day was a delicate man at any rate, and the fright he got very nearly caused him to faint, but having a bottle of camphor about me, I rubbed his face and he soon revived. I then went into the kitchen to investigate, and while I expected to see something, I was wholly unprepared to behold the sight that met my eyes. A chill came over me and I stood appalled. What I saw was a negro, about 6 feet in height, looking like a skeleton and perfectly nude confined in a pen made of strong boards and scantling. The breakfast for the poor wretch had been set outside his pen and he was reaching his hands through the opening to get the food. He was a frightful object to look at, his white teeth showing and his eyes glaring upon me with an awful gaze. During these years that we had been stopping there we never knew that such a being was shut up in that kitchen. When the kind lady of the house returned and found Brother Day very ill, she asked what was the matter and showed great con-

cern about his condition. I told her that he had gone to the kitchen to get some hot water to shave with and saw the negro shut up there. I then asked her the meaning of it. "That is the curse of slavery," she replied. "My father in the State where we lived owned a large number of slaves, and before his death he freed them all excepting the one you saw in the kitchen, who was demented and dangerous and he could not allow him his freedom unless he gave security for his good behavior which he could not do, so had him placed in the hands of some one to look after. When we moved here there was nothing to do but bring him along. At times he is perfectly harmless and we can let him out of the pen, but when he gets violent we have to shut him up and he tears off the clothing just as you saw him this morning." This kind family were carrying out the wish of the father in caring for the poor demented fellow who had come into that condition through the system of slavery.

As stated before, the year Brother Baker and I spent on Moorefield Circuit was most profitable and successful. More than five hundred souls had been converted and joined the church. We got our salaries in full—\$400 apiece,—with many presents in wearing apparel and provisions. We had the closing services for the year in a grove and it was attended by people from every appointment on the circuit. Brother Baker preached in the forenoon and I in the afternoon. His text was, "Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the day." My text was, "Considering what great things the Lord hath done for us whereof we are glad."

The time of the holding of the Conference in 1849 had been changed from July to June, and this year it met in Brownsville, Pa., June 20, and adjourned on the 28th. Bishop Waugh presided and Charles Cooke was Conference Secretary, a position he had held continuously from 1828, with the exception of one year when Wesley Kenney was elected. The Bishop sent Brother Baker to McConnellsville, two years being the limit at that time, and I was returned

to Moorefield for the second year, with S. W. Day as my colleague. Brother Day was a most excellent man, and kind, but was in delicate health, hence the greatest part of the labor for the year fell on me. I have lost sight of Brother Day, he having left the Conference many years ago.

SECOND YEAR ON MOOREFIELD CIRCUIT

My second year on Moorefield Circuit was a pleasant one. During the year I had a stroke of apoplexy and lay for an hour and a half unconscious of all that occurred around me. When I could speak the thought that was in my mind when I fell came to me. The thought was this: That something was going to happen me and I would miss my appointment. At the last Quarterly Conference Marion Dallas and John D. Knox were recommended to the Annual Conference for the traveling connection, and both were admitted in 1850. Including J. F. Jones, who subsequently joined the Conference, these three young men, converted on Moorefield Circuit, were received into the Pittsburgh Conference.

One unpleasant incident occurred during my second year on this circuit; my refusal to preach the funeral sermon of one who had committed self-murder. He had been a member of the church and was well off so far as this world's goods are concerned. He had raised a large family who had married and were settled in various states of the Union. Doctor Smith and I visited him one day when he was ill, and a few days after he hung himself. He was buried and some months afterward his children had all gathered to divide the estate and sell off at public sale the personal property. The eldest son came to me and asked if the funeral sermon could not be preached on the following Sunday at Rankin's Meeting-house. I refused to do it; but notwithstanding my refusal they had it announced at the sale. On Sunday I found an immense audience present, many not able to get in the house. I took my text and said nothing about any one dying, except the Lord Jesus who died for our sins. The son who had spoken to me was very angry and

asked if I thought that a man who had committed suicide would not be saved. I said, "No murderer hath eternal life." I also told him that I knew more about his father's life than he did, but I did not tell him what I knew. The visit Dr. Smith and I made to him on his sick bed brought from him a sad confession, stating that he was a hypocrite and lived a double life and had joined the church to drown his conscience as he had committed a great crime, and was about to confess when I stopped him and said not to tell it as he would be liable to punishment. Two days after this conversation he hung himself.

I do not think the man was insane when he committed self-murder and could not say to the people that he was saved, just what his friends wanted me to say, as the act was premeditated. Such go "to their own place" when they die, the place they themselves have prepared in life. I have laid away many whom I believed died without Christ, but I have invariably refrained from intimating that they had gone to heaven. It is a libel on the Word of God to say that men go to heaven who, in life, have refused the overtures of the gospel and would not submit to God. I heard a minister proclaim at the funeral of a saloon keeper who had fallen dead in his bar-room that "our brother has swept through the pearly gates and is now walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem and wearing the crown of glory!"

After two very pleasant years, I closed my work on Moorefield Circuit and proceeded to Conference, which met at Canton, Ohio.

VI

RECEIVED INTO THE CONFERENCE IN FULL
MEMBERSHIP

The Conference of 1850 was held at Canton, Ohio, June 19-28, Bishop Janes presiding. This was the second time Bishop Janes had presided over the Conference, having been present in 1847. My probationary period in the Conference having ended, I was received into full membership and ordained elder.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE CIRCUIT

During the latter part of the session, Rev. G. D. Kinnear, one of the presiding elders, came to me and said that he was going to take me into his District and that I would be appointed to St. Clairsville, Ohio, the county-seat of Belmont county. I was startled by the announcement and plead with Brother Kinnear not to send me there as I could not sustain myself in a charge, where some of the strongest preachers of the Conference had served; but he paid no attention to my refusal and I was read out by the Bishop for that important circuit, Pardon Cook being my colleague, and the Preacher-in-Charge, who was returned for the second year. Brother Cook told me at Conference to stop with him when I came to St. Clairsville, and on July 4, I rode over to the county-seat and called at his house, but his wife informed me that he was not at home, that their horse was in the stable sick with the distemper and that I had better go to Brother Wright's. I went to Brother Wright's but found his stable full, so was sent to Brother Carothers, a local preacher in the church, who had been judge of the county courts. I found Judge Carothers in his store about half asleep, and told him who I was. He extended his hand and said, "Now, what am I to do with that horse," and commenced

whistling. It seemed my horse was in the way of my reception into my new appointment. While the Judge was whistling a lady came into the store and he turned to her to know what she wanted. At the same time I passed out of the store and got in my buggy and drove with my wife to Johnson's Hotel and ordered a room. Brother Cook returned home in the afternoon and was told by his wife that I had come and she had sent me to Brother Wright's; he followed me to Wright's, and learned that I had been sent to Judge Carothers, and when he came to the Judge's store he informed the preacher that I had slipped out and he did not know where I was. Finally Brother Cook found me at the hotel. He was insistent that I should return with him and he would find a place for my horse, but I concluded to remain at the hotel until my household goods came. During my stay at the hotel Judge Kennon and wife and Judge Cowan and wife and many others called upon us and extended a cordial welcome.

I found quite a contrast here from the people I had served on Moorefield Circuit, both from the standpoint of social life and spirituality. The church was formal, though the best in the place, being attended by judges and most prominent attorneys. They were an intellectual people, as a rule, and attended church services rather more from a sense of duty than of love for them. Brother Cook was serving his second year, a Yankee gentleman, about sixty years of age, whose style of preaching seemed to give the members an opportunity to take a sleep while he preached.

There were nine appointments on this circuit—St. Clairsville, McMillan's, Wesley Chapel, Temperanceville, Jacobsburg, Welsh's Meeting-house, Zion's Hill, Bellaire, and one other point which I cannot recall. There were four towns and five country places on the circuit, all Sunday appointments with one exception, which was Saturday. St. Clairsville was headquarters, and the most important point on the circuit. At that time it had the ablest jurists of the State of Ohio, with the exception of Cincinnati. While many of the judges and lawyers were not members of the church,

their wives were and they attended services with them. These most excellent gentlemen gave me much encouragement, not only by their presence, but by the respectful hearing they gave me and by many kind words of commendation. As I referred to above, I not only found the members of the church cold and formal, but the entire town had partaken of the same spirit. There had not been a prayer-meeting held in the church for years, and for ten years no revival services had been conducted; hence it was a hard proposition I was up against as my six years in the Master's work were years of great revivals, nearly fifteen hundred having been brought into the church. There were a few zealous and godly people in the church who believed in evangelical Christianity and waited for the opening heavens to pour upon them the gracious showers of gospel grace.

THE REVIVAL AT ST. CLAIRSVILLE

I suggested to Brother Cook the advisability of holding a "protracted meeting" at St. Clairsville at as early date as possible, but he seemed somewhat indifferent to the proposition. I then brought up the question of prayer-meeting before the Official Board, but Judge Carothers said it was scarcely worth while to go to the trouble of opening the church for such a service; but if I wanted to hold such a meeting, he suggested that it be held at a private house. I agreed to the plan and on Sunday morning I announced prayer-meeting at Sister Merryman's, widow of a member of the Pittsburgh Conference, who died October 13, 1835, while in charge of this circuit. I then went around and invited the young people to this service, with the object in view that they would fill the house so full that the church people could not get in. On arriving at Sister Merryman's I found that my plan had worked well, the room was packed to the doors and I had to conduct the service from the porch.

The next Sabbath I announced prayer-meeting at the church, stating that I could not get inside Sister Merryman's house to conduct the service. The prayer-meeting was well attended and grew in interest weekly. My point was gained.

The next move I made was to get Judge Carothers to the service, and arranged with three of the ladies of the church, each to pass the store of the Judge and ask him to attend the meeting. He refused all three the first week, but they renewed the attack the next prayer-meeting evening, and finally persuaded him to accompany them to the meeting. The Judge became much interested in the service, and was honest enough to rise and express his pleasure on being there. The meetings continued, and it was not long until there was the "sound of rain."

Having made advancement in my plans, my next move was to hold special services. Brother Cook, however, gave me no encouragement, and the Official Board was not in favor of holding such a meeting. The Preacher-in-Charge perceiving that I was disappointed, suggested that I take his place at St. Clairsville on the Sabbath when the quarterly meeting was to be held at another point, and if I felt like it, continue the services the following week, while he and the Elder would conduct the quarterly services and he would protract the services at that point.

I preached on Sabbath and announced that I would preach every night during the week if the people would come out. I held forth the best I could but gave no invitation for mourners, although I perceived signs of the workings of the Spirit with many of the unsaved. On Saturday I secured the assistance of the janitor and carried a long bench from the schoolhouse nearby and placed it in front of the pulpit to be used as an altar. One of the trustees of the church came early on Sunday morning to see that things were all right. He discovered the bench and asked me who put it there. I told him that the janitor and myself had placed it there. Said he, "The Presbyterians will see that bench." "Well, suppose they do," I remarked, "haven't they seen benches like that before?" "You are not going to invite mourners?" he inquired. "I am if the court knows itself," I replied. "Well, we don't allow that here," said Bailey, "we have not had a mourners' bench in this church for ten years nor has there been an invitation given for seekers of religion for

fear some one would come forward to the altar who would disgrace the church." By that time I was becoming aroused and said to Brother Bailey: "My brother, I will invite sinners to this bench if there are as many devils here as there are shingles on the house-roof. Some preacher will have to be sacrificed here to make this a Methodist Church and I might as well be the victim as any one else."

On Sunday evening I invited penitents and five men deeply convicted came forward to the altar. They were men of reputation in that community but not a member of the church came to encourage them. I called upon three or four persons to pray, but the prayers were so low that not one word was heard by the seekers at the altar. The singing was carried on by the choir seated in the gallery at the rear of the church. After spending a short time in the altar service I asked the seekers to rise and be seated. I gave a short exhortation and said to the choir, that on Monday evening there would be services for the salvation of souls and I wanted them to come out of the gallery and stand about the altar and sing for the glory of God; that we did not want any more funeral hymns sung as no one had died, but there was going to be a resurrection meeting from spiritual death to spiritual life. The choir came as requested, but not all of them to sing, as several found their way to the old "mourners' bench" and were gloriously saved. I have always felt that it was very much out of place to have unconverted persons singing over penitent souls seeking salvation at the altar.

Without going into more particulars concerning this meeting, I wish to state that it was a glorious time we had in that dead old church. The power of the Holy Ghost came upon the people and scores were saved. Judge Carothers and Trustee Bailey were enthusiastic in their support of every effort, going up and down the aisles of the church clapping their hands and shouting, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus." The fact was, that that splendid church was revolutionized in a few weeks, the members greatly blessed, over one hundred souls converted to God, and men and women

who never prayed in public, were earnest and zealous followers, fruitful in good works and were not ashamed to say "Amen" when they felt like it.

One young man, a school teacher, the son of a Presbyterian, was converted at this meeting, and being called of God, as he said, to preach, I brought his case up before the Quarterly Conference and secured for him a license as a local preacher. His name was George McMillan. I sent him out to a country appointment to preach and on his return asked him how he got along. George did not know how he got along, but he had asked a German with whom he took dinner what he thought of the sermon. "Well," said the plain old German, "you puts me in mind of von times when de dogs got after mine sheep. I got down mine touble barreled shot-gun and I runs and runs till I got to de top of de hill and gots on to de dogs and banged away, and sure I missed dem. I wast so full of wint that I could not shoot." George said he would never again ask how he got along. He did not seek admission to the Conference, but joined the church of his father and was licensed to preach and remained in that denomination.

In 1901, on the 5th day of October, there came to my room in Pittsburgh an old man, perhaps 70 years of age. When he saw me he took my hand, he was unable to speak, but after getting control of his feelings, he asked if I knew him. Assuring him that I did not, he said: "I was converted at your meeting held at St. Clairsville in 1850 and I wondered if you were living as I have not seen you since you left." I asked him if he was still on board the "gospel ship." "Yes," he said, "and on the upper deck." Oh, what joy it will be when ministers and their converts shall meet along the River of Life in the New Jerusalem!

A lawyer by name of Tallman, brother-in-law of the Rev. S. P. Woolf, lived in St. Clairsville at this time. During my stay on the charge one of his twin boys died, aged four years, and I was asked to officiate at the funeral. I found the parents almost inconsolable, both unbelievers and outside the fold of the church. Mr. Tallman had invited the

Presbyterian minister to be present, and requested me, if I felt like it, to have him take some part in the service. I spoke to the clergyman and gave him a cordial invitation to assist me, which he agreed to do on one condition, that the singing of hymns be omitted. I told him that Mr. Tallman had made two selections, but would refer the matter to him. With tears running down his cheeks and uttering an adjective I cannot insert here, Mr. Tallman said: "I don't want any sectarian prejudices to come up at the funeral of my child." I held the service, sang the hymns as requested, and Dr. Young took no part. He accompanied me to the cemetery, and on the way said that I was the most presumptuous young man he had ever met. I asked him in what particular. "Why," he replied, "you have sent that little child to heaven." "Where else could I have sent him?" I asked. "You know," he remarked, "that both the parents are unbelievers." "Well," I said, "what had the child to do with that. Suppose the father had shot a man and escaped, would the judge order the child to be hung?"

So we argued on foreordination and reprobation, but I got the best of him in the controversy. Forty years later Dr. Young and I met in Pittsburgh. He asked me if I remembered the funeral of Mr. Tallman's child. Assuring him that I had not forgotten the occasion, he stated that it was a pleasure for him to say that he had changed his views about the relation of little children to God, and that he believed now that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It was a lamentable fact that in those days ministers preached that there were children in hell "not a span long," and this horrible doctrine was taught in the creed of some of the evangelical churches. A great light has come into the churches of to-day and there is no denomination of Christians that believes in such a thing, and no preacher would dare declare it.

St. Clairsville Circuit was large, and owing to the advanced years of Brother Cook, much of the work outside the regular Sabbath services devolved upon me. But the Lord blessed me with health and gave strength for the extra

work. At one of the meetings held by Brother Cook, at which I assisted, a remarkable incident occurred that made a deep impression upon the community. The meeting was being held in a schoolhouse and on Monday night I preached when four persons came to the altar, two young men and two young women. It was not long until I perceived that they were not sincere, that they came forward in a spirit of mockery. I allowed no one to speak to them, but kept up the singing for an hour, at the same time punishing them by keeping them on their knees. The next night they met at the home of one of the young people and held a mock revival service, and while engaged in their sacrilegious conduct, the Lord gave them over to be tormented of the devil; they were all thrown into spasms, foamed at the mouth and gnashed their teeth. A doctor was sent for, but he was unable to account for the awful condition they were in and could do nothing, not knowing that the Lord was punishing them for their mockery. Two of them died and the other two remained in a melancholy state of mind the rest of their lives. I believe they were possessed of the devil as persons in the days of Christ were possessed, and that in every age men and women have been under the power of Satan to do as he pleased with them.

SECOND YEAR ON ST. CLAIRSVILLE CIRCUIT

My first year at St. Clairsville was all that could be desired. I was treated with greatest kindness, and by the blessing of God many souls were saved. At the last Quarterly Conference for the year, Judge Carothers offered a motion that I be returned for the second year. The Presiding Elder would not put the motion, stating that he would not permit himself to have his hands tied, as some other place might want me. However, Judge Carothers put the motion himself and it carried unanimously. The Conference met at South Common Church, Allegheny City, June 18, 1851, and continued in session until the 26th, Bishop Morris presiding. I was returned to St. Clairsville Circuit, James

Henderson being appointed Preacher-in-Charge. Brother Henderson was a large man, possessing a fine appearance and was a most congenial colleague. However, he had some kind of throat trouble which hindered his work. He died at Zanesville, Ohio, September 14, 1871, having been effective 30 years.

I closed my second year on St. Clairsville Circuit and my fourth year as a member of the Conference and also my fourth year as Junior preacher. My colleagues during those four years were very kind to me, and I shall always bear in grateful memory, Bros. J. W. Baker, S. W. Day, Pardon Cook and James Henderson. They have all passed through the Pearly Gates and rest beside the River of Life.

VII

PREACHER-IN-CHARGE

The Conference of 1852 was held at Washington, Pa., June 23 to July 2, a nine-day session. Bishop Simpson presided, it being his first visit to our Conference since his election to the office of Bishop in the month of May preceding, and possibly was the first Conference over which this prince of men presided. Dr. William Cox was elected Secretary of the Conference, to which he was twice re-elected subsequently. When the list of appointments were announced, my name was read out for Woodsfield Circuit, Monroe county, Ohio, as Preacher-in-Charge, with a supply. Asbury L. Petty, son of the Rev. Ludwell Petty, was named as the supply.

WOODSFIELD CIRCUIT

Woodsfield was the county-seat, at that time being an inland town, there being no railroad connection, and was fifteen miles from the Ohio River. The people were intelligent, and so far as this world's goods were concerned, they were in very comfortable circumstances. The Davenports, the Hollisters, the Hunters, the Okeys, and the Archibolds were among the most prominent families living in the town. The official boards at all the appointments were made up of the very best men, being well versed in the doctrine and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While I was glad of the privilege of ministering to such a people, still I felt my weakness and inefficiency. In my congregation at Woodsfield were judges of the court, prominent lawyers and officials of the county, some of whom were conspicuous in the history of the State. Notwithstanding my youth, the people received me gladly and I was at once

made to feel that I was among friends. There were seven appointments on the charge and meeting-houses at each point. I recognized the great responsibility that was placed upon me in being given full charge of this important field, and at once addressed myself to the work, visiting and praying in the families of the town and circuit, whether they belonged to the church or not.

NATHAN HOLLISTER

One incident occurred that brought out the real character of Judge Davenport. The people of Woodsfield were extremely social, and among the most prominent families dinner parties were much in vogue both in and out of the church. The wife of Nathan Hollister gave a dinner and invited eight persons, myself and wife being included. Hollister and his wife were not members of any church, but they were numbered among the best families in the town of Woodsfield. He was a prominent attorney and stood high in his profession. The dinner was all that any one could desire—in fact it was a great feast and all the guests enjoyed it. After the meal, the gentlemen retired to the library to smoke and talk business. The Davenports were large dealers in tobacco, great quantities of which were raised in that section, and packed and shipped to Cincinnati. I did not join the party in the smoking-room, but sat down by myself in the sitting-room. Mr. Hollister invited me into the library. I said that I felt badly. He inquired if I was ill. "No," I said, "I am not sick; but you gentlemen are happy over your successes in business enterprises, while mine is of more importance than all the rest of the business of the world put together, yet I don't seem to be doing any good in my line." Nathan Hollister turned quickly from me, but in a moment returned and said: "Mr. McIlyar, I want to have a talk with you before long. Come into the library." I saw I had gained my point and joined the party and spent a most pleasant evening.

The following day I drove around to Mr. Hollister's office and asked him to take a buggy ride with me. We

drove three or four miles into the country ; in the meanwhile I gave him an account of my conversion and call to preach, to which he listened attentively, but said nothing. I then, by way of confidence, asked him, what I should do to build up the church at Woodfield. "Oh," he said, "just go on as you are doing ; the people are pleased with you, and they say you are the first man who has prayed in their homes and it has made a good impression." I replied, "I know it will get some of the young people, but I want to know how I am to get Judge Okey and his brother Watt, yourself and Dr. Cook's son." "Just go on as you are doing and you will succeed," he replied. After I had eaten my supper, the same day, Hollister drove around with his horse and buggy and asked that I take a ride with him. During the drive he related his experience ; that he had never been in our church at Woodfield, or any other church since he was a boy ; that the people looked upon him as an infidel, and that never in his life had a preacher spoken to him on the subject of religion or invited him to church. "I am no more an infidel than you are," he added, "and am a firm believer in the Bible." I asked him to come to church and told him that I would esteem it an honor to have one so intelligent as himself to attend my services. When he let me off at my house, he promised to be at church the next Sabbath.

The day following our buggy rides, Judge Davenport came to my house and said : "My boy, I heard that you and Nathan Hollister were out riding together twice yesterday, and I would not have your reputation hurt in this town for anything. Mr. Hollister is a shrewd, smart man and I would not have him damage your influence here for all the town is worth." I said, "Judge, does he drink liquor?" "No," he replied. "Does he swear?" I asked. "No," said the Judge, "he is a perfect gentleman ; but he is an infidel, and you are young and he might lead you off the track." "Well, Judge," I remarked, "if I cannot help him, I assure you that I will not permit him to harm me ; but I might add, that he has promised to be at church next Sabbath." "Oh, he has deceived you already," said the Judge ; "he has never

been in our church since he lived here, although he was born in this place and has lived here all his life." I fully believed that Nathan Hollister was a truthful man, and if nothing prevented he would be at church. On Sabbath morning, Mr. Hollister and his wife walked down the aisle of the church and took a seat. Judge Davenport looked at me and smiled. I was much encouraged by having Hollister present and preached with unusual liberty. That night he and his wife were in the same seat and he gave me close attention, and ere I was through with my sermon, I perceived that he was under conviction. At the close of the service, Judge Davenport shook my hand and remarked, "I give it up."

The next morning about four o'clock my door bell rang, and on getting out of bed and going to the door, I found Nathan Hollister standing there and he was weeping as if his heart would break. He told me that he had been out all night praying, and felt if he was not saved soon he would be lost. I took him into my room and talked and prayed with him until daylight. I told him to go home and inaugurate family prayers and it might be that God would bless him in the act. He went home and invited his family and hired men into the parlor, and said to his men: "Gentlemen, I am going to turn a new leaf;" whereupon he read a chapter from the Bible and prayed, and while he was praying the Holy Ghost came upon him with power and his grief was turned to joy. The men left their breakfast untouched and passed out, while the wife remained on her knees praying for pardon. I was sent for, and on my arrival, Nathan Hollister was walking the floor, the happiest man I ever saw, while his wife was still seeking for the same delightful experience, and in a few minutes she, too, was brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They united with the church and on the next Sabbath I baptized them both. Mrs. Hollister having been reared a Disciple, I immersed her, and her husband kneeled by the stream while I poured the water on his head. No more devoted Christian ever lived than Brother Hollister, and after serving the

church as a local preacher, he passed out to the church militant into the Church Triumphant.

Hollister's conversion produced a great effect upon the community, and a powerful revival followed. Judge William Okey and his brother Watt, both eminent jurists, Dr. Cook, son of the Rev. Pardon Cook of the Conference, and many other distinguished and prominent gentlemen of Woodfield were brought into the church during the meeting. Among the fruits of this revival, five subsequently entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church: J. E. Hollister and his brother David, Washington Darby, J. Q. A. Miller and Dr. Benjamin McMahan. All became members of the Pittsburgh Conference, J. E. Hollister, J. Q. A. Miller and Washington Darby falling within the East Ohio Conference at the division in 1876, while D. M. Hollister and Benjamin F. McMahan served their mission and died within the bounds of the Pittsburgh Conference, Brother Hollister dying at Shady Park, Pa., May 4, 1898, aged 68 years, having been effective 42 years.

DR. BENJAMIN MCMAHON

Of Dr. McMahan, and the means by which, through the blessing of God, he was brought into the church, a more extended notice should be given. Dr. McMahan's office, he being a physician, was opposite where I lived, and because of his dissolute habits, he lost his practice. He was well educated, a man of most excellent parts, but had become very near a wreck from indulgence in strong drink. I felt that he should be saved and prayed the Lord to help me in my endeavors. One morning I saw the doctor going into his office and he was sober. I followed him in and he greeted me kindly, for he was a gentleman in every respect. I said to him that I had a plan in my mind that if he would help me carry it out it would be beneficial to both of us. On being asked as to the nature of the plan proposed, I said: "Doctor, if you will come to my study every night and read Cæsar to me I will buy the best cigars in town and you can

smoke and read and I will listen." I did not care much for Cæsar, but I thought the doctor might take some pride in reading a book that but few people could read. Then I thought the cigars would be a mild stimulant. The doctor agreed to the plan and that night he came over to the house and read for an hour or more; and on Tuesday he was on hand, but on Wednesday evening I told him I had to go to prayer-meeting, but would be back at nine o'clock and we could spend an hour or so together. The doctor, however, proposed to accompany me to the church services, of which I was much pleased, and after the meeting was over, he returned with me to the parsonage and we read Latin together until a late hour. We kept up the reading and smoking exercises the entire week, but not once did I speak to him on the subject of religion. After the morning service, on the following Sabbath, I suggested that he ride with me in the afternoon to a country appointment, and he could smoke as we went along. He accepted the invitation very eagerly. During this ride he gave me an account of his father, who had been admitted to the Baltimore Conference in 1811, but subsequently had joined the Ohio Conference.

Dr. McMahon and I kept up our reading until Wednesday night, when he again accompanied me to the prayer-meeting, and without an invitation, he came to the altar and was converted. I received him into the church on probation and at the expiration of the six months received him into full connection. Believing that he had ability to preach, and feeling sure that with the exercise of his talents he would be less liable to fall, I brought his case before the Official Board for license as a local preacher. Judge Davenport said: "Young man, you are crazy. Ben McMahon has not got the smell of whiskey out of him." I reminded the Judge that for six months Dr. McMahon had not touched liquor in any form, and stated that to save him from falling he must be kept at work. He was licensed, however, and subsequently received into the Pittsburgh Conference and became a brilliant preacher. His services were in great demand at revival services and camp-meetings. No brighter man ever entered

the Conference than Benjamin McMahan, but, alas, his career was brief, dying at Blairsville, Pa., April 11, 1862, aged 33 years.

My term at Woodsfield was two years—the limit at that time—but the two years spent among that noble people were among the most pleasant of my entire ministry. After forty-five years of absence, I went back to the appointment to attend the dedication of their fine church, and I found but five persons of the old stock remaining, and they were old and gray. I found a great change in the town of Woodsfield from what it was when I lived there. The inland town was no more, the railroad having taken the place of the wagon road many years ago. The small buildings that stood so quietly in 1854 had passed away and large brick structures had been erected. I met three persons who had been converted under my ministry, who were waiting for the angels to gather them home.

My term on Woodsfield Circuit ended the latter part of June, 1854. We reported to Conference a large increase in the collections, especially for missions, and every collection was up to apportionment. The revival spirit that swept the circuit enlarged the grace of giving—an evidence that the revivals reached the pocketbook as well as the heart. My colleague, A. L. Petty, and I got along very nicely together. He was a good fellow, very companionable and who loved a joke. I recall a good joke he told on himself. He and a local preacher by name of Armstrong were holding a revival service in one of the country appointments and I had promised to take dinner with them on Monday at the place where they were stopping. A member of the family, who was considered simple-minded, went to the door every few minutes to look for my coming. Brother Petty said, "John, why are you going to the door so often?" John replied: "It is nearly dinner-time and Brother McIlyar promised to be here and preach to-night." "Oh, well," said Petty, "it don't matter if he does not come, as we can get along as well without him." John said, "Oh, you and Brother Armstrong do

pretty well, but you can't give it the 'joyful sound' like Brother McIlyar."

Brother Petty, however, in his connection with the Conference rose to a prominent place therein, serving some of the best appointments and filled the office of Presiding Elder and represented the Conference in the General Conference, and was a "workman that needeth not be ashamed," and could give the gospel "a joyful sound." This was his first year in the Conference, and although now retired from active work, he is hale and hearty and answers to his name at Conference roll-call.

As I sit in my chair writing these notes, I love to review those early years and recall the many noble men with whom I served in the ranks of the Pittsburgh Conference—nearly all of them are dead—a splendid body of ministers; and it seems strange that I am still here, having been in the work continuously for 57 years, four years as a supply and 53 in the Conference, and have answered 53 roll-calls, there not being a break in all that time. I was 85 years old last October (1901) and replied to the address of welcome at the Conference held at Beaver Falls, on October 9. My nerves are as good as at 30 years of age. My voice is strong and I can preach with ease two to three times a day without suffering any weariness. The Lord has spared my life for some purpose, either that I may become a better man or help others to be good.

VIII

MY FIRST STATION

The Conference of 1854 was held in Liberty Street Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., beginning June 13 and closing on the 20th. Bishop Levi Scott presided. My assignment for the ensuing year was Martinsville, Ohio, with Dr. J. J. Moffitt as my Presiding Elder.

SAMUEL R. BROCKUNIER

My predecessor at Martinsville was Samuel R. Brockunier, my first Presiding Elder in 1844 when a supply on Washington Circuit. Reference has been made in the preceding chapters to this eminently good man. He was a powerful man, physically, weighing more than 300 pounds, being the largest presiding elder I ever had, and his voice was in proportion to his size—being a “man of thunder.” He was not what might be term a great preacher, still he was successful in his ministry. He was a companionable man, kind-hearted and true as steel. He loved a joke even when he was the subject of it. I was accompanying him to a quarterly meeting on one occasion, and stopping his horse to rest, a young man from the backwoods came along and stopped and looked with astonishment at the great giant. Brother Brockunier was amused, and standing up in the buggy at full height, he asked, “Young man, did you ever see such a large man as I am?” The backwoodsman replied, “Wal, I declar, you are the highest man I ever sot eyes on in these woods.”

On another occasion I was riding with him in a stage and a little boy got on the coach at some point along the road. Brockunier smiled upon the little fellow and asked him where he was going. “Home, sir,” said the boy, “I have been out buying chickens, as the Presiding Elder is going

to stop at our house and mother says he is a great big man and is death on chicken."

I loved those old preachers, for they were great men. I dislike to hear critics speak of them as "men adapted to the times"—as if their preaching would not have been adapted to any other time or age. They preached the gospel in its simplicity and in demonstration of power; and that is the kind of preaching this advanced and intellectual age wants more than anything else. Human nature is just the same to-day and sin is just the same, and it needs the same gospel to save men now that it did fifty years ago.

The Church had mighty men in those days and they laid deep and well the foundations of evangelical Christianity. I recall many of those old war-horses in the days of my boyhood. I can remember the text preached by Rev. Swomstead the day I was baptized in 1826. I have heard David Young preach, who was a power in the pulpit. Jas. B. Finley, William Swayze, David C. Merryman, Daniel Limerick, Dr. Trimble and many others were brought in contact with my young life. Dr. Drummond was the means of leading me into the ministry, and his memory will remain dear to me until my latest hour. The influence of those men had much to do with my opening life, and their prayers followed me in my subsequent work.

MARTINSVILLE

Martinsville was a very desirable appointment, having a good church property and many people in it whose hearts were in the right place. Among the most earnest workers in the church were Latshaw McGuire, Samuel Woodcock, John and Joshua Edwards and old Brother Timmons. The church had a splendid choir led by Brother Woodcock and wife. However, they had their troubles, not from within themselves, as is often the case with choirs, but from anti-choir people in the church. The choir was unfortunately located in the middle of the audience room, where they were annoyed by those around them who endeavored to

bring discredit on the singers by creating discord. An old man by name Van Pelt was not a believer in choir singing and he did all he could to create discord by breaking in on their music. The first time I met Brother Van Pelt he commenced to abuse the choir, saying that it was a great hindrance to the progress of the church and there could not be a revival of religion with a choir tolerated in the church. He said he had been out in Iowa and heard a man make a speech in a meeting one day saying that choir singing originated with the devil. I asked Van Pelt if the man who made that declaration was a member of the church, and he said he was. I said: "If that man had made such a remark in a church over which I was pastor, I would have brought charges against him for lying against God. The first choir we ever read about was at the creation of the world when 'the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.' And when the Babe of Bethlehem was born, there appeared the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.' Who ever heard of a choir in hell. I want you to let my choir alone;" and I heard no more from him on that question.

The first thing I did was to provide a suitable place for the choir, which was done by building a raised platform between the doors and made the seating capacity for forty persons. I had a chorus choir and in all my ministry I never had another as good, there being perfect harmony during my two years' pastorate.

My pastorate at Martinsville was brightened by the presence of two men for whom I had the warmest feeling, one was Rev. James Turner, who had united with the Pittsburgh Conference in 1845 but located in 1847 and went into the mercantile business in Martinsville and was a good supporter of the preachers. The other was Rev. William Summers, of the West Virginia Conference. He was admitted into the Pittsburgh Conference held at Wellsburg, W. Va., August 16, 1832, but fell into the bounds of the

West Virginia Conference when the division took place in 1848, and died at Martinsville in 1855.

Brother Summers was a portly man possessing a genial spirit and was very witty. He was known among the preachers as "Major Summers," because of his portly bearing. It was my privilege to visit him frequently in his last illness and he maintained his cheerful spirit until the end; even in his final moments he could not quench that natural disposition of his to be witty. One evening while the Edwards brothers and myself were sitting with him, the mosquitoes were very troublesome and John said to his brother, "Joshua, why do the mosquitoes always come singing around one's ears?" "I do not know," said Joshua, "but I know that they do." Brother Summers overheard the remarks, and although gasping for breath, said, "Do you think you could hear a mosquito singing around your feet?"

JAMES B. PHARIS

My two years at Martinsville resulted in gracious revivals and the conversion of more than two hundred souls. However, I had a hard fight with the devotees of Satan. I had a Sunday-school class of boys ranging from 14 to 15 years of age who were continually propounding questions that I knew had not originated in their own minds; that there were some persons who were "ploughing with them," but did not know who they were. One Sunday the question was asked me, if I thought that Jephthah spoken of in the Bible was a good man. I said that so far as I could judge from the light he had that he was. "How could he be a good man," asked one of the boys, "and burn his daughter?" I replied, "He did not burn his daughter." "But the Bible states that he did," remarked the boy. Knowing that some person or persons were posting the boys, I announced that I would preach on Jephthah's vow and a great audience was present.

The next day I received a challenge from a man by name of J. B. Pharis to debate the following two questions:

1. Does the Book, commonly called the Bible, give any evidence of being anything more than of human origin? This I deny.

2. Is not the Book commonly called the Bible, a hindrance to the human race, mentally, morally and physically? This I affirm.

I paid no attention to the challenge; but in a few days one of his friends came to me and asked if I had received a challenge from James B. Pharis to debate two questions submitted. I told the gentleman that I had, and asked who was this James B. Pharis? I was told that he was a young man from Pittsburgh who had educated himself for the ministry in some branch of the Presbyterian Church, but had concluded not to enter the profession; that he was a stenographer and attended my church and took down my sermons. I received another challenge from the young man, but paid no attention to it; whereupon I was waited upon by another friend of his and asked if I was afraid to debate with him. I then replied to the challenge, stating that I would accept the gauntlet thrown down to me, on the following conditions:

"1. That you furnish me with a certificate from three reputable citizens of Martinsville that you are a man of good moral character.

"2. That you furnish me with a certificate from two competent and reputable physicians that you are mentally a sound man, as your second question submitted creates in my mind a serious doubt as to your sanity." This, of course, aroused his ire and he did not reply; but he was the individual who was sowing tares in my Sunday-school class.

But I was not yet done with Pharis. During my revival David Cross, a member of the Conference, preached one night and in the course of his sermon he quoted the dying utterance of an infidel. Pharis, who was present, arose and contradicted the preacher. I ordered him to be seated and the altar services were carried on and several came forward. In closing the public service, I said that we would not formally dismiss the congregation, but if any felt like

remaining for further altar service they could do so and those desiring to leave could retire while a hymn was being sung. Quite a number retired, Pharis among them; but in a few minutes he, in company with two of his friends, returned to the church, keeping their hats on, and walked down to the altar. I went to them and requested them to remove their hats and be seated. Pharis refused to do so, saying that he wanted to get even with that preacher (Cross) and defend himself. I informed him that this was not the time or place for any controversy, that I had not dismissed the congregation and if he persisted in annoying the services I would have him arrested. Pharis, however, persisted in his purpose, and I called upon an officer who was present to take him in custody. I brought charges against him for disturbing services in the house of God and the Quaker justice fined him \$25.00 and costs.

Pharis, however, was not yet through with me. He wrote and published a pamphlet with the title: "The Ways and Means Adopted by the Rev. Dr. J. J. McIlyar for the Conviction of J. B. Pharis." In this little publication he gave my sermon on Jephthah and the letters that passed between us, as well as the proceedings of the prosecution, and the reproof I gave him on one occasion. The reproof referred to took place at the postoffice, where I overheard his conversation with a young man. He said that when a boy he believed every word of the Bible as his mother read it to him, while sitting at her knees, but since he became a man he had "put away childish things." I remarked: "Pharis, what a blessing it would have been to you and what a joy to your mother if you had died at your mother's knees." Pharis sent copies of his pamphlet to every appointment I had served, which gave me prestige rather than doing me injury.

Now for the sequel to this incident, in itself of but little consequence, but of importance in showing the influence of mothers, and it is given in this connection as a matter of encouragement to godly women who early in life impress upon their children the truths of God's Holy Word. Thirty-five years after this incident occurred, I went into the Book

Concern at Pittsburgh. A gentleman with gray hair and beard was standing there and kept looking at me for awhile, then spoke to me, and asked if I knew him. Stating in reply that I did not, he added: "I am James B. Pharis." "Is it possible," I said, "that the Lord has spared your life to this day." "Yes, the Lord has spared me," he said, "and you will be glad to know that I have returned to first principles and am a believer in the teachings of my mother." How true it is that the seed sown by godly parents will live, though it may for awhile lie dormant in the mind and heart.

My experience with Pharis was not the only one I had at Martinsville with those who were bent on annoying the people of God. In the midst of our revival, some young men put a hog and goose into the pulpit and shut the animals in for the night after the services had closed. The following night I spoke in this wise: "The revival has only begun. Last night the devil sent two of his representatives to lodge in the pulpit—a hog and a goose. When Jesus cast the devils out of the man coming from among the tombs they preferred going into the hogs that were feeding on the hillside of Gadara, rather than to 'go to their own place,' and they have remained with that animal down to this day. A German in giving advice to his son who was leaving home said: 'Be kind to people, but hit a hog whenever you meets him, for if hees not in some mischief, he ish joost going in.' The hog represents stubbornness, filthiness and devilment and the goose is a fit representative of the men who put the animals in the church last night. I don't know any fowl that has less sense than a goose, and I don't know a man in this world that is a greater fool than the man that serves the devil."

When I called for seekers, three men, regular wharf-rats, came to the altar. No one else came and no one spoke to the men. I slipped up behind them and found that my convictions were true, that they came to the altar in a spirit of mockery and were not praying at all, but were chewing tobacco and spitting on the carpet and nudging each other with

their elbows. I also believed that they put the hog and goose into the pulpit, so I got down beside them and prayed, telling the Lord what hard cases they were and how they had desecrated the house of God the night before by putting a hog and goose in the pulpit and asked the Lord to kill them if they would not repent and do better. When I was through with my talk with God, I found that the three fellows had slipped out of the house and we were bothered no more by them.

REV. W. B. WATKINS

During my pastorate at Martinsville, three young men were recommended to the traveling connection in the Pittsburgh Conference, two of them making their mark in our ministry—W. B. Watkins and Latshaw McGuire. The third one was E. W. Brady, but he was transferred to the Iowa Conference in 1867 and died in 1886. Brother Watkins proved to be a great preacher and was one of the best English scholars in the Conference. He was social, humble and loved by all. His first wife, whose maiden name was Lacey, was a most excellent woman, but she lived only a short time after their marriage. His second wife came from Morristown, Ohio, from which union there was one child. His third wife is still living within the bounds of the Conference. Brother Watkins filled some of the best appointments, was Presiding Elder, represented the Conference in the General Conference and served as Secretary of the Conference three years. His death occurred at Ridgeview Park Campground, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1890, at the age of 56. His passing was very sudden. The camp-meeting at Ridgeview was in progress and he had been announced to preach at 2:30 in the afternoon. After eating a hearty dinner he was chatting pleasantly with the brethren, when, in a moment, he ceased to work and live. His unexpected departure cast a gloom all over the Conference, and many were the expressions of sorrow heard on every hand.

REV. LATSHAW McGUIRE

The same Quarterly Conference that recommended W. B. Watkins to the Pittsburgh Conference further honored itself by recommending Latshaw McGuire to admission in the same Conference. When I was appointed to Martinsville, I found Brother McGuire one of the earnest young men in the church whose enthusiastic endeavors were very helpful to me. His career in the Conference is so well known that it is unnecessary to refer to it at length in this connection. However, I might state that his has been a grand record for usefulness to the church, and making use of the ability with which God had endowed him, he has given splendid service and has been the means through God in the salvation of thousands of souls. He has filled the best appointments in the gift of the Conference and always was a success. He is a man of fine parts, possessing a splendid physical manhood and is attractive in his appearance. In disposition, he is kind to a fault, congenial and loving and has been one of the most successful revivalists in the Conference. He served as Presiding Elder one term on the McConnellsville District and was much beloved by his ministers. He enlisted in the service of his country during the Civil War, serving as Chaplain, and came out of the conflict and service as clean as when he entered.

Brother McGuire and I have been the closest friends and have worked together frequently in revival services, in which he was a power for good. Like myself, he was blest with a good wife who made his home life happy and cheerful. In this respect we were both blest; but now we are finishing our pilgrimage alone. Not alone, thank God; for God hath promised to be with us to the end. (Since the above was written Brother McGuire passed away January 2, 1907.)

As stated, I found Brother McGuire an active worker in Martinsville charge and I was soon impressed with the idea that he should preach; but on suggesting that I be permitted to bring his case before the Quarterly Conference he hesitated, though he had a desire to preach and felt that God

wanted him to go into the ministry. He had been converted under the ministry of Dr. Drummond, who was my spiritual father, and from the moment of his conversion he had the call to preach, but was backward about making his wishes known. As was usual in those days, before recommending any one to preach, the members of the Quarterly Conference required that the candidate preach a sermon in their hearing so that they might judge of his abilities. I suggested to Brother McGuire that he give a talk in the presence of the Official Board, but he refused, saying that it would embarrass him very much and he was sure to make a failure. I told him that I would like to hear him myself before bringing his case before the brethren, and stated that I would appoint a prayer-meeting at a private house and he could take a chapter and talk on it, to which plan he agreed. A place was selected for the meeting where a grove stood about the house, and privately I informed the Official Board of the arrangement and invited them to be "outer-court" hearers. On the night for the service the house was full of people and Brother McGuire announced his subject and gave a good talk, and becoming aroused he spoke loud enough for the official members in the grove to hear. The Quarterly Conference was satisfied and recommended that he have a license to preach and soon after he was employed by the Presiding Elder as a supply and subsequently was admitted into the Conference. I never had reason to regret the interest I took in Brother McGuire in getting him into the ministry, as he is a good man, sound in heart and abundant in labors.

Referring to the other two men licensed at Martinsville during my pastorate—Brothers Watkins and Brady—the Official Board were anxious to hear them before acting on a recommendation for license to preach, so I put them up at different times. I put Brady up first, in the afternoon, and he preached a great sermon—"as good as a Bishop could preach," some said and the Official Board was carried away with his eloquence. That night I put Watkins up, who took for his text: "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall

never be taken away." His voice was poor and delivery no better, but what he said was original—his own. When I brought up the cases before the Quarterly Conference, that body was ready to vote with both hands for the licensing of Brady who, as one stated, "was a star of the first magnitude," but Watkins "could not preach." I said: "Brethren, Brady will never preach any better sermon if he lives 100 years, but Watkins will make a preacher." Both, however, were recommended and both were received into the Conference. Brady failed, but Watkins grew in favor and became a popular preacher.

PLAYING THE JONAH ACT

My first and only visit to Casselman's Run Camp-meeting was in 1855. The sainted James Sansom was in charge, with such men as Thomas Hudson, C. A. Holmes, L. McGuire and I. E. McGraw to assist him—all great preachers. Sunday was a great day in Israel and many were the slain of the Lord under such powerful sermons as preached by Sansom, Hudson and Holmes. The Sunday evening service was assigned to me. I plead to be excused, but no excuse would be accepted by Brother Sansom. I trembled at the thought of following such mighty men and concluded to follow Jonah's plan and run away from duty. I turned my face to the country and passed out into the forest to hide from God; but God led me into a nest of yellow jackets and it appeared to me that thousands of the stinging pests were around me. I warded them off my face, but my limbs and body were objects of their best efforts. I felt that it was a judgment sent upon me for trying to escape duty, so I returned to the camp and did the best I could.

IX

LAST APPOINTMENT IN OHIO

Having closed my term at Martinsville, the Conference of 1856 convened at Salem, Ohio, June 25, with Bishop Ames presiding. I received from him my last appointment that I was to serve in Ohio, New Philadelphia, with W. F. Lauck as my Presiding Elder.

NEW PHILADELPHIA

Having shipped my goods by railroad, I took my wife and daughter by buggy and arrived in our new field of labor, where we found, to our delight, Doctor Smith, formerly of Moorefield, and from him and his most excellent family we received a cordial welcome and remained with them until we had our house ready. My predecessor was Dr. Andrew Magee, who was transferred to the Rock River Conference. Before leaving, Dr. Magee rented for his successor a house not at all suitable for a preacher to live in, out in the commons, with four rooms, no cellar, no coal house and with the water 50 yards away. My goods having arrived, I had them placed in the house, but made up my mind that I would not move my family into such a building. I learned that Dr. Magee had only lived in the house a few weeks, knowing that he would leave, and that the stewards had taken it off his hands for the next preacher, the monthly rent being \$5.00.

I called a meeting of the Board of Stewards for Monday night and brought up the question of renting a decent house to live in, but I was informed that I had to live in the one provided as they could not afford to rent two houses. I said nothing more, but quietly made inquiry for a house and found Mr. Dixon, a merchant and a prominent Universalist,

would have a house empty on the following Monday and it stood next the residence of my friend Doctor Smith. I rented the house at once and gave him my notes for payment of the rent, for which he refused security, and bided my time, saying nothing to any one excepting my wife. Early on Monday morning I secured a team to remove my goods and by evening was comfortably settled in our new home, much to the surprise of my good friend Brother Smith, whose family were the best of neighbors.

E. B. JACOBS

Frequently in my ministry I found in my appointments an autocrat, who assumed dictatorship over the church, with whose will my own came in sharp conflict in the settlement of disputed questions relating to the polity of the church and its management. I found at New Philadelphia no exception to this experience.

There belonged to the church at this place, and one of the official board, being also a local preacher and elder, a man by the name of E. B. Jacobs, at one time a member of the Pittsburgh Conference, but having married a rich wife, had located and was living on a splendid farm near New Philadelphia. It was he who became the spokesman for the Board of Stewards when the question of a house came up in our first meeting. In an autocratic manner, he informed me that I had to live in the house they had provided and that I had to obey their commands. When I was removing my goods from the old shanty they had rented to my newly-rented house, Jacobs came along and seeing the situation quite meekly acquiesced and gave me no more trouble.

But I was not yet done with Brother Jacobs. When the first Quarterly Conference met, and the question of the pastor's salary came up, Jacobs moved that it be fixed at \$400 a year; Dr. Smith, however, moved an amendment to the motion to fix it at \$500. Jacobs made a long speech against high-salaried preachers, saying that "he had preached for \$100 a year, and that the largest salary he had ever received

was \$250, and that he had neither begged nor starved on that. But as Brother McIlyar had asked for \$500 he supposed he had to vote for it." My Scotch blood would not stand such an imputation and I arose and denied that I had asked any one to vote my salary at \$500 or any other amount, and that I begged for my salary anywhere I had been. I also stated that I would not do as Brother Jacobs did, lie to the Holy Ghost and quit the ministry when I had been called to preach the gospel, and marry a rich wife and locate. Brother Jacobs subsided.

I had another experience with Brother Jacobs. He was elected District Steward to represent the appointment, and being a shrewd business man he managed the affairs of the District stewards' meeting in fixing the salary of the Presiding Elder and the apportioning of same among the appointments. At his suggestion the District fixed the salary of Brother Lauck, who had a family of five children, at the enormous sum of \$600; then as a sample of his shrewd financiering, he had the salary apportioned to the charges pro rata according to the number of members on each charge. By that plan the apportionment for New Philadelphia, the county-seat, was *five dollars a quarter*. On his return Jacobs was jubilant at the low apportionment for New Philadelphia. I was astounded and told him that it was a disgrace; that the poorer charges had the largest membership and were not able to pay at the pro rata basis and the Presiding Elder would not get his money. I made up my mind to outwit Jacobs at the next Quarterly Conference. The Elder did not come for the second quarterly meeting, but sent a substitute whom I posted as to my purpose, that when Jacobs made his report, that I would move to lay the matter over until the Elder was present himself, which was accepted. At the third Quarterly Conference, Brother Lauck was present and I had posted him as to what I was going to do. After the Elder had preached, it being Saturday afternoon, the Quarterly Conference convened. Jacobs got in just as it was called to order and made his report. I arose and said: "I want to read a preamble, then offer a resolu-

tion." Jacobs sprang to his feet and said, "You cannot amend my report." "Hold your horses, Jacobs," I replied, until you hear the resolution." I then read:

"WHEREAS, At the meeting of the district stewards the claim of the Presiding Elder was placed at a small figure, and

"WHEREAS, The largest proportion of the claim was put upon the the largest circuits where the least salaries are paid, and

"WHEREAS, The Elder will need every dollar of his claim; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That in view of the deficiency of the Presiding Elder's claim that naturally must arise, New Philadelphia will pay \$10 per quarter."

Brother Jacobs was on his feet in a moment and took off his coat and said: "Thank God, I got here in time. The devil was determined that I should not get to this meeting. Just as I was ready to start, the cattle got into my grain field and I had to drive them out. Then as I was about to start a man with a four-horse team and wagon drove up for a load of corn, which I had to measure out; and then as I was about making another start, another man with a four-horse team drove up for a load of corn, so, with the corn and the devil, I almost failed to get here; but, thank God, I am here in time to defeat this fraud." I replied to Jacobs on this wise: "I am glad Brother Jacobs is so thankful to the Lord for getting him here; and the only dislike I have to his speech is, that he has given the devil the credit that belongs to God. It is said of Pharaoh, 'The Lord blessed Pharaoh by removing the plagues, and yet he persisted in doing wrong.' The Lord knew that Brother Jacobs was coming to this meeting to do a mean thing in trying to crush a poor dependent brother, and a presiding elder at that. He tried him, first, with an affliction, by putting the cattle and hogs into his grain field. Finding that would not do, the Lord began to bless Jacobs by sending him a four-horse wagon to be loaded with corn; and finding that even that did not make him more liberal, He sent him another four-horse

wagon for a load of corn. Surely the Lord was blessing Brother Jacobs by selling all that corn, and here he is with that money in his pocket and then gives the devil credit for it, when it was the Lord trying to keep him from doing a mean thing to a brother who is at the mercy of the people."

Jacobs asked the elder if he was going to entertain my resolution, and Brother Lauck said he was. Jacobs said: "I give notice now that I appeal from your decision to the next Annual Conference." My resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote, with the exception of Jacobs. I went to the quarterly conferences of other well-to-do charges whose pro rata share was below what it should be and got the same resolution adopted, so that at the end of the year, the Presiding Elder got his claim in full.

When the Annual Conference convened, sure enough, Jacobs was on hand with his appeal and Brother Lauck and myself were cited to appear before the Bishop, who very quickly dismissed the case, as the resolution I had offered stated "in view of the deficiency," etc., which, according to the Bishop's ruling, did not amend or alter the original report. That was the last of Jacobs. During my term at New Philadelphia, Brother Jacobs and I got along peaceably, although on some things we did not "see eye to eye." I have lost sight of him and do not know whether he is living or not. The house I refused to live in belonged to a German, named Butz, who was much perturbed because I would not live in it and he sent for me and related a vision that had come to him from the Lord: that the Lord had told him in the vision that the preacher sent to the appointment was proud, that he would not live in a house built for common people, that there would be no revival during the year and the church would go down. I told Brother Butz that I, too, had a vision: that I saw a great revival in which one hundred souls were converted and that Brother Butz got so happy that he went up and down the aisles of the church shouting the praises of God and forgot all about his rheuma-

tism. While my vision was a matter of faith, it was realized in a wonderful revival and more than one hundred were converted, and Brother Butz did shout as I had prophesied.

While "the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." During the revival and while Brother McGuire was preaching, some one of Satan's devotees opened the door and shouted "Fire," which produced a stampede. The fire turned out to be a lighted pipe in the mouth of a smoker outside the church! On another occasion while McGuire was preaching, a man came in at one of the doors, walked up in front of the pulpit and down the other aisle and out of the other door, having on his head a paper hat running up several feet like a church steeple. Brother McGuire remarked, "The devil found it too dry in this place and has passed out."

I was annoyed during my revival by members of the Disciple Church, commonly known in that day as "Campbellites." They would crowd up around the altar to see who the seekers were, and would not kneel during prayers; when the congregation was dismissed, they would accompany my converts home and tell them that the only way they could get into the Kingdom was by immersion. Being wearied with the presence and activities of the "water-fowls," I concluded to put a stop to their work if I could. So one night when the church was full of people I gave a talk to the converts on this wise: "There are people in this city who remind me of the frogs down at the canal side cut. If you go down there in the evening you will hear a large frog saying, 'Brother, brother,' and a smaller one responds, 'Brother, brother, brother.' Then out in the water comes several voices in unison, crying, 'Come in, come in,' and the big frog and little frog jump in, and the whole spawn shout, 'Safe, safe, safe.' My dear seekers, keep away from the frog pond." My Campbellite proselyters left the church in a rage and troubled us no more. The boys of the town caught the cue and went along the streets imitating the frogs that I had referred to. The Campbellite preacher took the matter up

and complained to Doctor Smith about my references to the frogs, and asked how long they were going to keep me. Dr. Smith assured him that I could stay the disciplinary term. "Well," said the clergyman, "I hope you will get a preacher the next time who will have some sense." "Our preacher has sufficient sense to mind his own business," retorted the doctor.

Doubling the membership and selecting a site for a new church, I finished my pastorate, which proved to be the last appointment I would serve within the Ohio portion of the Pittsburgh Conference, and made my way to Conference which met in my old home—Cambridge, Ohio, on April 28, 1858, with Bishop Baker in the Chair. I had spent ten years in the regular work, representing five appointments, all in the State of Ohio, three of which had been circuits and the last two stations.

Myself and family stopped for the session with my brother, William McIlyar. Four of the presidings elders took dinner with my brother on Sunday—Homer J. Clark, C. A. Holmes, J. J. Moffitt and my own Elder, W. F. Lauck. While eating dinner, Dr. Moffitt congratulated me on the appointment to which I was to be assigned, saying, "It will just suit you and you will suit them." "Yes," said my Elder, "I am delighted. If it had not been for Brother Mac I would have suffered in my salary." "As it is all fixed," said Dr. Moffitt, "we might as well tell Mac where he is going." There being no objection, Brother Moffitt said, "You are going to Bingham Street, Pittsburgh, and it is one of the best appointments, having over 400 members." I said nothing, but that I *did not* go to Bingham Street at that time will be referred to in the next chapter. I was appointed to Bingham Street, however, about thirty years after, which will be related in its proper connection.

X

FIRST APPOINTMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA

The Conference of 1858 closed May 3, with the announcement of the appointments by the Bishop. I have never in my life asked the Presiding Elder to send me to an appointment, and but once went to the Bishop relative thereto, and then made no special request, only so far as family reasons demanded. I had no reason to believe otherwise than what Dr. Moffitt told me at the dinner table on Sunday was the purpose of the Bishop and cabinet—that Bingham Street was to be my destination. However, after a long ministry, I have learned that while man proposes, very often God disposes; that the well-laid plans of the appointing power of the church are disturbed—sometimes Providentially—God having other purposes in view.

BRADLEY CHAPEL

When the Bishop read the list of appointments, my name was *not* announced for Bingham Street, but for Bradley Chapel, Pittsburgh. And where was Bradley Chapel? No one seemed to know. Dr. Isaac N. Baird, then Editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, said he never heard of such a church; that it was an outrage to assign me to a place which, as far as he knew, had an existence only on paper. However, I said nothing, as I believed Bradley Chapel was somewhere on the map, and that it was in the Pittsburgh District, and I knew that Dr. H. J. Clark was my Presiding Elder, and he had said on Sunday that if I fell into his hands he would take good care of me.

Up to this time I had the utmost confidence in the integrity and single-mindedness of the Bishops and presiding elders, believing that they were led of the Spirit in the assignment of the preachers to the various charges. Al-

though the appointment I received from Bishop Baker was merely nominal, in exchange for one of the best charges in the Ohio part of the Conference, still I was so imbued with the sacredness of the polity of the system, and had such unbounded confidence in those who administered the appointing power that my faith wavered not, believing that God directed that my sixth charge should be one to develop what was in me and to try my faith. However, in subsequent appointments that came to me, a few instances that will be noted hereafter, I failed to see the hand of God so manifest—if at all; that there was more of human design in the arrangement than Divine interposition.

When I made known to my wife that nobody seemed to know where Bradley Chapel was, she smiled and said, "No matter where it is, we will find it." She never complained of her lot, but accepted the work wherever it was as a call from God to that place. We remained with our friends at Cambridge until we could get some information relative to our future home. Before the week was out I received a letter from Mr. Florence Kramer, Pittsburgh, wanting to know when I would be in the city to fill my appointment so he could meet me at the depot. That letter was the first word of encouragement I had received, and it assured me that *somebody* was expecting me. I had been in Pittsburgh but once in my life, when the Conference met at Liberty Street, which was in 1853. I remembered my kind host, Doctor McCracken, with whom I stopped during the session. Old Christ Church that long stood on the corner of Eighth Street and Penn Avenue, was at that time in course of erection.

I was, therefore, an entire stranger when I landed at Union Depot about eight o'clock in the evening. I saw no one whom I knew and walked along the platform carrying a satchel in my hand, hoping somebody would arrest me, but no policeman was around. Presently a gentleman accosted me, saying, "I wonder if you are not the man I am looking for." I said, "I would be very glad if somebody would be looking for me." "My name is Kramer," he answered,

"I got a letter from a man named Kramer," I replied; "my name is McIlyar." Brother Kramer was a member of Christ Church and a most elegant gentleman. He took me to his house on Penn Avenue where I received a most cordial welcome from his estimable lady. The next morning Kramer took me to Brother William Vankirk's office, where I met that great light in Methodism and they two conducted me to Bradley Chapel. I found the structure built of frame, with seating capacity for 300, standing on the bank of the Monongahela River, in the midst of rolling mills and glass factories, surrounded by smoke. It was a great contrast with New Philadelphia in its surroundings—the latter place being one of the cleanest and prettiest cities in Eastern Ohio, and to describe my feelings on this account would be difficult to do. But this disappointment was the least feature connected with Bradley Chapel. So far as an appointment was concerned, up to this time it had not been on the map nor numbered among the appointments. It was a mission—the church building having been erected by Alexander Bradley, that prince of Pittsburgh Methodism, after whom it was named, and the Sunday School was conducted by Florence Kramer and William Vankirk, both members of Christ Church. There was not even a church organization—in fact I had an appointment without a member or an official board, and not a dollar in view for the support of myself and family. I question if, in the history of the Pittsburgh Conference, there is a parallel case. Serving one of the best stations in the Ohio part of the Conference, doubling its membership in two years, having served ten years in the effective ministry, not including the four years of supply work, then to drop from the sky into the smokiest part of Pittsburgh in an appointment without an organization, official board or member or prospects of a dollar for ministerial support—not even having a missionary appropriation. I cannot recall how I felt when I awakened to the true situation, but the friendly reader can imagine to some extent my feelings. I thought not of myself, but of my

family; however, my faith failed not and I never wavered in my confidence in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I have often thought of the great pleasure my old friend Dr. Moffitt manifested when he told me on that Sunday of Conference that I was to go to Bingham Street, and how the other elders present shared in his joy. Had they by some foresight beheld the actual appointment instead of the fancied one that was to come to me, how different would have been their expressions—instead of congratulations it would have been commiseration. So long as the present polity of the church remains and its appointing powers continue, no Methodist preacher can boast over any pre-announcements made by Elder or Bishop, and this lesson I have learned well.

It is possible that the expression upon my face indicated disappointment, though I said nothing as I stood in the room of my memberless and moneyless church, as Brother Kramer in kindest spirit said: "Brother, do not be discouraged, you are the very man we want and there are enough Methodists in this city to take care of you." Noble man that he was; God bless his memory! William Vankirk was as zealous as Kramer in making my work at Bradley Chapel a success. They had charge of the mission Sunday school, conducted under the auspices of Christ Church. As soon as we had looked the church over, Kramer said that the next thing was a house for me to live in, and one was secured some distance up Carson Street, near Bingham Street Church. Brother Kramer had some furniture installed in the house and Vankirk, who was with Alexander Bradley in the stove business, furnished the stove. I stayed all night with Vankirk and preached both morning and evening in my new appointment, returned to Cambridge for my family, had my household goods shipped and by the next Sunday was in my new home and settled for the year, ready to gather a congregation if it could be found and form a society if one could be enrolled.

I was subsequently informed by Dr. Moffitt how the change of plans came about that gave me Bradley Chapel. Brother Lowman was down for Bradley Chapel and he was acquainted with the situation, and went to Dr. Holmes and the Bishop and cried, saying he would starve there, but to put him at Bingham Street and put McIlyar at Bradley Chapel, as he could live anywhere—congregation or no congregation. The Bishop said he did not want to be responsible and the Conference could not afford to lose a pastor by starvation!

WHAT CAME OF IT

I faced the proposition before me with courage undaunted and faith undimmed and went to work to build up a church and form a congregation. I secured 1,000 tracts and on a blank leaf attached I had printed the name of the church and the pastor and the hours of service, and went through the mills and glass factories and distributed them to the men employed therein. I organized a church society of *five members and one probationer*. The Sunday school increased and numbered 275, and through that channel of work I got hold of the hearts of the people. The Lord gave us a blessed revival and at the close of the year my society of six had grown to 125 members. Some of the prominent members of the various city churches who have been and some still are active in Methodist circles were converted during this meeting and united with the church. To name them in this connection cannot be done. However, I cannot refrain from speaking of a few persons who have been a blessing to the church: William Hamilton and wife, now members of Buena Vista Street, were brought into the church at Bradley Chapel, and from that day the friendship of the two families—Hamilton's and McIlyar's—has continued with unabated warmth. (William Hamilton, since the above was written, has passed to his reward.) Two young men who were to make their mark in the Pittsburgh Conference and to become ambassadors for Christ, started from Bradley

Chapel—Edward Williams and Joseph Hollingshead, Brother Williams having been converted at the meeting held during the first year, and both were admitted into the Conference at the close of the year at the session held in South Common Church, Allegheny, in May of 1859. The record of these two men is so well known that it is unnecessary to rehearse it. Edward Williams did grand work, was a fine preacher, and died at Pittsburgh, July 28, 1900, aged 73 years. Joseph Hollingshead served many years in the Conference, then took a transfer to one of the New England Conferences, where he is still in the active ranks of the ministry.

During my meeting, 21 Germans were converted whom I placed in a class by themselves and gave them a German for a leader, Peter Trouty, a member of the German M. E. Church. I returned to Conference \$100 missionary money—a large sum for that day. My own salary had been put at \$800 and it was paid in full. Some of the preachers published the story that Christ Church paid the salary. This was not the case. It was paid by those who attended the church, both members and outsiders, the millmen contributing liberally for all purposes. Bishop Simpson, Alexander Bradley and Samuel Grier, the last two prominent members of Christ Church, very frequently looked into the Sunday school and showed a deep interest in the appointment. While I started with no society, had no missionary appropriation and got no missionary support for the year, Trinity Church, then one of the strong churches of the city, paying a much larger salary to the preacher than Bradley Chapel, got \$75 from the Missionary Society. I only mention this fact to show how the “big fish” ate up what was denied the smaller, and at the same time is an illustration how the money raised for “saving the heathen” was often applied.

The year came to a close and the last Quarterly Conference was held by Dr. H. J. Clark, my Presiding Elder. I had said nothing to the Elder concerning my appointment for the coming year, although I knew that other places were open for me—Bingham Street among them. I also knew

that Bradley Chapel desired my return, although it could not measure up to Bingham Street in way of salary or desirability as an appointment. I had been successful and felt that I had done a good work, still a change would have been desirable, although I would not ask it, and I was confronted with a proposition that, as a man of honor, I could not accept. Dr. Clark was a very good Presiding Elder, but lacked decision of character, and he wished to place me in a position that would have been dishonorable because of his lack of positiveness. When the business of the Quarterly Conference was finished, the matter of my return came up and it was the unanimous sentiment of the body that I be returned for the second year. The Elder assured them that if I were changed it would not be his fault. After taking tea with me, having held my Quarterly Conference in the afternoon, I walked with him a few squares as he was to hold the Quarterly Conference at Bingham Street in the evening. As we were passing along the street he said to me, "If you will say you will not go back to Bradley Chapel I will put you to Bingham Street as Brother Lowman cannot go back." I said to him: "Doctor, why did you tell my people that if I was not returned it would not be your fault. If you had any intention of suggesting to the Bishop to appoint me to Bingham Street you did not need to have made any such statement in my Quarterly Conference. I will not accept the responsibility of saying that you remove me, when you should have had courage enough as my Elder to do what is just and fair, since I was strangely treated at the last Conference."

It is scarcely necessary to state that I was returned to Bradley Chapel for the second year by the Conference held at South Common Church, Allegheny, Bishop Morris presiding. My second year was pleasantly spent with this people and the close of the year showed that it had been prosperous. I did not starve, neither did I have to beg for my support; I had a people loyal to the church and true to the preacher, and as they scattered subsequently and found church homes in other churches, they carried with them the

generous impulse and true loyalty they learned at Bradley Chapel. My second year was broken in upon by the most serious illness I ever had, lasting three months, from the effects of sunstroke. Brother Lowman, of Bingham Street, was very kind to me, visiting me often in my illness; however, he had a wrong conception as to the real cause of my sickness. He told Dr. Clark that the Lord gave me a close call because I had grumbled at being sent to Bradley Chapel. His premises and conclusion were both wrong—for I had not grumbled, neither did the Lord send the affliction upon me.

Though the appointment to Bradley Chapel was unjust and showed how indifferent those who had the appointing power at that time were to human feelings, still I have outlived every one who had any part in the assignment, from the Bishop down to Brother Lowman, who cried me out of Bingham Street. I will not say that the Lord had nothing to do with my assignment to this appointment that had no existence only in the mind of the Bishop, although I did make myself believe that He had something to do with it. If the Lord had nothing to do with the assignment, I feel sure that He brought good out of it and made my two years a blessing, and I have no regrets that I was sent there, neither have I any bitter things to say about those who were parties to my assignment to this barren field.

THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP

I have been the friend of the Presiding Elder and believe in the office. Since entering the work of the ministry, I have served under twenty-four presiding elders and have heard much criticism relative to that feature of our polity. In the main, I have received courteous consideration, although I have not always been appointed by the Bishop to charges as pre-announced by Elders, who, in some instances I am persuaded were powerless to prevent a change in their preconceived plans; yet I am free to say that in my ministerial career two or three changes in my appoint-

ments were brought about more by design of the Presiding Elder than from necessity. I recognize the fact that there arise complications in the cabinet which frequently prevent the Elder carrying out his purposes regarding both his men and appointments, and he is unable to do as he wishes in the assignments. There is such a variety of interests involved that he should not be unduly criticised when he is unable to do for a preacher what he has promised in good faith. There are instances in my own life where, with very best intentions, promises were made that the Elder could not carry out.

There was a time in the history of the church when the Presiding Elder was looked upon as a great man by both the preachers and people—in fact he was great—he was a *picked* man, selected for his preaching qualifications and fine executive ability. The office *sought the man*—not the man the office. I fear in this respect there has been a departure from original principles. *Men now seek the office*, often employing prominent laymen to “electioneer” in their interests, inducting “politics” into the campaign to such an extent as to lower the dignity of the holy office.

In our plan of itinerancy, the Presiding Elder is a necessity; our economy could not be properly carried out without the office. One objection to it at the present time is, that the duties of the office cannot be performed with satisfaction owing to the largeness of the Districts. The charges see the Presiding Elder but twice a year, and then his time is divided between two or three appointments.

In the selection of delegates to the General Conference, Presiding Elders have, by precedence, been generally elected; however, in later years there has been a disposition to break away from old precedents, pastors having very frequently been elected to represent the Conference. It is a high honor to be elected to the supreme tribunal of our church; and equally is it an honor to be appointed to superintend a District. I have long held the view that the honors should be more generally distributed; that presiding elders should not claim a monopoly of honors, and that the General

Conference representation should consist more of pastors than presiding elders, editors, secretaries of societies and college presidents. The legislation before the general body more largely affects the pastor than any other class in our itinerancy. He should have the right to enact such legislation that would help him and the people he serves. I have very frequently cast my vote for the pastor, though I bear no ill will toward the Presiding Elder as such.

XI

BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES—A CIRCUIT
RIDER

As the term of my pastorate was drawing to a close at Bradley Chapel, naturally the question of my next appointment came up for some consideration. I sought no place and did no "candidating," but I was sought for. Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, through its Official Board, gave me an unanimous invitation to be their pastor and the Presiding Elder promised them as well as myself that their wishes would be complied with. The Official Board met me at the Union Depot as I was leaving for the seat of Conference, and in the presence of Dr. Baird, stated that my appointment was fixed and there was no mistake but what I would be their preacher the coming year. I remarked to the brethren of Trinity that pre-arranged appointments often failed of realization, and it was not wise to shout too soon, as no preacher had any assurance of his appointment until his name is read out in open Conference by the Bishop. I have seen so many disappointments in my time, and have met them myself, that I would suggest to young preachers not to take too seriously any promise made before or even during the progress of Conference, for when such promises fail of materialization, hearts become sore and some are wrongly blamed for bringing about the disappointment.

WEST NEWTON AND MT. PLEASANT CIRCUIT

The Conference of 1860 was held at Blairsville, Pa., March 21-27, Bishop Janes presiding. Nothing of note occurred and the list of appointments was read by the Bishop. When the name of Trinity Church was read, the preacher assigned was *not* J. J. McIlyar, but Edward Birkett, and my name was coupled with West Newton and Mt. Pleasant

Circuit, with William A. Stewart as my colleague. The people of Trinity were indignant and threatened to close the doors of the church against Father Birkett. He was an Englishman, quite an elderly gentleman, and considered a good preacher. If I mistake not, he did not remain the full year in his appointment.

To a certain extent, my return to circuit work was accepted with pleasure, as I was very fond of a horse and could have one of my own. At that time there was no railroad connection with Mt. Pleasant, so I shipped my goods to West Newton, where I found my colleague, Brother Stewart, living, he having been on the circuit the year previous. I learned at West Newton that the parsonage proper for the circuit was at Mt. Pleasant and I proceeded to that place to inspect the house intended for the Preacher-in-Charge, in which my predecessor, J. D. Knox, had lived. And such a house as it was! "Tell it not in Gath nor publish it in Askalon." I had never seen its equal as a place to live in. The roof leaked and the water lay on the floors in puddles. It was a haven for rats, holes having been eaten in every door of the structure so that they had free access from cellar to attic. The alley running along the side of the house was six inches higher than the kitchen floor and the mud had poured into the room, leaving a sediment on the floor two inches thick. It was an old log structure, weather-boarded, with but four rooms. The good brother who showed me the house, and who was on the Board of Stewards, said he would not live in such a place, and I told him I would not stable my horse in it. I called a meeting of the Official Board that evening to take into consideration the renting of another house. The Board informed me that there was no house in town to be had, and no place even where I could room and board my family. Finally the Board granted me the privilege of living in West Newton and I found in that place a comfortable house which I rented and moved my goods in it.

While I was putting down my carpets I received a letter from a member of Mt. Pleasant, which read as follows:

“Dear Brother: We the Official Board of Mt. Pleasant have consulted with Brother M. S. Overholt and have learned from him that he had rented that house for the minister, and if you do not live in it you will be of no use to us. All the above it written in the kindness of our hearts.” Brother Stewart was much worried over the matter and asked what I was going to do. I replied, “Finish laying down this carpet, set up my furniture and go to Mt. Pleasant for services on Sunday. I will pay no attention to it.”

On Saturday afternoon I took the mail coach for Mt. Pleasant and stopped at Brother Henry Eicher's, who was in the saddle and harness business. When I went into the shop the son-in-law of Brother Eicher jumped up and grasped my hand and expressed himself as being highly pleased to see me and introduced me to his father-in-law as Mr. Miller of Allegheny City. It seemed that the young man had worked for a Mr. Miller of Allegheny and mistook me for him, and I did not correct him in his mistake and was supposed by them to be Mr. Miller. Brother Eicher was a social gentleman and we talked of business, high water, etc. When supper was announced I was cordially invited to partake of his hospitality and was introduced to his wife and family as Mr. Miller, the great saddler of Allegheny City. We had a splendid supper, as they were good livers, and I spent a very pleasant evening, the old gentleman being a good story-teller. When I arose to go my kind host said: “Now, Mr. Miller, you will stay all night with us, for I like your company.” Thanking him for his courtesy, I remarked that I was perfectly satisfied to remain if it did not inconvenience the family, and I remained all night.

Sabbath morning came and with it breakfast. While I was sitting in the parlor the church bell rang. I inquired what church bell it was. “Oh,” said Brother Eicher, “that is the Methodist Church bell, but I am afraid we will have no preaching, as our preacher was here one day this week and looked at the parsonage and refused to live in it, saying he would not stable his horse in it; in fact I would not put my cow into it, as it is a miserable old shanty, and I ad-

mire the preacher's grit for turning the stewards of the church down. I would like very well to see that preacher, but I am informed that some one wrote him a letter that he need not come if he would not live in that house; my, but I would like to see him." I suggested to Brother Eicher that we go over to the church and see if the preacher was there, stating he was sure to be one hand, since he was sent by the Bishop and he could not refuse to preach. When we entered the church Brother Eicher remarked that he sat in the "amen corner," but doubtless I would not want to go so far front. I assured him that I could sit where he did and passing up the aisle to the second pew in the "amen corner," Eicher stopped to let me pass in; but I continued my way and ascended the pulpit and preached. I did not dare look at my friend Eicher until I was through. I took dinner with him and he enjoyed the joke immensely, especially on his son-in-law who had worked a year for Mr. Miller. I made that home my headquarters for two years.

In my announcements I called for a meeting of the Official Board for Monday night and stated that I wanted the entire body present, as I had received a letter during the week containing names of persons who were not on the Board and I wanted an understanding. I had scarcely finished my dinner at Eicher's when Brother Jacob Kemp called with a horse and buggy and took me to Mt. Lebanon, where I was to preach in the afternoon. We had scarcely got out of town when Brother Kemp said: "I want to ask your pardon for allowing my name to go on that letter sent you by Brother ——, as I am not a member of the Official Board. I did not know what I was doing, and you had not preached ten minutes when I would have gladly given \$20 to have my name off that paper." When the Official Board met on Monday night, I read the letter referred to and the entire Board, except the writer of it, disapproved the course he had pursued and voted me a hearty welcome, giving me at the same time the option of living where it suited me best.

JACOB'S CREEK CHURCH

There were nine appointments on the circuit. One of the preaching-places was Poverty Neck, where services were held on Saturday evening. On my first round, I preached at Poverty Neck and on Sunday morning went to Jacob's Creek to preach at 10:30. As I rode along, I noticed the beautiful farms situated in the valley and the fine buildings thereon, an indication of a rich community, and I expected to find a splendid church building. To my utter surprise I found an old log structure in which Bishop Morris preached when a boy. The furnishings were antiquated—a great log extending across the room, placed there for a double purpose, as a sounding board to assist in the acoustics of the room, and to hold the building together, thereby keeping it from spreading apart. In the center of this girder was an old wooden chandelier with huge arms extended, also made of wood, for the tallow candles. Near the pulpit was an old cracked stove bound with iron bands to keep it from falling apart, while from every crevice incense of smoke poured forth to be inhaled by the devout worshippers. On the right side of the room there were twenty-two panes of glass out of the windows and the hats of *nineteen* persons had been inserted to keep out the snow which was falling heavily, it being the latter part of March.

This picture is not overdrawn—it is actually a fact. Sitting in front of me that wintry day was a small body of people, all well-to-do farmers. There were nineteen men and three women in the congregation. Only one man sat in the "amen corner." He was a good-sized person, well advanced in years and wore a red cap on his head, attached to which was a red tassel. After the sermon, I made up my mind to arouse some excitement or raise a row in order to get a congregation the next time I came. I announced that I would be on hand in two weeks and asked my congregation to spread the news of the service, as we *needed more men and more hats* to fill the holes where the glass was broken out. I saw my old brother in the "amen corner"

squirm and felt sure I had struck fire. I then remarked "that I would like to see that turkey roost in front of me removed, as it embarrassed me; and that old chandelier from Noah's ark is certainly a curiosity; I would like to have a photograph of it for the Methodist archives." By this time my man with the Turkish fez was raging—his face all aglow with passion, and leaping to his feet, he said: "I say, I say, McKillery, better men than you have preached in this house." "Yes," I replied, "but they are all dead." "I say, I say, McKillery, Bishop Morris preached in this house and he is still living." "Well," I said, "if Bishop Morris would see this house now with nineteen hats stuck in the windows to keep the snow out he would shed tears. And why did you put that old smoking stove so near the pulpit; doubtless to smoke the preacher out." "I say, I say, McKillery, better men than you built this house," said my enraged "amener." "Yes," I said, "but they are all dead." "No they are not all dead. John Strickler is still living," he replied, "but he is not here." "Well," I remarked, "I am glad he is not here; he has good sense not to risk his life in this barn."

During this dialogue the people present were convulsed with laughter, for they knew the old brother to be opposed to making any improvements. As a parting shot I said: "I would recommend that you clean the tallow off that old ante-diluvian chandelier and sell it and buy another chandelier." My old brother with the Turkish fez was on his feet, boiling over with rage: "I say, I say, McKillery, we don't want any more preachers translated here from Pittsburgh, I say, I say." Having served my purpose, I announced the doxology and dismissed the congregation with the benediction.

Some may say that the manner in which I made the statements about that old relic was irreverent; but it was the very thing to do at that place to arouse into action the latent energies of a naturally good and noble people in order to bring about a better state of things. God never blesses people in places scarcely fit to stock cattle, when the circumstances of the people will allow better houses to in-

vite the Lord in. There wasn't a barn in that whole community that did not afford better protection to the stock than that church to its worshippers, and I determined that the Lord should not be asked to enter such a place.

When I came back in two weeks the house was filled with people. The church went to work and before the two years were ended we had a fine brick church erected, and glorious revivals blessed our labors and some grand men were taken into the church who proved a blessing to the world. Brother Stewart was a splendid assistant and a noble man, and we had revivals at every appointment on the charge.

A DISCIPLINARY QUESTION

I was confronted with a disciplinary question while on this charge that brought from Bishop Ames the statement that it was "heroic" upon my part to meet it as I did, and that it was the second time in his official career that he had to decide on an appeal of like import.

I found a man by name of Llewellyn Biggs whose entire family, with the exception of himself, were members of the church. He was a regular attendant at all the services, observed family prayers, was a good citizen and was quite intelligent. His house was always open to Methodist preachers and they received from him and family a most cordial welcome. Thinking it strange that a man of his integrity and piety was not a member of the church, I asked him for an explanation.

Brother Biggs gave me in substance the following story: He had been a member of the Methodist Church for many years, a steward, trustee and class-leader. Nine years before he had completed his harvest and placed his grain in shock and took his family to spend the Sabbath at a camp-meeting some distance away. In the midst of the Sabbath services, a neighbor came to him and said that Archie McGrew had turned his cattle into his (Biggs's) harvest field and they were destroying his shocked grain. Biggs did

not go home until Monday and when he saw the condition of his crop he said that any man who would treat a neighbor in that way had no more religion than the devil, and that it was the work of Satan. For this remark, McGrew brought charges against Biggs before the Preacher-in-Charge, E. B. Griffin, but no copy of the charges was given Biggs. However, when the trial came off, the charges were read to Biggs, consisting of Immoral Conduct, under one specification—Imprudent Words. Brother Biggs further stated, that he was tried before a committee of only *two*, found guilty and expelled.

After hearing the story, I saw at once the injustice that had been done him and said to Biggs that I would reinstate him. "You cannot do it," he said, "Dr. Dempsey and Dr. Wakefield tried to find the records but they could not be found." I told him that I did not want any record of his expulsion and would look further into the matter. I then went to Brother McGrew and remained for dinner, and having got him in a good humor, in a jollying kind of way I asked him if he had those old charges against Biggs which was the cause of separating two Quaker Methodists, "and I am told you two have not spoken to each other for nine years." "Why, yes, I have those old papers and will be glad to show them to you," said McGrew, and forthwith placed them in my hands. As I was looking them over I laughed. "What are you laughing at," asked McGrew. "Why," said I, "the idea of trying a man under the charge of Immoral Conduct with the specification of Imprudent Words; and then to cap the climax, having him tried before a committee of only *two members*. It beats anything I have ever seen. I will have Brother Biggs reinstated." "I wish you would," said McGrew, "for I have felt badly about it ever since." Mrs. McGrew, however, objected to his reinstatement, but I made no reply and slipped the papers into my pocket. As I was leaving, Brother McGrew called my attention to the fact that I had not given back his papers. I informed him that he was not the proper custodian of such documents, that they belonged to the church and after

coming into my possession, I was duly bound to protect church property and place the papers in the custody of the proper officer of the church.

A few days after, while I was preparing the appeal to be presented to the Quarterly Conference in order to reinstate Brother Biggs, I received from Brother McGrew a letter in which he stated that he had learned that I was going to have Biggs reinstated, and if such was the case, to strike his name off the roll as class-leader, the only official position he held in the church at West Newton. I struck his name from the roll of leaders and awaited the convening of the Quarterly Conference. Brother William Lynch was the Presiding Elder, and after the disciplinary business of the Conference was finished, I read a preamble reciting the entire case that led to the expulsion of Biggs, and then offered the following resolution:

“Resolved, That it is the sense of this Quarterly Conference that Brother Llewellyn Biggs is a member in good standing of the Methodist Episcopal Church of West Newton Charge.”

The Presiding Elder said, “I don’t think you can do that,” “Well,” I said, “I want you to put the motion under protest and then take an appeal to the Bishop at the next Annual Conference, if you think I am wrong.” Brother Lynch put the motion and asked for a standing vote and every member of the Quarterly Conference voted for it, even the two brothers who had sat as the jury to try Brother Biggs that led to his expulsion. I said, “It is unanimous.” “No,” said Brother McGrew, “I voted against the resolution.” I replied: “You are not a member of this Quarterly Conference and you have no vote. You wrote me asking that I strike your name from the roll of class-leaders and I complied with your request.”

The Annual Conference met in 1861 at McConnellsville, Ohio, with Bishop Ames presiding. Brother Lynch and I went before the Bishop and stated the case to him. He said it was a bold move and a heroic action, and it was the proper thing to do, as Brother Biggs was never out of the church.

The Bishop said it was the second time the question in that form had come before him. I might add, that on the Sabbath following the reinstatement of Brother Biggs both he and Brother McGrew knelt together at the communion table and I gave them the wine from the same cup. They were both happier for the action taken, and both stood together and worked for the church and both are in heaven. The last time I saw Brother McGrew was at New Brighton in 1887, when the Annual Conference met there, to which body he was the lay delegate from West Newton. A few days after he fell out of the hay mow and broke his neck. Brother Biggs died of old age, and both were my warmest friends to the day of their death.

Brother Stewart closed his term at the end of my first year. He was left with a deficiency of \$100 at the end of his first year and his salary was fixed at only \$400. At the first Quarterly Conference of my first year my salary was placed at \$500 and Brother Stewart's at \$400. I opposed that and stated that the Quarterly Conference would either have to raise Brother Stewart's to \$500 or reduce mine to \$400, as his family was just as large as mine, as they had imposed on the Junior preacher the preceding year by leaving him deficient \$100. They put his claim at \$500 and both claims were paid. However, it was not much to the credit of the charge, as it was abundantly able to have paid us twice that amount. The year closed very pleasantly, our labors having been blessed with great revivals of religion and at the close of my second year the circuit was divided. At the present time there are at least six regular stations that in 1860 comprised West Newton Circuit. After Brother Stewart left the circuit, I succeeded in raising the deficiency of his first year and took it to him. Stewart was the Fletcher of the Conference, meek, humble and sincerely good. He would have gone hungry before complaining; in fact he suffered and no one knew it because the people did not pay what was his due. It seems to me that there should have been established in the governmental plan

of God a sort of Purgatory for people who will allow such a sweet-spirited man of God as Brother W. A. Stewart to suffer from lack of the necessities of life. He was loved wherever he went, and served acceptably the second time some of his appointments. He could not look out for himself in a temporal way, and consequently was imposed upon by ungrateful people. There are always a class of people in every community and members of Protestant churches who have all the privileges of the church, send their children to Sunday school, have them supplied with books and papers and who feel deeply hurt if the pastor does not visit them frequently, yet they are parasites on the church, never contributing anything to its support or to the connectional causes.

XII

FACING A HARD PROPOSITION

As my term on West Newton Circuit was drawing to a close, my Presiding Elder—Brother William Lynch—opened up the subject of my next appointment and suggested Blairsville, stating that he could put me there. I was asking for no place in particular and gave but little thought to the matter at all, as I had some experience already of pre-Conference promises. The Conference of 1862 met in Christ Church, Pittsburgh, with Bishop Ames presiding. I heard nothing more from Brother Lynch until Saturday of Conference, when he came to me and said that he had put me down to Blairsville, but that the New Brighton people had asked for me and the Bishop had put me down there. "It is an awful poor place," said the Elder; "what do you think I should do?" I replied: "You tell the Bishop that I said, 'if the bottom was not knocked out of Brighton he would not think of sending me there.'" Brother Lynch told the Bishop what I said and forthwith he took me up from New Brighton and again put me down at Blairsville.

In the arrangement of Sunday services, Brother Hiram Sinsabaugh was assigned to Fifth Avenue Church for morning and I was selected to preach at night. On Monday morning the cabinet met to make final adjustment of appointments. The Official Board of Fifth Avenue came in a body to the Bishop and asked that I be appointed over that charge. Dr. Win. Cox, who was the Presiding Elder of that District, opposed the appointment, and my Elder protested against it as he told the Bishop that he had taken me up from New Brighton because the bottom was knocked out. "Well," said the Bishop, "the bottom and top of Fifth Avenue are both knocked out, and I will send McIlyar there;" and there I was sent. Cox met me on Smithfield

Street in the afternoon of the day Conference adjourned and told me that I would be sold out in six months, and that I should not blame him for sending me there, as he had opposed the appointment, for he did not think I would suit the people or they suit me. Dr. Cox was a noble man and a good preacher; but like many good men, he made mistakes and erred in his judgment; but when he was satisfied he was wrong he had the magnanimity to acknowledge it.

Dr. A. G. Williams for two years had been my predecessor. I found the church in bad shape in every way. The church building was dilapidated, not having been frescoed for years and was poorly furnished; yet, strange to say, an aristocratic spirit prevailed in the congregation, the pew system being still in vogue. As a result of this system, the rank and file of the people living in that section of the city would not attend the church services, hence the congregations were quite small. The church property was largely in debt, as Brother Williams had given that matter no consideration. He was a fine preacher and well educated but was peculiarly afflicted which prevented him from doing full work.

It is impossible to give a detailed statement of the work we carried on during the first year. I was up against a stiff proposition, the church deeply in debt and ready for the sheriff's hammer, and a discouraged Official Board on my hands. The first thing I did was to see the attorney who was pushing the claims of the church and asked for time. He treated me in a gentlemanly manner and said he would not press matters if there was a reasonable effort put forth to raise the money and lift the debt. Finding no choir, my next work was to secure musical talent and install a choir. I did not know who could sing, but believing in the efficacy of prayer, I prayed morning and evening one Sunday for men and women who would serve the Lord by singing. I asked for peaceable singers, good singers, religious singers. I did this two Sundays, and in the third week of my pastorate, while passing a house, I heard delightful singing within, and on asking who lived there, found that the occupants had only moved in the neighborhood a few days previous.

I rang the bell and was admitted and introducing myself found, to my joy, that the family were Methodists and that they had sung in the Methodist choir at Ligonier. I got their certificates of membership and they composed my choir on the following Sunday, every member of the family being a good singer. The influence of this musical family had much to do in filling up the empty pews and attracting the people. One thing I had at Fifth Avenue, was a splendid Official Board, made up of some of the best citizens of the city. However, I found the Sabbath school in bad hands; the superintendent would get under the influence of drink on Saturday night and his assistant went as regular to the theater as he did to Sunday school. Still I found some faithful teachers in the school, among whom were the mother and sister of Bro. J. J. Hill, a member of the Pittsburgh Conference. The superintendent not only was not fit to serve in that position from a moral standpoint, but also from the standpoint of incompetency. The first thing I did was to get rid of the superintendent and his assistant; and, to avoid friction, I had the Quarterly Conference elect a superintendent, and with good men at the helm that feature of the church made great progress.

We were in the midst of exciting times owing to the Civil War, and the minds of the people were much exercised over the condition of the country. However, I was confronted with the proposition of a pressing debt that had to be paid or the church would have to be sold. The first year I gave myself largely to that work and by the end of the year had the incumbrance, in a measure, lifted. The ladies of the church were a great asset in the raising of the money. During one festival in old Lafayette Hall \$1,100 was raised. After we got the debt reduced I got the Board of Trustees to agree to frescoing and refitting the church property. In the meantime several men of financial standing were taken into the church who very liberally contributed to the improvements made.

A DREAM

I had a very singular experience when we were repairing the church, and it is a matter of record in the old book of the church. Over the double doors leading from the vestibule into the lecture-room was a large half-circle sash with no glass in it. I asked the trustees to have glass put in, but they said it was unnecessary since there was so much else that needed to be done. I felt that it should be done, and after my Sunday services were over I went to bed and had a dream. I dreamed that I went down Seventh Street to Liberty and walked up the latter street to Eleventh, where I saw a red lantern hanging at the door of a large building. I went in and found it to be a wholesale liquor house. There were three men sitting in the room and a boy behind the counter. One of the men was receiving money from the other two. I saw them so plainly in my dream that I could describe the color of the hair and the kind of clothes they wore. After the two men were gone I spoke to the gentleman who had received the money and told him that I was a stranger to him, but gave him my name, place of residence and told him what I was doing; that I was a little hard up and thought he might assist me. The gentleman laughed and handed me a five-dollar bill.

All this took place while in my sleep; but I was impressed with it and on Monday morning after I had left the workmen in the church I concluded to look for the red lantern I saw in my dream. I followed the same route I had taken in my sleep and found the place without any difficulty, and on entering the building, which was a liquor store, I found the three men I saw in my dream, two of them paying money to the other man. After the customers had gone out, I told the man all I had seen in my dream and he smiled and handed me a five-dollar bill. I took the money and engaged a glazier to put the glass in for \$2.50 and gave the balance to the trustees. I have never tried to give a

solution to the circumstances, excepting that the five-dollar bill got on the wrong road, whereas, the Lord intended that it should go to His cause and I was sent to get it.

When I had the repairs completed, I sent to the Baltimore Conference for one of the brightest men in Methodism, whose fame was known from ocean to ocean—Rev. Thomas Sewell—to preach the reopening sermon, and his presence brought a vast body of Methodists from all parts of the city. After he had preached a most powerful sermon, he took hold of the finances and said to the people that their pastor had told him, that if he could secure enough money to meet the cost of the repairs he would be the happiest man in Pittsburgh. “Now,” said the preacher, “I would like to see one happy man in Pittsburgh;” and in less than thirty minutes all the money was raised and I was a happy man.

It was the first and last time Thomas Sewell preached in Pittsburgh. He was a remarkable man and great. He would not allowed me to introduce him as “Doctor Sewell.” He said his name was “Tom Sewell;” that people expected from men with D.D. and LL.D. more than they got.

Without going into details, I wish to state that I spent no happier two years on any charge than at Fifth Avenue. In every way, financially as well as spiritually, my pastorate was a success. We had revivals and many ingatherings. When I was appointed to the charge, I found the church practically in the sheriff’s hands, the property in bad shape and a rented pew system in vogue. When I left the debt was largely met, the extensive repairs paid for, a choir installed and free pews. At the end of the second year, and of my term, in reporting his District at the Annual Conference of 1864, Dr. William Cox, my Presiding Elder, stated that I had worked a miracle at Fifth Avenue; that he had opposed me going there in the first place, believing that I was not a fit and that the people would not be pleased; that I had brought about a revolution in the affairs of the church and had left it in the very best condition. My successor was James A. Miller, a man of God and a true friend who continued the work and was successful in his pastorate in every way. He

has been sound in doctrine, and a true Methodist through all of his ministry and still lives, having, after a well-spent life in the active ministry, retired from the effective ranks and lives quietly in his home at Wilksburg. However, he has not lost his interest in the great church he served so long and well, but answers to his name at every Conference and participates in the business of the session. Long may he live!

MY RELATIONS TO THE CIVIL WAR

My position and attitude during the progress of the great struggle between the Northern and Southern States in 1861-65 having been misunderstood, and on the part of some misrepresented, I feel at this late date that I should make some statements relative thereto.

I have been, and am still a Democrat, a believer in the Jacksonian principles which I inherited from my father, and in the great contest for President in 1860 I cast my ballot for Stephen A. Douglass, against whom there was never a suspicion of disloyalty to the Government. Because I was a Democrat, with others belonging to the Pittsburgh Conference who belonged to the same party, I was looked upon with suspicion, yea charged by some of my misguided and over-zealous brethren as being in sympathy with the Confederacy. I was what was termed a "War Democrat," and there were many of that kind in the North who were just as devoted to the Union and as loyal thereto as the Republicans. I did not go to the front, either as a volunteer or a Chaplain, but I challenge anyone to point out a member of the Pittsburgh Conference who did more or as much toward the preservation of the Union than I did. I was in the Quarterly Conference at West Newton when the proclamation of war came. General Markle received the news and he became very much excited and rode at a gallop over the town calling the people to a public meeting to be held at once.

I was called out and made a war speech and recruited the first company of soldiers in Westmoreland county. I visited many sections of the county and recruited the larger

portion of Colonel Dick's regiment. I was in demand for recruiting service and addressed meetings in Fayette and Washington counties. All told, I recruited more than 1,900 men. Colonel Dick's regiment encamped near West Newton, at General Markle's, and the Sabbath before the detachment left for Washington, I was asked to preach to the men. An immense crowd gathered and I took for my text Joel 3:9: "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up; beat your plowshares into swords and your pruninghooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong."

THE UNION LEAGUE

My pastorate at Fifth Avenue was during the most stirring years of the Rebellion, the greatest civil war known in human history. Men everywhere were excited during 1862 when the fate of our country hung in a balance. Although a War Democrat, nobody up to this time had doubted my loyalty to the Union. My work in recruiting men for the front was too well known to allow a suspicion of any disloyalty. However, in 1862, the Union League was formed and through this organization there came insinuations unfavorable as to my attitude toward the Government. Some time after the organization of the League in the ward in which I lived, one of my official members came to me and said that I had been elected a member of the League and that I was wanted on the next evening to be initiated. I informed the brother that I was ready to be initiated, although I had not asked to become a member, but it would be impossible to be present as I was going to Westmoreland county in the morning to preach the funeral sermon over a soldier who had been killed in battle whom I had recruited for the army, and at the request of the young soldier's parents I was to lay him away in a soldier's grave.

That ended the matter for the time until a week had passed, when, as I was coming out of my house, the same brother met me and said, "You are wanted at the League

to-night." I told him that it was not possible for me to be there, as I was then going for the doctor, as Rev. Cunningham, one of our ministers, was dangerously ill in my home and I must look after him. The brother began to scrape the pavement with his foot, and after squirming a bit, said, "If you don't soon come and be initiated into the League some of our church members will leave the church, and we cannot afford to lose any." I said, "Who will leave?" He named one man. I said: "The sooner he leaves the better. If he would pay into the church the money he spends for whiskey he might be worth having on a back seat." I proceeded to the doctor's office and obtained his services and spent the entire night caring for my sick brother.

A short time after this the League was to hold its meeting in the lecture-room of my church and some said that I could not have any excuse not to join the organization. I had intended being present, although I was not in full accord with the principles of the League, but after supper Samuel Fullwood called at my home and said that Lieutenant William Fullwood had returned from the army on furlough to be married and that he wanted me to marry him that night at eight o'clock. Shortly after Brother Fullwood left, Doctor McCandless came and pleasantly remarked that he understood the League was to meet at my church and he would walk down with me if I had no objections. I told him that I was always glad to be in his company and would gladly walk down the street with him, but I could not attend the meeting. I told him that I was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony of Lieutenant Fullwood, who was marrying one of the girls of my congregation, and I requested him to state to the meeting my reasons for not being present and to give them my excuse. Nothing more was said until one day Brother Freeman, a warm personal friend of mine, said: "If you don't join the Union League this week it will break up the congregation." No one was present at the time but Brother Taylor, and the statement of Brother Freeman aroused my Scotch-Irish blood, and I replied: "If that is the situation, let the congregation go to

the devil, and the sooner it goes the better." Brother Freeman said that was pretty rough, but Brother Taylor said "Amen." "If it has come to that point," I added, "that I must get my appointment through the Union League, the Lord has not yet notified me." This conversation took place before the Sunday evening service and I was a little late getting into the pulpit. The house was full and the choir had sung two pieces. I went into the pulpit and after a few moments of silent prayer, I arose from my knees, stood up and looked over my audience. I then spoke as follows: "My friends, I may never preach another sermon from this pulpit after to-night. I was told down stairs a few minutes ago that if I did not join the Union League this week this congregation would disband. I want to say here and now that as long as there flows in my veins one drop of warm blood, God helping me, I will never join the Union League or any other secret political society, and those of you who want to go, *go now*," and sat down. The choir sang another anthem, but no one left the house. I then arose and took for my text, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bondman or free, male or female; we are all one in Christ."

That settled the Union League business so far as I was concerned. The unjust imputations heaped upon me and the threats made, drew towards me the sympathy of my people who, with few exceptions, believed that I was as intensely loyal to the Government and as true to the old flag as those who went to the front and bared their breasts to the iron hail. Sometime after this, I was taken to task by one of my official members in a very kind way, saying that a man had watched me in the morning and that I had not prayed for the President and that in the evening he had watched again and I had not mentioned the President in my prayer, although I had preached a powerful sermon on Civil Government and our duty as citizens to maintain our Union at all hazards. I said, "I did pray for the President." "No you did not," he replied. "Did I not ask God to bless this Government," I asked, "and those who rule over it and di-

rect our armies so that we may be brought out of this affliction a stronger, purer and happier nation? Did I not pray that way?" "Yes, you did," he replied. "Well, what is this Government," I said, "at this time but the President and Congress?" "Oh," he said, "that is good doctrine, but it is sharp and the common people don't understand it that way." "Well," I said, "I was not praying to common people; I was praying to God and I presumed He understood it." "But you must pray for Abraham Lincoln," he persisted, "for he needs it." "Well I will do that," I answered.

The next Sunday there was a large audience present and quite a number of army officers had come out, among them were Colonel Black, Colonel Danks and Captain Fullwood. In my opening prayer I besought the Lord for those things I felt I and the congregation needed and prayed as usual for the Government, the army and for the final triumph of the Union arms, and then closed with the suggestion given me by my brother the week previous, saying: "Oh, Lord God of our fathers, bless Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, for he needs it." There was a sensation, and I expected it, but I was not conscious of doing anything wrong; of course those who did not know the secret might have thought that in some way I was reflecting upon the President unfavorably, but there was not in my mind the remotest thought of such reflection. I thought as much of Abraham Lincoln as of any President we ever had. I loved him and admired him for he had the courage of his convictions and I believed then and believe now that God raised him up to meet the crucial test of our country and gave him grace to conquer and deliver this nation from the curse of human slavery.

I wish here to refer to a malicious and false statement made some years after the formation of the Grand Army of the Republic by representatives of that organization when the Grand Encampment was held in Pittsburgh. A pamphlet was published and scattered during the meeting of the Encampment in which the statement was made that during the Civil War there were two ministers in Pittsburgh who were

opposed to the Government, and my name was given as one of the two. Who was the author of the statement I do not know, but this I do know that it was a "lie out of the whole cloth," and was as vicious as it was untruthful. As I have stated, I recruited more men for the army than any other minister in the Pittsburgh Conference or any minister of any other denomination in the city, and I have the papers to show, and for my work I never received a dollar. I do not refer to this libel with any fear that it did then or will now injure my reputation at home or abroad. There are many soldiers in this and other states who know how true I was to the Union for which they fought. With other loyal ministers, I had the misfortune to be a Democrat, hence had to suffer the aspersions which misguided enthusiasts tried to heap upon me. Yet the history of that great struggle shows that some of our bravest generals were Democrats. Every unbiased reader of the history of those stirring years must admit, that he who stood like a stone wall at the Bloody Angle on the field of Gettysburg and turned back the tide of Rebellion forever was a Democrat—the brave and noble General Hancock. Others I could name, but I might be charged by some in glorifying Democracy to too great an extent.

I might add, that the feelings of the people in 1862 and 1863 in Pittsburgh were so wrought upon by overzealous friends of the North that the incident recorded above relative to my praying for Abraham Lincoln "because he needs it," went throughout the city and I was accosted by men as to what I meant in praying for the President in that way, etc. The first gentleman to speak to me was a friend of mine, who asked why I employed the language "for he needs it." I replied: "Don't he need to be blessed." "Oh, yes," he answered, "but everybody is talking about it." When the Official Board met and after the business was concluded, Brother Jacob Waltar, one of my best friends and a noble man that he was, said, "Now, Mac, how about that prayer for Abraham Lincoln on the ground that 'he needs it'?" I replied: "Now, brethren, I am glad that Brother Waltar

has referred to the matter, and I want to explain it, which I have not done to anyone. If that short prayer has done harm, I am not to blame for it; but if it has done any good, I am not entitled to the credit. That is Brother Scaife's prayer (he was a member of my Official Board). He gave me that prayer to say and he said I must say it. Brother Scaife leaped to his feet and said: "Since the Lord made me I have never seen this man's equal. I did tell him that, but had no idea he would use my exact language in his prayer." At this the brethren burst out in laughter. I said: "Now brethren, laying all jokes aside, don't you see how foolish it is to dictate to a man what he should say in his prayers; no man really prays unless the Holy Spirit gives him utterance. You may say a prayer; but the true prayer and saying your prayers are two different things."

WHAT CAME OF IT

I have only referred to these things, the work done and the criticisms I encountered during those strenuous years to show how a grateful people treated me when I came to close my administration at Fifth Avenue Church. At the last Quarterly Conference, presided over by Dr. William Cox, the Presiding Elder, the secretary of the body read a preamble and resolutions expressing the high regard the people had for me, calling attention to the great work I had done for the church, financially and spiritually, and recommended me to any charge I was to be assigned as a Christian minister, an able expounder of the Word of God, an upright and courteous gentleman and a true and loyal patriot. And to further show their love and appreciation for myself and wife, the congregation presented me with a good horse that I sold a year later for \$175, and my wife with a gold watch and chain costing \$150.

I have referred to some things in my pastorate at this historic old church that I hesitated to place upon record. But as this little review of my life may fall into the hands of some who were conversant with the difficulties I had to

encounter on this charge, I feel that a true statement of some facts is necessary. The opposition I met from the Presiding Elder in being sent there, the "top and bottom of the church having both been knocked out," as the Bishop expressed it, and the almost hopeless debt resting upon the property, the disorganized condition of the affairs of the church, all these are known to scores yet living. Then the unjust accusations some tried to heap upon me because I happened to be a Democrat might have unnerved many a man; but I knew and it had been demonstrated to thousands that I was intensely true to my country which I love with all the enthusiasm of a patriot. Some of my warmest friends were made here, and they remained such until they departed from this life. Brothers Scaife, Waltar, Freeman, Fullwood, Taylor and a score of others who stood by me during those crucial years have exchanged the Cross for the Crown, and what a meeting that will be under the golden foliage of the Tree of Life when I, too, shall enter the Eternal City.

XIII

MORE STRANGE MOVEMENTS ON THE ECCLE-
SIASTICAL CHECKER-BOARD

The Annual Conference of 1864 was held at Barnesville, Ohio, March 16-22, with Bishop Levi Scott in the Chair. I can recall nothing of interest that occurred during the session of the Conference—the usual routine business having been transacted. As with every Conference, the uppermost question in the minds of the members of the body who were actively engaged in the work of the ministry was, Where will I be assigned for the ensuing year? I had met with several disappointments already in my ministry, hence, was giving but little credence to statements made to me as to my future appointment. I had learned to know the limitations of human promises and was prepared for the strange movements of the checker-board—ecclesiastically called the “Cabinet.” We have been told that we should bear all things, hope all things, believe all things. So far as my appointments were concerned, that while I hoped, I did not always believe all things, and frequently had to bear many things for my Master’s sake.

I had been “talked to” by my Presiding Elder—Dr. William Cox—some time previous to Conference concerning my forthcoming work, and he informed me that Wesley Chapel, then in its prime, and paying a salary of \$1,600 had unanimously, through its Official Board, asked for me. Brother James A. Miller had served the charge acceptably for two years, and he was desirous of succeeding me at Fifth Avenue. This information from my Elder, which came to me unsought, was news to me; but I kept my counsel and said nothing. On the morning of the last day of Conference, while Brother Miller and I were taking a walk, we fell in with Dr. Cox. Miller said to him: “I have a letter from

the Official Board of Wesley Chapel wanting to know for sure if McIlyar is to be appointed to that charge. They want to give him a reception." Cox said, "Tell them that he is the man." Miller remarked that that would please them; but I said nothing. The Conference did not adjourn until nine o'clock that evening, and when the Bishop read the appointments, I was named for Freedom. I did not whistle, or cry, or get mad. I had hardly time to think, neither had I spoken to any one when Dr. Cox rushed back to where I was sitting, trembling like a leaf, and said: "I never was hurt so badly over an appointment in all my life as over yours, but I could not help it. I am so sorry that you were taken up from Wesley Chapel, and I never had an idea that things would end as they have." I did not say a word, but Brother Cox was much worried and sent Dr. Baird, who was Presiding Elder of the Allegheny District, to make explanations. He said it was an outrage to send me to such a place as Freedom; that if he had known that I was to come into his District he could have done well by me. He also said that Freedom had been kept open for Dr. Cox, if he could not get the Washington District, so he could serve the charge and live in his house at Beaver. I told Baird that it was not necessary to explain how it was done, as I knew all about it; that it would not kill me to serve Freedom, for the Lord would take care of me as He had done at other times I had suffered by the last shuffle on the checker-board. I was sorry for Dr. Cox, for he was honest in his intentions to send me to Wesley Chapel; but it had never entered his mind that if he beat J. W. Baker for the Washington District that Baker would not take Freedom, so if anyone was to take the drop downward of \$600 a year salary, it was J. J. McIlyar.

FREEDOM

Freedom at that time was a circuit of four preaching-places. I secured a house and moved in and went to work and enjoyed getting on the back of a horse once more. My

plan of work was as follows: One Sabbath I preached at Freedom at 10:30, at Baden in the afternoon and again at Freedom at night. The next Sabbath, I preached at Unionville in the morning, at Concord in the afternoon and Freedom at night. My round on the second Sunday was twenty-two miles, and had to preach three times every Sabbath. After I had made two rounds, the first Quarterly Conference was held at Unionville, with Dr. Isaac N. Baird presiding. I answered the usual disciplinary questions and made my report. When the question was asked, "What amount has been apportioned to the support of the Pastor?" the chairman of the estimating committee reported as follows: "Six hundred dollars, including house rent, stable and horse feed and moving expenses." Dr. Baird said: "Brethren, that will not do. You don't know who you have got for a preacher." A local preacher by name of Samuel Boots said, "He can save money on that salary." The Elder asked me what I thought of it. I arose and said: "I was just arranging in my mind a plan by which I could make a better living with less work than preaching. I could start out with a small troupe, get a steady old mule, one that would stand wherever he stopped, procure a spring wagon and display a banner with the words, 'How to Economize Church Expenses for Ministerial Support.' I would have two negro boys, one to play the banjo and the other to drive the mule and go around the country with that equipment. Then I would have the Rev. Samuel Boots dressed up in attractive costume, with a band around his hat having thereon in large letters, 'How to Economize Church Expenses for Ministerial Support.' I would then, with my outfit and troupe, visit the small towns of the country and invite the official members of the Methodist Church to be present and hear the Rev. Samuel Boots deliver his lecture."

Before taking my seat, I said to the Elder that I would not abide by the report if he put it to the Quarterly Conference as I would not fill the work, with the exception of Freedom and Baden, but would leave Unionville and Concord out of the plan, as Freedom and Baden would pay

me \$500. "Brother Boots," I said, "lives at Concord and he can do the preaching there, and being a funeral director, he can bury the dead with the form of the church when they die, and it matters not how soon they all die if Boots is a representative of the membership at that point. No Bishop would ask me to fill this work at such a salary, and I will not do it." After the adjournment of the Quarterly Conference, Boots asked me if I would be at their appointment the next Sunday. I said, "No." "Oh," said he, "you must be there, as that belongs to the plan of work assigned you." "If I am there," I replied, "you will see me."

The next Sunday the church at Concord was filled, but I was not on hand. After the time for the service to begin had passed, Boots got up and said: "I do not know what is the matter with our preacher; he must be sick," and forthwith he conducted the service and preached. In two weeks the house was again full, but I was not on hand, and the Rev. Samuel Boots again said, "I do not know what is the matter with our preacher; he must be sick," and again he lifted up his voice and preached. The same thing occurred again in two weeks, and the Rev. Samuel made his stereotyped statement about the preacher being sick, etc. Brother Gabe, an honest-hearted German, who was at the Quarterly Conference referred to above, arose and said: "Brudder Boots, what for are you foolin' dis peoples. You know why dat breacher bes not here. He tells you at de quarterly gonference why he bes not here widout more moneys; and you, Boots, might know py the color of his whiskers that he no come. Now I gives dot breacher ten dollars for two sermons and I will give ten dollars more for two sermons. What you foolin' dis peoples anyhow."

During that week I received a letter from Boots asking me to come back and fill the appointment until the next Quarterly Conference and they would pay me what that body would apportion. I went back and preached to great crowds and when the Quarterly Conference met the apportionment was placed at \$1,000, and when I closed the year \$1,100 had been paid. The Lord blessed each appointment

on the charge with gracious revivals and men came into the church with not only their souls converted, but their pocket-books as well.

Some people may think that I was rather severe with those people at Concord and conducted myself in an unministerial manner. There are some operations in surgery that are an actual necessity in order to save life. I believe that it is the duty of every minister when he gets an Official Board that will allow one or two mean, stingy men to keep the minister down to a starvation point, to employ unusual methods to correct the evil, so that the brother who succeeds him may fare better in support. I could name a brother minister, who is now in heaven, and no better man ever honored the Conference, for he was as good a Christian as ever Fletcher was, who was sent to a charge in this Conference, composed of well-to-do people, living on great farms, who could have paid him \$1,200 a year, and having given good proof of his ministry, doing faithful work as a pastor, at the end of the year he did not have money enough to pay his fare to Conference, and would not have gotten there had not Providence provided a way. He got the privilege of driving a two-horse rig that had been borrowed from a liveryman to the town where the Conference convened, the gentleman providing the preacher with money enough to pay hotel bills, tolls, etc.

As an instance how small-souled some would be Methodists of that appointment were (the old-timers), I recall the following incident: Sometime after I had left Freedom Circuit, I was sent by the Elder to Concord, that had for so long been under the care of Brother Boots, to hold the Communion, and the young man in charge asked me to take up the collection for Conference Claimants. I took occasion to explain what was the purpose of the collection. I named several of the veterans of the Conference who were claimants on the fund, especially referring to Father Thomas Hudson and Father Wright. An aged man in the "amen corner," who owned two farms and government bonds, arose and asked, "Is old Father Wright living yet?" "Yes,"

I said, "he has been due in heaven for many years, but he is still living." "Why," said the old brother, "Father Wright baptized me when I was a child, and you say he is living yet." "Yes," I replied, "he is living and will never die—he will just move out of the old house when God gives orders to vacate and go out and live forever." Before the collection could be taken, the old brother of the two farms and government bonds came to the platform to make his contribution to help poor old Father Wright and others in their old days, and I supposed he would hand me a ten-dollar bill out of gratitude to the grand men who had served their day in the ministry; but to my astonishment, he laid in my hands a *nickle*, saying as he made the contribution, "God bless Father Wright and give him that." That is the result of education. The people at Concord had so long been taught by such men as Boots, that their hearts never grew with their bodies and they had narrow ideas of what Christian giving meant.

I have referred to these things because in the movements of the ecclesiastical checker-board I have suffered repeatedly. Some preachers seem to think that their reputation is injured if they have to step down below their grade so far as appointment and salary is concerned. No man in the ministry should be graded by the amount of money he receives, but for the work he does. I have heard men preach whose salary ran into the thousands, whose ability to preach was far below the average, and there was nothing at the close of the year as fruits of their ministry. No, I would judge a man by the *work he does*, not by the salary he receives. It is *souls* not money that should pull down the scales. When I started in 1844 to preach, I received for my services, \$100 a year, and for four years I was paid that salary. In 1848 I went up to \$400 a year for two years, then graded up to \$500 for six successive years, then up to \$800 for two years. I then went down to \$500 for two years, but I did not realize that I had lost any power or ability to preach or had suffered in reputation. I had as many souls saved when I was getting \$500 a year as when

I was getting \$800. Then, for two years, I went up to \$1,300 a year, then down to \$600 at Freedom, which, however, as I said above, was increased to \$1,000, but in the end \$1,100 was paid me. Then for three years I went to the \$1,200 grade. So I have been going up and down in my ministry, so far as salary is concerned. What I want to impress upon the young minister is this: He should leave his charge, if possible, in better condition than when he found it, unless some Providential circumstance interferes.

I remained at Freedom but one year, the only time up to this that I had left an appointment before the close of the disciplinary term. I would have remained another year, as it was the earnest desire of the people that I be returned, had the outer preaching places, Unionville and Concord, agreed to my plan so as to shorten my Sabbath work and preach but twice a Sunday. I felt that I was getting too old to ride such long distances and preach three times on Sunday, hence, when the official men of the above-named places refused to submit to my plan, I asked to be changed.

It filled me with much joy at the last Conference (1901) to meet several men and women from the old Freedom Circuit who had been converted under my ministry and were still heading Zionward. Some of the most active spirits in the church in subsequent years came into the church during my pastorate, and they were of the large-hearted kind, generous and zealous. It has been my experience that when, through the strange moves upon the ecclesiastical checker-board I have suffered, that I have received into the church men of noblest mien and loftiest character who became "shining lights" in the church, the reflex of whose lives reaches down to the present.

XIV

NEW BRIGHTON EXPERIENCES

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

The year 1865 witnessed the end of the greatest civil war of all ages, to be followed so closely by the astounding tragedy of the centuries—the assassination of the superb and great President and Emancipator—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Conference for this year was held at Canton, Ohio, March 15-20, and was presided over by the venerable Bishop Ames. It was Bishop Ames who, three years before, had taken me up from New Brighton because the "bottom was knocked out of it." At this Conference he lifted me from Freedom and assigned me to the same charge for which I was "slated" in 1862. Not having secured a suitable house at New Brighton for a few weeks subsequent to my assignment to the charge, I continued to reside in Freedom. On Saturday morning, April 15, I took the train for New Brighton and when I alighted from the cars I found the town in the throes of great excitement owing to the death of President Lincoln, the account of whose death had come by wire. A committee was in waiting at the depot to conduct me to the Town Hall, where there was a large gathering of people to give expression for the great loss the country had sustained in the death of its good and noble President. I knew of the tragedy of the shooting of Abraham Lincoln the night previous, but had not heard of his death until I got off the train.

When we reached the Town Hall the crowd was so great that it was with difficulty that we reached the platform. The meeting being called to order, I was called upon by the chairman to make the prayer. After stating the object of

the meeting, the chairman called upon Rev. Critchlow, of the Presbyterian Church, to make an address. He arose and said: "There are times when a man cannot express the feelings of his heart. I am so overwhelmed with grief over this great calamity that I cannot say anything," and sat down. The pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church was called upon, who arose and said: "I feel worse than Brother Critchlow. The Father of our country is dead, and I feel as badly about it as when my own father died," and sat down. It was a sad day and every heart was bowed with grief, but I was a believer in the Scriptural statement that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." After some consultation among the committee, the chairman called upon me. I could not say as the other brethren did, that I could not speak, though I felt as deeply as they the poignancy of grief. I arose and said:

"These are troublesome times and the greatest dishonor that has ever come to the American nation is this, that a man born under the Stars and Stripes should shoot the Chief Magistrate of these United States. While we and this nation have lost a noble and good man, God, who is the King of nations, raised him up for a mighty purpose, and preserved his life until that end was accomplished—the Emancipation of those in slavery—the greatest deed of the centuries, and caused to be written in letters of blood on pillars of smoke above the mountain brow, so that the nations of the earth could read, 'AMERICA IS FREE. THE UNION, ONE, INSEPARABLE AND INDISSOLUBLE.'

"When I consider the wisdom that was manifested in the choice of this peerless leader, I cannot but feel that in his tragic end, when his great work was done, there may have been a wisdom no less Divine than that which called him when his work was needed. Possibly, his highest reward lay in having been spared the ingratitude of a nation he had saved. I believe, as Cyrus was called 150 years before he was born to destroy Babylon and deliver the Jews, that Lincoln before his election, doubtless before his humble birth, was called or selected to be the great Emancipator, and that every movement of his life was under Providential direction. Eliminate the will of God, and the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States becomes inexplicable. The hour called for a great man, for a man wise of heart as well as of mind, for a man of inspired soul and of resolute will, for a man whose personal ties and

family traditions counted as nothing in the balance, for a man who, being of the common people, could best appeal to the people in the hour of the country's greatest need. The hour called for a man whose labors and ambitions were dedicated to the people, and whose purposes were consecrated to God. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. A man more honest than he never lived. Rivals derided him, parties ridiculed him, papers caricatured him, yet no man ever dared to breathe the breath of suspicion upon any of his motives. His life has gone out with startling suddenness, but like Abraham of old, he lived to write a page in human history that shall be the glory of this nation until time shall end.

"The incidents that brought about the nomination of this unique character in the 'split-rail' convention of 1860 are familiar to you all. There was a chaotic and disorganized opposition to the regular candidate for the office of President—William H. Seward, of New York. When that famous convention opened, Mr. Seward's interests were in the hands of Mr. Thurlow Weed, and were well organized. The opposition to Seward, of which the great journalist, Horace Greeley was the dominant figure, was absolutely without organization or community of desire. Within 30 hours before the nomination, Greeley was asked as upon whom there should be a uniting of the forces against Seward, and Lincoln was suggested. Greeley replied, 'While Mr. Lincoln is an adroit politician, he lacks experience in public affairs, and while we are drifting toward a crisis, I do not believe the country will trust a man so lacking in experience in national affairs.'

"In reviewing events that brought about the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, I believe, in the Providence of God, to one man belongs the credit of focalizing the disorganized opposition to Seward that resulted in the nomination of the War President. During the discussion of the great question in the old Briggs House in Chicago, Cassius M. Clay with his hardy mountain men from Western Virginia, and Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee entered the caucus of leaders and addressed them as follows:

"'We are on the eve of a great civil war. We know what your platform plans are, and I am here to say that if a candidate is nominated on that platform the South will make an attempt to dissolve the Union. Your Southern border extends from Maryland to Missouri and on this side stands a determined body of men, resolved that the Union shall not be destroyed except after a dreadful struggle.'

"Then with flashing eye the tall Kentuckian thundered on:

"'It makes a great difference to you whom you nominate, and it makes a much more vital difference to us. Our homes and all that we possess are in peril. We demand of you a candidate who will inspire our courage and confidence. We call upon you to nominate

Abraham Lincoln, who knows us and understands our aspirations. Give us Lincoln and we will push back your battle line from the Ohio River to the Tennessee where it belongs. Give us Lincoln and we will unite the strength of our Union sentiments with the Union army and bring success to your legions. Do this for us, and we will go home and prepare for the conflict.'

"This is a great nation and the necessities of the times always furnishes the men. The impassionate appeal of Cassius M. Clay won the day and Lincoln was nominated. Now he is dead. But there is no cause for us to sit down in our grief and despair. This Government will still live. God will not allow the rivers of blood that have been poured out upon the altar of our country to fail. There are a thousand men in this country capable of filling the place, and although they may have to take up the scepter that has fallen from our President's hand, all covered with crape, they will see to it that the wheels of Government roll on."

I was wholly unprepared to address such an assemblage, but I think my talk was well received and it created a favorable sentiment towards me in beginning my work in this new field of activity. Before the meeting adjourned it was decided that religious services should be held in the churches of the town at different hours in further commemoration of the murdered President. I was selected to preach at the first of the series of commemorations at 10:30 in my own church on the Sabbath following. There was an immense audience present and I took for my text: "How are the mighty fallen." I don't recall how I got along. I did not hear the other preachers deliver their memorial sermons, with the exception of the pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church, which, by the way was not a sermon, but a tirade on the Democratic Party, blaming that party for the death of Lincoln. His closing invective was as follows:

"The time will come when the Democratic party will be politically, socially and religiously damned. I pray God to hasten the time."

I was sitting on the platform at the time and had to listen to this abuse of a Party, that as a party, had no more to do with the assassination of Lincoln than I had. I

was called upon to close with prayer. I recited the Lord's Prayer—not a word more not a word less. I thought it the fittest thing to do after listening to such a tirade.

METHODISM IN BEAVER VALLEY

Beaver Valley is a beautiful stretch of country extending for miles from the Ohio River, through which flows the Beaver River. Along this valley are several prosperous towns, beginning with Beaver, the county-seat of Beaver county, beautiful for situation, where a strong Methodist Church stands in conjunction with an educational institution known as Beaver College. Bridgewater lies just below the town of Beaver and stretches along the Beaver River. On the opposite side of the river stands Rochester, connected with Beaver and Bridgewater by a long bridge. Following Beaver River, New Brighton is reached, and on the opposite side, hugging closely the hills, lies the quiet village of Fallston. Here was formed the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Beaver Valley. Brothers David Johnson and John Glass were among the first members. At the time I was appointed to New Brighton, what is now known as Beaver Falls, was called Old Brighton.

NEW BRIGHTON CHARGE

Upon entering my work on this charge, I found but a small settlement scattered along the river, consisting of frame houses. The Methodist church building was a small affair, a one-story frame structure surrounded by other and unsightly buildings. I found a membership of 60, and a portion of that number were with the army, with a seating capacity in the church of 250. The Methodist Protestants had a larger church structure, built of brick.

Some years previous to my coming, the members of the church got into a fight about renting the pews. The sensible people of the church looked upon the renting or selling of pews in such an old barracks as ridiculous, and won out in their contention for common sense; but it brought

about a division in the already small membership, and the adherents of the pew system withdrew and built a brick church, two stories high. They did not at the time withdraw from the M. E. Church, but designated their organization as the Second M. E. Church and employed a local preacher, Rev. McDermitt, to preach for them, which he did for a year. The Second Church being new and more comfortable, there was a gradual desertion from the old church to the new. When Conference met, the new congregation asked the Elder for a pastor from the Conference, but the request was refused, which, I claim, was a mistake on the part of the Presiding Elder. If he had given them a preacher, there would not have been a Methodist Protestant Church in New Brighton. Having been refused a pastor and Brother McDermitt having been taken away, the church was without a spiritual guide, leaving at the time more of a membership than the old organization. As a result of this ecclesiastical blunder on the part of the Presiding Elder, the Methodist Protestant Church, commonly known as "Radicals," swooped down upon the village and took possession of the whole business, church property and membership.

By this depletion, the old organization for years was rendered unable to support a man with a family, hence, young men were sent to the charge. The salary paid was \$500 a year, with one exception, that of W. B. Watkins, who received \$600. I found a small congregation. 'Squire John Glass, who was the recording steward, said to me: "We have wanted you and for several years have been trying to get you, but had about given up, when, behold, here you are, but we don't know what to do with you. You cannot live on five or six hundred dollars a year, and we cannot pay any more." I said, "'Squire, just let me alone and see what you can do with yourselves." "Well," he replied, "the Board of Stewards is going to meet to-night (Monday after the first Sabbath), and I want you to come to my office." "No," I said, "I never meet with the stewards or estimating committee to estimate what support a preacher should have.

You hold your meeting and put my support at what you *think I should have*, then get what you can." The Board held its meeting and put my salary at \$1,200; twice as much as they ever paid, with not the least idea that they could pay it, but they based their report on the assumption *what I ought to have*.

Putting my trust in God, I went to work with a will, and it was not long until the house was full, with more outside people in my congregation than church members. In the morning I preached to the church, and at night to the unconverted. Early in the fall, the Official Board suggested that I hold a series of meetings, but I said we are not ready for the campaign, although there was the "sound of the turtle in the land," and a "going in the tops of the mulberry trees." "But," said good old Brother Glass, "we never had such congregations and the harvest is ripe." "That may be true that the congregations are large," I replied, "but you as a church are not ready. We must not depend too much on well organized church machinery nor on a house full of people. It is one thing for an army to come out on dress parade, but it is quite another thing to come into hand-to-hand conflict with formidable foes. After all, the church is but a cistern, perfectly useless unless it is full of the Water of Life. How useless would the great reservoirs of our cities be if they were empty. You may have a pipe organ, a surpliced choir and an orator in the pulpit with the pews full of people, yet sinners may die at the very doors of the church for the lack of the Holy Ghost. The church must abound in spiritual life, and that comes only through prayer and holy consecration."

I had a good Official Board, but I knew they were not ready to grapple with the mighty forces of the world and go forward to victory. It is at this point we fail to-day. If the officary of the church are not praying men and full of the Holy Ghost, sinners will not be converted and the revival of God's grace come upon the church. I thus kept up the skirmish line until December, when I proposed to my official men that they get into closer quarters with the enemy by each

selecting an unsaved man or woman and making him or her a special object of prayer until January 1. It took two weeks to get the plan in perfect operation, and then the praying began. I began the meeting on Watch Night and kept it up, and a wonderful revival was the result. I preached every night for nearly three months and when the meeting closed in the latter part of March, four hundred souls had been gloriously saved, three hundred and fifty of whom united with our church, while others joined elsewhere. In casting up our accounts at the close of the revival, it was found that every man and woman that had been made a subject of prayer by our holy compact was converted. My two men were returned soldiers—David Glass and 'Squire Graham, and they were at the altar the first Wednesday night of the meeting. I have seen revivals where there was much excitement, but never in my ministry did I see such solemnity manifested than at this meeting. The Holy Ghost pervaded the services from the beginning until the end, hence, it was not by might or by power of human instrumentality, but by the power of the Holy Spirit that wrought such stupendous results.

In consequence of this great awakening, Methodism in Beaver Valley received a mighty uplift. At the close of my three-year term, New Brighton had nearly five hundred members, a fine new brick church ready for dedication, while at the same time I had secured two finely-located lots in Beaver Falls and had a church built on one of them.

The Conference of 1866 came about a week earlier than usual, March 7, and was held at Washington, Pa. The only connection with the seat of the Conference by railroad was from Wheeling, West Virginia, and the larger number of preachers proceeded by that means of travel. The means of transportation were rude—cattle cars being used—and the weather being cold and much snow falling at the time, the members of the Conference suffered considerably and quite a number became ill, one preacher—my first Presiding Elder, James C. Taylor—dying at Washington from the effects of the exposure.

Bishop Baker returned me to New Brighton and I entered upon my work for the second year with a great proposition on my hands—the building of a new and larger church. The old church was not only too small, but the location was undesirable, and a new location was secured.

METHODISM AT BEAVER FALLS

During my second year on this charge, I organized a class in Old Brighton, now Beaver Falls, and preached in the brick schoolhouse in the afternoon of Sundays. At this time there were but few houses in Old Brighton—the site of the present town being mostly in pasture and grain fields.

One afternoon, in the course of my sermon on “Physical and Moral Improvement,” I took occasion to make some statements and give a prophecy. I said, in substance, that if a stranger should step into Old Brighton and observe the wonderful water power not utilized and the fine plot of ground lying idle, he must come to one of two conclusions: That this land either belonged to a man who was opposed to progress or it was tied up in an estate that was unsettled, etc. I added, that it would not be five years until the houses in the town could be counted by the hundreds, and the streets would be vocal with the tramp of industry. I did not know at that time who owned the land or the conditions of its vested rights, neither did I care. When I left the house after the service, Dr. Murray, who was with me, said, “You put your foot in it to-day.” I said, “How?” “Why,” he replied, “this ground all belongs to Mr. Patterson and his wife and daughter were in the service. Mrs. Patterson would never go to hear any preacher until you came; now she is mad enough to bite a nail in two.” “Well,” I said, “I did not know to whom the land belongs, and I don’t care; but there is something wrong somewhere.”

On Tuesday following, I was standing at the postoffice talking to some gentlemen, when a young man approached me and asked: “Are you the gentleman who preached in Old Brighton on Sunday last?” “Yes,” I replied. “Are you

ready to apologize for what you said about my father," continued the young man. "I don't know you or your father," I remarked. "Well," said he, "for two cents I would whip you." "I don't think it would pay you to get your clothes soiled for two cents," I replied; "if you are hard up for the two cents I will give you the money." The gentlemen with whom I had been talking laughed, which aggravated the young fellow, whereupon he retorted: "If you were not a preacher I would whip you anyhow." I said: "See here, young man, my being a preacher is what keeps you from getting hurt, and I would advise you not to press the matter any further." The young fellow walked away without another word.

Now for the sequel to this incident: One month after this took place, the Economites foreclosed their mortgage on the Old Brighton lands, which was for \$80,000, and laid out part of it in town lots. Seeing what was coming to pass, I went to the aged ruler of the Economites and asked for two lots on which to build a Methodist Church. He treated me courteously and told me to pick out the lots I wanted, which I did, but Providentially, as I believe, his agent sold the lots before I got a load of stone on them. I went back to the Economite ruler and told him what his agent had done. "Well," said he, "I will give you a subscription for \$450, and you go and select two other lots and I will charge \$400 for the lots and give you the \$50 toward a new church, and you put it up as soon as possible." The same day I selected two other lots—where the present church now stands—got a load of stone hauled thereon before the sun went down and got 'Squire Glass to draw up the papers and got the deed and elected a Board of Trustees and had the deed transferred to them in the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Before the close of my term at New Brighton, I organized a society at Beaver Falls, which has grown into a great church, one among the best in the Conference. It is a pleasure for me in my declining years to visit Beaver Falls and preach in their fine church and talk with the good

people who worship there. I believe God led me in a way I knew not in laying the foundations of this enterprise that has been an honor and a credit to Methodism in the Beaver Valley.

THE NEW CHURCH AT NEW BRIGHTON

During my second year at New Brighton, specifications and plans for a two-story brick church were drawn up and a contract for the erection of same was let and the work proceeded with great speed. When the corner-stone was ready to lay, I suggested to the Official Board that the Freemasons be invited to conduct the services of laying the stone, and no one objected. I went to Philadelphia and consulted Bishop Simpson relative to the propriety of asking the Masons to lay the stone, the organization using their own ritual for the occasion. The Bishop had no objections if the Official Board was in harmony, as a body, with the proposition. I arranged with the Masonic authorities of Pittsburgh to perform the ceremonies, assisted by the Presiding Elder, John Williams. A large crowd assembled and the pastor of North Avenue Church made an address and raised \$1,200 toward the new church. At the same time the ladies gave a dinner and added more money to the treasury. The contractor pushed the work with activity and the enterprise moved along nicely until July 3, 1867, when the building was ready for the roof timbers. On the above-named day there came a terrific storm that swept over the town of New Brighton and wrought havoc with the church building, tearing down the walls to the lower windows, with the exception of the front which was built of stone and brick.

That was a sad day for the society at New Brighton. Hundreds gathered about the ruins and many were in tears, while the hopes of the people were dashed to pieces. I looked at the wreck dumbfounded and was unable to speak. I went to my home and shut myself up in my study and gave myself to prayer and thought, all alone with God. The

next morning—July Fourth—I married a couple, then took the train and went to Canton, Ohio, and addressed a meeting of Odd Fellows and returned the same evening, and to a large crowd of people who had assembled to commemorate the day in a festival for the church, I announced that there would be a meeting the next evening in the old church to consult as to what to do. It was July 5, and I found an immense audience present. I had spoken to no one, but I had my plans all matured as to the course I would pursue. I opened the meeting with the old hymn, beginning

“Away my unbelieving fears,
Fear shall in me no more have place.”

I then stated the object of the meeting, to adopt some feasible method by which to retrieve our loss and rebuild the walls which had been torn down. One man arose, who was subsequently committed to the Dixmont Insane Asylum, and gave a tirade on pride and the sins of the church, etc. After he sat down, Joseph F. Alexander, a local preacher, took the floor and said: “It is just what I expected. The church is becoming proud and vain; it must have organs and abominable operatic music. Then we had the fooleries of Freemasonry when the corner-stone of the church was laid. The Masons killed Morgan, and I was on the spot where they assassinated him.” “Good for you,” I said, “did you see any of Morgan’s blood?” “No,” said he, “but I believe the destruction of our church was a judgment from God, and I am in favor of leaving the ruins alone and using our old church.” I was cognizant of the fact that more of such tirades and misrepresentations would discourage those who were better inclined, so I put a stop to it and took the meeting in my own hands. I said:

“We have had enough nonsense. If the Lord had wanted to blow the church down he would have waited until the speaker got into it. I want to say, that the Lord had no more to do with the blowing down of the church than I had. It was the devil that blew it down, and the devil wants to keep it from being rebuilt. ‘There was a

day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord. And when the Lord said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down it.' Well, Satan, have you been at New Brighton and seen what my people are doing there—four hundred converted and they are building me a church. Oh, yes, said Satan, but some of them are grumbling, saying they have overreached themselves in building a new church, and some think the church is getting too proud, and others say that the church has been tainted by the hollow mockeries of Freemasonry. Now, Lord, said Satan, if you will let me blow that new church down they will not rebuild it. And the Lord said, Satan, go and blow it down, but see to it that you touch not the front of the church where my Word and other precious things have been deposited in the corner-stone.

"So Satan did all that he could on the third of this month; but we will show the Lord that Satan, as he has always been, is a liar; that we will rebuild God's house and make it a place for the habitation of the Most High. Now, every man and woman who will give two dollars a week from the time work of rebuilding begins until it is finished, paying it each Saturday evening, come on with your pledge; and every one who will give \$1.50 a week, and \$1.00, and fifty cents and as low as twenty-five cents, give us your names."

It was unnecessary to say anything more, for the people crowded about the secretaries' tables and pledges poured in like waves of the ocean upon the shore. I saw victory ahead, and at six o'clock the next morning I took the train for Salem, Ohio, and hired four bricklayers in addition to those we had, and on July 7, four days after the church had fallen there was a full force on the building replacing the brick work. I took off my coat and with some of the boys, we cleaned off the brick that could be worked into the walls, and every Saturday night I had the money to meet the bills, and in a few weeks the walls were up to the same height they were when the storm broke out and carried the building with it.

I closed my term of three years in March of 1868, the church completed, with nothing remaining to be done but the seating. I did hard work, and I can recall no charge where I labored harder in every way than at New Brighton,

and I left more friends than any place I had served. I was succeeded by James Mills, who arranged for the dedication of the new church, and notwithstanding I had built the church practically twice, increased the membership from 60 to over 400, organized the society at Beaver Falls and secured two lots and erected a church building thereon, and gave of my own money \$200 to the new church at New Brighton, my dear Brother Mills had not the courtesy to invite me to the dedication. "A king had arisen who did not know Joseph." Of course my friends were astonished and hurt that I was not invited, but I survived it and in subsequent years when I have occupied the pulpit at New Brighton, a hearty and cordial welcome has been extended me. Many of my closest friends have passed beyond; but quite a number still live to greet me with a hearty handshake when I visit the place.

FREEMASONRY

I will have occasion to dwell more fully on this subject in another part of this volume, but the fact of having the corner-stone of the new church at New Brighton laid with appropriate ceremonies under the auspices of the ancient and honorable fraternity, known as Freemasons, needs an explanatory note in this connection.

I was the subject of some criticism because I had invited the Masons to lay the corner-stone. I wish to say, in the first place, that when I was appointed to New Brighton, I found the church, through bad management, in a very poor condition, very much depleted in membership—only 60 on the rolls—and a discouraged Official Board. I resolved by the help of God to use all means feasible and available to place the church where it should belong—in first rank with the charges of the Conference. In the second place, I am a member of the Masonic fraternity and have been associated with the Order from 1852, and know something about its teachings. Masonry needs no defense. Those who oppose the organization cannot do it any harm, because they do not

know anything about its principles and the benefits derived therefrom. Those who criticise Freemasonry remind me of a preacher in Ohio with whom I had a conversation on some religious subject, and in the course of the discussion, I cited Josephus. He looked at me and asked, "Who is Josephus? I have read of Joseph, son of Jacob, but I never heard of Josephus." The enemies and would-be critics of Masonry know about as much of the Order as this brother did of Josephus. When men in the Church or State try to legislate for other people's consciences, they are meddling with other people's business.

The most frequent objection to Masonry is, that the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is not found in the ritual. Neither is it found in the Constitution of the United States, and one or two denominations of Christians have been singing David's Psalms for many years, and those splendid melodies have been read, sung and chanted for 1900 years, yet the name of Jesus in five letters is not found anywhere from beginning to end, only by inference; but as all know, those blessed Psalms breathe the name of Jesus and hold Him up as IMMANUEL—"God with us." No, Masonry, in its great history, has given the lie to the statement that it does not revere and believe in the name of the lowly Nazarene. That Masons recognize Jesus Christ is established in the minds of all intelligent, unprejudiced people. Masons the world over recognize the 24th day of June and the 26th day of December in commemoration of Saint John the Baptist and Saint John the Evangelist, while on December 25th, Knights Templar in their thousands of Asylums, east, west, north and south meet to pour forth a libation in honor of the world's great King—the Babe of Bethlehem. As there cannot be two elevations without a valley between, so there could not be a Saint John the Baptist and a Saint John the Evangelist without the world's greatest character—the Man of Galilee—standing between. A Mason is a man who believes in God, hopes for immortality and practices charity to all men.

XV

BRINGING ORDER OUT OF CONFUSION

The Conference of 1868 convened at Greensburg, March 18, with Bishop Kingsley in the Chair. It was in every respect a pleasant Conference, and every one was delighted with the presidency of Bishop Kingsley, who was a favorite with the preachers. His delightful manner and inspiring addresses drew all hearts to him; but, alas, this was the last Conference he was to hold in this country. He was assigned to the episcopal supervision of our missions in the foreign fields, where he died while in the performance of his duties.

UNION CHURCH

The evening before the close of Conference, Brother John Williams, who was my Elder, and Brother James Hollingshead, who had served Union Church, Allegheny, the previous year, came to my room and asked me to agree to go to Union Church. I was at the same time informed that the Bishop had me down for Beaver. Hollingshead did not want to go back to Union, and to obtain my consent to the change from Beaver to Union, would help Hollingshead. Brother John Williams was the best Presiding Elder I ever had. He was an able preacher and a true friend. There was no deceit in his soul, no treachery in his make-up, his whole life was an open book. Williams, while he wanted to help Brother Hollingshead, would not move me from Beaver without my consent, or place me at Union against my protest. I was aware that there was serious trouble at Union Church at that time and that the church was financially burdened, having a heavy debt. I told Brother Williams that I would have no part in the selection of my appointment; that I would go where I was sent, but would not decide the matter in hand.

After a full discussion of the matter in the cabinet, I was taken up from Beaver and assigned to Union Church, which was anything else than a "union" of the people composing it. It was called "Union Church" from the fact that in earlier times there was a little church building erected on Bidwell Street used for a Sunday school, and Arch Street Church built a small brick building on Market Street, both of which structures were in what was then known as Manchester, a part of Allegheny. On the establishment of the new organization and the erection of the present building, corner of Manhattan Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, the two churches referred to were absorbed, hence the name, "Union Church." The new organization had been but recently established and the church building was erected in 1867, the year previous, under the pastoral charge of Brother Hollingshead, and had been dedicated with a debt of \$19,500. Included in this amount of indebtedness was a mortgage held against the property by an individual for \$10,000, bearing interest at nine per cent. On the day of dedication, a subscription had been secured towards the debt, but as every preacher knows, it is one thing to subscribe, but another thing to pay. Much of this subscription was worthless, hence made the obligation resting upon the new organization that much heavier.

THE ORGAN AND CHOIR

I had been informed of the condition of things at Union Church before my appointment to the charge; but when I got on the ground I found that "half had not been told." On Saturday following my assignment to this church, I went to the city and hunted the chorister to give him the hymns for the Sunday services. On finding him, both of us were agreeably surprised, as we had been schoolmates in Ohio, when boys, and had not met since leaving school. I gave him the hymns for the Sunday's work. He said, "You do not know, I suppose, that our choir does not sing at the morning service; it only sings in the evening." Of course

I knew, but I kept it to myself. The trouble that had brought about the one-service-choir originated with the trustees, who had installed an organ in the church. The membership was about equally divided on the organ question, one-half in favor of the instrument and the other half against it. The Official Board had adopted a resolution that the organ should not be played in the morning service, only in the evening, and then without prelude or interlude. With this arrangement, there were practically two congregations—the organites at night and the antis in the morning. I was cognizant of all this before I reached the charge and knew what I was up against; but with a firm determination not to tolerate such nonsense in the house of God on the Lord's Day, I had in my own mind formed my plan.

I said to the chorister: "Brother Wagstaff, is it any worse to have the devil in the church in the morning than to have him in the church in the evening?" "No," he replied, "I think not." "Well," I said, "I guess his majesty is at both services, and I want you to get your choir together to-night, practice the hymns and be in your places to-morrow morning to conduct the music for the service as well as the evening. I want a prelude and interlude played by the organist, and I want you to do your very best." "But to do that will blow the roof off the church," said Wagstaff. "All right," I said, "let it go for it is covered with a mortgage anyhow and the sooner it blows off the better." "Well," said he, "you are right, but you have no idea what a storm it will raise." "I don't care how much of a storm it raises, I will not begin my pastorate here with such child's play as that." I made out my hymns and gave him an outline of what he should do on Sunday morning. "I'll do it," said the chorister, "but you will have to show backbone."

Sunday morning I found my choir in their places. I announced the first hymn, the organist played a prelude and the choir sang. They never sang better than on that morning, putting their very souls into the singing. The audience, with but few exceptions, kept their seats. It was amusing to look into the faces of the anti-organites and study the

various phases of feeling revealed, as well as the anger depicted. I was quite sure that the devil was in his place all right—in the pews more than in the gallery where the choir sat. The hymn having been concluded, the people slid off their seats onto their knees during the opening prayer. The choir carried out the program as I had outlined, the service was concluded and no one spoke to me concerning the matter. In the evening the church was nearly full of people, the anti-organites being out in full force, thinking I had made a mistake in the morning service, and got the program of the morning and evening mixed, hence I had both factions present. The choir and organist carried out the musical arrangement as in the morning and the antis refused to rise as the hymns were sung.

I called a meeting of the Official Board for Monday evening. On Monday morning an old member called upon me at my room; he was an anti. He did not say a word about the organ or choir, but commenced with a tirade on the former pastor, Brother Hollingshead, saying some hard things about him; in fact they were damaging to his character. I said nothing, but took down on paper what he said, and when he had finished, I said, "Brother, please sign your name to these charges and I will bring Brother Hollingshead to trial." He looked at me for a few moments, then said, "I will do nothing of the kind; I am not a fool." "No," I said, "but you are lying if you refuse to sign these charges you have just made, for I know Brother Hollingshead to be a good, true man, and everybody loves him." I had made up my mind to start out with a firm hand and to kill or cure the disease that was undermining the peace and prosperity of Union M. E. Church.

On Monday night the entire Official Board was present at the meeting. I opened the meeting with singing and prayer and went through the usual disciplinary business, and asked, "Is there any other business?" No one having anything to say, I adjourned the meeting. Immediately one of the members of the body spoke: "Oh, we forgot to bring up the choir business. The choir is raising the devil and

the leader has gone back on the orders given him by this Board." I said: "Brother, this meeting is adjourned, and this body has no special business with the choir anyhow." "Well, we can reconvene the Board so as to take action," replied he. "No," I answered, "I cannot take the Chair again to-night as our business has been concluded. You can leave the matter until the next meeting and then bring it up in the regular way." The suggestion, however, did not suit the brother, so the antis took the matter in their own hands and elected a chairman and re-enacted the rule concerning the choir, adding some other stringent specifications to their former action. I said nothing, but went about my business. The next Sabbath I was in my pulpit, the choir in their places and the musical program was carried out as it was the Sabbath preceding. We had a large congregation, for the "sitters" were there, as well as the friends of the choir and organ.

The Official Board met on Monday evening following. When the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, I directed him to strike out all that followed the adjournment. "Oh," said Brother Taylor, "we reconvened." "Yes," I replied, "but I was not in the Chair. All that business was out of order and the minutes cannot be approved with that stuff in it." It was stricken out. "Now," said Taylor, who was the spokesman for the antis, "we will catch you this time; we will not adjourn until action on the choir business is taken." "All right," I said, "go ahead." Taylor then took the floor and began a tirade upon the chorister, Brother Wagstaff for violating their orders. I said, "Hold on, my brother; apply your remarks to me, as Wagstaff is acting under my direction. Now, brethren, this whole business is out of order. You had no business to pass such a rule as you did, concerning the choir services in the church, for, as an Official Board, you had nothing to do with the choir. Suppose the choir would sing 'Jim Crow' at the communion service, who would be amenable to Conference? Not the choir, for it would be unknown to the Conference; not even the Official Board, for, as a body, it is not under the direc-

tion of the Conference. Your pastor would be held responsible, as he is in charge of the music of the church. I must either sing myself or have somebody to do it. By your thoughtless action in the past you have aroused such a feeling in this church and so divided the membership that it will take a spiritual earthquake to break it up."

Brother Wilson said: "If we had only known that it was not our business as an official body to govern the actions of the choir there would never have been any trouble. I move that it is the sense of this body that it never had any business with the question." I did not put the motion. Wilson asked why I had not put his motion. I replied, "Why do you want to place yourselves on record that you will not have anything to do with a matter that the Discipline states you never had any business with. Let the choir matter alone and I will look after the music of the church." That ended the matter. The next Sabbath, all the anti-organites stood up to sing, with the exception of an old sister, who sat it out during my pastorate.

CHAOTIC CONDITION OF RECORDS

When I met with the Board of Trustees, I was startled with the condition of things pertaining to the financial end of the church. As stated, I found a debt on the church of \$19,500, \$10,000 of which was held by an individual on bond and mortgage at nine per cent. The trustees did not have a warrant book, receipt book or seal. More than \$30,000 had passed through their hands, while the books only showed a disbursement of \$400. The treasurer could not show a warrant for all that he had paid out. Realizing the condition of affairs, I refused to collect a dollar from the old subscription until a warrant book, receipt book and seal were procured. I then went to work to bring order out of confusion.

One of the committees appointed by the Quarterly Conference, so far as doing its duty is concerned, is practically obsolete—the Committee on Church Records. The question

is asked at the fourth Quarterly Conference, "Are the church records properly kept?" Without even examining the pastor's record, the books of the trustees and official board, the stereotyped answer is given, "They are." If the presiding elders would demand proper examination of the books by the Committee on Church Records, much trouble would be averted. I can recall a case where the treasurer of a church board had held the office for 20 years, and his books had never been examined by the Committee on Church Records, which is practically an auditing committee, and much trouble resulted to the church—he being expelled and the church divided thereby.

When I expressed my determination to conduct the financial affairs of the church in a business-like way in Union Church, some of the trustees resigned, whereof I was glad, as I was enabled to put better men in their places. I took hold of the subscription book, but found it miserably mixed. I found on the books as follows: So much for Todd's friend, so much for Gallagher's friend, and so on. How could I know the friends of men whom I had never met before coming to the charge. The trustees wanted me to take the subscription list and collect the money; but I refused until they secured a trustees' book large enough to have the charter incorporated therein and to keep a record of the business of the meetings of the Board. The treasurer of the Board of Trustees resigned, but another was elected in his place, and at the first meeting of the Board following, the new treasurer asked me if I had collected any money. I told him that I had collected \$750. "What did you do with it?" he inquired. "I put it in the bank," I replied. "Why," said he, "I was in the bank to-day and there was not anything on the books to my credit." "Well, how could there be any money to your credit unless you put it there?" I replied; "I am not collecting money on this subscription to put to your individual account. When a warrant is drawn by order of this Board, signed by the secretary and president, the money can be drawn out." "Well, I'll not be treasurer if the money collected is not placed to my account." "All

right," I said, "you can quit right now if you like, but I want you to be assured that I will not keep up your bank account with other people's money." So the treasurer resigned and another and a splendid man was chosen.

When I went to the bank to deposit the first money I had collected, I asked Mr. Updyke, the banker and a most estimable gentleman, to make out a bank book in the name of Union M. E. Church for deposits, to be drawn out by order of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Updyke and I had never met. He looked at me and said, "Mr. McIlyar, your head is level. There has been a great deal of money deposited here, but the name of the church does not appear on our books."

Never in the history of my ministry did I find such a state of affairs, financially, such mismanagement and gross carelessness in accounting for the finances of the church. The impression abroad was, that the trustees, individually, were responsible for the \$10,000 bond and mortgage, and when I asked people to pay their subscriptions they would say: "Let the trustees pay it as they are responsible for the debt."

After the former treasurer of the Board had resigned and withdrew from the church by certificate, the president, at a meeting of the body, said: "We are ruined. This church will be sold. Brother —— has moved away and taken his certificate, and he is on the bond and mortgage." Old Brother Wilson, and there were few better men than he, asked me, "Did you give Brother —— his certificate?" "Yes," I said, "he paid all his claims and was entitled to his letter." The president said, "I will not be president of this Board any longer." "Thank God," I said, "I don't care if every rag-tag and bob-tail resigns. I will put better men in their places. Who wants a president of a Board of Trustees who has not sense enough to know that if a man is on a bond and mortgage, the holder of the document does not care whether he is a church member, Christian or heathen, so long as he is worth a dollar." "Well, I resign anyhow," said he, and I put the motion and he went out of office in the twinkling of an eye. I reorganized the Board

of Trustees as soon as I got rid of the disturbing element, and never had a better body of men in my ministry and everything was harmonious.

I might state in this connection, that the three years I served Union Church were eminently successful, by the help of the Lord. Some think that a church debt will prevent people from uniting with it. I know better. If a man is thoroughly convinced and convicted of sin, and wants to be saved, he does not care whether the church is in debt or not, just so he knows that Jesus has paid *his* debt, all the debt he owes.

During my pastorate here, a large number of men and women united with the church, many of whom were the best people in that section of the city. My predecessor got a salary of \$1,000. When I left the charge it paid \$2,000. Two young men were converted and licensed to preach; although one of them fell, through strong drink, the other, Brother Plannette, is now a member of the Erie Conference, has served as Presiding Elder and was a delegate to the General Conference.

I refer to these things, because I do not think the Lord would have given me the success we had if I had not eliminated the dead timber that encumbered the church. While the pruning hurt, it resulted in increased vigor to the tree, and the branches spread and offered shelter to many souls. With the organ and choir question settled and the finances put on a good basis, we had a harmonious church. The ladies worked with a will and money came in from various sources, so that the debt was reduced to such an extent as not to disturb us.

I might add, that we rebonded the debt of \$10,000, for which the trustees had been paying nine per cent. for six per cent. I got wearied in running after the old subscribers, so announced from the pulpit that on a certain date I would read out the names of those whose subscriptions were unpaid. Some of the brethren were frightened, fearing that such a procedure would anger the people and cause them to leave the church. I said the names of these people were

called out publicly when they subscribed and some of them had the glory of being considered very liberal in the eyes of the people, and it will do them good to know that they have not been forgotten. It was surprising to know how my announcement refreshed their memories, many saying that they had forgotten all about their subscriptions. When the time arrived for the reading of the names of delinquents, I was as good as my word and read the list at the close of the morning service. Some came to me and apologized, saying that it had slipped their minds and paid their subscription on Monday following. One of the delinquents was a prominent attorney, whose face colored a little when his name was read. I had scarcely reached my home after the service when he called and handed me a check for \$25.00, and asked what I meant to read his name out, stating that I ought to have known that he was abundantly able to pay his debt. "That is the reason I read your name out," I said. "What is the use for the church paying interest on money that you owe?" He was a good and sensible man and did not leave the church and stood by me until the end. This method brought in a large amount of money from the old subscribers who were able to meet their indebtedness. It was rather a severe method to adopt, but it did good and no one left the church.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

The Scriptural statement that "bread cast upon the waters will be seen many days after" has been fulfilled again and again. I recall an incident occurring in 1862. The Presiding Elder of the Blairsville District persuaded me to assist him in the holding of a camp-meeting in Indiana county, near Marion. We went by train from Blairsville to Indiana, then by hack for 16 miles. On Saturday a company of soldiers, about 100 in number, encamped for the night near the place of the meeting. On Sunday night I was slated to preach. I called upon the captain of the troop and asked him to bring his company to the evening service, as I intended to preach on Civil and Religious

Warfare. I had two objects in view in inviting the soldiers to a place within the circle: First, to preserve order; second, to get some of them converted. The captain brought his men to the front seats and the Holy Ghost helped me and scores came to the altar as penitents. I saw a young man, one of the soldiers, sitting by a tree and he was weeping. Going up to him, I said, "How are you feeling?" "Oh, I feel badly," he replied. "Won't you come forward for prayers?" I asked. "No," said the soldier, "I am on my way to the army and there is not time to get converted." I said to him, "You will be blest inside of an hour, so come along," and he accompanied me to the mercy-seat and in a short time was saved.

The company of soldiers proceeded on their way Monday morning, and my young man, whose name I did not learn, departed for the front. Time rolled on and I heard nothing from him. Twenty years after I was going to Conference at Blairsville, and while riding in the cars on the West Penn Railroad, a fine looking gentleman, well dressed, came up to me and asked, "Are you J. J. McIlyar?" I said, "Yes, that is my name." "The Lord bless you," he exclaimed; "in 1862 you found me crying beside a tree on the campground near Marion, Indiana county, and you took me to the altar and I was converted. I went all through the war and kept my religion. At the close of the struggle, I went to college, joined the ministry and entered the Iowa Conference, and am still a member, and am now going to visit my old home." One of the joys of a preacher's life is to meet men and women who have been led to Christ under his labors and to still find them traveling the King's Highway.

SAMUEL McCUNE

I have referred to this incident, casually, because there are many things in my ministry along the same line. Walking on Beaver Avenue, when pastor at Union Church, I was introduced to a splendid looking fellow whose name was Samuel McCune. I took him by the hand and said:

"You are a splendid looking man and you would look like a prince in church. I have not seen you there." "Oh," said he, "I have not been inside of a church for fifteen years. I have just returned from Philadelphia where I won some money on a boat race." I perceived that he was a sportsman. I said to him: "This is a good time to quit sporting. Come out and hear me preach and give me a chance to get at you." I said this to Mr. McCune in a jocular kind of way, to which he laughingly replied: "You must think you can preach when you ask a man of the world to come and hear you." "Oh, no, I cannot preach much, but I would like to have a chance to get at you," I replied. "Well," said he, "I will come next Sunday. When a man asks me squarely to come and hear him, I will accept the invitation."

On Sunday morning he said to his wife: "This new preacher up at the Methodist Church asked me last week to come and hear him preach, and I promised to go." His wife said she would go along with him as she had not heard me. When I arose to announce my hymn, I saw my sportsman sitting on the third seat from the pulpit with his wife beside him. In the evening they were back again and in the same seat. On the following Wednesday evening McCune was at prayer-meeting, and without any invitation, he came forward and knelt down at the altar, and before we closed the service he was saved. He and his wife united with the church, and for 43 years he has been actively engaged in church work, a prince among men, with a heart as large as his body. Many years after I preached in Union Church and found Brother McCune sitting in the same seat where he and his wife sat when he first entered the church. His noble companion has gone to her rest, but he still presses onward toward the Celestial City with faith undimmed and courage undaunted. He has been treasurer of the church for more than 40 years and is at the same time laying up treasures at God's right hand. (Since the above was written, Samuel McCune has passed over the River.)

Between the two families—the McCunes and McIlyars—there has been the closest intimacy ever since 1868. Since

that time my family has spent thirty Christmas Days in this hospitable home, with but two breaks, when death entered the home of McCune and laid hold of his eldest son, Alonzo, and, when later, the same Dark Angel entered my own home and removed therefrom the companion of my youth. Like my own wife, Mrs. McCune was an invalid for years, being a great sufferer, but with Christian patience she bore her pains until the end. In all those years of invalidism, Brother McCune watched over his wife with the kindest affection, that grew in strength as she neared the portals. When my son-in-law became a part of my family, and children came, they were equally welcomed by this noble-hearted family. When I look over the years of our friendship and mark the career of this eminently good man, I bless God that even in a jocular conversation, that day on Beaver Avenue, it was "bread cast upon the waters." Brother McCune had not the least idea of entering any church at that time; but, as he has stated again and again, it was the tact I used that caught him. And I bless God that the Holy Spirit has frequently directed me in reaching men, by tact, which was the means of bringing them into the church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THOMAS JONES

Another illustration to show how God through tact leads men to accept the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ: During this same pastorate I met Thomas Jones, son of the Thomas Jones who for years conducted the ferry between Pittsburgh and West End. On inquiry, I learned that he was living but a short distance from the church and had two children. Remarking that I had not seen him or his wife at church services, he said: "I haven't been at church for thirteen years. The last time I attended a religious service was at Tarentum camp-meeting. It rained, and having lain all night under a bench in the auditorium, wet and without breakfast I walked home in the morning. That satisfied me." A few days after I met him again. He said to me: "Mrs. Jones and I want you to come to the house

and baptize our two children, Charlie and Laura." I said: "Jones, there are no children in this world I would sooner baptize than yours, but I cannot do it." "Why," he asked. I replied: "Because you and your wife have never been baptized yourselves. Why do you want your children baptized into a church you do not or will not attend. And suppose when your children grow older they learn that they have been baptized, but that you and your wife have never been baptized and are not members of the church, what would they think of their parents?"

Shortly after this conversation, Brother Jones called at the parsonage one Saturday evening and told me that he and his wife would be at church services in the morning, stating that they desired to unite with the church and be baptized, and in the afternoon would bring their children to the Sunday school for baptism. To the surprise of their neighbors, Thomas Jones and his wife walked into the church on Sunday morning, and they were still more surprised when they accepted the invitation and joined on probation and forthwith were baptized. In the afternoon I baptized Charlie and Laura.

Brother Jones, however, was not a converted man when he united with the church, but it was the first step toward the new life. He became an earnest inquirer, however, and began to read the Bible and together he and his wife talked on the subject of religion daily. One night he was reading the Scriptures and read in the 16th chapter of Matthew, Christ's interview with His disciples, where he asked:

"Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am? And they said, Some say that Thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

"He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am?"

"And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou are the Christ the Son of the living God.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jo-na, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

After reading this Scripture, he stopped and read it again. Then he asked his wife if she understood it, but she could give him no light on it. He could not get away from that Scripture: "But flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven." He read it again and again, then got down on his knees and prayed for light, and in a moment the light shone in upon his soul and he was graciously blest. He was so happy that he could not keep still, and putting on his coat, he started for my house about nine o'clock on a beautiful summer night and kept repeating it to himself as he walked along the street: "Blessed art thou Tom Jones, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven;" and when he reached my house he said: "Blessed art thou Tom Jones, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven." I do not think I ever saw a happier man than Brother Jones. And he retained that happy experience all through his life. He was a perfect gentleman, liberal and devoted to the church. His last years were spent in Christ M. E. Church where he was a regular attendant upon the means of grace.

My refusal to baptize his children and my plain talk with him set him to thinking about the careless life he was leading. It was not preaching that brought him to God, for he did not attend church at all. It was not by reading the Word of God that turned his steps heavenward, for his own confession showed that he had not read the Bible for years. It was my refusal to baptize his children whom he dearly loved, that stirred up his thought, and when you get a man *thinking*, the first step has been taken in bringing him to Christ. There are many still living who remember Thomas Jones, and know that he was a happy Christian, daily praising God for His goodness, and when dying, triumphantly sang himself into the Eternal City. Although he suffered greatly, having passed through three operations, there was not a murmur as he neared the River, where he found the Boatman ready to pilot him into the Kingdom.

A STRANGE VISION

I have had a few remarkable experiences in my life as the result of dreams. One occurred while pastor at Union Church. I had in my church a young man by name of Hinds, whose parents had for years been members. He was seized with a peculiar illness, an obstruction of the bowels. He was under the charge of a French physician who was very attentive, but unable to help him. Other physicians heard of the case and visited the sufferer but could not suggest anything to relieve him. One night I had a dream, and in the vision I saw the young man restored to health, and I saw how it was effected. When I awoke, I was deeply impressed with what I saw in my dream and went to the doctor and told him how Gil. Hinds could be cured. I told him what I did in my dream, that I had got a check-line and tied it around him and then strung him up by the heels and left his head hang down; that I did it three times and in an hour he was a well man. The doctor laughed heartily, but after a few moment's thought said: "There is some good philosophy in that." I told him that I would like to have it tried, and he consented, saying that he had tried everything he knew and we would try my cure. We went to the house and got a pair of lines and tied them around his ankles and then strung him up as high as we could raise him, and did it three times when he felt something give away inside of him and in an hour he was a well man.

I believe there are times that God comes to men in dreams. It was so in the early history of the race, and has been so all along through the centuries since. Numerous illustrations could be cited. In this extraordinary case just mentioned, I have a firm belief that God revealed to me the method by which that young man might be saved. It was something that medicine could not reach, and surgery at that time had not reached the perfection it has to-day, hence it was a simple operation that no one would have thought of that effected the cure.

WESLEY CHAPEL

The Conference of 1871 was held at Steubenville, Ohio, with Bishops Clark and Simpson presiding. I was appointed to Wesley Chapel, Pittsburgh, the charge for which some years previous I had been "slated," but the last shuffle of the ecclesiastical "checker-board" sent me to another field. At this time the church had about 400 members, but the building was unfortunately located along Liberty Street, facing the Pennsylvania Railroad—where much of the shifting of trains was carried on, thereby creating a continual racket, making it extremely difficult to conduct church services. The parsonage was just as unfavorably situated, and was inconvenient and far from comfortable. However, I found a good and noble-hearted people, mostly employes on the railroad. As is the case everywhere with railroad men, many of my members were deprived from attending the church on Sunday, being engaged in the shifting of cars on the tracks in front of the church.

I realized in a very short time that to keep up a church in that section of the city, a change of location was necessary, hence I looked up a good site on Penn Avenue and got the trustees of Trinity Church to agree to sell and unite with Wesley Chapel. However, one trustee of Wesley Chapel blocked the whole scheme. If this plan had been carried out at the time, there would be a strong church to-day in that part of Pittsburgh, whereas we have nothing but a little congregation at Trinity.

Shortly after assuming charge of this church, I concluded to take a trip to Great Britain and the Continent, and arranged with a local preacher, then assistant editor of the Pittsburgh *Gazette*, to take charge of my work, and paid him for his services at the rate of ten dollars a Sunday.

XVI

THE FIRST KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CRUSADE OF
MODERN TIMES

ALLEGHENY COMMANDERY KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, NO. 35

As stated elsewhere, I was made a Mason in 1852 under the Masonic jurisdiction of the State of Ohio, and having been assigned to Pittsburgh in 1858 I deposited my card with Milnor Lodge, No. 287, and am still a member of that energetic society. I joined Zerubbabel Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, with which I am still affiliated. I am also a member of Pittsburgh Council. My connection with the valiant and magnanimous Order of Knights Templar and Knights of Malta dates back into the 60's, being a member of Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1. Sir Knight E. M. Jenkins and a few others thought it a proper thing to have a Commandery constituted in Allegheny City, whereupon I resigned from Pittsburgh Commandery and became a charter member of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, which was regularly constituted in 1869, with the following officers:

- Sir Thomas Palmer, Eminent Commander.
- Sir William Hamilton, Generalissimo.
- Sir Alfred Slack, Captain General.
- Rev. Sir J. J. McIlyar, Prelate.
- Sir E. M. Jenkins, Recorder.
- Sir Jacob Stuckrath, Treasurer.
- Sir James E. Stevenson, Senior Warden.
- Sir Isaac Broome, Junior Warden.
- Sir R. B. Mowery, Standard Bearer.
- Sir William Crisswell, Sword Bearer.
- Sir Henry I. Anderson, Warder.
- Sir Caleb Cullen, Sentinel.
- Sir Jacob Rush,)
- Sir William Crisswell,) Trustees.
- Sir J. E. Stevenson,)

With the exception of serving as Generalissimo and Eminent Commander from May 1, 1878, to May 1, 1880, I have been Prelate ever since the organization of the Commandery. And now, while I am unable to attend the meetings of the Commandery as regularly as formerly, I am still retained in that honorable position, the highest appointment in the gift of the Eminent Commander.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CRUSADE OF 1871

Forty-three true and worthy Sir Knights of the valiant and magnanimous Order of Knights Templar, under the auspices and name of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, in full knightly uniform, made a pilgrimage to Great Britain and the Continent in the summer of 1871. The idea of a "Crusade" was suggested by Sir Knight E. M. Jenkins. Since the institution of Freemasonry and the constitution of the Order of Knights Templar in America, never in the history of the fraternities had a Lodge of Masons or a Commandery of Knights Templar, as a body, visited the Mother Country and the Continent. Considerable correspondence had to be carried on with the authorities of the several countries that we desired to visit to obtain permission to enter their domains in knightly dress and armor; in every instance, however, full and free permission was granted. Sir Knight Jenkins prepared a guide-book, especially for the crusade which, up to that time, was considered the best that had ever been published.

At the meeting of the Grand Commandery held during the preceding month, action was taken relative to the contemplated Crusade of said Commandery. By order of Mary Commandery, No. 36, the following communication was read:

"To the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania—Mary Commandery, No. 36, sends greeting:

"WHEREAS, Our noble fraters of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, of Knights Templar, having with due spirit and commendable zeal determined upon a tour, which will circulate the fame of our beloved

Order throughout many parts of the Old World, thereby proving that the record of the past still thrills with enthusiasm the heart of the Young Republic; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Mary Commandery, No. 36, Knights Templar, would earnestly pray that your Eminent Body grant such letters of credence and high esteem in which Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, Knights Templar is regarded by the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania; and that they have the prayers of their fraters for a safe voyage, perfect health, cordial reception, wherever they may be, and a happy and prosperous return to their native shore.

“By order of Mary Commandery, No. 36.

“CHARLES E. MEYER,
“Recorder.”

In conformity with the request of Mary Commandery, No. 36, the following letter of credence was prepared, adopted, signed by the Grand Officers and attested with the seal of the Grand Commandery, and presented through Sir Knight Alfred Creigh to Allegheny Commandery:

“To the Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master, the Grand Subordinate Officers and Sir Knights of all Encampments and Pories of the Royal, Exalted, Religious and Military Order of Masonic Knights Templar in England and Wales, and Masonic jurisdiction thereunto belonging, as well as to those of Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and in whatever country wherein the symbol of the Cross has been displayed upon the banners of Templarism, to advance the moral, intellectual and religious knowledge of our Christian Order—

PEACE!

UNITY!

FRATERNAL LOVE!

“The active and honorary membership of the Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, of the city and county of Allegheny, Pennsylvania (whose names are hereunto attached in their own proper handwriting), deriving a charter from the R. E. Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania, in their associated capacity as a Subordinate Commandery, having made all the necessary arrangements for an excursion through Europe, and to visit all Encampments and Pories on their designated route, it is eminently proper on such an occasion that this R. E. Grand Commandery of Knights Templar should present a letter of credence to those valiant and magnanimous Knights of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35.

“It is more particularly required from this Grand Body, as Pennsylvania was the FIRST STATE in the American Union which organized a Grand Encampment, in Philadelphia, in 1797, from Sir Knights

who came to this State from the Mother Country, and brought with them the rites and ceremonies of our Chivalric and Christian Order. Hence it is right and proper that the glorious old Keystone State should be the first Grand Commandery in America to send back to our mother country one of our Subordinate Commanderies, fully equipped, to visit the homes, the altars, the asylums, the historic reminiscences—nay, the graves and monuments of our Templar fathers. This fact of itself should, and we trust ever will, render more stable and lasting the fraternal intercourse which should exist between two countries, descended from a common origin and bound together by the same ties.

“In the exalted character therefore of Knights Templar, we affectionately and fraternally commend each and everyone of the members and Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, as *Master Masons* who have worked on the Square—as *Royal Arch Masons* who have wrought on the Triangle at the re-building of the Second Temple, and brought to light treasures of inestimable value—and as *Sir Knights* who as Pilgrim Penitents in our Asylum have not only visited the sepulchre, but knelt around the sacred Delta and beheld the cross of our ascended Redeemer.

“These Sir Knights go from among us for a season as our immediate representatives, and we pray you as Officers and Sir Knights to extend to our beloved Subordinate, the Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandery and those associated with them from other States and other Commanderies, those fraternal greetings and that disinterested friendship and unbounded hospitality which ever has, and we hope and trust ever will, continue to adorn, distinguish and characterize our magnanimous Order, based upon Brotherly Love, Friendship and the Christian Religion.

“Throughout their perilous voyage by land and by sea, the officers of the R. E. Grand Commandery, its Subordinates and the individual Sir Knights will feel it to be their duty to pray *IMMANUEL, God with us*, to have the Illustrious Knights of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, and those fraters associated with them, in His most holy keeping, and in *due time* return the Sir Knights in peace and health to their families, their friends, their brethren and their Asylums, in which fond and loving hearts will greet them as weary, worn pilgrims, who having performed their pilgrimage, desire to rest and offer up their prayers and meditations at the shrine of their ascended Redeemer.”

The roster of the “Crusade” party was made up of the following Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, and of Commanderies of this and other jurisdictions, who took part in this remarkable pilgrimage:

Roster

Sir William Hamilton,	No. 35,	Eminent Commander.
Sir William H. Slack,	No. 35,	Generalissimo.
Sir Edward M. Jenkins,	No. 35,	Captain General.
Rev. Sir J. J. McIlyar,	No. 35,	Prelate.
Sir Michael Riley,	No. 4,	Treasurer.
Sir James A. Scholes,	No. 35,	Recorder.
Sir David A. Cook,	No. 28 (Ill.),	Senior Warden.
Sir Arusi Godfrey,	No. 17,	Junior Warden.
Sir Thomas J. Clepper,	No. 34,	Standard Bearer.
Sir Homer Laughlin,	No. 11 (Ohio),	Sword Bearer.
Sir Henry Church,	No. 25,	Warder.
Sir Will A. Short,	No. 2 (D. C.),	Marshal.
Rev. Sir W. V. Tudor,	No. 1 (D. C.),	} Chaplains.
Rev. Sir S. R. Gardner,	No. 28 (Ill.),	
Rev. Sir Chas. H. Dennison,		

Past Eminent Commanders

Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir A. M. Rambo, No. 34.

Members

Sir S. T. G. Morrell,	No. 1 (D. C.),
Sir J. B. Hauer,	No. 21,
Sir W. H. Thompson,	No. 1 (Del),
Sir John J. Fisher,	No. 25,
Sir Edward Coates,	No. 35,
Sir J. M. Cumming,	No. 7 (Ohio),
Sir Joseph F. Graham,	No. 7 (N. Y.),
Sir H. D. Reymer,	No. 35,
Hon. and Sir John Heath,	No. 35,
Sir J. L. Acomb, M.D.,	No. 30,
Sir Chas. M. Shepard,	No. 35,
Sir J. C. Hutchins,	No. 4,
Sir J. G. Bowen,	No. 1 (D. C.),
Sir R. H. Taylor,	No. 2 (D. C.),
Sir C. L. P. Boice,	No. 34,
Sir O. Gray,	No. 21,
Sir W. S. McKee,	No. 1,
Sir Wm. Hasson,	No. 25,
Sir J. J. Sprenger,	No. 13,
Sir Thomas L. Neale, M.D.,	No. 7 (Ohio),
Sir Wm. H. Devore,	No. 3,
Hon. and Sir Wm. A. Richardson,	Pilgrim Commandery, Mass.
Sir C. E. Coon,	St. Omer's Commandery, New York.
Sir M. R. Barnitzky,	Palestine Commandery, Mass.

Two other Sir Knights joined the pilgrimage whose names were not on the official roll, but I can not recall their names.

This body of Sir Knights gathered in Philadelphia, where they were royally entertained with knightly honors by that city. Mary Commandery acted as escort to the Crusaders to New York City, where, on June 3, 1871, we embarked on the steamer *Oceanic*, of the White Star Line, the second largest vessel at that time on the seas.

THE VOYAGE

This was the first time in my life I had boarded an ocean liner, hence was my first trip upon the great deep. I had made up my mind before embarking to make myself comfortable and not trouble myself about other people's business. I had paid my passage and secured my berth and gave no thought as to how the boat should be run, leaving that to the officers and crew. I made no calculation how long it would take the ship to make the voyage. I did not conjure up imaginary storms, nor ask how far we had gone each day or how many knots we had traveled.

A ship on the ocean is a world in miniature. The captain is king and all on board are subjects. All nationalities are represented on an ocean liner; caste and aristocracy have no place there, as all, in a sense, are on the same level, while sociability is the rule. There is no place in the world that brings a man face to face with God more than on the sea. One is filled with reverential awe as he realizes the Almightyness of the Supreme Architect of the Universe and man's insufficiency. One of our great musical composers found the ocean to be a mighty studio. During a terrible storm when the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring, while the waves rose mountain-high, this matchless genius caught a glimpse of the great Jehovah and there on the deck of the vessel amid Nature's uproar, he composed the oratorio, entitled "The Messiah."

I soon learned the regulations and customs of life aboard an ocean steamer and conformed to same. I found it a pleasant pastime to study human nature, especially when the passengers were seized with sea-sickness. Strange to say, I had no personal experience on that subject, but saw a great deal of it all around me; and from what I saw, I had reason to be thankful that my stomach had learned to behave itself in company. Sea-sickness is the most effectual emetic I ever saw and the most depressing, physically, mentally and morally. One man on board swore that he was unfit to live and wished some one would throw him overboard. That, however, would have been cruelty to the fishes of the deep. Only three of the Crusaders escaped, Rev. Tudor, Edward Coates and myself. I did not lose a meal on land or water during the entire trip.

Some amusing incidents occurred during the voyage. Dr. Tudor, of the Crusaders, member of the M. E. Church, South, and minister in one of the Conferences, and myself were always ready for our meals. One day we had a splendid dinner with but few persons to sit down at the table. After finishing the meal, we went on the upper deck and found a man by name of Morrell, from Washington, D. C., sitting wrapped up in a blanket. Rev. Tudor said, "Morrell, you should have been at dinner, it was grand." "Yes," I added, "it was splendid and I am full to the chin." Morrell looked up with a woeful expression and asked, "I would like to know why you preachers don't get sick." I said, "A good conscience and a good stomach." "Yes," replied he, "good devil; I never saw a preacher that could afford to be sick if there was anything to eat lying around."

We had a safe and pleasant voyage lasting eight days and landed at Queenstown. It was amusing to observe the custom officers in the performance of their duties. They reminded me of cross-eyed men cutting hoop-poles—while cutting one pole, are looking for another. These officers, with an eye to personal business, had one eye on your trunk and the other as to what was in it for them—the tip—from the pocket-book. A great crowd of people were at

the landing, as if they had been looking for our coming for some time. They had everything imaginable in the line of trinkets to barter and there was a Babel of confusion as they shouted out their wares. Before we reached the hotel I learned a little Irish wit. An Irishman came up to Dr. Tudor leading a small donkey. Rev. Tudor said to him, "Pat, what will you take for your donkey?" "Five shillings," said Pat, "and he is a darlint donkey at that." "I don't want your donkey," said Dr. Tudor, when the man became insistent. "You are an American gintleman," said Pat, "and what be you doing in this country without a donkey; and seeing you are an American gintleman, you may have the donkey for two shillings, and he is a very dacent donkey; he will neither kick nor bite and he'll slape in a corner." "Go away," Tudor said; "what would I do with a donkey, man?" "Put him in a cage," replied the Irishman, "and he will sing like a bird."

CORK

Leaving Queenstown, we proceeded to Cork, in Southern Ireland, a ride of sixteen miles. The "Shandon Bells" were rung in our honor. Walking up one of the principal streets of the city in company with Prof. W. H. Slack and Judge Heath, I was accosted by a fine-looking lady who said: "The blessings of the Lord God of me fathers be upon thee, and may ye live long to enjoy them. You are indade welcome back to Ireland." I thanked the good lady for her kind wishes and passed on, but it was fine sport for my associates, as the lady took me for a Catholic priest who had years before gone to America. That was the first blessing I received after landing on the "ould sod," but not the last one.

Historically, the city of Cork goes back to the seventh century of the Christian era, when, it is claimed, St. Finbar founded the city and erected a church and monastery and became its first bishop. Father Prout has made world-wide the name of this Irish city by his lyric "The Bells of Shan-

don." The steeple of St. Anne or Upper Shandon, in which hang the celebrated bells, is 140 feet high. The beginning of the church dates back to 1722. When the bells rung out for our reception, "Home, sweet Home," our hearts went back longingly and lovingly to our loved ones across the water. "The Last Rose of Summer" and several other familiar tunes rang out as a welcome to the "American gentlemen."

Masonically, Cork has the oldest Masonic Lodge in Ireland, the warrant bearing date February 1, 1731, being the oldest in England as well as Ireland. The lodge room is an ancient affair and contains some very interesting relics. The members of the craft extended to us every courtesy possible, represented by P. E. C. Sir Thomas Ware, who made a speech tendering to us the hospitalities of the city. We were shown a copy of an old "Breeches Bible," bearing date of 1576, and we were permitted to read in the third chapter of Genesis, seventh verse, the words: "Their eyes both were open and they saw that they were naked, and they sewed for themselves breeches out of fig leaves." The lodge also possesses the autograph medal and likeness of the first woman Mason known in the world, Mrs. Eliza Aldworth, who was initiated into the Order in 1736.

THE FIRST WOMAN MASON

The "Hon. Mrs. Aldworth," as she was known, was a descendant of a notable family, the second daughter of Arthur St. Leger, known in the annals of Ireland as Lord Doneraile, having been born in 1695, and was married to the Hon. Richard Aldworth of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, with whom she lived happily until her death in 1775, aged 80 years.

That which has made Eliza Aldworth conspicuous in Masonic annals is, that at that time she was the first and only woman in the world who had been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. It came about in this way: Lord Doneraile, her father, was a very active Mason

and held a warrant on his lands for a Lodge of Masons, No. 150, and occasionally opened Lodge at his own house, where he was assisted by his sons in exemplifying the teachings and mysteries of Freemasonry, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed and the business of the Craft more sincerely pursued than in that Lodge. It was found necessary to make some repairs in the house near the room where the meetings of the Lodge were held. Part of the repairs consisted in reducing the thickness of the wall, and finding herself in room next the Lodge room, curiosity led Eliza to open an aperture through the wall with her scissors, and hearing voices within, she looked into the Lodge room and witnessed the Initiatory Degree of Masons being conferred upon a candidate. Not satisfied with what she saw, she tarried until the Fellow Craft Degree was conferred, when, on seeking a way of escape, she was dumbfounded in finding that she must pass out through the apartment where the concluding part of the degree was being carried out. Seeing that the room was large, she made the attempt to escape, and gliding along quietly, she came to the outer door and opening it she was confronted by the surly Tyler, who, with drawn sword was on guard. Uttering a shriek she hastened on, but the Lodge was alarmed and all rushing for the door the members were informed that the girl had been in the room and witnessed the ceremonies. In the first paroxysm of rage and alarm 'tis said that her death was determined upon; but by the earnest appeals of her brother, her life was spared, on condition that she pass through the first two degrees of the Craft that she had witnessed, and this she agreed to do, and forthwith she was conducted through the ordeal that sometimes is more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the Craft a member who would afterwards reflect lustre in the annals of Masonry.

It might be added, that no truer Mason ever lived than Mrs. Aldworth. So highly did she think of the fraternity, and such veneration did she have for Freemasonry, that she

would not suffer it to be spoken of lightly in her hearing; nor would she touch on the subject but with greatest caution, even among those whom she knew to be Masons, fearing that she might, by inadvertence, commit a breach of Masonic duty.

The "Life" of this eminent woman was compiled in 1811, and a reprint was made in 1871 for the special benefit of the Crusaders.

BLARNEY CASTLE

No one ever visits Cork without taking a jaunting car out to Blarney Castle to see, if not to kiss, the famous "Blarney Stone." Our party made the trip and several "kissed" the "stone." This celebrated castle was erected in the middle of the fifteenth century and stands a mile from the village of Blarney. The remains consists of an immense donjon about 120 feet high. Twenty feet below the summit is a stone bearing the inscription—*Cormach Mac Carthy fortis mi fieri fecit. A. D. 1446.* This is the far-famed Blarney Stone.

As we approached the castle, a woman stood at the entrance and sung the praises of the stone:

"There is a stone there, that whosoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a ladies' chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament.

"A clever spouter he'll turn out,
Or an out-and-outer to be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a Pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

To kiss the stone, one must be held by the heels, and head downward he can manage to imprint the kiss upon the enchanted rock in the walls and ever after he is supposed to have persuasive powers, although there may be associated with it insincerity which the term "blarney" indicates,

neither honest or true. Prof. Slack, myself, A. M. Rambo and others enjoyed the blissful experience of imprinting the kiss on the stone.

ON TO KILLARNEY

Our kind reception at Cork was but a foretaste of the Masonic courtesy we were to receive in Ireland, Great Britain and everywhere on the Continent. Leaving Cork our way lay among castles and towns amid some of the finest scenery that the eye could take in. One place of note we visited that to all Pennsylvanians was intensely interesting, the town of Macroom with its castle, in which was born Admiral Penn, the father of William Penn. At Kenmore we were invited to visit the Church of the Holy Cross and Convent where we were entertained by the children with songs, and they in turn were delighted in having Prof. Slack sing. He sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and all the Sir Knights joined in the chorus, which very much astonished the Nuns who had never before heard the great song of America.

One feature of Ireland in summer is its short nights. When we were there (June) it was not dark at 9:30 and by 2:30 in the morning it was daylight, hence our sight-seeing was prolonged as the days came and went and we made good use of our time. Arriving at Killarney, we found our quarters, and on going into the market, I was accosted by an old woman whom I thought was going to kiss me, saying, "I thought you was my son Bob, and he is in America at a little town called St. Louis. Did you ever meet him?" Assuring her that I had not met her son, another woman came up and said, "Why, the gentleman is the very picture of your son Bob."

The Lakes of Killarney are beautiful and the ride thereon is delightful. Some of the finest echoes in the world are heard here. A cannon was fired in one place and the sound reverberated among the mountain gorges like the artillery of heaven. The bugler of the party sounded his instrument

and I never heard sweeter music in my life—it was simply marvelous. There are three lakes in the group, although the division between are so insignificant that they might be considered but one body of water. The mountains that surround the lakes are picturesque and inspiring. Numerous islands dot the lakes of Killarney—some of them most delightful spots. Ross Island contains 158 acres and belongs to the Earl of Kenmore. In it as well as most of the islands are the remains of ancient castles, the history of some being wrapped in uncertainty. Innisfallen Island is surpassingly beautiful and has an old castle of antiquity. One of the most interesting objects found among the lakes of Killarney, is Muckross Abbey, founded in 1440. Many other points of interest were visited, but as I am not writing history, I must desist and pass on.

Those passing through Ireland from the south to the north, are struck with the comparison of the two sections of the country. In the south there is poverty, ignorance and lack of thrift; in the north there is intelligence, prosperity, refinement. No finer class of men and women live anywhere than in the north of Ireland. "Gentlemen of Ireland" is a proverbial expression belonging to that portion of the island; and nowhere in our crusade did we find greater hospitality.

DUBLIN

The Mecca for tourists in Ireland, of course, is Dublin, 186 miles from Killarney. Our journey there was through places of more or less note; to some of which we gave a passing visit. A hundred points in our day's journey thrilled with ancient history and brought to mind many incidents of daring and suffering in the revolutions and wars that were carried on.

Railroads in Great Britain at that time were certainly far behind ours in equipment and conduct of trains and travel. Cars there are called "carriages", and hold six persons who sit facing each other, and the only door of entrance or egress is in the side—no passage from one carriage to an-

other. The term "conductor" as we know it is there called "guard," who is equipped in uniform, quite gaudy and imposing. The engineer is compelled to stand at the throttle, no seat being provided for him.

I had for years desired to visit Dublin, and after a pleasant ride from Killarney we arrived on Sabbath morning. It is a clean, handsome city with wide streets, while the squares are large and beautiful. However the beauty of this Irish city lies in its public buildings, which, in point of design, architectural taste and classic beauty are hard to find excelled. The most interesting building is St. Patrick's Cathedral, dating from the year 1190. Many monuments and tablets are here to be seen, among them the tombs of Dean Swift and Hester Johnston, the "Stella" of his poetry.

I attended a temperance meeting one evening and was surprised to find 2,000 people present. I was escorted to a seat upon the platform beside the president and secretary of the meeting. On being asked by the latter if I was accustomed to speak in public, and assuring him that I did speak publicly sometimes, I was introduced to the audience as a gentleman from the "greatest country on earth," and asked to make an address. For ten minutes I addressed that great throng of enthusiastic listeners, who, with Irish persistence would not allow me to take my seat, so gave them ten minutes longer; but still they were not satisfied and I was again prevailed upon and for the third time I talked temperance to that people. Following the meeting, I signed the pledge, that was engrossed in a certificate and presented to me, which I had framed and it hangs in my room as I write these words.

Our stay in Dublin was necessarily brief, but we were treated with uniform kindness. The Masonic fraternity gave us a banquet presided over by the Lord Mayor, who honored me the following morning by asking me to sit at his side while holding court.

BELFAST

Our journey to Belfast was interrupted by a most pleasant incident. At Innisfallen we were met by a large party of Masons who detached our car from the regular train and took possession of us bodily, notwithstanding our plans to go forward had been perfected. We were taken to the hotel where an elegant dinner had been prepared and the ladies were in waiting to decorate us with choice flowers. A yacht was in readiness to give us a twenty-mile ride on the lake and plenty of good cheer was dispensed on the boat and a most enjoyable trip was given us, finally landing us 20 miles distant from where our carriage was detached from the train where we found the car waiting us and we pushed on meeting our engagements on schedule time.

Londonderry was reached in time to have the hospitalities of the Craft tendered us in a lavish manner. This city is of considerable antiquity, an abbey having been founded here in 548 by St. Colomba. The most memorable event in the history of Londonderry was the siege which it sustained in 1689, so well known in the annals of Ireland and the world. The memory of Rev. George Walker, the intrepid governor of the city during the siege, is commemorated in fitting monuments and memorials. After visiting the "Giant's Causeway," we hastened on and found ourselves in the old city of Belfast.

We here reached the climax of Irish hospitality. As Sir Knight Rambo said, we were almost "killed with kindness." In visiting the places and "sights" of Belfast, we were completely in charge of Irish Masons who conducted us by carriages through the city and showed us every point of interest. One of the most elaborate banquets of our Crusade was given us by the Masonic fraternity of Belfast. Fully 500 Masons sat about the tables which were handsomely decorated. The banquet program was drawn up in the most artistic style, while the menu was the finest it is said ever given in the history of Irish Masonry. Of course there was for those who imbibed, the finest drinks and most costly,

while for those who were total abstainers there was plenty that was harmless. Some said that the hams were boiled in champagne to give the meat a peculiar flavor and color, but I cannot vouch for it. Some notable members of Irish Masonry were in attendance and many fine addresses were made. I was called upon to reply to one of the toasts.

GLASGOW

We were loathe to leave the hospitable city of Belfast, and indeed Ireland, where he had received so many courtesies, but time flies and we pushed on to Glasgow, the first Scottish town or place we were to visit. Glasgow has peculiar interest to the tourist, as here James Watts, the inventor, was born. Near Glasgow, about 40 miles distant, at Ayr is the birth-place of the celebrated poet, Robert Burns. The tower in which Wallace was confined is also at Ayr.

We were taken in charge by the Scottish brethren and tendered a delightful reception and banquet. On Sabbath morning we attended the U. P. Church where Dr. Wallace, the pastor, preached a special discourse in honor of the Crusaders. His text was, "And David returned to bless his house." It was an excellent and practical discourse and was delivered to an audience of 2,000 people. I was asked to make a few remarks, and in the evening was invited to preach, which I did.

EDINBURGH

Swiftly the time passed and out from Glasgow we started by way of Oban and Perth for Edinburgh. At Adrishaig, a rather amusing mistake was made. A large party of Highland ladies dressed in Highland costume met us at the landing with baskets in their hands, a representative of whom accosted Sir E. M. Jenkins, saying: "We have a committee here to welcome the 'Good Templars of America.'" Sir Knight Jenkins thanked the representative of the delegation, but informed her that we were not members of that organization, but Knights Templar, some of whom were not total

abstainers. The representative of the Highland ladies was much crest-fallen and we did not partake of the lunch that had been brought for our benefit.

Taking the Crinian canal at this place we steamed on toward Oban. We had fine opportunity for sight-seeing, even for walking, as we passed through 15 locks during the afternoon. We passed the birthplace of the poet, Thomas Campbell, or where he lived, and while passing the Whirlpool, one of our number recited Campbell's poem, beginning:

"As you pass through Jura's Sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh shun the gulf profound,
Where Corrineckan's surges roar."

Our reception into Perth was immense, so far as crowds were concerned. We could scarcely get into the hotel because of the press of people who had turned out to see our party. We were ordered to clothe ourselves in Templar dress and form in procession to be marched through the streets to the banqueting hall. But we found the streets so jammed with people that we could scarcely march at all. The jostling of the multitudes, the incongruous music of the band made the marching amusing, especially of our escort. The banquet was good, the main part of the menu being roast beef and mutton-chops. I responded to one of the toasts.

We were now on historic ground. We passed the battle-field of Culloden where Prince Charles' army was defeated in 1746. Here is the old seat of the Forbes' family—one of whom, General John Forbes is so intimately associated with Western Pennsylvania.

Stirling Castle is wrapped in obscurity, historically. It is one of the oldest of royal bourgs in Scotland and is noted for its long line of historic annals. From history we learn that William I died here, also William the Lion in 1214. Here James I resided after his return from captivity in England; and his son James II, who slew Douglass, was born here. James IV, of Flodden memory, also was born here

and was crowned in 1513. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned in 1543. The palace is an interesting place to visit—in fact to my mind the most interesting than anywhere to be found in Scotland. From the castle grounds we could see the famous battle-ground of Bannockburn.

I cannot stop to describe Edinburgh. It would take pages to do so. It is called "The Modern Athens," and the name is not a misnomer. The most interesting place to visit is Holyrood Castle, the seat of Scottish Royalty. It is associated with the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, in her checkered life.

To me the most interesting spot in all Edinburgh was the house in which John Knox lived—a three-roomed affair—which was provided for him in 1559, and there he resided until his death in 1572.

LONDON

Turning our faces toward London, we stopped en route at Melrose and Abbotsford where we passed through the mansion of Sir Walter Scott and observed its precious relics. On July 4th we were the guests of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Alton Towers. The Earl was one of the English Commissioners to settle the Alabama Claims, and hearing of the contemplated visit of the Knights, gave us the invitation previous to our leaving for the trip. It was a notable day and a great reception we met from the Earl. His private band and a company of Masons escorted us from the station to the Towers, where, beside the English flag, was flying the American colors. We were conducted through the spacious and most delightful grounds surrounding the palace. The banquet was what might be expected from the Earl and the address he delivered to us will never be erased from my memory.

All told, we spent thirteen days "doing" London; it would require four times thirteen days to "see" London. I will not attempt to tell what we did or what we saw in the

"Metropolis of the World." History tells the story. I have always wanted to see London, and we saw as much of it as our limited time would allow.

For Queen Victoria I have always had great regard, but I witnessed an incident at New Castle station that gave me a higher regard for the great and good Queen. She was on her way to Scotland and had to take the cars at New Castle. At the station the guards laid a carpet from the door of the waiting room to the car she was to enter to walk upon. On seeing it, her Majesty asked what that was for. On being told that it was laid for her to walk upon, she said, "Take it up," and walked upon the floor of the platform to her train.

There are many things about England I like. Her observance of the Sabbath is better than in the United States. I hardly felt myself away from home while in England, as they have so much in common with ourselves. But when one goes on the Continent, he feels different—that he is away from home.

THE CONTINENT

We left London July 8 for the Continent reaching Antwerp in the evening, where the greatest attraction is the cathedral of Notre Dame with its finest of Ruben's paintings, "The Descent from the Cross." Everywhere in this city we find the name of Rubens honored and every Antwerpian is proud of the great artist. Brussels was our next stop and the battle-ground of Waterloo was visited. But little remains of the contour of the original ground, much of it having been changed. The most conspicuous object upon the celebrated field is a colossal Belgic lion which is mounted on an artificial mound, 425 feet in diameter and 150 feet high. We visited the house where the grand ball held in honor of the Duke of Wellington took place on the eve of Waterloo. Although the great English chieftain knew

that Napoleon was approaching, he would not allow the ball to be postponed. Byron has immortalized that ball by his well known poem, "The Eve of Waterloo."

Brussels is Paris in miniature. When I read Mark Twain's description of the market in Brussels I thought the picture was overdrawn when he spoke of the dogs and dog carts until I saw for myself. The fact is, there is very little exaggeration in Twain's books of travel.

At Cologne we visited the church of Ursula and were horrified to see on the inner wall 11,000 skulls, said to have been those of virgins. The principal thing about Cologne is "The House of Perfumery" where cologne is made and sold.

A ride on the Rhine is one of the events of a continental tour. When we started up the famous river, I was disappointed; it could scarcely compare with our Allegheny. But as we steamed onward, the Allegheny faded in the comparison and the Hudson loomed up as its rival, and for quite a distance the Hudson continued to stand unrivaled, in our opinion by any river in the world. A German gentleman on the boat said to one of our party, "You have seen the Hudson." "Yes," said the American, "and it surpasses the Rhine." "You have not seen the Rhine yet," replied the German. And it was true. Every mile we ascended the view became more romantic and the scenery more beautiful, and finally the glorious Hudson is lost in the overwhelming beauties that spread out before our enraptured vision. There may be rivers more romantic than the Rhine, scenery more beautiful, but the tourist has not as yet discovered them.

The city of Weisbaden with its notoriety for gambling was visited on July 14. Nature has made it a paradise, but men have made the city a hell. I remember when a boy on hearing of a Dutchman who came to a boiling spring, and said to the boy, "Drive on, John, hell is not a half mile from this place." When I looked into the gambling dens and saw old men and boys, women and girls at the gaming tables I thought of the Dutchman. We were glad to leave the city.

Worms and Heidelberg are intimately associated with

Martin Luther and Melancthon. Baden-Baden and Strasburg were visited and on we went. The effects of the Franco-German War were seen at the latter place which was besieged by the Germans and captured on September 27, 1870, the very date on which it surrendered 189 years before to Louis XIV and became French. The cathedral of Strasburg has no equal in beauty in the world, but its story cannot be told here. Its greatest curiosity is the clock, the wonder of mechanism.

Our stay in Switzerland was brief. Leaving the cars we crossed the Alps in coaches drawn by horses. It was a tiresome journey of 38 miles from early morning until 5 P. M. when we arrived at Splugen, and two hours later we had reached the summit of this great mountain range where the members of the party indulged in the pastime of snowballing each other. This was on the 20th of July. The descent into Italy was dangerous—in fact the road is called "The Dangerous Way," and never was a road more appropriately named.

After traveling the greater portion of the night, we arrived at Como, Italy, at 2 A. M. Who has not heard of the beauties and glories of Lake Como and its magnificent "sun-rises?" In blissful anticipation, we waited the coming of the "god of day," only to be bitterly disappointed. The sun came up and the heat came down and we found that all the beautiful things that we had heard of this famous body of water were nothing more than artistic fancy.

ITALY

A number of our party had turned away from the regular Crusader's route and visited the Passion Play, but joined us at Milan. From the latter city we passed on to Venice where we met with a hearty reception. Of all the receptions tendered us since leaving New York, this excelled them all; it was simply indescribable. Twelve gondolas with twelve singers were placed at our service, and as we passed along the grand canal we were met with a perfect ovation. Gondolas by the

hundreds lined the route of the procession, while men swam by our gondolas and little children could be seen crawling up out of the water like so many muskrats and seating themselves on the steps of the houses. The incidents associated with our entrance to the "Bride of the Sea" were enjoyable as well as amusing. Our stay in a city that has no track of man, no footsteps leading to and fro, but whose path lies over the sea invincible, was most delightful. It is a city filled with curiosity; no horses, no cabs, no earth. One must enter by water and leave it the same way. If one wants to visit his neighbor he must do it by gondola—in fact all business must be carried in the same manner. Of what we saw, the places we visited, cannot be told in this connection.

Much has been written and said concerning Italy, some of the statements being somewhat exaggerated. One thing we did find true: "Fleas are abundant." Where there are dogs there will be fleas. In Italy every "first-class" lady has at least two poodle-dogs with her when she walks or rides. "Second-class" ladies have at least one poodle. Sitting at the hotel in Florence we counted three dogs to every two ladies that passed. In an ice cream parlor waiting for our order, I realized that some "live things" were upon our person; and on looking around I saw eight ladies sitting about the tables and 12 dogs reclining on the floor or chairs. It is a common remark with ladies when they meet, "Has your poodle many fleas?"

ROME

July 29, 1871. We were now in Rome, and one desire of my life had been gratified. Of what Rome contains I cannot speak—a volume could not fittingly describe the places of interest. On Sunday morning we attended services in St. Peter's Cathedral, but none of us kissed the great toe of St. Peter. Rome where Paul preached and died, what memories poured in upon us! We stood in amazement amid the ruins of the Coliseum, the truest type of Rome's magnificence and Rome's decay. It is said to have had seating

capacity of 87,000 people and that it required 60,000 Jews 16 years to erect it. It was inaugurated in the year 87 and 5,000 animals and 10,000 captives were slain in honor of the event, the festivities lasting 100 days.

I have stated in another place, that it was my privilege and pleasure to preach in Rome—said to have been the first Protestant sermon since the occupation of the city by Victor Emanuel. The preaching place was in the hotel dining-room and 80 people were present, besides those who peeped in at the doors and windows.

VESUVIUS AND POMPEII

We came, we saw, but did not conquer Rome. We revelled amid its ancient ruins and here and there caught but a glimpse of the "Eternal City." We walked upon the Appian Way and thought of the great Apostle to the Gentiles who passed along this great highway to his "own hired house" where, for two years, he preached the everlasting gospel of the Son of God.

We left Rome August 1, at 10 P. M., preferring to travel at night, it being cooler, although the days were not uncomfortable, not more than 87 degrees at any time we were in Italy. About three in the morning Vesuvius came in view—"The Almighty's Great Melting Pot." As we drew near the sight was awe inspiring. To see the top of the mountain lifting itself up towards the heavens like a mighty smoke stack of God's own creation, sending up a continual cloud of smoke and ashes, and occasionally flame. Looking out upon the stillness of the night and the beauty of the Mediterranean Sea, as it lay quietly along the base of the ever burning mountain, under the light of a full moon, the scene was grand. The question came up in our mind, when and by whom was this fire kindled? For more than 1,700 years has this mountain been pouring forth smoke, ashes and flame. When God kindles a fire who shall put it out?

Naples is the largest city in Italy, over 600,000 souls, beautifully situated, yet one of the filthiest cities we have seen. The customs of the people are about the same now as they

were two thousand years ago; still carry all the water for the use of the city on donkeys, and on their own heads, although the facilities for watering the city are excellent, yet they prefer to carry the water in kegs and jugs. In Rome the people are exceedingly quiet and you might call Rome the city of the dead. In Naples they are all life and noise and stir, although they say there is a great deal more animation in Rome now than there was before Victor Emanuel entered.

There seems to be more refinement in Rome than in Naples. It is a common thing in Naples to see children, from eight to twelve years of age, walking about the streets and lying on the pavement perfectly naked. It is the most vulgar city we have ever visited. The sewage of the city is very poor. The air is impure, and sickness must be the result. We saw a great many funerals, but no carriages, horses, or weeping relations. Every parish has its society to bury the dead. When a person dies, those having charge of the parish in which the death occurs will repair to the place of the dead after dark, the corpse will be laid on a bier, carried by four men dressed in white gowns, white caps and a mask over their faces, with holes made for the eyes and noses; four more men, dressed in a similar style, carrying burning lamps, followed by some six others, all dressed as aforesaid, comprise the funeral cortege. The body is taken to the church of the parish, and at twelve o'clock at night is conveyed from the church to the tomb, while the relatives remain at home.

On the morning of the 3rd, we took carriages at five A. M. for Pompeii and Vesuvius, a distance of fourteen miles. We had a paved street for about ten miles, which made the ride pleasant so far, but the balance of the road was covered with dust to the depth of two or three inches; in due time, however, we arrived at the long-buried city of the dead. Of all the places we have visited, to me this one was fraught with the deepest interest. It seemed as if the spirit of the ancient world had arisen to rebuke the pride and vanity of its successors. Here we have the palaces, houses and shops, and

streets, precisely as they existed two thousand years ago. In one room we saw the skeleton of the owner lying on his face. It is said he had a key in one hand and golden ornaments in the other, which were removed to the museum, but the skeleton remains where it fell some seventeen hundred and ninety-two years ago. We passed through the cellar where was found the skeleton of his wife, laden with jewels, and her children and attendants. We saw the prints of three bodies on the cellar wall. The bodies are in another room in a petrified state. The numbers on the houses, signs and paintings are legible as need be. There stands the cooking stove in the kitchen just where it stood eighteen hundred years ago. There is the bread and the honeycomb, the figs and the prunes, the towel and the dish-cloth, the pots and the kettles. I could have lingered here in these streets, and rooms and cellars for many hours, and yet there was an awful sense of loneliness. It seemed as though the original owner and inhabitant might confront me in some of these rooms or cellars and charge me as an intruder. The stillness of death reigns save the scratching and scampering of lizards, of which the whole place seems to be alive; one can scarcely walk without treading on lizards. The evidences of the licentiousness of the Pompeians is as clearly seen to-day as the sign, the bake house or the fountain in the street.

But we must not linger here longer. Vesuvius must be visited and a view of Herculaneum must be had before the day passes. We returned to the place where Herculaneum once stood, now covered with a city of another name; descending some sixty or seventy feet we are brought into the Herculaneum theatre, which has been excavated and is in a perfect state of preservation. The next great thing to be done was to ascend the mountain. Ponies had been secured for this purpose. Then the question arose how many valiant Sir Knights were going to ascend. Then came a scene of self-examination as to the physical ability. The day was warm, but not above eighty-six degrees. After counting heads it was found that seventeen Knights were mounted upon as many ponies, and prepared to scale the burning

mountain, while the remaining Knights seated themselves in the carriages and rode back to the hotel. Of all the thousands that visit Pompeii and Vesuvius, there are but few that go to the top of the mountain. The wear and tear of constitution and clothing is considerable, perhaps the greater danger is in becoming overheated, as a part of the way must be performed on foot, and that with great labor. Of the seventeen that went up nearly all gained the height. I shall only name those of Allegheny who accomplished the feat. Prof. W. H. Slack and Edward Coates stood in the midst of the smoke, ashes and hot lava. They all returned, save the loss of boots, and the experience of having performed the hardest labor of their lives.

HOMeward BOUND

Returning from Naples to Rome, we turned towards home by way of Pisa and Leghorn and stopped for the night in Genoa, a city of great antiquity, having existed before Rome, and for several centuries was the capital of a great commercial republic. Here America's discover, Christopher Columbus, was born; here the finest silk velvets are made. We visited the Chapel of St. John the Baptist in which, strange to say, no female is permitted to enter except one day of the year. Here we saw a dish, said to be the one on which the Lord ate the Last Supper. It was presented to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba and preserved in the Temple. It was supposed to be emerald, and considered so valuable that the Jews loaned the Geonese 50,000,000 francs upon it. However, it was taken by Napoleon to France and remained in Paris until 1815 when it was broken and revealed the fact that it was nothing but glass which caused the people of the city to lose faith in its value.

From Genoa we passed on to Turin and from thence over the Alps to Geneva, the first stronghold of Protestantism, where John Calvin preached in 1539, and we had the opportunity of sitting in the chair where he sat. History informs us that Calvin reached the city of Geneva in 1536. He was

an extraordinary man, well versed in political as well as ecclesiastical affairs. By his sole power he became absolute dictator and was termed the "Pope of Protestantism," and no policy of state was carried out without his consent.

Paris was our next destination, and we pushed on not knowing just what our reception would be owing to the Franco-German War. We were told doleful stories of the place; that we could not get any horses to convey us from the station to the hotel as all had been eaten during the siege. We found Paris in terrible condition, broken down walls and desolation everywhere as the result of war and insurrection. We spent ten days here and admired its beautiful buildings and gardens and parks and boulevards. But of all the cities we visited none were so vile and vicious as this. It is no wonder that punishment came to a people who disregard all precepts of morality and godliness.

A few days more in London, a visit to Shakespeare's home and then to Liverpool where we re-embarked for America, glad in our own hearts that soon we would hail our loved ones in the best country on God's earth.

XVII

TRAVELING A ROCKY ROAD

The few months I remained at Wesley Chapel following my return from abroad were spent pleasantly, the Lord having blessed the church with a gracious revival. The church met its responsibilities faithfully and I was enabled to take a good report to Conference. Previous to my going to Conference I said to my Presiding Elder—Brother L. R. Beacom—that I was under the necessity of asking for a change of work—not that I disliked the people or that the people were dissatisfied with me—but wholly on account of the place of living, the parsonage being opposite the railroad tracks where there was a continual shifting of trains during all hours of the day and night, that seriously affected my wife whose health at that time was failing. The Elder said that I must go back, but I said, “No, that I regard the health of my wife above anything else in the world, and I must have a change.”

Nothing more was said. The Conference met at North Avenue, Allegheny City, March 13, 1872, with Bishop Simpson presiding. When my Elder seemed to have no regard for my wishes and consideration for my wife’s physical condition, I did, what I had never done before—placed my case in the hands of another Presiding Elder—Dr. D. L. Dempsey—to whom I related the circumstances as already referred to. I made of him no request for any special appointment; neither had I made such a request of Brother Beacom.

UNION CENTENARY CHURCH

When Bishop Simpson announced the appointments, my name was connected with the Union Centenary Church, situated in what is known as Sharpsburg, with Etna located

across the creek. I did not preach in my new charge the first Sabbath after Conference, owing to the fact that the trustees were installing new lighting fixtures, but preached in Christ M. E. Church. On the second Sabbath R. L. Miller, the Presiding Elder, preached and conducted the communion of the Lord's Supper. At the first Quarterly Conference, the estimating committee brought in the report of \$1,200 for the pastor's support (they had paid my predecessor Dr. E. M. Wood, \$1,000). The Elder said that the amount estimated by the committee was much less than I had been getting. Then turning to me, he asked, "How do you like that?" I said, "Perhaps it is all they feel able to pay; but I prefer to let the congregation set the salary by a voluntary subscription, as there may be those in the church who are displeased with my being sent here as the preacher and I do not want anyone to be assessed by the Board of Stewards who does not want to pay me."

I had already learned that there were "wolves in sheep's clothing" in my fold. On the Sabbath previous to the Quarterly Conference when I first made my appearance, I was early, and sat down in the lecture room. I heard two men talking and they did not notice me—one of whom was William Moyle. "We are beat this time," said his associate. Moyle replied, "We will make it hot for him." I was under the impression from what I already knew of the opposition to my coming, that I was the subject of their conversation; and without giving these pious brethren any intimation that I had heard their conversation, I arose and walked up stairs. I had never seen either of the brothers nor had they, to my knowledge, seen me, but Moyle had written a letter to the Bishop stating that they would not receive a preacher who belonged to the "bloody Masons."

Dr. R. L. Miller, my Presiding Elder, was an able preacher, logical, and sound in doctrine. He was a fine executive officer, clear headed and a friend of his preachers. While passing through the fire that subsequently was to try me on this charge, Brother Miller was my loyal and staunch friend. I had, with but few exceptions, a most excellent

Official Board at Union Centenary: Jacob Covode, E. P. Thomas, Thomas Jones, A. G. Williams, Edward Patterson, James Saint, Jason Seavey and Samuel Sutters, were some of the men who composed this board, and they were present at this Quarterly Conference.

Brother Covode said he would like to see my plan tried, but was afraid I would not get \$500, whereas I should have at least \$1,200. I said: "Brethren, I don't care if I get but \$5.00. If the church does not want me; decent sinners will see that I do not suffer. I will not allow anyone to be coerced by assessing him for my support."

The Quarterly Conference agreed to my plan of self-assessment and after preaching two weeks, the stewards handed cards to everybody who came into the church and at the close of the service I called attention to the cards, saying, "On entering the church this morning, you were met by an obstruction, a member of the Board of Stewards, who handed you a card which will speak for itself. The stewards want the cards back in two weeks, either filled out with your assessment for the pastor's support or in blank. If any do not want to fill out the card, return it to the collection baskets." In two weeks the cards were returned, amounting to nearly \$1,700, and \$50 paid. The stewards were dumbfounded, and at the next meeting of the Board they fixed my support at \$1,500 and it was paid promptly.

One of the cards returned read as follows:

"For a pure, clean gospel, \$20. For an impure gospel, mixed with evil associations, nothing.

William Moyle."

As stated in his letter to the Bishop, Moyle's objection to me was based on my affiliation with secret societies. I had joined the Washingtonians in 1840, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in 1850, the Masons in 1852. At this time I was not only a member of the Odd Fellows and a Blue Lodge Mason, but was a Royal Arch Mason, a Knight Templar, a Rechabite, a Good Templar, a Son of Temperance, a member of the Consistory of Scotland, a Teetotaler

of Dublin and a Knight of Malta. Moyle kept up a continual warfare against me, although I tried by all honorable means to conciliate him, but to no purpose. The Official Board refused longer to bear with him, whereupon charges were preferred against him and he was expelled from the church. Subsequently, Moyle tried to unite with Butler Street and Bingham Street churches but failed; finally he was admitted at Bellevue from which, however, in after years he was expelled. He professed to live without sin and was an adherent of the "higher life."

UNDER THE SHADOWS

I am come to a point in this brief review of my life over which I would throw the mantle of silence, if it were not for the fact that there are those still living who might construe my silence as evasive of a subject on which I was afraid to throw any light, or, who might infer that I felt I was in the wrong and wished to keep it in the background. Still I am loathe to refer to that phase of my experience that had to do only with Union Centenary Church, for it is difficult to discuss it without giving names of those who did me a great wrong, and by wronging me, wronged my family and the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. However, as nearly all who conspired against me to my injury are in eternity, and I might cause pain to the friends who remain, I shall refrain from giving names, except possibly in an occasional instance. A few who were conspicuous in their persecution of myself (as it was persecution, pure and simple) have apologized for the part they took in the conspiracy, while Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, has pursued others with a heavy hand.

As already referred to, my appointment to Union Centenary met with a protest, the first in my life in any charge to which I was sent, from a coterie of anti-Masons, who, being prejudiced against all secret societies in general, were prejudiced against me before they had seen me or heard me preach. Several withdrew from the church or were ex-

pelled, while others remained therein who kept up an espionage upon my administration therefore aiding in every way possible the conspirators outside the walls of Zion.

My term of three years was drawing to a close. Blessed revivals had crowned our labors; \$1,100 of an indebtedness had been met, the congregations were largely increased and a great Sunday school had been gathered. The services of the church were deeply spiritual and harmony existed among the children of God. But "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord." The opposition that had followed me from my first appearance there and smouldered all these years centralized in a trumped up bill of charges of maladministration and I was hailed before the bar of the Conference. I was prepared to meet every charge and all the specifications and was enabled to disarm my enemies at every turn they took. Robert Hopkins, one of the veterans of the Conference, assumed the role of counsel for the Church, whose procedure and spirit manifested in prosecuting the case against me was so marked, as if I had been the greatest criminal on earth, and was far from brotherly. To my friends it appeared that the purposes of the prosecution were vindictive rather than purification, and the spirit shown seemed to verify that belief and opinion.

I had been too long an administrator of the Discipline and knew too well the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church to err in my rulings and decisions, and each specification relative to maladministration proved to be a "rope of sand" that was broken during the hearing before the Select Number at Conference, which met at Alliance, Ohio. Without going into details concerning the hearing, I wish simply to state, that I was completely vindicated by the Committee of Fifteen of my peers, not one specification of the bill of charges having been proven. What my enemies could not do by inuendoes, vituperation and attacks upon my reputation and character from behind, they attempted to do by the

despicable method of arraigning me before the Church and world on charges that had not the remotest foundation of fact.

Several references to the case were made at the time by the secular press; however, but one can be noted in this connection, an item published in the *Pittsburg Chronicle*:

“REV. McILYAR’S CASE.

ALLIANCE, O., March 22, 1875.—The readers of the *Chronicle* will remember an article published in it a few days ago, in regard to the Rev. J. J. McIlyar, of Sharpsburg. It stated that he was being cited to trial for misconduct while acting as pastor of Union Centenary M. E. Church, Sharpsburg. The charges were mal-administration, unministerial conduct and lying. Having heard the charges, it is due a good and true man that the public should have the result of the investigation. The case came before the Conference regularly, and showed the facts to be these: An incipient rebellion was inaugurated by certain parties when Rev. McIlyar was appointed to his work three years ago. When the good of the church required it, these refractory parties were duly expelled from the church. Their rebellion then assumed what the Committee conceived to be an ungodly and unprincipled persecution, that culminated in the ecclesiastical trial just closed before the Conference. The witnesses showed the charges to be absolutely without foundation. In Union Centenary charge there are 375 members, yet the prosecutors had to get men from another congregation to sign the bill of charges.

Of these 375 members the prosecutors had but one, Miss Hickey, on the stand, and her evidence was rather against than in their favor. Rev. McIlyar as is well known throughout most of the Conference is a positive man. While his positiveness repels undecided characters, it attracts the good and true. He has been a successful minister for more than twenty years.

During that time he has received more than 2,000 persons in his church on probation, and never stood higher, or was loved more by his brethren in the ministry than he is to-day. It is due the prosecution to say that the Committee found Rev. McIlyar guilty of one of the specifications under the head of “unministerial conduct.” It was that of imparting the Masonic grip to the throat of a man on the streets of Sharpsburg. This the Rev. McIlyar never denied. The Committee, after understanding the provocation, find the unministerial part of that transaction to have been his failure to cane him while he had him by the throat.

S. M.”

The "grip" alluded to in the closing paragraph of the above communication admittedly was somewhat "unministerial." But when one's immediate family is made the subject of a grossly insulting remark, as was in this case, a man of honor could not have done otherwise than lay hold of the insulter's throat and pinion him up against the wall of a building until his face took on a sombre hue.

The sequel of this whole farce, was the binding in closer bonds the friendship of my friends in the Conference, in the church and in the world, who stood nobly by me as I passed under the shadows. The purpose to humiliate me failed miserably, as hundred of letters came pouring in upon me expressing the confidence in my ministry and Christian character. I cared not for myself for the unjust imputation heaped upon me, but for my family, the church I served and the cause of God in the world, I did care. Nearly all who tried to make rough my way at Union Centenary are in their graves; they have rendered unto the Supreme Judge an account of what they have done, while I still live, blessed be God, and have the love of my brethren in the ministry and the prayers of the Church of God. I bear no ill will against any man or woman who conspired against me to my hurt, but rather regard them with a sense of pity that they should have allowed themselves to be misled by a few fanatics who were guided by vindictive prejudice against principles rather than against me. The wounds have healed and my hopes of heaven were never brighter as the sun of my life is nearing the western horizon. And when the final summons comes I expect to find the Boatman ready to row me over the stream and land my enfranchised spirit in the peaceful abodes of the blessed.

FRIENDSHIPS

The trials that beset me at Union Centenary made for me strong friendships that have lasted. A better Official Board could not have been found anywhere. Individually and as a body they were firm supporters of my administration. To

name them all is impossible; however, a few were so conspicuously loyal to me that I cannot refrain from naming them.

"Tommy" Jones, as he was familiarly known, a Welshman, was one of my warmest friends. He was a local preacher and very acceptably preached the Word of God. As a singer, he was known widely throughout the Conference, and his sweet songs ring in my ears today as I write these lines. He was always at his post, Sabbath and at the mid-week service his presence and services brought cheer to the heart of the pastor. He had a rich experience, and it was a delight to hear him relate it.

James Saint, quiet and unassuming in his church life, was a bulwark in the church, responsive to every call for money and a true friend of the preacher. No better family ever lived than the Saint's and their influence in the community has been salutary.

Edward Patterson was an active worker in the church, a friend of the preacher and devoted to the cause. James Forsaith was a good supporter of the church and his family quite active in its services. The Keil family were my staunch friends, although some belonged to the Lutheran Church. George Keil was a great big-hearted fellow who gave me much support along musical lines. Too soon he was cut off, but is now praising God in the heavenly choir.

I found in the Williams' family an especially strong support. John and Andrew G. were members of my Official Board and royally did they stand by me. I found Andrew G. toiling in a mill, having a good trade, but I believed there was something better for him, as he possessed a bright mind and had a manly appearance. After removing to Butler I induced Brother Williams to enter the profession of law and he was received into one of the most prominent firms of Butler county. His native ability and suave manner won him friends and it was only a few years until he stood as one of the brightest members at the Butler bar. He entered the field of politics and served in county positions, and then was elected to the State Senate where he served his State accept-

ably. Not only in public life has Brother Williams filled an important niche, but in church life he has taken a prominent part, officially and otherwise, for years being the leader of the choir. As a Mason he is high in the fraternity, a bright light continually burning, illuminating the world about him. In my hour of trial, Andrew G. Williams was like Jonathan, exhibiting a friendship for me equally as strong as that shown by the son of Saul for the youthful David. May God bless him! No truer man ever lived than he, true to God, true to the church, true to his family and true to his friends.

SHADOWS THICKEN

For some time the health of my wife had been failing, and at the close of my term at Union Centenary there came a complete breakdown, and during my attendance at Conference she lay ill in Allegheny, at the kind and hospitable home of William Hamilton, where every attention possible was shown her. Her physician lived in the city, and to be near him, she was taken into this home. The illness of my wife and the strain of the unjust attack made upon me by my enemies made my burdens heavy and harder to bear.

The Conference met at Alliance, Ohio, in March of 1875, with Bishop Thomas Bowman presiding. I made no request of my Elder for an appointment, except that I be sent within easy reach of the city, as my wife, if she recovered, could not be moved for some months, and it was necessary that she be within call of her physician. On Saturday of Conference, Dr. R. L. Miller, my Elder, came to me and said that the people at Bellaire, Ohio, had asked for me, and that the Bishop intended sending me there. Dr. Miller was as true as steel to his preachers, and protested against this change owing to the condition of my wife, saying that it would be impossible for me to serve the charge, and he suggested that I speak to the Bishop myself. In all my ministerial career I had never approached a Bishop relative to my appointment, and was loathe to do so at this time, but I felt in justice to myself that I should lay

the matter before the presiding officer. I called on Bishop Bowman and told him that Bellaire was a good appointment and under ordinary conditions I would be pleased to be sent there; but owing to the serious condition of my wife I felt that I could not do justice to the work so far distant from the city, as my presence was needed at the bedside of my invalid wife, and requested that if he could appoint me to a charge in close reach of the city at least I could serve my appointment until my wife could be moved and still be with her as much as possible.

I have had for the Bishops of our church greatest respect, but the answer I received from Bishop Bowman astounded me. He said, "There are lots of preachers who have sick wives and make that an excuse for not going to appointments;" and he spoke the words very snappishly, as if he were annoyed by such a request. Of course the Bishop's reply and the spirit in which he made it hurt me very much. I said, "Bishop, I don't know whether you have a wife or not, or what you think of a wife, but I want to assure you that I care more for the life and comfort of my wife than for any appointment in your power to give." To this the Bishop replied: "Well, I suppose the presiding elders think enough of you to take into consideration your interests," and, rising, he left the room.

I do not wish it to be construed that I speak disrespectfully of Bishops in general, but I do contend that I was not shown the brotherly consideration by Bishop Bowman that one would expect from a man in his position. No matter what a man's position is or what authority is delegated to him as an administrator of civil or church government, he should manifest toward those who are confronted with providential difficulties a spirit of human kindness. There was no occasion for Bishop Bowman to answer me as he did, and my heart was sad enough as it was.

BUTLER

When the assignments were made, I was sent to Butler, the county-seat of Butler county. I went at once to my

work and had to seek a house to live in. My wife was not able to be moved, but I had to have a house in which to put my goods. The only house that was at all available belonged to a Mr. McCandless, and the rent was \$450 a year. When it is understood that the church paid Brother Swan but \$900 the year previous, the outlook was not the brightest when half of the salary had to go toward paying house rent. Mr. McCandless was a very nice man, though not a member of my church, and agreed to give \$50 toward the pastor's salary if I rented the house. I moved my goods in and fixed up the house, but was unable to move my wife into it until June.

I found a new church at Butler, dedicated the year previous, on which there was a debt of \$9,000 and a notice on the property that it would be sold on the 10th day of June unless the claim or lien was satisfied. When the church was dedicated by Bishop Simpson, the claim was made that the subscriptions taken were sufficient to cover the indebtedness. Church subscriptions on day of dedication remind me of a bed in which I once slept. It was a cold night and when I went to bed, I found the covers too short—if I pulled the covers up around my neck, my feet were exposed to the chilly atmosphere; if I covered up my feet, my shoulders were bare. I never got hold of a church subscription list that did not put me in mind of that bed—too short at both ends.

My first work, therefore, upon entering this pastorate was to save the church from being sold by unpaid creditors; in fact my first year was given principally to this business, meeting the liens and judgments against the church. To meet these claims, I had to fall back on the unpaid subscriptions left from the dedication. Some claimed that they had not subscribed; others that they could not pay. One man had subscribed \$100 and paid \$50 on it, and when I asked him to pay the balance to lift a lien on the church,

he said, "No good, no good." I then asked him for his note for 90 days, which he gave me, and I got it cashed at the bank, and when it came due the brother was very angry, but he had to meet it. The next Sunday he was not at church, and I missed him the second Sunday. Meeting him during the week, I said, "I have not seen you at church lately." "No good, my hearing is bad," but I knew well enough what had made his hearing bad. I scarcely got one bill paid until another would be entered against the church. Realizing that I would have trouble in meeting these obligations, I asked Judge Bredin to give me a jury, which he did, whereupon I put the church under the seven year rental law and stopped the squeezing procedure of the creditors. After that was done I received a letter from a gentleman in Pittsburgh who had furnished the glass for the church, stating that he held a claim of \$500 against the church and would be glad if I could assist him in getting his money. I had a man in the church who was fully able to pay his bills, who had subscribed \$1,000 on the day of dedication, but who denied to me that he had made such subscription. He had to his credit \$500, which he claimed he donated to the church, but had not subscribed. I knew that the brother had publicly promised the \$1,000, and I wrote the glass man to send his bill to an attorney and have him levy on the balance of this man's subscription. Shortly after writing the letter, I was standing at the door of my house when the brother whose subscription I had caused to be levied upon came up, driving a fine span of horses, and shouted, "Hello." "What can I do for you," I asked. "Why," said he, "them infernal trustees had me sued for \$500 for my subscription to the church, and I never subscribed one cent." "That could not be," I replied, "if you never subscribed. They could not collect anything from you." "Well, I never did, and I will make them trustees smoke for it," he answered. "Brother," I said, "don't be too hasty blaming the trustees, for I do not believe they had anything to do with it." "How

in the name of the Pope of Rome could Nelson have known that I still owed \$500 on my subscription," he remarked. Nelson, however, got his money for the glass and the dear brother never knew how it all came about.

Notwithstanding the discouraging situation I found at Butler, so far as the finances of the church were concerned, I look back to my pastorate there with great satisfaction as well as pleasure. The church debt was reduced, the congregations were increased and one of the most spiritual revivals I ever had crowned my labors, two hundred and twenty-five souls having been converted. Some of the best workers in the church there and elsewhere were converted at at this meeting. A large class of young men came into church who took active part in church work. One of them became an acceptable minister in the Pittsburgh Conference—S. W. McCurdy. I cannot explain, but nevertheless it is a fact, that in my revivals the Lord gave me more men than women. I do not hold for a moment that a man's soul is more valuable than a woman's—far from it—but as women are more susceptible to Christian influences, and naturally are more inclined to religion than men, their conversion is expected, since their minds are not so engrossed with the business of the world as men, while at the same time they are less inclined toward unbelief, as it is very seldom one will find a woman who is an infidel. Woman, who was last at the Cross and first at the Sepulcher, generally is first to respond to the invitations of grace.

There is generally some incident during a revival, such as we had at Butler, that is recalled with pleasure. I referred above to the brother who had become offended because I had secured his personal note for \$50, the balance of his subscription and whose hearing very suddenly became so bad that he could not attend church. During this revival his wife came to the altar and was gloriously blessed and her sons followed and all were converted while my good brother recovered his hearing and was happily blessed. One

evening I gave an opportunity for testimony. A large audience was present. My old brother arose and said: "I want to talk a leetle. I thought our breacher was after the fleece and not after the flock, but it was the devil dat was in me. I stay away from de church and de breacher say to me one day, 'I seen you not at church.' I said, 'No good, no good, my hearing ist very bad,' but it was de devil dat was in me. Now de woman ist converted and de poys are saved and de old man ist happy, and, brederin, my hearing ist better. Now Brudder Sutton, here ist five dollars to start with."

The prayer-meetings were largely attended and very spiritual. Our choir was the best in town, and was under the leadership of Brother A. G. Williams, who came to Butler during my pastorate, at my suggestion, and entered the profession of law and who has been a prominent member of the church ever since, serving frequently as lay delegate to the Annual Conference, and served with distinction as a lay delegate in the General Conference. When I went to Butler and announced my first hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," there were scarcely any who sang. But before I left, if the house could have held them, a thousand tongues would have sung the praises of God, as everybody sang in the public service. The finances of the church were in good condition and my salary was put at \$1,500 and paid, while the Conference collections were very largely increased. I have lived in a good many places, but nowhere did I find so delightful a place to live as at Butler. The people of the town are above the general average for intelligence and citizenship, while the social features were of the best. To-day there is no better charge in the Conference. A new church has been built and a great congregation has been gathered. As a place to live, there is none better, and no one should feel aggrieved should he be sent there. I shall to my latest hour look back with greatest pleasure to the two years and six months spent with this excellent people. My time was shortened by the change of time of the holding

of the Conference in 1876 from spring to fall, the six months being credited to the preachers as a year.

I wish to add, that two interesting events took place during my residence in Butler: The marriage of my daughter Mary to the Rev. M. D. Lichliter on June 22, 1876, in the presence of a large body of our friends, and on August 23, 1877, the birth of my grandson, McIlyar Hamilton Lichliter, who is now (1902) a member of the Pittsburgh Conference.

XVIII

IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHERN

The Conference of 1877 convened at Johnstown, in September, with the venerable Bishop Levi Scott in the Chair. On Saturday my Presiding Elder asked me if I had seen 'Squire Thomas of Union Centenary. Replying that I had not, he said, "You had better see him, as he is here with a unanimous request from the Official Board of that charge that you be returned for the second term, but I have discouraged the idea." I remarked that I did not want to go back there, after being away but two years and six months, and made a vigorous protest. I met Brother Thomas later in the day and begged him not to press the matter, as I did not think it practicable. But he was persistent in his request and the result was that I was appointed to that charge for the second time.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS

In justice to myself, in another chapter I have made reference to an unpleasant experience I had at Union Centenary during my first pastorate, and from an unexpected source I was to pass through a similar experience in my second pastorate, a persecution more malicious, however, than I had passed through in my first term, as unjust as it was malevolent and malicious. In order to be explanatory, I must refer to my first pastorate.

During my first term charges were preferred against one of the official members of the church, and when I presented him with a copy of same he requested me to mark him on the records as "withdrawn from the church." I told him I could not do that, but he could have it recorded on the

books, "withdrawn under charges." He said he did not care what was done with his name as he would not stand trial. I brought the matter of his request before the Official Board and it was granted and the secretary recorded on the record: "*Withdrawn under charges.*"

The year previous to my return to the charge the man died. Before his death, however, a member of the Official Board of Union Centenary Church came to my home in Butler and spent the Sabbath with me. He stated that the man whom we had permitted to withdraw from the church under charges was going to die and that he had come to me to ascertain what could be done so that the record might be changed and show that the man died a member of the church. My visitor admitted, when I questioned him, that the dying man had made no request to be reinstated in the church; that it was a special desire of the man's friends that the record be so changed as to remove the former obloquy. I said to my visitor, who, by the way, in the former trouble was my friend as well as his family, that there was no way possible for the man to get back into the church only by joining again on probation. "Well," said my guest, "I would like to let the poor fellow down as easily as possible, and thought you might suggest some procedure whereby the record could be changed; possibly by action of the Quarterly Conference the pastor could be authorized to erase the words "under charges." I informed him that one Quarterly Conference could not change or amend the minutes of a preceding Quarterly Conference. This ended the matter at the time.

Notwithstanding what I said to my guest, at the last Quarterly Conference of Union Centenary Church a resolution was offered authorizing the pastor to erase the words "under charges." The resolution was bitterly opposed by several members of the body, as they knew that it was contrary to disciplinary procedure. Finally the vote was taken and it was carried, the pastor being authorized to erase the words.

On my return to Union Centenary I found the church record mutilated and the erasure made as above referred to. I said nothing until the first Quarterly Conference was held when a motion was offered to restore the record and the Presiding Elder entertained the motion. When the business was concluded and the minutes were read, I opposed the adoption of the minute containing the resolution authorizing me to restore the record to what it was originally, holding that I had no authority to do it neither had the Quarterly Conference any power to delegate me to do so. The Presiding Elder decided that I was right and the minute was stricken out, and the record was not changed by me or by my authority.

In a few words I have given the whole procedure up to this point, the truthfulness of which I am ready to face the Judge in the great day of His coming; yet out of this grew the most malicious and diabolical prosecution, whereby, as an innocent man, I was made to suffer for the wrong doing of others, and wounded in the house of my supposed friends. I was arraigned before the Conference at McKeesport on a charge of maladministration, supposing that I had altered the church records as per resolution at the first Quarterly Conference authorizing me so to do, which I had refused to do and the minute of the transaction had been ruled out as irregular. I produced the record at the trial which substantiated that it stood as I had found it.

I was virtually re-tried on a trumped-up bill of charges of which a former committee had unanimously acquitted me, a trial in itself that was as unjust as it was malicious. Some, who in the former trial had been my friends, both in the local church and the Conference, were, in this trial, my principal persecutors. With Paul I could truly say, "In perils among false brethren." The vindictiveness shown in prosecuting the case against me was extraordinary. No case in a criminal court against the vilest criminal at the bar could have been prosecuted with more venom than the case against me on a charge of maladministration where my moral character was not in any way assailed. The whole

purpose of my prosecutors was to humiliate me before the church and world. In this they miserably failed. Some who appeared against me to do me hurt have passed beyond the line of criticism or censure—as they have answered to God for the great wrong.

Having passed through the fire, though my heart was sore, in analyzing my feelings at the time, I could voice the sentiments of David when he sang :

“The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid.

“When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

“Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

“One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.

“For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

“And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.”

With the exception of the conspiracy noted above, my second term at Union Centenary was pleasant. I had good revivals and increased interest in all departments of the church. I left a host of friends, as sincere in their friendship as when I found them, who stood loyally with me in all the work of the church. While there were shadows upon my life here, there was much sunshine and joy, and God wonderfully blessed me in my own personal experience.

XIX

IN THE DEPTHS

BINGHAM STREET CHURCH

In 1858 I was "slated" for Bingham Street Church, Pittsburgh; but it was twenty-two years later before I reached the goal. Four presiding elders had congratulated me at that time, the day previous to the adjournment of Conference, on my appointment; in 1880, two presiding elders commiserated me, one of them saying: "If you can straighten things out there so we can know what the church is worth, that will be enough for one term." The other said: "I adjourned the Quarterly Conference three times in order to get a full report from the trustees, but failed."

I succeeded J. A. Swaney, and was never by any charge received so indifferently as at Bingham Street. I found a church free from debt, but in bad condition. The congregation was small and much divided on the question of an old burial ground, for years it being the "bone of contention." The trouble I encountered at Union Church, Allegheny, I found here—the failure of the Committee on Church Records to make a report—the bane of so many societies. The trustees of Bingham Street Church had not for years made a report to the fourth Quarterly Conference, and the Committee on Church Records had failed in performing its duty. The Board of Trustees, as a body, were not entirely to blame, for they did not know how they stood, as the former treasurer had withdrawn from the church and took the books with him.

At the first Quarterly Conference, Dr. C. W. Smith (since then elected Bishop) the Presiding Elder being in the Chair, I asked the privilege of nominating a Committee on Church Records. My request being granted, I named on that Com-

mittee three most excellent men—Fred McKee, Esq., and Brothers Hammitt and Dalzell. The Presiding Elder outlined to the members of the Committee their duty and requested that a written report be presented at the fourth Quarterly Conference.

A short time after assuming charge of Bingham Street, I learned that my predecessor, who had been appointed Presiding Elder of the McKeesport District, had written eight certificates for members of the church when he was no longer pastor. Some returned their letters. One old brother was so hurt that he tore his certificate to pieces. Said he, "I joined the Wesleyan Church, and when I came to this city I united with this church and joined Class No. 3, and I want to remain." "But you are marked on the records 'removed by certificate,'" I said. "Yes, I did get my letter of dismissal, but I tore it up and threw it in the fire," he replied. "You should not have done that," I remarked, "as I cannot take you back unless you join on probation." The old brother told Swaney what I said, whereupon, he wrote him another certificate—and he was presiding elder at the time. I only refer to this to show how far some preachers can go in violation of disciplinary usages.

I recognized the fact that I had a difficult task before me in straightening out matters in this church; but I had in my Elder, Dr. C. W. Smith, a strong, clean man who promised me his support in every effort I would make, and faithfully did he make his promise good. He was a fine parliamentarian and a good executive officer, and his kindly manner and helpful counsel had much to do in bringing order out of confusion.

THE METHODIST GRAVEYARD

The Committee on Church Records delved into the history of the church for fifty years. They labored faithfully during the year and near the close Brother McKee came to me and stated that they had everything they needed to submit a satisfactory report, with the exception of certain facts connected with the old graveyard owned by the church. I

said to the Committee that we would go and see the old sexton, who had been the gravedigger for more than 40 years. The sexton took us to his house, and going to an old desk drew out a book in which the plan of the ground was shown, and on taking up the book, I saw that it was the original trustees' book in which I found the deed of conveyance to the trustees to hold the ground for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I asked the sexton how he got hold of the book. "Oh," said he, "Mr. Duncan gave me the book and told me not to let anybody see it." Duncan had been the treasurer of the board of trustees for many years and sometime previous to his death, he had been left off the Board. There had been some trouble, and when he was left off, he did not turn over the treasurer's book to the Board, hence the trustees were unable to go back of their day to make a full report.

I picked up the book and said to the sexton that I would take charge of it. He protested, but I told him that it did not belong to him, neither did it belong to Mr. Duncan who gave it to him, and I would hand it over to the proper custodians. That opened the entire matter which had been the cause of so much controversy and trouble in the church. The deed that we found showed that the burial ground was for the sole use of Bingham Street Church, and after all expenses were paid, the proceeds were to be applied towards the pastor's salary forever.

Further investigation by the Committee showed that the church had a fine endowment towards paying the salary of the pastor. There was in school bonds, \$2,500.00 at five per cent. and stock in the new South Side Cemetery to the amount of \$8,000.00, besides one acre of ground in the new burial ground. I then drew up three propositions and had the trustees sign same, one of which was: To give a lot in the South Side Cemetery free to anyone owning a plot in the old M. E. burial grounds. Those having bodies of friends in the old ground, to remove them to the new plot, and any who are too poor to lift the bodies and remove

same, the church to do it at its own expense. The other two propositions were of like import, to meet certain objections that might arise.

After much pains-taking search among the records of the church, the Committee on Church Records, acting at the same time as an auditing committee, were ready with their report which was called for by Dr. Smith at the last Quarterly Conference of my first year. Brother McKee the chairman of the Committee read an exhaustive report entering into every detail of their investigation, the finding of the old treasurer's book in the hands of the sexton in charge of the burial grounds, the copy of deed, etc. It was the most intelligent report I ever heard and reflected great credit on Brother McKee. Every one was pleased and the trustees learned of some things they never knew. I then called a meeting of all who were in any way interested in the old Methodist burial grounds and had it published in the papers. A reporter was present and in one of the daily papers gave an account of the proceedings. As there are many who will be interested in reading the account, I herewith submit same:

"In 1839 the Bingham Street Methodist Church, South Side, was deeded a triangular piece of ground having an area of about two acres, and situated on Mt. Oliver, just outside the city limits, the ground, which was a gift of the Bausman's, being intended for burial purposes. The ground was used for the purpose intended, but a few years ago when the South Side cemetery was opened, a movement was inaugurated for the abandonment of the graveyard. An exciting meeting of the lot holders was held, and it was decided that the graveyard should not be abandoned. The trustees determined to stop interment, however, and Mr. Hamm, the grave-digger, was once arrested, by order of the trustees, while he was preparing for the interment of a corpse. He was defended by an attorney hired by the lot holders, and acquitted, but the graveyard has been but little used since that time. As a consequence, the graveyard went uncared for and as the trustees claimed that they had no money for repairs, the fences were broken down and the graveyard soon became badly used up through the depredations of bad boys, wandering cows and other bipeds and quadrupeds who had free access to it. There was much dissatisfaction with the manner in which affairs were con-

ducted and those who had favored the abandonment of the graveyard came to the conclusion that it would be a good idea to revive the project, and to this end a meeting of the lot holders was called and held in the lecture room of the Bingham Street Church last night. The attendance was large, a majority of the lot holders being present or represented by proxy, residents of the South Side, Old City and Allegheny being in the room. The meeting was called to order with the Rev. McIlyar in the chair, who announced that the trustees would submit a paper to the lot holders. The paper consisted of three propositions. First, the trustees offered all lot holders their original purchase money upon the surrender of their certificates. Second, the trustees would give a lot of equal size in the South Side cemetery to those unwilling to accept the first proposition. Third, the trustees would raise all the dead who have no friends, or such as the friends are unable to pay for raising, and re-inter them in the South Side cemetery at the expense of the church.

"This offer was to remain open for one year. The church owns an acre of ground in the South Side cemetery and it was in this acre that the trustees proposed to give the new lots.

"There was at once a lively opposition to the scheme, and Sellers McKee, Mr. Groot, Dr. James Kerr, N. P. Ramsey, and John P. Beach, made speeches against the acceptance of the proposition. Mr. Beach said he believed it was a scheme in the interests of the South Side cemetery. The chairman then said that the graveyard was full, and to this Dr. James Kerr retorted as follows:

"The cry of a full graveyard is a lame excuse. If it is full, why not let the bodies stay. It makes no difference to the dead, but it does to the living whose hearts are entwined about those bones. I have there six dead, and I don't want to see them disturbed. There is something behind this. Men don't act without a motive. The church would never give away an acre of ground for nothing. It is contrary to human nature, and religion don't vary, I take it, a great deal from human nature.'

"Frederick McKee, a nephew of Sellers McKee, then said that the trustees had contemplated offering to sell the graveyard to the lot holders, but when asked by Sellers McKee how much the trustees would sell for, he refused to answer. The discussion then became more lively. John P. Beach created a sensation by charging the trustees with bad faith. Mr. Ramsey asked the trustees to quit and said that the lot holders would appoint other trustees who would attend to their duties. Wm. McCully asked Frederick McKee what had become of money which the church had received for two lots sold off the graveyard and also what had been done with \$1,900 received for the sale of coal under the land.

"A motion to reject the proposition was then unanimously carried.

"Mr. Ramsey moved that a committee of lot holders be appointed to investigate the income and expenditures of the graveyard, with power to make an offer for its purchase. He said that it was known the church had a large revenue from the graveyard; that it did not spend it on the graveyard as the deed stipulated, and he would like to know what they did do with it. Mr. Penny thought the investigation useless. Five thousand dollars he knew had been paid to the South Side cemetery. Mr. Ramsey said in that case the trustees had been false to their trust, and could be made replace the money. The motion for the appointment of a committee was carried. After some further discussion, Dr. James Kerr, John P. Beach, John J. Davis, Wm. McCulloch and Abraham Winters were designated as its members, and the meeting adjourned."

THE DEATH OF MY WIFE

During my pastorate at Bingham Street Church I met with the greatest loss of my life and passed through the deepest waters. On December 11, 1882, Nancy Alice McIlyar was translated and went home to be with God. We had been married since December of 1839, and during all that time she was a good and helpful companion, a great comfort to me and a "helpmeet" indeed, always ready to go where I was assigned without a murmur or complaint. When her health permitted, she was active in church work and bore her share of the responsibility. As a leader in the ladies' aid society, she sacrificed her strength to assist in the raising of money to meet the pressing obligations that so often confronted the churches I was called upon to serve.

Kind friends came to my support in the hour of my deepest sorrow. Hundreds who had known my wife and loved her, gathered within our stricken home to drop the tear upon her casket and speak the comforting word to the friends that were left. With beautiful service conducted by my brethren she was laid away in Uniondale Cemetery in the hope of a glorious resurrection; and there by her side I expect in a very few years to lie down to rest. The pilgrimage of life since she left me has been lonely; but God has been with me to sweeten the hours that otherwise would

have been unbearable. Forty-three years we traveled together; for twenty years now I have traveled alone. It will not be long, blessed be God, until we shall renew our youth in the land of Sweet Deliverance and together pluck the fruit from the Tree of Life and be forever with the Lord.

My term of three years, however, came to an end. As I said, I was never received so indifferently as at Bingham Street; I scarcely believe I ever left a charge with more love of the people. The Official Board at the last meeting of the year presented me with a set of resolutions that I prize more than gold. When I came to the charge I found confusion and distrust. When I left every problem that had been disturbing this people had been solved, the books straightened out and audited, and without friction or ill-will the vexed burial ground question was forever settled. The church was repaired at a cost of \$1,000, the faith of the people enlarged, and all departments of the church were left in good working condition.

XX

UP AND DOWN AND OUT

Dr. C. W. Smith, my Presiding Elder, during my pastorate at Bingham Street Church was to me everything that one could expect from the superintendent of a district. In reorganizing the charge as referred to in previous chapter, he gave me great encouragement. In the hour of my deepest sorrow, none could have been more kind and attentive than he. A short time previous to Conference, Dr. Smith came to my house to consult me as to my wishes relative to my next appointment. Among other things, he spoke of Braddock and thought that might suit me. The Conference was held at Beaver in 1883, presided over by Bishop Wiley. When the appointments were announced, my name was associated with Braddock.

I was kindly received at Braddock and met with a surprise on the first Sunday—something I had never in all my former charges experienced—the finding at the morning service \$35.00 in the Bible wrapped up in paper, and in the evening \$20.00 more. I found an old church, but a fine parsonage, into which my son-in-law, the Rev. M. D. Lichliter moved his family, as the charge he was serving nearby failed to furnish him with a suitable house to live in. The year passed pleasantly and was moderately successful.

When I went to Conference in 1884 I had not the least idea or thought of leaving Braddock. As far as I knew there was unanimity in the congregation for my return, and it was my wish to be sent back for the second year. However, without consultation or warning, I was taken up and removed to another charge. I have an idea who was responsible for my removal, but in this connection will not refer to his name, although he did me a great wrong. The church at Braddock was incensed at the Presiding Elder for

consenting (if not suggesting it) to the removal and would have passed a resolution condemning him, but I prevented the people from doing it. As a mark of their respect, the members of the congregation gave a parting reception and left with me \$75.00 in gold.

LIBERTY STREET CHURCH

Like a ship without a rudder, to drift at will, I was deserted by my Elder and finally drifted into Liberty Street at the Conference of 1884. At one time in its history, Liberty Street was the leading church in Pittsburgh Methodism. About 1853 Christ Church was erected at Penn Avenue and Seventh Street, which weakened the old church. The members began moving out into the suburbs, industries encroached upon the community, until old Liberty Street was crowded out and so depleted, that it was not able to give support to a pastor. I left an appointment, strong and growing, paying \$1,600, for this one paying one-half as much and practically dead. During the year I dismissed 17 and buried 12, leaving a net increase in membership of 35. Dr. C. A. Holmes was my Presiding Elder.

While I worked hard, I accomplished but little good—in fact it appeared to me as a year of my life lost. I had some discouragements to encounter and but little to encourage. I had some faithful men who did all in their power to assist me; but it was of no avail—the old church was “passing” and no human effort could prevent what did ultimately come to pass—death. I served but one year.

SOUTH COMMON CHURCH

The Conference of 1885 was held at Arch Street Church, Allegheny, with Bishop Merrill in the Chair. My assignment for the ensuing year was South Common, Allegheny, for many years the leading church in the city, and with Arch Street they were the only Methodist churches in Allegheny for quite a number of years. Originally, South Common was a one-story brick church, standing between the

canal and south commons. Subsequently two more stories were added, the first and original story being submerged by improvements connected with the railroad, and finally the jar of trains made the building unsafe and it was condemned and torn down. On leaving the building, the trustees rented a hall on Federal Street opposite the store of Boggs & Buhl and the congregation worshiped there for sometime.

Without a church home and with a divided sentiment whether to rebuild or not existing among the members, it was far from a desirable charge to be sent to. Brother R. T. Miller had just completed one year of service and asked to be moved. The hall was inconvenient and difficult to reach and many members refused to attend the services. Brother Miller informed me that before Conference nine persons had asked for their certificates, but he had put them off. I only found 140 members on the church rolls, and quite a number of these were merely nominal members. However, the bone and sinew of the organization was still there. No better Board of Trustees could anywhere be found than at South Common. There was Brother Benney, who for thirty years had been a trustee; William Hamilton, whom I had received into the church 1858 at Bradley Chapel, was president of the Board; Brothers Peoples, Prentice and Lyons were active members of the body. Notwithstanding the Board of Trustees was composed of splendid men, the church membership, as a whole, was much discouraged and everything was in a state of disintegration, threatening dissolution. There was an indebtedness on the society of \$11,400, part of it an old incumbrance on the church, while the balance was brought about by the cost of tearing down the old church and the purchasing of a lot on Buena Vista Street with the intention of building a church thereon if possible to obtain agreement of the congregation. On the matter of building a new structure, there was a division of sentiment; some wanting to rebuild on the old site and others on the new one, about equally divided between the two locations.

The outlook for the future of the church was certainly far from bright. The general impression was, that the society would eventually disband and the membership find church homes in the several Methodist churches located in Allegheny. However, the element of discouragement was not a part of my make-up and I did not propose to give up the fight without an effort. The stewards also had but little to offer in the way of support, stating that they could not pay more than \$1,000. I told them that was all right, as it was \$200 more than I got the previous year. One thing brought me comfort; no one asked for their certificate, although nine had asked Brother Miller for their letters just before Conference. I had faith in God, and believed that honest, faithful effort would bring success, and that the preaching of the gospel would bring the desired results.

The first thing I did was to get the trustees on the right side, and I succeeded, the Board pledging me their united support of locating the church at the new site. This was victory number one. I then obtained permission to secure subscriptions for a new church. At this point I met the opposition of those who wanted to build on the old lot. But I went ahead and got subscriptions, and when those opposed to the Buena Vista Street site saw that I was going to succeed, they came to my help with their subscriptions. This was victory number two.

We still owned the lot on South Commons, but it was mortgaged, which had first to be paid out of the subscriptions I had secured. The mortgage was held by a Jew; and to his credit, I must say, that he treated me generously, releasing the interest up to the time the mortgage was due. Plans and specifications for a new structure were drawn. On this matter there was variety of opinion—some wanted to build a small church on the rear end of the lot; but I emphatically refused to raise money for such a purpose. Some wanted to build one-story and cover it and use that until they were better able to go on with the second.

I did not approve of that, but I saw that my opposition would not change their minds, so I said nothing more and

the work was started and a splendid foundation was laid and the first story was built up. When it was nearly completed and about ready to be covered, I could not bear the idea of letting the work stop there, so resorted to a scheme that I was pretty sure would bring about a change of plans. Brother Benney was the oldest trustee, and a most excellent man. He seemed to be the leader in the affairs of the church and generally presented the resolutions for official action, and I observed that whatever he wanted was granted. He was the cashier of the Allegheny Savings Bank and was very popular with the people. I enlisted a few of my outside friends in my plan, stating to them when asked how the new church was getting along, "Oh, very well for a single-story building which is to be covered with a flat roof; but it will look like a skating rink." My friends caught the cue, so one after the other they dropped into the bank and asked Brother Benney how the new skating-rink was getting along. This was a daily occurrence.

I then called a meeting of the Board of Trustees and said to them, that it would be a nice thing to go on and put up the second-story and roof the building, then finish the first-story and leave the second-story until they felt better able to complete it, and if they had any idea of doing such a thing, the contractor should know. My good old Brother Benney arose and said: "I have been bored nearly to death about this one-story building. Every day one or more persons have been coming in the bank and asking, 'How is the new skating-rink getting along?' Now, I move that we proceed and put on the second-story, roof the building and erect the steeple and do it all on McIlyar's faith," and with one of his peculiar but cheerful laughs, he sat down. The motion was put and carried unanimously and the work on the building continued.

When the building was erected, the roof on and the steeple about receiving its finishing touches, Brother Benney, as was his usual custom after the bank closed, passed the church and remarked that the structure looked fine and expressed himself as well pleased. He entered his home and

fell dead upon the floor. It was a strange Providence that so suddenly removed this good man from the church and world, yet there are a thousand ways to usher the saints into the City of our God. The death of Brother Benney cast a gloom upon the entire congregation. For thirty-three years he had been a member of this historic church and a constant attendant, and for thirty years had been a trustee. I had no doubt of his triumphant entrance into heaven, but was very sorry he did not live to see the new church dedicated to the worship of God. "What I do now ye know not, but ye shall know hereafter."

BUENA VISTA STREET

The old and honored name "South Common," with so many delightful memories was now absorbed in the name "Buena Vista Street." It was to an audience of ninety-five persons in the Federal Street hall that I preached my initial sermon in the month of October, 1885. Members of the Conference and the Methodists of Allegheny prophesied that I had been sent to attend the funeral obsequies of the society, and gave me one year to do the work. But I never went to a charge with a spirit of consecration so great as to old South Common. When I saw Brother Benney and others weeping under that first sermon, I gathered inspiration and felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. I realized then to its fullest extent, Christ's promise, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," and I left the hall that day with a joyful feeling in my heart and a consciousness that I would succeed.

In one year from that time we went into the lecture room of the new church. Bishop Foster was present and preached the first sermon; and what a wonderful sermon it was. He had preached in the old church forty years before, and it was the desire of the trustees that he should open the services in the new. After the sermon, everybody was ready to give toward the indebtedness and in a very short time \$8,000 was raised. The church was not dedicated, as it was not

completed. We went into the new church with 150 members and a Sunday school of not more than 60; but the Lord also went with us into the church and through the help and presence of the Holy Spirit the new building was consecrated by a glorious revival.

I had taken in twenty-five new members during the year we worshipped in the hall, and the membership was loyal to the church as well as to myself. However, as the time came to remove to the new building there was on the part of some a hesitancy to go along. They had not from the start been in favor of the new location, being farther away from their own homes. On the last Sunday in the old hall the membership was practically all present. I took for my text, "And the Lord led the children of Israel up by the way of the wilderness and the sea." In concluding my talk, I said: "We have stood together in this hall for a year, and we have worshipped and lived in harmony. We have gained some and lost by death some of our most revered and honored members. We are going to occupy our new church next Sunday, and we want to go as a church body in organized form and in regular marching order, and I would be glad if all will go with us. I have always felt that I would prefer dying at home with my friends about me than among strangers." It is a pleasure to state, that my entire membership went with me, with the exception of two persons, who lived too far away. We worshipped the remainder of my second year in the lecture room, and it was a happy contrast with the uncomfortable quarters we had occupied.

THE CRY FOR "YOUNGER MEN."

I assumed charge of South Common Church October 10, 1885, at which time the congregation met in the hall on Federal Street. The stewards put my support at \$1,000. On the first of June, 1886, we began operations on the new church and opened the lecture-room on May 8, 1887, and my salary was placed at \$1,500. During the third year of

my pastorate the auditorium was completed and dedicated by Bishop Henry Warren, assisted by Rev. John Williams. On day of dedication we raised by subscription and cash \$7,500. Our relations had been pleasant and harmony reigned in the church. The Conference of 1889 returned me for the fourth year to Buena Vista Street and I had the satisfaction of preaching one year in the new and completed structure and had a blessed revival and many united with the church. At the close of the year I reported to Conference 325 members in full connection and 26 probationers, a net gain in four years of 200. The Sunday school increased from 60 when we entered the lecture-room to 450 at the close of my fourth year. I found an organization four years before without a church building, the lot on which the old church stood and the lot on which the new church was subsequently erected, and \$11,400 indebtedness, with a discouraged membership and divided in sentiment about equal as to building the new church, whether to rebuild on old site or build at the new location. When I left the charge we had a church property valued at \$45,000 with only \$16,000 indebtedness and much of that covered with good subscriptions.

With much self-sacrifice we labored with this people for four years. In honor of my good wife, I had placed in the steeple at my own expense a bell costing \$650, which was to call the people to their devotions and will continue to call worshippers for the years to come. In addition to what I put in the bell, my personal subscriptions to the building of church amounted to \$350 making a total of \$1,000 out of an aggregate amount of support received of about \$5,000 for the four years. I am glad I had it to give and thank God that I did put that much money in a bank that never can become insolvent, and I mention this personal matter not to boast, but as a prelude to what I have to say relative to the most unjust and unwarranted removal from a charge I ever experienced, before my term was out, and when it

was my desire to return for the fifth year and close my term on the field of some of my greatest victories and most joyful experiences.

But the cry for "Younger Men" was abroad in the land. The older preachers were under ban, not because they were failures or unable to preach or work, but because they were *old*. The unholy sentiment to crowd out the older men to make way for the younger was general and affected nearly every phase of life; but it was more marked in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, especially in the Methodist Episcopal Church, where this unrighteous policy could more effectually be carried out owing to our peculiar polity. I had every reason to believe that I would be returned to Buena Vista Street to finish my first five-year term. We were harmonious and no ill will had been engendered in the four years I was in charge. I hoped during the remaining year to collect the unpaid subscriptions on the church and leave it practically free from debt.

The Conference of 1889 was held in Emory Church, Pittsburgh, October 9-14, with Bishop Foss in the Chair. As my Elder had said nothing to me, I was confident of being returned to my old charge. On Saturday, however, I was invited to take supper with Brother Frederick McKee, who was entertaining the Bishop, and after supper Bishop Foss called me aside and told me that the Presiding Elders had given a very flattering account of my work and the success I had made out of what some had claimed was a "lost cause," at Buena Vista Street, and also had spoken highly of my whole ministerial career. The Bishop then added: "Would you be hurt if you were moved to a charge as good as what you have?" I was startled, as that was the first time as well as last that a Bishop voluntarily consulted me about an appointment. I replied to the Bishop, saying: "I am not very easily hurt, and it would depend much on the distance from the city, as I am making my home with my daughter and live in my own house, and to leave the city would be a sacrifice. Then I can see no reason why I should be changed at all." "Well," said the Bishop, "you are not

moved and I do not know that you will be. But your Elder says that he has a *young man* who must be taken care of." "I am the friend of young men who preach the gospel," I replied, "but could not the Elder send that young man to a place just as good and where he would not have \$16,000 to collect from a subscription list, which I believe I could collect more readily than a strange preacher."

The Bishop further said that a prominent member of my church had called upon him and stated that he loved me and that I had done a wonderful work, but expressed his fear that I could not take care of the work, being somewhat up in years and that a young man was required to enter the great field. The Bishop then spoke of receiving a long letter from a man named Hamilton who was in New York in which he made an earnest request of the Bishop that he reappoint me to Buena Vista Street, also referring to the great work I had done. Nothing more was said to me, although when it became known that there was a movement on foot to move me, a petition was gotten up and 187 members signed same asking that I be returned. When the appointments were announced, I was assigned to Homestead.

The plea advanced to the Bishop that I was too old to continue the work I had established was nothing more than a subterfuge; rather an excuse for asking that a mean thing be done. Up to that time I had performed my work and neglected nothing; and for years after I could do more service than many young men in the Conference. Since I was so strangely moved from Buena Vista Street, I have held weeks of revivals and have had more than 1,000 souls converted. Yet to a few I was looked upon as *too old* to be any longer their preacher. In this connection I will mention no names; but in the record kept by the Recording Angel it will be shown in God's Great Day that to two men belongs the credit, dishonorable as it was, that brought about my removal, and for that I am sure God will call them to account. Twelve years have passed since then, and I dare say that the "old man" can stand as much work, preach oftener than a majority of the young men in the Conference today.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

I would not be true to myself and to the church if I did not refer to this eminently good man. I know very well that William Hamilton, if living, would ask me to refrain and say, "Don't do it"—a most modest gentleman he always was who never desired or wanted publicity.

As the blessed fruits of my revival at Bradley Chapel during the years 1858-1859, two of the number were Brother and Sister Hamilton. There sprung up at once an intimacy between both of our families that has continued unchanged from that day until the present, and as the years come and go, this friendship has become stronger. Myself and family have always found in the Hamilton home the heartiest and most cordial welcome at all times, without ostentation or display. I can never forget the open-heartedness of this kind family when weighed down with burdens and anxieties. When leaving Union Centenary Church at the close of my first pastorate there my wife was stricken and suffered with a general breakdown and the prospects of her recovery were none the brightest. At that time I had additional burdens to bear and went to Conference under great mental strain. Brother and Sister Hamilton were angels of blessing in that dark hour of my life and kindly opened their home to receive my wife, and for months cared for and nursed her until she was able to be moved to my new work at Butler. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that as the years roll by that the bonds of friendship between the two families have been strengthened, and when I was made to pass through the deep waters, these dear friends of our early life were on hand with their quiet but sincere sympathy to console me.

Hence, when I was appointed to old South Common in 1885, I knew that *one family* would receive me kindly and welcome my coming. Brother Hamilton was an old member of South Common Church and for years served on the official board. The Lord blessed him in his substance and added to his possessions so that he was the wealthiest mem-

ber of the church, and his liberality to the church was in perfect keeping with his means. In the building of the new church William Hamilton was my heartiest supporter and his gifts to the enterprise ran up into the thousands. Possessed of a quiet disposition, Brother Hamilton had but little to say in the affairs of the church; but when it came to "doing" he was always on hand with his money. His was a life of deeds—noble, generous deeds—rather than of words. His religious experience was rich and as deep as the sea; his life consistent, upright and abounding in simplicity, while his influence upon the community was strong for righteousness. No one was more loyal to the Methodist Episcopal Church than William Hamilton. He believed in her doctrines. He was honored by the Lay Conference by being elected to represent the body in the General Conference that met at Chicago.

As a business man, he was successful. His business methods were ideal—believing in the axiom, "Honesty is the best policy." In his domestic relations and affection for his family, the heart-side of Brother Hamilton was especially revealed. A most affectionate husband and kind and loving father was he. His home life was ideal, his hospitality unbounded. An atmosphere of a quiet and subdued cheerfulness reigned, even when trouble and sorrow entered the home. Though the hearts were crushed with sorrow and grief, yet not a murmur or complaint escaped the lips.

No mystic chain nor mortal art can impede the onward march of man's implacable foe. Silently as the snow falls upon the housetops, the dread messenger claims as his own the truest and the best of men. Death is remorseless. Before his dread altar the brightness of youth and the decrepitude of age fall alike, victims of a common destiny.

"We march down the aisles of time;
Silently, swiftly, one by one.
Musical murmur and mournful moan,
Plaintive pleading and tender tone
Blend in living rhyme."

In all the ages there has been the cry of the transitoriness of human life as contrasted with the stability of the world of Nature in which we live. The oak whose branches sheltered us in childhood remains unshaken when our eyes are dimmed by years. The sea which ripples its music to our ears has tossed its waves upon the shore while generations of men have lived and passed away. Even the brook can sing,

“Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

But in the light of the Word of God we know that the superiority of Nature is only apparent. Man with his heritage of immortality lives on when the oak has fallen, when the great sea is silent; lives on though the earth be swept away and “like a baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.”

“They never quite leave us, the friends who have passed,
Through the shadow of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast,
To the places they blest with their presence and love.”

XXI

THE HOMESTEAD STRIKE

HOMESTEAD

At the Annual Conference referred to in a previous chapter, held at Emory Church, Bishop Foss appointed me to Homestead. I at once assumed charge and was present at the first prayer-meeting. At my request, Brother Ashe, my predecessor, conducted the meeting. In the course of his remarks Brother Ashe stated he had no intimation or knowledge of his appointment to another charge until his name was read out by the Bishop. He expressed himself as being sorry to leave Homestead, but he assured the people that they were in good hands, as their new preacher had always succeeded. He also referred to the old worn-out cry of "old men," but that he believed the one they had would do as much work as those younger in years. On being called upon to make some remarks, I said:

"I had the advantage of Brother Ashe, as I knew five minutes before the appointments were read by the Bishop where I was to land. This thing of going to Conference is like a man going up in a balloon; he is sure of one thing, that he will come down somewhere and drop in some place, but where, he knoweth not. He may come down into the water and get a cool reception; or, in the open plain among thorns and briars and get scratched; possibly, he may descend into the woods and some fellow will stick his head from behind a tree and say, 'What brought that old fellow here?' Whereas, if that old fellow have had any choice in the matter, he would not have come to that place at all.

"Now, my friends, these are the times for 'betweens.' There is a needle the ladies call the 'between;' it is not the largest, neither is it the smallest. So the people do not want the oldest preacher, nor even the youngest; they want 'betweens.' If you have sickness in the family you do not seek for the youngest physician in town,

nor the one who has lived beyond his usefulness, having failed to keep abreast of the times; but it is the man of some experience that you want."

I then related an incident of a man in the city who was looking for a young man to be the preacher at his church. How he came into the office of a dentist where I was sitting, suffering with a terrible toothache and asked for the doctor to have it extracted. The dentist who was a young man, asked the gentleman to get in the dental chair. Looking him over, the man with the toothache, said: "You will please excuse me, you look too young so I will hunt for a dentist who is older." "Now, my friends, you can get the toothache as much as you like, for you have an old hand at the business." And I might state that for the four years I served the Homestead charge, I had no tooth-grumblers; did not have to extract a troublesome member from the church and had no difficulty whatever with my people. It was another evidence of the fact, "Man proposes, but God disposes." My four years were spent most pleasantly with this noble people. During that time I had two presiding elders, J. F. Jones and J. F. Core. Brother Jones was converted and united with the church during my pastorate at St. Clairsville, Ohio, in 1848, the year I was admitted on trial in the Conference. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, sweet spirited, kind to a fault, a good preacher and loved by all. He was a pure man and died happily during his pastorate at Butler. Brother Core was a strong man, both physically and as a preacher. He was fearless in the denunciation of the wrong, yet a more kind-hearted man never lived. He was not only an intense lover of his family, but of his church as well. He prized her doctrines and believed in them. He was a fine specimen of manhood, possessing a robust form of more than six feet and had a great voice. He was a natural orator—had that gift that the schools could not impart—and powerfully swayed his audience, having but few equals in the pulpit. His death was a great loss to the Conference and church, departing this life July 18, 1898, aged 52. Doubtless his early decease was

brought about by his hard service and exposure in the Civil War. He was a good soldier both for Christ and his country. It was my privilege and pleasure to attend his last quarterly meeting at Monongahela a short time previous to his death, and heard him preach. It was a powerful sermon. It appeared to me that he already saw the opening gates of glory so soon to admit him to the realms of the King. But his effort greatly exhausted him and he was unable to assist at the communion service. Peace to his ashes!

THE GREAT LABOR TROUBLE

"The Homestead Strike" of 1892 as an event in industrial history, is known throughout the civilized world. A portion of the Carnegie Steel Works is located at Homestead employing about 4,000 men, some of whom are the most skillful artisans to be found in Europe and America. This great industrial disturbance took place during my pastorate at Homestead and I was brought into notoriety which I did not seek, expect or desire. My attitude in relation to the unfortunate controversy between the Carnegie Company and their employees at this time was both complimented and criticised and hundreds of letters came to me either condemning or praising me for the stand I took. During the progress of the controversy, I received requests from religious journals for a clear and correct account of the trouble and the causes that brought it about. It may be interesting to the younger generation of the present to know something concerning this lockout which was costly both in human life and money, therefore I will quote from one of my articles to the press, which was published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*:

"THE HOMESTEAD TROUBLE.

"Homestead, Pa., is located on the south bank of the Monongahela River, about two miles from the city line of Pittsburgh—a beautiful location, and growing in business and population. It has now about 10,000 inhabitants. There are fifteen iron and steel plants in and near the city of Pittsburgh. They are combined under

the name of the Andrew Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, with a capital of \$25,000,000. One of these plants is located in Homestead. The steel plant at Homestead is said to be the best in the world, and the only one of its kind. It can only be operated successfully by the most skillful workers. There were employed in all at this plant 3,800 men up to the 29th day of June, 1892. The scale for the last three years was based on the \$25 per ton. It was called a sliding scale, and would rise and fall according to the market. The steel workers were notified about the first of May that a new scale must be agreed upon by the 24th of June. The wage committee met the firm, but they could not agree on a scale. The firm presented a scale based upon \$22 per ton. The wage committee offered to compromise on \$24 per ton. After several interviews the firm consented to \$23 per ton on condition that the scale should expire on the 30th day of December, 1893. The workmen could not see the fairness of this proposition, as the scale would expire at the most expensive time for living, and the most difficult time to form a scale or get employment—in midwinter. They would not yield to this proposition. The firm set a day when there should be no further conference with any member or committee of the Amalgamated Association. The wage committee sought another interview with the firm, and would, for the sake of peace, have based the scale on \$23 per ton, provided the scale should close on the 30th day of June, 1894. But they were refused any further hearing; the day of grace was passed.

"The plant shut down one day before the scale expired. All was peaceful and quiet. There was no drunkenness or disturbance of any kind. With a view to frustrate any attempt at resistance, the company imported and sought to land some 300 Pinkertons. Armed with rifles they made their appearance in two covered barges about 3 o'clock a. m. on the 6th day of July, under a heavy fog. The workmen learned of their coming about 2 a. m., and were on the bank to prevent their landing. The first man shot was not a steel worker, but an innocent, religious young man, unarmed, and for peace. He ran down the bank to throw the gang-plank back, and was shot down from the boat. Then the battle ensued, and ended in the surrender of the Pinkertons.

"The whole affair is deplorable. Just where to place the blame will be a difficult matter for those who do not understand the whole procedure. The question involves the whole subject of the relation of capital and labor. Thinking people, however, will not fail to notice the fact that while for many years the government has protected the products of manufacturers, and thereby enabled them, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie, to amass vast fortunes, very little has been done in the direction of protecting the laborers against the

cheap labor of foreign countries. In a free country the capitalists ought to have the right to employ when and where he may think best, and at such wages as will render a reasonable profit to himself and some profit to the laborer over and above a scant living. But if capitalists combine to force wages down, when they are amassing vast fortunes from the labor of skilled mechanics, it may be expected that laborers will combine to resist the oppression.

"It seems to us that the immediate cause of the conflict, and the great mistake of the Carnegie company was the employment of the Pinkertons without any authority of law. The Pinkertons are a body of private citizens. Whence did they acquire the right to organize themselves into an army and, armed to the teeth, march into another state at the request of a private citizen of that state to do his bidding? The whole thing implies that the authorities of Pennsylvania are not able to protect its citizens, and is, therefore, a reflection upon the state and a menace to American liberty. Surely things in this country have not come to such a pass yet that virtually a standing army is necessary to keep the laboring masses who are citizens and voters in subjection. The presence of such a body must be exasperating to intelligent laboring men.

"It may be said to the credit of the workmen that none were drunk. The saloons were all closed during the day. True, after the surrender of the Pinkertons some of them were mistreated, but not by the workmen. Hon. J. S. Clarkson said Carnegie's vast fortune was made by his workmen, and he has written much about the responsibilities of wealth. Now is an opportunity to sustain his reputation as a philanthropist. There have been no such convulsions in business as can possibly make these great reductions necessary. Mr. Carnegie should settle the difficulty at once and be generous to those men. Say what you will, a remedy must be devised to protect labor against the oppression of capital combines.

"There is a determined spirit of oppression in the Carnegie combine to break down the Amalgamated Association. And why? The object of the association is to protect their trade and to elevate themselves to that condition in society to which as mechanics they are justly entitled—to elevate the moral, social, and intellectual condition of every iron-worker in the country. The organization is composed of skilled workmen only. They are American citizens, about two-thirds American born, and one-third naturalized. There are about 60,000 in the United States. None but citizens are received. There are 1,100 members of the association in Homestead, and in the city and adjacent borough from five to six thousand.

"All is quiet at Homestead. There has been no destruction of property or intention upon the part of the workmen to disturb the property of the firm. The firm has charge of their property, and

will continue to have. The plant may not be in operation for some considerable time, unless the skilled workmen are returned. It may not be possible to get other mechanics to take their places. Perhaps persons at a distance may think that the trouble in Homestead was brought about by a class of pauper immigrants. Not so. The large majority of workmen in this plant are intelligent American citizens. Hundreds of them belong to the Protestant churches, of which there are fourteen in the borough; many of them to the Catholic Church, of which there are two. They are American in spirit and in practice. Some were soldiers in the last war. The men are not contending for wages, but for principle. The principle involved in this struggle is organized labor.

"The Pennsylvania National Guard are encamped here some 8,000 strong. They came last week, and were gladly and kindly received by the workmen. The best of order and feeling exists among all citizens and soldiers. We have no anarchists, and none would be allowed here. From what I learn, the workmen here have the sympathy of all departments of organized labor throughout the country. What we want in this country is more love to God, and less love of money; more charity, and less avarice.

"Homestead, Pa."

THE BATTLE OF FORT FRICK

Anticipating a determined resistance on the part of the locked-out workmen, the authorities of the Carnegie Company employed three hundred Pinkerton police as referred to in my article quoted above, to secure and maintain possession of the shut-down plant in order that they, the company, could install other workmen in place of the locked-out employees. These Pinkertons were brought together from various cities and mobilized at the government dam a few miles below Pittsburgh on the Ohio. At this point two covered barges were in waiting, fully equipped with rifles, ammunition and provisions, into which the Pinkerton police were stowed, and under cover of darkness the rifle boats were towed to the scene of disturbance, arriving there as noted, at two o'clock in the morning. This was July 6th, 1892.

Up to this time there had been no disturbance at the steel works on the part of the workmen; but in the maintenance of their rights from the standpoint they viewed same, they

were determined to resist the starting up of the plant by and through "scab labor," or the importing of foreign workmen—that is workmen from other states or centers of industry. The news of the arrival of the barges with the Pinkertons spread rapidly through the town, whereupon hundreds of men, armed, representing the best element of the millmen, repaired to the mill to resist the landing of the armed police. Their being sent to the place was a clear violation of civil rights, and had they been kept away no disturbance would have occurred. The people were made aware of the approach of the Pinkertons by the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and thousands were upon the streets or in the closed-down works before daylight. The excitement was intense.

The Pinkerton barges were anchored under the high banks close to the mills. A plank was thrown out so the police could land, but a young man, who was not connected with the mills, attempted to remove the plank and was shot dead by a Pinkerton. This aroused the most intense indignation and the mill property was placed in a state of defense and from behind blocks of iron and other protection the workmen kept up for the entire day a constant fire upon the boats and shot at every man who dared show his head. The fire was returned by the Pinkertons shooting from port-holes and the casualties of the "battle" were seven workmen killed and about 50 injured. Seven Pinkertons were killed. The men in the mills became more and more exasperated at the resistance on the part of the Pinkertons and the mortality of their own number, and failing to dislodge them by means of their rifle fire, they sought other devices to overcome them, and late in the afternoon made a connection of the oil tank with the river and were about to turn the oil into the water then set it on fire and burn up the boats with all that were in them, when the Pinkertons seeing their destruction so imminent, raised the white flag and surrendered as "prisoners of war." The victors treated the vanquished as prisoners and conducted them out of the mill enclosure and handed them over to the officers of the law who con-

ducted them to the city and they were allowed to go. The boats were then set on fire by the enraged citizens and burned to the waters edge, after securing therefrom 140 rifles. For two hours my son-in-law—the Rev. M. D. Lichtler—and myself were within the enclosure where the fight raged and saw the determined resistance of the men who were holding their positions against the unwarranted interference of armed men shielded by the protection of the boats. The only disgraceful conduct we saw was after the Pinkertons had surrendered and they were being conducted by the armed millmen out of the mill enclosure. On both sides of the avenue or street leading into the mills there stood two or three thousand men, women and children, mostly foreigners, some of whom were common laborers in the mills. From this motley combination of aliens came insults by word and deed, many casting sand and stones on the helpless prisoners, which the better class of workmen endeavored to prevent. This conduct by these irresponsible people turned, in a measure, the tide of sympathy away from the locked-out workmen and brought upon them criticism from those who were not at the scene of action.

The incidents and events of this great industrial uprising against a mighty corporation is of so recent occurrence that it is not necessary to dwell at length thereon. That the men in the employ of the Carnegie Company were badly treated in the adjusting of the scale, none gainsay. That the company perpetrated a great wrong against the State by employing the Pinkertons and bringing them here against all authority of law all must admit. If the Company was powerless to protect its property and proceed to operate its plants, it had only to call upon the county authorities; and if they were unable to cope with the situation, the Governor of the State could have been appealed to, which was done and the entire National Guard was called out and encamped in Homestead. That there was a necessity for the calling out of the National Guard is a grave question and many considered it a great mistake and an useless expenditure of money. However, the military authorities of the State made

this the annual encampment thereby not entailing very much more than the usual expense to the Commonwealth. They had but little to do in preserving order, as there was no disposition upon the part of the workmen to cause further disturbance, hence, the troops passed the time of their stay in drill and military maneuvers.

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN E. MORRIS

One of the first of the workmen to fall in this inglorious conflict was John E. Morris, a highly respectable citizen of Homestead, an attendant upon the services at our church. The funeral was conducted from the church in the presence of an immense concourse of people. I had direct charge. There were present twelve newspaper reporters sitting on the platform to take down the words I might say. I had already been interviewed by several of them concerning the situation, as I was familiar with the causes that brought about the unhappy condition of affairs. Before beginning my address, I requested the newspaper gentlemen to report correctly as I had no written sermon prepared, and in justice to the reporters, I might add that they did treat me courteously.

I have always had the courage of my convictions and I had no fear in stating the facts connected with the trouble as I understood it. I was perfectly familiar with the controversy from the beginning and was ready to give a truthful statement relative thereto. I gave a review of the proceedings up to this point, the unfair treatment the men met at the hands of the company, the unwarranted interference by armed Pinkertons, the conflict at the mill, and then added:

"This is what has put this man in his coffin to-day; a perfect citizen; an intelligent man; a good husband, and one who was never lacking in his duty and surely has found his reward. He came to his death from a bullet in the temple while he was in a reasonably secure place.

"These strangers that I have mentioned as arriving in boats opened fire on the millmen on the banks, and they were necessitated to defend themselves and their families. Why was not this matter

arbitrated? If this firm could have arranged to lay its books before a commission, this matter could have been settled. The commission could have arrived at a decision in the matter in dispute and it would have been settled without the shedding of one drop of blood or breaking the heart of one woman in this borough. The firm ought to have been willing to arbitrate the issue. But instead of this an attack was made on the organization of men. What do we gain by dumping out of our old people and the dumping in of the wreckage of other shores? Why should men continue piling up millions and send Pinkertons to drive out men that are scarcely earning a living. There is no more intelligent body of workers in the world than the Homestead millmen.

"This town is bathed in tears to-day, and it is all brought about by one man who is the least respected by the laboring people of any man in this country. There is no more sense of sympathy in this man than in a toad."

Extracts of my address, of which the above is only a very small part, were published throughout the United States and England and I received over 200 letters, coming from statesmen, ministers, editors, lawyers and even from those engaged in steel and iron operations, and all with but two exceptions were commendatory. The two exceptions were letters unsigned or anonymous and were abusive. A few ministers took exceptions to some of my statements and my attitude in the controversy. But I had the advantage over them, that being on the ground and familiar with the situation I knew what I was talking about and they didn't. A paper published in New York was sent me giving a disconnected portion of my sermon, and at the head of the article was the photograph of Bishop Newman. Some one asked me how I liked my picture. I said: "It is a fine picture, but I am afraid some one will meet Bishop Newman and shoot him thinking that they have put a bullet in my breast."

So far as pastor and people were concerned, the relations between us were mutually pleasant during my pastorate of four years at Homestead. They were years of prosperity and peace. It was a pleasure to find actively engaged in the church, my old friends of forty years' acquaintance—Brother and Mrs. John Hollingshead. Since that time they have built a parsonage and donated it to the church. Good

people do not have to die to enjoy heaven; they have a heaven here for heaven is within them. I might have remained another year at Homestead, and my Presiding Elder wanted me to return for the fifth year, but I had a desire for years of seeing my only sister and members of her family then living in the West and requested a Supernumerary relation.

For 48 years, outside my pilgrimage to Great Britain and the Continent in 1871, I had never taken a vacation. It is true I had for a week or two at a time been away from my work, but not for rest. My time was generally given to camp-meetings or revival work, never spent in idleness or pleasure. So far as my health was concerned, I never needed a vacation; I never had a sore throat or a nervous break-down. My hand is just as steady as I write these words as it was 40 years ago. I have had no experience with insomnia—don't know what it means. When my head touches the pillow, sleep comes to my eyes and slumber enfolds me within its blessed embrace. God has blessed me with a healthy body and a tireless spirit—in fact I have labored from morn until night and have not known what it was to be tired. I have passed weeks, yea months through a campaign of revival effort, preaching, singing and praying and came out as vigorous as when I entered upon the work. To God I give all the glory for a long career of activity in the cause of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

On entering upon my work at Homestead, I found 7 probationers and 219 full members. The church property was valued at \$17,000 with an indebtedness of \$7,300. The Sunday school numbered 255 and the total missionary collection amounted to \$102.00. The pastor's salary was \$1,100. On leaving the charge after four years of very pleasant work, I left on the church records the names of 52 probationers and 447 full members, or a gain of 270. The pastor's salary was advanced, first to \$1,200, then to \$1,300, and the church debt reduced to \$5,500. The Sunday school increased to 447 while the missionary collection, from both the Sunday school and church, amounted to \$252.00.

XXII

"THE SUNSET"

"Man proposes, but God disposes," has again and again been exemplified in the affairs of men. My purpose to visit my kin in the West was overruled, as I believe, Providentially, for God had work for me to do. My son-in-law had been appointed to Union Centenary with whom I had arranged a home during my retirement; however, my plans were soon changed and I was again led into the active work of a Methodist preacher.

VERONA AND OAKMONT

Verona and Oakmont, two pretty boroughs about ten miles up the Allegheny River, was one charge under the direction of Brother N. P. Kerr, with a young man by name of Tipper as assistant. Brother Tipper resigning, I was called upon to fill the vacancy and entered upon my duties a month or two after the meeting of the Conference. The change of my plans and the call to this suburban work I believe was of God, for He had still work for me to do. I conducted watch-night services at Verona, from which a revival started in both churches that aroused much enthusiasm and resulted in the conversion of 273 persons, as well as the addition of nearly 300 to the church. Oakmont had a beautiful little church and was made up of a splendid body of men and women. The choir was in charge of a member of the Mozart Club of Pittsburgh, who was faithful and loyal to the church and Sunday school. The music was of the best and the interest continued throughout the year. Oakmont agreed to pay \$500 toward the support of the ministry, but the large increase of members at both places, led to a mutual agreement at the next Conference between Verona

and Oakmont to become separate charges. The Conference was held at Sewickley in September of 1894 with Bishop Foster presiding. Brother Kerr was sent to Walton Church, Pittsburgh, and I was made effective and appointed to Oakmont at a salary of \$1,000. My three years on this charge were most pleasant and profitable not only to myself but the church as well. All the services were well attended and a steady growth in all departments was maintained. I reported to the Conference of 1896, 240 members and a Sunday school of nearly 200. The missionary collection amounted to \$100 besides \$103 for the Woman's Foreign Society. I left a host of friends and the church harmonious. My vacation has not yet been taken and I am still in the ranks as an effective elder in the Church of God. The Lord has wonderfully led me in ways I knew not and has kept me by the word of His power, blessed be His holy name.

JUNIOR PREACHER

When the year was drawing to a close and my return to Oakmont would have been perfectly acceptable, a proposition was made to me that I accept the appointment of Conference Evangelist; that it was the consensus of opinion among the preachers of the Conference that I was fitted for that appointment. I did not consent to such an appointment; however, I stated, that if chosen Conference Evangelist I would serve. Instead of being appointed to fill that position, I was retained in the effective ranks and appointed Junior preacher to Homewood Avenue, Pittsburgh, with the option of doing evangelistic work independent of Conference action.

Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, had been left to be supplied and I had been left without a regular appointment. About December 1, the Presiding Elder suggested that I take up the work at Trinity, and as an obedient son of the gospel, I consented to do so. I announced in the city papers that I would conduct services both morning and evening; but it was quite clear that the notice was not observed as I had at

the morning service thirteen persons present, thirteen in attendance at Sunday school and an audience of thirty at night. On Wednesday night at prayer-meeting I started out with the proverbial thirteen. However, I never took any stock in luck or chance and was not disturbed. There is an overruling Providence that directs all our ways.

I served the charge the best I could and reported to Conference; probationers, 3; full members, 113; Sunday school, 56; missions, \$30; salary, \$283; total receipts, \$543. In 1858 this charge paid the pastor a salary of at least \$1,000, and had a missionary appropriation besides. At the same time I was appointed to Bradley Chapel without organization or membership but had no missionary appropriation granted me. In 1896 old Trinity was entitled to a missionary appropriation, as it was practically abandoned, but none was given. It was a hard and discouraging year with but little remuneration and success.

SOUTH FORK.

The Conference of 1898 convened at Braddock, Bishop Goodsell presiding. This being the semi-centennial of my connection with the Pittsburgh Conference, by resolution I was asked to preach a sermon before the Conference on the fiftieth anniversary of my admission on trial. During this period I had answered roll-call at every session. The hour for the exercises was Thursday afternoon, September 28, 1898. An immense audience had gathered, friends from all over the Conference coming especially for the service. My brethren in the Conference were interested hearers and helped me very much by their prayers and responses. There was a shout in the camp and many were the "Hallelujahs" heard throughout the congregation. The Lord wonderfully helped me and gave me great liberty in my theme. My text was, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

Bishop Goodsell assigned me to South Fork in the Allegheny Mountains, 10 miles east of Johnstown on the Pennsylvania railroad. There was a small congregation and a

membership of about 125. It had been a part of a circuit up to this time, but was established a station. I had never preached in that part of the Conference, and on entering my new field I did not know a single individual on the charge. On my arrival I found a kind reception in the home of Dr. Luke, who has since passed to his long home, and preached to a small audience at my first service. In the afternoon I found a Sunday school numbering in all about 80, with a live superintendent at its head, Brother John S. Wicks, a royal man and who nobly stood by me during my pastorate.

I realized that I was an old man and felt that my presence would not be acceptable, hence called a meeting of the Official Board for Monday evening and stated to the body that if they thought I was too old to fill the work to say so and I would gracefully retire from the charge. However, I was assured that I was perfectly acceptable and at once a good feeling arose between pastor and people. South Fork is a mining town with but three churches in it and a population of more than 3,000, I felt that the harvest was great but the laborers were few. The Lord blessed me with good health and strength, and although in my eighty-second year, before the meeting of the first Quarterly Conference, I had visited and prayed in 104 families. I got hold of the hearts of the good people of that town and it was not long until the church would scarcely hold the congregations and the Sunday school had doubled its numbers.

It was a delight to preach to this people. They were good listeners and very responsive. They hungered for the simple gospel and heard me gladly. The collections began to grow from the start and the membership was increased weekly by additions both by letter and on probation. The church property was improved in various ways and made more comfortable for the interested audiences. When the year closed my collections were all met as per assessment, my missionary report being the largest on the District in proportion to the number of members in the charge.

The Conference of 1899 was held at Johnstown, with Bishop Fowler in the Chair. I was returned for the second

year and the Lord gave me a great revival, 163 having been converted, the age of the converts ranging from 18 years to 60. Men who had not been in the custom of attending church were drawn to this revival and saved, and today it is one of the best appointments of that grade in the Conference. The membership was deeply spiritual and in dead earnest, church-going with them not being perfunctory but pleasant. I had some men who were powerful in prayer and our prayer-meetings were seasons of wonderful grace and strength. If it had been possible to have had a comfortable place to board, I might have remained there my full term; but I became utterly tired of hotel life and the associations therewith. My landlord and his family could not have been more kind and attentive to my individual wants; the board was all that could be desired; but it was almost impossible to get in and out of my room without coming in contact with drunk men and women, especially on pay days when every room was utilized for drinking purposes and the nights were made hideous with the "song of the drunkard." For these reasons I asked to be removed at the end of my second year, although the Official Board offered me \$1,000 if I would remain. The Minutes showed that my predecessor with two other points on the charge had reported to Conference 170 members. South Fork having been established a station on my assignment thereto, I found 135 members on the roll. At the close of my two years I reported 28 probationers and 250 members. The missionary collection amounted to \$150, and the salary paid me was \$1,000.

HERRON HILL

The Conference of 1900 assigned me to Herron Hill, Pittsburgh, where a small church had been built but no organization established. I organized a society with 13 members and went to work. I found a small mission Sunday school with a would-be "boss" running it. With some difficulty I got rid of the disturber and peace and harmony existed. I served the charge two years and left it with 70

members and reported \$70 missionary money to the Annual Conference. This proved to be my last charge that I was to serve by appointment of the Bishop; but it did not end my effective relation with the Conference.

TRIP TO PACIFIC COAST

On the fifth of July, 1901, with my grandson, Rev. McIlyar H. Lichliter, I started for California, accompanying the excursion to the International Epworth League Convention and spent over a month in most pleasant recreation. Visited Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou Springs and the Garden of the Gods. The scenery about Denver is magnificent and was very much enjoyed by the entire party. Salt Lake City was the Mecca for a few days, the excursionists spending a Sabbath in that celebrated city. We heard a distinguished woman speak in the Tabernacle to 4,000 people on the subject of Internationalism. She was followed by a man named Talmadge, one of the Mormon leaders, who made an eloquent defense of Mormonism. At four in the afternoon Rev. M. H. Lichliter spoke in the theater on the subject of missions while I addressed the Sunday school of the M. E. Church. Our stay on the Pacific Coast was delightful, visiting San Francisco, Los Angeles and other points of interest. We returned by another route and arrived home in best of health.

CONFERENCE EVANGELIST

After 54 years' membership in the Conference, answering roll-call at the same number of Conferences, there came to me from the hands of my brethren in the ministry a complete surprise—my appointment by vote of the Conference as Conference Evangelist, at the session held in West End Church, Pittsburgh, October, 1902. I recognized by this appointment an indorsement of my ministry and appreciated the courtesy. I entered upon the 87th year of my natural life during the session of the Conference, and in honor of my birthday I was invited by Bishop Fitzgerald to conduct devotional exercises of the day.

When I entered the Conference under Bishop Hamline I gave myself to the Church and more fully to the Lord and agreed to go where I was sent and do what the church asked me to do. I am cognizant that I have in many instances failed; but I have honestly tried to do my duty as I understood it.

For 58 years I have had an appointment, either from the Bishop or under direction of the Presiding Elder. I have had 24 presiding elders, some of them being strong men in the Conference. As I write these closing lines, October, 1902, the memory of these devoted men stand out clear and green. While I have referred to them in the course of this brief sketch, I wish to record their names in this connection:

S. R. Brockunier, I. C. Taylor, Gideon Kinnear, John Coil, John Moffitt, W. F. Lauck, H. L. Clark, William Lynch, William Cox, I. N. Baird, John Williams, J. W. Baker, L. R. Beacom, R. L. Miller, H. L. Chapman, C. W. Smith, Asbury Swaney, C. A. Holmes, T. N. Eaton, J. F. Jones, J. F. Core, W. P. Turner and Thos. N. Boyle. Of this number, all but seven have been transferred, rather translated to the Church Triumphant.

Immediately at the close of the Conference at West End, I revisited the scenes of my early life and ministry. But what a change! I found none of my early associates; all had gone into the Kingdom. The little town of Cambridge, Ohio, has grown into a city, and in place of the small church in which I was converted, a large edifice stands filled each Sabbath with a large audience.

ADDENDUM

“AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT”

The pen that wrote the record of the life thus far compiled has fallen and the hand that held it is forever still. It remains for the compiler to add a brief word concerning the subsequent years of this remarkable character whose earthly career came to a close December 14, 1907.

James J. McIlyar began his work as Conference Evangelist in October of 1902, at a meeting held at Grove Avenue Church, Johnstown, and some precious results followed. During the first year he assisted thirteen pastors in conducting revival services, varying in length from one week to three weeks; in several instances with blessed results, more than 300 souls having been converted. Although not a regular pastor, he preached during the year 225 times, a record scarcely made by any of the preachers. Father McIlyar spoke of the universal kindness shown him by both the pastors and the people where he labored. He was very happy in his work, and though he would preach night after night for weeks at a time, he never had “clergymen’s sore throat,” neither did he complain of being weary; and as for his nerves, they were like wires of steel. One instance shows the vitality of this tireless man: The closing day of 1905 was the Sabbath. He preached at 10:30 A. M. at West End Church, Pittsburgh; at 3 P. M. addressed the Sunday school at Mount Washington Church, preached at West End at 7:30 to the Epworth League, then at 9 and conducted “watch night” services until 12, midnight. In his diary he wrote: “I came home feeling better than when I left.”

During the last year of his active work as Conference Evangelist (1905) he conducted quite a number of meetings with considerable success, from 10 to 100 being the number of souls saved at each meeting. His last meeting was held in February of 1906 at Banksville, from which place he re-

turned to his home quite ill. While the results of this meeting were not great, about 20 being converted, one man aged 80 years was brought into the Kingdom. In the experience of this great evangelist of more than 60 years, only one man older was converted under his instrumentality, he being 90 years of age. Returning from this meeting, Father McIlyar took his bed from which illness he never recovered. For a time his physician despaired of his life, giving him but few days to live, but that mighty will of his held in check the Death Angel and he so far recovered as to walk about. Although the nature of his disease meant no ultimate restoration, still, so tenacious was his grip on life that he still hoped to continue his evangelistic work; even when the "shadows" of death were drawing about him he planned for future operations in his beloved profession and calling, and did not give up until the last day of his life.

His memory was remarkable and remained clear until the end. While in matters of recent date he would become confused, his recollections of his earlier life were vivid and the incidents of those years were related with surprising accuracy. Many of those old-time incidents have been recorded in this little volume, and there are those still living who can recall with what great pleasure he told them; even when the work of this enthusiastic preacher of righteousness will be forgotten, the incidents he related will be remembered. He was a student of the Book of Books and had committed to memory many of its chapters. When his eyesight left him it was a delight to him to read various portions from the "Book of Memory."

Our relationship to this veteran preacher of the Pittsburgh Conference forbids us from adding words of encomium; that we leave to others whose pens have given a true portraiture of his life and character. We have, in the preceding pages, aimed to give a brief resume of his life, and as far as possible, in his own words. There may be discrepancies; but if such exist, they should be attributed to the age when this record was written—not far from his 90th year. We have no apology for adding this little work

to the great library of literature. The earnest request made by many of Father McIlyar's friends has been the inducement to publish it. While not so prominent in the eye of the church at large as many whose "autobiographies" and "biographies" have appeared, still with Cartwright, Finley and Gaddis the life of James Jackson McIlyar will still live on working out great achievements through the forces he set in motion by the conversion of thousands of souls during his long and fruitful ministry.

THE END

On Saturday night, at 9:15 o'clock, December 14, 1907, James J. McIlyar "was gathered unto his fathers." He departed this life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Lichliter, Franklin, Pennsylvania, whispering her name, "Mary," as the last word on earth. For more than 25 years this devoted daughter had cared for him, and it is not a matter of surprise that his last thought was of her whose presence was closest to him in the closing hour.

Services were held in the home on the evening of the 16th, and on the 17th his body was taken to Buena Vista Street M. E. Church, Allegheny, where the public services were conducted jointly by the ministers of the Conference and the Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, Knights Templar. Rev. James Mechem, Presiding Elder of the District presided, and eulogies were delivered by the Rev. Dr. James A. Miller, a life-long friend, and the Rev. Dr. J. W. Miles, pastor of the First Church at McKeesport. Doctor Miller spoke of his old friend and co-worker with deepest emotion. He referred to his first meeting with the deceased, which was in 1855. He then added:

"I have known him, have known the man. I have seen his courage and he was a marvel. As a man, he was loyal and true. As a husband, affectionate and good. As a Christian, true as the needle to the pole, and as a minister, preaching to the people in a way they loved to hear and with a quaint way of putting the truth that

fascinated even the unthinking. And to crown and consummate the virtues with which he was endowed, he believed the gospel was the means of salvation and believed it thoroughly."

Trembling with pent-up emotion, the aged servant of God bent over the bier of his long-time friend and said, "Hail, and good-bye."

Doctor Miles, in his address, laid particular stress on the lessons each member of the Conference should learn from the beautiful life just ended. He said:

"Hold up the red cross against the white background of his life, and we may all learn a lesson. He taught a religion that brought relief and spiritual power to men. He has gone to his reward. He has found his love of a short separation and has been greeted by many, but the Pittsburgh Conference has lost a worthy brother."

The burial took place in Uniondale Cemetery in the lot where, twenty-five years before, the companion of his youth was laid. The members of his Commandery, No. 35, Knights Templar, had charge and a portion of the beautiful ritual service was rendered in the church in a very impressive manner. The honorary pall-bearers consisted of members of the "Crusaders," with whom Sir Knight McIlyar made the pilgrimage to Europe in 1871, referred to in another place. These pall-bearers were Sir Knights Michael Riley, Philadelphia; James G. Bowen, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Dr. W. V. Tudor, Richmond, Va.; Edward Coates, Windham, Ohio; the Hon. William Hasson, Oil City, Pa.; John J. Fisher, Pittsburgh, Pa., and A. M. Rambo, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir Knight Rambo paid a fine tribute to his old fellow-Crusader:

"Preacher, soldier, Masonic crusader, founder of churches, evangelist, converting many thousands and inducing more than fifty young men to enter the ministry; courteous, manly, useful man wherever found, was the Rev. J. J. McIlyar.

"Living we loved him; dead, we will cherish his memory in our innermost hearts. He took great interest in the Crusade party

and his voice was in evidence at the many entertainments and functions given the crusaders during their four-months pilgrimage. Our frater departed

“Not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unaltering trust, approached his grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.’”

Sir Knight Rambo very feelingly referred to the rapidly decimated ranks of the forty-three fully equipped Sir Knights who crossed the ocean in 1871, thirty of the number having already answered the summons from the Supreme Commander of the Universe. Then referring to the thirteen Sir Knights still remaining, he closed,

“Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square.”

We leave to the Rev. Dr. Thomas N. Boyle, a warm personal friend of J. J. McIlyar, to close this record with the beautiful tribute he pays this servant of God, published among the “Memoirs” of the Conference Minutes:

“JAMES J. McILYAR.

“James J. McIlyar was born at Washington, Guernsey County, O., October 12, 1816. His youthful days were spent in working and attending school. In his young manhood he was intensely operated on by the Divine Spirit convincing him that he was a sinner. He yielded to the drawing of the Spirit and consecrated himself on the altar of Christ, when there flowed into his soul a flood of light that transformed his whole nature and served to confirm the testimony of his own spirit that he was in harmonious relationship with God. His conversion was so thorough and clear that it furnished a good foundation for the splendid Christian character that made him an extraordinary power wherever he was known. He united with the church, and was at once appointed class leader, and was soon licensed as an exhorter, and then as a local preacher. He served as a supply for four years, and in 1848 was admitted on trial in the Pittsburgh Conference.

“The first ten years of his ministry were at different points in Ohio, where there are many of the most substantial members of the

church who are pleased to own him as their spiritual father. His first appointment in Pennsylvania was to Bradley Chapel, Pittsburgh, where in a brief time he enrolled one hundred and twenty-five members. Shortly after the organization of this church the removal of the people, because of the change in the industries in that section of the city, made it necessary to abandon it. It sent out two ministers who have been very successful, and gave to other churches members from this church who have been and are prominent, and who are noted for their zeal in the cause of Christ. He served the church as a minister at Freedom, New Brighton, West Newton, Fifth Avenue, Wesley Chapel, Bingham Street, Liberty Street and Herron Hill, Pittsburgh; Union, South Common and Buena Vista, Allegheny; Sharpsburg, Braddock and South Fork.

"The latter years of his ministry were spent as Conference evangelist. Two things prompted the Conference to vote him into this position: One was, notwithstanding his age, he was the best-equipped man among us for that kind of service, and the other was to gratify him in his desire to die as an effective minister. For some years there was an evident failing of physical powers, but his mental faculties were unimpaired, and his spirit was as buoyant and cheerful as ever. This continued until at the session of the Conference at Butler it was evident that the silver cord was under a great strain and was liable to snap at any moment. His physical and mental failure made him an object of solicitude and care to those who were endeared to him, and they faithfully and lovingly provided for him, and diligently watched over him as he gradually approached the morning of December 14, 1907, when the dissolution occurred, and the spirit of one of the most remarkable men of the Conference winged its flight to its immortal home.

"In tracing out his pathway through life we find that it varied so that he was a central figure in many departments, and yet a close inspection will disclose to us that he never wavered in his singleness of purpose, which was to win men to Christ. In the church, in the lodge-room and in the social circle, without any sanctimonious airs, he asserted himself as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He seemed to be dominated by an intense conviction that he must save souls, and everything was subordinate to this. In his preaching, praying, exhorting, singing and mingling with men his attitude was one of an ambassador, beseeching all the people in Christ's stead to become reconciled to God. His peculiar tact and many resources were utilized to bring about this result. It was a great satisfaction to him when he became reminiscent to point to the fact that fifty-two of his converts had entered the ministry, and that so many of them occupied distinguished positions in the church. He could not account for all his converts, for these converts could

be numbered not by scores, but by thousands. In the Methodist Episcopal Church of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio they are to be found in vast numbers, not merely as members of the church, but as active Christian men and women. He figured in an age when so-called revivals by pre-arranged plans were unknown, but where in answer to prayer the outpouring of the Spirit at the regular services made it necessary to hold special meetings, which were then known as "protracted" efforts. In meetings of this kind he was an immense power and equal to any emergency. His power of endurance was always in evidence in his readiness to preach, pray, exhort or sing, as the occasion required. He was an off-hand preacher. I do not mean by this that he was not a student. He exercised himself in making preparation, and always outlined his plan; but when in the heat of delivering his sermon he became oblivious to any pre-arrangement and launched out in exhorting with the most telling effect upon his congregation. If profound scholarship alone constitutes greatness, his name is debarred from the galaxy of fame; but if to turn many to righteousness is itself the basis of a greatness that is immortal, then his name will be enrolled with those who have in the best way served their day and generation.

"His heart of sympathy and tenderness endeared him to all who knew him, and while this turned his feet into all paths and opened his hand to the many, it did not keep him from an ardor of attachment to his own home that was made precious to him by those who dwelt in it. His wife was in thorough sympathy with his ministry, and her helpfulness was appreciated by him. He delighted in her companionship, and felt very keenly the stroke when death robbed him by taking her away. He dearly loved his daughter, and no one was ever more tenderly regarded or provided for. It was an intense gratification to him when his grandson, M. H. Lichliter, indicated his determination to enter the ministry, and he watched with a jealous eye every step of progress that he made, and was delighted to see him advance in his profession.

His abounding pleasantries and adaptation to his surroundings made him a genial companion, and gave him great influence with the masses. In all circles he had a high standing, not because of any compromise of principle, but because of his tact in asserting himself. His name will from this time forth be transferred to the list of the worthies that have served the church within the bounds of the Pittsburgh Conference, and while there will be no strife among them, still we in our estimate, considering the record, will place his name high up on that roll as being most worthy, because of the multitudes that rise up to call him blessed."

APPENDIX

Reference has been made in the preceding pages to the fact of J. J. McIlyar's prominence in secret organizations, especially as an Odd Fellow and Freemason. No one had a higher regard for these fraternities than he; yet never in his long Christian life did he set the lodge above the church, or neglect his duties to the church for the sake of the lodge. His zeal for and devotion to Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship subjected him to much unjust and harsh criticism, and whatever opposition he met anywhere in his charges was due to his affiliation with these organizations. All the antagonism he met from his members was due the same cause, which was an indication of the narrow-minded people that lived more in his day than the present.

Rev. McIlyar was an Odd Fellow of long standing and was widely known as a lecturer for the Order and served many years as Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. As a Freemason, however, he found a peculiar kinship with similar spirits in illustrating in the world the ennobling principles of this great organization.

In a previous chapter, reference has been made to Rev. McIlyar's connection with Knights Templar; that he at one time belonged to Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1. In order that a suitable record be made in the office of the Grand Recorder, the records of Pittsburgh Commandery were examined to ascertain the date when he was dubbed a knight, but no record of his affiliation with that Commandery could be found. There was no question that at one time he had been a member of No. 1, and that he had resigned therefrom to become one of the charter members of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, but the record of his connection with No.

I had been lost. Sir Knight Meloney, Recorder of Allegheny Commandery, with other Sir Knights made special efforts to unravel the mystery, but of no avail.

In the meantime Sir Knight Franklin P. Mason, assistant to the Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, made diligent search in the records of the Grand Commandery for the missing information, and his efforts proved successful, much to the satisfaction of the family and friends of Sir Knight McIlyar. Sir Knight Mason in his search came across the proceedings of the Tenth Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery, held at Greensburg, Pa., June 9th and 10th, 1863, in which is the following record:

“Hall of Masonic Temple,

“6-1-2 o'clock P. M., June 10th, 1863.

“The Officers of the Grand Commandery of K. T. took their respective stations at the appointed hour, R. E. Sir H. Stanley Goodwin, G. C. in the Chair.

“A Council of the Red Cross was opened in ample form, when the work of the Order was exemplified by the Officers of the Grand Commandery conferring this degree upon Companion Henry Kettering, of Greensburg, and Rev. Companion J. J. McIlyar, of Pittsburgh.

“The Council was closed and the Grand Commandery resumed labor. Sir Henry Kettering and Rev. Sir J. J. McIlyar received the Order of Knights Templar, and were instructed in the secrets of the Knights of Malta.”

The above record clearly establishes the date of the knighting of Sir Knight McIlyar. It was frequently the custom in the early days of the Grand Commandery to confer the degrees of the Red Cross and Temple on candidates, and it was considered quite an honor to receive the degrees at the hands of the Grand Body.

While the record from the Grand Commandery settles the date of Sir Knight McIlyar's connection with the Order of Knights Templar, it does not clear up the mystery of his

connection with a Subordinate Commandery. It is assumed, however, that he immediately affiliated himself with Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1, as that Commandery has the record of his resignation, December 14, 1869, when he became a charter member of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35.

As a member of these various bodies, he had a wide acquaintanceship and won to him thousands of men who loved him as a brother and revered him as a man. It may be of interest to the members of the Masonic fraternity to append to this volume a few lectures or addresses delivered by this great Mason and valiant Knight. We have selected from those found among his papers three manuscripts which we insert with the hope that they will be profitable and inspiring:

1. SECRET SOCIETIES

When I was a boy a family could scarcely be found that did not keep liquor in the house as a medicine; and every morning the children were required to take a dose of tansy and whiskey to prevent "worms." Farmers could not get their crops harvested, or in fact any work done, unless whiskey was supplied to the men; yet scarcely was there to be found a drunkard in the community.

The first organization of a secret character that I joined was the Washingtonians, in 1840. Four men came into our community, having come from Washington City, and being much addicted to intemperance, they had met together and drew up a pledge to abstain from strong drink and signed it, then proceeded to travel throughout the country and lecture on temperance. Reaching Cambridge, Ohio, in their crusade they held a meeting and hundreds signed the pledge as well as myself; in fact I have signed every temperance pledge that ever came along, and the first public address I ever made was on the subject of Temperance. I belong to the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars and am a past officer in the Rechabites. I hold a parchment certificate in a number of Teetotaler's Societies, one of which is located
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in Dublin, Ireland. While in Dublin I delivered an address to an audience of 1,000 on the subject of Temperance, at which time I signed their pledge. I also delivered an address on the same subject in Bristol, England, as well as in the Highlands of Scotland.

I have been an Odd Fellow for many years and have delivered more than 600 addresses in the interest of the fraternity. Was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge for thirteen years and participated in the constitution of many lodges throughout the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania. I joined the Freemasons in 1852, Royal Arch Masons in 1863 and same year united with Pittsburgh Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, and in 1869 was one of the charter members of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, over which I presided as Eminent Commander one term and have been Prelate for many years.

Some people are shocked that I should be a member of so many secret associations; that a minister of the gospel should associate himself with such societies, especially the Masons. I have heard ministers expose and abuse Masonry, and villify and un-Christianize every member of the Craft, by making statements that they themselves knew at the time were lies, not told intentionally, but, like Saul of Tarsus, ignorantly. They have stated that it is unbecoming for a minister to associate with a body of ungodly men, not themselves professing to be Christian, yet of Jesus Christ, the Pharisees found fault because He ate with publicans and sinners.

I wish at this point to say, that from the beginning, and all through its various degrees, the system of Freemasonry is founded upon the Holy Bible. Masonry was instrumental in the Dark Ages in preserving the Word of our God from its enemies who sought to destroy it. In every Lodge, Chapter, or Commandery of Masons, the Scriptures is an open volume, laid upon its main altars and is looked upon as the great light of the Craft. No man can enter a Masonic Lodge unless he believes in the existence of a Supreme

Being, as no atheist can be admitted if known. In the strictest sense, Masonry is a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

I have been attending Masonic lodges for more than half a century, both in this country and in Europe, and I have never seen anything done or heard any words spoken that would offend the eye or the ear of the most sincere follower of God. Masons never ask anyone to join the fraternity; neither do they try to prevent any one withdrawing therefrom, if they so desire. I joined the various secret orders that I might accomplish greater good in the world and through them win men to Jesus Christ; and in this I have not been disappointed. I have drawn men of the world to the Church of God because I was a member of these organizations, and scores have been converted and became pillars in the church. There is not a member of the Masonic fraternity in the United States or in Great Britain that knows me who does not have confidence in my Christian character.

There are those who will not believe a thing because they do not understand it. I will give an instance: On my return from Europe in 1871 and when riding on a train, a man came into the car where I was seated, who was a stranger to me, and sat in the same seat with me. In a few minutes he opened the conversation by asking, "Where are you going?" I replied, "As far as this car will take me." "Where are you from?" further inquired my inquisitor. "I am from Vesuvius," I replied. "Where is that and what is it?" asked my companion. I said: "It is a mountain in Italy that has been burning for 1800 years and has covered up with its ashes cities 100 feet deep." "My Lord," said he, "who set it on fire?" "I do not know," I remarked, "I was not there when it took fire." The gentleman looked at me and for five minutes did not speak, then said, "You do not suppose I am believing all such stuff," adding an oath. I said, "I don't care whether you believe it or not;

that don't alter the case." Men refuse to believe the gospel because they do not comprehend it, the god of this world having darkened their understanding.

I have never denied that I was a Mason, even before its bitterest foes, and I have never seen in any way that by being a member of the Craft I was hindered in the work of the ministry. I had one charge where they had driven every Mason from the church. Shortly after I was appointed to this charge I was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a child. While going to the cemetery the undertaker, an official in my church, was somewhat silent and gave several sighs as we passed along. Presently he opened up his mind and said that it was reported in the community that I was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and that the people of the church were much exercised over it. He further stated, that there was not a Mason in the church, and the few who did belong were forced to retire. I asked him what would be the result if it was true that I was a Mason. "Oh," said he, "it would nearly kill us and hurt the church terribly." I said to him: "You can tell the brethren that I am a Mason, and that if they watch on lodge nights they will see me going to Masonic Lodge, and the sooner the people of the church who are opposed to Masonry die the better for all concerned."

My predecessor was a Mason, but knowing the sentiment against the fraternity, he did not make himself known to the Masons of the town. I remained in that charge my time limit—two years—and took in 200 members into the church, and a number of them were influential Masons who subsequently became pillars in the church, and none of the anti-Masons died that I know of, neither did any of them withdraw from the church on the ground of my being a member of that ancient and honorable institution. I received all my salary, an increase over my predecessor of \$100 a year, received many valuable presents, a very fine Bible from the Masonic Lodge, and had the time limit been extended could have returned without any opposition.

In 1869 I was asked to deliver a lecture on Secret Orders. A meeting had been held for several days, at Darlington, Pa., by anti-Masons and many terrible things had been told the people about the work of secret orders in general, and of Freemasonry in particular. But one Mason lived in Darlington at that time, and the people even did not know it, a physician, who proposed to the moderator of the meeting that some person who was a member of secret orders be asked to come and address the meeting. The moderator, and he was a preacher, was delighted with the suggestion, but stated that he did not think it possible to find one who would face the strong sentiment then existing in the place. "Well," said the doctor, "I know a fellow who belongs to several of these societies who I believe would be fool enough to accept such a proposition and think it a big thing to face you preachers in defence of secret organizations."

It was finally arranged that the meeting was to be held on Monday afternoon in the U. P. Church, and the doctor wrote me to come. On the day selected I was at Darlington and learned from my Masonic friend all that had been discussed at the meetings, and at 1 o'clock we went to the church, which was crowded, there being not less than 800 people present. On being introduced to the moderator of the anti-Masonic meeting, that reverend gentleman asked who I wanted as moderator. I asked him what a moderator was, and he certainly thought I was a fool, for he laughed in my face. He finally said that a moderator was one to appeal to, to keep order, etc. "Will anybody harm me?" I asked. "Oh, no," said he, "nobody here will hurt you." "Well," I said, "if it makes no difference to you, and as this is my appointment, I will 'moderate' this thing myself."

I then took my place in the pulpit and for two hours I gave that anti-Masonic crowd the biggest dose they ever got and aroused a most wonderful excitement. Of course the moderator asked me a great many questions, which I answered to the great delight of the audience. I was informed by the moderator that the name of Jesus Christ was not found in the Masonic ritual. I stated in reply that if the omission

from the ritual in five letters of the name of Christ was anti-Christian, then it proves beyond a doubt that the U. P. Church is anti-Christian, for the name of Jesus Christ does not appear anywhere in your book of Psalmody, and that they would turn a man out of church who sang,

“Jesus lover of my soul
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

Now, as a result of that meeting and as a protest against anti-Masonry—in fact against all anti-secret society adherents, inside of a year there was instituted in that town both a Masonic Lodge and a Lodge of Odd Fellows and they have prospered and done good.

I had a very amusing incident to occur on one of my charges in the earlier part of my ministry. To this charge belonged a man and his wife who were very much opposed to Freemasonry, although they were my warmest friends. I stopped with them frequently and was always treated kindly. They never mentioned the matter of Masonry to me nor I to them, until I spent the night with them on my last round before leaving the charge. On Sunday morning while at the breakfast table, the brother stated that he had a poor opinion of Masonry and wanted my views upon the subject; that he had refused to pay Dr. Dempsey, the Presiding Elder, because he was a Mason, and had not paid any “quarterage” to John D. Knox, who had preceded me, because he was a member of that un-Christian institution. I said to the brother that I did not think my opinion would have any weight; that if I was a Mason he would not believe it and if I was not a member of the fraternity I would not know anything about it. I then told my good friends that I was a Mason. “Oh, you are not a Mason,” said the wife, “for I have tested you and did it last night and I know you are not one. I tried you just as I tried Brother Knox and I caught him.” I was very inquisitive as to her manner of applying the test, which, after much persuasion, she gave me. Said the woman: “Last evening at supper I purposely

left no fork at your plate, and you asked for a fork, and when I handed it to you with prong end foremost, you took it by the prongs and I knew at once you was not a Mason. I tried Knox the same way and when I handed him the fork with the prongs towards him, he did not take hold of it by the prongs, but reached back and took it by the handle. I said, 'Brother Knox, you are a Mason.' Knox said, 'I am.' Now, if you were a Mason you would not have taken the fork by the prongs." I could scarcely refrain from laughing, but replied: "Sister, I always take things as they come to me, and it don't matter which end comes foremost."

I have associated with Masons for many years. I traveled more than 20,000 miles with 43 members of the Craft in Europe and we never traveled on Sunday during that time, excepting when on the ocean. We attended religious services wherever we stopped over the Sabbath, and at the tables in hotels we sat together, no one sitting down until grace was asked. If there were no Protestant churches we could attend, Dr. Tudor and myself would hold services on Sabbath in the dining-rooms of the hotels. In the month of June, 1871, I had the privilege of preaching in the hotel dining-room at Rome. At that time there were no Protestant churches in the city—indeed none in all Italy. I had a congregation of 80 persons, besides many who were looking in at the doors and windows. I was informed by a citizen that it was the first Protestant sermon preached in Rome since the triumphal entry of King Emanuel into the city. When we visited Scotland and spent a Sabbath in Glasgow, I preached in the First U. P. Church to an audience of 2,000 and the pastor did not object to my being a Mason.

Of my father's family, I was the only one to connect myself with Freemasonry. Early in life I formed a favorable opinion of the Order, drawing my conclusions from the life of those whom I supposed to be members. After becoming a member, I made it my business to study the history and work of the fraternity, and at the close of 50 years' connection with the Craft, I can say truthfully that I have never seen anything in a Masonic Lodge that would injure the

feelings of the most refined gentleman. I have attended meetings of lodges in many states of the Union, as well as in foreign countries, and everywhere peace and harmony prevailed. No body of men outside the church are truer to the Protestant Bible than Masons. If there should come a time when it becomes a question which shall have the prominence in this nation, the Protestant or Catholic Bible, every Mason will stand over the Protestant Bible to his death. Everywhere Masonry stands by the Book as containing the will of God to man.

I have never put Masonry above the Church. There is no organization in the world that can take the place of the Church of God. But I have found Masonry to be the handmaid to Christianity—it is the morning star that reflects the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence, my work in the fraternity has given me an influence with men that I otherwise could not have obtained, and by this means have brought many into the kingdom of God on earth.

I never could understand why men, especially ministers, will give so much of their time and talents in condemning Masonry—talking of something they know nothing about, yet some do it. There are men who would legislate for other people's consciences. I delivered an address on Secret Orders in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and at the close of the address, a man in the audience arose and asked if he might debate the subject with me. I asked, "What subject?" "Secrecy," said he. I asked, "Are you a married man?" "Yes," said he. "Do you deposit money in the banks?" I asked. "Yes," he replied. "Do you pray in secret?" I again asked him. "None of your business," he replied back, shaking his fist and showing his teeth. "Oh," I remarked, "you will excuse me; I cannot debate with a man who goes back on his wife and don't pray in secret?"

Masonry has existed from time immemorial. Bezaleel and Aholiab were Masons. The idea of Freemasonry is as old as human civilization. That its principles can be traced to the creation of man, cannot be gainsaid, and its sublime

tenets to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, no one questions. Masonry begins with the Bible, continues with the Bible and ends with the Bible. In Nature you find dead-levels, horizontals and perpendiculars, but only in the Bible do you find the Square.

2. FREEMASONRY

The idea of Freemasonry is as old as human civilization. The principles of the Craft exist in the essential attributes of the glorious Architect of the Universe and are illustriously displayed in the works of Creation, by which order was brought out of confusion and symmetry, regularity and beauty were stamped upon the chaos of Nature. The Divine Master said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He appointed the firmament and "it was so." He separated the waters from the dry land and "saw that it was good." He commanded the earth to bring forth grass and the tree yielded fruit. He formed the glorious luminaries of heaven. He spoke into existence the inanimate world. He made man in His own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul. He implanted in that soul the delight of harmony, proportion, brotherly love, morality and religion. And after He had erected this stupendous fabric of physical and moral being, God rested from his labors.

Freemasonry is an institution by itself. It has its laws, it has its traditions, it has its history. It can be divided into two classes; that which is legendary and that which is historical. Freemasonry extends across the world. It is not alone confined to any people or to any land or to any jurisdiction. Great as Masonry is in Pennsylvania, with its tens of thousands of craftsmen, having in its ranks some of the best of our citizens, where is cherished in their purest form the ancient tenets of the Fraternity, still there would be Freemasonry if we as a State were blotted out and our brilliant history lost. We got it from a time when Pennsylvania was not even heard of. It dates back farther

than the history of the discovery of old England, back beyond the Roman Empire, back, back into the misty past, so far back, some say, that the memory of man runneth not. If Napoleon could inspire his legions, as they stood in the presence of the mighty Pyramids, with the battle-shout, "Forty centuries look down upon you," very appropriately we can say to the Craft, "Thirty centuries look down upon you."

TRADITIONAL MASONRY

Traditional Masonry, however, takes us farther than that. It takes us back to the earlier years of Adam when, as Grand Master, he ruled the Craft; in fact Masonic writers take us back to the gates of old Eden and the honeymoon of Paradise. They tell us that Adam on his deathbed handed to Seth the government of the ancient Craft; that he handed it to his son Enos, who handed it Canaan, who handed it Makalaleel, who handed it to Jared, who handed it to Enoch, who handed it to Methusaleh, who handed it to Lamech, who had a son by name of Tubal-Cain, who handed it to Noah and Noah to his sons Shem, Ham and Japhet, and they transplanted the landmarks of ancient Masonry on virgin soil after the Deluge. In the course of time Nimrod became Grand Master and Masonry spread throughout the then known world and Babylon, Nineveh and other great cities became the monuments of Masonic art and skill. Then on down from generation to generation legendary writers claim the principles of the fraternity were handed, first to patriarchs, then to Moses who was Grand Master, and Joshua, who was Deputy Grand Master, and Bezeleel, who was Grand Warden.

HISTORICAL MASONRY

Fascinating as is the study of legendary Masonry, still we are without corroborative evidence. Historical Masonry begins with the building of King Solomon's Temple where the excellency of the Craft was exhibited in all its sublimity

and beauty. From this era we can distinctly trace Freemasonry down to the fall of the Roman Empire, when it was obscured by the barbarity and darkness that followed. But when civilization awoke from the night of ignorance and stupidity, Masonry also arose with its first dawn, and spread throughout Europe and Asia. In England especially it was established very early after the revival of letters. Previous to this, Masonry had been encouraged by the Cæsars, but of those lodges we have no reliable account. Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius, November 9, 79. These ancient cities have been exhumed and Masonic symbols have been found there. History informs us that Cæsar, who went by the title of Augustus, in the year 286 planted Masonry in Britain and granted a charter to his steward, Albanus, to assemble a lodge of the Craft of which he became Master. This Albanus afterwards suffered death because of his attachment to the Christian religion.

While it is not my purpose to enter into detailed outline of ancient Masonry, and trace it step by step, a brief statement of facts will have to suffice. It has been said by its opponents that Masonry can only be traced back for 300 years, and to attack that statement I wish to submit a few dates: St. Patrick's Church in Dublin was built in the year 450, St. Austin in 570. The cathedral at Canterbury was erected in 600, St. Paul, London, in 602, and St. Peter's, Westminster, in 605. These ancient buildings were operated upon by Masons. In the year 640 lodges were formed under the direction of Bennet, abbot of Wirral, who was appointed by the king of Mercia to be Grand Master. The art progressed until the year 827, when Alfred the Great became its friend and protector. It was not, however, until the year 926 that Masonry became firmly established in the English Empire, of which we have record. It was during this year that the ancient Lodge of Masons at York, which still exists, was founded under the patronage of Edwin, brother to King Athelstan, who obtain a charter for it and became himself Grand Master. Passing through a varied

history, sometimes in the ascendancy, sometimes in the decline, operative Freemasonry carried on its work until 1685, when Sir Christopher Wren governed the Craft as its Grand Master. It was during his administration that it was decided that the privileges of the Order should no longer be confined to *operative masons*, but that persons of all professions should participate in them, if approved and regularly initiated.

AN HONORABLE INSTITUTION

To the inquirer after truth, it is certainly apparent that Masonry is both ancient and honorable; that it is the most ancient and honorable of all institutions outside the Christian Church, is certainly clear, especially honorable if the rank and merit of its members and the utility of its labors are considered. If antiquity is venerable, ever since symmetry began and harmony displayed her charms, Masonry has had a being. If works entitle it to approbation, let the stupendous monuments of Masonic skill and industry be contemplated; let the temples and churches for the worship of the Most High; let the colleges for the promotion of literature; let the structures dedicated to benevolence; let the edifices constructed to gratify national taste, all demand praise to its builders. If talent and virtue are held in estimation, let the names of the noble and the great who have thrown aside the trappings of adventitious dignity for the rule and square, be called for to sustain our claim to respectability. In looking back through the vistas of ages as far as history, tradition or other evidences will guide our inquiries, do we not find the most celebrated sages, heroes and patriots numbered with the Craft? If we open the sacred Scriptures, will we not discover a recognition of Masonry in a number of passages, so strong and indubitable as to convince us that the writers had a knowledge of the art? One verse alone in Isaiah is remarkable: "Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure

foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste. Judgment also I will lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." It is obvious that the emblems taken from Masonry are here given to illustrate and enforce religious and moral truths. In short, Freemasonry holds a high position in Society and State the world over. The very best class of men have been and are still connected with the Order. The majority of the House of Lords in England and the nobility of that great Empire are members of the Craft. In the United States, Masonry was introduced at an early date, some of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower being members. The first Grand Master for America was General Joseph Warren, who gave his life on the altar of his country at Bunker Hill. Paul Revere, honored by every lover of liberty, was one of the early Grand Masters. All the signers of the great Magna Charta of Freedom—the Declaration of Independence, save one, were members of the Masonic fraternity. The Father of his Country who led our forefathers to victory and presided as the first President of the new-born Republic was a Mason and the Master of his Lodge. The highest positions in the government have been and are filled by Masons. The majority of the ministers of the church are connected with the fraternity and the large portion of every other profession are members.

ANTI-MASONRY

Bearing such a relation to the State and Church and Society at large, how absurd, what an evidence of stupidity was it for Thaddeus Stevens, in 1833, before the House of Representatives of this State to say: "Masonry is anti-republican, an insidious and dangerous enemy of our democratic form of government." Having organized a kingdom within itself to destroy secret organizations, the National Anti-Secret Society appointed a committee to formulate a proclamation calling for a day of fasting and prayer for the destruction of Freemasonry in particular and all secret organizations in general. This is the report of that committee:

"The Executive Committee of the National Christian Association opposed to Secret Societies call upon all Christians in sympathy with its work to observe the 8th day of November as a day of fasting and prayer. It is proper that we consider briefly some of the reasons for the observance of such a day :

"The widespread combination of secret lodges corrupts our churches, our courts of justice, our political and commercial centers and our social life. Men who belong to secret societies murder without hesitation those who will not be governed by their laws. In the southern part of our country Masonic Lodges, calling themselves White Leagues, Klu-Klux and the like are killing and banishing all who will not submit to the decisions of the lodge. Nor does this leprosy of secretism affect the adult alone. Under the guise of college fraternities and temperance societies, young men and women are busied with regalia, grips and signs until the idea of manhood and womanhood is lost ; yea, until the worship of the true God is forgotten.

"Masonic lodges are in a community like gambling hells and houses of ill-fame, needing no defense but darkness and asking nothing but silence. Secret lodges do not rest on intelligence, but ignorance. They do not gain members by argument but by bribe. Let us pray for the complete overthrow of this accursed system that blasphemes God and damns men."

It is remarkable that men would believe, yea disseminate such teachings. They talk about something of which they know nothing. They expose their ignorance and viciousness in the face of facts entirely contrary to the statements made in their tirade. Everywhere the influence of Masonry has been the reverse of the picture painted by these would-be destroyers of all secret lodges. Every right-thinking man knows that Masonry aims to promote the well-being of every community in education, industry and morality. Wherein in this government has Masonry interfered in any way with the best interests of the nation? The

ritual of Masonry teaches obedience to the Government under which we may live. It seems impossible that Masonry should be opposed to the Government when the leading men in it, presidents, governors, cabinet officers and the majority of the National Congress are members of the Masonic organization and have unbounded confidence in the teachings of the Order. Look at the class of men who sit as judges in our courts, who minister at the holy altar and fill positions of trust in the other professions and business circles, and ask yourselves the question if these are the men who corrupt the courts, the commercial centers and the social fabric of society.

There is not an obligation in Freemasonry that does not bind a man closer to his God, his family and his country. I have taken many of the obligations of Masonry from the Entered Apprentice Degree to the Knights Templar and appendant orders and I assure every non-Mason in the presence of all the Masons here assembled that I took upon myself no pledge that would defeat the ends of justice or encourage crime in any sense. But, to the contrary, every obligation I assumed taught me to square my life with all men, taking the Word of God as the balance in which to weigh my every action and as the sun-dial by which to set my life.

They tell us that Masonry is anti-Christian and antagonistic to the Church, and its aim is to supplant the kingdom of God on earth. What is Christianity? It is not wheat in the garner, dry and almost dead. It is not a system of theology written in a book. It is not simply an organization of men and women with priest, altar and ritual. No, it is a divine principle at work, not of men, but of God, traceable all through the old shadowy dispensation and beautifully demonstrated in the life of Jesus Christ.

We trace the footsteps of Freemasonry from the earliest and remote ages and nations of the world. We deduce it regularly from the first astronomers upon the plains of Chaldea to the wise and mystic kings and priests of Egypt, sages of Greece and philosophers of Rome. The morals of

the Craft were originally deduced from the School of Pythagoras. The Magi of Egypt concealed their polity and philosophy under hieroglyphic figures and expressed their notions of government by signs and symbols which they were not permitted to reveal. Pythagoras established his system on the same plan and thus hid his precepts and dogmas from all but his genuine disciples. Speculative Masonry is, however, wholly a moral and religious institution; and every character and emblem adopted in a lodge is calculated to communicate knowledge and to encourage the practice of virtue. Speculative Masonry, therefore, was instituted by wise and virtuous men for the praiseworthy design of recalling to our recollections the most sublime and important truths in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures. It is a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, founded upon liberality, brotherly love and charity, truth is the center, from which its radii diverge pointing out to its disciples a correct knowledge of the Grand Architect of the Universe and the Moral Law which he has ordained for their government.

MASONIC TEACHING

The mode of instruction thus employed has always been found efficacious. Moral truths have been most successfully and impressively inculcated by illustrations drawn from natural objects or implements of art, hence Masons have followed the same method and the whole range of social and moral duties are taught in brief but forcible manner by observations in the different tools of the operative art. These various implements of the trade are considered as emblematical of our conduct in life and lessons are drawn from them for our guidance in virtue.

For instance, we take the "twenty-four inch gauge," which the operative mason uses to measure his work, and employ it to aid us in proper division of our time, and in the orderly arrangement of the routine of our duties. It

directs us, also, in the straight-forward path of duty and honesty, and admonishes us not to go aside into the ways of vice and folly.

The "line" is the criterion of moral rectitude, and teaches us to avoid tortuous course of dissimulation and falsehood in our conduct and conversation.

The "trowel" reminds us of the necessity of cement to render the building compact, durable and firm; and that therefore the fabric of social happiness must depend for its permanence upon the suitable use of "charity, which is the bond of perfectness." The "plumb" is the symbol of an honorable plan of life and reminds us that we should walk uprightly. The "level" in Speculative Masonry teaches us equality in our natural condition, and reminds us that we are all alike subject to the vicissitudes and sorrows of life, and have the same hope. The "square" teaches us to regulate our actions and make our conduct harmonize with the dictates of virtue. It inculcates that golden precept of our Divine Master: "Whatsoever ye would that men do to you, do ye even so unto them." The "compass" teaches us to put moral restraints upon our desires and to circumscribe our pleasures. The "mallet" teaches us to correct the irregularities of life and to adjust ourselves to the level of our situation in the world.

By thus moralizing upon the tools and materials of the Masonic art, and amplifying the instruction which they afford, every member of our fraternity is taught the duties which he owes to God, his neighbor and himself. He learns from the moral teachings of these symbols to adore the Infinite Being, and to pay that reverence and devotion which is his due.

Masonry and the Bible are inseparably connected. Take the Bible from Masonry and the whole superstructure falls in ruins. It is the great light of the Order and is an open volume in every Masonic Lodge. Masonry is not a religion, nor a substitute for the Christian Church; yet all her teach-

ings are calculated to lead men to a knowledge of the truth, and is doing more to bring the Jew to Christianity than any other human instrumentality.

OBJECTIONS TO MASONRY

What has Masonry done to the world or Christianity that has so wonderfully alarmed some people? A few of these alarmists made a great discovery some time ago. They discovered that the name of Jesus was not in the Constitution of the United States, hence this was not a Christian nation. These same seekers after the truth also discovered that the name of Jesus is not in the Masonic ritual, hence, of course, it was an un-Christian institution, in their estimation. I admit that the name of Jesus, in five letters, is not in our ritual. However, it is there in the same form in which it is found in the Old Testament and in the same form it is found in the Psalter used by some sects who oppose secret societies. Some of these anti-Masons will sing nothing but the Psalms of David; but I will offer a wager to any one who will from first to last of those beautiful Psalms point out the name of Jesus. He is there all the same, His presence pervades the Psalms and everywhere by inference the name of Jesus is revealed in them. So it is in Masonry. The name of Jesus may not be in the Masonic ritual, but nevertheless we believe in Him and love Him and look to Him as our Redeemer.

It might be a matter of astonishment that an institution like Masonry, so venerable for its antiquity, so illustrious for its works, and so benevolent in its purposes, should be exposed to misrepresentation and calumny, had we not proof in other instances that nothing can protect *virtue* from the shafts of malevolent falsehood. The principal accusation urged by Tertullus against St. Paul was, that he was a "ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes," who were, as the Jews said, "everywhere spoken against." In that case no one believes that the followers of our Lord and His disciples were reviled because of their evil life, but from ignorance

or prejudice. So it is with Masonry. We are charged with views we abhor and practices we detest. Principles are ascribed to us which are repugnant to everything we revere and love.

Again, we are charged with observing inviolable secrecy. We might say as to that, that it is a virtue worthy of applause instead of reprehension. The wise man says, "a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." The ancients dedicated temples to Taciturnity. But what are our secrets? I will disclose some of them: If a distressed brother seeks aid from the Craft, relief is afforded in secret, because "charity vaunteth not itself." If a member, from weakness or infirmity, goes astray, he is admonished in secret, for "charity is kind." If, unhappily, bad passions should introduce him within our peaceful circle little jealousies or animosities, they are kept in secret from the world, for "charity suffereth long—is not easily provoked—thinketh no evil."

3. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Historical research claims that modern Templarism is not directly descended from the celebrated Order which was formed by few of the Knights of the Crusades, and whose history contained so much of glory and misfortune; but that is a matter of relatively little importance. The principles of Templarism have been preserved, and in many ways the Templars of modern times occupy as important relation to society as did the Medieval Knights who exercised such influence as to arouse the envy of kings and potentates. Together with Masonry, to which it is allied, the organization is the most powerful of its kind in the world, and its influence in many directions is practically unlimited. Its wealth is as great as its influence, and it will not be disputed that both are made the means for the performance of great good.

Socially, the Knights Templar organization is the most interesting branch of Masonry. The fraternal spirit is carefully cultivated in the Commanderies, and the love of

display inherent in every human being finds ample means of gratification in the glittering weapons and brilliant uniforms prescribed by its rules. Without prejudice, it may be called the aristocracy of secret fraternal orders, as it is undoubtedly the highest type of semi-military secret orders. Knights Templar is not like symbolic Masonry, confined in its range as regards its principles, but receiving all the light which can be derived from the lower degrees, and connecting it with the brilliancy displayed by the tenets of this most holy and invincible Order, fully portrays a system the most admirable and the best calculated to promote the happiness of man. Here we are introduced to the pure principles of Christian Masonry, and taught to believe in the atoning merits of a glorified Redeemer; here we are taught by precepts the most forcible and examples the most striking the necessity of persevering in well-doing, the necessity of possessing faith and humility, and the necessity of possessing courage and constancy in warring with the deceitful vanities of this life, and the principalities and powers of darkness and error in order to our gaining admittance to that peaceful abode, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

HISTORY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Knights Templarism was born of the necessity of Christendom. Driven back to Western Europe by the Saracens, and threatened even there by the fanatical Turcomans who were hammering at the gates of Constantinople, the Christians were in dreadful straits. It seemed as if the religion of Mahomet were bound to force its way up the Danube and into the very heart of Christian Europe.

It was then, in the tenth century after the birth of Christ, that the inspiration of the spirit of His teachings awoke to a united resistance all civilized mankind. Peter the Hermit came forth and preached the First Crusade. Animated by a noble valor, all Europe marched to the Holy Land, and after a dreadful struggle, recovered the shrine of its faith.

It was then that the noble Order of the Temple stood forth as the champion of Christendom, the protector of the weak and the defender of the faith. Jerusalem was redeemed in 1099. Thousands of Christians sought the Holy City, undergoing incredible hardships in their journeys thither, preyed upon by the Turks and Bedouin and slaughtered by hundreds.

Finally nine noble knights under the leadership of Hugo de Payens banded themselves together in 1113 for the protection of poor pilgrims to the temple and the defense of the sanctuary, and styled themselves "poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." They had all fought in the First Crusade under the valiant Godfroi de Bouillon and were veterans who commanded respect. The following year Hugo de Payens became first master of the new Order. In 1118 the knights under Hugo de Payens were given a habitation in the temple by courtesy of Baldwin II and henceforth the Order was known as the Knights of the Temple. Their fame spread and long before the close of the twelfth century the Order had been established in every country of Latin Christendom.

From the first the Order was composed of distinguished membership. In 1128 the rules of discipline and obligation, 72 in all, the groundwork of the ritual of the Order, were adopted. The white mantle was appointed as its distinctive garb. The Hospitallers wore black. The red cross was sanctioned, thus red and white, symbols of purity and sacrifice, became the colors of the Order.

By the close of the first half of the twelfth century the growth of Templarism was phenomenal, the nobility and simplicity of its aims appealing to the best element in every land. But from that time slander and persecution began. Although the ancient Knights were bound together solely for the purpose of following Christ, and doing battle with the enemies of the Christian Church, they were accused of betraying the very principles they acknowledged, and some were hanged by order of the Latin king of Jerusalem. Still, with all the persecutions they encountered, the bravery

of the Templars was unimpeachable. In the wars that followed their valor was unexcelled, and in the desperate campaigns against Saladin they bore the brunt of the conflict. They shared in the victories of their king, in the name of the Christ in whom they trusted. They were present at and helped win the great triumph at Ascalon, but two years later the Christians in battle were cut to pieces, in which the Templars lost heavily. As a result of this disastrous battle, Jerusalem again fell into the hands of the infidels. Other defeats followed, when renown came to the Knights Templar by the successful overthrow of Acre, from which the Fifth Crusade began. Acre finally fell into the hands of the infidel, and when the Sixth Crusade reached Palestine in 1239 there came the disastrous defeat of Joppa. Other misfortunes followed and by the beginning of the fourteenth century the Knights Templar had been driven out of Asia.

The Knights Templar bore themselves with fortitude in the struggle to retain possession of the holy places in Palestine. They were brave and valiant, as well as true to the doctrines of Christianity. But a different foe confronted the noble Order. In Western Europe they had become powerful and wealthy. The eye of Rome, as is now the case, was on those possessions and the great bursting vaults of gold and silver excited the envy of the monarchs of the Vatican. It is said that the revenues of the Templars exceeded those of all the kingdoms. In 1206, when their last Grand Master entered France, he had 150,000 gold florins and ten loads of silver. Then began the campaign of persecution on the part of the Popes of Rome. The possessions of the Knights were seized by every subterfuge and thousands were falsely accused of crime and placed behind prison doors.

In short, the conspiracy against the Templars was complete. Popular ignorance and prejudice was fanned into a frenzy against the Order and finally an order went out to arrest all Templars within the realm of France, and other rulers took up the same accusation and thus everywhere the Knights of the Temple were subjected to most horrid persecutions and tortures. Hundreds were burned at the stake

by order of the Romish Church and as far as the Order existed, fire and fagot followed the faithful Templar. They asked for a hearing on the trumped-up charges against the Order, but more hellish persecution was the answer to their appeals, and all deputies sent with the request were placed in prison. By intrigue of kings, the Grand Masters of the Order were seized and imprisoned and murdered. After all their bravery in the Crusades that had put to shame the hirelings of the kings, the Templars were charged with betraying the Crusaders, the very armies in which they themselves had so recklessly fought and suffered, hundreds and thousands having laid down their lives for the Holy Sepulcher. Despite the singleness of their unexampled devotion to Christ, they were charged with idolatry. Despite their century of hardships and chastity, they were accused of living most depraved and licentious lives.

The most infamous conspiracy in those sad years was the apprehension of Grand Master Jacques de Molay, known in Templarism as The Martyr. Pope Clement V and King Philip IV were the instruments in the final overthrow of the ancient Knights Templar. These two designing emissaries of Satan summoned from Cyprus Grand Master Molay on the pretext of discussing plans for a new crusade. On his arrival in France, Molay helped lay away the sister of Philip's queen, but within twenty-four hours thereafter by order of the king, the brave and courageous Grand Master of Knights Templar was thrown into prison. When he was arrested, 140 Templars entered prison with him. All over the realm Templars everywhere were incarcerated in prison by order of the king, while all the vast wealth of the Knights was placed in the "king's keeping." Then followed the inquisition before a commission, before which twenty-six devotees of the Pope greedy for spoils offered to testify against the Templars. Molay attempted to defend himself and protested his innocence as well as the innocence of his brother Knights of the Order, but it was of no avail. They were tortured, starved and many reduced to imbecility. Scores at a time were taken out and burned at the stake.

Two years was consumed in this satanic inquisition, and finally the findings was sent to Pope Clement. While some of the Templars under most fiendish tortures did confess and admitted to crimes they had never committed, yet the majority were as adamant and refused to confess and violate their obligation. Molay and his associates again and again met the commissioners and again and again denied any wrong doing and vehemently protested their innocence of the crimes charged against them, and to the very last upheld the noble Order of Knights Templar and defied the wrath of their accusers. Without proving anything against these noble Knights of the Order, King Philip determined not to be balked in his devilish purpose to destroy them, but secretly had them taken to a quiet place and there over small fires of charcoal these martyrs of the Order were slowly burned to death, not showing any fear or betraying the principles of the organization.

It is true that the Templarism in the days of Molay was different from the Templarism of the First Crusade when the Order was constituted. That the Knights Templar in the days of the former had fallen from his high plane of chivalry to the common aims and purposes of humanity was hardly to be wondered at. When the warrior has conquered all his enemies he must needs become a man of peace, with peaceful aspirations and ambitions. Hence, it is quite apparent that when the Roman Church laid its heavy hand on Molay and his Knights, they were not the Knights Templar who bade defiance to the infidel in the Holy Land. Their ceremonials lived on, preserving the old ideals, but the spirit of the later brethren may well have taken on the diplomatic and peace-loving character that temporizes with misfortune. Where the Knight of old would strike, the new Knight would argue, and the Order fell beneath the combined powers of Church and State.

Their lofty teachings, however, embodied truths that have always delighted men's minds and warmed their hearts. Times have changed, and with them the Knights. They have no longer a Holy Land beseeching their succoring hand;

but their high ideal of sacrifice to worthy aims, regardless of material cost, appeals with as much force as ever to mankind. The ends sought to-day of brotherly love and mutual aid in every sense, not merely of purse, but of human sympathy, is less spectacular, but has a wider and more enduring reach. When the Knights were merged in one way or another into esoteric orders of Masonry, they were transformed in kind, but not in spirit. The love of ritual and grand ceremonial, which once was the expression of ruthless conquering and physical strength, survives still as a dignified voicing of gentler aims, but is after all but the trappings of hopes and aspirations that will never die in the human breast.

Although the ritual and ceremonies of the Knights Templar of to-day are borrowed from the military orders, and the forms of dress and speech in some measure conform to the Knights Templar of those stirring times of old, there is nothing essentially military about the modern institution. Like Operative Masonry, the Knights Templar have a comparatively recent origin. The first recorded occasion when the Knights Templar degree was conferred, that has been found either in this country or Great Britain, was in St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge, held August 28, 1769, in the town of Boston. From this it is presumed that at that early day the degree was conferred in Chapters working under a lodge warrant and that neither the Chapter or Commandery were yet known as distinctive bodies. Records also show that the degree of Templarism was conferred in army lodges in Dublin in 1879, "and for several years previously."

However, it is clear that through the dispersed members of the ancient orders of Knighthood, especially of the Order of the Temple and the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John, the secret ceremonies, principles and other peculiarities of the Order must have been preserved. It is believed by Masonic historians that after the Knights had been dispersed and discredited by the authorities, that they sought refuge

in the Masonic fraternity and thus kept alive their peculiar forms and ceremonies. Hence the distinctive mark of the Temple Degree is Christian, that is Christian so far as it relates to New Testament history. The language of Knights Templar ritual is as follows:

"At the death of Molay the ancient Order of the Temple was suppressed and its members dispersed. The warlike spirit that gave it birth has passed away; but in this modern Order of the Temple there remains a spirit of refined and moral chivalry which should prompt all its members to be ever ready to defend the weak, the innocent, the helpless and the oppressed; and in a brother's cause, to do all that may be demanded by manhood and fraternity.

"The central idea remains the same. Cleared and purified, it widens its influence and more firmly seizes the human soul. Medieval Templarism gives way to, or rather grows into modern Templarism, which fulfills its mission only as it is a life ever increasing in knowledge and efficiency, as it becomes more effective in magnifying truth, as it hears more clearly and obeys more perfectly the commands of its leaders."

St. Bernard in 1128 gives the following description of the Knights:

"They live on agreeable terms with each other, without wives and without children, and without possessing anything that is not common property, not even their will; they are never lazy or scattered about, and when they are not at drill or marching against the foe, they occupy their time in mending their weapons and harness. Otherwise, they are engaged in pious devotions, just as the grand master commands them. An insolent word, an indecorous laugh, the slightest murmur against an order, are met with immediate punishment. They shun all games that tend to gambling, they never go out to hunt, and shudder at any sight calculated to shock their morality. They seldom bathe, their outward appearance is somewhat neglected, their faces are scorched and the cast of their countenance is proud and serene. At the call to battle they arm themselves within and without, within by faith, without by arms noticeable for want of decoration. Their dress is very simple and their weapons are all they carry. They use them with courage in the greatest danger, and they fear neither the strength or the numbers of their foes. They put their confidence in the God of armies, as they know they fight in His cause, and look forward either to certain victory or holy death."

The rules of the Order, 72 in number, enjoined severe devotional exercises, self-mortification, fasting and prayer and constant attendance at matins, vespers, etc. The following were a few :

"In one common hall or refectory, we will that you take meat together. Where if your wants cannot be made known by signs, ye are softly and privately to ask for what you want.

"Two and two ought in general to eat together, that one may have an eye on the other.

"After the brothers have once departed from the hall to bed, it must not be permitted any one to speak in public, except it be upon urgent necessity. But what is spoken must be said in an undertone by the knight to his esquire.

"It is nowise lawful for any of the brothers to receive letters from his parents or from any man, or to send letters without the license of the master or the procurator. After the brother shall have leave they must read in the presence of the master, if it so pleaseth him.

"We forbid and we resolutely condemn all tales related by any brother of the follies and irregularities of which he hath been guilty in the world, or in military matters, either with his brother or with any other man. It shall not be permitted him to speak with his brother of the irregularities of other men, or of the delights of the flesh with miserable women; and if by chance he should hear another discoursing of such things, he shall make him silent, or with the swift foot of obedience, he shall depart as soon as he is able, and shall lend not the ear of the heart to the vendor of idle tales.

"We hold it dangerous to gaze too much upon the face of woman. Therefore, no brother shall presume to kiss neither widow nor virgin, nor mother nor sister, nor any woman. Let the Knighthood of God shun feminine kisses."

Modern Templarism is therefore in imitation only of the religious spirit of the ancient Order and is devoid of rules so severe and unreasonable, being purged of everything that is humiliating and hard. The degrees of Knights Templar were not, and never were intended to represent a military organization, but to perpetuate the religious principles upon which the ancient Order was founded.

This, then, is the method of modern Templarism. His warfare is not with the sword, but is none the less real. The

conditions of modern life are such as to test fully the courage, the skill and the fortitude of every Knight who has taken upon himself the vows of the Order. The active charity is done quietly, as is the case in all Masonic bodies. Yet the Knights are among the most generous contributors to every object of benevolence and hospitality, and thereby carry out and exemplify in their fraternal relations the teachings of the Templar ritual.

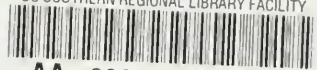
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